

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TERMS, \$3.00 PER YEAR. "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. SIX CENTS.]

VOL. XV NO. 52. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864. [WHOLE NO. 780.]

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

CONDUCTED BY D. T. MOORE.
CHARLES D. BRADTON, Associate Editor.

HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.,
Editor Department of Sheep Husbandry.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
F. BARRY, C. DEWEY, LL. D.,
H. T. BROOKS, L. B. LANGWORTHY.

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

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Agricultural.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR AND VOLUME.

THE FIFTEENTH Year and Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER closes with the present issue. During this comparatively long period, we have honestly, earnestly, persistently and industriously sought to promote the best interests of the Rural Population of America. After over twenty years' experience as the Conductor of Journals conscientiously devoted to the advancement of the physical, mental and moral welfare of those engaged in Rural Pursuits, on such an occasion as this our mind naturally reverts to the past, and contrasts it with the present, and probable future—but we have neither time nor space for an extended review, and must therefore content ourselves with simply discharging the duty of the hour.

The greatest wonder to us is, that we have been permitted, by a kind Providence, to labor so long in a field of usefulness—to aid the advance of "Progress and Improvement," and live to witness the remarkable changes for the better which have been instituted in the various branches of culture and husbandry. And yet we feel as earnest as we did when first espousing the cause, in early manhood, and it seems that, GOD sparing and sustaining us, we could labor another twenty years with even more zeal and earnestness to enhance the well being of the myriad of soil cultivators whom we have the honor and great responsibility of addressing. And we have resolved that, be the time long or short, we will in the future, as in the past, first and always seek to promote the best interests of the producing classes.

The year now terminating has been an eventful one in the history of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Unfortunately for us, we announced too low a price for this volume—but considering ourselves bound to fulfill all our promises, even at a pecuniary sacrifice, we have not faltered in either effort or expenditure to fully redeem every pledge. We have even done and expended more than we anticipated or promised,—for, aside from considerations of honor, we confess to the possession of some ambition and pride in the premises. Though laboring constantly for the present interest and benefit of our readers, we have had regard to the future, and the reputation of this journal in coming years. This is a frank confession; but our style is to call things by their right names, always, and, as RURAL readers are aware, we never put on gloves to handle humbugs or speculators or swindlers. Yes, we confess to the fact that, though losing thousands of dollars on subscription, we were bound to fulfill our obligations—first, as a matter of duty and justice, and next for the future interest of ourselves and the RURAL. Hence, unlike other journals, we have increased rather than diminished our efforts and expenditures, and believe our duty has been discharged to subscribers and the public. How satisfactorily this has been done the reader can best judge, and certainly it is not for us to determine. A careful examination of the

volume of which this is the 52d and final issue, will enable the discriminating reader to decide that question.

The future of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will not, while under the control of its originator and thus far conductor, dishonor its past. With "Excelsior" as its Motto, and "Progress and Improvement" its Object, it will, during the ensuing year, endeavor to achieve more than in any previous one for the cause it ardently advocates—asking no patronage, as such, but relying mainly upon its merits for support. It will seek to promote the welfare of its readers in all sections—from Maine to Minnesota and Canada to California—for it has warm friends and supporters in all the Loyal States, Territories and adjacent Provinces. For the performance of this mission THE RURAL has better facilities than ever before, and will enter upon its Sixteenth Year and Volume under favorable auspices. Our aim is to render the paper continuously valuable and acceptable to all who may refer to its pages for practical, useful information, or mental instruction and entertainment. The new volume will comprise the various Departments embraced in the present. That devoted to SHEEP HUSBANDRY will be continued under the able editorial management of DR. RANDALL, who will not fail to render it invaluable to all engaged in that important branch of American agricultural production.

In conclusion we have only to tender grateful acknowledgments to all who have in any manner contributed to the success of this journal during the past and preceding years—either by furnishing matter appropriate for its pages, or in adding to its circulation and consequent usefulness—with the assurance that no reasonable effort will be spared on our part to render it especially worthy the continued confidence and support of all Loyal, Progressive and Intelligent Ruralists, and also valuable and interesting to other classes of community. And, with an earnest determination to supply in the future, as in the past, the best combined AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY and FAMILY NEWSPAPER obtainable, we frankly ask the friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER and its Objects to kindly render such aid as may be consistent toward fully maintaining, if not increasing, its usefulness in their respective localities.

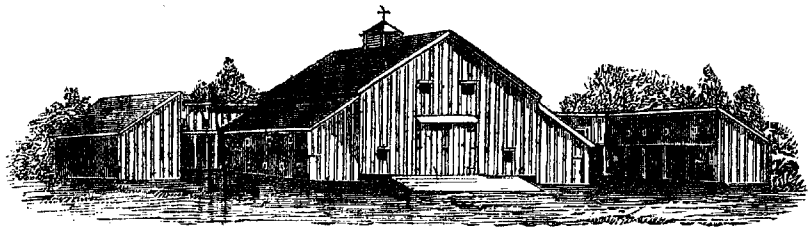
SPRING WHEAT IN NEW YORK.

W. D., New Hartford, N. Y., writes:—"The opinion that Spring wheat, as a crop, is 'played out,' and that winter wheat, having been for the last twenty years considered precarious, has again become reliable, appears to be more or less prevalent in this section. Is this opinion wide-spread? If so, is it grounded in probability, or fact, or experiment?"

We do not know how prevalent, or wide-spread, this opinion may be, nor upon what facts it may be grounded. If spring wheat is "played out," it would be interesting to know why. If our soils are again in condition to produce winter wheat after the old style, why is it? Farmers who arrive at such conclusions should let the facts—if facts they are—teach them something. We do not believe a man who has a hundred and fifty acres of land need fail to grow a good crop of spring and winter wheat on a portion of it, every year for one hundred years. But we do not believe he can do it on the same plot of ground successively—not with the present system of culture and manuring.

If the opinion our correspondent says is prevalent in his section, is well grounded, it proves this position—it proves that land appropriated to grain husbandry must not be cultivated successively with the same crop—that with proper rest and rotation of crops the soil will yield what the climate is adapted to develop. We do not believe spring wheat is "played out" anywhere it was ever grown successfully; nor winter wheat, either. True, seasons differ, and this difference affects the crop. But culture should be such as to render the conditions of growth as nearly uniformly supplied as possible. If the land holds water, in a wet season the crop will perish from the flood, and insects resulting from it and heat. If the season is extremely dry, and the comminution of the soil a sufficient depth is not complete, the growth is dwarfed and the development of grain is impossible.

With a right mechanical condition of the soil, all that is necessary is, to supply the food the



A COMPLETE STOCK BARN.—ELEVATION.

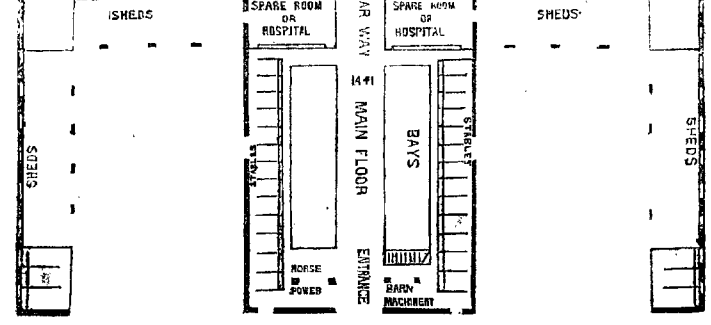
So many inquiries are made for good plans of Stock Barns, that we are induced to give engravings and a condensed description of the barn and sheds erected by LEWIS F. ALLEN, on his Grand Island Farm, from the *Annual Register of Rural Affairs*. This barn is the old one, which we have before described in the RURAL, reconstructed, its convenience having been proved by twenty years' use.

The body of the main barn is 100 feet long by 50 feet wide, the posts 18 feet high above the sill, making 9 bents. The beams are 14 feet above the sills, which is the height of the inner posts. The position of the floor and bays is readily understood from the plan. The floor, for a grain barn is 14 feet wide, but may be contracted to 12 feet for one exclusively for hay. The area in front of the bays is occupied with a stationary horse-power and with machinery for various farm operations, such as thrashing, shelling corn, cutting straw, crushing grain, &c., all of which is driven by bands from drums on the horizontal shaft overhead, which runs across the floor from the horse-power on the other side; this shaft being driven by a cog wheel on the perpendicular shaft round which the horses travel.

The sheds, which extend on the three sides of the barn, and touch it at the rear end, are on a level with the stables. An inclined plane, from the main floor through the middle of the back shed, forms a rear egress for wagons and carts, descending three feet from the floor. The two rooms, one on each side of this rear passage, 18 by 34 feet, may be used for housing sick animals, cows about to calve, or any other purpose required. The stables at the front ends of the sheds are convenient for horses or oxen, or they may be fitted for wagon houses, tool houses, or other purposes. The rooms, 16 feet square, at the inner corners of the sheds, may be used for weak ewes, lambs, or for a bull stable.

Racks or mangers may be fitted up in the open sheds for feeding sheep or young cattle, and yards may be built adjoining, on the rear, six or eight in number, into which they may run and be kept separate. Barred partitions may separate the different flocks. Bars may also inclose the opening in front, or they may, if required, be boarded up tight. Step ladders are placed at convenient intervals, for ascending the shed lofts.

A granary over the machine room is entered



GROUND PLAN.

A passage four feet wide extends between the bays and the stables, which occupy the two wings. This extends up to the top of the bays down which the hay is thrown for feeding, which renders this work as easy and convenient as possible.

The floor of the main barn is three feet higher than that of the stables. This will allow a cellar under it, if desired—or a deeper extension of the bays—and it allows storage lofts over the cattle with sufficient slope of roof. A short flight of steps at the ends of each passage, admits easy access from the level of the barn floor.

The line of mangers is two feet wide. A manure window is placed at every twelve feet. The galls are double; that is, for two animals each, which are held to their places by a rope and chain, attached to a staple and ring at each corner of the stall. This mode is preferred to securing by stanchions. A pole or scantling placed over their heads, prevents them from climbing with their feet into the mangers, which they are otherwise very apt to do.

by a flight of stairs. Poles extending from bay to bay, over the floor, will admit the storage of much additional hay or grain. As straw cannot be well kept when exposed to the weather, and is at the same time becoming more valuable as its uses are better understood, we would suggest that the space on these cross poles be reserved for its deposit from the elevator from thrashing grain, or until space is made for it in one of the bays.

A one-sided roof is given to the sheds, (instead of a double-sided,) to throw all the water on the outside, in order to keep the interior of the yards dry. Eave-troughs take the water from the roofs to cisterns. The cisterns, if connected by an underground pipe, may be all drawn from by a single pump if necessary.

An important advantage of placing the stables in the wings of the barn is, that it obviates the common objection that liquid manure from the stalls rots the sills—the stable sills being comparatively easily replaced if not under the main barn.

plan) wants. Soils may be exhausted of the food necessary to produce wheat, if continuous cropping with the same crop is followed. But with rotation comes rest and replenishment, either from its own resources, or from sources incidental to a change of crop and culture. Now, this is not theory; it is fact. We know it to be fact. We have in our mind to-day, farms that are illustrations of it. And we tell our friend that spring wheat seems to be "played out," and farmers are getting that idea, and abandoning a culture, it is just the time for him to engage in it and study what conditions of soil and culture are necessary to insure a crop of it.

CAST-IRON vs. STEEL PLOWS.

We condense from a communication before us, from H. MARVIN of Richland Co., O., the following. He says:—"The general opinion seems to be that steel plows will clean or scour more readily than cast-iron, which may be gen-

erally true, but not necessarily so." His experience has taught him that it depends upon the temper of cast-iron plows, whether they clean readily or not—that there is a great difference in plows of precisely the same pattern, because of this difference in temper, and he urges that manufacturers of cast-iron plows should pay attention to this matter. But unfortunately he fails to tell us what the temper of the plow should be—whether hard or soft. He takes it for granted that cast-iron plows may be furnished at much less cost than steel ones; and that their relative values depend upon how well they do their work, scour, and the lightness and uniformity of their draft. Then he asks if this par-excellence is attainable with a cast-iron plow of the right temper, is it not preferable? Our correspondent also asserts that one great fault with many of the plows thrown upon the market is their lightness, which renders it difficult to keep them in the ground in stiff heavy soil.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

SEVERAL editorials and other articles, in type and on file for publication, are necessarily deferred.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

BROWSING SHEEP.—NELSON YOUNG, South Addison, Steuben Co., N. Y., writes us that several years ago he experimented in browsing sheep in the winter, and that "he found if they could have plenty of hemlock they would eat no other that he could give them." Since then, "whenever his sheep are kept from the ground a week at a time by snow, he has attempted to provide them with hemlock." He says:—"It would have done you good to see my sheep meet me last winter when I drew the first hemlock top into the yard. Though they had plenty of first-rate hay and poorly thrashed straw, they devoured the hemlock with avidity." Mr. Young thinks it keeps his sheep healthy, and that if they have plenty of "fresh-cut and thrifty hemlock" they will not eat more than two-thirds as much hay. He says his lambs come late, and that "he does not know how it will do for ewes that suckle lambs."

Sheep confined to dry feed soon learn to eat hemlock as above described, and they undoubtedly obtain a degree of sustenance from it—but whether as much as a third, as our correspondent supposes, we are hardly prepared to say. We have known sheep killed by eating hemlock when it was given to them in large quantities after a long confinement to dry feed—but this never need happen, because it can be given more frequently, or more sparingly at first.

We should be very glad to hear immediately from farmers who have used other kinds of browse for sheep, giving the results of their experience. If the present winter proves a severe one, there will be great need of eking out the feed of our domestic animals in every possible way.

LETTING SHEEP ON SHARES.—"A Subscriber" wishes us to inform him if there is any rule for letting sheep on shares—how much wool is paid per head annually—or in how long a period they should be doubled. The old rule used to be to have a pound of wool a head annually paid to the owner, and the same sheep returned; or the sheep were doubled in three years, and those of the same age and aggregate weight returned. This was when the kind of sheep let could be bought, ewes and lambs, at a dollar a head after shearing! The custom of letting sheep on any terms is now very unusual in New York, and we think in all the older States. In the only case of it we have heard of in our own neighborhood, for years, the owner receives two pounds of wool for each sheep yearly. Immense numbers have been let in the new North-western States within the last three years on the terms that half the wool and half the lambs are returned to the owners—usually wealthy "operators" who have bought great droves of them in Michigan, Illinois, etc., to drive further west for that purpose. The western pioneer may, under some circumstances, find such an arrangement greatly for his benefit—just as he would to pay heavy usury for the use of money—but the gains of the owner are enormous, if the person taking the sheep is responsible in case of their death, and if they are managed, particularly in lambing, with a decent degree of skill and care. In the old States, farmers who are fit to keep sheep, can generally do better than take them on shares; and those willing to take them are in most cases men who will raise but few lambs, let a portion of the sheep die, and let all of them get poor and weak every winter. These causes have broken up the system of sheep letting in the East.

COTSWOLD SHEEP.—GEORGE BARBER, Liberty, Union Co., Indiana, writes to know where he can obtain Cotswold sheep. Pure bloods are bred and sold by Hon. N. L. CHAFFER of Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio; by HENRY G. WHITE of South Framingham, Mass.; and by FREDERICK Wm. STONE of Moreton Lodge, Guelph, Canada West. There may be many other breeders about us—we presume there are a dozen or two, at least, in the State of New York—but we do not now recall their names. The breeders of English sheep seem rather inclined to hide their light under a bushel during the fine-wool cyclone which is now sweeping over the land! Why don't they speak for themselves and their sheep? This paper is as open to their statements as it is to the statements of breeders of Merinos.

ANNUAL PRODUCE OF A FLOCK.—M. M. of Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y., writes us:—"As it is the fashion of every one to brag, I want to do a little at it myself. I wintered 49 ewes. From them I raised 71 lambs which I sold for \$244. They yielded 222 pounds of wool which I sold for a dollar a pound—making for lambs and wool \$466.25, or \$9.51 for each ewe. If any one has beat that, I would like to know it."

DO FULL-BLOOD MERINO EWES EVER HAVE HORNS?—"Yeung Beginner" is informed that full-blood Merino ewes do occasionally have horns—though not as frequently in this country as formerly, because the majority of American breeders have sought to breed them out of their flocks. In many early flocks of unquestionable pedigree, both Spanish and Saxon, they were not unusual.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE OLD YEAR.

BY KATH GASKERON.

How quickly they have vanished, the beauty and the bloom!
The Year will soon be shrouded, and laid within its tomb.
The golden hues of Sunset, and Autumn's crimson dyes,
Were emblems, in their fleetness, of things that most we prize.
Of loved ones whom we cherish, some walk with us no more;
Their foot-prints all are leading toward the silent shore.
We miss them from our circle, but it were cruel, vain,
To call them from their glory, back to this world of pain.
And Oh! the loved and absent that still on earth may roam,
How do we yearn to greet them within the walls of home!
For their sake we grow weary of the slow dragging chain—
The weeks, and months, and years, perchance, ere we meet again.
Ah! Life hath many lessons which we must learn in tears,
And we should heed the teachings of the swift gliding years.
Our frail barques—whither float they? O'er waters calm and deep,
Or where the rocks and quick-sands beneath the breakers sleep?
Is Faith our guiding beacon? Or are we drifting far
Beneath the cloudy heavens, without one leading star?
God help us—and God save us—and bring us to that shore,
Where beauty shall be fadeless, and friends shall part no more!
Rochester, N. Y., 1864.

MEN WHO WALK AND WHO DO NOT.

In order for a man to be a great walker, it is necessary, I sometimes imagine, that he should be rather homely. Indeed I know that the great workers are a little uncomely; nature sacrifices some of her best lines that she may put a little more work into man; she gives him a long wrist, a great hand, and a large foot. The people who tell me of the feats which they have performed on foot are not generally handsome men; they are of the same sort as the hard workers. In my walks I see a great many fine-looking men, who are either riding or driving, or in one way and another keeping company with horses. These men have small hands and feet; nature consulted with beauty when she fashioned these cavaliers. I sometimes stop to observe one of these elegant figures, as he stands holding the reins of his horse; I notice how his arm tapers down to a plump, strong wrist and small hand, and I wonder how it is that these easy moving men will always ride; they could add so much luster to a foot-path. But, then, I suppose they are too handsome to go afoot. Once in a while I see a genuine horseman on foot; he generally appears a little out of place, and looks as if he were in search of a horse to make up for some conscious deficiency in himself. I have observed the centaurs somewhat, and I have found that their hair is not always the finest, and that their flesh is not the most ethereal. In fact, I don't think the finest grained men are much given to horse fellowship. Still, these showy men, whose hearts go out in a perfect gush towards their horses do much to enliven the roads, and I like to see them driving their proud animals in the dusty highways, while I tramp along the by-paths to avoid the smell of harness leather and to keep out of the dust.

BASHFULNESS IN YOUTH.

YOUNG people, on their first admission to this outer world are especially afflicted by false shame; so that it may be regarded as one of the moral diseases of the mind's infancy. It is at the bottom of a great deal of their shyness. They cannot feel at ease because they mistrust something about themselves or their belongings, and have that feeling of barrenness and exposure in the presence of unfamiliar eyes which attaches to sensitiveness under untried circumstances. Everything then assumes a magnified, exaggerated character, the place they occupy on the one hand, and the importance of the occasion on the other. The present company is the world, the universe, a convention of men and gods, all forming a deliberate and irreversible judgment upon them, and deciding to their disadvantage on account of some oddness, or awkwardness, or passing slip in themselves, or in accessories about them. But, in most persons, time and experience bring so much humility as teaches them their insignificance. It is not, we soon learn, very likely that at any given time a mixed assemblage is thinking very much about us; and then the horror of a conspicuous position loses its main sting. This on the one hand; on the other, we are not as dependent on the award of society as we were. Even a roomful comprises, to our enlarged imagination, by no means the whole creation. There is something worth caring for outside those walls. And also we have come to form a sort of estimate of ourselves. There is now a third party in question, in the shape of self-respect. We realize that we are to ourselves of immeasurably more consequence than any one else can be to us. Thus, either by reason or by the natural hardening and strengthening process of the outer air, most people overcome any conspicuous display of the weakness. By the time youth is over, they have either accepted their position or set about in a business like way to mend it.—*Essays on Social Subjects.*

GERMAN ECONOMY.

A LATE tourist in Germany describes the economy practised by the peasants as follows: "Each German has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees so laden with fruit that did he not carefully prop them up, tie them together, and in many places hold the boughs together by wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his own corn plot, his plot for mangel wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, &c. He is his own master, and, therefore, he and his family have the strongest motives for exertion. In Germany nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries and sliced apples lying in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from the windows in the sun. The cows are kept up the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where grass grows, by the roadside river and brook, is carefully cut by the sickle, and carried home on the heads of the women and children, in baskets or tied in large cloths. Nothing of the kind is lost that can possibly be made of any use. Weeds, nettles, nay, the very goose grass which covers the waste places, are cut up and taken for the cows. You see the little children standing in the streets of the villages, and in the streams which usually run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands.

CLOUDS OF SONG BIRDS.

ONE of the unaccountable phenomena of 1864, says a San Francisco paper, has been the immense multitude of song birds which have been driven upon the cultivated lands of California during the month of May. In the southern counties thousands upon thousands of robins, linnets, thrushes, canaries, orioles, humming birds, finches, black birds, magpies, sparrows, &c., have swarmed round houses and gardens, destroying the fruit and vegetables, and then dropping down dead near wells and pools of water. The mortality among them had been most extraordinary, and is supposed to have been caused by their being driven from the mountains by the April storms of cold, when, not finding food in the valley and lowlands, they are killed by the hot wind, hunger and the drouth. When picked up, sometimes ten and twenty in a lump, they are completely starved and fleshless, being often chased down by boys and cats, and expiring in weak twittles, mournful to the sympathies of the little people who lay them in their graves.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CAN IT?

BY CLIO STANLEY.

ALAS, alas! at yester morn
My heart was bounding too!
But now I feel 'tis gone from me—
Can it have come to you?

A sweet thought ripened in my heart,
Sweeter than morning dew;
It somehow stole from out my lips—
Can it have come to you?

A warm desire possessed my soul—
And in your eyes of blue
I looked, but never meant to tell,
Can it be known to you?

Tell me, my darling, just the way
Your tender heart to woo,
And trust me you shall never regret
That it was known to you.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1864.

TRUE AND FALSE LOVE.

IN a struggle between two women, the one in love, the other merely feigning to be so, it must be remarked that the chances neither are, nor ever can be, equal. The coquette, who seeks to please, and whose heart is free, calculates, arranges all her manoeuvres—as a skillful general upon the eve of a battle lays down the plan of attack and weighs the means of defense. She has foreseen everything; at all times vigilant—constantly under arms—unassailable alike to impulse and surprise, she turns to account the most trifling occurrences to assure herself of victory. Nay, more, she has that perfect self-possession which indifference produces—in itself so resistless a weapon. This advantage, the results of which are beyond calculation, enables her to display the brilliance of her wit, the charm of her conversation, the evenness of her temper. She knows how to excite alternate hope and fear, she makes use of every weakness, of every passion, in the man she desires to beguile and captivate; remaining herself the whole time invulnerable, protected by the mailed armor of frigid coquetry.

The poor woman, on the contrary, whose whole life is devoted to a single thought, is uneasy, jealous, agitated; a word, a look, makes her tremble, and she beholds herself eternally disarmed by a victor, too often relentless. Passion is impetuous and unreflecting; every obstacle irritates and alarms it; men desire difficulties, that they may surmount them; the coquette, better taught, knows how to create them—she allows herself occasionally to appear entrapped—but surrenders never. The woman who loves, fears she cannot give enough—anticipates sacrifices—never reasons with herself—spares nothing, but with a lavish hand squanders her

advantages, and loses them; her mind always straining toward a single aim, is deprived of its elasticity; her thoughts revolve around one eternal circle; her beauty (her last stronghold) languishes at last in vigils and weeping,—for to love is to weep.—*Temby.*

MAID AND WIFE.

MARRIAGE is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor and the counseled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke—every former tie is loosened—the spring of every action is changed, and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her; buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations to the happiness that is to come.

Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyments and watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired. Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their places, for on him is the responsibility of her errors—on him who first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then expose her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.

TAKE YOUR WIFE WITH YOU.

WHAT a blessing is labor, whether of the hand or of the brain! How it sharpens the appetite for sport! With what an epicurean zest one enjoys a holiday in the country after three or four weeks of hard work! Shaking the dust of care from the feet of the soul, one passes at once from purgatory into paradise—and but for the previous purgatory, the paradise would have few charms. What do rural people know of rural felicity? Nothing. Their accustomed senses take little note of the meadows flushed with clover, or of the deep, low anthem of the honey-gathering bees. In them familiarity with Nature has bred indifference to her attractions; but the city man, uncaged for a day or two, sees with other eyes, hears with other ears, than theirs. Yet he cannot thoroughly enjoy his country holiday alone. Adam, fresh from the dust, no doubt thought Eden a very pretty place; but he soon got tired of wandering about the garden by himself, and went to sleep. It was not until Eve joined him that he became thoroughly alive to the loveliness of the scene.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

Therefore, don't forget to take your wife, if you have one, with you, when you go a-pleasuring in the green and flowery world beyond the bricks. If a bachelor, persuade a friend or two to accompany you on your trip; and, if blessed with a sister, invite her to make one of the party.

Domestic Economy.

BEANS ON CONE FRAMES.

I NOTICED in RURAL of May 28th an inquiry, by FRANCESCA FORESTER, how to use beans on cone-frames. I will tell her how I use them on boxes, baskets and vases, with snail-shells, (I have never made any cone frames.) Take the long white beans and soak them in warm water until the skin will peel off easy; then split them. Put some cudbear in a tin basin with salt water. Boil it until the strength is extracted, let it cool until blood-warm, put the beans into it, set it on the stove-heat and keep it warm, but not hot; if hot, it will cook them. In a little while they will be a beautiful bright red, and can be varnished as well as the shells. They are really beautiful, mixed with other things.

I use also the cap of the ripe head or seed-buds of the Carnation Poppy. They are nice to fill up the spaces between the shells. The seed-buds of Pine are nice, also. I color mail-shells a beautiful black with extract of logwood and coppers. They can also be colored a reddish color with cudbear. (Cudbear needs nothing to set the color.) They can be made blue by using the patent box blueing such as we use to blue clothes with. It does not dye them; it is only a deposit on the outside of the shell, but if carefully varnished will remain a good color. To save varnish, I always use a very thin solution of glue first—just enough glue in the water to make it look a little milky. If prepared right, it will be equal to one coat of varnish. Try it and see.—ELIZA C. P., Barry, Ont., Mich., 1864.

LIQUID BLUEING.—One oz. powdered Prussian blue; 4 oz. oxalic acid; put into one quart of soft water and bottle it. A teaspoonful so of this liquid is sufficient for a large wash-bag.—A WISCONSIN LADY.

ACORNS FOR COFFEE.—In some parts of the "Bay State" acorns are used as a substitute for coffee. They are shelled, then burnt and ground, and are said to be very palatable.

Sabbath Musings.

PROVERBS AND PHILOSOPHY.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release from pain:
The driest soil sucks in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns; and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.
Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, nor yet eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding terms, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.
A chance may win what by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few things all here, and none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REST.

REST, that blessed word; what a world of meaning is in this little word. How it thrills the soul. The heart of the weary laborer throbs to receive it. The poor washerwoman sighs for it as the shades of evening draw night's curtain down and pins it with a star. The student looks forward to it down into the short hours of night when the oil grows low in the lamp. The merchant looks toward it as customers leave one by one for their homes. Rest!—how enchanting the sound as it falls upon the senses like the evening dews; gently, silently instilling into man new resolutions, new life. It is a cordial for the heart which heals every wound like magic, and sends a healthful glow through all the avenues of the soul. Rest! a dead, dreamless rest; not as the tree rests after the fitful blast has laid it low; not as the body rests beneath the sod; but a living and perfect rest. Rest from all their labors, and their works do follow them. Rest carries with it a two-fold sense. Earthly!—from bodily labors, from toil and pain. Heavenly!—from sin and sorrow. O, that blessed rest where we "rest not day and night singing Holy, Holy, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, thou King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Rest from sickness and pain; from disease and death. O, that blessed reality when we shall pass over Jordan and walk in light beside pure rivers of water where the glory of the Lord is over all. Rest from the sin and besetments of this vain world, when God will call his own unto himself and they shall walk with spirits in robes of white. What a blessed day when we shall rest in knowing, loving, rejoicing and praising. There is rest for the weary, rest in heaven upon the bosom of Jesus. Earthly rest gives new life, new vigor to this mortal body that shall soon moulder in the grave. Heavenly rest will banish all sin, sorrow and temptation, the morning will dawn radiant with hope and full of promise, and we shall be lifted up and seated at the right hand of God forevermore. H. A. WHITTEMORE.
Fluanna, N. Y., 1864.

GOD'S HEROES.

HERE are "GOD'S HEROES" of the sick chamber, and the vigil by the candle-side; heroes of poverty and heroes of the work-shop; of silent, patient endurance,—having learned through much tribulation that waiting and suffering are their destined work; the heroes of long-suffering, forbearance and charity, or of victory over pain; of the ostentatious self-denials of the household; the lowly and tolling women, climbing mounts of sacrifice under heavy crosses, without a human hand held out in sympathy; the noblest army of martyrs who have found and followed the Master's footsteps in the daily rounds of humble duties, transfiguring that despised, circumscribed, care-encumbered life of theirs into a living testimony to the truth of CHRIST'S evangel; the lonely sufferers, priests by a heavenly consecration, offering the sacrifices of praise in garret and cellar, men and women far from stimulating delights of successful activities, co-workers with CHRIST, sowing in hope the seed whose increase they shall never reap; "the sacramental host of GOD'S elect," ever ascending with songs most jubilant from the faithful performance of earth's lower ministries to the upper sanctuary, with its perennial and unhindered praise. They are passing up through the gates of morning into the city without a temple, and it is for other fingers than ours to wave the amaranth around their lowly brow.—*North British Review.*

ANYTHING which an honest man can do is of course not to be considered as a merit, but simply as a duty.

THE man who lives in vain lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose lives to a bad purpose.

If some of our very conservative men had been present at the creation, they would have said, "Good God! what is to become of chaos?"

SLEEP soothes and arrests the fever-pulse of the soul, and its grains are the quinine for the cold fit of hate, as well as for the hot fever of love.

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

War Literature.

Honor the Brave.—Woman's Devotion.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Utica Herald makes the following pleasant record. Courage and devotion to the cause of our bleeding country is not confined solely to our brave boys "in the field." Now and then during this bloody struggle the heart of woman has shone forth in patriotic luster, claiming the warmest thanks of the community and presenting an example at once inspiring to those who stand in the front of battle and worthy of the highest praise. Such a course on the part of a true and loyal woman was followed by a recent marriage, which took place in the village of Mohawk on the 30th ult., between James B. Eustis, of Onondaga, N. Y., and Miss Mary H. Patrick, of Mohawk. Mr. Eustis was a member of the 147th N. Y. V. He entered it at its organization, and with it passed through the bloody battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, and was in the West under Sherman. At the storming of Lookout Mountain he fell wounded through the thigh, and afterwards, while lying on the field, was shot by a rebel through the arm. His leg was amputated, and he carried to the hospital in a critical condition. Thus disfigured, he wrote to Miss Mary Patrick, to whom he was engaged, stating his great loss, and releasing her from the engagement. But like a true woman, she refused the offer, pledging a new bond of affection for his courage and bravery, offering her hand still in marriage when he should be able to return.

Through the blessing of Providence and the kind care of a mother, who visited and remained with him in the hospital, he has recovered his strength sufficient to return and claim the proffered hand of his loyal bride. Having fought for the Union, we doubt not but that his faith in it will be greatly strengthened for years to come, with such a woman by his side. The sentiment of the community could not be better expressed than in two mottoes attached to beautiful bouquets presented to the bride and bridegroom—"In honor of a brave soldier," and "In honor of a true woman." Let our ladies remember the example and our "boys" will fight with a braver heart.

Why the Valley was Cleaned out.

THOSE who take exception to the severe military measures adopted in the Shenandoah Valley, will find occasion to reconsider their opinions, if they reason like the old campaigner with Sheridan, who, according to a war correspondent, thus stated the case:

"I asked them about Sheridan's order to clear the Valley. 'Well,' said one, 'I tell you, 'tis pretty hard. We get orders to clean out a section. The Captain, he picks his men,' (here they all grinned); 'he knows pretty well who to take, and then we get orders to burn every barn, every stack of grain, everything except the houses, and then we start the people. We go out in squads of ten or a dozen, and the way we ride is a caution. You see the most of 'em's secesh families; the women are Union—to a man,' winked he, 'and their husbands and brothers are in with the rebs; but for all that it's hard when the women comes out on their knees, crying and praying, and their children clinging to 'em.'

"But," said he, 'it's a good deal harder to go along the road, and right along by the side of the woods, to find your own brother hanging to a tree, with his ears, his nose, his lips cut off, as I did mine last week! 'These devils,' said he, 'if they'd only come out in clear day, and fight us as we do them, and not murder us, they never would have had their country cleaned out as we have been forced to do.'"

An Extraordinary Case.

A SOLDIER in Sherman's army, with throat cut from ear to ear, was thought to be mortally wounded by a council of surgeons, but the one under whose immediate care he was, thought he was justified in making an experiment for the good of others, at the same time having great hopes of saving the man. He first commenced his task by cutting through where the two upper ribs met the sternum, and through this orifice for forty days he has been fed five gallons of milk per week and sometimes his appetite required five per day. He is fat and hearty, and the surgeon thinks in two weeks he will have him able, and the inside of his throat so nearly healed, as to allow him to swallow by the natural passage. He at first introduced a stomach pump, and thus fed his patient, and after a few hours would clear his stomach in the same manner, thus producing artificial digestion, till it was no longer necessary. A silver tube is now used to feed him.

Putting a Hole Through It.

ONE night Gen. — was out on the line and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the captain. The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready he looked up and said:

"Captain, that's the moon."

"Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response, "put a hole through it anyhow."

THERE is no doubt that of all the States, the one in which the most earnest heart-prayers are offered up for the Union is the State of Single Blessedness.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT. ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 24, 1864.

THE NEWS—A REVIEW.

WITH no little feelings of gratitude to an over-ruling Providence, to our Government, to our soldiers, and to all citizens engaged in upholding the rights guaranteed to us by an honored ancestry, do we announce, in this, the last number of the RURAL for 1864, that success still attends the Army in the field, and the Navy on the ocean and inland waters.

Four years ago the 20th of the present month, the minions of the satrap of South Carolina declared that integral part of the American Union an independent State; that the "mudsills" of the free North were inferior to themselves; that freedom of person, speech, of the press, was incompatible with, and dangerous to, the progressive ideas of gentlemen. From one small, rebellious "star" a constellation of fourteen stars were grouped together, and made war upon the whole planetary system of the Union. A mighty convulsion of nature (human) has shook the great body politic from that memorable day to the present time; but, like the hopes of the Christian "founded upon a rock," the vibrations and oscillations have not severed the ties which were cemented by the blood of revolutionary heroes when this most remarkable governmental structure was reared under the eyes of WASHINGTON and HANCOCK. To-day it stands a proud monument over the graves of all but FIVE of those immortal patriots who were instrumental in its erection. To-day it stands the "Eighth Wonder of the Universe" in the eyes of foreign governments, a beacon light to human progress—the protector of the weak, the upholder of the down-trodden.

With pride can we point to such a Government as the guiding-star to successful enterprises among the great family of nations; and with no less satisfaction do we portray to the gaze of the "powers that be" of the Old World, the military prowess of those engaged in "bloody strife." All the way down from the Lieutenant-General to the private, the world may see such skill, perseverance and indomitable courage and enterprise as bespeaks success without a peradventure. Varied as has been the nature of the duties of the soldier, he seemed never at a loss to "turn everything to account" where circumstances would warrant the putting into requisition the fertile brain so universally possessed by all native dwellers in Yankee land.

However a portion of the readers of the RURAL may regard the re-election of President LINCOLN, one thing is certain, as ALL will agree who "read the papers," that the military skies are bright and brightening all over the "seats of war" throughout the land. The rebellion, if it is not on its "last legs," is so crippled that the great hydra-headed monster is bowed with its face to mother earth, and so weary of the weighty matters upon its back, that even Canada is appealed to in the death throes for help,—help in any shape,—the approval of theft, arson, murder—the laying whole cities in ashes, and the getting up an embroilment with her next-door neighbor. But all this will not do. The moneyed interest of Queen VICTORIA's loyal subjects will revolt at any such proceeding, and President DAVIS' cherished hopes will be blighted.

While the National Legislators are in session providing "ways and means" to mete out justice to the rebels, GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, THOMAS, and a host of other able and distinguished Generals, are keeping the "ball rolling" in the field. The ocean and our rivers team with a Navy of nearly seven hundred vessels, making great havoc among the blockade runners and the internal resources of the enemy; and from all these indications of a collapse, we cannot see how the rebellion can much longer exist with the least prospect of coming out of the contest victorious. We give such war news this week in a very condensed form, as we have room for, hoping and believing that before another issue of the RURAL, the "glad tidings" will come from the South of a crowning close to the campaign of 1864.

SECRETARY STANTON says, December 17, that dispatches have been received to-day from Gen. Foster, who had a personal interview on the morning of Wednesday, the 13th inst., with Gen. Sherman at Fort McAllister, which had been taken by assault on the preceding day. Savannah was closely besieged, and its capture with the rebel forces there was confidently expected. It was to be summoned to surrender in two days, and if not surrendered, Sherman would open his batteries upon it.

Gen. Foster reports that Sherman's army is in splendid condition, having lived on its march on the "turkies, chickens, sweet potatoes and other good things of the richest part of Georgia."

The following "official" from General Sherman was received at the War Department on the 18th inst:

OSSABAW SOUND, ON BOARD DANDELION, Dec. 12-11 o'clock P. M. TO-DAY at 5 P. M. Gen. Hazen's division of the 15th corps carried Fort McAllister by assault, capturing its entire garrison and stores. This opened to us Ossabaw Sound, and I pushed down to this gunboat to communicate with the fleet.

Before opening communications, we had completely destroyed all the railroads leading to Savannah and completely invested the city. The left is on the Savannah three miles above the city, and the right on the Ogeechee, at King's bridge.

We reached Savannah three days ago; but now we have McAllister—we can go ahead. We have already captured two gunboats on the Savannah River and prevented their gunboats from coming down.

I estimate the population at 25,000, and the garrison at fifteen thousand. Gen. Hardee commands.

We have not lost a wagon on the trip; but have gathered in a large supply of negroes, mules, horses, &c. Our teams arrived in far better condition than they were in when we started. My first duty will be to clear the army of surplus negroes, mules and horses.

We have utterly destroyed over two hundred miles of rails, and consumed stores and provisions that were essential to Lee's and Hood's armies.

The quick work made with McAllister, and the opening of communication with our fleet, and the consequent independence for supplies, dissipates all their boasted threats to head off and starve the army. I regard Savannah as already gained.

W. T. SHERMAN, Maj.-Gen.

Richmond papers admit that Savannah must soon fall.

A great battle has been fought near Nashville, (the 16th), and a great Union victory has again been won by General Thomas. Hood's army is represented as nearly "used up," and flying before the invincible Army of the Tennessee. The loss of the rebels is represented as being very severe in killed and wounded.

The enemy lost at least 5,000 prisoners. Some 30 or 40 pieces of artillery were also captured and 7,000 small arms. General Thomas in his official dispatches, represent his losses as very small.

Advices from Nashville of December 13, say our forces are still advancing. This morning at about 8 o'clock they captured a body of about three thousand rebel prisoners, among them one General and a number of commissioned officers.

Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, has introduced into the Senate a bill to create the rank of Vice Admiral in the Navy.

On Friday evening, the 16th, the rebels attacked Gen. Ferrero's lines at Bermuda Hundred, but were repulsed. Five rebel gunboats and two rams were observed lying under the guns of Fort Darling.

The Richmond Enquirer has an editorial in favor of arming the slaves, and states that Gen. Lee sanctions the scheme.

Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, has introduced into the Senate a bill authorizing the President to expend \$12,000,000 in building floating batteries and fortifications to protect the lakes from piratical expeditions organized in Canada.

Secretary Stanton's official informs us that the President has issued a call for 300,000 troops to fill the deficiency caused by the credits allowed on the last draft.

The News Condensed.

- Five thousand persons perished by the cyclone in Calcutta. Farini, the rope-walker, has married a fortune of \$30,000 in Halifax. The vintage of California is estimated this year over six million gallons. The Richmond Enquirer says the pirate Fallah-see is still at Wilmington. An elm was recently cut in Southampton, Mass, which was 8 1/2 feet in diameter. The Wisconsin State Prison is vacant, and the jailer is away on a vacation tour. Guilford and North Haven, Ct., have made \$10,000 worth of sorghum sirup apiece this year. About 40 tons of iron rust were taken out of the Menai bridge at one cleaning this year. New York gave 720,730 votes, which is within 135,796 votes of the total given in rebellion in 1860. The President's Message was telegraphed from Washington to New York in fifty-eight minutes. Forty-two of our poor starved martyrs died at Annapolis on Tuesday week mostly of chronic diarrhoea. Englishmen were so intent on seeing Muller hung that less curious thieves stole their watches and diamonds. The consumption of horse-flesh is increasing at Berlin, Prussia. Over 1,500 horses were eaten up in the last year. James Steel is 100 years old, and the oldest man in Wisconsin. He was married lately to a young widow of 88 summers. The Richmond Whig says:—"There are at least one hundred weddings in high life to come off between now and Christmas." The city of Pittsburg has forty-five foundries, consuming 46,000 tons of metal annually, and paying a million dollars wages. The Chicago lake tunnel has been excavated for nearly a quarter of a mile, and is progressing at the rate of ten feet per day. Mrs. Rose Greenhow, the female rebel, was lately drowned near Wilmington by having six hundred pounds sterling in her pocket. The new fractional currency is red-backed, with a metallic ring on the face, which is printed in black. It is about twice as long as the old issue. The 2d Conn. regiment was paid off recently, and 275 of the men placed in the hands of their chaplain \$19,391 to be sent home to their families. In some parts of the South they sell negroes at \$3,500 each in Confederate money. This is cheap, considering the depreciation of the currency. A new volume of unpublished poetry by Byron is spoken of as forthcoming in London. The manuscript is in possession of the Marchioness de Boissy. The aggregate amount of money which has been raised and expended by the several towns in Vermont in bounties for volunteers is nearly \$4,000,000.

To Printers—Type for Sale.—The Type upon which the RURAL is now printed will be sold, deliverable next week, at half price. It has only been used this year, and its value may be inferred from appearance of this paper. It consists of Minton, Nonpareil, Agate, and various kinds of Head Letter, &c. Terms, Cash. Speak quick. Address the Publisher.

Most of the Type in the Index is older than that offered for sale. For the right kinds see other pages.

CLOSING NOTICES, REMINDERS, &c.

Notes to Volume XV.—This being No. 52 completes Vol. XV of the RURAL. As there are 53 Saturdays this year, and as we wish to have our next volume commence with 1865, we shall issue no paper next week, but occupy the time in arranging new type, &c., and otherwise "making ready" for the new volume. Of course none of our subscribers will object to this arrangement, as certainly none of them will expect us to publish an extra number at the present cost of paper, printing, etc.

The Title Page and Index, given herewith, compel us to omit several departments, abridge others, and defer some columns of advertisements—but as the Index is indispensable, especially to the thousands who preserve the RURAL for future reference, no one can reasonably object. By a glance, it will be seen that the Index, though mainly comprising practical and useful matters, indicates that the volume contains a vast amount and variety of valuable reading, and many appropriate and handsome engravings. We reckon no subscriber can justly complain that he has not this year obtained full "value received" for his or her money.

Encouraging.—The well-lined letters we are receiving now a-days indicate that a good many people think the RURAL NEW-YORKER is not extravagant in asking \$3 for fifty-two visits—considering present prices of pork, potatoes, butter, etc. We have a host of encouraging letters, but will only quote this brief one from J. W. McKAY of Erie Co., Pa.:—"Inclosed find three dollars for the RURAL NEW-YORKER another year, which I consider very cheap these times, the opinion of your friend of Columbia Co., N. Y., to the contrary notwithstanding. Your reply to him [in RURAL of Dec. 3] is my opinion exactly."

About Premiums.—Those who may become entitled to premiums of extra copies, books, &c. for clubs, will please designate what they wish, in the letters containing their lists, so far as convenient, so that we may send without delay. In answer to inquiries we would say there is yet plenty of time to compete for and win the premiums offered in our last for first lists, &c. As our premiums were this year published a month later than usual, the chances are good for all who go to work at once—Now.

Your Name and Post-Office.—Those remitting for the RURAL, whether for one or fifty copies, should give names of persons and post-office, and State, Territory or Province, plainly and correctly. It isn't profitable to the writer nor pleasant to us—this receiving money letters without post-office address or name of writer. In writing to a publisher always give the name of your Post Office (not Town), County and State, and don't forget to sign your name.

Bound Volumes.—We shall have but a few bound copies of the RURAL for 1864 (Vol. XV.) to sell, as we find the files saved for binding have been poached upon to supply urgent orders. What we have will be ready next month, probably. Price, \$4. We will furnish copies of the volumes for 1863, 1862 and 1861 at same price—\$4 each—and such volumes preceding that of 1861 as we have on hand at \$3 each.

To be Promptly Mailed.—As intimated two weeks ago, the numbers of the RURAL for 1865 will be more promptly issued and mailed than have been those of this year. We are so re-organizing our printing and mailing forces that we are confident of obviating any further cause of complaint.

Special Notices.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE WILL contribute a new series of Domestic Papers, with the title of "The Chimney Corner," to the

Atlantic Monthly for the year 1865. Mrs. Stowe's "House and Home Papers," printed in the ATLANTIC for 1864, were among the most valuable papers ever published. "The Chimney Corner" will be equally interesting and instructive. Mrs. Stowe will write in every number. Subscriptions begin with January. Price, \$4 00 a year, 35 cents a number. The January number sent as a specimen for 25 cts. Liberal reduction made to Clubs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

Our Young Folks

Is the name of a New Magazine for Boys and Girls, published in Boston. The First Number is just ready, and a specimen number will be sent for ten cents.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID writes for every number. Every number is illustrated with first-rate pictures. Price only \$2.00 a year. Now is the time to subscribe. Get a specimen number and form a Club, and you will get your subscription considerably less. Send ten cents for a specimen, or two dollars for a year's subscription, to TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, Mass.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPERS USE

PLYLE'S SALERATUS, PLYLE'S O. K. SOAP, PLYLE'S CREAM TARTAR, PLYLE'S BLEUING POWDER, PLYLE'S BAKING SODA, PLYLE'S STOVE POLISH. Articles designed for all who want the best goods, full weight. Sold by best Grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name of JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, New York. 776-13t.

Married.

AT Galen, N. Y., by ISAAC WILEY, Esq., on Dec. 7th, 1864, THOMAS SHOTWELL, of Canada West, and EMILY THORN of Galen, N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, Dec. 20, 1864. DURING the sleighing of the past week business was lively, but with the thaw of Saturday came a change in the amount of business done in the streets. We quote flour unchanged. Wheat do. Corn scarce at \$1.60 @ 1.65. Bye, \$1.45 @ 1.50. Oats, 85c. Barley, \$1.00 @ 1.10. Large numbers of dressed hogs were brought in during sleighing and sold at \$13 @ 16 per 100 lbs. Mess pork, \$38 @ \$40. Lard, 22 @ 25c. Butter, 45 @ 50c. Eggs, 38c. Dried apples, 11 @ 12c. Green apples scarce at \$8.00 @ 8.50. Hay, \$18 @ 25 per ton. Slaughter hides, 8c. Chickens, 13 @ 14. Turkeys, 15 @ 16c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Flour, \$3.50 @ 3.70 for State. Wheat, 10 @ 12c lower. Barley, \$1.85 @ 2.05. Oats, 97 @ 1.05. Rye, \$1.72 @ 1.85. Corn, \$1.70 @ 1.91. New mess pork, \$42 @ 45. Lard, mess beef, \$38 @ 40. Dressed hogs, 17 @ 18c. Clover seed, 26 @ 27 1/2. Timothy seed, 8 1/2 @ 9c.

TORONTO, Dec. 14.—Flour \$4 @ 4.50. Fall wheat 85 @ 92c. Spring wheat 75 @ 82c. Barley 80c. Oats 55 @ 60c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—Beef—Sales range at \$9 @ 20 per 100 lbs. Cows—Sales at \$3 @ 3.50. Veal calves—Sales at 6c. for inferior to 13 1/2c. for choice. Sheep and lambs—Sales range 7 1/2 @ 11c. for sheep, and 10c. for lambs. Swine—Sales, corn fed, live, \$13 @ 14 per cwt.; dressed, \$12 @ 17. Distillery fed, live, \$13 @ 15; dressed, \$12 @ 15.

TORONTO, Dec. 14.—Beef Cattle, \$2.50 for inferior to \$7 per 100 lbs. for Christmas. Calves, \$4 @ 5 each. Sheep, \$3 @ 10 each. Lambs, \$2 @ 2.50. Pork, \$6 @ 7.75 per 100 lbs.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 14.—Beef Cattle, \$7.50 @ 13.00 the range. Yearlings, \$12 @ 20; two-year olds, \$20 @ 40; three-year olds, \$25 @ 35. Oxen, \$10 @ 25. Sheep, 7 @ 10c. per lb. Swine, 12 @ 14c. per lb.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 14.—Beef, \$7.00 @ 14, third quality to extra. Oxen, \$5 @ 20 per pair. Cows, \$2 @ 7. Yearlings, \$1 @ 20; two-year olds, \$2 @ 25; three-year olds, \$3 @ 45. Sheep, \$3 @ 11, 10 each, common to extra.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, Dec. 14.—The demand is good for fleece and pulled, and the market sustains full prices, and has a decided upward tendency. The sales of the week have been larger than for some time past, and comprise upward of 100,000 lbs. fleece and pulled at 90 @ 12 1/2c. per lb., as to quality. The transactions, comprising some considerable lots of New York, Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio at 85 @ 11 1/2; and fine Ohio and Pennsylvania \$1.08 @ 1.10 per lb. Canada wool is firm, with sales of pulled \$4 @ 5c., and selected combed at \$1.25 per pound.—Boston Journal.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 50% cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded,) 50 cents a line.

FOR 25 CTS.—The whole art of Ventriquoism sent for 25 cents, by JULIUS RISING, Southwick, Mass.

QUINCE STOCKS, APPLE STOCKS, PEACH PITS. For sale at Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y. T. G. YEOMANS, [780-21]

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND RED CEDARS 4 TO 12 inches high, \$5 per thousand; 10 to 15 inches high, \$2 per hundred, carefully handled, packed and delivered at the Depot. J. A. CARPENTER & CO., Cobden, Ill.

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THE DAILY EVENING EXPRESS,

For one

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The Story-Teller.

SCATTER BLESSINGS.

PARSON GILLETTE said in his sermon last evening, we must scatter blessings, and Amy Woodford went home thoughtful.

The sermon had set her to thinking. Perhaps the work she might do went straying through her dreams, for she had not forgotten, when Monday morning dawned, the good resolutions of the night before;

It was a cold winter morning, and the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the tread of the few passers-by sounded out sharply from the crisp, hard walks.

"Oh, Miss Amy, but I have had the dreadfulness fall! I was going down the icy steps to hang out my last basket of clothes, and down I went, with my poor ankle turned right in, and it does pain me bad.

"Indeed, you will not do anything more, Maedown. Why did you not come directly to me?"

dining-room fire, and you come right in and lie down. Let me help you, poor thing! how cruel for you to try to work in such pain!"

"It isn't the pain, ma'am; I believe it all gone; at least, I am so happy I cannot feel it. I have been thinking how good God is to give me such a home—me, a poor orphan girl, that hasn't anybody in the whole of this big world to care anything about her, and there was such a great, tender feeling came over me I could not help crying.

It was pleasant to hear those words, even from the lips of a servant, and Amy thought for the first time of the soul of the poor ignorant girl, that had been, in a measure, given to her keeping, and learned with surprise that the poor servant girl was far in advance of her in the Christian graces of faith, and love, and that it was this that always made her labor so faithfully and cheerfully.

"Certainly, if you wish to," Amy replied, with a light laugh, for to her, the putting in a tun of coal was a light matter, and she had never before been troubled with such errands.

"A little; but I will soon get warm at work." She went in and sat down to the piano, and running her fingers over the keys in a lively prelude, commenced singing a pretty Scotch ballad, she knew particularly delighted Maedown, and she had left the door leading to the dining-room open.

"Never mind; you may keep it all." The child turned the bank note over and over in his hand, smoothed it affectionately, and looked up, with his eyes brimful of astonishment and joy.

"Where the fault lies.—Great brother, said the moon to the sun, 'why is it that, while you never hide your face from me, our poor sister, the earth, so often pines in darkness and obscurity?'"

"Little sister," replied the sun, 'the fault is not in me. You always behold me as I am, and rejoice in my lights, but she too often covers herself with thick clouds, which even I cannot effectually pierce, and while she mourns my absence, ought to know that I am ever near, and wait only for her clouds to pass, that I may reveal myself.'

"FINE connections are apt to plunge you into a sea of extravagance, and then not to throw you a rope from drowning."

"My principal method for defeating heresy is by establishing truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now, if I can fill it first with wheat, I shall defy his attempts."

she was beautiful or not, so long as she was beloved.

A big basket found its way down to the small brown house that morning, and there was, besides, two tempting rolls of butter, sufficient to keep the small family in luxuries for a week, and the boy went dancing home with it upon his arm, the happiest child in the whole village.

Mr. Woodford came home late to dinner that day. Somehow, everything had gone wrong with him, and Amy saw at once there was a cloud upon his brow. She did not question him, however, and though he was unusually moody and taciturn, she did not chide; and when he spoke almost sharply to Maedown for her carelessness, she did not reprove him, though the words trembled on her lips, but went on telling him how much she had accomplished that morning, how light-hearted she felt, for all she was a little weary, and at length the cloud began to uplift itself, and by-and-by vanished altogether; and husband kissed her, and called her his little sunshine.

He produced a pile of blanks that must be filled that afternoon, said his clerk had gone off to the city, his partner was sick, and he had an argument in his brain that he believed would help him gain a case, if he only had time to note it down before he lost the thread, and Amy begged that she might do the writing. Her husband jestingly told her it would not be fair to make a lawyer of her, but seemed in no wise reluctant to accept of her proffered assistance; and after taking down names and boundaries upon slips of paper, left her to her task. Her penmanship was very fine, and she had a great deal of ingenuity, though little knowledge of deeds and mortgages; but when her husband returned at evening, it was all done, and well done, and he praised her. She had not been free from interruptions, however. Once a peddler had come into the hall, and she felt like sending him away in anger; but he looked cold and weary, so she had given him a seat by the kitchen fire, and made a trifling purchase.

At another time an Irish woman had come to the door, inquiring if she knew where she could get work, and Amy had spoken kindly, and recommended her to an acquaintance who was in want of a girl; and the poor woman had gone away with a blessing, telling her the sight of her pleasant face had done her good.

Amy felt that evening that she had not scattered her blessings very widely, but her heart was light and joyous, and a glad, happy tear stole into her eyes, as the last verse of the evening lesson fell from her husband's lips: "And whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

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WHERE THE FAULT LIES.—Great brother, said the moon to the sun, 'why is it that, while you never hide your face from me, our poor sister, the earth, so often pines in darkness and obscurity?'"

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Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, Monroe county, New York.

Answer to Anagram: Lives of great men all remind us We may make our lives sublime, And departing leave behind us Foot-prints on the sands of time.

Answer to Problem.—1890.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus.—Christendom looks in horror on the judgment of Pontius Pilate.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 779.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—"That reminds me of a little joke."

Answer to Anagrams of Cities.—Baltimore, Rochester, Erie, Buffalo, Newark, Harrisburgh, Boston, Toledo, Vicksburg, Geneva, Mohawk, Trenton.

Answer to Anagram: Oh! hush thee, hush thy sobbings, Lean thy head upon my breast, Mother! how thy heart's low throbbings Seem to whisper me to rest.

Answer to Modern Historical Enigma.—"Boys, keep your eyes on that flag."

Answer to Illustrated Rebus.—Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson and Beecher, occupy a high niche in the temple of fame.

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All whose terms expire this week may know if from the fact that no figures are given after their names on the printed address—or, as is the case in a few instances, 783. [We have so many subscriptions ending with the year and volume that our rule is to give no figures after the names in such cases.] But all whose subscriptions are paid to any number of the next or a future volume, will find the No. to which they are paid in figures after their names. For instance those whose terms expire at the end of the first quarter of next year will find the figures 783; those expiring the second quarter 806, and so on. Thus every subscriber is advised each week, as to when his subscription expires. If no figures are given after name, the time is up with the present year and volume; but in case a subscriber pays for more than a year in advance we give the figures indicating the No. even if it is the last of the volume. For example, if T. S. GRANT paid, any time this year, until close of present volume, we give no figures after name, but if he paid to end of 1888, we add 838, showing his subscription paid to that number. Thus our mailing machine is a dated "institution," telling each subscriber when his order subscription terminates.

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