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

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Agricultural.

CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

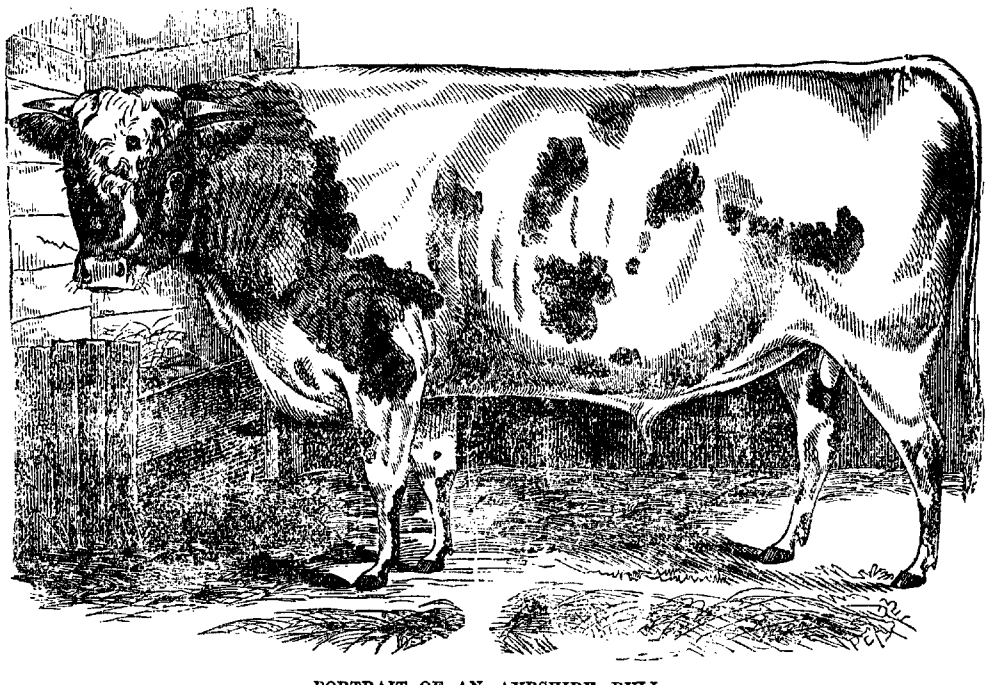
Industrial Matches.
COMMUNITY of interest should induce unity of action. If there was more of this unity of purpose and action among the farmers in each neighborhood, greater progress would be made by them in their profession. The boys and youth like recreation—they enjoy active strife or competition of some kind, hence shooting matches, games of ball, quoits, cricket, &c., &c. Why not utilize this spirit of friendly strife and competition? It has often occurred to us, as we have read of the laurel crowned victor in athletic games, how much might be done by farmers, their wives and daughters, to render the profession more attractive to the young men of the country, if they would but use their resources to this end.

We think we are offering here a suggestion which, if practically enforced, will help to make the farmer's life less monotonous to the farmer's sons and daughters, and at the same time yield a practical benefit to those who encourage it. Let the farmers of a neighborhood unite in giving prizes for the best plowing. Fix the day, place, appoint the judges, let them establish the rules and determine who shall be eligible to enter the lists, and then men and women, boys and girls devote a day, or a half of one, to the enjoyment and excitement of this industrial strife.

Suppose there are a dozen boys in the neighborhood between the ages of 16 and 20 years, used to holding the plow. Let the young ladies of the neighborhood prepare a prize banner for the best plowman among them, the decision and award to be made after a field trial. Let it be the "Champion Banner" of the neighborhood or town, if you please, to be retained by the winner only so long as he may retain his superiority as a plowman, among plowmen of his age or class. Don't you suppose the boys would work for that banner?—would think of it every time they took hold of the plow-handles?—and would plow straighter and better furrows in consequence? We do! We know they would do so.

But this competition need not be confined to plowing simply, nor to the boys. Let the young men offer a prize ring for the best loaf of bread made by the Misses of the neighborhood, specifying the kind of bread, size of loaf, &c., &c., fix a day and place for the decision, and have a pleasant re-union after the awards. Let the maiden who wins wear the ring as long as she retains her pre-eminence as a bread-maker, and no longer. Don't you suppose there would be more work done in the kitchen? We do! And would not the home-life of these farmer-boys and girls be made brighter, more earnest? We are sure it would be so. And we would be glad to publish the names of such young plowmen and bread-makers as might win prizes.

Think of it, old folks and young folks, and see if you cannot devise amusements that shall make you better as well as happier—more useful as well as more cheerful.



PORTRAIT OF AN AYRSHIRE BULL.

Thorough-Bred Cattle for Milk.
A CORRESPONDENT asks "what thorough-bred cattle are the best for milk?" As a breed there can be no question that the Ayrshires are the best milk-breed known. That is, there is no pure breed of cattle that will give so large a quantity of milk in return for the food consumed. And yet there are families of other breeds hardly second to the Ayrshires as milkers, and really more valuable for the general purposes of a farmer who pursues a mixed husbandry. We often find wonderful milkers among the Short-Horns; and this characteristic is perpetuated through successive generations. We have no doubt at all, that for the climate of Western Virginia, from which our correspondent writes, there might be obtained Short-Horns that would be as valuable for milk there, as the Ayrshires. The chief objection to Short-Horns there would be their want of adaptation to an uneven country. But in some of the rich valleys this objection would not obtain. We do not happen to know where stock from families of this breed, eminent for their milking qualities, can be obtained.

Now that so much attention is being paid to the dairy business—now that it is becoming an organized manufacturing and commercial system—this subject of dairy breeds is becoming an important one, and should receive the careful attention of all engaged in it. The remarks of experienced breeders and dairymen at the meetings for discussion during the late State Fair, published in the RURAL, are valuable, and should be carefully considered by dairymen.

For a history of the Ayrshires, our correspondent is referred to an appreciative article on the subject, in FLINT'S Milk Cows and Dairy Farming. We have no space to give to it. We may add also, for our correspondent's benefit, that we do not think the Alderney's, as a dairy stock, worth talking about. They are only valuable for gentlemen who want to pay a very large price for cream to put in their coffee. We do not think it safe to recommend them to breed from on native stock for the purpose of improving the milking qualities of the latter. We certainly would not purchase them for such purpose.

We give above a fine engraving of an Ayrshire bull—the kind of stock we should purchase with which to improve our native dairy herds.

Ice-Houses For Farmers.
We are willing to guess that there is not one in ten among the farmers who read the RURAL, who has not every year, regularly, resolved that another winter he would have an ice-house and have it filled. We know that there are few who need argument to convince them of the profit, convenience and comfort of such an institution on the farm. A recent inquiry induces us to call attention to this subject in ample season. We gave on page 13, current volume of RURAL an illustrated article on this subject, to which we refer the reader. We also reprint herewith the substance of directions furnished us by a correspondent. We do not want you should have any excuse for neglecting this ice business this winter:

"I give you a plan of my ice-house from which any one can build who can use a saw and hammer. It has been built about ten years, and is all sound yet, with the exception of the boards on the inside, which will want to be replaced once in about five or six years. The size is eight by ten outside, six feet high. I took two-inch plank, twelve inches wide, for sills and plates, halved together at the corners. I used studs on the inside, and boarded up and down outside. The cracks should be covered with battens, to prevent the air striking the ice. The rafters should be five or six inch stuff, boarded on the inside, and the space filled with either sawdust or refuse tan bark. The inside should be boarded the other way, to within a foot or so of the plates, which should be left until the space is filled. I place poles or scantling in the bottom, and cover with slabs, which will afford all the drainage necessary. The door should always be on the north side. The cracks in the north gable-end should be left open for the purpose of ventilation. I consider sawdust the best to fill the sides with, but tan-bark, turner's shavings, chaff, or straw will do.

"It is more work to fill an ice-house the first year than it is ever after that. I like snow the best of anything to pack in—always filling the cracks between the cakes as solid as possible. I have taken out snow the last of summer just as fresh as when it was put in. The size of this house may be objected to by some, but mine holds enough for a large family, and also a dairy of twenty cows. I don't believe any dairy-man who has had ice in use one year would be without it for ten times the cost. One thing more about the house: it should be banked up at the bottom, for any circulation of air through the ice will melt it as fast as water poured through it."

Rolling Fall-Wheat.
"WOULD you roll fall-wheat?" So we were asked the other day. No, not in the fall, if sown broad-cast; yes, if sown in drills. But if we rolled it when sown in drills, we should not roll the entire surface. A beveled roller should follow in the path of each drill tooth covering the seed, but leaving the ground higher each side the path of the tooth. A great deal of grain may be saved from winter-killing by putting in the seed in this manner, leaving the roots and plant protected by a ridge of earth on either side. Then the cold, sweeping winds will not destroy the vitality of the plant, nor will the lifting of the frost uncover the roots, but rather cover them deeper.

We have seen broad-cast wheat covered with a light plow and the surface left rough in the fall. The crop was splendid—even on soils that the frost would act upon, this course almost invariably insures good crops. It is well to roll such fields in the spring, when the surface has thawed, but before the bottom breaks up. But it is not a good practice to roll the ground smooth in the fall. The form of the rollers which follow the drill teeth merits the attention of drill makers—especially in sections where these implements are mainly used in putting in fall crops. We are confident that a little inquiry

among wheat growers, especially in open or prairie country, would secure testimony on this point that would be convincing.

"Profitable Cows."
MARY of Geneseo, thinks her cows ahead of those belonging to JULIA of Portage. A correspondent says:—"Since the first of last April, from two cows, she has sold three hundred pounds of butter, and made one hundred pounds of cheese, besides supplying a family averaging four with all the butter, cream and milk wanted for, and raising two calves and ten pigs. And she is still making the highest priced butter." This statement is a little ambiguous, but we suppose it to be made in good faith.

"A Subscriber from Allegany," writes:—"I saw JULIA's experience with cows, so I thought I would give mine. From April 15th to the 1st of December, 1863 we made, from two cows, four hundred and ninety-two pounds of butter, besides supplying a family of five with cream and milk, raised two pet lambs on new milk, feeding one hog on skim milk. The cows are grade Short-Horns, kept on grass until it began to fall, then fed sowed corn. You can see by this whether cows are profitable or not. It will figure up about like this:

492 lbs. butter at 50 cts. per lb.,	\$246 00
2 calves,	10 00
2 lambs, half for raising,	5 00
300 lbs. pork, 7 cts. per lb.,	21 00
	\$282 00

The most milk from one cow in one day was 59 lbs."

Drawing Manure in the Fall.
In answer to an inquiry, we say we had much rather manure should be drawn direct from the stables and spread on the land in autumn or spring than lie in a yard under the eaves and leach and burn six months of the year. Spreading fermenting or burning manure on the soil arrests fermentation to a certain extent, and thus saves much that is valuable to the plant; while the soluble parts are quite as likely to reach, and do good to, plants, thus spread, as when allowed to wash into the road drains and evaporate by the roadsides. So we advise our correspondent to draw out his manure and spread it on his meadows or plow-fields this fall, if it lies in heaps in the condition named.

Fall-Plowing Lands When Wet.
We do not advocate plowing land at all when wet, but it is far better to do so, especially stiff soils, in the fall than in the spring. And we are inclined to think that it is better to plow such soils in fall, even if they are wet, than to neglect to plow them—especially if it is the purpose to seed with spring grain—oats, wheat or barley. The action of the frost upon soils so plowed compensates for the disadvantage and discomfort of plowing them when wet. Light, warm lands are much less benefited by fall plowing. We can not recommend it except when it is necessary for a more thorough distintegration of the soil.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

SHEEP WORK IN DECEMBER.

SHEEP go into their winter quarters, in the Northern States, in December,—that is to say, they go from the pasture to the barn-yard, from green feed to dry feed. Not more than one hundred should be kept together in one yard and stable if it can be avoided—and seventy-five will do better together than a hundred. Other things being equal, they are usually divided according to age, that is, tugs are put with tugs, yearlings with yearlings, middle aged with middle aged, and crones with crones. But they should also be classed by size and condition, partly irrespective of age. Fleecy, strong sheep will crowd away from the racks and feeding troughs, and every other way get the advantage of smaller and weaker ones, whether they are of the same age or not; and the latter will consequently continue to lose in condition. And a lot of sheep of the same size and appearance look better to a purchaser.

Sheep yards should be as roomy as it is convenient to have them, well drained, and constantly supplied with water, where the latter is carried into the stable. It is far better for the health and thrift of the sheep that their yards be kept well strawed down in wet or very cold weather. Whether they should be closely confined to these small inclosures during the winter is still a disputed question. We are decidedly of the opinion that breeding ewes, at least, should not be; and we will give some reasons for that opinion in another article.

Barns, yards, racks, water-works, &c., should be put in thorough repair before the opening of winter. We are aware it is easier to give this advice than it is to keep it! The scarcity of both labor and lumber renders even repairing very difficult, and the erection of new structures almost impracticable. And now (Nov 22) in the last days of November, many farmers in New York have potatoes, buckwheat, turnips and unhusked corn still in the field! There has been little fair weather for months, and it is very difficult to hire any extra laborers to take advantage of it when it comes. But our farmers, with their usual energy and perseverance, will gradually bring up their work; and as soon as they can be reached, the repairs of the sheep structures will be completed.

Many of our flock-masters have to prepare themselves for a winter of short feed. Hay is scarce, and both it and grain will command high prices. Everything, therefore, must be carefully economized. We have already attempted to show how that may be done in several ways. One thing is especially impolitic—viz., to waste a considerable quantity of hay and grain on sheep, and then starve them at last. It is far better to "pelt" them at once. The judicious man will count the probable cost of wintering his sheep reasonably well. If, all things considered, he regards it as more profitable to do so than to sell off the flock for what he can get for them, and also his hay and grain, he will adopt that course; and will keep or purchase all the feed his sheep require to go through the winter safely. Ordinary sheep are comparatively low in price now, on account of the scarcity of feed; but they will undoubtedly, under all existing circumstances, command very high prices when they go out to grass next spring. Why then, if they can be wintered, sacrifice sheep to sell the hay and grain on hand at high prices, when the spring advance in the price of sheep will be equal—when wool promises to be at least a dollar a pound!

If sheep are to be wintered, we do not believe in the policy of allowing them to run down in the beginning of the cold weather, expecting to raise their condition towards spring. If a sheep reaches the first of March thin and beginning to be weak, it is almost impossible to recruit it, or prevent it from continuing to grow weaker. If the season is an unfavorable one, this increasing weakness generally ends in death.

EXERCISE AND FEED OF EWES DURING GESTATION.

WHEN the number of sheep kept on a farm is large, and the sheep barns are placed as near to each other as is usual, it is very inconvenient to let them out of their winter yards without

mixing the flocks. Our own opinion is fixed that exercise is important for breeding ewes, and that under ordinary circumstances they will not get enough of it if kept rigidly confined nearly the whole period of gestation to a small yard—particularly if they are, as is becoming usual, fed and watered in the stable. To this confinement, connected with high keeping and continuous dry feed, we attribute the increasing recurrence of those seasons when lambs come small and weak and perish with or without apparent disease. Many tell us that they keep their sheep closely confined, and yet never have their lambs come small and weak. The occasional loss of five or ten per cent. of weak lambs is soon forgotten if no written records of the flock are preserved; and, granting there are one or many such instances of apparent impunity, if it is contrary to sound principles of physics, it no more establishes the propriety of close confinement during pregnancy, than does the apparent impunity of hundreds and thousands of human violators of natural laws—drunkards, debauchees, etc.—establish the healthfulness of their vicious course. We know that the mare, the cow and the sow do not do as well if closely confined and high fed during the period of gestation. We know that the best medical writers earnestly recommend the usual amount of exercise and the avoidance of luxurious feed to the human female, during the same important period. Then why can we suppose that the sheep—an animal naturally peculiarly inclined to rove about—should be an exception to the same laws of health?

Green feed is also essential to the sheep, and particularly to the breeding ewe. It is natural. The sheep earnestly craves it—and the voice of natural instinct never habitually misleads the appetite of any brute. It prevents cholera. It tends to prevent other diseases. It tends to prevent that unnatural and unhealthy plethora incidental to pregnancy and always dangerous in its consequences.

If a pasture or meadow adjoining the sheep pen could be kept unfed during the fall so as to leave a heavy coat of grass on it, and if the breeding ewes could be let out on it an hour every day, when they chose, to dig through the snow for grass, they would get both exercise and green feed: and we believe they would be the better for it—though possibly they would not exhibit the pampered beauty of overfed and constantly housed show sheep. We believe they would be better breeders now—and especially that they and their descendants would better resist that fatal tendency to produce weak lambs which is already disclosing itself in so many flocks—and which would disclose itself more, but for the admirable skill in other respects with which so many of our flocks are managed. Nature sometimes gives long credits, but she exacts principal and interest at last. The powerful human constitution which withstands the effect of debauchery for years, succumbs at last: or if death intervenes, posterity pays the debt. One generation of sheep may exhibit the effects of mismanagement but slightly. If the mismanagement is continued, the next will exhibit it more, and so on.

The small Merino breeding flocks in Vermont seem to show the strongest examples of the safety of close confinement and high keep in winter. But here comes in that remarkable skill which we have spoken of. Most of the flocks get green feeds once or twice a week; and as for exercise, not a few of them are driven about enough every day by purchasers and visitors, to afford them abundance of it. We have heard it colloquially asserted, that the flock of one distinguished breeder walk round in their sheds, and in and out of their sheds, as they are shown to visitors, more than three miles a day, during the entire winter, though there is doubtless considerable sportive exaggeration in this statement. As the ewe approaches the term of her pregnancy and grows heavy, she needs less exercise, and should be left mainly to her inclinations in that particular.

Are we asked by persons unaccustomed to give their sheep green feed in winter, if it will not take off their appetites for dry feed? A vigorous confinement to dry feed for a considerable period, and then a sudden admission to as much green feed as they will eat, (for example, turning out hay fed sheep to grass during a "January thaw,") will produce this effect. But a reasonable quantity of green feed daily, will not, any further than it supplies in part the natural appetite, have any tendency to produce that effect. We can pronounce on this point confidently, having daily fed our sheep turnips in winter for more than twenty-five years.

SHEEP BREEDERS' AND WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF N. Y.—The time and place of calling the Winter Meeting of this Association were left to its President. Some of our friends have suggested Syracuse and others Albany, as the best place, and some January and others February, as the best time for the meeting. Our wish is to call it where the attendance will be largest and the interests which the Association is intended to foster be best promoted. Persons connected with sheep husbandry, and all others interested, are invited to correspond with us on the subject.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

SALE OF AMERICAN SHEEP IN AUSTRALIA.—Messrs. J. H. CLOUGH & Co., the eminent Wool Brokers of Melbourne, Australia, have forwarded us a priced catalogue of a large sale of imported rams made by them, at auction, at Melbourne, August 16th and 17th, 1884. Among the lots was one of eleven rams, bred by GEORGE CAMPBELL of Westminster, Vermont. These sold on an average for \$55.95 or \$268.88 per head. These sheep, if shipped directly from New York to Australia, had a passage of between thirteen and fourteen thousand miles. If they were first shipped to England, the passage was nearly three thousand miles longer.

THE OHIO FARMER.—This ably conducted Journal speaks with becoming pride of the effects produced on the wool growing interest by the organization of the Ohio Wool Growers' Association, which we will say, as its own modesty suppresses the fact, was in a great measure due to its own able, energetic and untiring efforts. Gen. HARRIS may well congratulate himself on the effects produced on the wool trade of the country by this and kindred Associations in other States; and, as he not obscurely hints, they may have important duties to discharge in reference to movements soon to take place in other quarters. Gen. H., though not a wool grower himself, deserves the gratitude of all that class of agriculturists in the United States for his constant, fearless and able advocacy of their interests.

TODD'S IMPROVED STAMP FOR MARKING SHEEP.—In answer to several inquirers, we would say that for neatness, durability and easiness of being cleaned, no stamps for marking letters and figures on the sides of sheep after shearing, equal those of A. TODD, Jr. of Ontario, Wayne Co., N. Y. They are three and a half inches long, accurately shaped, and are formed of cast iron with small iron handles which can be readily lengthened by those who wish it, by driving down feruled wooden handles over their iron ones. One set of stamps, (the ten numerals,) costs \$2.00, and with initial letters, \$2.25.

BRAN AND SHORTS FOR TEGS.—A. of Kenosha, Wis., wishes to know whether bran and shorts are good feed for tegs. They are admirable for that purpose. If tegs go into the winter strong and fleshy no grain feed could possibly be better for them. If they require stronger feed, a little oats or corn or peas may be mixed with the bran and shorts.

Communications, Etc.

WINTERING BEES IN THE OPEN AIR IN MOVABLE COMB HIVES.

MR. O. SPRAGUE, of Fulton, Whiteside county Illinois, has devised a plan which with some modifications promises to effect as great an improvement in wintering bees, as the movable comb frames have wrought in handling and managing them. He has tested it for three years, first with nine, then with sixty-four and last winter with seventy-five stocks, without losing one where the bees had sufficient honey, although from the extreme cold of last winter many bee keepers in his vicinity lost nearly all their colonies.

Having noticed that dry corn-cobs were admirable absorbents of moisture, and non-conductors of heat, it occurred to him to remove in the Fall the honey-board and use cobs in its place. These can be easily cut to suitable lengths with a sharp hatchet, so that two rows laid crosswise will exactly cover the tops of the frames, by alternately placing the rows butt to butt, and point to point. A few nails in the front or rear ledge of the hive, or tacks in the tops of the frames for the outer cobs of each row to rest against, will keep them in place when the cover of the hive is raised.

Mr. Sprague has a machine by which he cuts thirty or forty cobs per minute, and in one day he can cut and adjust enough for fifty stocks. If stored in a dry place they are almost as durable as cork; to which in warmth and dryness they bear close resemblance.

Mr. Sprague says that the bees easily pass from comb to comb under the warm hollows made by the cobs, where they lie against each other; thus requiring no other winter passage. In the coldest weather his bees are warm and dry, adhering closely to the lower sides of the cobs, and they come out of winter quarters in prime condition, very few having died in the hives. The frost which often collects in the upper cover of the hive, cannot when melted, wet the colony, as the cobs will absorb and retain all the dampness which can possibly arise from "the breath of bees." Before using the cobs, his colonies, when wintered on their summer stands, were often in the spring both weak and sickly. By removing the honey-board he sometimes saw large drops of water on the tops of the frames, even when all its holes had been left open for the escape of dampness, and in some instances the bees were so drenched that a sudden change to a severe temperature would have frozen them into a solid mass if left in the open air.

Mr. Sprague further claims that the cobs enable him without any drawback in wintering his bees, to use a low or shallow hive, which shape he is satisfied, after much experience, yields more surplus honey in marketable form, than can be obtained from taller hives.

Since Mr. Sprague communicated his plan to me, I have placed a layer of cobs on the bottom board, also suspending the frames on cobs fastened to the rabbets; and have lined the sides with cobs held in an upright position by fine annealed iron wire, fastened to the heads of nails driven into the sides of the hive.

I think that these sides and bottom linings are a great improvement, and that the saving of honey will more than pay for their additional cost. Many however, will prefer Mr. Sprague's plan, as it requires less labor, and may be used when the lateness of the season does not permit a more thorough lining of the hive.

If any stocks are likely to need feeding, I would advise shortening two or more of the central cobs of each row, so as to leave a space for a piece of old-comb or a shallow feeder, which when covered with cobs and old woolen garments, will allow the bees to be safely fed in the coldest weather. In the Spring, a little food to stimulate breeding may be sprinkled on the cobs, or water, when the weather is too chilly to allow the bees to venture abroad.

In many parts of Europe where corn-cobs cannot be obtained, winter lining for movable comb-hives may be made of straw. Permanent linings of straw are objectionable, because they afford in summer an excellent harbor for the larvae of the bee-moth, and occupy so much room that the size and cost of the hive must be

considerably increased. There is no need of any summer lining to prevent the combs of movable frame hives from being melted by the heat; as with proper ventilation, such hives may be safely exposed if necessary to the full heat of our hottest suns.

There can be no question that corn-cobs are preferable to straw either as temporary or permanent linings for bee-hives; and the lovers of the busy bee in this country will appreciate the services of Mr. Sprague, in suggesting and successfully experimenting with a material so cheap, so lasting and so universally accessible.

L. L. LANGSTROTH.

Oxford, Butler County, Ohio, October, 1884.

HOW TO KEEP ROOTS.

SEEING an inquiry on this important point about root raising, I thought perhaps my experience in root raising might be of some little worth to some of the numerous readers of the RURAL. In raising roots, I consider it of the greatest importance to look well to the first handling, preparatory to laying them by, whatever the kind may be, carrots or turnips. I will give my mode of digging and storing. Take your spade and begin on the first row, loose the roots, grasp the tops in one hand, toss them back about three feet, leaving them in a row, with the tops toward you. Now take the next row, shake well, toss them so as to leave the carrot on the first row's tops, and so on until you have dug what you can take care of that day; then take your knife and basket and go where you began to dig. If it is a suitable day you will find the carrots dry and nice, lying in plain sight ready to top. Cut the tops close. If any dirt, or straggling roots are on, rub off the dirt and break off the roots. Where are you going to put them?—In the cellar or in a pit? If in a pit, dig one three feet wide, and as long as you please; I think 25 or 30 bushels is enough in one pit. If you have a dry place, dig 8 or 10 inches deep, heap them above the ground as high as they will lay, cover thick with straw and not much dirt—say about 10 inches. Be sure to leave two or three air holes in the top as large as a hoe handle until cold weather; then shut tight. In this way I have never lost any. Turnips should be covered 5 or 6 inches, but be sure to give them air until freezing weather.

I think a house cellar too warm. I have one under my barn floor, 10 by 30 feet. The barn stands about 3 feet above the surface of the ground. I have a window at the north end; as I drive in the barn at the south end I can drive a team and wagon up to the window, and with the aid of a spout, scoop roots into the cellar. We go from a low stable, through a door, into the cellar. When storing we carry them back rainy days or evenings, then take a broom and sweep the dirt up and throw it out. By this time the roots are clean and dry. I have put in over five hundred bushels in this way at one time and they kept well.

I laid the wall of my root cellar, paved the bottom and plastered it with water-lime myself, with the aid of a hired man; it is not done quite as smoothly as a mason would have done it, but it is a good place for roots; it cost in all about \$50, ten years ago. I store all my rough apples in it to feed. I leave the window open until cold weather, and then, when the air feels too warm on going into it I leave the door open until it feels cooler, and then close it.

I consider root-raising indispensable in good farm economy where stock raising and fattening is practiced. The late rains in this section are unfavorable for roots to remain in the ground. I like to have them remain in as long as I dare, and save in good order. A. SMITH.

REMARKS.—Our correspondent does not tell us in his interesting letter, what time, nor to what kind of stock, he thinks it most profitable to feed his roots. We shall be glad to receive his experience in feeding, preparing roots for feeding, &c.

HARD TIMBERED LANDS OF MICHIGAN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Seeing a communication in a late number of the RURAL respecting the sandy soils of Michigan, I would like to speak of some of the hard wood sections which he says are "good, but not so nicely located." The 1st of last August I visited that vicinity to see whether its excellence, as represented to me, came up to my ideal of a home—such as every one wishes when he locates for life. To insure this "ideal" it is desirable to combine as many as possible of the following qualities: first, good soil; second, good water; third, good timber; fourth, a healthy location; fifth, convenient to market and communication with the world. Others might be named, but the above are sufficient if found within the reach of our purse.

From the end of my railroad route, (Grand Haven) I took the propeller north, 70 miles, to the mouth of Little Sable river, where the population is collected by the best water mill I ever saw; and the harbor has taken to itself the satisfactory name of LINCOLN. The river, back one half mile from the harbor, widens into a lake about one-half mile wide and four miles long, and filled, as are all the little lakes in this part of Michigan, with an abundant supply of fish. Above the lake the river is navigable 6 miles from the harbor, and will be, I was told, when cleared of snags, 12 miles or more. But I found at the distance of 7 miles from the harbor, as nearly as I could judge, all the above qualities, and to my mind it was "nicely located" on the banks of this stream. The curse of all good new countries—speculators—have not yet visited it to any great extent, and actual settlers can have it free at the hands of the Government.

On my return, I traveled by land through the country watered by the Pere Marquette and

Pent Water rivers, and found the land near Lake Michigan covered with timber, described by your correspondent, and the soil "hungry" enough. But back on the hard timbered land, which is blessed with a substratum of clay, I found the black sandy soil teeming with abundant vegetation, notwithstanding the drouth, which was as severe as in any part of the country. Such an abundance of large and thrifty sugar maples I never saw anywhere else; and it seems to me that the present high price of sugar calls for the proper working of these immense forests. I do not know of any branch of farming that would pay better. The land in the vicinity of White Lake and south to Muskegon was, as you described it, "hungry." Hungry not only for clay and peat to be incorporated in its soil, but hungry for settlers, and must remain so until the better parts are occupied. But with all prairie land for a market for its timber, and Lake Michigan for a highway, the hard timbered sections of Michigan are bound to a speedy settlement as soon as enterprising men penetrate beyond the nearly worthless belt of land that lies along the shore. If any of your readers purpose moving to a new country they would do well to thoroughly examine this part of the world, but let speculators invest their spare funds in government stocks and not curse every desirable part of the earth's surface with their presence.

J. B.

ABOUT MARL AND KILNS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Seeing a little notice in your paper of a marl bed in Pennsylvania, I read it with much interest, because I was once engaged for several years in manufacturing marl into lime. From various experiments tried by myself and neighbors I am led to differ from Professor DEWEY as to marl being more valuable than lime for lands. We found it to the contrary every time. I have lately examined the crops and soil where the experiments were tried ten or twelve years ago.

The petrified marl is best for lime; still if the soft marl is well manufactured into brick, and then burned, it will make good lime for house walls, but not for stone. Marl lime can not be burned in a perpetual kiln, but has to be filled, burned, emptied, and filled again. The best material for the kiln is marl, for the lime never wants washing or sifting if the kiln is made of the same—no dirt gets in. The best shape I found for a kiln is this: for a smallish kiln, make it a long square, 8 feet by 10, with the corners a little rounded, and 9 feet high, with one arch at one end for the wood. If this, or any part of it, is worthy of note, please give it a place. I will give any information in regard to the marl-lime business that I can, at any time when called upon to do so. IRA C. CRANDALL.

Little Valley, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

REMARKS.—Prof. DEWEY is not responsible for the remark that marl should not be burned if it is to be used on land. Of course its value burned or otherwise must depend both upon the character of the marl and the soil to which it is applied. We do not think the sample of marl sent us from Pennsylvania would be improved for application to soils that do not contain large quantities of humus, by burning.

Rural Notes and Queries.

THE REPORT ON AGRICULTURE.—Under this heading a Washington paper says:—"The quarto volume on Agriculture, being the second volume of the regular series of the Census publications, is in the press, and will be presented to Congress early in the coming session. In addition to the tables of agricultural productions, the work will contain a full review of the progress of agriculture up to the present time, and present an exhibit of the improvements in agricultural machinery, as well as of the advance in agricultural science, and its results on our productions. It will also contain a history of the grain trade of the United States, domestic as well as foreign, and present much general information of interest to the farmer and invaluable to the statesman."

—Whether the forthcoming volume is the annual report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, or an emanation from the Census Bureau, we are unable to determine,—but probably the latter, as the former is usually in octavo form, and not, moreover, so full of meat as promised in the above announcement. But whatever the source, the Agricultural World may anticipate a stunning work, like unto its predecessors hailing from the seat of government. The manufacture of books in Washington, for the benefit of favored constituents of Members of Congress, is about the hugest swindle to which the American people are subjected.

THE LOYAL STATES NOT LAID WASTE BY WAR.—In 1861 the *Mark Lane* (English) *Express* said that no such amount of grain could be expected. The same prophecy was repeated in 1862 and 1863. An examination of the returns published by the government shows that while Great Britain imported from this country 1,264,150 quarters of wheat (and its equivalent in flour) from Jan. 1 to July 1, 1863, the amount for the corresponding period this year was 1,210,228 quarters—showing but a very small decrease. Indeed we find also that while in 1862—the year of our greatest exports, as well as of England's greatest need—we supplied her with 43 per cent. of the foreign wheat she consumed; during the first six months of 1864, 39 per cent. of all she has taken, was derived from our markets—so that our supply has continued, within this comparatively unimportant fraction, in proportion to her demand.

A LARGE SOW.—One of our Kentucky subscribers—H. M. MCCARRY, Esq. of Shepherdsville—has a Neapolitan sow, (black and almost hairless,) that measures 6 feet 4 inches from tip of snout to root of tail, and 5 feet 10 inches around the girth. It is not fat and not fed with a view of fattening, but runs loose in a woods pasture, living on mast. Who has a finer "stock hog"?

DEFERRED.—Several articles intended for this number, and also over two columns of advertisements. Advertising friends will please exercise patience—for, though advertising is the only profitable branch of the RURAL this year, we must not indulge in "too much of a good thing."

GET THE GENUINE RURAL.—We occasionally receive letters from persons who have subscribed for a paper with the prefix "RURAL," supposing they were to have the RURAL NEW-YORKER, a WEEKLY Agricultural and Family Newspaper, but who aver they were mistaken. An Illinois Farmer writes us that a club was formed in his town last winter for a RURAL which he thought was the genuine, but on its receipt it proved to be the *Rural*—, which, as he adds, "sold us entirely, as it was a horse of quite another color." He requests us to send specimens, &c., in order that "a club for the next volume of the original and reliable RURAL may be formed in season"—adding that if the people of his locality "are humbugged again by a catch-penny affair it will be their own fault." We think our correspondent is rather hard on a contemporary which advertises itself as *no humbug*, though it don't tell when or how often it is published.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGAN.—The success which everywhere attends the introduction of this instrument not only speaks favorably for the ability and genius of its manufacturers, but is also a true indication of the advance of the Art of Music. Our neighbor, the *Express*, concludes an able article on this subject as follows:—"As a substitute for the pipe organ nothing yet produced can compare with the Cabinet Organ; and we learn that such is the demand for it, both at home and abroad, (for it is confessed that nothing of the kind in Europe can equal it,) that the manufacturers have now the largest factory of the kind in the world, and give constant employment to hundreds of men." Attention is directed to the announcement of Messrs. MASON & HAMLIN in this paper.

A THORNDALE BULL FOR ILLINOIS.—We notice that, since the election of Mr. WENTWORTH of Illinois to Congress, he has secured for his herd at Summit Farm, an entirely red, yearling bull of the Thorndale stock. He was sired by Mr. THORNE's Celebrated Duke of Geneva, (1864), who was sent to England and sold for \$3,000, and who has won a great reputation there both as a prize winner and stock-getter, he being out of Duchess (1st by 2nd Grand Duke (1826).) Mr. WENTWORTH's bull was out of the largest cow ever imported by Mr. THORNE, named Mistress Gwynne, by Grand Duke, (1823.)

AN EARLY WINTER.—Last week we remarked that the wells and springs were full, and we should not be surprised if winter were to take possession at once. And the indications are that winter will set in early at the North, if indeed it has not already. Our exchanges and letters tell of cold weather and heavy snows in various parts of the West, and in Northern New York and New England, during the past week. Those who are not already "snowed in," will do well to prepare for the grim monster.

COMSTOCK'S SPADER.—It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, that this machine, which we have before noticed as working a revolution in the agriculture of the West, is to be supplied to cultivators from Pittsburgh, Pa. We look to see these implements largely used in the East as well as in the West.

POTATO CROP.—JOHN WILLIS of Tompkins Co., N. Y., writes us he produced from eight pounds of potatoes, this year, thirteen bushels and three pecks of the same. He cut the seed into as many pieces as there were eyes, planting two eyes in a hill. Varieties, Cuzco, Rusty Coat, Pinkeye and Garnet Chili.

STEEL PLOWS.—We continue to receive testimony in favor of steel plows as compared with cast iron. Those manufactured by REMINGTON & Sons, Illion, N. Y., and JOHN DEERE of Moline, Ill., are especially commended.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.—The price of this valuable standard work on Sheep Husbandry has been advanced to \$2. It is cheap at that figure, compared with prices of other works of like size, style, etc. See advertisement.

BURSON'S BINDER.—You said, in a late number, that you think there is not a grain binder yet made that will work in the hands of the farmers. I purchased one of W. W. & H. M. BURSON's American Grain Binders last harvest, and it worked well, giving entire satisfaction. If you think it will do any good to publish this you can.—A. H., *Waukesha Co., Wis.*

We do not know but we have said what our correspondent says we have, but we think he is mistaken, although we know that prior to the past season, BURSON'S Binders were not entirely satisfactory in the hands of farmers. We know they will work or may be worked well, for we have seen it done. We did say, last June, that we seriously doubted if there was a binder so perfect as to be an economical aid to the farmer with the present cost of wire. If BURSON'S, or any other, has proved to be such an aid the past season we shall be glad to record it. Will our correspondent tell us the cost per acre of binding wheat, including the labor and wire, with this binder? Also the cost of binding the same amount by hand, paying the current harvest wages. To say that a machine has given entire satisfaction is a very broad term; but we like to know just how easily a man may be satisfied. Facts and figures will show whether he has any grounds for satisfaction or not. Pray, let us have them.

MAPLE SUGAR.—We are indebted to Mr. J. W. TRUMBULL, of this town, for a cake of superior maple sugar, made by him on Monday last, from trees just tapped. This is the first time we ever heard of maple sugar being made in November.—*Pulaski (N. Y.) Democrat, Nov. 24th.*

WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.—Please tell "a farmer's wife" to wash her cows' teats with alum-water directly after milking, and the warts will disappear in a few days. I tried it on two cows and it cured them.—S. S. BAILEY, *Pierce Co., Wis.*

GROUND MOLES.—I wish to inquire of your fifty thousand subscribers the best way to get rid of the ground moles. They are very destructive with us. I would like the practical experience of a few men. It will doubtless do good in more than one locality.—Dr. H. N. M., *Hemetite, Mo.*

TO TAN SKINS.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL please inform me, through its columns, the best process by which to tan skins with the fat on so that they will be pliable; also the best mode to dress the felt for use?—G. G. B., *Binghamton, N. Y.*

SIDE HILL PLOW.—Please inform me through the RURAL who manufactures a steel side-hill plow. I have used several cast-iron side-hill plows and none of them would break blue grass sod.—J. P. A., *Metamora, Ind.*

MANUFACTURING TOBACCO.—Will some one please inform me, through the RURAL, how to manufacture plug or chewing tobacco from the leaf?—C. M. CORLAND.

CONDENSED MILK.—Can any one inform me how to condense milk as it is sent to soldiers through the Sanitary Commission?—C. M. CORLAND.

Read correspondence about "Terms of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1865," in first column of page 385.

Horticultural.

THE VINEYARDS AND WINE MANUFACTURES AT PLEASANT VALLEY, N. Y.

BY HENRY S. RANDALL.

On a pleasant forenoon, towards the close of October, General MARSHALL and myself left his residence in Wheeler, Steuben county, on a visit to our good friends, AARON Y. BAKER, CHARLES D. CHAMPLIN and GRATTAN H. WHEELER. After proceeding several miles and surmounting a ridge of hills, we looked down their eastern slopes on a comparatively level valley about three miles long and one wide. North of it, Crooked Lake fills the chasm between the hills; south the land becomes broken and elevated. The ridges of hills which hem in the valley on the east and west are about one thousand feet high. The eastern and much of the western range are yet covered with pine, oak and chestnut, the dark green, crimson and russet verdure of which, touched by the October frosts, contrasted finely with the emerald hue of the grass; and on the whole I decided in my own mind that Pleasant Valley is not a misnomer for the region which was lying under my eye. The village of Hammondsport is situated at the head of the lake. It is seven hundred feet above tide water. A steamboat plies between it and Penn Yan.

Isabella and Catawba grapes were introduced into Pleasant Valley about thirty years ago by the Rev. WILLIAM BOSTWICK, and were found to flourish admirably, to be quite as sure if not surer, than any farm crop, and to be wholly unsubject to diseases of any kind.

In 1853 or 1854, ANDREW REISINGER, a German vine dresser, came into Pultney, eight miles north of Hammondsport, and planted about an acre and a half of the hill-side on the banks of the lake with Catawbas and Isabellas, mostly the former. The soil was a heavy clay, and he trenched it in the German mode two and a half feet deep. REISINGER's experiment was rather a failure, and was ultimately abandoned by him. But in the mean time, (1855,) ORLANDO SHEPHERD and Judge JACOB LARROWE, finding how well grape culture succeeded at Avon, in Livingston county, brought vines from there to Pleasant Valley, and set out about half an acre each on the hill-side near Hammondsport.

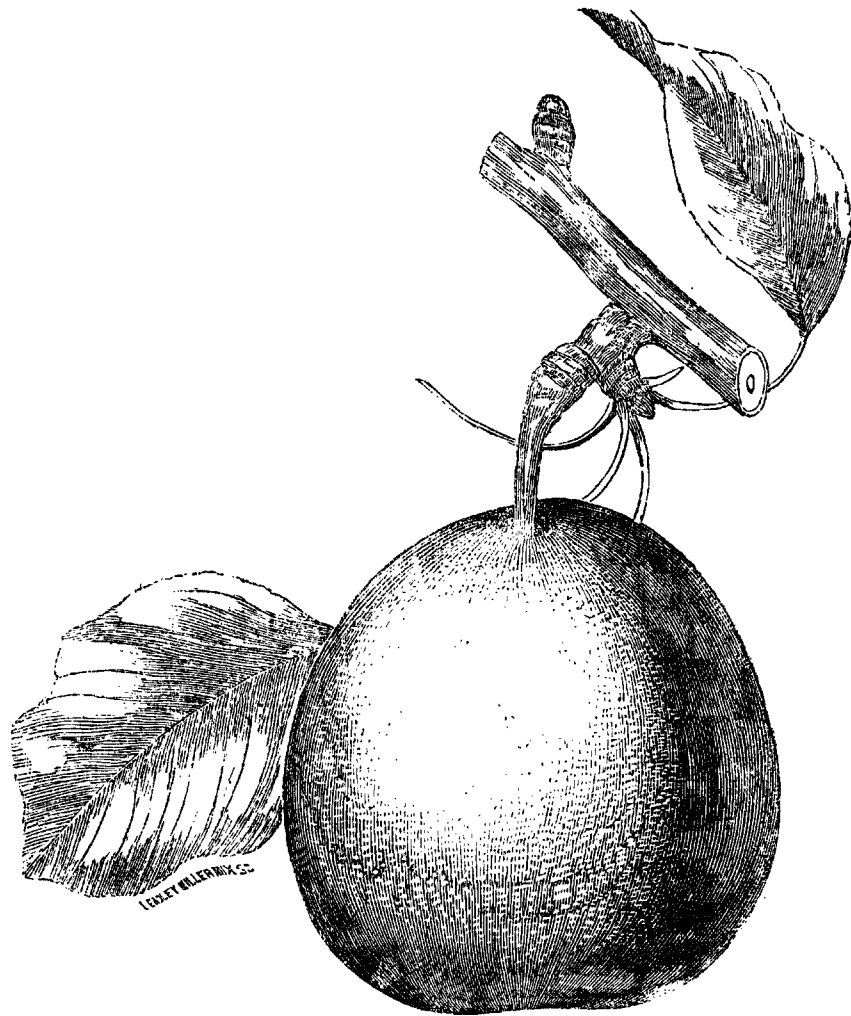
The minds of the people in the Valley have received a strong impetus towards grape culture from several causes. The first of these was the uniform prolificacy and excellence of the grape on their lands, under almost any treatment; second, the great success and profits of LONGWORTH and others at Cincinnati in its culture, and the example already named, nearer by, in Avon, and also that of a Mr. MCKAY of Naples, Ontario county, who had cultivated a vineyard of several acres from about 1843, with great profit; and finally, the agricultural newspapers at that period were specially engaged in calling attention to the subject. An influx into the neighborhood of industrious and honest German emigrants, familiar with grape culture and wine making, gave the people an opportunity to obtain further information on the subject. They became satisfied that their soil and climate were adapted to that culture, and the Germans supplied them with experienced laborers. They, therefore, did not await the result of SHEPHERD'S and LARROWE'S experiment. In 1858, both of these gentlemen increased their vineyards to two or three acres each; BELL & MCMASTER set out six or eight acres of vines; GRATTAN H. WHEELER four acres; EDWIN P. SMITH two acres; CHARLES D. CHAMPLIN one acre; STANLEY B. FAIRCHILD one acre, and TIMOTHY M. YOUNGLOVE one acre.

In the fall of 1858, AARON Y. BAKER of Pleasant Valley, went to Ohio and examined the vineyards at KELLEY'S Island, four hundred acres of which were probably then in bearing. He brought back 30,000 cuttings; and his report of what he saw further stimulated the enterprise of his townsmen. But we can no longer trace the history of individual enterprise. In 1859 and 1860, full two hundred acres of vines were set out. The surface since planted has extended to at least a thousand acres, four hundred of which are already in bearing. The present vineyard region extends along the hill slopes on the west side of Pleasant Valley and the west shore of Crooked Lake for a distance of ten or twelve miles. The favorite grape is the Catawba. The Isabella is considerably cultivated, but the wine it produces is inferior in quality. An acre of land yields on an average 4,000 pounds of grapes. The prices paid for them per pound in the bulk, as they came from the field, at the wine cellar presently to be mentioned, have averaged as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Price per cwt. for Isabella and Catawba grapes.

In 1860 and 1861 the crop was about an average one; in 1862 it was very large, A. Y. BAKER'S crop, and probably some others, yielding 9,800 pounds to the acre; in 1863 the crop was a little above an average one; in 1864 it was below, but of very fine quality.

When a vineyard is to be set out, the ground is plowed and trench plowed eighteen or twenty inches deep, the large stones removed, and then it is ready for planting. The vineyards are nearly all on the hill-sides, and frequently where the ascent is decidedly abrupt. Some are plowed into terraces four or five feet wide, but in more of them the vines are planted on the natural surface. In some of them the rows run directly or obliquely up and down the hills, in others along their sides. The rows are eight feet apart, and the vines seven feet apart in the rows. The roots are set in the spring, and commence bearing in three years; but the third year they only pay expenses. The fourth year the crop is a



THE SHELDON PEAR.

full one. The vines are fastened to trellises. Ash or chestnut stakes five feet high are set in the ground about twenty-one feet apart in the rows; and they are strung with three No. 12 wires. Some place them but eight feet apart and use wooden slats instead of wires.

No manure is used until the vines have been cropped two or three years. They then receive a very light dressing of well composted barnyard manure; and this is repeated annually on the poorer portions of the vineyard. Even a trifling excess of manure injures the quality of the crop the year it is applied. The vines are pruned almost exclusively by Germans, and according to the German system, except that a little greater length of bearing wood is left. The rule is to allow a fruit bud for every square foot of surface. It is believed that in a good vineyard the vines will last at least one hundred years.

The picking of early varieties of the grape for the table commences the first of September—for wine, about the 10th of October. It is done by women. The best quality of fruit is first picked for wine, and the second is left on the vines and afterwards picked for brandy. The pickers remove with picking shears all the unripe or imperfect berries, and then place the clusters in boxes or half-barrel tubs. These are carried directly to the wine house, weighed, and accounted for as grain is accounted for in grain warehouses.

The grapes are first mashed in a wine mill (HICKOCK'S) and dropped directly into large fermenting vats, or on the press. The larger portion of the wine from the vats and all from the press is drawn directly by means of a hose, into wine casks in the cellar. The "mark" (or pomace) which remains behind, is left to ferment in the vats, and the succeeding spring is distilled for brandy. The wine in a portion of the vats, however, is left to ferment on the skins for the manufacture of red wines.

This wine and brandy manufacture was entered upon under the auspices of Mr. JOHN F. WEBER, a German of intelligence and much experience in the business, as well as in everything connected with grape culture. He was connected with the U. S. Patent Office for some years prior to 1860. In the last named year, the Pleasant Valley Wine Company was formed and Mr. WEBER assumed the superintendency of its mechanical and manufacturing affairs. It organized with a capital of \$10,000, the corporators being WILLIAM BAKER, AARON Y. BAKER, CHARLES D. CHAMPLIN, GRATTAN H. WHEELER, T. M. YOUNGLOVE, D. ROSE, G. H. BRUNDAGE, E. BRUNDAGE, BELL & MCMASTER, DUGALD CAMERON and J. W. DAVIS. An arched wine vault, a press house, a propagating house, etc., all excellently constructed of stone, were erected about a mile and a half from Hammondsport. Many thought it a very visionary undertaking, but in 1862 the capital stock was doubled. Two or three of the original corporators have sold out. The present directors are the original corporators, with the exception of WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., deceased. The present officers are GRATTAN H. WHEELER, President, and C. D. CHAMPLIN, Secretary and Treasurer.

The manufactures of the Company have been as follows: In 1860 were manufactured 25,990 lbs. grapes. " 1861 " " 38,983 " " " 271,825 " " 1862 " " 192,476 " " 1864 " " 400,000 "

The manufactures of 1864 are not yet completed. The wines manufactured are principally of the dry varieties, bearing the names of Still Catawba, Isabella and Claret. Those of the three first vintages, and most of the fourth, are sold. This year they have commenced making a champagne of Catawba grapes, which is considered a good article. Huge quantities of grapes are put up in boxes and sent away for sale. Several of the most extensive growers are put-

ting up stone storehouses to preserve them through winter for table use.

Great has been the change effected in the appearance of things, and in the value of property, in Pleasant Valley, by this new husbandry. The steep hill-sides where the vineyards are now growing luxuriantly, would have been prized, a very few years since, as worth not to exceed fifteen or twenty dollars an acre for ordinary agricultural purposes; nor should I now value most of them I passed over at higher than \$25 or \$30 an acre at the outside, for such purposes. But in good, eligible situations for grape culture, they now command from \$200 to \$300 per acre; and where set with vines and in bearing they command \$1,000 per acre! The statistics above given were obtained from authoritative sources, and they are reliable.

THE SHELDON PEAR.

The high commendation given to this pear at the recent meeting of the American Pomological Society (see page 351) by every member who gave testimony concerning it, has attracted the attention of our readers, and in response to the demand we give herewith an engraving of it. A reader asks for a description of it. The portrait is a very good one, except it is rather under size; for the fruit is rather above medium size, generally roundish, but varying much; sometimes quite round, others obovate or inclining to oval; some taper to a point at the stalk, and others are as broad at the stalk as at the eye. The stalk is generally sunk slightly, as in the engraving, though sometimes set on the surface. The calyx is medium size in a smooth, round, shallow basin. Skin smooth, greenish russet—sometimes tinted with red on the sunny side, sometimes slightly bronzed, and again without any color. The flesh is melting and juicy, sugary and rich, with a peculiar sprightly flavor. Season, September and October.

HOSPITAL GARDEN AT CHATTANOOGA.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Some of your readers, interested as they are, both in horticulture, and in the means used to relieve the wants of the sick and wounded men of our noble army, may be pleased to know the products of the hospital garden and vineyard, under the direction of M. C. READ, Esq., General Superintendent of the work of the U. S. Sanitary Commission at this point, some account of which was given in your paper last spring.

All the products and results of that garden cannot be tabulated. The impressions for good upon the many persons who have visited the garden, and enjoyed the beauty and fragrance of the innumerable flowers which covered the mound upon which stands the tasteful quarters of the head gardener, Mr. THOS. WILLS, as well as the influence of a style of agriculture before wholly unknown to the slovenly cultivators of this region of country—indeed the good done in every point of view is too vast to be represented in figures of bushels or market values. Still such accounts are profitable. Upon looking at the reports I find that there have been issued over 15,000 bushels of vegetables, among which are 1,407 bushels of onions, 927 bushels of ripe tomatoes, 904 bushels of potatoes, 384 of sweet potatoes, 107,562 ears of green corn, 32,316 cucumbers, &c., &c.

From the green tomatoes not likely to ripen, sliced by machines with onions, 115 barrels of excellent pickles have been made, besides those made of the same materials issued by the load to hospitals, to be worked up in the same manner. The rich prospect last spring of an abundant harvest of Catawba grapes ended in disappointment. About the middle of June the rot struck the grapes and continued until the whole crop was ruined. As the vineyard has been staked,

fenced and well cultivated this season, it will be kept in the possession of the Commission, and trial be given to it for another year, though it is to be hoped that there will not be, when another fall comes around, many sick men here in hospital to need grapes or other delicacies. GOD grant that we may all be then enjoying the blessings of a restored government, and a sure peace, at home, under our own vines and fruit trees.

Satisfied that the large and beautiful mound referred to above was of artificial origin, though there were growing upon the top of it, last year, trees one and a half or two feet in diameter, Mr. READ is having an excavation made in the side, and under the center, which has already settled the question as to the nature of its origin. Several human skulls, with broken pottery, and hollow spaces carefully prepared, and evidently occupied by materials which have entirely perished, have already been found. In due time Mr. READ will probably be able to make a report of his explorations which will be of much interest.

THE DELAWARE AS A WINE AND TABLE GRAPE.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The Delaware grape is now quite extensively grown near Cincinnati, Ohio, for the purpose of wine making. Mr. JOHN E. MOTTIER, one of the most celebrated wine makers of that section, has a considerable number of acres of the Delaware now in full bearing, and there are other prominent growers who cultivate nearly as many. From the experience of these men, the fact is established that the Delaware grape is not only more certain to produce a regular fair, or good annual crop than the Catawba, but the wine readily brings at least double the price in market that the Catawba wine does. The Catawba grape is extremely liable to be attacked, when about half grown, with the rot. This is now of such frequent occurrence that many of the Ohio wine growers are substituting the Delaware for the Catawba. The Catawba makes a good wine, much admired by those who are accustomed to that kind or class of wines; but the Delaware makes a rich, superior wine that all lovers of wine will admire. It is usually sold as soon as made. From my own experience I prefer the Delaware wine to any other that I have ever tasted, either foreign or domestic.

As a table grape, in point of flavor, the Delaware is not surpassed by any native grape we have. The small size of both bunch and berry, are objections to it in the estimation of many. We Americans are pleased with big things, and will pay double the price for a basket of large, inferior strawberries, in preference to an equal quantity of smaller ones of superior quality. The Delaware grape will always find purchasers in market, at good prices. But the Iona being scarcely inferior to the Delaware, as it regards quality of fruit, and the bunch and berries being more than twice as large, will be preferred by many. The flavor of the Iona very closely resembles the Delaware. It is the Delaware enlarged, with its superior richness only more diffused.

I have no special interest in any particular grape, nor in any one who either grows or vends vines, but am induced to offer the foregoing in answer to the inquiry of "E. E.," Beaver Co., Pa., in the RURAL of Nov. 12,—to whom you reply, speaking of the Delaware as a wine grape: while we do not believe it a better grape than the Catawba, we believe it an excellent wine grape. "We do not believe it better, because we have not seen any evidence that it is."

H. P. B.

Notes and Queries.

ILLINOIS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society holds its Annual Meeting at Bloomington, Ill., December 6th to 9th inclusive.

THE CURCULIO IN DRY SEASONS.—Will some knowing reader inform me if the curculio is worse in its ravages on fruits in a dry season? And if so, if a regular sprinkling from a forcing pump would be of advantage in arresting its work?—A RURAL READER.

HONEY LOCUST FOR HEDGE.—The editor of the Gardener's Monthly says of this plant:—"It is one of the best of hedge plants. It is very thorny, grows rapidly, and when judiciously pruned in June and September, as Osage Orange, and all tree-growing hedge plants must be, it is as close and compact a hedge as need be. * * It has in fact one advantage over Osage Orange; it will grow and do well where that plant will starve."

THE BARBERRY ON THE PRAIRIES.—The barberry is easily raised from seed, and does well on the prairies. It is excellent for preserving.

THE LOW, RUNNING BLACKBERRY grows well in New England. It grows most naturally on sandy plains, and does not fruit well on prairie soils.—S. W. A., DeKalb Co., Ill.

A LARGE RADISH.—E. R. WOODHULL of Wayne Co., sends us a radish which measures 27 inches in circumference, and weighs eleven and a half pounds, and asks us to tell what kind it is. We do not know the variety. We think its size is due rather to the season than to the character of the variety. Had you others that approached it in size? If so, when was the seed planted? What the soil? Where did you get the seed? Does not your garden journal furnish you with these facts?

THE GREELY PRIZES FOR FRUITS.—HORACE GREELY offered sometime since a prize of \$100 each for the best Native Grape, the best Apple, and the best Pear adapted to the soil and climate of the Northern and Middle States—to be of as uniform good character as possible in all soils, seasons, regular bearers, and of such flavor as to be generally acceptable, &c., &c. A committee has been appointed to make the awards, and the Horticultural Branch of the American Institute has resolved upon a series of exhibitions at the rooms of the Institute on the first Tuesdays of December, January and February, at 2 P. M., and invites all fruit growers desirous of competing, to exhibit their fruit at one of the above named exhibitions.

Domestic Economy.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

In the RURAL of Nov. 12th, I saw a request for recipes of different kinds. I send you several which I know to be good.

FOR HOP YEAST CAKES THAT WILL KEEP.—Put two quarts of water into your kettle; add a large handful of hops tied in a thin bag. When this liquor boils, add one tablespoonful salt, one of sugar and one of ginger. Let this boil one hour. Then stir in flour enough while hot to thicken it. When cool add yeast sufficient to make it rise. When light, knead in Indian meal and a little flour; then make into rolls and cut into slices one-fourth of an inch thick, and dry where there will be no danger of scalding them. When dry, hang away in a bag, and they will keep six months, if not allowed to get wormy.

TO COLOR COTTON BLUE.—One oz. Prussiate Potash; one oz. Oil of Vitrol; one oz. Copras. This will color three pounds of rags. Dip in the copras water first; then into the other dye. Wash thoroughly or the dye will rot the rags.

TO COLOR COTTON YELLOW.—One pound Sugar of Lead; half pound Bichromate of Potash. This will color four pounds. If you wish for orange, dip in good lime water. The dye must be in brass or a tin boiler.

TAKING MILDEW FROM MUSLIN.—Mix salt and soft soap together, and entirely cover the cloth with the mixture, and lay out in a hot sun, and repeat the process until the mildew is removed.

FOR COLORING WOOLEN COCHINEAL RED.—To one pound yarn, stir briskly into warm water, enough to cover the goods, two ounces cream tartar. When the heat has increased a little, add two ounces powdered Cochineal. Stir well; add two ounces solution of tin. When the liquor boils, put in the goods and move it around briskly for twenty minutes. Rinse well in cold water. If your ingredients are all good, you will have a color that you will not be ashamed to hang out to dry. If you wish your yarn clouded, you have only to tie it at intervals with new cotton, very tight.—A FARMER'S WIFE, Ashland Co., O.

TO COLOR WITH COCHINEAL.—For every pound of yarn, take four ounces of muriatic acid, two ounces of pewter; put them into a bowl, let stand two hours, covered. Put into a brass or copper kettle soft water sufficient to cover the yarn; add two ounces of cream tartar; stir until heated; add one ounce of powdered Cochineal—which must first be mixed with a little of the water; pour in the acid and pewter; stir until it boils. Put in the yarn, move it about briskly two or three minutes, then let it boil gently twenty minutes. Rinse in clean soft water.—Mrs. GEORGE WOLFORD, South Macon, Ill.

HOP YEAST.—Noticing an inquiry for a recipe to make hop yeast, I send mine which I know to be excellent.

Take four handfuls of good hops, put in a kettle with two quarts of water; take four large potatoes, peel them, and put in the kettle; boil until done. Take out the potatoes, mash them, strain the hop-water from the hops, then add to the water the potatoes; half cup sugar, one tablespoonful salt, also one of ginger. Set on the stove and stir in sufficient flour to make a thick batter; let it scald, then take from the stove, and when about milk warm, put in two dried cakes soaked in warm water; keep warm until light, then add Indian meal sufficient to make into rolls. Cut in thin slices and dry on a cloth rack. If you have no cakes, use a little bakers yeast.—Miss A. H., Exeter, N. Y.

STAINS ON PORCELAIN.—If Mrs. N. M. L. will boil ashes in her "porcelain lined vessel," all stains will be removed.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Tell Mrs. H. to pare, quarter, and core her quinces, boil the parings in the water, measuring a teacupful to a pound of fruit; when they are soft, mash and strain them, and put back the water into the preserving kettle; add the quinces and boil them till they are soft enough to mash fine; then put three quarters of a pound of sugar to one of fruit; stir well together, and boil over a slow fire till it will fall, like jelly, from a spoon. Put it in small jars or tumblers, paste paper over the top of the jar. It will be just as good to take an equal part of apples and mix with the quinces.

OLD FASHIONED GINGERBREAD.—Say to P. F. M. to make good old fashioned gingerbread, take one quart Orleans molasses, one pint lard—if it is sweet—one pint of very sour milk, two heaping tablespoonfuls soda dissolved in the milk, two tablespoonfuls ginger; mix into a dough as soft as can be rolled, roll thin; cut in round cakes; bake in a quick oven, and put away in a stone jar. They will keep three months and be better than when first baked.—M. F. W., Groves, Ind.

DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

STAINS FROM STEEL KNIVES.—Please publish in your paper the best method for removing stains from highly-polished steel knives.—A. H.

APPLES JELLY.—Will some of the correspondents of the RURAL give a recipe for making good apple jelly, and whether to use sweet or sour apples?—MARY.

ABOUT FURS.—I wish some of the readers would tell me of the different kinds of fur, their different grades, which is the best, and which the poorest, and oblige—NERTIE BOND, Wisconsin.

COOKING OYSTERS.—CONDENSED MILK.—Will you please ask some of your many friends to tell me how to make oyster soup and oyster pudding? Also, how to prepare "condensed milk" for use through the winter? and much oblige—A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
SAINTED HELEN.—DECEMBER FIFTH.
BY MINNIE MINTWOOD.

SWEET HELEN! three Summers have smil'd and died,
Three harvests of garnered sheaves,
And thrice has the earth from her golden pride
Bowed sad beneath Autumn leaves
Since you wander'd away to fields of Light,
To your home by the Beautiful Sea,
Oh darling! the glory there's been for you,
And the darkness there has been for me!

My lot has been crosses, and thorns, and frowns,
While you have but revel'd in bliss—
In a kingdom of glory, praise and crowns,
With none of the sorrows of this;
You are upborne by resplendent Light,
I struggle in waves of Despair;
You have day with its fullness of life,
I the night with its empty air.

I wonder sometimes when blue stars tread
The floor of the glorious world,
If you, 'mid the life and light and love,
Where the splendor of God is unfurld—
Feel a thought of pain of one below,
Who sits in desolate night,
Since Heaven has most held dear on earth—
My darling, my life, my light!

SWEET HELEN! three years in Heaven, three years,
With a song for each glory outspread,
While here is moaning from torturing fears,
And our song is a dirge for the dead.
Ah! white are your steps on the golden street,
Ours red with the blood of the slain;
Oh! the records that rise from earth to CHRIST,
Must sadden e'en Heaven with pain!

My darling, come back! I'll not ask thee to stay
From the glory which God gave to thee,
But I'd have thy sweet presence 'round me to-day
Making blessedness once more for me.
Dear CHRIST! on the wings of Thy love may she come!
Let this boon in Thy mercy be given!
O heart! that the dearest thou hadst upon earth,
Should so early be sainted in Heaven.
Ludlowville, N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker
ONE ERROR.

LUCY ELLIS sat by her window watching the
autumn landscape, and her brow was marked
with lines of pain and anxiety strangely out
of place on a face so young and fair. Now and
then, a sob forced its way to her parted lips, and
she exclaimed, half aloud, "Oh, that I had
waited and trusted him a little longer!"
Scarcely twelve months a bride, and yet sighing
for her bondage to be broken! She was a loved
but an unloving wife, and therein lay half her
grief, but back of that, there were memories,
sadly pleasant, of days and hours when her
thoughts had a right to turn where now they
too often wandered, to happy moments passed
with one dearly loved; and oh! the anguish of
the remembrance, when her name was now to
him a name forgotten, and her love, which once
had been so much to him, was now despised as
a worthless thing. She could not even justify
herself in his eyes, for was she not a wife and
bound to silence?

Years ago, when a careless, light-hearted
maiden, she had met CARL LAWDELL and
given to his keeping her heart with all its wild
love and idolatry, and for many years, thro'
good report and evil report, she had clung to
him and found her love its own exceeding great
reward; and when, one Christmas eve, he had
left upon her cheek his first kiss, and smiled
down into her eyes the assurance of his affection,
she needed not words to tell her his secret, kept
so long. She was beloved, and with her heart
as full of happy contentment as a robin's is full
of song, she went on her way, looking forward
joyfully to the time when she might go forth
into the world with him as his loved and
honored wife. False ones there were who had
dared to utter calumnies against him, but they
fell on unheeding ears, and the years, as they
went by, only found her more fervent and de-
voted to her girlhood's love.

She thought of it all to-day, of the hours they
had spent walking, reading, or talking together,
or oftener still, silent from the very burden of
their own gladness; how his touch on her hand
had thrilled her, his look of love had consoled
her in the midst of sadness, and his kiss—but
her lips trembled—she could not think of that;
'twas too holy a thing; and it could never, never
be hers again. Never again could her fingers
lay upon his forehead or her head rest upon his
shoulder, while he read to her sweet poems,
made sweeter by the tones of his voice!

While she looked from her window at the
leafless woods, memory recalled the days, so
long since, when they wandered together
through the forest, carelessly mingling with
other companions, but with no thought in their
hearts save for each other. That was a happy
afternoon, and when they sat down near each
other, on the old, moss-grown logs, how she had
wished they were far away from the busy world,
so that their hopes and loves might have been
as dreams fulfilled. Then she remembered the
night they parted, she to go to a distant city,
and he to toil in daily care and waiting.
What a solemn measure ran thro' all their
words of farewell as they thought of seasons
gone and days to come, but their faith was strong
in each other, and as their lips met in that part-
ing kiss, it had almost seemed as if their hearts
had grown together, so hard it was to part.
Oh! the completeness of the love that filled
their hearts!—how could she dream it would
ever be made less! Even in the long absence
that ensued, her heart's tune flowed as merrily
on as a rivulet by the greenest banks in June,
and his tender words that reached her each day
made sunlight for her the day long, while her
words and her laugh fell cheerily from her
remembering lips. Alas! for us, when the years

come, when we can no longer call up the old
girlish laugh, without hearing a voice within us
rebuke it for a mockery! But the day came
when her dream was rudely broken, and she
looked forward to life as a desolate thing. That
morning the sun shone bright and warm, flowers
and leaves glistened and bird-notes rang through
the air, but ere the night came, she had read the
words, written by a stranger hand, which
brought doubt to her trusting heart. Day by
day she thought of it, and finally, when his
letters had almost ceased, and into them had
crept a language strange to a loyal heart, she
went back to meet him once more and learn for
herself the destiny that awaited her. How her
heart beat and throbbed, almost to aching, as
she neared her girlhood's home, and she looked
forth with anxious eye, to catch a glimpse of
the loved form; but her search was in vain;
there was no kind word of greeting, no voice to
repeat the "welcome home," and her heart
sank within her. All day she waited and half
way through the evening hours, before she
caught the sound, the dear familiar sound of his
footstep on the walk; then, how eagerly she
met him, with pleading love in her eyes, that
met with no response; hope died out of her
heart as the hours wore on and his tardy at-
tempts at convincing her that she was still all
to him, brought no conviction to her soul; she
felt like a prisoner on earth, and longed to see
life's last hour come.

Days passed, and from one and another whom
she had trusted, she heard the same story of his
love for another, and she broke her heart to
give him peace. With steady hand she put
back the golden circlet she had guarded so long,
and asked to be released from their engagement.
She almost faltered at the last, and her calmness
almost gave way when he came to bid her good-
bye, and his voice trembled. What if she had
been mistaken?—but no! proof was too strong,
and she committed her one error of not confiding
in the man she loved the thing she had against
him.

So they parted, and, in the very desperation
of carelessness, she had given her hand to the
only one whom she had reason to think cared
for her, and watched from her far-off home, in
silent misery, for the announcement of his mar-
riage. But the years rolled on and he had given
no sign, and then came the dread thought, that
possibly she had been all wrong, and had made
her own life's sacrifice for naught. Now the
weary hours are counted, day by day, and the
long nights are sometimes sleepless, and some-
times filled with sweet dreams, that add but
bitter anguish to her waking at the dawn.
Alas! there is no dawn for her! Hopeless sor-
row hath claimed her for its own, and she makes
of life a hateful jest by wearing a smile over a
broken heart.

Who can tell the story to the end? It may be
that childish voices will win her back to love of
living, childish hands guide her again into paths
of peace, but never can she know again the full
blessing of the gift she cast away in her first
error, that want of trust in the one she loved
better than her own life. Never more will the
same joy thrill in her pulses or the same glad
light make golden her days.

Many such hearts are beating in daily toil,
and many more must learn the lesson to the
curse of their own existence. Oh, sisters, heed
my simple story; let no strange tongues win you
away from your best love, but where you yield
your heart's affections, give honor and trust un-
faltering, that so you may be blessed of God
and happy among women. VERITAS.

Pine Corners, Autumn, 1861.

WHAT THE LADIES ASK.

WOMEN are very haughty creatures—very
resentful of any supposed slight—very aggres-
sive, besides, if they imagine the time for attack
favorable. Will they sit down patiently as
makers of pill-boxes and artificial flowers?
Will they be satisfied with their small gains and
smaller consideration? Will there not be am-
bitious spirits amongst them who will ask,
What do you mean to offer us? We are of a
class who neither care to bind books nor draw
patterns. We are your equals—if we were not
distinctively modest, we might say something
more than your equals—in acquirement and in-
formation. We have our smattering of physical-
science humbug, as you have; we are read up
in theological disputation, and are as ready as
you to stand by Moses against Colenso; in
modern languages we are more than your match.
What have you to offer us if we are too proud,
or too poor, or too anything else, to stand wait-
ing for a buyer in the marriage-market of Bel-
gravia? You will not suffer us to enter the
learned professions nor the service; you will not
encourage us to be architects, attorneys, land-
agents, or engineers. We know and we feel
that there is not one of these callings either
above our capacity or unsuited to our habits,
but you deny us admittance; and now we ask,
What is your scheme for our employment?
What project have you that may point out to us
a future of independence and a station of re-
spect? Have you such a plan? or, falling it,
have you the courage to proclaim to the world
that all your boasted civilization can offer us is
to become governesses to the children of our
luckier sisters? But there are many of us
totally unsuited to this, brought up with ways
and habits that would make such an existence
something very like penal servitude—what will
you do with us?—Blackwood.

We have simply the choice either always or
never to fear; for our life-tent stands over a
loaded mine, and round about, the hours aim
at us naked weapons. Only one in a thousand
hits, but, in any case, better fall standing like a
man than bending like a coward.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
LONG AGO.

BY OLIO STANLEY.

BIRDS in the nest! birds in the nest!
They sung me a song so rare,
That my heart kept time to the merry tune,
While I wandered there that sunny June,
Abroad in the dreamy air.

Many a time! many a time!
When Spring came down to earth,
I had heard the far-off, mystical chime
Of songs that seemed in my heart to rhyme;
As bright birds gave them birth.

With a gentle tread! with a gentle tread!
My childhood wandered by;
The thoughts that so oft were left unsaid
Are laid away with the buried dead,
But the bird-songs never die.

The Summers come! and the Summers go!
But the song that I heard that day,
Standing and watching the river's flow,
As it danc'd in the light far below,
And silently drifted away,

Ever, and ever, when day is o'er,
Comes with a happy dream,
While Faith, and Hope, and Love, once more
Lift their glad wings to the water's roar,
And toss back its dewy gleam.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

A YOUNG friend asks me what books he
shall read with reference to appearance in
society. I can appreciate the desire of the
young man to know how to appear. There
may be books which will aid him in determin-
ing how he shall behave. There are books in
which are found certain rules of etiquette,
which govern in good society. We believe
FOWLER & WELLS, of New York, have pub-
lished a little hand-book on this subject—"How
to Behave"—which will furnish all the im-
formation the young man will need to acquire
from books. But he should not depend upon
books to fit him for appearance in society.
They may aid in some degree, but they are as
likely to render him ridiculous as otherwise.
They help to make a man affected. And affec-
tation renders the young man or woman ridic-
ulous.

The best way to learn how to appear in society
perhaps, is to go into society to learn. Go there
without trepidation—go determined to act natu-
rally, no matter if the sky falls—act independ-
ently, too—that is, do what your own good
sense and heart tell you it is right to do. You
need not, necessarily, act singularly, nor make
yourself conspicuous. Those unaccustomed to
society are apt to assume over-much—to make
pretensions which they can not sustain.

My friend GOODENOUGH is an accomplished
man. His appearance in society is unexcep-
tionable—he is regarded as a model. He once
told me his experiences, and they may furnish
my young friend a hint or two which will help
him:—"I tell you, SQUIRE PENCIL, I was
once as green and bashful as anybody. But I
had a sensible sister. She knew just what
society was made of, and what a perverse
old coward Mrs. GRUNDY is when she finds
she can not rule. So my sister said to me—
she was older than I—'JAMES, remember
that you are just as much entitled to your opin-
ions in society as any one you find there is to his
or hers. That your ideas of good manners are
quite as likely to be correct as theirs. So, do
not sneak, nor cringe, nor be timid. Act as
well and as naturally as you do at home, and
you will act well enough. Do not be bold, but
be manly. If you want to speak to a young
lady, do so. Do not stop to prepare a pretty
speech, but say what you have got to say to her
just as you would say the same thing to your
sister. Be frank, considerate, kind. Seek to do
favours, but do not be officious. If you are
required to do anything which you do not know
how to do, seek the most accomplished lady in
the room, tell her frankly that you are ignorant,
and ask her to teach you. She will do it if she
is a true lady; and if she does not, seek some
one else who will. Do not shrink from any-
thing society requires you to do,—that is hono-
rable, of course,—and if you do not know how to
attempt it, confess it, and ask to be taught.
You will soon learn all that needs to be learned,
and the restraint of inaction and embarrass-
ment will quickly be removed. Try, try, try,
said she, 'and if you make mistakes, laugh at
them with those who laugh, and try again.
Cultivate kind feelings towards all. Do not
look for other people's faults. Search for and
emulate, and commend, what you see that is
good in them. Always try to relieve others of
embarrassment when you see they are embar-
rassed. Do it considerately—kindly. Keep
your heart green and your mind pure and clear,
and act yourself, JAMES."

"So talked my sister, and so I acted, and that
is all the training I have had. But there is one
thing ought always to be remembered:—A per-
son should act at home precisely as he ought to
abroad. The habits of his every-day life should
be correct, and then he will need no especial
training to fit him for society."

And, after all, LEAD PENCIL, Esq., thinks
the home the best place to learn and practice
what will render one respected and respectable
in society. The every-day life of young men
and women should not have two faces. There
should not be a society-face distinct from the
home-face—no society-tone distinct from the
tone of the home-voice—no home-habits which
should be changed, or restrained, or masked in

society. If you want to know how to appear
in society, learn how to appear well at home.
Practice habitually at home, in intercourse with
those you should love and respect most, pre-
cisely what you learn is etiquette outside the
home circle.

THE TRUE IDEAL.

As there was an hour when the fishermen of
Galilee saw their master transfigured, his rai-
ment white and glistening, and his face like the
light, so are there hours, when our whole mortal
life stands forth in a celestial radiance. From
our daily lot fall off every weed of care,—from
our heart-friends every speck and stain of earth-
ly infirmity. Our horizon widens, and blue,
and amethyst, and gold touch every object.
* * * How fair the wife, the husband, the
absent mother, the gray-haired father, the
manly son, the bright-eyed daughter! Seen in
the actual present, all have some fault, some
flaw; but absent, we see them in their perman-
ent and better selves. Of our distant home we
remember not one dark day, not one ser-
vile care, nothing but the echo of its holy
hymns, and the radiance of its brightest days,—
of our father, not one hasty word, but only the
fullness of his manly vigor and noble tenderness,
—of our mother, nothing of mortal weakness,
but a glorified form of love,—of our brother,
not one hasty, provoking word of brotherly
freedom, but the proud beauty of his noblest
hours,—of our sister, our child, only what is
fairest and sweetest.—Mrs. Stowe.

FAMILY COURTESIES.

In the family the law of pleasing ought to
extend from the highest to the lowest. You
are bound to please your children; and your
children are bound to please each other; and
you are bound to please your servants if you
expect them to please you. Some men are
pleasant in the household, and nowhere else.
I have known such men. They were good
fathers and kind husbands. If you had seen
them in their own house you would have
thought they were angels, almost; but if you
had seen them in the street, or in the store, or
anywhere else outside the house, you would
have thought them almost demoniac. But the
opposite is apt to be the case. When we are
among our neighbors, or among strangers, we
hold ourselves with self-respect, and endeavor
to act with propriety; but when we get home
we say to ourselves, "I have played a part
long enough, and am now going to be natural.
So we sit down and are ugly, and snappish,
and blunt, and disagreeable. We lay aside the
thousand little courtesies that make the rough-
est floor smooth, that make the hardest things
like velvet, and that make life pleasant. We
expel all our politeness in places where it
will be profitable—where it will bring silver and
gold.

HOW TO BECOME UNHAPPY.

In the first place, if you want to be miserable,
be selfish. Think all the time of yourself, and
of your own things. Don't care about anybody
else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself.
Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of see-
ing others happy; but rather if you see a smiling
face, be jealous, lest another should enjoy what
you have not. Envy all who are better off in
any respect than yourself; think unkindly toward
them, and speak slightly of them. Be con-
stantly afraid lest some should encroach upon
your rights; be watchful against it, and if any
one comes near you snap at him like a mad dog.
Contend earnestly for everything that is your
own, though it may not be worth a pin; for
your "rights" are just as much concerned as
if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point.
Be very sensitive, and take everything that is
said to you in playfulness in the most serious
manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they
should not think enough of you; and if at any
time they should seem to neglect you, put the
worst construction upon their conduct you can.

SPEAKING CROSS.

You gain nothing by a harsh word. What
if that boy broke the pitcher, or put his elbow
through the glass; do you mend either by ap-
plying harsh epithets to him? Does it make
him more careful in future? Does he love you
any better? Hark, he is murmuring. What
says the boy? "I'm glad of it; I don't care
how much I break." He talks thus to be even
with his master. It is very wrong in him we
know, but it is human nature, and the example
has been set before him by you.

Say to the careless boy, "I am sorry; you
must be more careful in the future," and what
will be his reply? "It was an accident, and I
will be more careful." He will never break an-
other pitcher or glass if he can help it, and he will
respect and love you a thousand times more than
when you flew in a rage and swore vengeance
on his head. Remember this, ye who get angry
and rave at a trifle.

Try for a single day, I beseech you, to pre-
serve yourself in an easy and cheerful frame of
mind. Be for one day instead of a fire-wor-
shipper of passion and hell, the sun-worshipper
of a clear self-possession; and compare the day in
which you rooted out the weed of dissatisfaction
with that on which you allowed it to grow
up; and you will find your heart open to every
good motive, your life strengthened, and your
breast armed with a panoply against every trick
of fate; truly you will wonder at your own im-
provement.—Jean Paul Richter.

No man despises praise who has not lost all
claim to it.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE BRAVE AT REST.

BY MARIA M. JONES.

THE Summer's gentle wind shall breathe
Its gentlest murmurs o'er their breast,
And Nature's busy fingers weave
Her garlands o'er their place of rest!
The bird, whose home is far above,
Amid the pine tree's woven boughs,
Shall often sing her song of love
When morning's brightest sunbeam glows.

Sweet fragrance shall enshroud the spot,
And music's sweet enchanting pow'r—
Shall say the brave are not forgot,
Although they've left this world of ours!
And if their course was early run,
Or if their feet long press'd the road,
The Master, kindly said, "'Tis done—
Ye need not longer bear the load!"

Who are the brave? We will not ask
If o'er them waved a conqueror's plume;
But if they well performed their task—
For all are equal in the tomb!
One for his country's freedom fought,
And bore her standard 'mid the fight
'Till death the hero's spirit caught,
And lull'd it in its dreamless night!

One to the poor stretch'd forth his hand—
One led the sinner to the sky—
And one spread wisdom through the land—
Another wip'd the mourner's eye;
And one—perchance least known of all—
Striv'd daily, while life's path she trod,
Humbly, to keep the Holy Law,
Then sweetly went to sleep in God!

These are the brave! yet no one needs
In death, earth-tributes to his name;
A passer-by alike will heed
And read each sepulcher the same.
No monument we need to tell
Where they, the good and brave, now rest,
God marks the spot, and all is well—
For Jesus holds them in His breast!
Plymouth, Mich., 1864.

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

COULD we only remember, amid the cares
and perplexities of this life, that a dying hour
will come; that in a few short and fleeting
years, at most, our pilgrimage here below will
be ended, our work forever done, and our
history and influence written, unchangeably
written, either for weal or woe upon those with
whom we have associated and come in contact
in life, how different would our lives be spent!

Could we realize the regrets of a dying hour,
the many words sneeringly and carelessly spo-
ken of Religion and some good cause for the
amelioration and bettering of the condition of
our race, how much more then would we feel
like giving all the energies, the influence, and
the life which we possess to the blessed cause
and kingdom of our Divine Redeemer.
Martinsville, Ohio, 1864. OSCAR RICK.

ALL FROM CHRIST.

SAID good Bishop Hall:—"My son, if ever
thou look for sound comfort on earth and salva-
tion in heaven, unglue thyself from the world
and the vanities of it; put thyself upon thy
Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; leave not till
thou findest thyself firmly united to Him; so as
thou art become a limb of that Body whereof
He is head, a spouse of that husband, a branch
of that stem, a stone laid upon that foundation.
Look not, therefore, for any blessing out of
Him; and in, and by, and from Him, look for
all blessings. Let Him be thy life; and wish
not to live longer than thou art quickened by
Him. Find Him thy wisdom, righteousness,
sanctification, redemption; thy riches, thy
strength, thy glory. Apply unto thyself all
that thy Saviour is or hath done. Would'st
thou have the graces of God's Spirit? fetch
them from his anointing. Would'st thou
have power against spiritual enemies? fetch it
from his sovereignty. Would'st thou have re-
demption? fetch it from his passion. Would'st
thou have absolution? fetch it from his perfect
innocence: freedom from the curse? fetch it
from his cross: satisfaction? fetch it from his
sacrifice: cleansing from sin? fetch it from his
blood: mortification? fetch it from his grave:
newness of life? fetch it from his resurrection:
right to heaven? fetch it from his purchase:
audience to all thy suits? fetch it from his in-
tercession. Would'st thou have salvation?
fetch it from his session at the right hand of
Majesty. Would'st thou have all? fetch it
from Him who 'is one Lord, one God, and
Father of all; who is above all, through all,
and in all."

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

NEVER complain of your birth, your employ-
ment, your hardships; never fancy that you
could be something if you only had a different
lot and sphere assigned you. God understands
his own plan, and he knows what you want a
great deal better than you do. The very things
that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or
obstructions, are probably what you most want.
What you call hindrances, obstacles, discour-
agements, are probably God's opportunities;
and it is nothing new that the patient should
dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that
they are poisons. No! A truce to all such
impatience. Choke that envy which gnaws at
your heart, because you are not in the same lot
with others; bring down your soul, or rather
bring it up to receive God's will, and do his
work, in your lot and sphere, under your cloud
of obscurity, against your temptations, and then
you shall find that your condition is never op-
posed to your good, but consistent with it.—
Dr. Bushnell.

Educational.

TEACHING GEOGRAPHY, ILLUSTRATED.

BY E. M. CARPENTER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The mind is naturally inquisitive. We see the evidence of this in the questions asked by children respecting any subject that engages their attention. This natural disposition of the mind to inquire into the reason of things, when properly cultivated and strengthened, stimulates the mind to a greater exertion of its powers, and leads to a thorough investigation and comprehensive understanding of the various subjects presented for its consideration; but when pupils are required by those to whose care they are committed for instruction, to accept words without ideas, and facts without principles, this inquisitiveness of mind loses its natural force, and becomes feeble and inactive; and thus the main avenue to the development of the mental powers, and to true knowledge, is closed.

These remarks, while true in their general application, have a special application to the methods of instructing youth in the various branches of study pursued at school. As an illustration, we may take the methods of teaching Geography. The common method is to assign a lesson in the book, and require the pupils to commit to memory the answers to the several questions contained in it. If the answers are correctly repeated, the pupils receive the approbation of their teacher for having a "good lesson," and the next lesson is assigned, and so on. Pupils so taught, if asked: "What is the earth?" will answer, (with satisfaction to themselves and the teacher too), "The planet on which we live." To show the unprofitableness of such teaching, let me ask: Of what real benefit is it to a pupil to repeat the answer above, if it is unintelligible to him, as it must be, if he has no distinct idea of a planet, and no explanation has been given? He might repeat, with equal profit, the answer given in an old geography: "An oblate spheroid." In like manner, the simple answer that the axis of the earth is "an imaginary line passing through the center of the earth," profits little; for the pupil will be at a loss to understand why a line should be imagined to pass through the earth's center in one direction rather than another, or why any line should be imagined at all; or if the answer be: "The line on which the earth turns," the pupil will conceive of a ball revolving on a rod, or a wheel on an axle, and then wonder what kind of a line the earth turns on.

To be able simply to repeat from the book the answers to the questions: "What is the earth, its shape, axis, poles? &c.," is really of but little value. The pupils should be familiar with the ideas contained in those answers. To aid them in acquiring that familiarity, many explanations and illustrations are required from the teacher. Instead, however, of being confined to the questions and answers of the book, let the teacher take up the subject apart from the book, and, in a few familiar lectures, let him convey to the minds of the pupils the fundamental ideas of the subject; bearing in mind at the outset, and as he proceeds, that the ideas and conceptions of the subject, so familiar and distinct to his own mind, are almost wholly wanting in the minds of his pupils. Thus, since Geography is, as the word itself signifies, a description of the earth, the first question that arises, is: What is the earth? But instead of asking the pupils this question at the outset, let the teacher rather, by a course of plain, simple (not silly) questions, prepare their minds for the full import of such a question. Proceeding from the known to the unknown, (inductive reasoning,) let the pupils first be questioned respecting the portion of country in which they live, and with which they are more or less familiar. This will lead to inquiries respecting the portions of country or bodies of water lying beyond, and these inquiries (answers to which may be supplied by the teacher) will lead to still others in the same direction, and so on, till the general inquiry is raised in the minds of the pupils: Where and what is the limit to this vast plain (apparently) of lands and seas, in the midst of which we are living? In like manner, the inquiry may be raised respecting the depth of the earth beneath us. Following the track of discovery, the views of the ancients respecting the extent and foundations of the earth, may here be given, then the views of Columbus, directing special attention to the object of the expedition (based on his views) which led to the discovery of America. And thus the pupils may be led along, step by step, till they are enabled to realize, in some good degree, the important facts respecting the form and extent of the earth, as developed by modern science.

The question will now arise in the minds of the pupils: What is the foundation of the earth—on what does it rest? As this question is suggested by the idea that an unsupported body will fall, the teacher must proceed at once to acquaint his pupils with the principles of inertia and gravitation; and here, as elsewhere, let him bear in mind that in the natural order, ideas precede names; therefore, distinct ideas of these principles should first be conveyed to the minds of the pupils, after which, the names by which they are designated may be given. A knowledge of these fundamental principles of matter, and their application, will qualify the pupils for an intelligent understanding of the facts, which may now be stated, respecting the earth's isolated position. With distinct ideas of the size, form, and isolated position of the earth, the attention of the pupils may now be directed to the relation of the earth to the heavenly bodies. In pointing out this relation, let it first be impressed upon the minds of the pupils, that the heavenly bodies—sun, moon, and stars—are in reality immense bodies of matter, like the earth.

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. I have roved o ver moun-tain, I've crossed o ver flood, I have traversed the wave-roll-ing sand; And tho' fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright, It was not, not my own na-tive land. No, not my own na-tive

2. And the right hand of friendship how oft have I grasped, Smiling eyes have looked brightly and bland; But still happier far were the hours that I passed, In the west, in my own native land, Yes, in my own native land.

3. Then all hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love, And where flourishes liberty's tree: 'Tis the birth-place of freedom, our own native home, 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free, Yes, 'tis the land of the free.

[From MASON'S Normal Singer, by permission.]

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker THE WHEATLAND FARMER BOY.

"SAY, CHARLEY ANDERSON, why can't we boys have a Farmers' Club this winter?" "A Farmers' Club, what's that?" "Why, you see in some places farmers hold meetings to talk about farming as the politicians do to discuss politics, and as teachers do to talk about school teaching; and I've been thinking that boys might do something of the kind as well as men. We could learn a great deal about farming, and have lots of fun at the same time. You see we are most all of us going to be farmers, any way, and if there's any difference between good and bad farming, I'd like to know what it is. I know some farmers seem to get along first rate, have everything comfortable around them, live in good style, and give their children a good education, while others, who have just as much or more to do with, don't prosper. Now, I have no notion of being a farmer unless I can make a decent living by it, and I want to know how to do it."

"Well, JACOB, I like your plan well enough, but, really, I don't see much to talk about. We all know how to put in a crop of wheat, and how to fodder the cattle. So far as I can see, farmers generally do things pretty much alike. But here's BILLY JENKS and MATT. MASON. BILLY, we're going to have a Farmers' Club this winter."

"I'm in for that, an' I'm goin' to be President. Ye see, I want to sitch a meetin' once, an' I know jest how they manage it. MATT, here shall be the — what d'ye call it?"

"Secretary? No, MATT, can't write well enough for that."

"Sure enough, I didn't think o' that."

"But what's the use," asked MATT, "of sitch a meetin', any way?"

"Why, ye see, returned BILLY, it's to tell 'speriences' 'bout farmin'."

"Wall, I can tell my 'sperience' plaguey quick," replied MATT. "It's been to hoe corn, dig 'taters, an' water hosses, an' milk cows, an' chop wood, an' run o' arrants ever sin I can remember, an' I'm tired an' sick o' the hull out. I'm goin' to be a clerk or a doctor. There's JIM BROWN that gits eight dollars a month an' his board, an' he don't work nigh so hard as I do nuther; an' he has a chance to go to theaters an' op'erys, an' sitch like, evenin's."

"But," said JACOB SWEET, "we can't all be clerks, and doctors, and lawyers; if we should be, who would raise bread for us to live on? I've pretty much made up my mind to stay where I am and try to find my pleasure in my employment. I know it's hard work to farm it, but I do like to see good crops of grain and fruit growing, and nice meadows, and fat oxen and good sheep feeding in the pastures. Father says farming ought to be a profession, a learned profession, just as much as law and medicine. I did think some of trying to study law, but I believe now I shall study Agriculture."

"An' he's a gentleman-book-farmer," said MATT, sneeringly.

"Yes, a gentleman, book-farmer," replied JACOB; "and more than that, a practical, hard-working farmer into the bargain. I believe in work—I like to work. I believe a farmer may work all that is necessary, and yet have time to read and think. I believe if he would read and think more he would have less hard work to do."

Just then the school-bell called the boys to their studies. At noon the matter was further discussed, and arrangements made for the first meeting. We have not time to tell you all about it—how BILLY JENKS was allowed to be President, but blundered so that he never occupied that position again,—how they adopted a Constitution, arranged a Programme of Exercises, chose a subject for discussion, elected JACOB SWEET Chairman of the next meeting, and CHARLEY ANDERSON Secretary,—nor how MATT. MASON ridiculed the whole affair. There were a dozen honest, earnest boys that took hold of the matter, and JACOB closed the meeting in a manly speech, that made them all desire to know more than they did, and to study as they knew he studied.

"Boys," said he, "it is time we opened our eyes and looked around us. It is time we studied more and thought more. But few of us will ever go to College. We can have a good common school education, and beyond that what we know we must learn by ourselves; and what shall we study if not that which we shall have need to practice all our lives. If we cannot study Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew, we can study the nobler language of God, written on all His works around us; if we cannot learn so much of Greece and Rome, we can learn more of America, our own dear land; and, boys," he added, "some of our older brothers, those on whom our fathers hoped to lean in their old age, have fallen in our country's cause, and we must fill their places. Let us learn to do it well. We are not old enough to fight the battles of the Union—let us do the duties that we can do, and by our faithfulness at home let the rebels know that we, too, love our country, and are proud to help raise the food that supports our army in the field."—M. P. A. C.

You know the story of the boy who would not cry, though the wolf was gnawing him beneath his frock. Most of us have some wolf to gnaw somewhere; but we are generally gnawed beneath our clothes, so the world doesn't see, and it behooves us to bear it that the world shall not suspect. The man who goes about proclaiming himself to be miserable will be not only miserable but contemptible as well.—Anthony Trollope.

War Literature.

The Andersonville Post-Office.

THE following touching lines, descriptive of an incident in the pen of the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., are attributed to G. H. HOLLISTER, Esq., of Litchfield, Conn. The war has yet elicited nothing of sadder interest:

No blanket round his wasted limbs,
Under the rainy sky he slept;
While pointing his envenomed shafts,
Around him, Death, the archer, crept.
He dreamed of hunger, and held out
His hand to clutch a little bread—
That a white angel with a torch,
Among the living and the dead,
Semed bearing, smiling as he went;
The vision waked him, as he spied
The post-boy, followed by a crowd
Of famished prisoners, who cried
For letters—letters from their friends.
Crawling upon his hands and knees
He hears his own name called, and lo!
A letter from his wife he sees!

Gasping for breath, he shrieked aloud,
And lo! in nature's blind eclipse,
Faltering amid the suppliant crowd,
Caught it and pressed it to his lips.
A guard who followed, red and wroth,
And flourishing a rusty brand,
Reveled him with a taunting oath,
And snatched the letter from his hand.
"First pay the postage, whining wretch!"
Despair had made the prisoner brave,
"Then give me back my money, sir!
I am a captive—not a slave!
You took my money and my clothes;
Take my life too—but let me know
How Mary and the children are,
And I will bless you ere I go."

The very moonlight through his hands,
As he stood supplicating, shone,
And his sharp features shaped themselves
Into a prayer, and such a tone
Of anguish there was in his cry
For wife and children, that the guard—
Thinking upon his own—passed by,
And left him swooning on the sword.
Beyond the "dead line" fell his head—
The eager sentry knew his mark,
And with a crash the bullet sped
Into his brain, and all was dark.
But when they turned his livid cheek
Up toward the light, the pale lips smiled
Kissing a picture fair and meek
That held in either hand a child.

Experience of an Ambulance Man.

THE driver of an ambulance and dresser of wounds, whose first experience on the battle field was at the first battle of Bull Run, gives his account as follows:

"We ambulance men knew but little of the awful work before us. Like a great many others, who ought to have known better, I went out to that battle very much as I would have gone to a clam-bake at home—with no other thought than that the jaunt would be a pleasant one—perhaps a little exciting, but not really dangerous. But we were soon brought to our senses.

"In five minutes after the first shot was fired, I was called upon to take a wounded Lieutenant to the hospital. He was not more than twenty years of age, and had his sword-arm shattered. He had fainted as he fell, and was still insensible when we picked him up. The surgeon soon made his appearance, the arm was amputated and the boy comfortably disposed of before the effect of the chloroform had passed off. His first question was as to what had happened, and when told, he suddenly rose upon his elbow and inquired, 'what did you do with my ring?' The surgeon handed it to him, the Lieutenant kissed it, asked me to place it on his other hand, and almost instantly went to sleep. He was conveyed safely to Washington, soon recovered and did good service afterwards in a score of battles.

"When the battle raged with its greatest fury, and when we all supposed we had gained the day, I was directed to remove a venerable looking gray-bearded Major to the rear. He had been stung by a nearly spent canister, which hit him on the head, but had drawn no blood. I found him quite delirious, and I remember the first words I heard as I reached him were: 'Willie, my boy, go right on with your men. You musn't seem to skulk. I will be with you

directly.' I afterwards learned that this 'Willie' was the Major's son. He had behaved as his father wished him, and, after the fight, had leave to accompany him. He recovered from the effects of the concussion before he reached Washington.

"I was soon afterwards ordered to take a wounded Fire Zouave to the rear. He had been hit in the hand by a minnie ball, but paid no attention to it, until he fainted from loss of blood. As we were lifting him he recovered, and swore at us terribly for daring to take him from the field. He declared he wouldn't go; and a surgeon being at hand, two of his fingers were amputated and roughly dressed, when he broke away from us and rushed back into the fight. Three days afterwards I met the same Zouave in the hospital, with a gashed cheek, which he had received from the sabre of a Black Horse cavalryman, whose horse he had bayoneted, and whom he declared he killed with the butt of his musket, after he received his sword gash. I met the same brave fellow, with Major's straps on his shoulders, at Antietam.

Another case, I remember—a tall, raw-boned private from a Western State. The Lieut.-Colonel of the regiment had been wounded in front of one of the rebel masked batteries, from before which our troops had been driven, and lay there. His men had made several efforts to get him off, but, in every case, they were driven back. This good fellow told his companions he would try to get off the body if they would permit him to go alone. Permission was given; he boldly walked out erect to where the Lieut.-Colonel lay, took him up tenderly in his arms, interposing his own body, as much as he could, between the enemy and the wounded officer, and proceeded to carry him off. During the perilous march, he received three bullet wounds, but neither made him abandon his burthen, which he brought away safely. Although thus brave in this severe trial, in dressing his wounds which were not dangerous but painful, he was as timid as a child. He shrank from the probe as I do not believe he would have done from a bayonet, and seemed as fearful of being hurt by the doctor as if he was about to be raked by a chain-shot. And this sort of timidity is often seen in the bravest men. They would face the cannon's mouth without a shudder, but they cannot bear to lie down helplessly to have their wounds dressed. He is a superlatively brave man who fights calmly and suffers himself to be tortured by the surgeon with equal equanimity."

Moving by the Left Flank.

It is well known how successfully General Grant has changed the position of his army by moving it by the left flank.

This maneuver appears to be characteristic of him, as he adopted it both at Spottsylvania and on the North Anna. The mode of executing this ingenious movement is as follows:—The corps holding the extreme right of the line is, under cover of night, withdrawn behind the line of battle of the other corps (the picket line of course being left to conceal the movement), and carried to the extreme left of the line, where it intrenches. The next corps to the right is then withdrawn in like manner, and connects in the same way with the new left, forming a prolongation of its line. In this manner, in the course of a couple of days, a complete reversion of position of the corps has taken place—what had been the extreme right forming the extreme left, and what had been the extreme left forming the extreme right; and thus the army finds itself drawn to the left by the length of its whole line of battle—say eight or ten miles.

Gen. Joe Hooker in Tears.

In a great procession at a political meeting at Springfield Illinois recently, were ninety-three two-horse wagons loaded with wood. It was dumped in a pile for distribution to soldiers' families. Gen. Joe Hooker, while riding up from the depot, met the procession, and was rather stunned by the ninety-three wood wagons.

"Why, where can these farmers find a market for this immense quantity of fuel?" asked the hero. "Oh, General, it is part of our procession. Every stick of that is going to the families of soldiers absent in the army." The tears gathered in Hooker's eyes—trembled a moment, then ran down the cheeks bronzed in a hundred battles, while he said, "My God! what a people you Illinoisans are! You not only furnish men without stint to fight the battles of the nation, but you take a father's care of their wives and children while they are absent.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

[ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 3, 1864.]

The Army in Virginia.

THE N. Y. Herald's dispatches from the Shenandoah Valley of the 23d of Nov., say that General Sheridan's cavalry has had another very spirited and successful engagement with Early's army. On Monday last the three divisions of Union cavalry in the Shenandoah Valley, under Custar, Powell and Devin, commenced a movement for the purpose of ascertaining the rebel position and strength. Devin marched up the Luray Valley, and the two other divisions pushed directly up the Shenandoah Valley, meeting and driving before them small parties of the rebels. No resistance of importance was met with until on Tuesday, when the main army of the enemy, consisting of about 15,000 infantry and a division of cavalry, was found at Rood's Hill, a position almost as strong as Fisher's Hill. Fighting immediately commenced and was continued for six hours, being through part of the time quite severe. Early made repeated attempts to flank Custar and Powell, in all of which he failed. Some magnificent charges were made by the Union cavalry. The rebels showed little spirit during the engagement.

After gaining sufficient information of Early's strength, object and position, our forces commenced to retire. Some feeble attempts to follow and annoy us were made, but without any success to the enemy, and Custar and Powell returned down the Valley with their commands in safety, having lost altogether in killed and missing only about sixty men.

Lee's dispatches furnish a confirmation of the report that some of Early's men have been withdrawn from the Valley, but these the rebels say have been replaced by scattering detachments gathered in from various sections.

Early's army is stretched across the Shenandoah Valley, its right resting on the Luray Valley, and both his flanks well covered with cavalry. Early's headquarters are between Timberville and New Market. His situation is said to be well suited for observing our movements, and for receiving supplies he is gathering in the valleys of Western Virginia. Nearly all the horses, cattle and property are seized and carried off by his forces. He has lately received some new artillery. It is now believed he intends remaining in the Valley on the defensive.

The Richmond Sentinel of the 19th, says Grant is massing troops on the right of the rebel lines in the vicinity of Battery Harrison, and that Sheridan has sent a considerable portion of his command to the James.

A slight demonstration was made on Wednesday on Butler's front by his troops, but it was forced back without accomplishing anything.

The Express reports the arrival of heavy reinforcements for Grant within the past few days.

The World's Washington special of the 24th, says officers who arrived here to-day direct from the front at Petersburg, state that the enemy show no signs of evacuating Petersburg; on the contrary they have resumed picket firing in a most animated manner.

No demonstrations have been made by them since they captured a small portion of our picket line in front of Butler, which they still hold.

The Herald's Washington special of the 24th, says it is reported at City Point that two divisions of Early's army had arrived at Petersburg.

Vienna, Fairfax county, has been re-occupied by our troops, offering protection to the inhabitants, and enabling refugees to return.

A dispatch of the 23d, says there is nothing later from Sheridan. The rebels have apparently abandoned the idea, at least for the present, of further contest with Sheridan for the possession of the Shenandoah Valley.

Moseby has written a letter to Sheridan announcing the execution of seven Union prisoners in retaliation, and stating his intention to continue thus if any more of his men are executed.

Movements in the West and South-West.

ARKANSAS.—A dispatch from Fayetteville, Ark., says Col. Brooks with 2,500 rebels, attacked that place October 28th, but says he was repulsed with considerable loss.

From that time to November 3d, the town was pretty closely invested, when Gen. Fagan, with about 6,000 of Price's returning forces, came up and bombarded the place for two hours with two pieces of artillery, but were held at bay until the next day, when General Curtis and Gen. Blunt arrived, and the rebels skedaddled.

They lost nearly 1,000 killed and wounded. Our loss was very slight.

A missionary, who traveled over 400 miles with Price in Arkansas, reports that the General told him he had lost over 10,000 men killed, wounded and deserted, and that his expedition into Missouri had been most disastrous.

TENNESSEE.—A dispatch from Louisville of Nov. 23, says after Gillen's recent defeat, Breckenridge advanced to Strawberry Plains, and Blair's Cross Roads, threatening Knoxville and Cumberland Gap. On the 21st, Breckenridge advanced to Powell's Bridge, six miles from Cumberland Gap, and there was heavy skirmishing all day. Burbridge has moved out from Lexington with a strong force to protect the Kentucky border from anticipated invasion by Breckenridge's forces.

Late intelligence represents Gen. Hood with two corps numbering together 35,000 men to be

still in the vicinity of Florence, Ala., on the Tennessee river. There are reports that Dick Taylor has joined him with an additional force of 10,000. His latest movements do not indicate an intention of early offensive operations. Beauregard, with Stewart's corps, was still at Corinth, Miss., when last heard from.

Gen. Thomas, commanding the Union army detailed to check Hood's advance, is rapidly concentrating his forces as though disposed to make an attack on the rebels in some direction.

We now learn that there was only one building in Johnsonville, Tenn., destroyed. The place is still held by a division of Union troops. The rebel Gen. Breckenridge is suspected of a desire to march from East Tennessee on an invading expedition into Kentucky, and Gen. Burbridge is making rapid dispositions of his forces to prevent the movement.

We have advices from Nashville of Nov. 26th, which say that Hood's army, numbering probably 40,000 men, has been for several days past concentrating at Columbia, Tennessee. Our forces, in the meantime have evacuated Pulaski, Huntsville and Decatur, which places are now in the hands of the rebels. Our forces are near and about Columbia, in Hood's front. They are commanded by Gen. Thomas.

On the 24th inst. some severe skirmishing occurred, resulting in a loss to the Federals of 44 killed and wounded. The rebel loss is estimated at 264. Among the killed was one rebel Colonel.

Large bodies of troops are being massed in Hood's front, and some heavy fighting may be expected in that direction in a few days.

Communication by telegraph to Columbia has been interrupted since yesterday.

There are rumors in circulation that there was heavy fighting yesterday between the opposing armies; but no official advices of an engagement have yet been received.

Hood's demonstrations in Tennessee have thus far been fruitless, retrograde movements; and it is confidentially predicted by those who are well informed in army matters, that he will be made to retreat on this occasion.

Nashville is filled with thieves and murderers. About twenty deaths by violence have occurred lately.

KENTUCKY.—Louisville dates of Nov. 25th, say that about 30 of Jessie's gang of guerrillas were at Shelbyville last night robbing the stores and gathering in all the plunder they could. Jessie, with another gang, was at Eminence at the same time plundering. Federal forces were sent out from Frankfort to-day to look after Jessie and his gang. Gen. Burbridge with his command has arrived at Cumberland Gap.

A detachment of our cavalry pickets were driven in within three miles of Columbia, when the rebels were repulsed by our infantry.

Department of the Gulf.

THE Herald's New Orleans correspondent says:

On the 18th inst., a Union expedition attacked and defeated a rebel force and destroyed their camp, baggage and a number of boats.

The rebel Governor of Louisiana has organized at Shreveport, in that State, ten regiments of negroes, who are to be armed and equipped from the proceeds of the cotton sales at Matamoras.

There is a report that the rebel Gen. Buckner has 10,000 troops at Morganza.

The House of Representatives of the Louisiana Legislature has authorized the issuing of bonds to the amount of two millions five hundred thousand dollars for the purpose carrying on the State Government.

General Canby (who was reported dead last week) was rapidly recovering from the effects of his wound received on the White River, Arkansas.

Late rebel papers say that eight transports loaded with Union troops, and two batteries of Parrot guns, have left Morganza, for White River, Arkansas.

An account is given of an attempt and failure to escape from prison, at Columbia, by 88 Union officers.

Twenty-seven rebels were captured while crossing the Mississippi river at Choctaw Bend, recently, and had arrived at New Orleans. Among them were Capt. M. D. Montgomery, who was moving to Texas. He had a large amount of stock, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in foreign exchange, all of which was captured with him.

AN ATTEMPT TO BURN NEW YORK CITY.—It will be seen, says the N. Y. World of Saturday last, that a regularly organized attempt to fire the city was last night made, and only by the exercise of the greatest energy was rendered wholly abortive. No less than ten or a dozen of the leading hotels and other large buildings were fired between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock, and by these acts an immense amount of life and property was put in jeopardy. Fortunately the fires were not simultaneous, and after the discovery of three or four attempts had been made to carry the fearful plot into execution, the detective police obtained sufficient knowledge of the affair to lead to the conclusion that a wholesale conflagration was imminent, and accordingly extra vigilance was exerted by the police and Fire Department, and the late fires were extinguished almost immediately upon their breaking out.

The buildings upon which the attempt was made were the St. Nicholas, St. James, Metropolitan, Belmont, Tammany, Lovejoy, Howard, Brandreth, and Lafarge Hotels, and Barnum's Museum.

The fires were set by means of phosphorus, and it is very evident that the incendiaries were agents of Jeff Davis.

MOVEMENTS OF GEN. SHERMAN.

WE give some very spicy rebel documents "to the people of Georgia," which show that the "movements" of the army under Gen. Sherman are beginning to weigh heavily upon the minds of the controlling powers of the "Confederacy." News from the "war path" in Georgia may soon be expected in a reliable form, which it is believed, will be highly gratifying to all those who are in favor of pushing the rebels to the "last ditch." Gen. Sherman divided his army (about 50,000) into two wings, and started eastward from Kingston, Ga., between the 10th and 15th of November—his destination only being known to the "governing powers."

The following is taken from the Savannah Republican of the 21st Nov.:

CORINTH Nov. 18th.—To the people of Georgia.—Arise for the defense of your native soil! Rally around your patriotic government and gallant soldiers! Obstruct and destroy all the roads in Sherman's flank and rear, and his army will soon starve in your midst! Trust in an ever ruling Providence, and success will soon crown your efforts. I hasten to join you in the defence of your homes and firesides.

G. P. BEAUREGARD.
RICHMOND, Nov. 18th.—To the people of Georgia.—We have had a special conference with President Davis and the Secretary of War, and are still doing all that can be done to meet the emergency that presses upon you. Let every man rally to arms. Remove your negroes, horses, cattle and provisions from Sherman's army, and burn what you cannot carry. Burn all the bridges and block up the roads in his route. Assail the invader in front, flank and rear; by night and by day. Let him have no rest.

JULIAN HARRIDGE, MARK BLANFORD, J. H. REYNOLDS, GEO. N. LESTER, GEO. S. SHOEMAKER, JAS. M. SMITH.

The gentlemen whose names are appended to the Richmond document, are rebel Congressmen.

The Augusta Chronicle contains the following appeal to the Georgians by Senator Hill:

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 19th.—To the People of Georgia.—You have now the best opportunity ever yet presented to you to destroy the enemy. Put everything at the disposal of our Generals. Remove all provisions from the path of the invader, and put all the obstacles you can in his way. Every citizen with his gun and every negro with his spade and axe, can do the work of a good soldier. You can destroy the enemy by retarding his march. Georgians! be firm. Act promptly and fear not. B. H. HILL.

I most cordially approve of the above. JAMES A. SEDDON, Secretary of War.

There are many rumors from rebel sources of the doings of Gen. Sherman,—much of it probably mere rumor,—but there is no doubt that the Union army is meeting, thus far, with success. Rebel papers report that the whole country through which the army of Sherman is marching is being devastated,—that Atlanta and several other towns have been in whole, or in part, destroyed. We wait with intense anxiety developments of a reliable nature.

The Richmond Examiner and Enquirer of the 24th, both admit that Milledgeville has fallen. That Sherman occupied it on Tuesday.

The Savannah Republican of the 22d, has the following:

AUGUSTA, Ga., Nov. 22d.—The central train from Davisboro reports that Milledgeville and Gordon were captured yesterday. The State House, Governor's Mansion and Penitentiary are burned.

Gov. Brown, of Georgia, has issued a proclamation making a levy en masse of all citizens between the ages of 16 and 55 to serve forty days.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

ADMIRAL PORTER communicates to the Navy Department the arrival at Fort Monroe of the United States steamer Iosco. She captured in the Gulf stream the schooner Sybil of Nassau, which had a cargo of cotton. Acting Rear Admiral Stirling, commanding the East Gulf Squadron, communicates from Key West the following captures:

The schooner Lucy, under English colors, on the 14th inst., by the schooner Sea Bird, a tender to the Hendrik Hudson, and a schooner with no name, on the 24th, by the steamer Nita. Both had assorted cargoes, and were near the shore trying to run in. Also, the schooner Badger, under rebel colors, from St. Marks the 6th, by the steamer Adella. She was loaded with cotton.

The Quartermaster's Department is making preparations for a severe winter, collecting a vast amount of supplies, and arranging to keep the Potomac open with the boats.

Camp Stoneman has been removed to the other side of the river for better discipline and to prevent desertions, which are facilitated by proximity to the city.

Charles Williams, a colored U. S. soldier, was executed, by hanging, in the yard of the Old Capitol Prison on the 25th of Nov., for killing a colored woman near Casey, a short time ago.

The agent having charge of the numerous signed peace petition from England, has arrived with the intention of presenting it to the President of the United States. He was politely informed by Secretary Seward that unless it was an official document from the British Government and he could show proof that he was authorized to present it, he could not be granted an interview. He now proposes to lay it before Congress.

Attorney Gen. Bates has concluded to retire from the Cabinet. The exact period fixed for his resignation is not known.

From information received at the Indian Bureau, it appears that peace prevails in an unusual degree with all the Indian tribes.

Eleven officers of the pirate Florida have been sent from the Old Capitol Prison to the U. S. steamer Wachusett, which vessel is now lying in Hampton Roads.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE mansion occupied by Daniel Webster, at Portsmouth, during the last five years of his practice, is now transformed into an oyster saloon.

THE Detroit Free Press estimates that the damage done to shipping by the late gales on Lake Michigan, cannot be less than one million dollars.

A YOUNG lady died in a dentist's office in Pittsburg last week, from the effect of inhaling chloric ether, when about to undergo a dental operation.

THERE are five hundred thousand native Germans in the U. S. The emigration from Germany to this country during the past year alone has been 70,000.

AN old lady lately died in Connecticut aged ninety years. Her descendants, who gathered around her death-bed, numbered two hundred and nineteen persons.

SEVERAL thousand citizens of Boston and Roxbury, have signed and presented a memorial to the Legislature, asking that these two cities may be united under one charter.

SEVERAL fine colors may be produced from the residuum of petroleum. Several firms are organizing in the oil regions to develop and bring the discovery to practical use.

THE new King of Bavaria is not merely a boy, but a boy that has been reared in such seclusion that he never, it is said, had money in his pocket until he was eighteen years old.

THE naval force of Brazil consists of 25 sailing vessels, 17 screw and side-wheel steamers; in all 52 vessels, mounting, in the aggregate, 120 guns, including small boats, howitzers, &c.

THE climate of California is peculiarly adapted to wool growing, and it is thought that in the course of time the staple will become one of the principal productions of that region.

A VERITABLE sea-serpent has been captured at Fair Haven, Mass.; its weight is four hundred pounds, is thirteen feet in length, and has a mouth like a shark's and an eye like a bullock.

RICHMOND papers advertise a reading room containing all the latest Northern papers; admission five dollars for one day. All the leading Democratic and Abolition papers are on file daily.

SINCE Florence has been announced to be the capital of Italy, property in it has increased three hundred per cent. in value. Florence used to be called the cheapest and loveliest city in Europe.

THE waterwork pipes of Charlestown, Mass., recently got stopped up. An investigation was made, and one pipe was found to be completely filled with live eels, 2,500 pounds of which were removed.

THE commandant of the Confederate States Arsenal at Fayetteville, North Carolina, has inaugurated the system of employing female clerks to do the work of men detailed for draft purposes.

THE Boston Board of Trade have appointed a committee to take suitable measures of testifying to Capt. Winslow their grateful recognition for his gallant conduct in destroying the Alabama.

IT is reported that Heenan wants to fight Mace in Canada, and will allow him \$1,500 for expenses. From this it appears that the rumors of the "Boys'" physical deterioration were groundless.

A GRIMY humorous negro soldier captured a stalwart rebel in one of the recent skirmishes in Georgia, and compelled his prisoner to salute him by the title of "Massa" on pain of instant death.

EIGHT of the crew of an English vessel, which arrived at New Haven a few days ago, mutilated in the harbor because they were not allowed to go on shore. After a struggle they were placed in irons.

THE Rockingham (Va.) Register learns that an extensive religious influence pervades the rebel army in the Valley. A revival lately took place among the troops, and the Register learns that old Jubel Early himself was one of the "seekers of God's favor and blessing."

A NEWLY arrived London actress has enchanted the New Yorkers. She made her debut at Mrs. Wood's theater, dressed as a man, disclosing limbs of such marvelous symmetry that her success was immediate. In this character she swore and smoked to perfection.

TWO Sicilians in New Orleans recently fought a duel which had its origin in business matters. They fought in a small wood, near Algiers, across the river, with knives and pistols. One was killed upon the field, and the other, who was discovered faint from loss of blood, died the next day after the combat.

THE report that our forces in Louisiana recently captured a large number of cattle from Texas, which the rebels were trying to get across the Mississippi for Hood's army, is confirmed. The drove numbered several thousand, and makes amends for a similar capture by rebel cavalry some weeks ago, from Grant's army.

THE Richmond correspondent of the London Times, writing October 8th, gives a gloomy picture of the Confederate position. He says that Lee's army is almost worn out. There was nearly a panic at Richmond when Grant threatened to attack Richmond on the 28th of September, as Lee had only a handful of men to resist him. He thinks if Sherman establishes himself in Georgia there will be reason for apprehension about Richmond during the winter, the like of which has never existed before.

List of New Advertisements.

The Soldier's Casket—C. W. Alexander & Co. Cabinet Organs—Mason & Hamlin. Pineapple Cider—B. T. Babbitt. Commodore's Rotary Spade—J. C. Bidwell. \$200 to \$400 Per Month—Edward F. Hovey. The Tanner Boy—Robert's Brothers. Merry's Museum—J. N. Stearns. For the Holidays—Milton, Bradley & Co. The Sorrow Journal and Farm Machinist. U. S. Gov't Artificial Leg Depot—Douglas Bly, M. D. Farmers' Steam Boiler—D. H. Prindle. 125 a Month—Shaw & Clark. Raise your own Coffee—W. Garrison. SPECIAL NOTICES. The Soldier's Casket—C. W. Alexander & Co.

The News Condenser.

—Southern Illinois raises a very good crop of cotton this year.

—There are 142 steam and sailing vessels owned in Cleveland.

—It is said that Admiral Farragut is to be Secretary of the Navy.

—In Paris shops of tobacconists are agencies for the loan of umbrellas.

—The debt of the Canadian Confederation will be over \$100,000,000.

—A lady in Leamington, England, recently gave birth to four children.

—Philadelphia has not only filled her quota, but has a surplus of 2,000 men.

—A salute was fired from the pirate Florida in honor of Mr. Lincoln's election.

—The New Haveners have subscribed \$50,000 to form a coal-at-cost company.

—Dr. Livingstone, the explorer of Central Africa, is preparing for a voyage to India.

—They are having extraordinary sport shooting ducks on the shores of Maryland.

—The new ten cent postal currency notes will be printed on paper made of corn husks.

—A young nobleman just dead in London had his life insured for half a million dollars.

—Mr. Lincoln, says a foreign correspondent, was burnt in effigy in London on the 5th nit.

—A patent for 35,000 acres of California land was lately issued to Gen. Halleck and others.

—Chicago, with 40,000 less people than Cincinnati, polled 1,000 more votes at the late election.

—Garibaldi has declined to receive the yacht which some English friends proposed to present him.

—The King of the Sandwich Islands has decided upon the Episcopal as his established religion.

—W. H. Fry, the musical composer and critic, has gone to St. Thomas, West Indies, for his health.

—The canine returns for the State of Vermont show that there are 12,000 dogs among the Green Mountains.

—The total extent of emigration from Ireland since May 31, 1851, to the end of 1863, was 1,499,642 persons.

—The cigar manufacturers will petition Congress to transfer all taxes from manufacturers to the raw tobacco.

—The Empress Eugenia, during her three weeks' stay at Schwabach, lately, gave away to beggars 30,000 francs.

—Seventy-five bounty jumpers were paraded through Washington Thursday week to the tune of the Rogue's March.

—Since the resignation of General McClellan, General Halleck is the ranking Major General in the regular army.

—The bill providing for an Agricultural College under an independent charter has passed the Vermont Legislature.

—The Dayton Empire contains the card of Mr. Valandigham, announcing that he "has resumed the practice of law."

—The number of persons or firms engaged in the manufacture or sale of books in the United States is now about 4,000.

—The silver plate to be presented to Capt. Winslow of the Kearsarge, by the citizens of Roxbury, Mass., will cost about \$3,000.

—A man was recently tried in Fairfield, Ct., for attempting to "kiss, hug and tickle"—so the indictment read—a certain woman.

—Uriah J. Jones, one of the editors of the Harrisburg (Pa.) Union was run over by a train of cars lately and his body cut in two.

—A new census of Chicago, taken by the comptroller of that city, shows a population of 169,353—an increase of 31,167 since 1862.

—The rebels in front of Petersburg recently cheered the band of the 2d New Hampshire regiment, after it had played "Sweet Home."

—Whole banks of the pearl-bearing oysters of Ceylon have died during the past year, making the increase in the price of pearls unavoidable.

—A letter from China states that when the Imperialists took Nankin they cut off the heads of the rebels to the extent of nearly ten thousand.

—The colored folks of Memphis had a riot Friday night week. The military killed twenty-five or thirty of them in quelling the disturbance.

—Isaac Camp, a gay Lothario of Deerfield, Mich., decamped from that place recently clad in a suit of tar and feathers, applied by the matrons.

—A mortgage deed was left at the registry office in Portland lately on which were U. S. revenue stamps to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars.

—From a tree that measures about a foot in diameter, in Sheffield, was gathered this year 22,750 apples, averaging nearly 1,200 apples per bushel.

—The coolie slave trade is still going on. Vessels under the French flag are continually taking cargoes of coolies from Macao and Canton to Cuba.

—An ingenious Pennsylvanian has invented a machine for coal mining which weighs 200 pounds, costs \$30, and will do the work of twenty men.

—Charles Windsor, the absconding teller of the Mercantile Bank, New York, took his departure on the Teutonia, which sailed Oct. 29, for Hamburg.

—Our gunboats on James river have shelled and destroyed all the houses within their reach, because the enemy made use of them for signal stations.

—The blockade runner Annie, recently captured, dropped \$50,000 in gold into the sea while being chased, beside a large amount of Confederate bonds.

—In Paris the cat is the most useful of all domestic animals. The skin makes kid gloves, the fur makes squirrel muffs, and the flesh makes rabbit pies.

—Mrs. Nancy Rhodes of Bremen, Maine, had 6 sons in the army—4 have been killed in action, another is made a cripple for life, the sixth is still in the service.

—The Mobile Tribune says there are men under arms in Mobile with heads as gray as badgers—men who have not only lost sons in battle, but grandsons.

