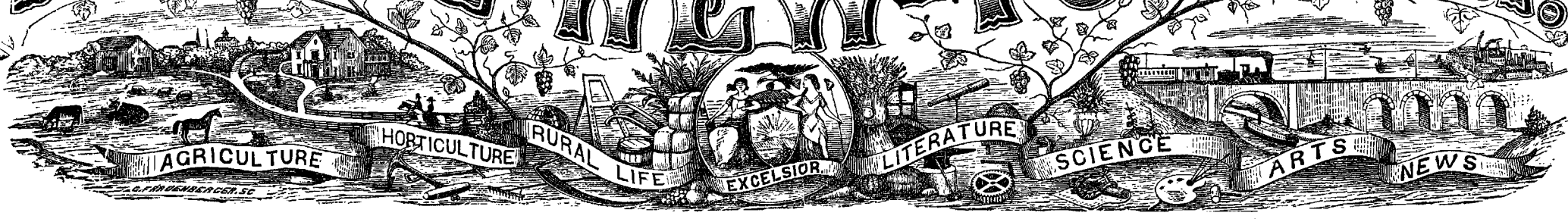


# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

VOL. XV NO. 9.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

{WHOLE NO. 737.

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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.



**SORGHO SUGAR MADE IN A FEW MOMENTS.**

OUR readers will remember a paragraph in the RURAL of the 6th inst., copied from a Washington paper, announcing the discovery of a process for making sugar from Sorghum sirup in a few moments, and stating it had actually been done in the Department of Agriculture. And it will be remembered that we doubted that any such thing had occurred. And now we are confirmed in our unbelief.

We have just received a note from JOHN P. REYNOLDS, Secretary of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, informing us that he has received a visit from Mr. RIGGS, who is the reputed discoverer of this new process of making sugar from Sorghum. Mr. REYNOLDS says he (Mr. RIGGS) called for some *mush*—i. e., undrained sugar—upon which to experiment in his presence. The *mush* was provided, and, in the course of five minutes, an article was produced, a sample of which Mr. REYNOLDS forwards us. He says, "No chemical of doubtful healthfulness or great cost is used. The process frees the granulations from all sticky, gummy matter. The mistake made by the statement in the *Republican*, as you quote it, is in saying that the sugar was produced from the sirup. The crystallization must have taken place before sugar can be obtained by the process referred to. But that accomplished, freeing it from the grape-sugar, &c., is, by this method, perfectly simple, cheap and expeditious."

Now let us see what this "discovery" amounts to. We assume the responsibility of telling our readers that it is likely to amount to a grand swindle. The manner in which its birth was announced in the *Washington Republican*, which we quoted, proves this. In the Department of Agriculture, in a few moments, sugar had been produced from Sorghum sirup! That is the announcement. By whose authority was it made? By the sapient and profound ISAAC NEWTON? Or by the inventor of the "process," Mr. RIGGS, himself? In either case the people were to be deceived. If the latter made such an announcement, it was the duty of the Department to correct it, stating the facts at once. If the Department authorized the announcement, it only proves what a consummate ignoramus is at the head of the Department.

1st, Then, Sugar was not made from Sorghum sirup by Mr. RIGGS.  
2d, He cannot make sugar from Sorghum sirup by this process.  
3d, He has a chemical by which he cleanses the sugar after it is made.

And that is all this "discovery" amounts to. And it is to be patented! We say, let Mr. R. patent it, and then prey with it upon the credulity of those who do not take agricultural

papers. For we have seen C. D. ROBERTS, of Jacksonville, Ill., put *mush* in a linen bag, and by washing it with pure water, produce, in a few moments, a sample very nearly or quite as good as this sent us by Mr. REYNOLDS. And there is no chemical as cheap as water.

The difficulty in the way of making Sorghum Sugar is not removed by Mr. RIGGS. Let our readers remember that. He does not make sugar. He cannot. He simply cleanses it after it is made. And this is not, nor has it ever been, a very difficult matter. We advise our readers, therefore, to spend no money to procure this process—at least, be not deceived by the announcement that with it sugar is made; for it is false.

The foregoing was written for last week's RURAL, but crowded out. Immediately on receiving the letter from Mr. REYNOLDS, from which we have quoted above, we wrote him substantially what we have above written concerning the value of this discovery, recalling to his memory Mr. ROBERTS' process of washing the *mush*. To-day, (Feb. 18th,) we have his reply, in which he says:—"The process of ROBERTS' is identical with RIGGS'—accomplishes just as much and no more. Both make good sugar in a small way. The remaining question is, can a pressure be formed to expel the molasses, &c., from the large quantity?—which must be pressed at once if the process is to be made available on a large scale. Or, can it be rolled out? There is no trouble with a pound or so, but as yet there is trouble with large bulk."

So says Mr. REYNOLDS. When he says "both make good sugar, &c.," he means that sugar is cleansed, not made, by both processes equally well. Our readers will be able to determine whether it is profitable for them to pay for the use of this patented process when water will answer as well.

#### THE WISCONSIN SORGHUM GROWERS.

THIS body of men, at their recent meeting in Madison, passed sundry resolutions making sundry recommendations, some of which we have given our readers. A resolution was adopted recommending the application of plaster, ashes and lime to the hill, after planting, as a stimulus to early and quick growth, especially on clay soils. We are glad to see this recommendation. It indicates that the rich gypsum beds in Michigan are appreciated by the Badgers. But will not the lime be found more useful if incorporated with the soil before planting—if applied as a manure? We think so. And then apply the plaster and ashes, as proposed, to the surface, about the hill. This, we think, will insure the largest results.

It was also given as the opinion of the Convention that, for the manufacture of sirup, it is not essential that the cane be fully ripe; but if sugar is desired, the cane must be mature. This is well established. There are many persons who are prevented from planting Sorghum because, knowing that it will not mature its seed in their latitude, they suppose it valueless to them. But such persons are in error. Good sirup can be, and is annually, made from unripe cane. The sugar product from Sorghum, even where the seed matures, has been, and we fear, will be of little importance. But where maize matures and is profitable, Sorghum will be profitable as a sirup producing plant.

The Convention also resolved that the cane is frequently improved by laying for sometime after being cut; and that it can be safely kept in dry, sheltered places for many weeks without spoiling. But no reasons are given in the report before us for believing the cane improved by laying after being cut. Of course, a chemical change will be likely to occur; but what that change is, and in what manner it improves the product, we are not informed. We have known cane cut in September kept, under shelter, safely until December. It must be kept dry and cool—prevented from heating and freezing.

It was also recommended to prepare the ground for this crop by deep plowing both in fall and spring. And early, thorough, but shallow cultivation, so as not to disturb the main roots after the cane has attained the growth of two feet, was urged. This recommendation of thorough surface culture, combined with deep preparation, is evidence of good sense, and will apply well, in practice, to other hoed crops, especially corn.

#### HYDRAULIC RAMS.

CAN you, or some of your correspondents, give information regarding the working of the "Hydraulic Ram,"—the probable cost where the water is to be conducted 500 feet, and to an elevation of 100 feet,—whether it is not liable to get out of repair often, and what or if it will not freeze in very cold weather, so as to prevent it from working. How deep should the conducting pipes be under ground? Would you consider it better than to dig a well, and put a pump in it?—W. E. SAMERSON, Harrison Co., Ohio.

We regard the hydraulic ram one of the most important aids to the farmer ever invented—especially to the farmer whose supply of water for his family and stock is at a distance from, and below the elevation of his house and barns. It is cheap, simple, does not get out of order, and if properly set will run years without repairs. It requires a fall of 18 inches and a supply of at least a half gallon of water per minute to operate a ram. The ram is placed in a position below the fountain from which the water is to be raised, and usually in a box or pit below the surface of the ground, where it may be secured from frost. An inch and a quarter or half, heavy lead pipe is required to connect the fountain with the ram, and supply the latter with water. Usually a heavy half inch lead pipe is sufficient to convey the water from the ram to the house or barn where it is wanted. In all cases the size of these pipes must depend upon the amount of water supplied by the fountain, and that required by the farmer. The amount of water elevated by the ram in a given time must depend upon the capacity of the fountain for supply, and upon the fall that can be obtained, or the distance the ram can be placed below the fountain. The greater the fall and the supply, the more water will be raised. Both the supplying and conducting pipes must be put so far under ground as to be protected from frost. The price of these rams depends upon the size, ranging from ten to twenty-five dollars. The cost for pipe will depend upon size and quality used. One and a quarter inch pipe, heavy, weighs about three pounds and fourteen ounces per foot; one and a half inch pipe, heavy, weighs six pounds eight ounces to the foot. Best half inch pipe weighs one pound 8 ounces to the foot. Knowing these weights, and obtaining the price of pipe per pound, near you, you can soon estimate the cost. We think that for ten or fifteen dollars you can get a ram that will furnish you with 300 or 400 gallons of water in twenty-four hours, if you have such a supply at the fountain.

It is better to get some good plumber who is used to putting up rams, to do it for you.

#### TOBACCO, THE COTTON OF THE NORTH.

GEN. LOUDON, of Brown Co., Ohio, in a speech before the State Board of Agriculture of Ohio, discussing a resolution pronouncing it inimical to one of the best interests of the State to tax tobacco in the hands of the producer, assured gentlemen who had sneered at tobacco, that it is the Cotton of the North—that as Cotton has been King in the South, so Tobacco would become King in Ohio. He said it was surprising to know the amount of money tobacco brings to the State. The tobacco growers of the borders have a more valuable crop, on each acre, of tobacco, than can be produced from any other staple. The hill-sides of Brown county were advertised for sale a few years ago, and nobody would bid over 62½ cents per acre; now this same land is worth \$500 per acre. The Germans have made these shale hills, by their skill and industry, the best producing lands in Ohio.

He said if Congress taxed tobacco in the leaf twenty cents per pound, as it proposed to do, it would put an end to tobacco culture in Ohio. This done, the producer, in order to get present prices, 15 cents per pound, will have to add 20 cents per pound to its cost, making it 35 cents per pound. The commission of the merchant handling it would bring it up to 40 cents per pound, more than it would pay a foreign dealer after exporting it. This will be fatal to this great agricultural interest. Properly encouraged, tobacco will pay the government a greater revenue than corn. It had been asserted that Ohio could never compete with Kentucky in raising tobacco. Gen. L. asserted that Ohio can, and does beat Kentucky in the production of this staple. And he further asserted that it would be found that the best tobacco sold in the Cincinnati market—sold at 40 cents per pound as from Mason Co., Ky.—was really raised in Brown Co., Ohio.



EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

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

#### TO ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have recently received two or three anonymous letters asking information for the special benefit of the writers. If our opinion is worth having, we must in all cases know for whom and to whom it is given. If the questions involve circumstances of delicacy, which the public are not concerned with, let the writer, after giving his name and post-office, request that the former be withheld from publication.

In regard to communications intended for the public information, the rule of this Department will be substantially the same. The name and post-office of the writer must be made known to us, as a guaranty of his good faith. Here, too, the name of the writer need not necessarily be published. Some very able and reliable contributors to periodicals occasionally have a fancy to appear incognito, for the purpose of striking perhaps some lighter key than usual, or to provoke some amusing but, at the same time, not unprofitable discussion—like Knights of old sallying out with visors down and shields displaying no armorial devices, in quest of adventures—ready to tilt with all comers. This is not objectionable as a sprinkling among graver writings. But as a common thing, and especially in the serious discussion of serious topics, we confess we can see no good reason for withholding the proper signature of the writer. An agricultural newspaper should embody the same kind of matter that would be communicated from person to person, in a meeting of highly intelligent farmers, specially convened to discuss and "compare notes" on agricultural subjects. Would it add to the value or dignity of such intercommunications to have the lights blown out and each speaker use a feigned voice, so that the audience would not know who the speakers were? When a statement of facts is made, or a theory offered, do we not want to know on whose veracity the first, or on whose judgment and experience the last, rests? Is it not, in fact, this knowledge which gives much of their value to such communications? If, for example, such a man as LEWIS F. ALLEN attacks the popular ideas on the subject of in-and-in-breeding, we read his views with deep interest and respect, and whether convinced or not, we weigh all his statements with care. Why? Because we know him—the public knows him—to be a man of strong intellect and judgment and of ripe experience on the very topic he discusses. Messrs. PETERS and GEDDES engage in a discussion in regard to the comparative profits of two leading branches of agriculture. All will listen to that discussion with eager interest—because the disputants are known, and because they are known to be able men, thoroughly acquainted with the subjects they discuss. Take away their names from their papers, and very much of that interest would be gone. Who would know how much weight to attach to the opinions or statements of the witness who should decline to give his name or show his face to the jury? True, reasoning may be as sharp from an anonymous source as any other—but reasoning without experimental knowledge, without the support of observed facts, can profitably occupy but a small space in agricultural literature; and the moment the latter are cited, we want the authority of a name to give weight to them—or, in the case of a new or comparatively little known writer, to demonstrate his sincerity and his willingness to assume all the responsibility of his statements.

While, therefore, we shall not reject all anonymous contributions, (if the writer's address is communicated to us,) we decidedly prefer, and respectfully request, that every correspondent attach his name and that of his post-office to all articles of serious import intended for this paper.

#### MERCURIAL OINTMENT FOR "PICKING."

IN our article on "Sheep Work in February," we recommended the application of the blue mercurial ointment, of the druggists' shops, mixed thoroughly with five or six equal parts of lard—with caution, in respect to the amount used—to sheep which bite or "pick" their own wool to a seriously injurious extent. In our recent visit to Vermont we learned from WILLIAM R. SANFORD, of Orwell, one of the most experienced shepherds of that State, that he was in the habit of applying this remedy, and always with successful results. He uses a piece of the size of an ordinary chestnut to each sheep, if necessary—rubbing a little of it with the end of a finger thoroughly into the skin whereon the wool is started. This is repeated a second time if the picking is not discontinued. Mr. SANFORD does not attribute the supposed irritation of the skin which occasions "picking" to the sheep lying on beds of heating dung; for he says, "they are as apt to pick in the fall when they are out as when they are housed." He attributes it to some change in the skin occasioned by an improvement in condition, and says "it is the oily sheep which pick themselves most."

Another distinguished Vermont flock-master informed us that he killed two sheep by applying to them the mercurial ointment of the shops, without weakening it by any additions of lard. He thought, too, he used a piece on each rather larger than a chestnut.

A third flock-master of the same State admitted to us that he killed several valuable sheep by applying red precipitate in the same way and for the same purpose. He did not state the amount used.

We have conversed with others who concur with Mr. SANFORD in saying that their sheep sometimes pick when running at grass. But for ourselves we never have seen an instance of this, in the case of sheep not summer-housed at night or from storms.

#### SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

HON. H. S. RANDALL—My Dear Sir:—I am exceedingly glad you have been able to bring our friend Mr. GEDDES into the arena as a champion for sheep husbandry. He has too long withheld from the agricultural public the results of a rich experience, aided by a matured judgment. In no way can he render the world more service than in your Department. Let us hope we are to hear from him often during the year.

I do not mean to say wool growing is not profitable, even in this State, but I do mean to say that it is not as profitable in any given locality within the State, as growing sheep for mutton, and making wool only a subordinate. I mean also to say, that where grain growing is not profitable, sheep husbandry is not as profitable as the dairy.

This State, in many respects, assimilates England, especially in the multiplicity of its local markets, and a general market, which is capable of absorbing all the surplus not consumed in the local markets, and in the facilities for reaching these markets from all parts of the country.

England has also its corn or grain growing districts and its grass districts, though the proportion of grain land to grass is much larger there than here.

If Mr. G. will turn to CAIRD'S *English Agriculture*, page 480, he will find that the rental of the grain growing counties of the east coast averages 28s. 8d. per acre,—while the more mixed husbandry of the midland counties, and the grazing, green crops and dairy districts of the west gave a rental per acre of 30s. 5d. Mr. CAIRD says "this striking difference, being not less than 30 per cent., is explained chiefly by the different value of their staple produce. Corn, the staple of the west coast, selling at the same price as it did 80 years ago, while dairy produce, meat and wool, have nearly doubled in value." In this State, wheat has not materially enhanced in value for the last 35 years, while meat and the products of the dairy, have at least trebled in value, and wool has not generally doubled. Now, if we leave off the values of these exceptional years, and go back to the time when gold was par, we shall find that while for the preceding ten years the grains were nearly or quite stationary, mutton had trebled, wool had not doubled, and the dairy had about trebled its value. Admitting these facts, does Mr. GEDDES

mean to be understood that growing sheep for wool is more profitable than to grow them for the mutton, or that sheep husbandry is more profitable than the dairy? I should like to see his answer.

HON. H. S. RANDALL—My Dear Sir:—I was very glad to see in the last RURAL an article from your friend, the Hon. GEORGE GEDDES. It is a very sensible answer to an article in the 1st No. on the subject of sheep, by Mr. PETERS. In that article Mr. PETERS "swashed round" so badly that it was difficult to make out what he intended by it.

It seems to me that Mr. GEDDES takes the true view in regard to the question, in that modes of farming must be regulated by markets, other things being equal. I do not believe that a dairy can be made to pay near as well upon a good grain farm as sheep, for the reason that sheep do not require the same kind of pasture for profitable development as cows. Sheep and clover do well together. But I am informed by leading and successful dairymen that clover pasture does not yield as much milk, cheese or butter, as old pastures filled with white clover and the grasses. Indeed, it is the opinion of many farmers of long practice, that pastures should never be plowed. In a grain growing region this practice would be absurd, for the reason that a natural wheat soil pays the largest interest by being plowed or kept as much in tillage crops as possible, with reference to its increasing fertility. In one system the plow is the rule, in the other the exception. On a small farm it may be true that a few cows will do more toward the support of a family than a few sheep. The subject in all its bearings is interesting to the farmer. Let it be ventilated.

THE SPANISH IMPORTATION SWINDLE.

[THE following letter gives another curious chapter in the history of the sheep sold to parties in Ohio, as imported Spanish sheep, by HENRY B. SILVERNAIL, of Antrim Paper Mills, Columbia county, New York.]

NORTH HOOSICK, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1864. DEAR SIR:—I received your letter of the 8th inst. You wished me to give you a history of the sheep SILVERNAIL purchased here. I will begin with the large ram. He was bred by Mr. LEACH, of Rupert, Vt. — JOSEPH HARWOOD, of East Rupert, Vt., told me that Mr. LEACH brought the dam to his Spanish ram Sweepstakes. She was a large, coarse, white-wooled sheep. They did not know the blood, but she resembled the French. Mr. LEACH got the ewe out of a drove and gave two wethers for her. Messrs. SHRIVES & ROGGY, of Hoosick, purchased the ram of Mr. LEACH in October, 1862. They said they paid \$100 for him. I saw him the next day after they got him home. He was rather light-colored and lacked oil. In a few days I saw him again. He was of a good, even color, with the preparation applied, and before spring he was a very oily sheep. Messrs. SHRIVES & ROGGY said he cut 27 pounds of wool. He was sheared the 8th of May. I saw him the 20th of May. The wool on his back was from one-half to three-fourths of an inch long; on his sides, belly and legs it was from three-fourths to one inch long, and his fore-top was not clipped at all. SLOCUM BARKER, of White Creek, purchased him of Messrs. SHRIVES & ROGGY for \$800. Mr. BARKER told me that he sold Mr. SILVERNAIL three-fourths of him for the same he gave, reserving one-fourth. He said also Mr. SILVERNAIL took him to Ohio and sold him for \$2,800, but he would not tell me to whom. I have no doubt that it was to Messrs. KELLER & GURNEY. He also at the same time purchased 44 sheep of CEPHAS D. SWEET, of Shaftsbury, Vt., for \$2,400; also nine of SIMON PERCY, of Hoosick, for \$500; also, some of ELON SWEET, for which he paid \$40 per head. They all claim them to be pure Spanish. This is all I can say about them. Yours, respectfully, D. W. PERCEY.

GOV. WRIGHT'S IMPORTED SHEEP.

[THE following letter is from the highly intelligent gentleman who has charge of Gov. WRIGHT'S imported sheep and their descendants:]

PORTLAND MILLS, INDIANA, Dec. 26, 1863. HON. HENRY S. RANDALL—Dear Sir:—I received your letter, last spring, requesting me to give you the measurement of our Nigretti sheep and some samples of their wool. I have measured a buck and ewe as near the average as I could select.

Table with columns: DIMENSIONS, BUCK, EWE. Rows include measurements like Length from mouth to horn, shoulder to tail, etc.

I sheared from them this season an average of 6 1/2 lbs. of wool, washed in soft water. There is not so much difference in the weight of fleeces between bucks and ewes as in some other families of Merinos. I let them run out the year round to stock yards, &c., and only house them when they are about to lamb. This, you know, has considerable to do with the weight of fleeces and the appearance of the wool. No one in this State houses sheep as they do in Vermont.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

SOUTH DOWN SHEEP WANTED.—O. F. JONES, of Wooster, Ohio, "wishes to obtain two bucks and six ewes of pure South Down breed. Of whom can he obtain them, and at what price?" SAMUEL THORNE, of Washington Hollow, N. Y., is an importer and breeder of choice animals of this breed.

INFORMATION IN RELATION TO VIRGINIA SHEEP LANDS WANTED.—"A Subscriber" at Pawlet, Vt., wishes "to ascertain the adaptability of Western Virginia to wool growing—and the soil, timber, and price of land in the counties of Ritchie, Wirt, Harrison, Lewis, Braxton and Gilmer." Nearly all of West Virginia is peculiarly well adapted to wool growing. It produces the best fleecing wools raised on this Continent. Will some Virginia correspondent answer the remaining questions.

SORE MOUTHS IN SHEEP.—Our Waterloo, N. Y., correspondent will find his questions on this subject answered in our last preceding number.

SILESIAN AND NEW OXFORDSHIRE SHEEP.—D. F. DRAKE, of Boston, Mass., inquires "where he can procure full blood Silesian and New Oxfordshire Sheep nearest that city." WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, of Red Hook, N. Y., has a valuable flock of the former. Inquire of JAMES S. GRINNELL, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for the latter.

SCOTCH COLLEYS.—M. GARRETT, 204 G street, Washington, D. C., wishes to know where shepherd dogs of this breed can be purchased by the pair, and at what price. We have frequently received the same inquiries within the past few months. Let the breeders of these dogs advertise them.

THE SONG OF THE SHEEP.—We have received eight superb verses from Ypsilanti, Mich., under the above heading. For example, what can be more overpowering than the sixth stanza:

"The Vermont sheep are number one For length of staple and oil end gum, But we can hardly be outdone In Michigan, my Michigan."

The thing is quite too good to be given out all at once! Seriously,—why will not some "born poet" write a good sheep song which can be set to music? Something having the airy grace and tinkling melody of many of the German harvest songs—or, better still, the fine fire of old MARLOW'S verses—"The Passionate Shepherd and his Love,"—would come in very pleasantly rippling from the keys of a piano, or merely from the cherry lips of a pretty girl, as an interlude to the interminable "sheep talks," now so universal when neighbors, addicted to sleep, get together of an evening. The man or woman who shall produce that song, shall be gratefully remembered "with all the honors" wherever it is sung!

LUTHER H. TUCKER'S ADDRESS.—We have received a beautifully printed Address delivered before the Worcester North Agricultural Society at Fitchburg, Mass., by L. H. TUCKER, Esq., of the Country Gentleman. It is a sensible, able, and admirably written production.

Communications, &c.

WINTER FOOD—CORN FOR FODDER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I call attention to a subject in which all farmers are deeply interested, and concerning which I speak advisedly; for I speak from the clear light of experience. Then, listen, you dairymen, herdsmen, shepherds, and I will put money in your pockets. Look at the market prices of hay, oats, corn and all kinds of feed for keeping stock! Why are they all so very high priced? The reply comes readily,—that the hay and oat crops have been cut short by drouths; that the corn crop was injured by frosts in places, and that the army consumes such vast quantities of forage that the demand is greater than the supply. I have an antidote for this state of things, and, if farmers will follow the suggestions offered, another year will not behold so many empty or half-filled barns; nor will farmers be obliged to sacrifice so many dollars by disposing of stock at less than half their value for the want of food to winter it. My remedy is the raising of corn for fodder. I tell no news to many, when I tell them that three fold more feed can be raised per acre this way than any other; that it can be grown when it is too dry for grass or oats, and that it is the very best feed for most kinds of stock. Now for facts. One of my neighbors, the past season, raised three acres. It was sowed in drills, three feet apart, one and a half bushels of seed per acre, about the first of June. The result of our figuring was twenty-four and a half tons per acre of green feed. Suppose it loses two-thirds in drying, he would have over eight tons of dry feed per acre. I sowed an acre of turf ground; did not cultivate it; the result was six heavy loads of dry feed. I have been feeding it to cows and horses, and I pronounce it the best fodder I ever put before stock. How else can feed be raised as easily? As a summary of its excellencies I will remark, 1st, a greater amount of feed per acre can be raised with this than any other crop. 2d, It requires but little labor to get it in and cultivate it; not more than the corn crop generally. Its chief labor is in "cutting it up;" but the labor of putting up a ton of hay would put up a ton of this. 3d, If the soil is deep and rich it will resist drouth better than any other crop. 4th, I know of nothing better for producing milk, if fed to cows. Hence, dairymen should raise it to feed to cows in the fall when pasturage begins to fail. We have fed it the two past seasons, beginning about the 10th of September, and feeding through till winter. The result has been, that during the fall months, we have turned in value of butter and cheese as much as any other months of the season.

The manner of raising it is as follows:—Prepare your ground as for corn; for a good crop have a deep, rich soil. Take a shovel plow, and furrow out the ground three feet apart. Scatter in the seed at the rate of one and a half bushels of seed per acre. Then, with your plow, throw the furrow back over the corn. Two hands and a horse will put in an acre per day. Those who have drills can, of course, put it in much faster. When up, so as not to be covered, run a plow

through a few times to kill the weeds and loosen the soil. In harvesting, if light, it can be cradled, bound and set up like grain; but if heavy (as it will be if your soil is good,) cut it up with "corn cutters," blind, and set up in shocks to dry. It can be sown "broad-cast," but it cannot be cultivated, and it is much more work to harvest it. Try it, brother farmers, and my word for it, next year you will have no reason to complain of dry seasons or empty barns. Hiram, Portage Co., O. S. RYDER, JR.

REMARKS.—We can endorse what our correspondent says of the value of sowed corn, not only for soiling stock during the "dry time" in summer and early autumn, but also as a winter resource. But there is another plant that is fast becoming popular for this purpose. And farmers who have grown and fed it prefer it greatly to sowed corn. It is Sorghum. It is easily grown, cultivated precisely as our correspondent cultivates corn, produces an equal or greater bulk and weight of stalk and foliage; and cattle and swine consume every particle of it—stalks and all, with a greediness which needs to be seen to be appreciated. It makes the cows yield more and richer milk, and fattens the hogs wonderfully. Get some seed and try it.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS. A New Mode of Getting Rid of the Evil.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—At the Wool Growers' Convention recently held at Columbus, Ohio, the destruction of sheep by dogs was a prominent subject of discussion, resulting in the appointment of a Committee, who reported a memorial to Congress to levy a revenue tax of one dollar a head on dogs, which is very well. Notwithstanding the much that was said, then and there, it does not appear that the root of this dog question was reached. Dog killing and indiscriminate dog taxing, hitherto, has failed to cure the evil. Allow me to suggest another mode.

It is estimated that there are 500,000 dogs in the State of Ohio! Whence came they? Are there any breeders of the animal who make it a business to raise them? I know of none. Evidently they are propagated without any care on the part of owners, and the result is a mongrel breed of degenerate curs, immensely damaging to individuals and the country. To relieve ourselves from this evil, we must proceed upon the principle dictated by common sense, that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

If we would protect our sheep from dogs, we must cut off the source of supply—the female dogs. How shall it be done? Let Congress pass a revenue law, taxing all male dogs one dollar a head, in accordance with the memorial adopted by the Convention—but on female dogs let the tax be five dollars a head. Such a tax would operate as prohibitory—preventing their propagation, as the instances would be few and far between of persons paying so dearly for the privilege of inflicting their worthless dog progeny on the public.

A law passed for thus taxing dogs, every wool grower, as he values his flock and deprecates its injury, should make it his special business to see that every female dog in his vicinity was duly assessed and the tax collected. Other methods to get rid of this evil have confessedly proved failures, from the aversion which neighbors have to executing the dog laws. The dog, by nature, is an affectionate animal, and, by his winning ways, makes himself companionable. Love for the master begets love for the dog—and "touch my dog, you touch me," is the prevalent feeling of owners of dogs—be they ever so worthless. Hence, the difficulty of enforcing dog laws now on the statute book. Another benefit would accrue from this high tariff on female dogs. It would encourage the importation of really valuable breeds—such as the shepherd, terrier, &c. If sportsmen can pay twenty-five or fifty dollars for a fancy dog, a wool grower could afford to pay as much for such as is described in Dr. RANDALL'S excellent work, the Practical Shepherd. Milan, Ohio, Feb., 1864. D. S. ROCKWELL.

LARVA OF THE MAY-BUG.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I notice in your paper of January 16, 1864, "Hops, lime as a manure, grubs, &c." It is claimed by the writer that the large white grub is the larva produced by the May-bug. I think this is an error; at least my observation has been different. Some 20 years ago I built a temporary open shed on one side for cattle and put in a plank floor. The first spring after built, I cleaned all the manure out, and no cattle ran under the shed till into September following. The next spring, while cleaning out this shed, (the first days of May,) I found, near one of the posts, a quantity of small grubs from one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch in length. Within a few years I have found large quantities of grubs in the manure piles that are made wholly in the winter or in the foddering season. Now, how came the grubs in the manure? The bug has not flown during the time the manure was making. I give it as my opinion that there is at least three changes from the grub worm to the big May-bug that comes out of the ground, in this section, about the first of June. That deposits the germ for a small brown or black bug with spots of red and some yellow.

The bug is about the size of half of a Marrow-fat pea, and comes out early in the spring and lays the germ in the manure for the grub worm, which soon comes out, if the manure piles lay on the sunny side of the barn or stable. I think A. B. is correct as to the time when the metamorphoses takes place. I should have said above, in place, that where the manure is put in piles out of the stable it is all taken away in the spring or fall, so it can not be claimed they crawl up in the spring of the year. R. W. K. French Creek, Chaut. Co., Jan., 1864.

ANNUAL MEETING N. Y. STATE AG. SOCIETY. PREMIUMS AWARDED.

Table with columns: FIELD CROPS, BUTTER DAIRY FARM, WHEAT AND SEEDS. Lists various agricultural products and their respective premium amounts.

BUTTER.

3 tubs Butter, made at any time, 1st, Norman Gowdy \$15 2d, Mrs. H. Wier 10 3d, Al Pine 10

FRUIT, WINE AND MAPLE SUGAR.

Apples—1st prem, 20 varieties, Wm. H. Slingerland, 2d, Normanskill, 3d, L. L. French, 4th, W. C. DeForest, 5th, D. W. C. DeForest, 6th, E. S. Hayward, 7th, E. S. Hayward, 8th, E. S. Hayward, 9th, E. S. Hayward, 10th, E. S. Hayward.

DISCRETIONARY.

Isaac H. Coeka, Westbury, L. I., sample Tappan-nock Wheat, 8 varieties, Trans. D. A. Bulkeley, Williamstown, Mass., 8 varieties, Trans. A. E. Van Allen, Paris, France, 100 lbs. of Potatoes, Trans. L. L. French, White Fall Seed, Trans. To E. Hoag, Rensselaerville, the committee recommended favorable notice for his power for churning. Moses E. James, Watertown, American Water Engine. The special committee appointed to examine Mr. James' self-acting pump, report that in the brief space of time they had their command, they saw the pump in operation, and have formed a high opinion of its mechanical adaptation to the purpose for which it is designed. But as the opportunity to test its comparative excellence with the water which it promises to be a substitute in many situations, was not afforded, your committee recommended that the question of its real merit in this respect, be deferred until a fair opportunity for a more thorough test be had.

Inquiries and Answers.

"MICHIGAN" should carefully read the sheep department in the RURAL where the very subject he seeks light upon is being discussed.

SCHOOLER'S PRESERVATORY.—Can you or any of you recommend anything about SCHOOLER'S Preservatory?—G. B. J., Brewerston.

BONE DUST FOR HOPS.—Will some of your correspondents inform me if bone dust is a good manure for hops? Has any one used it on hops and tobacco?—M. A. ABBEY.

PUFF OR WIND-GALL.—The following cured my father's horse of a wind-gall—1 ounce each of the oil of hemlock, and alcohol, mixed and rubbed on the gall twice each day. I know it will cure.—J. H. L.

WHAT AILS THE COLT?—I have a three year old colt that is affected with swellings under his jaws on the horns. They are attended with great soreness and some fever. If you, or some of your numerous subscribers, would inform me through your paper, what it is and a remedy, it would oblige—A READER, Walton, N. Y.

N. T., BROOKLYN, MICH.—On page 261 of the last Vol. of RURAL (1863) you will find a description of the work done by two binders attached to reapers. The two named are the only ones known that have proved of any practical value. And they are by no means perfect.

HORSE MANURE AND PLASTER TO POTATO GROUND.—Will you, or some of your readers, give me the best method of applying horse manure and gypsum to potato ground?—H. G. B., Titusville.

It is good practice to add a small quantity of plaster to the horse manure, occasionally, as it is thrown from the stable—especially if it heats and steams. On stiff soils we should prefer to incorporate the manure with the soil by plowing under lightly. On light soils we would apply some other kind of manure, and use the horse manure for corn. Plaster applied as a top dressing to potatoes after the first hoeing will make itself felt—especially on sod ground.

ORCHARD GRASS.—Where can pure orchard grass seed be obtained? What price per bushel? How much seed is required per acre?—H. G. B., Titusville. We cannot answer the first two questions. Almost any seed establishment keeps it. The quantity of seed per acre should depend upon the object you have in growing it. If you sow it alone for seed, from 1 1/2 to 2 bushels will be required. For pasture or meadow it should be mixed with early clover, and half the above quantity used. If the object is pasture, more seed should be sown than for meadow.

SOILING PLASTER IN WINTER.—Will plaster evaporate by laying on the ground from mid-winter to the season of vegetation? Two years ago, one man gave his testimony in the RURAL in favor of soiling in March; and a few days ago an experienced farmer advised me to sow any time during winter for the reason that the time allowed it to dissolve would render it more effective. The advantage of having the work done before spring work comes on, was a consideration. I don't remember of having heard anything said against winter soiling—but the knowledge that it changes the color of clover or wheat immediately when sown after vegetation begins, causes me to think that it dissolves very soon after being sown, and that consequently there may be waste from winter soiling. Here plaster costs \$10 per ton, and as I have been accustomed to buying it in New York for \$2.50 to \$3.00, the object for using it economically is increased.—J. W. CHADDOCK, Jonesville, Mich.

We would quite as soon sow it late in autumn, or in mid-winter—if we can get it on the ground—for effect the succeeding season, as in spring. We do not think it wastes. It will pay well to sow it on a field of winter wheat in March—especially if it is partially winter-killed; and more especially if the field has been seeded with grass. The crop will be increased materially, both of wheat and grass. We have had experience in this matter.

Rural Notes and Items.

ANNUAL MEETING OF N. Y. STATE AG. SOCIETY.—We attended this meeting—at Albany, 10th inst.—and, while sojourning at the East, sent a report of the proceedings which was not received in time for our last number. As a list of officers elected was given in the RURAL, and as the proceedings of the meeting have already been widely published, we omit details and only refer now to the most important features. The attendance was larger than at any meeting for several years, most parts of the State being represented. The Treasurer's report exhibited a balance of nearly \$4,000—over \$2,000 invested in United States Securities. The report of the Secretary, showing the progress of Agriculture in the State during the past year, was listened to with interest. It alluded to the great advances made in Flax Culture, and spoke highly of SANFORD & MALLOY'S flax dressing machine; gave a very favorable statement concerning the progress and condition of Sheep Husbandry in the State; urgently recommended a practical trial of Agricultural Implements and Machinery during the ensuing summer; made an exhibit of what the Society had done during the year to ascertain as to the practicability of making sorgo sugar in the State; and particularly dilated upon the Dairy Interest, and the extensive establishment of cheese factories and their profitable results. Officers of the Society were elected for 1864, as named in our last. The committee appointed to recommend a place for holding the next Annual Fair failing to agree, the matter was finally referred to the Executive Board. Hon. T. C. PETERS offered a resolution that it was expedient for the Society to hold a meeting for the purpose of carrying out a thorough trial of Implements of Agriculture in the following classes—1. For preparing the land for the crop; 2, for harvesting and securing the crop; 3, for preparing it for market. This proposition met with much favor, and the matter was referred to the Board for decision. Mr. JUDN, of New York, suggested a testimonial to Rev. C. E. GOODRICH, of Utica, for his efforts in cultivating and introducing new varieties of the Potato. Mr. G.'s services were commended by other gentlemen, who alluded to his advanced age and feeble health, and the result was a handsome testimonial—over \$500 being subscribed, we learn, before the meeting adjourned.

—We were not present at the subsequent sessions, and did not hear the discussions or addresses, or attend the Winter Exhibition. The address of the retiring President, E. G. FAILE, Esq., is spoken of in the highest terms—as eminently practical and appropriate. In preceding column we give a list of the premiums awarded.

THE NEXT N. Y. STATE FAIR.—It appears that the committee at the Annual Meeting of the State Ag. Society could not agree upon a place to be recommended for the location of the next Fair of the Society, Rochester and Utica being the applicants. We believe both places have the necessary grounds and buildings, so that either could accommodate the Society—but if we mistake not it is an established rule of the Society, from which it has never departed, that two consecutive Fairs shall not be held in the same place. It was this invariable rule which prevented Rochester from having the Fair last year—for many members of the board conceded that the unfavorable weather during the whole week of the exhibition of 1863 entitled the people of Rochester and Western New York to an opportunity to show what they could accomplish under favorable auspices. Aside from the rule alluded to there is another item of some account—the success of the Fair financially. Those familiar with the history of former exhibitions need not be told which of the two places named is the best to secure a good exhibition, large attendance, and ample receipts. But the question of location is left with the Executive Committee, and will no doubt be decided wisely.

—The above was written while we were East, and intended for last week's RURAL. Since our return we find that the people of Rochester and vicinity are not apparently very desirous that the Fair should be located here, and, inasmuch as the Society has advertised for applications from other locations, we presume it will go elsewhere. And so mote it be.

NEW PLOWS.—In a recent conversation Ex-Lieut. Gov. BROWN, of the N. E. Farmer, informed us that Mr. Nourse, of Boston, was engaged in perfecting a series of new plows which it was thought would prove of great value; and in his last paper we find this item on the subject.—"Mr. Nourse has devised, and already completed, some new plows which we think will enable the farmer to do his plowing easier and cheaper than he has ever accomplished it before. They are of iron,—light, compact and strong, combining the principles of the best English, French and American plows. These plows are so constructed as to obviate the necessity of purchasing a new plow when a portion of the one in hand is broken,—for a piece may be procured to fit the place where the broken or worn part is taken out."

OHIO CHEESE MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION.—Such is the name of an organization effected at West Claridon the 2d inst. A constitution was adopted, and the following officers elected: President—A. BARTLETT of Geauga. Vice Pres.—H. N. Carter of Lake; H. Osborn of Ashtabula; W. J. Eldredge of Portage; E. Stanhope of Geauga; H. A. Chamberlain of Summit; E. C. Cox of Trumbull; — Clark of Warrensville, Cuyahoga Co. Rec. Sec.—F. H. Mills, Bridge Creek, Geauga Co. Cor. Sec.—Lucius Bartlett, Ford, Geauga Co. Treasurer—A. D. Hall, Claridon, Geauga Co.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—At a late meeting of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture, a movement was made for the organization of a New England Agricultural Association, and a committee was appointed to call on the several Agricultural Societies of the State to send delegates to a meeting to be held in Worcester on the 24 of March ensuing, for such purpose. So we learn from the N. E. Farmer, which favors the movement.

THE MICHIGAN AG. SOCIETY, by its Executive Committee, has resolved to establish permanent rooms for a museum and library at Ypsilanti, and have appropriated \$2,000 for the purpose, provided \$3,000 is otherwise secured. It is proposed to erect the building on the Normal School grounds, and in connection with that institution. The board also appropriated \$250 annually to make collections for the museum. This looks progressive.

THE LAND GRANT AND THE LEGISLATURE.—The following resolution was adopted at the recent meeting of the N. Y. State Ag. Society: Resolved, That the New York State Agricultural Society deprecates the action of the last Legislature in bestowing upon a single institution, and that not the representative of Agricultural interests of the State, the whole of the vast land grant made by Congress for the promotion of agricultural and mechanical education; and this Society respectfully urges upon the present Legislature the repeal or modification of the present law, so that the New York State Agricultural College shall receive a full share of this noble grant, that the intention of Congress may be fulfilled, in the advancement of agricultural science.

Horticultural.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

[Continued from page 63, last number.]

BEST VARIETIES OF PEARS FOR FAMILY USE.

**Bartlett**—TOWNSEND—This is the best pear in its season.

**AINSWORTH**—Mr. CHAPIN put several barrels of this fruit in his ice house when the market was poor, and kept them a while; then sent them to market and got three times what they would have brought him in their season.

**Belle Lucrative**—G. ELLWANGER—This is next best after the Bartlett. It is good—the best in its season.

**BEADLE**—I have grown it on both quince and pear stocks. It is equally good on either. On the quince we got the larger pear; but they seem more liable to blight. Some of my neighbors think it a better fruit than the Bartlett.

**AINSWORTH**—It decays at the core very quick—by the time it is in good eating condition. It bears the second and third year after transplanting on pear stock, and just as well on the quince. Its only drawback is the tendency to decay at the core. I have never tried to market it. As the trees get size it may outgrow this tendency to rot. The Bartlett is a better keeper.

**BEADLE**—I have never noticed the rot, nor any tendency to it. It may be because it never gets a chance to develop this feature with us.

**J. J. THOMAS**—Is not this a very valuable fruit? I remember at the first American Pomological Congress I was a member of a committee with A. J. DOWNING and Mr. WALKER, to recommend a list of pears. Mr. DOWNING asked Mr. WALKER if we should put this pear on the list. Mr. W. replied, "When it is fine it is very fine." "But shall we put it on the list?" again asked Mr. DOWNING. "When it is fine it is very fine," replied Mr. WALKER, and that was all we could get out of him concerning it. And it is a very fine fruit.

**CHAS. DOWNING**—It is variable with me. It is better flavored when dwarfed than when grown on standards. When well thinned on the tree it is delicious.

**SMITH**—I would not recommend it for a market pear.

**G. ELLWANGER**—If it is thinned out it is a good pear. There is no better. And the reason it is variable in character, is because gentlemen do not attend to the thinning out.

**BEADLE**—That is, without doubt, the case. We make it a rule to thin out pears. I never yet saw a poor Belle Lucrative.

**Howell**—OLMSTEAD—This is a beautiful and good pear; resembles the Bartlett somewhat.

**CHAS. DOWNING**—It has been very poor with me so far.

**HOOKER**—It is not good enough to recommend.

**SMITH**—I fruited it this year. Thought well of it; but I don't know enough about it to recommend it.

**OLMSTEAD**—It fills out the season, and, with me, is a good pear.

**Flemish Beauty**—SMITH—Although this fruit cracks it cannot be dispensed with. It should be picked before it begins to color.

**HOOKER**—You cannot rely on it with us. It cracks and spots so badly as to render it almost worthless to us here, especially as a market fruit. The foliage falls from a leaf blight, and the fruit does not ripen and develop.

**G. ELLWANGER**—I cannot give it as bad a character as that. Locality makes a difference with it. It does not drop its foliage with us.

**DR. SYLVESTER**—The tree is an abundant bearer. The leaves fall early. The fruit does not fall. We think highly of it.

**DOWNING**—It is a first rate pear to eat. But it rots at the core. And yet it is first rate in many places.

**HOOKER**—The character I gave it is for this locality.

**SMITH**—In Canada it gives good satisfaction. With me it is a perfect pear. Does not decay at the core, nor is it spotted.

**J. J. THOMAS**—The extra hardness of the tree should not be overlooked. During the hard winters of 1856 and 1856, which were so fatal to fruit in the West, it was the only pear, I believe, which escaped.

**FISHER**—While in Canada, we had it, and it was a desirable tree there. The fruit did not crack nor rot, nor was there any objection to it. I have always regarded it as one of the best varieties of the pear.

**FISH**—It has been good with us until within the past two years.

**Sheldon**—FROST—I understand from those who have cultivated it that it has proved fine, and continues to rank among the first of all pears. It ripens the latter part of October.

**MAXWELL**—It succeeds well at Geneva.

**DR. SYLVESTER**—This pear originated in Wayne Co. The fruit is of good size and has a rusty coat. The tree is thrifty; not as early a bearer as some varieties. It does not take well worked on quince, but is good as a standard tree. The quality of the fruit is best, or nearly best.

**FISH**—I have fruited it two or three years. With me the fruit has not been uniform. Perhaps this objection to it will be removed as the tree gets older.

**BRONSON**—I have fruited it. It is uniformly good with me. It is not as handsome a fruit as some.

**HOOKER**—It ought to stand in the front rank. It combines as many good qualities as any I know of. It will prove a good market fruit, though not as handsome as some other varieties.

**SALTER**—We have had it ten years. Got a

few pears from it. It is a tardy bearer. If it would only bear well it ought to take the place of the Virgalieu. It will do so as a dwarf.

**J. J. THOMAS**—DAVID WRIGHT, of Auburn, has it. Have seen trees of it there burdened with fruit. Mr. BARRY once said at Boston he was inclined to call it the best pear in the world. It blighted a little last year.

**BEADLE**—We grafted it in the top of a standard tree, and it bore quickly of delicious fruit; it is rather vinous. Just as soon as the pears got ripe the Sheldon part of the tree blighted. It seems to be a constitutional defect.

**MAXWELL**—With us there is no such constitutional defect.

**FROST**—I think it, like all other of the finer varieties, less liable to blight than the coarser varieties.

**CHAS. DOWNING**—With me it is very free from blight.

**G. ELLWANGER**—I do not think I have ever seen any but the fire-blight on it—not the regular pear-blight.

**J. J. THOMAS**—I have not seen any blight on it in my own orchard, in which I have 200 to 300 trees.

**Beurre de Anjou**—SMITH—I name this as valuable for both amateur culture and the market. I think it an excellent pear.

**HOOKER**—I can indorse it.

**CHAS. DOWNING**—I know of no defect in it.

**Beurre Bosc**—J. J. THOMAS—JOHN MORSE, of Cayuga Bridge, has raised it, and thinks highly of it. But if we have extra cold winters it is cut back. It grows well and bears fine crops of good fruit.

**BEADLE**—I have not had any trouble of that sort with it. But it blights with us.

**OLMSTEAD**—It is hardy with me. The fruit is evenly distributed over the tree, and good specimens. Indeed, I never saw a poor one. And it is an excellent fruit in its season.

**Kirtland**—J. J. THOMAS—It has a fine flavor when it ripens well. It does not always do so; and that is not its only defect—it rots at the core.

**HOOKER** and **G. ELLWANGER** concur in the above opinions of it.

**HOAG**—Some years it is good and some years it is not.

**Des Nommes**—HOAG—I think very highly of this fruit.

**SMITH**—I think well of it. It is a good bearer. I would cultivate it as a winter pear.

**Pratt**—SMITH—This variety has proved good with us. I would like to know what its reputation is elsewhere.

**G. ELLWANGER**—It is good, not superior, but good.

**CHAS. DOWNING**—It is a variable bearer with us.

**Beurre Superfine**—G. ELLWANGER—This is an excellent pear. It is vinous, but good.

**HOOKER**—It is a hardy tree, but the fruit is too vinous, really sour.

**G. ELLWANGER**—I never saw a poor specimen of it.

**CHAS. DOWNING**—It does not overbear, and is one of the best pears, I think, we have.

**Lawrence**—SMITH—I name this as being a most excellent variety.

**HOOKER**—It is excellent; sweet; ripens up finely, and is valuable for family use and for market. The tree is a strong grower. Does well dwarfed. It is usually very productive, but not always so.

**SHARPE**—It is not very productive with me. But it is a handsome fruit. I sold my crop in the New York market at \$24 per barrel.

**J. J. THOMAS**—It is reputed to stand the western climates. It ripens well in the cellar stored like apples. I am disposed to consider it one of the best late fall pears.

**Duchesse de Angouleme**—FISH—This pear has given me the best satisfaction.

**SMITH**—I would not want to name it as one of the 14 varieties to be recommended for cultivation for family use.

**Seckel**—BRONSON—We can the Seckel. Think it the best canning fruit we have. We add a very little sugar. The skin is no objection.

**J. VICK**—I can a good many pears. Have canned the Seckel, and I would not give a cent for all that were ever canned of them. It is too sweet. Have canned them both with and without sugar. It has a sickly flavor canned. I want a good sharp pear to can.

**Winter Nelis**—G. ELLWANGER—This pear is a great favorite with me. It bears a good crop, ripens well, and has good flavor. It ripens about the last of January.

**HOOKER**—I indorse all that Mr. E. says of it. A friend of mine in New York told me it sold at one shilling each there. For home use there is no better pear. Fruit growers should top graft this variety into other trees; for they are such miserable trees in the nursery that nurserymen will not send them out.

**Josephine**—DR. BEADLE—You have this fruit on the table. It is not as high flavored this year as usual; but your fruit committees have spoken highly of it hitherto. All fruits are inferior in quality, I think, this season.

**G. ELLWANGER**—It is a pear of peculiar flavor; and a great many persons do not taste it when they think they do.

**J. J. THOMAS**—It is a very fine pear.

**Vicar of Winkfield**—DR. BEADLE—I have tried it ten years and cannot get a specimen fit to eat.

**AINSWORTH**—I get pretty good fruit from it, not the best. It bears, as a dwarf, heavily. Specimens are large and fine. Let them hang on the tree till frost comes, put them in barrels, and in a cellar till December, then bring them in a warm room and they ripen up good. It is not first rate.

**J. J. THOMAS**—I used to cultivate it. Abandoned it because it was so variable. In all instances it might be better than it is if allowed

to remain on the tree as long as possible. Have had them that were perfectly matured that were excellent. SAMUEL WALKER once said he would have it if he could have but one.

**AINSWORTH**—If well ripened it is a good fruit.

**FISH**—I saw them selling it in Washington this winter at fifty cents each.

**DR. SYLVESTER**—Left on the tree late, box them, store in an open shed, and ripen them in a warm room and they are good.

**DR. BEADLE**—At our Canada Fruit Growers' Meeting, I said I had yet to see one that I wanted to take a second piece from. A gentleman gave me one, and I ate it up! The next year I asked him if he had any more such Vicars as he gave me the year previous. "Ah," said he, "you don't understand it; that was an accident which happens about once in ten years."

THE VOTE ON PEARS.

The following are the fourteen varieties receiving the highest number of votes. They are given as nearly as possible in the order of ripening, and the number of votes each received is appended: Doyenne de Ete, 17; Beurre Giffard, 14; Duchesse de Angouleme, 18; Rostiezer, 12; Bartlett, 21; Belle Lucrative, 16; Flemish Beauty, 12; Louise Bonne de Jersey, 17; Seckel, 16; Beurre Bosc, 11; Sheldon, 17; Beurre Anjou, 14; Lawrence, 17; Winter Nelis, 12.

It may interest our readers if we give the list of the other varieties receiving votes, and the number of votes they respectively received: Tyson, 10; Easter Beurre, 9; Beurre Dell, 8; Osband's Summer, 7; Beurre Superfine, 4; Des Nommes, 4; Glout Morceau, 3; Vicar of Winkfield, 3; Dearborn's Seedling, 3; Ananas d'Ete, 3; Virgalieu, 3; Howell, 2; Brandywine, Ott, Dix, Swan's Orange, Bonne d' Egee, Joseph de Melnes, Paradiese d'Automne, Doyenne Bossock, Duc d' Bordeaux, Buffum and B. Langue, each one vote.

NEW AMERICAN SEEDLING PEARS.

In the Transactions of the Mass. Horticultural Society for the year 1863, the Fruit Committee make a long and elaborate report, from which we learn that a large number of new seedling pears have been produced by members of that Society; but we infer from the description that few if any of them will rank as best. Dr. S. A. SHURTLEFF exhibited, on September 6th, a new pear named Gen. Banks, and another named Gen. Rosecrans. On the 12th of September he exhibited another called Admiral Foote, a large, green, melting pear; and others, named, Admiral Porter, Gen. Grant, Allerton, Varuna, Diman, Quince, President, Norfolk County, Gen. Kearney, making altogether 12 new pears in one season.

We fear that several of these will not prove worthy the distinguished names given them. Admiral Porter and Gen. Grant are said to be "disposed to rot at the core." President "a little coarse," and others to "lack flavor."

Mr. A. I. DEAN also exhibited a seedling pear described as "very good;" Mr. CLAPP, Nos. 12 and 15; Mr. RICHARDSON, Nos. 1 and 2; Mr. FRANCIS DANA, two seedlings, one unnamed, and another named George Augustus. Mr. FRED. TUDOR exhibited, in November, a seedling, described as "nearly first rate." Messrs. WALKER & Co., a new pear, named Mount Vernon, "of a peculiar spicy flavor." This makes over a score of seedling pears brought out in one season.

The Committee close the report, as relates to the pear, as follows:—"A new pear cannot be considered by growers as a valuable acquisition, unless, in some particular, either of fruit or tree, it is superior to varieties of the same season now possessed, and unless fully equal to those in quality should certainly be condemned." This is the right doctrine, and we hope societies and committees will make it their rule of action when called to pass upon new fruits.

On the subject of grapes the Committee speak of the "Framingham Seedling," raised by J. G. MORNINGFORD, of Saxtonville, as an early black grape, and a new seedling from the Union Village, by E. A. BRACKETT. They also refer to *Jona* and *Adirondac*, but make no mention whatever of ROGERS' hybrids. This appears to us somewhat strange, as Mr. CABOT, Chairman of the Fruit Committee, resides at Salem, where the ROGERS' hybrids originated, and must have had ample opportunity of seeing them. B.

HINTS FOR THE LADIES.

IN response to the invitation in a late RURAL, to the lady readers to interchange experience, we have the following from Mrs. A. M. M., Eagle Harbor:

"I may not be able to give much information, but perhaps what I may write may be the means of inducing others to publish their experience, and thus we may all be benefited. The love of the beautiful is implanted in the heart of every one. There is scarcely a person who does not love flowers, if they will let their better feelings speak. Almost every lady can manage to have a few choice flowers, if she only sets about it. You know when a woman makes up her mind to do a thing it is generally accomplished. Perhaps a few hints to the new beginner will not be amiss.

"Now decide, early this spring, where you will have your beds. Ten chances to one your 'men folks' will think 'it's all foolishness' to raise flowers; so you must be modest in your requirements. Choose some spot close to the house, out of the way. Perhaps you will have to ask one of the men to spare the place for you. Be very careful to do so some time after you have provided an excellent dinner of his favorite dishes. Never ask a favor of any man when his stomach is empty. [Here let me add a word of caution. If it is your ambition to be considered

frail and delicate, don't commence a flower garden; for you will find it will make you distressingly healthy to work in the fresh dirt. I know from experience.]

"When you get your ground nicely fitted, if you are a person of limited means, you must go begging roots and seeds. You all have some acquaintances who cultivate flowers. Don't be afraid to ask for them; for, as a class, such are liberal hearted. You can set them out yourself. If you have a little odd change, buy a few choice seeds; not novelties though. Now, take good care of what few you have, and you will be surprised to find how attached you will become to them. If you keep watch, you'll see your husband or father looking at them when he thinks no one sees him. You must take a good deal of pains to read to him all you can find about hotbeds, and what wonderful vegetables one can raise by starting them early. He will surely make one in the spring, and then you can sow some nice seeds, in one corner, that you have managed to buy of Mr. VICK. Of course, after the plants have come up, (as come up they surely will, if they were bought of him,) your husband will know you must have more room; so he will dig a nice border each side the walk, and, maybe, a bed beside the fence. If you take good care of them they will make a beautiful show, and when your County Fair takes place, your Asters and Phloxes and Verbenas, &c., will take the premium; and then your 'men folks' will begin to think flowers are quite pretty after all.

"After that you have only to hint that you would like new beds, or seeds, or roots, and they are forthcoming. Soon, you'll be writing to the RURAL about your flowers; then your husband will think you are really of considerable importance, and treat you accordingly.

"In my next I'll tell you what flowers I like and what I cultivate—that is, if the editors think it's all worth publishing. I sincerely hope I shall hear from all, who cultivate flowers."

The editors will doubtless think that whatever a woman, who loves flowers, writes concerning the way to get them, and her preferences and reasons therefor, will be worth publishing. It seems to us peculiarly appropriate that women should be florists; and we hope such as are, will help to inspire others to become such.

Horticultural Notes.

THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The Tenth Session of this Society will be held in the city of Rochester, on the 13th, 14th and 15th days of September next. It is believed that an unusual degree of interest will be taken in this session. Already large delegations are appointed by Western Associations. The Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, at its 14th Annual Meeting, appointed various committees of arrangement.

FRUIT BUDS.—E. S. B., Nassau, N. Y., reports peach buds all right; Napoleon, Bigarreau and Black Tartarian cherries all right. Says they were nearly all destroyed last year before this time by the warm weather which took the frost out of the ground, and swelled the buds nearly to bursting. A change to cold destroyed them. He hopes to save his this year by keeping the frost in about the trees with a mulch.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.—From the annual report of the Commissioners of the Central Park in New York, it appears that all contemplated additions of land have been completed, and that the principal work remaining to be done is the improvement of the recent purchases and the boundary walls. More than seventy-nine thousand trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants were planted the past year. The carriage drive, now completed, is about eight miles in length; bridle road five miles; and walks twenty miles. Over 4,000, 000 persons visited the Park in 1863, and in one day over 9,000 carriages entered the drives.

SOOT AND GRUBS.—A correspondent of the London Florist says that soot is a remedy for grub in carrots, parsley, sea-kale, and many other things. He says:—"I sow soot pretty thickly on the ground where it is intended to sow carrots, just when I turn the ground over for the last time, before sowing, and I turn the soil over as roughly as possible. Then sow soot again, but not as thick as the first time. This I work in with the hoe before sowing the carrot seed, and I have by this plan had for four seasons continuously splendid crops of carrots."

Inquiries and Answers.

BARBERRY FOR HEDGES.—There is no reason why it will not answer first rate; it never dies down, and, planted in the hedge row, no kind of an animal can get through it.—I. A. B., *Essex, N. H.*

P. BARBER.—The desired article on Cemeteries will be remembered by Mr. BARBY.

THE CANKER WORM.—I would like to know whether any one by experience, knows that plowing an orchard at a certain season, will destroy the canker worm. I have not been troubled with them here in Wisconsin, but we may have them here, and I would like to know how to destroy them.—CHAS. M. FOWLER.

IRON FOR PEAR TREES.—(J. N. H., Scio, N. Y.) The idea that nails driven into a pear tree will cause fertility is a mere fancy. Iron in the soil may be beneficial, and iron filings mixed with the soil will do no harm; we could not say so much for the nail remedy.—B.

THE CHERRY SLUG.—Allow me to inquire, through the RURAL, about an insect. I think it is called a slug, which infests the leaves of plum, pear, and, more particularly, cherry trees. It is of a sluggish habit like the snail—of a greenish-brown color, and from 1/2 to 3/4 of an inch long. The leaves become transparent, then white, and die. Early cherries may ripen before they do much harm; but as I have seen trees with scarcely a green leaf, all being whitened as if bleached, I am looking forward with anxiety. What is the name of this insect? What its habits, or manner of increase? Is much danger to be apprehended from it, and what is the best means for its destruction? I have used slaked lime, sprinkling it on the leaves when wet with dew.—ISAAC PIERCE.

This is the too well known Pear and Cherry tree slug—a great pest. It is figured and fully described in HARRIS' Treatise on insects injurious to vegetation as *Scandria Cerasi*. See pages 529 to 532, new illustrated edit'n of 1862. We do not find it in Erwin's Noxious Insects; we may have overlooked it. A timely and thorough application of ashes or quick lime will prevent their ravages.—B.

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO MAKE AN OMELET.

SEEKING an inquiry from "A Young House-keeper" how to make an "Omelet," I send mine, which I call good.—Twelve eggs, well beaten; one cup of sweet cream, and a little salt. Butter your dish, pour in this mixture, set over a slow fire, and stir occasionally until done.—FANNIE R., *Pavilion, N. Y.*, 1864.

By another correspondent:—Six eggs, well beaten, with one teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of milk, with one teaspoonful of salt; beat this well; put the milk with the eggs just before you put it in to fry. You must have some melted butter, just enough to fry it in. Run a knife under the edge as it is beginning to fry.—E. M., *Wayne, N. Y.*, 1864.

GENUINE MINCE PIES.—EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I send my method for making mince pies. Those who are used to eating them pronounce them genuine. Take five pounds of nicely boiled and well minced fresh beef; add one gallon of chopped tart apples, one pint chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls sugar, two large tablespoonfuls of pulverized cinnamon, one teaspoonful of pepper, and one do. of salt.

To moisten with, take three pints of vinegar, one quart of sweet cider, and one teacup of butter.

The above articles should all be of the best quality, and in order to mix them well, it is necessary to heat the moistening to nearly boiling point, before it is added. The crust is made by taking one-third of butter or lard, (butter is preferable), and two-thirds of sweet, rich milk, or water, with a little salt.

Any one who tries the above recipe, in every particular, and does not pronounce it genuine, can not have learned the art of baking.—Mrs. S. H. EVERITT, *Allen Co., Ind.*, 1864.

CONE FRAMES.—I saw an inquiry in the RURAL for the "modus operandi" of making cone frames, preparing glue, &c. I use the common glue, melted by using warm water and heat. Have your frame ready, and with a stiff brush apply the glue to the cones, shells, &c., then place on the frame. Great care should be taken to have colors harmonize. I use spruce, pine and all the other kinds of cones that I can get. I also use nuts, apple seeds, hemp seeds, gravel stones, shells, beans of all colors, rice, cloves, spice, melon seeds, wheat, acorns and anything else that I can get that is pretty. Some ingenuity is required.—VIRGINIA FOX, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*, 1864.

ICE CREAM.—EDS. RURAL.—I see that some of your readers wish for a good recipe for ice cream. I will give one which I have tried, and know to be good:—To one cup of sugar, add three eggs; beat well, and add one quart of new milk. Put over the fire, and let it scald well, but not boil. Stir constantly. Set in a cool place. When cold, season to your taste. Put it in a covered pail, in a tub of snow, ice and salt, mixed. Stir often. It will be ready for use in one hour and a half.—MATE SAUNDERS, *Alden, Erie Co., N. Y.*, 1864.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.—Will some of the numerous readers of the RURAL inform me how to cure pimples on the face? An answer will greatly oblige A RURAL READER.

Bathe the body all over daily, eat less, and eat well cooked, light food, and do not abuse nor misuse the body in any particular. Think pure thoughts, live purely, and you will get rid of pimples. We regard them a disgrace to the person who wears them.

WEDDING CAKE.—I send you a recipe for making wedding cake, which I know to be excellent:—Five pounds of flour; 4 pounds of butter; 4 pounds of sugar; 5 pounds of currants or raisins; 2 ounces of cinnamon; 5 nutmegs; a little orange peel; 3 gills of brandy; 2 teacups of molasses; 2 teaspoons of saleratus; 30 eggs.—This will make six large loaves.—SIS., *Corfu, N. Y.*, 1864.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—Some time ago I saw an inquiry in the RURAL for a recipe for Diamond Cement. In answer I send the following: White glue or gelatin, four pounds; white lead, (dry), one pound; soft water, four quarts. Alcohol, one quart. Boil the glue and the lead in the water. When the glue is dissolved, add the alcohol and stir until the whole is well mixed.—J. RISING, *Southwick, Mass.*, 1864.

TO MEND LADIES' HOOPS.—Join the broken ends with a piece of an old hoop long enough to make it strong. Wrap a little cotton batting around it, then wind it thickly with strong thread, being careful to fasten the ends well—to tie them in a weaver's knot is a good way. This is neat and durable.—Mrs. J. A. C.

NICE BROWN BREAD.—Take two cups of Indian meal; one of flour; one-half cup of molasses; two cups of skimmed milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus, and one of salt. Mix well, then pour it into a covered pail. Set it into a kettle of water and boil it four hours.—Mrs. J. A. C.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

WAR HAS ITS TRIUMPHS, SO HAS PEACE.—While the armies of the Union were winning brilliant victories, the Chemical Saleratus was enjoying a series of uninterrupted triumphs over the popular aversion to all saleratus, because the common kinds in use were found to be destructive. Science had demonstrated that the *Chemical Saleratus* was not only pure in its nature, but wonderful in its effects, producing better bread and biscuit than any other kind of saleratus or soda known.

## Ladies' Department.

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

ALONE, 'mid the dark cheerless night,  
'Neath the pall of the leaden sky,  
I peer through the shadows—no gleam of light,  
Not a single ray to beam on my sight,  
And whisper, "The dawning is nigh!"

No sound but the pattering rain,  
As drop after drop strikes the ground;  
Till my temples throb with a heavy pain,  
And I strive to shut from my ears, in vain,  
The weary, monotonous sound.

I remember a grass-grown mound,  
Where one in a long dreamless rest,  
Heedeth never the dark night coming down—  
Nor the rain that falls with a sobbing sound,  
On the turf that covers his breast.

O, my heart with its perished joys  
I had lain in that narrow bed,  
Deeming not that Time could one pang destroy  
Or from its ashes create a new joy—  
Since my lamb, my darling was dead.

Now, I know, though bitter the cup,  
A parent more tender than I  
To my lips presented the chalice,—Enough!  
Submissively, meekly, I now yield him up,  
My lamb, to the "Shepherd" on high!

I know on that emerald shore,  
Just laved by the dark flowing tide,  
Where strains of the ransomed are heard evermore  
I shall meet with the loved and lost gone before,  
My beautiful darling that died!

LIZZIE D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
SOMETHING FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

WE dislike to say anything that may seem to reflect upon the character of any soldier in any of our armies. But the fact cannot be doubted that there are many men in the army, young and old, whose only claim upon our regard or respect is, that they are soldiers—that they are willing to fight the battles of the Union. No matter what the animating motive may be, this work of theirs, abstractly, is meritorious. But there is a species of advertising practiced by soldiers, to which we wish to call the attention of our young lady readers, accompanied with a warning. We refer to advertisements asking their correspondence. This seems a harmless amusement in itself, but alas! it is too often a fatal one. There are many noble, brave, true-hearted boys in the army. But as a rule, few of this class advertise for the *cartes de visites* of young ladies, and ask them to perform the indelicate task of writing a first letter. And few respectable men would have much respect for the young lady who responded to such an advertisement. There are doubtless some young men who procure the insertion of such advertisements from a mere love of adventure and romance, in a spirit of sport, with no ulterior nor improper objects, and there are many young ladies who respond in a similar spirit. But in the majority of cases, it is safe to say that no good object is the foundation of these requests; and that indulgence in such romantic ventures on the part of young ladies, is very dangerous indeed. We know several instances, and have read of more, where it has resulted in ruin, and the loss of happiness to young women. Starting in an innocent (perhaps) love of fun, and curiosity, these ventures have led the maiden into relations so intricate that she has become entangled in the net set for her, and sacrificed home and its loves, virtue and its peace, hope and its promises, and won only sorrow, shame and remorse.

Young women, confide in and trust your parents. Parents, win and claim, and retain, the confidence of your children. And mothers, and daughters, be on your guard against another infernal scheme, which has been disclosed through the agency of the public press. It is the establishment of what is called a "Photograph Union" at New York, for the collection of the photographs of young women, to be accompanied with information concerning their residence, pecuniary circumstances, disposition, habits and other particulars of interest. To stimulate activity in helping on with this enterprise, six prizes, ranging from \$20 down to a set of jewelry, are to be given to those who shall bring the largest number of pictures and "biographical notices." After a goodly number of photographs have been collected, the proprietor of the "Union" proposes to open a private gallery, and will allow young men to examine the pictures and documents "for a consideration," and select some one whose personal acquaintance they wish to make. Comment upon such a proposition is needless. There is nothing honorable or pure about it, and still there are many who will be inveigled by its specious pretenses, and we can only regret that the innocent and thoughtless can be so easily duped by the crafty and designing.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
THE YOUTHFUL DEAD.

SIGH we sadly, when, with folded wing the death angel broods in silence o'er our household band; sadly, when we know that the last ties are being broken that bind us to one we love so well; sadly, when we wildly kiss the cold lips and meet no response; sadly, indeed, sadly, when we behold the brown clouds close forever over the little coffin that contains our earthly casket. Seemingly, upon those little faces, the great seal of death should never be placed, and shadows dark and lonely lie within the deep recesses of our hearts, as "the loved, the good, the beautiful, pass away."

Yet should we not rejoice to think that those beautiful eyes will never be dimmed with tears, that those little lips will never quiver with

anguish, for they are gathered in the fold of the Good Shepherd; they now dwell in green pastures and beside still waters in the City of the New Jerusalem; they bask in the sunlight of His presence who said of them, "Suffer little children to come unto me." We miss them  
"As night would miss the shining stars,  
Or day would miss the sun."

Yet, wish them not back to tread the rugged paths of life with you, for full soon would they learn that we must ever have the bitter intermingled with the sweet, that dark clouds ever hover over the pathway of mortal man. 'Tis a beautiful sentiment, "Mourn not for the young, the ripple that dies in its first murmurings breaks with a song of joy, but the billow, weary of its long wanderings, falls heavily moaning on the sea."

The Youthful Dead! The brief, silvery ripples of thy life have broken with a song of joy; thy newly fledged soul sought the light that shone from the windows of Heaven, and while bright and beautiful flowers bloom above thy lowly bed, holy music wakes from thy golden harp in Heaven, swept by angel hands.

Ellington, 1864. JENNIE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
SCRAPS OF SINGED SENSE.

WHISKERS, BEARD, MOUSTACHES, IMPERIALS,  
GOATEES, &c.

I AM NO ANGELINA SERAPHINA; neither am I a moonstruck maiden or the object of devotion to some bewhiskered dandy. But I am an extravagant admirer of whiskers—black, brown, gray, sandy, red or maltese color. They are never too long, or too heavy, too straight or too curly for my taste. They make an ugly man handsome—a feminine man manly-looking, and give an ordinary man an air *distingue*. They are better for the health of the throat than all the tippets, furs, collars or neckties that can be mustered into service. Indeed, I am not sure but a man's soul may be measured by his beard. What is more ridiculous than to see a man being shaved? The razor may be dull, and the tears will start and his features will twitch this way and that, and when the operation is performed, he looks more like a singed monkey than a higher type of the orang-outang race. Another item in their favor is, they keep a man in better humor, and that is worth a fortune; for a cross man is worse than a stung bear any day. We think we must respect a man, while a bear doesn't elicit any, and so we can go at bruin with hammer and tongs, and with no compunctions of conscience.

A man sits and strokes his beard with much the same effect as stroking the fur of a cat the right way. If he finds himself puzzled, hasn't he his beard to resort to? And if he doesn't know what to do with his hands, can't he caress his moustache? But deliver me from goat-ees! a man must be half goat to wear one. You might as well shave your head save a few spears to wax and twist up into a curlycue. If a man has a place left for his eyes and nose, that is sufficient. It is a physiological truth that his eyes will be the stronger for it, and a smacking truth, his lips the more desirable.

MINNIE MINTWOOD.

Columbus, Ohio, February, 1864.

## MARRIAGES.

LOVE is the master passion of life, but its sweets must be gathered with a gentle hand. The kindly laws of nature set woman to man,  
"Like perfect music unto noble deeds."

But the harmony, to be preserved, must touch the heart and purify the senses. Therefore the sacred institution of marriage has been ordained to strengthen and dignify the union. The uses and duties of this holy state have ever been a subject of interest to mankind at large; and, in almost every age, marriage has been regarded as one of the great agents in the improvement and cultivation of the human family. Morally and physically, its influence for the benefit of mankind has been enormous; for, independently of its leading purpose, the perpetuation of our species, it has those high claims to our regard which are born out of the noblest and loftiest emotions of the soul. It is the foundation of all love and friendship, and creates a sentiment in the mind out of which spring the elements that foster and promote civilization.

To quote the words of one of the most eloquent of our prose writers, Jeremy Taylor:—"Marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world, and obeys kings and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world." The learned bishop might have gone further and stated that marriage was the author and encourager of almost every virtue we possess; and that as it was the first engagement into which man entered, so it has ever since remained the grand leading event of his life, and one intimately associated with his temporal and eternal welfare.—Selected.

A TEST OF WOMAN'S POWER OF WILL.—Hon. Ezra Cornell, of Ithaca, having conceived the idea that the ladies of the Hospital Aid Society of that village could progress faster in their noble work of sewing for the benefit of the soldiers if they would talk less, accordingly offered to contribute fifty dollars to the Society if twelve ladies could be found who would sew all day without speaking. The task was entered upon by fifteen self-sacrificing women of that village, and fourteen of them actually accomplished this very difficult feat of self-denial, although tempted in various ways by a large number of visitors and interlopers. One of the number failed in the undertaking, having been tempted, like Eve of old, by the offer of an apple, into a slip of the tongue.

## Choice Miscellany.

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

BY A. O. GARYARD.

'Twas eve; and the moonlight and starlight  
Came down on the wavelets asleep,  
As soft as the breath of an angel  
On the sad hearts of mourners who weep.

The light breeze, which scarce seemed in motion  
O'er valleys and hills, in repose,  
Went burdened with nightingale music  
And the odors of locust and rose.

When, down where the lake's gentle pulses  
To the breeze-hymn beat time on the shore,  
A young pair of whispering lovers  
Made vows to be true evermore.

'Twas late when they parted, with blessings;  
And low beat each sorrowing heart;  
And a stray moon-beam flashed on his sword,  
As the weeping youth turned to depart.

Since then, the cold storm breath of winter  
Has the forest robe torn and laid low;  
And the apple tree boughs in the orchard,  
Have gloried in purple and snow.

And, far off in green Carolina,  
There's a grave with no monument o'er;  
And another is down by the lake side,  
Where the wave-pulses beat on the shore.

He was slain by the sword of a traitor,  
When the sun, in the heavens, shone low;  
And she, by the words in the message  
Which told of the murderous blow.

And the angel who weighed out the glory  
To each one, for sacrifice due,  
Let the quantities balance each other,  
And equally smiled on the two.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

## STAMINA.

THERE is a vast difference between a perpendicular and a horizontal—between lying down and standing up. Gate-posts are always more dignified than side-walks, and naked walls than bare floors. It requires an effort to stand up, but lying down is a relaxation of self,—wrapping up one's self in one's self,—complacently sitting down on our own laps and enjoying a quiet snooze. I think it is "TIMOTHY TITCOMB" who declares that "men are constitutionally lazy." This assertion, if true, may serve to explain why legs are such useless appendages to many, but does not palliate the crime. Stamina is as necessary to a man as starch to a linen collar. The freezing point is what gives backbone to water, and in no less degree is it stamina which gives backbone to men. What we all need is more life, energy, vim. It is much easier to find hands than to find brains,—trained muscle than trained mind. Truly has Dr. ANDERSON said, "The world wants MEN, and GOD knows it." Clear-eyed, stout-hearted, strong-limbed, cool-brained, self-possessed men are always in demand. Aye! live men,—men of stamina, ready in vigor, fixed in principle, excelling in moral weight and momentum, adapted to all circumstances and in readiness for all occasions. With what rapt admiration do we stand before such lofty, independent spirits,—loyal to all that is good, and holding allegiance to no authority but that of truth, blending, in happy union, the high resolve and stern determination, pure love of country, the immortal longing for noble distinction, ideal aspiration, god-like self-sacrifice, loyalty to soul, to man, to GOD.

The hopes, purposes, ambitions of a noble manhood do not seem to pervade and penetrate the masses. Their bodies do not flame with the fire of burning hearts. The white intensity of life does not glow within them. No fragrance of intimate, elemental passion lingers around their life-work. They do not grasp the nucleus of the divine light,—make incarnate those angelic tokens transmitted to man.

Very few are the symmetrical lives reared in this world. Very few of us grasp our levers at the farthest extremities. No sooner do we get our intellect up to boiling heat than our fuel fails, and the fires go out under our hearts. So we go vacillating through life, and still above us the sun shines in tantalizing splendor,—the stars throb wildly against the bosom of the sky,—and beneath us the blind, instinctive earth is now richly, gorgeously crowned with a blooming garland of flowers, and now mantled with the

"Beautiful snow from heaven above,  
Pure as an angel, gentle as love."

Stamina is the condition of success,—stamina that is akin to struggling. We must not expect success to wedge into every opening we make with our intellectual pick-axes. It is the end sought, not the means. It is not that we are walled out, but it is success that is walled in. Hence we are the ones to be on the offensive, and must bore through instead of supinely waiting for success to tunnel its way out to us. It is far nobler to try great things and fail than small things and succeed. Better to bump our heads against the stars above than the earth beneath.

It is not dishonorable to fail. Our "glorious boys in blue" do not take a battery every time they make a charge; and must, therefore, the life-blood poured out in these fierce onsets be congealed by the chilling indignation of a mourning land? Must the tears of loving mothers stain the swords of their sons? No! never! Immeasurably dearer is our own native land now in the agony of her bloody sweat than in the high noon of her proud prosperity; and when the scenes amid which we wait and labor shall pass into the grand eternity of the historic page, defeat will be lost in victory,—weeping will be hushed in rejoicing, soldierly daring and the warm heart's approval will be blended together, and one grand acclamation of thanks-

giving will rise from a nation heartier and helier, because freer and truer than ever before.

We should wring from our failures all the sap and sustenance in them. Those old scaffoldings, reared under the very eaves of success, are not useless. Tear them down, collect them, and dove-tail them together into one grand, lofty structure, and, in the blazing light of the burning debris, go up higher. It is not the person with the longest ladder who reaches the highest summit. No matter if your ladder is short, it is good so far as it goes; and when you have reached the top of it, *there make your stand*—"all hands, ahoy!" plant it firmly, and up it again! We sometimes think that those lofty stations which some attain, are inaccessible to us. We compare our own stature to their giddy height, and out comes pencil and paper and down goes the proportion: as a perpendicular line is parallel to a horizontal line, so is our station to theirs. Geometry is true—arithmetic is not false, and figures will not lie. We stand confounded, and with reluctant submission bow to cruel Fate. It is not Fate. It is our own blindness and apathy. We have a proportion in which the very theorem itself is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Rather it is not a theorem, but a postulate. We forget that from every one of these platforms there descends a cord which we may all ascend. These hang not only in the windows of the rich and prosperous, but they dangle at your door-knobs, no matter how humble your domicile. All the requirements necessary are sinewy arms, a determined will, indomitable energy, and then *climb*.

Lima, N. Y., Feb. 1864. H. THADDEUS M.  
REMARKS.—There is spine in the above article. We like its Saxon. It makes one's teeth close closer with mental resolution. Let the farmer's son, who thinks his a hard, dreary, monotonous life, read it again and take courage. We hope to hear from THADDEUS again.

## HOW AGE CHANGES US.

THOSE who have approached nearest a mature age, and have seen much of the world, will attest the truthfulness of the following paragraph written by Sir E. BULWER LYTTON. It occurs in one of his essays:

"There was one period of my life when I considered every hour spent out of capitals, as time wasted—when with exhilarated spirits, I would return from my truant loiterings, under summer trees, to the smoke and din of London thoroughfares. I loved to hear the ring of my own tread on the hard pavement. The desire to compete and combat—the thirst for excitements opening one upon the other in the upward march of an opposed career—the study of man in his thickest haunts—the heart's warm share in the passions which the mind, clear from inebriety, paused to analyze—these gave to me, as they give to most active men in the unflagging energies of youth, a delight in the vista of gas-lamps and the hubbub of the great mart for the interchange of ideas. But now I love the country as I did when a little child, before I had admitted into my heart that ambition which is the first fierce lesson we learn at school. Is it, partly, that those trees never remind us that we are growing old? Older than we are, their hollow stems are covered with rejoicing leaves. The birds build amid their bowing branches rather than in the lighter shade of the sapling. Nature has no voice that wounds the self-love; her coldest wind nips no credulous affection. She alone has the same face in our age as in our youth. The friend with whom we once took sweet counsel, we have left in the crowd, a stranger—perhaps a foe! The woman in whose eyes, some twenty years ago, a paradise seemed to open in the midst of a fallen world, we passed the other day with a frigid bow. She wore rouge and false hair. But these wild flowers under the hedge-row—those sparkles in the happy waters—no friendship has gone from them! Their beauty has no simulated freshness—their smile has no fraudulent deceit."

## A MISER'S IRON WILL.

As two travelers were passing on foot through a sequestered valley, the way led them through a lonely little church-yard, upon one of the tombstones of which they deciphered the following singular inscription:—"Here lies the soul of one whose name shall perish." "What a queer old epitaph!" exclaimed one of the travelers; "the soul of one, forsooth!—how could the soul of a man be imprisoned in a sepulchre?" "Ridiculous!" rejoined the other, who was a man of few words but much sagacity, and they proceeded on their journey in silence to the next town.

But the sagacious man thought that he discerned in the words chiseled on the old marble slab something more than their first sense expressed. Returning quietly to the lonely church-yard, he removed the slab from its place, and found buried underneath it a heavy iron casket, which, on being opened, proved to be full of gold pieces. On the inside of the lid of the casket were inscribed the following words:—"To him who has wit enough to interpret the true meaning of the words graven upon the tombstone, I bequeath this treasure. May he make a better use of it than I did!" "Ha, ha," laughed the sagacious traveler, "if not your son, I am at least your heir. Never mind the name, old boy. Let it perish." And he went on his way rejoicing.

DUST, by its own nature, can rise only so far above the road; and birds which fly higher never have it upon the wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough, escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth, but cannot rise above it into that purer air.

## Sabbath Musings.

## ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than I ever was before!  
Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea!  
Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer wearing the crown!  
But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the dark and shadowy stream  
That bursts at last into light!  
Father, perfect my love;  
Strengthen the might of my faith;  
Let me feel as I would when I stand  
On the rock of the shore of death—  
Feel as I would when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink;  
For it may be I'm nearer home,  
Nearer now than I think!

## COMPENSATION.

HUMAN lot is, on the whole, well averaged. A man does not possess great gifts of person and of mind, without drawbacks somewhere. Either great duties are imposed, or great burdens are put upon his shoulders, or great temptations assail and harass him. Something in his life, at sometime in his life, takes it upon himself to reduce his advantages to the average standard. Nature gave Byron clubbed feet, but with those feet she gave him a genius whose numbers charmed the world—a genius which multitudes of common-place or weak men would have been glad to purchase at the price of almost any humiliating eccentricity of person. But they were obliged to content themselves with excellent feet, and brains of the common kind and calibre. Providence had withered the little boy's leg, but the loudest song I have heard from a boy in a twelve-month came from his lips, as he limped along in the open street. The cheerful heart in his bosom was a great compensation for the withered leg; and beyond this, the boy had reason for singing over the fact that he was forever released from military duty and fireman's duty, and all racing about in the service of other people. There are individual cases of misfortune in which it is hard to detect the compensating good, but these we must call the "exceptions," which "prove the rule."—Dr. Holland.

HEAVEN AND HOME.—I was reading the other day that on the shores of the Adriatic Sea the wives of fishermen, whose husbands have gone off upon the deep, are in the habit of going down to the seashore and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they listen till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps if we could listen, we might hear on this desert world of ours, some sound whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven, and when we sing the hymn upon the shores of earth, perhaps we shall hear its sweet echo breaking in music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of them that are pilgrims and look for a city that hath foundations.

THE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.—A mechanic in London, who rented a room very near the Orphan Working School, was unhappily a determined infidel—a disciple of the notorious Carlyle, and one who could confound many a thoughtless Christian with his sophistries on religion. This man said to an individual one day, "I did this morning what I have not done for a long time before—I wept." "Wept," said his friend, "what occasioned you to weep?" "Why," replied the infidel mechanic, "I wept on seeing the children of the Orphan Working School pass; and it occurred to me, that if religion had done nothing more for mankind, it had at least provided for the introduction of these ninety-four orphans into respectable and honorable situations in life."

A THIN VEIL OVER THE WORD.—Lord, this morning I read a chapter in the Bible, and therein observed a memorable passage, whereof I never took notice before. Why now, and no sooner, did I see it? Formerly my eyes were as open, and the letters as legible. Is there not a thin veil laid over thy Word, which is more rarified by reading, and at last worn wholly away? Or was it because I came with more appetite than before? The milk was always there in the breast, but the child was not hungry enough, until now, to find out the test. I see the oil of thy Word will never leave increasing whilst any bring an empty barrel. The Old Testament will still be a New Testament to him who comes with a fresh desire of information.

THE HUMBLE HEART.—Those showers of grace that slide off from the lofty mountains rest on the valleys and make them fruitful. He giveth grace to the lowly. He loves to bestow it where there is most room to receive it, and most return of ingenuous and entire praises upon the receipt. Such is the humble heart; and, truly, as much humility gains much grace, so it grows by it.

SORROW turns the stars into mourners, and every wind of heaven into a dirge.

Educational.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN IN SCHOOL.

BY UNCLE FRANK.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have been a reader of your paper for fourteen years, and no Department of it is so interesting to me, as that devoted to education, or the management of common schools. I look upon the common school system as one of the main pillars of our national independence; and, consequently, whatever can be done by legislation, by writing or reading, to improve the system, is an individual and national benefit.

A great deal has been said and written on the best mode of government in schools. It is true, that three-fourths of the teachers who fail of success, get dismissed, or "turned out," as it is called, for the lack of a capacity to govern. A large majority, of both sexes, who engage in teaching are young both in practice and in years; and of course lack that judgment and insight into human nature which is indispensable to the successful government of their pupils.

I have reflected with pain and sadness, when I have seen so many blows given with the ferule and raw-hide, and boxes on the ears, when a few words, "fitly spoken," would have accomplished the desired object so much better. In a long experience of more than a score of years I have found but very few cases where I thought corporeal punishment was absolutely necessary. Among scores of cases which have come within my own experience, I will relate one to prove what I have stated.

In 1840, while living in Massachusetts, I had taught my winter term through, and a few days after was called upon by a committeeman from a neighboring district to engage me to "finish out," as he said, "their school." I asked him the reason their teacher left the school. He said the scholars had locked him up in the school-house. I had known this district from a boy, and I knew it had the reputation of being one of the worst schools to manage in W\*\*\*r Co. It was large, and had many large scholars. I had known of their carrying this teacher out of the school-house, ducking him in a snow-bank and telling him to go home. My friends advised me, by all means, not to go; but I did not heed their advice. I told Mr. LAMB (the committeeman) I would be there the next Monday.

According to agreement, I went to my school on Monday. When I entered the school-house, not less than seventy scholars were there—as I entered, they were all in their seats, and as I bowed, they all rose and bowed in return. This was the custom in that place at that time. The scholars gave me a look that convinced me that they meant to know what I was made of. I opened the school by a few remarks, in the course of which I told them I had been hired to come there and teach them reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography. I said, "I consider myself capable of teaching and probably understand these branches better than you do; and I shall be glad to give you any aid you require. And you know, that in order to have a good school, we must have order and regulation. You can, those of you who are the oldest, govern yourselves."

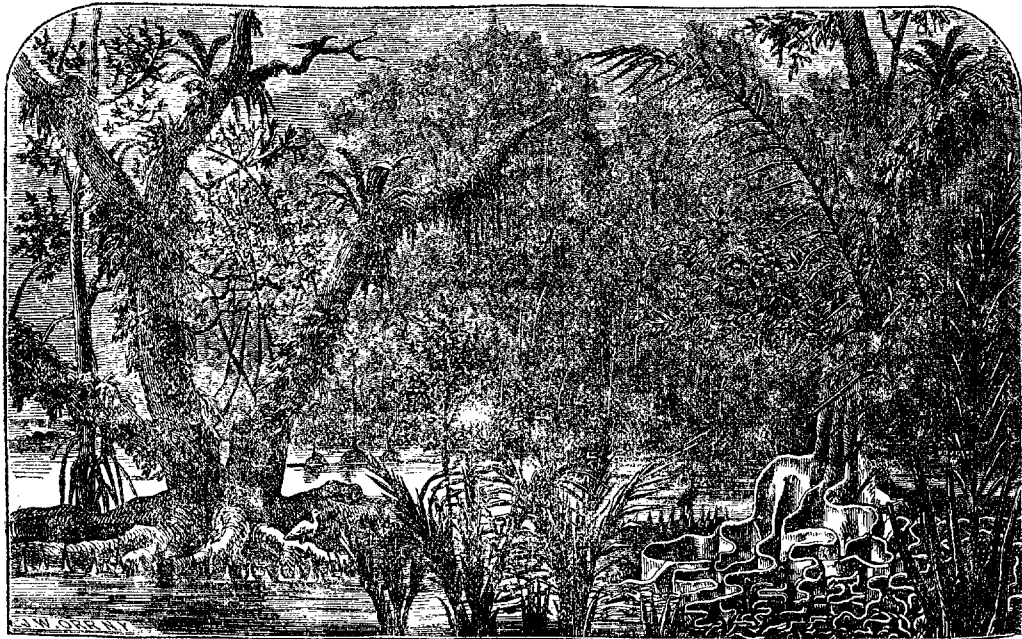
"When you go to meeting you don't require any one to tell you how to behave; your own sense of propriety and self-respect teaches you this. And it should do the same at school. But I really hope that you will not dislike me so much that you will feel disposed to carry me out into a snow-drift, or shut me up in the school-house; at any rate, I do not entertain any such ideas."

I then went around the school, and, as I wrote down each name, inquired the different branches they meant to pursue. When I had nearly got through this process, I came to a boy about 15 years old, a short, thick-set fellow, and very poorly dressed. I asked him what he intended to study? He reached out toward me an old spelling-book, which was all the answer he gave. I asked him if that was the book he read in. By a nod of the head, he gave me to understand that it was. Having arranged the school into classes, I dismissed them for a recess.

I soon found that this shabbily-dressed boy's name was JAMES BROWN. He had no parent's living, was a town pauper whom one Mr. BURLINGAME had taken from the poor-house. He was one of those unfortunates whom every teacher of much experience has seen—a mark for every one to "shoot at." Every one, large and small, thought they had a perfect right to give JIM a "kick and cuff" at any, and all times. It is true, he would fight back, which kept a continual hurrah and fuss a great part of recess. In school JIM was one of the worst cases I ever found. Learn he would not; he was full of all manner of capers to draw the attention of the scholars and provoke the teacher. I hardly knew what course to take with him.

When I thought of whipping him, I remembered how many such punishments he had received with no good effect; and the same was true of scolding. I finally concluded I would see what effect reasoning would have. Mr. BURLINGAME told me it would be time and labor spent in vain. It would, he said, be as useless as to undertake to reason with a horse. However, the next night, after I had dismissed school, I told JIM I wanted he should stay a few minutes; I wanted a little talk with him. I saw he did not like to stay, and as I was busy arranging the writing books and seeing to the fire, I heard one of the larger scholars say to him, "the master wants to get you alone, and then he will give you an all-fired licking."

JIM came to me and told me he did not want to stay; but I finally persuaded him. When we were alone, and the door shut, I said, "now,



SWAMPS OF THE AMAZON.

JAMES, what is your object in quarreling and fighting so much with the scholars?"

"Never pitch in fust," said JIM; "if they pitch in, I calkerlate to give as good as I get."

"Well, now," said I, "if they would not 'pitch in,' as you call it, would you let them alone? or, in other words, had you rather fight, or not?"

"Rather not," said he.

"That's good! I am glad to hear you say so. Now tell me why you do not try to learn? Don't you want to get learning?"

"Don't care much bout it," said he.

"Well, why do you behave so badly in school? I never injured you, and yet, every day, you do many things that provokes me very much; do you do it on purpose to hurt my feelings?"

"No, sir, I dont; I spose I do it 'cause its nateral."

"Now, JAMES, I will tell you what I want you to do. I want you to turn right square around, and take an entirely different course. Quit fighting entirely. If the boys 'pitch in,' tell them you don't want to fight; and I will see that they let you alone. Leave off all your capers in school, study your lessons and try to get them well, and instead of its being an irksome task, you will soon find it interesting. I know you have a great many bad qualities, but you have got some good ones."

He gave me a curious look, and said, "should like to know what there is good about me?"

"I will tell you. The other day when BRIGHAM MERRIT was hazing LYNNUS CUMMINS about throwing his cap in the brook, and vexing him every way he could devise, you took his part, got his cap and held BRIGHAM till LYNNUS was out of his reach. Other similar acts I have seen you perform makes me know you are not all bad, but some good."

I saw a tear start in his eye, but he made no answer. We now left the house and started for home. We walked together forty rods before the road turned off to the right which led to his home.

"Remember what I have told you JAMES, and do as I have requested you, and I have no doubt you will be a smart man." I took him by the hand and bade him good night, and went home.

The next day there was no fighting, and JIM got his lesson better than usual. But I saw it was almost impossible for him to leave off his mischief in school. The second day, while the boys were out at recess, I heard a noise—laughing, and loud talking. I looked out the window, and saw six or eight boys around JIM. He was backed up against a stone wall, and there they stood teasing him. In a moment after, he broke loose and ran for the school-house. He came in, his face covered with blood. I had hard work to master myself so as to appear calm and collected. When the boys were all in, and seated, I turned to CALVIN LAMB, a boy whom I knew to be truthful and honest, and asked him if he had witnessed the whole affair. He said he had. I then told him to tell me of the whole transaction. He said JIM and LINE CUMMINS had been down to the spring to drink. When they came back JIM was going to the school-house, when the boys got him backed up against the wall, and kept striking at him, catching hold of his coat and daring him to strike. He did not strike back, but presently broke through them and ran; as he did so AARON (this was CALVIN's brother) struck him on the nose.

I was much excited, and my first impulse was to draw AARON out on the floor and give him a severe whipping; but I kept my angry passions down, and addressed the boys in a tone by which they all knew I was in earnest:

"Boys, I want you to understand that from this time forward you must keep your hands off JAMES BROWN. He has told me he don't want to quarrel; and even if he did, I don't calkerlate to have any quarrelling at all; and I should think you large boys would be ashamed to plague, and vex, and strike a boy who has no father, nor brothers, nor any one to befriend him. And as for you, AARON," addressing him, "you can take your choice, to make confession to JIM, and ask his forgiveness, or take a whipping. You have heard that when I do punish, it is felt."

AARON came forward the next day, confessed, and all went on smoothly to the end of the term. I taught that school the two succeeding winters; but JIM was not one of my pupils; he had gone, I knew not whither.

Seven years after, in 1847, just before I re-

moved to the State of New York, I went to Boston on some business, and having some trading to do, I stopped at Cambridgeport and entered a large dry goods and grocery store, and commenced purchasing such articles as I wanted. While I was busy in this way, I noticed a young man who stood at the desk writing, and who occasionally looked toward me. When I had done my trading and was about to leave, this young man stepped around from behind the counter, approached me, called me by name and offered his hand. I took his hand but told him I did not know him.

"You don't know me," said he, "but I knew you the moment you entered the store. I am JIM BROWN, and went to school to you seven years ago, in the town of C\*\*\*\*n, Wor. Co."

He then asked me to go back into the office, and when we were seated, he said, "the talk you and I had that night you kept me after school, and the advice you gave me, and the interest you manifested in my welfare, saved me from ruin; and was the means, through the blessing of Heaven, of making me what I am. It was the first time any one had told me I had anything good in me. At all the places I had lived, and at every school I attended, I was treated like a dog. I cared nothing about getting learning, and I used to think when I was grown up I should probably be an outcast, and take to highway robbery; but when you told me I was not all bad, but had some good qualities, I felt a new impulse in my heart which never before had been aroused. I applied myself to study during winters when at school, and in the course of a few years, acquired an education sufficient to enable me to enter a store as clerk. And I have continued in the business ever since. Last spring I came into this establishment as a partner with the man whom you were just trading with."

I bade JAMES BROWN good, by, deeply impressed with the truth of the wise man's words, "A word fitly spoken, how good it is!"

JAMES BROWN now commands a company of of infantry in Gen. GILMORE'S army, near Charleston. Middlesex, Yates Co., N. Y., 1864.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

THE RIVER AMAZON.

THIS is a wonderful river. The natives call it Paranaatinga and Guiana—Europeans call it Maranon, or Maranhon, Solimono, Orellana and Amazon. Its head waters or sources are in the Andes. There are three rivers, each of which, rising within one hundred miles of the Pacific coast, have been regarded as the main stream. The names of these three rivers are Ucayali, Beni and Tunguragua. Beside these there flows into this great river 17 other first class rivers, and over 200 tributaries. And it is estimated the Amazon and its tributaries drain a surface of territory of over 2,500,000 square miles.

The mouth of the Amazon was discovered in 1500 by YANEZ PINCON. In 1539, FRANCIS O'RELLANA explored it through its whole course, descending it from near Quito to its mouth. In 1513, a Spanish Adventurer had visited its upper waters, and gave them his name—MARANON. Its length, according to Lieut. HERNDON, of the U. S. Survey, who explored it by direction of our Government in 1851-2—its length from Oroya, the source of the Huallaga branch to the Para mouth—is 3,944 miles. At a distance of 2,830 miles from its mouth it is 500 yards wide; 2,423 miles from the sea it is three-fourths of a mile wide; 35 miles above its mouth it is 10 miles in width; and at its mouth, where a large island divides the current, it is 180 miles in width.

The region bordering this great stream is exceedingly fertile and covered with vast forests. BARON HUMBOLDT says:—"If the name of primeval forest can be given to any forest on the face of the earth, none can so strictly claim it as those that fill the connected basin of the Orinoco and Amazon." The banks of the Amazon are elevated above the ordinary height of the river. But during the rainy season it overflows its banks and covers districts with its waters, hundreds of miles in extent. The tides perceptibly affect its waters 400 miles from its mouth. There are no falls in it to interrupt navigation except near the sources of its head waters. It is asserted that ships of from 1,000 to 2,000 tons

burthen might be employed on this river and its tributaries a combined extent of not less than 10,000 miles, and smaller steamers for at least as much more.

The river is quite deep at the very edge of the stream, not having those sloping shores which characterize most streams. It swarms with alligators through the greater part of its course. Choice fish are abundant in its waters. Delicious turtles, frogs, lizards and water serpents are plenty. And the forests, which border it, are haunted with bears, panthers, jaguars and other wild animals.

There is a wonderful phenomenon which occurs in this river. It is called by the natives *porroco*. More than a hundred years ago it was described by LA CONDAMINE as follows: "During three days before the new and full moons, the period of the highest tides, the sea, instead of occupying six hours to reach its flood, swells to its highest limit in one or two minutes. The noise of this terrible flood is heard five or six miles, and increases as it approaches. Presently you see a liquid promontory, 12 or 15 feet high, followed by another and another, and sometimes by a fourth. These watery mountains spread across the whole channel, and advance with prodigious rapidity, rending and crushing everything in their way. Immense trees are instantly uprooted by it, and sometimes whole tracts of land are swept away. No vessel can withstand the fury of such a tide, and hence those accustomed to the navigation of the river avail themselves of coves or resting places where their vessels may be sheltered from its violence."

SCIENTIFIC GLEANINGS.

FROM the proceedings of the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute we gather the following items:

**Upright Boilers.**—Mr. J. B. ROOT stated that as far as his own knowledge as an engineer extended, upright boilers with upright smoke-tubes were not so liable to explode as those lying horizontally. He wished to gather facts relating to this point. Other gentlemen cited cases of the explosion of upright boilers. If there is any difference in favor of or against upright boilers, the facts should be gathered and made public.

**Occult Poisons.**—According to the investigations of Prof. LETHBY, of London, nitro-benzole and aniline, in their free state, are powerful narcotic poisons. Their insidious action, should be thoroughly understood by all persons engaged in the manufacture of mauve, magenta, and other aniline coloring compounds. The fact that nitro-benzole may remain in the human body a long time before manifesting any action, and that after exerting its fatal effect it is so changed as to leave but slight traces of its presence, should attract the particular attention of the medical jurist and analytical chemist.

**Wind and Weather.**—Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL says:—If we are ever to make any material progress in the prediction of the weather beyond "forecasts" of a few hours, or it may be a whole day in advance, it can only be by the continued study of such of its phases as recur periodically, or of such as manifest a periodicity of events, as distinct from that of times and seasons, with a view to connecting them with their efficient physical causes. Of this latter description we have an example of one, and of its successful reduction under the domain of philosophical reasoning, in the law of the rotation of the winds. That the winds in their changes, in the general way, "follow the sun"—i. e., have a tendency to veer in the same direction round the compass card with the sun's apparent diurnal course in the heavens (from east round by south, west, and north in northern hemisphere, and reversedly in the southern) in continual succession back to the original point—has been surmised from very early times, but until lately, rather as a matter of occasional remark, agreeing, on the whole, with the general impression of casual observers, than as a meteorological law of universal applicability.

As such, however, it has now taken its place among ascertained facts, verified by the registered movements of the wind-vane at every station where continuous observation is made, and connected by the researches of M. Dove with that great fact which underlies so many other phenomena—the rotation of the earth on its axis.

Reading for the Young.

THE BOY SOLDIER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In the summer of 1862, while on duty at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio, a little boy came to our company quarters. He was alone, and all about him were strangers. He had evidently been attracted by the novelty of camp scenes, and had left home and friends without saying "good-bye." By his bright, intelligent look he enlisted the sympathy of some of our company who naturally took an interest in one so young and tender. His clothes betrayed his poverty, and in answer to questions we soon learned that he was begging a living from the soldiers who were willing to share their rations with him. He exhibited, by his manner, no anxiety for his lot; neither that *abandon* which the careless show. He manifested no timidity, neither repulsive boldness. A mess in our company asked him to stay with them. He looked as though he would like to do so, and his acts and words expressed his thanks. In a few days our little *protege* had attracted considerable notice. He swept the barracks where he messed, and in other ways exhibited a desire to repay the kindness shown to him. We thought his ragged clothes not good enough, and soon purchased a neat grey suit, which we presented him. He felt a little proud of his present, and he was determined to be and do something. The boys loaned him fifty cents which he invested in fruit, and then sold it to the soldiers around camp. He was soon able to repay the borrowed money, and possessed capital of his own. Some days he would make fifty cents and from that to a dollar. He was honest in his trading, and exacted honesty in return. If a soldier imposed upon him he manifested neither fear nor anger. I remember one occasion when a soldier took some peaches from his basket; their return was demanded and refused; but instead of crying, or calling hard names, he simply said, "I will report you, sir!" and started for headquarters, found the captain, told his story, and obtained the satisfaction of seeing the thief punished and his own loss made good. This little fellow never seemed to know what fear was. You could not scare him. But this almost total absence of fear was not made up by impudence or rudeness as in some children. His many good traits so favorably impressed some of our boys that they were thinking of taking him home with them when their term of service should expire, desiring that some of their parents should adopt him. In the latter part of August the most of our company were sent to Vicksburg on special duty, and our little friend was left behind with the sick and feeble. When we returned we were surprised to learn that "our boy" had gone South with some soldiers who were returning to their regiments.

That was the last we heard of the little beggar boy till now, when we know him as "our youngest soldier!"—"Little JOHNNY CLEM,"—who by his extreme youth and fearless bravery has gained such extensive notoriety. His former home was Newark, Ohio, and his age twelve years, and height four feet and one inch, are as the papers give them. An account of his exploits on the battlefield has already been widely published. Truly this war develops character. It makes some men as timid as boys, and gives to some of tender years the characteristics of mature manhood. E. W. STUART. Streetsboro, Portage Co., Ohio.

GRATITUDE TO BENEFACTORS.

THANK every person who does you a favor. Remember and speak of those who show you kindness. Ingratitude is a crime. To forget any good which has ever been done you is a fault. Some have rendered you services so great that you can never repay them. Your parents have, and are doing it every day. Probably other friends have given you gifts which you are not able to return. These you should treasure up in your memory, and when you open your heart to God, remember them. Every night and morning ask Him, in your prayers, to bless your benefactors. Those who have taken the pains to give good advice are your benefactors. So are all those who have labored to instruct you. Knowledge is one of the most precious gifts, therefore your teachers are among your best benefactors. Be docile to all their instructions. Lay up their words in your memory. After you cease to be under their care, do not forget them. Wherever you meet them, treat them with marked respect. "Esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." It is one sign of a good child to be beloved by his instructor. And if children remember with regard those who have instructed them, it proves that they prize wisdom, and are capable of gratitude.

**ATTRIBUTES OF VALOR.**—The estimate and valor of a man consists in the heart and in the will; there his true honor lies. Valor is stability; not of arms and legs but of courage and the soul; it does not lie in the valor of our horse, nor our arms, but in ourselves. He that falls obstinate in his courage, if his legs fail him, fights upon his knees.—*Montaigne*.

THE inspired man becomes great by absorption in a great design; he is pre-occupied, and trifles, for which other men are bought and sold, shine before him as beads of glass with which savages are wheeled.

DISCRIMINATION is worth so much, because there are no great gaps between man and man, between mind and mind. There is no virtuous, no vicious, no poet, no unpoet; and only dullness lumps one with angels, another with dogs.

## Rural New-Yorker.

## NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

## The Army in Virginia.

On the 9th inst., a number of the officers confined in Libby Prison, Richmond, succeeded in escaping therefrom. The account of their escape is full of thrilling interest, but for prudential reasons many particulars are withheld from publication at present. They were fifty-one days in making a tunnel. Having managed to find access to the cellar, they commenced work, relieving one another as opportunity offered. Their instruments were pocket knives, chisels and files. Twice they had to abandon their work and commence anew, on account of the obstructions which they could not pass. They had hoped to have availed themselves of a culvert, but found it impracticable. After getting through the wall they disposed of the excavated soil by throwing it over in a spittoon, which they attached to a cord. The tunnel which they made was over ninety feet long.

The darkness favored them, and the fact that the rebel soldiers whom they met were habited in the clothes of Uncle Sam, which they had stolen from the supply sent to our prisoners by our Government, was of great help to them. Although they were attired in our army overcoats, and many of them had haversacks, they found the national uniform a better disguise than if they had been provided with genuine rebel uniforms.

Many were their hardships and sufferings, and frequent their narrow escapes from the rebel cavalry, who the next morning were bushwhacking in every direction for them. The joy which they experienced when they first caught sight of our troops sent out to meet and protect them from their pursuers, cannot be expressed. Those who gained their liberty, number 109. At last advices from Richmond, 22 had been retaken.

The Washington Star of the 17th inst. says: "A few days ago the officers at the camp of the rebel prisoners of war at Fort Lookout, discovered that some of the prisoners were evidently making arrangements to escape from their quarters. It appears that by some means the prisoners in one of the quarters had procured some lumber, with which they had built two boats, in which it was supposed they were to embark for the Virginia shore. Fortunately, they were detected in their operations before they had caulked the boats. Also, that they had collected some 70 old muskets, and a lot of stores—a scarce article in that locality—and which must have been brought some distance, which they probably designed using against persons who should resist them. It was thought, however, that but few of the prisoners were to attempt to escape unless more boats were to be built, as the two boats discovered would not be able to carry more than fifty persons."

On the 19th inst., the following dispatches were received at the army headquarters:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,  
Feb. 18, 1864.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief: Gen. Pleasanton, Chief of Cavalry, reports that a scouting party sent from Gen. Gregg's command, at Warrenton, captured to-day, at Piedmont, 28 of Mosely's men.

GEN. G. MEADE, Maj.-Gen.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Feb. 18.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief: Lieut. Col. Hall, commanding at Beverly, reports the return of a scout from Webster, with 17 prisoners, among the number, the notorious guerrilla chief, Dan Duskey. Also, one from Pocahontas county, with 19 prisoners, one of whom is Maj. Adams, of the 43d rebel Infantry.

B. F. KELLY, Brig.-Gen.

There is no doubt but that at an early day the Army of the Potomac will be consolidated into three grand Corps de Armees. Gens. Sedgwick, Howard and Couch are mentioned as their commanders.

## Department of the South.

The Navy Department has received a dispatch from Acting Rear Admiral Lee, dated flag ship Minnesota, off Newport News, Feb. 15th, 1864, in which he reports the circumstances attending the capture and destruction, by the blockading forces off Wilmington, of the following blockade runners, viz: Wild Dayrell, Nutfield, Emily, and the Fannie and Jennie.

The Admiral says: Upon the reporting of the Sassaicus, Lieut. Commander Rowe, she was assigned to duty as an outside cruiser, to cruise upon the line between New Inlet and Bermuda, not further east than 70 deg. west longitude, as the turn where her reputation for speed would be severely tested, and one in which a very fast cruiser would prove a stumbling block to blockade runners. The result has reached my expectation, and the destruction of the Wild Dayrell and Nutfield by the Sassaicus, both new and fast steamers, the latter on her first voyage, are added to the long list of disasters to the blockade runners.

Upon the morning of the 2d inst., Lieut. Commander Rowe discovered black smoke in shore of him, and pursuing it, discovered the Wild Dayrell on shore near Stump Inlet. He boarded her, and found her to be filled with an assorted cargo. Her crew had abandoned her, and fled to the shore. After great exertions to get her afloat, in which he was assisted by the Florida, it was found impracticable, and she was completely destroyed. Lieut. Commander Rowe estimates her value, with her cargo, at \$200,000. After completing the destruction of the Wild Dayrell, the Sassaicus proceeded to take up her assigned station, and at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 4th a blockade runner was

discovered to be north and west of him, distant twelve miles. Chase was immediately given, and after a five hours' pursuit the steamer was brought to under fire, and finding escape was impossible she was run on shore at one P. M., near River Inlet, her officers and crew escaping to the land. One boat load, however, was captured and the crew drowned, with the exception of a Mr. Neill, the purser of the steamer, who was rescued by boats from the Sassaicus, which were immediately sent to take possession of the prize. She proved to be the English steamer Nutfield, from Bermuda bound to Wilmington. From Mr. Neill I learn that her cargo was munitions of war, arms, a battery of 8 Whitworth guns, and pig lead. The guns and lead were thrown overboard during the chase. Finding it impossible to get the Nutfield afloat after great efforts to that end, she was fired and destroyed. Some 700 rifles and a quantity of cavalry sabers and other articles, were rescued from her.

On the 6th inst., the Cambridge discovered a steamer ashore and on fire, about one mile south of Mason Inlet, which was the blockade runner Dee, from Wilmington. Finding it impossible to extinguish the flames or to get her off, Com. Spicer of the Cambridge, abandoned the attempt, and still further destroyed her by firing into her. Seven of her crew were captured, and are now prisoners on the Cambridge. From these prisoners I learn that the Dee was commanded by H. Bier, formerly a Lieutenant in the United States service. She was loaded with coffee, lead and bacon, all of which, with the vessel, was entirely destroyed.

At 6.50 A. M., on the 10th inst., a steamer was discovered from the Florida standing along the shore toward New Inlet. After pursuing and firing at her she ran on shore at near Masonboro Inlet. Commander Crosby sent his boats and took possession of her; she proved to be the sidewheel steamer Fannie and Jennie, commanded by the notorious Coxitter, who, with the purser, was drowned in trying to reach the shore. The remainder of her crew, 25, are now prisoners on board the Florida. The steamer was loaded with merchandize and coal. The enemy opened fire upon the wreck and upon the Florida with musketry and Whitworth guns, by which fire Acting Assistant Paymaster J. F. Keeler received a severe but not dangerous wound. Finding it impossible to get the steamer afloat after great exertion, Commander Crosby ordered her to be fired, which was done under a severe fire from the enemy. The Florida received some damage from the fire of the enemy, which can easily be repaired.

At the same time that the Fannie and Jennie ran on shore, about one and a half miles northward another steamer was seen ashore and boarded by the Florida's boats. This was the Emily from Nassau, with a cargo of merchandize and salt. She was also fired and destroyed.

The Fannie and Jennie, Emily and Nutfield, are new vessels, and this is supposed to be their first attempt to run the blockade. The Wild Dayrell has made one successful voyage, and the Dee is an old offender.

Hilton Head accounts report a reconnoissance to John's Island by Gen. Terry, and the capture of a rebel battery of field pieces with their caissons, ammunition, &c., and all the gunners. Our loss was five killed and wounded.

## Department of the Gulf.

The following dispatch was received at Army Headquarters:

BALDWIN, Fla., Feb. 3.

Major-General Halleck.—GENERAL.—I have the honor to report a portion of my command under Brig. Gen. F. Seymour, conveyed by the gunboat Norwich, Capt. Merriam, ascended the St. John's river on the 7th inst., and landed at Jacksonville on the afternoon of that day. The advance under Col. Grey V. Henry, comprising the 4th Mass. Infantry, the independent battalion of Mass. Cavalry, under Major Stevens, and Elder's horse battery, pushed forward into the interior on the night of the 8th, passed by the enemy drawn up in line of battle in Camp Vinegar, seven miles from Jacksonville, surprised and captured a battery three miles in the rear of the camp, about midnight, and reached this place about sunrise this morning. At our approach the enemy absconded, sunk the steamer St. Mary and burned 270 bales cotton a few miles above Jacksonville.

We have taken, without the loss of a man, about one hundred prisoners, eight pieces of artillery in serviceable condition, well supplied with ammunition, and other valuable property to a large amount.

Q. A. GILMORE,  
Maj. Gen. Commanding.

Gen. Gilmore has issued a call to the Floridians to return to their allegiance, and prohibiting the destruction or pillage of property by our soldiers under severe penalties.

Correspondence from Florida, published on the 20th, says Baldwin was occupied by our forces, a small town eighteen miles from Jacksonville on the Florida Central railroad. There are not over twenty-five families in Jacksonville, all of whom claim to be Unionists.

The rebel forces are about 2,500 strong and under Gen. Finnegan. The railroad is in running order, though the rebels had intended to take up the rails preparatory to their abandonment of Florida.

Barber's Station and Sanderson, the latter 40 miles from Jacksonville, and also on the railroad, have been occupied. At the former place a skirmish was had with the rebels, in which we had 4 killed and 13 wounded. Several buildings at Sanderson were in flames on the arrival of our forces—one of them containing 3,000 bushels of corn, and another 2,000 barrels of turpentine and resin.

A document was found at Sanderson, emanating from the Chief Commissary of the rebels at Quincy, Florida, which gives startling evidence of their desperate condition. Beef and bacon are entirely exhausted throughout the South, and from all quarters cries were arising for relief for Florida.

Our forces subsequently advanced toward Lake City, where the rebels were found in

force, and we fell back to Sanderson. Lake City is half way from Jacksonville to Tallahassee. Finnegan, before leaving, carried off all the rebel government property. There was reason to believe the enemy, if he fights, will take position on the left bank of the Sawnee River, which is not fordable, and has to be pontooned or bridged. Up to the 14th we had captured 13 cannon.

The Navy Department has received dispatches from the East Blockading Squadron, detailing the capture of the British schooner Eliza, and the British sloop Mary, both from Nassau, while attempting to run out of Jupiter Inlet, Florida, with cargoes of cotton. The sloop Caroline was also captured while attempting to run out of Jupiter Inlet. The British sloop Young Racer, laden with salt, was run ashore and destroyed. The schooner Wm. J. Hayne was captured while waiting for an opportunity to run the blockade with 57 bales of cotton, &c.

The N. Y. Herald's New Orleans letter of the 9th, by steamer Havana, reports that on Sunday previous Gen. Dick Taylor attacked our troops stationed opposite Natchez, and was repulsed with considerable loss and driven six miles. The attack was renewed the next morning, when the rebels were unsuccessful, being again repulsed with loss. Their force numbered 3,000. Gen. Grover has scoured the country with his cavalry in the neighborhood of Madisonville, across Lake Pontchartrain, broken up conscript camps within a circle of 50 or 60 miles, and captured several of the enemy. A large quantity of beef cattle, sheep and horses has been brought in.

## Movements in the West and South-West.

TENNESSEE.—The following dispatch from Chattanooga, the 12th, is interesting:

The cavalry expeditions under Grierson and Smith, crossed the country from Corinth, moving south. It is understood that these columns are intended to act in conjunction,—one to attack, the other to cut off Polk's retreat, and to disperse the cavalry of Forest reported as scouring Central and Northern Mississippi. Beyond this enterprise the combinations are conjecture, but a great flank movement on Johnson's army is intended.

Adjutant-General Thomas and staff have returned to Chattanooga from Knoxville. The officers of the party report that Longstreet is in retreat beyond the French Broad to avoid a movement of our greatly superior forces.

Nashville and Knoxville are connected by a railroad with an exception of 700 yards at London, and passenger trains are running. The bridge at London will be finished before a week.

The Mobile News says that Polk has been shamefully out-generalled.

Gen. Sherman has advanced beyond Meridian. At Chattanooga the army is preparing for immediate operations. Chattanooga is now a base well stored with provisions and munitions of war.

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial from Louisville, Ky., says:—On the 14th, Colonel Gallop surprised Colonel Ferguson's command in Wayne county, Va., capturing 60 prisoners, including Ferguson, his surgeon, and 10 lieutenants, 80 stand of arms, a large number of stolen horses and all the rebel supplies of forage, ammunition and subsistence. It was Col. Ferguson's command that captured Gen. Scammon recently. The dispatch adds that 1,600 Union prisoners were released.

MISSISSIPPI.—An officer from the Big Black River reports that just before reaching Jackson, Miss., a skirmish ensued between a part of Gen. Sherman's forces and a body of 4,000 to 5,000 rebels, in which the latter were defeated, and 40 captured.

Our army passed through Jackson in two columns, the enemy retreating across Pearl River so precipitately that his pontoons, two pieces of artillery, and a number of prisoners fell into our hands. Our forces seized provisions of all kinds and swept on. Great dissatisfaction is said to exist between Tennessee, Kentucky and Mississippi regiments, and large numbers of deserters are coming into our lines.

Gen. Sherman reached Meridian ten days after leaving Vicksburg.

A portion of Gen. Tuttle's division got behind and was cut off from the expedition and returned to Vicksburg.

ARKANSAS.—Intelligence has reached Fort Smith that Gen. Price has received a sixty days' furlough to enable him to go to Texas and Mexico. The belief at headquarters and in the rebel army generally, is, that he will never return. He left Camden ten days ago with a small escort in citizens dress.

Col. Phillips, commanding the expedition in the Indian Territory, reports to Gen. Thayer that he has driven the enemy entirely out of that region, and that in several skirmishes he had killed nearly 300 rebels, and captured one captain and 200 men.

## AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE documents in the case of Consul General Giddings, involving his arrest, have been communicated to Congress, in response to a resolution calling upon the Secretary of State for the information. Messrs. Perkins and Stephens, counsel for Mr. Giddings, in a communication to the Attorney General, speak of the arrest as an outrage and an attempt at blackmailing, the suit being for \$20,000 damages, for an alleged kidnapping of one Redpath, and they express the opinion that a Consul General, with semi-diplomatic powers, should be exempt from arrest. The Attorney General sends the letter to Secretary Seward, saying the subject does not concern the duties of his office.

The Secretary of State (Nov. 21st) writes to Mr. Bates, disclaiming for Consul Generals any diplomatic immunity, and referring to the third

article of the Convention of 1815, which declares that a Consul may be punished or remanded home for illegal or improper conduct.

Mr. Giddings details the facts of his arrest, and states that he gave bail in \$30,000, and instructed his counsel to move to quash the proceedings on the ground that a Consul cannot be taken from the duties of his office at the suit of a private individual, and claimed exterritorial privileges.

In a subsequent letter he states that Redpath claimed to be a citizen of New York, that he was destitute of means, food and lodging, and denied all knowledge of the public statement that he had commenced a suit for issuing process to send him from Canada, and weeping bitterly, obtained pecuniary aid from Mr. Giddings and a recommendation to the charitable, and the next day Redpath filed an affidavit claiming damages for imprisonment. He claims that Redpath had been importuned and pressed to such action by an editor of a secession paper in Montreal and others in secession interest; that it was understood throughout Canada as a vexatious proceeding intended to be offensive to the people of the U. S.

The case of Vallandigham, *ex parte*, was decided in the Supreme Court of the United States on the 15th inst. The petitioner asked that the writ of *certiorari* be directed to the Judge Advocate General for a revision, with the proceedings of the Military Commission which tried him, the jurisdiction of which was denied as extending to the case of a civilian, the object being to have the sentence annulled on the ground of illegality. Judge Advocate General Holt responded in a written argument that the Court might, with as much propriety, be called upon to restrain by injunction the proceedings of Congress, as to revise by *certiorari* and reverse the proceedings of military authority in time of war, in the punishment of all military offenses, according to the usage of civilized nations and the power given by the Constitution and laws of the United States for the common defense and public safety. Justice Wayne delivered the opinion of the Court, refusing the writ on the ground that even if the arrest, trial and punishment of Vallandigham were illegal, there was still no authority in the Court to grant relief in this mode, and that there is no law by which any appeal, or proceeding in the nature of an appeal, from military proceedings can be taken in the Supreme Court.

In the House an amendment to the enrollment bill was adopted as a substitute for one of the original sections, which provides that any person drafted into the military service, may, before the time fixed for his appearance at the draft rendezvous, furnish an acceptable substitute under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of War. If such substitute is not liable to draft, the man furnishing him shall be exempt from draft during the time for which such substitute is not liable to draft, not exceeding the term for which he was drafted, and if such substitute is liable to draft, the name of the person furnishing him shall be subject to draft in filling future quotas.

The subject of confiscated lands is and has been under consideration of the Committee on Lands. The opinions of those familiar with the Government, and who have given the subject the most careful consideration, have been obtained, and it is probable that a bill providing for the disposal of such lands in a legal form and giving a clear title, will soon be introduced. The President approves and will sign the joint resolution on confiscation, which passed the House and will doubtless pass the Senate.

The House Committee on Military Affairs have prepared a bill setting out with the declaration that it appears that many general officers are and have been either entirely unemployed or not on duty corresponding with their rank, thus holding commissions and drawing pay, without service, and standing in the way of the promotion of active officers, providing that all Major-Generals and Brigadier-Generals, who, on the 15th of March next shall not be in the performance of service, and for three months continuously prior to that date, shall be dropped from the roll of the army, and all pay shall cease and the vacancies filled by appointment or promotion. But this is not to affect officers absent from commands and in consequence of being prisoners of war on parole.

## NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A LADY of Maine whose son is in the army, says the *Maine Farmer*, the past year with her own hands, has raised and harvested twenty bushels of good sound corn, twenty bushels potatoes, one and a half bushels beans, three pecks peas, and the usual variety of other garden vegetables.

At Gettysburg 28,000 muskets were taken. Of these 24,000 were found to be loaded, 12,000 containing two loads, and 6,000 from three to ten loads each. In many instances half a dozen balls were driven in on a single charge of powder. In some cases the former possessors had reversed the usual order, placing the ball at the bottom of the barrel and the powder on top.

An officer on board the iron-clad *Nantuxet* at Fort Royal, January 18th, for repairs, writes as follows:—"We are now high and dry on the beach, cleaning the ship's bottom, which presents to the novice a curious sight. The oysters, barnacles and grass form a solid coating of one inch in thickness. The oysters are full three inches in length, and make a nice stew. I have eaten one from them!"

THERE is great excitement in Michigan over the discovery of silver near Lake Superior,—the *Detroit Free Press* says speculation has already commenced. Men who have taken lands at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre are selling out at advances of thousands of dollars upon the original cost of their tracts.

## List of New Advertisements.

Eastman's Model Mercantile College—A R Eastman.  
Grape Vines—C V Grant.  
The Tokohama Squash—Jas Hogg.  
The New Book on Flowers—J E Tilton & Co.  
New Pocket Albums—Sam'l Bowles & Co.  
Send for Specimen Copies—D Tracy & Co.  
Seeds by Mail—R H Allen & Co.  
Russell's Strawberry—W T & E Smith.  
The New Patent Wooden Saled Boots and Shoes.  
Farm for Sale—Matthew J Peck.  
Every Soldier should have Davis' Pain Killer.  
Wanted to exchange—E P Day.  
Farm for Sale—B B Appleby.  
Small Fruits, &c—J Knox.  
Nursery Stock for Sale—S B Kelly.  
Grape Vines—J Knox.  
Agents Wanted—Boyden & Co.  
Strawberry Plants—J Knox.  
Nursery for Sale—W Bird.  
Apple Trees for Sale Cheap—Dr M Strong.  
Must be Sold—Jno S Gould.  
Black Seed Oats, &c—Hugh Annatt.  
Two Farms, &c, for Sale—F J Clark.  
Apple Trees for Sale—A M Williams.  
Flower Seeds—Mark D Willson.  
Farm for Sale—J R Willford.  
Tobacco Seed—Julius Rising.  
To Nurserymen—F M Myers.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

War has Its Triumphs, so has Peace—D B DeLand & Co

## The News Condenser.

- Denmark's army is about 40,000 men.
- Ice is three inches thick at Richmond.
- The debt of Rhode Island is \$2,068,850.
- Australia has a population of two millions.
- Michigan has passed the soldiers' voting bill.
- Philadelphia has sent off its fourth negro regiment.
- The invasion of Pennsylvania cost the State \$118,871 16.
- Eleven hundred officers are in six rooms in Libby Prison.
- Our exchanges state that Mrs. Tom Thumb is a mother.
- The mortality in the Chattanooga hospitals is 90 per day.
- Over 2,720 shipwrecks were reported in England last year.
- There are forty thousand dogs, it is said, in Massachusetts.
- The Confederates are having school-books printed in London.
- A loyal paper is about to be started at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- "Old Abe" refuses any more of his autographs or photographs.
- Colt's Armory at Hartford is to be re-constructed without delay.
- Some postmasters in the country get less than \$2 per week salary.
- The rebels have given up the manufacture of cannon at Atlanta, Ga.
- The Emperor Napoleon will be 57 years of age in March; Eugenie is 38.
- Last month at the Springfield Armory, 52,700 muskets were manufactured.
- The orders for a general movement of our troops went out a fortnight ago.
- More than 87,000 Irish people left their country last year for the United States.
- The hyacinths are in bloom at Vicksburg, and the soldiers play on the green grass.
- California has decided that the law permitting soldiers to vote is unconstitutional.
- Hartford, Conn., will give a piano forte, from the Charter Oak, to the N. Y. Sanitary Fair.
- Five hundred families from the east are expected to settle at St. Joseph, Mo., in the spring.
- Gov. Carney, of Kansas, has been elected U. S. Senator from that State by the legislature.
- The increase of the gold product since the war is said to be nearly forty millions of dollars.
- The receipts of the N. Y. Custom House for the past week was \$1,790,000, nearly all gold.
- The Maine Legislature has refused, by three majorities, to remove the State Capital to Portland.
- The Iowa Senate has passed a bill to prohibit the circulation of foreign bank notes in that State.
- No less than 60 planters have taken the oath of allegiance at Natchez, Miss., within a fortnight.
- During the last year we have exported to England \$46,078,219 in specie and \$48,008 of English coin.
- The poor women and children in suffering South-western Missouri, chop wood at 60 cents per cord.
- The winter in Turkey is the severest known for years. Tens of thousands of sheep have perished.
- It is announced that an oil spring, yielding forty barrels a day, has been discovered in Albion, Mich.
- Ohio is talking of the establishment of a Bureau of Military Statistics modeled after that of New York.
- Prussia is putting her fortresses on the French frontier into a complete state of defence for active warfare.
- The Germans comprise, according to the last census, 4.14 per cent of the total population of the United States.
- Gen. Howell Cobb is making speeches throughout Georgia, endeavoring to revive the waning spirits of the people.
- A Knoxville letter of the 9th says Longstreet has fifty-five thousand men, and sixteen or eighteen batteries of artillery.
- It is reported that Dr. Livingstone, the distinguished African explorer, has been murdered by the natives on Lake Nyassa.
- In 1852 there were 864,622,000 pounds of sugar used in the United States—nearly 29 pounds to each man, woman and child.
- The sum of \$100,000 is to be appropriated by the Mass. legislature for the relief of the suffering loyalists of East Tennessee.
- The total losses by fire in Philadelphia during last year did not exceed \$400,000, on which there was \$240,000 insurance.
- The U. S. Life Insurance Companies have risks to the amount of \$200,000,000; those of England have an aggregate of \$2,250,000,000.
- The rebel government has established a horse infirmary for broken-down stock in the army. It is situated in Lorens Co., Georgia.
- A battle monument is projected at West Point, to have engraved upon it the names of all regular army officers who shall have fallen in the service.
- There were received at the N. Y. cattle markets during 1863, 268,600 beefs, 6,711 cows, 24,963 veals, 515,191 sheep and lambs, and 1,097,222 swine.
- The Michigan Legislature proposes to appropriate \$3,600 toward laying out and beautifying that part of the Gettysburg Cemetery allotted to that State.
- The Provost Marshal General of Iowa has telegraphed to the President that the State will fill its quotas by volunteers, rendering a draft there unnecessary.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. HE LOST HIS ARM.

He lost his arm—he told me so As we rode in the crowded car— He lost his arm! and a thrill of woe Swept over his face, with a pallor slow, That ennobled each manly tear. There were lines of care on his youthful brow, And his cheek was blanched with pain; His once bright eye was misty now, But the proud young spirit would not allow The gush of the briny rain. He lost his arm—his brave right arm— The faithful friend of life; The hand that had borne the victorious palm, And shielded the weak from approaching harm In the battle's deadly strife. He had fought and bled for the cause of Right, For the sake of the loved at home: His hopes were fair, his prospects bright, But a cloud of woe, and a bitter blight, Athwart his dreams had come. He lost his arm! and I bent to hear Him tell how the missile came Mid the burning shot, and the maddening flier Of the screeching shell, as it hovered near On its pinion of scorching flame. How he gave no thought to the flood of fire, As it burst in its lava tide; But with a foot that could never tire He sprung on the living funeral pyre, Then fell on the other side. He lost his arm. In that surging sea Of living and dying men He sunk, and was swayed right fearfully On the waves of thought of the soon "to be,"— Of death, and its waiting "Then?" But he felt that over his heart had come The calm of a whispered Peace: His mother was praying for him at home— And life or death, be which his doom, Her prayers would never cease. He lost his arm, for the flashing steel Dissevered the shattered limb, And wild with pain did his blood congeal, His nerves quivered, when he did feel The saw on its errand grim; But he closed his eyes, and without a moan From his pallid lips compressed, And he nobly bore the blow alone; Without a sigh or a whispered tone, Or a heave of his beating breast. He lost his arm, they laid it away— It had been a faithful friend: It had served him well in youth's early day, Its mission was done, and it could not stay 'Till life's longer journey's end. So he clasped the hand in a mute "good-bye"— The hand that was cold and fair— In the living hand, whose pulse beat high With the throes of hope, and could not die, Though its mate lay lifeless there. He lost his arm, but the hue of health Stole again to his boyish brow, And his chestnut curls in a waving wealth Which toss and play with a sunny stealth, Are clustering over it now. He had started for home, and was on his way, As we met in the crowded car— And though 'twas only yesterday, I've pondered each word I heard him say— And memory-printed each scar. He lost his arm, but a badge of pride Is that empty sleeve, I ween, As it hangs so listlessly at his side, Or is tossed by the breezes that round him glide, As it oft perchance hath been. He has met his mother, I know, ere this— And I think of the meeting warm, Of the one-armed pressure, the hallowed kiss, And the coming years of a mother's bliss— For she'll be his fond right arm. Bethany, N. Y., 1864. MOLLIE.

The Story-Teller.

Written for the Rural New-Yorker. LIVING ON THE TOP SHELF. BY W. B. CHAPMAN.

It is an old and oft repeated maxim that "young folks imagine old folk are fools, but old folks know young ones to be so." It is strange, indeed, that so many young people fail to give credence to the remark that they "pay dearly for their whistle" who seek to purchase ease, honor, &c., without labor, without testing its truthfulness by experiment. This was the case with myself. My parents reared me in the quiet rural village of T—, gave me a good Academic education, and in this connection taught me to labor for a livelihood. They were Christian parents, and every evening before retiring to rest, they drew their little family around the old-fashioned fireside, and, after reading a chapter from the family Bible, invoked Divine guidance and blessings upon their children. If, by chance, any conversation arose concerning "city life," or "gentry," they would say, "they pay dearly for their whistle," and here the conversation would terminate. My father frequently took me to the city with him; and I noticed that those persons whom he styled "dandies" and "fops," were always richly clad, and what was of no little curiosity to me, they seemed apparently at ease,—standing idly at some corner of a busy street, driving a beautiful "black," or lolling quietly at the counter of some "restaurant" or bar-room,—nothing to mar their happiness! They were bowed to, were chatted with by the "elite," (so styled), and, withal, nature seemed to have given them greater facilities for entertaining and attracting company, than to the mass of mankind. Friends seemed to flock around them at every corner, alley and bar-room; rings, bracelets and fobs of rarest beauty glistened as they passed; oils and perfumery scented their person, and it seemed as if their cup had been filled to overflowing. This was quite a contrast with my humble lot; with the dull monotony of a small village, and the labor of books, spade, hoe, scythe, &c., &c.,—and I longed for my majority, when, throwing off the shackles of my parent's author-

ity, I might "live upon the top shelf," and bathe in its golden sunlight; where I might enjoy ease, luxury, honor, wealth, and bid defiance to labor, want, dishonor, and, perhaps, penury itself. This time passed on, although to me very slowly. Slowly! yes, the days seemed like years. The desire to become a "gentleman" rankled in my bosom, and each day and week called loud and louder for egress. At length the long looked for day came, and immediately I commenced making the necessary arrangements in order to carry my cherished plans into execution. My mother was one of those good old dames who provide for the future in the present. She had long noticed that my mind was wandering, and had manufactured an abundance of wearing apparel, such as socks, gloves, drawers, and many articles of like nature; and as she became convinced that it was my fixed determination to leave the paternal roof, she labored with unceasing energy day after day, and for aught I know, night after night, for, long after retiring, I could hear her singling, as she was accustomed to do when busily engaged in sewing. Meanwhile, my father was busy in disposing of surplus grain and stock for the purpose of giving me a start as I should go forth into the world. I was very fond of company, and in the social circle I was contented. The little village was my native place, and with the youth of T— I was as familiar as with the goddess of the morning. Every nook in that vicinity was as a well studied map. Even the song of the "red-breast" seemed as familiar as the voice of friends, when, on the day previous to my departure, I strolled pensively through the grove near my father's garden. Then, and not till then, did I feel lonely in wandering there. Once or twice big tears started to my eyes, but I dashed them from me, fancying to myself that there were many happy, happy hours in store for me. On the morning of the 10th of May, 18—, as the sun rose over the eastern hills, it seemed to shine more brilliantly than ever before. The little birds dipped their wings in the pellucid waters of the little streamlet, and the young lambskins sported upon the hillside. It appeared as if all nature had decked herself in her gayest livery to wish me a happy future. That night as I lay restlessly reclining upon my bed, a thousand visions flitted before my eyes,—a thousand "dreamy fancies" filled my mind. I sought repose in nature's "sweet consoler," sleep; but alas! I waked. A monitor from within served to interrogate me, saying, "Whither, O youth, art thou straying? Should I heed such a thought? I, a youth, full of spirit and gifted with health? Absurd! I stretched myself upon my bed with an expression of self-satisfaction. At ten o'clock the next morning the coach was at the door. My well-filled trunk was placed upon the rack, and with many a heart-spoken "Good-bye" to brothers, sisters and friends, a mother's parting kiss and affectionate farewell, I stepped into the coach, and started for the city of A—. My father took a seat beside me in the coach, and rode some distance. He gave me a thousand dollars and asked me what business I intended to follow. But with a smile I evaded an answer. He did not press his question, but giving me a kindly admonition to be honest and industrious, he gave me the parting hand and left the coach. He stood long, watching the coach until it turned into another avenue, and he was lost to my view. What his thoughts were, who can tell? How must he have reflected that his first-born should have refused to answer an honest interrogation? But I was going to "live on the top shelf;" this occupied my thoughts and engrossed my attention during my journey to A—. The first thing after my arrival in that city was to seek employment as a clerk in a dry goods store; and, without difficulty, I succeeded in finding employment. The proprietor seemed to fancy me, and the next morning I commenced my labor. My employer was a wealthy, well-to-do man, not one of your "dandy" men, but, I soon thought, no "gentleman." Everything about his premises was neat, tidy, and in its proper place. Time passed along for a month; but by this time I came to the conclusion that the situation of clerk was not above the position which I had formerly occupied. In short, it was not favorable to the object in view. So, one morning I told my employer I had concluded to change my occupation. He looked surprised at this remark. "Had he wronged me? Was the labor too arduous? Was my salary insufficient?" As I did not answer promptly, he offered me ten dollars per month in advance if I would remain in his employ. But his offer was no temptation to me, and I stammered out something about labor and position. The object of "gentleman" rankled in my bosom and gave me no peace of mind. Finding that his efforts to secure my services were unavailing, he paid me for my hire, we exchanged "good morning," and I left the store. My next visit was to a "hotel," where I engaged board at five dollars per week. That day seemed the longest I ever saw. I sat uneasy in my room most of the day, wondering how I should carry my cherished plans into execution. That evening I went into the "bar," and found some of the "gentry" there. Mine host gave me an introduction to the leading ones, and that was enough. That night was a happy one to me. My dreams were being realized. The next day I purchased a new suit, and laid aside those garments which my parents selected with great care. From the clothing establishment I went to the "barbers," and paid one dollar for having my hair cropped, powdered, &c., &c. As I turned to go away, he offered me a cigar, and, although I had never taken such a thing into my mouth, I took it with as much apparent

unconcern as a more experienced man of the world would have done. I walked leisurely down Broadway until I came to a "jeweler's" shop. Here I bought a splendid sporting watch, and returned to my room minus three hundred dollars. As I stood before my mirror that evening, arranging my toilet, I fancied to myself the contrast between the "gentleman" I then was and the insignificant stripling from the country village one month before. That evening my friends "on the top shelf" called at my room, and gave me an invitation to accompany them to No. 4, for the purpose of meeting some intimate friends. That night was my first experience in gambling. I won five hundred dollars, formed many acquaintances, and was called "a fine fellow." Previous to this I had received letters from my parents and friends at T—; they receiving no reply from me, now wrote urging me to inform them of my success in my new position. But I was "living on the top shelf" and felt that they were beneath my notice. Thus things passed on, change after change, and at the close of two years I was without means; scarcely a penny in my pocket—no friends, except a few companions on "the top shelf," equally penniless—my companions, who had drawn me into their snare only for the purpose of getting my money, left me when they had accomplished this. Thus at the end of two short years I was deserted by every one. My face wore a frown, my eyes were red with late hours and alcoholic drinks; bad habits had completely mastered me and led their willing victim whither they would. I was contented; for rum had so gained possession of me, that it was at her shrine I bowed, and I drank my sweetest draughts of happiness in revelry with her dupes. When unfed by the flames of her brilliancy, I hated myself, my position, and poured curses upon the heads of my deceivers. One evening as I was sitting in the "bar" I received a letter which I recognized as coming from my father. I opened it and read to my astonishment that he was informed of my career, and would start the next week to seek me, and, if possible, induce me to return with him to T—. For a moment I revolved the subject in my mind, and the thought of meeting him was more than I could bear. I therefore resolved not to see him, and that evening made arrangements to leave the city. A comrade gave me a small sum, and the next morning at daybreak I started for parts unknown. I plodded on from day to day until I came to the city of L—, about a hundred miles distant. Here I changed my name and commenced my career of "living on the top shelf" in that city. Reader, the details of the thirty years that followed I must leave untold. Suffice it to say they were years of misery, and only fraught with ill. One evening, as I was wandering along the street, I heard some one say, "he paid dearly for his whistle." These words rang in my ears again and again! I went to my crib of straw that night, not to sleep, but to reflect. My whole history since that fatal morning came thronging upon my memory during that long sleepless night of agony. It seemed as if I could hear my mother's voice singing as merrily as on the evening previous to my departure. Those kindly words of admonition haunted me. The next day I concluded to return to the home of my youth, to see if any trace of father, mother, friends or play-mates still remained. After the lapse of nearly forty years I once more breathe the pure air of the quiet village of T—. But time has wrought many changes in my childhood's home. My father's dwelling has given way to the costly edifice, and the marble slab near the gray church tower marks the last resting place of its occupants, while I, a feeble relic, still remain. A life course of debauchery has well nigh sapped my once robust frame of its life. I can testify to the misery the sparkling wine-cup brings, for I have wallowed in the mire of filth to satisfy a thirst for life on "the top shelf," and counseled, as a friend, the demon—Rum. The shades of evening are falling round me as I sit among the scenes and associations of my early home, and sigh, vainly, for the return of my boyhood's days. The sun rises as beautifully now as then, and the song of the red-breast is as sweet as when I heard it last; but to me they bring no comfort. Time has engraven his wrinkles upon my forehead, and my temples are whitened with the frosts of age. And now I vainly wish that I were young again, that I might once more mingle with the youthful throng and dream again those happy dreams. Yes, youth, friends, playmates, fame, honor, health, wealth, ease, luxury—all are gone, and leave me only the sad remembrance of all I wished to gain. Although my days are far gone, yet, for fear of wounding the feelings of any who may yet survive, it were better that my name should remain untold. Others who may indulge the thought, may sigh when, too late, they find that ease and happiness purchased by "living on the top shelf" is fraught with many dangers; they who attempt it, in the end usually "pay dear for their whistle." But I must hasten to pay my devotions to that Being who has reserved for me an hour of peace before I die. Harrisville, Feb., 1864. THE positive, who exactly knows, is a skeleton at the feast—that exactness is numbness and chills every expansive guest. Dogma is a stoppage quite short of the nearest beginning; the liberal habit the beginning of all that has no end. Wisdom explores and never concludes. THE charter of man's liberty is in his soul, not his estate. No piled up wealth, no social station, no throne reaches as high as that spiritual plane upon which every human being stands by virtue of his humanity.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 40 letters. My 33, 11, 19, 8, 2 is a domestic animal. My 4, 30, 19, 27, 7, 34, 13 is a girl's name. My 17, 19, 6, 25, 36, 14, 28 is a county in Michigan. My 12, 15, 35, 21, 39 is a part of the body. My 22, 11, 14, 39, 8 are made of my 10, 2, 5, 32, 1, 18, 27 are worn on the feet by my 17, 34, 16, 3, 10, 26, 35, 23, 31. My 37, 16, 15, 6 is a kind of insect. My 24, 5, 22, 10, 26 is an article of furniture. My 29, 40, 35, 16 is a sacred song. My 38, 20, 9 is a personal pronoun. My whole is a proverb of Solomon. Columbus, Mich., 1864. J. M. BRAINERD. Answer in two weeks. For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. CHARADES OF COUNTIES. A Low piece of ground, and the whole of anything. An article of dress, and one of the twelve months. A certain mode of traveling, a vowel and a consonant. A place of public sale, and a preposition. A paternal appellation, and a vowel. A conveyance, and to revolve. One dearly beloved, and the fashionable. An exclamation, and one of God's greatest blessings. East Lansing, N. Y. J. A. B. Answer in two weeks. For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. A PUZZLE. The sum of my whole equals 157. Divide me into five equal parts and one of the parts will be 100 times another part. Take four-fifths of myself from myself and over half still remains. I am not a barbarian, neither am I enlightened, but I am just 5-9ths civilized. Watertown, N. Y., 1864. A. M. ANDERSON. Answer in two weeks. For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM. If the earth were a perfect sphere of uniform density, and if it were divided into two equal parts by a plane passing through the equator, how great a force applied at each pole, would be necessary to separate the two hemispheres? Nunda, N. Y., 1864. Answer in two weeks. ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 735. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Post-Office Department. Answer to Enigmatical Towns:—Benton, Greencastle, Crownpoint, Warsaw, Mayfield, Coldwater, Georgetown, Harrogate, Lehigh, Appleton, Elkton. Answer to Anagram: Sculptors of life are we as we stand, With our souls uncovered before us, Waiting the hour when at God's command Our life-dream passes o'er us. If we carve it then on the shapeless stone With many a sharp incision, Its heavenly beauty shall be our own, Our lives an angel vision. Answer to Ingenious Puzzle: Fifty, Night, Five, One-quarter of each. Answer to Puzzle:—Four excellent maxims: "Be intent on doing right," "Owe Nothing," "Be Honest," "Live in peace with all."

THOROUGH, PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION. ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF ALL CLASSES OF YOUNG MEN, WHETHER IN THE COUNTING-ROOM, MANUFACTORY, FARMING, MECHANICAL, OR PROFESSIONAL DUTIES OF LIFE. EASTMAN'S MODEL MERCANTILE COLLEGE, ROCHESTER, N. Y., FURNISHES ADVANTAGES SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER INSTITUTION IN THE COUNTRY, IN ITS PECULIAR AND ORIGINAL MODE OF INSTRUCTION, COMBINING THEORY AND PRACTICE. THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT Is conducted by the Principal himself, and not left to inefficient and unexperienced teachers, as is often the case in institutions established for speculative purposes. The wants of the student are well understood, and attended to, and hence our success in qualifying young men in the shortest possible time, and at less expense than at any other Business School in the land. For particulars send for the College Journal. Address A. H. EASTMAN, Principal. From the Rochester Daily Union and Advertiser. THE EASTMAN COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—Old city residents need not be reminded as to when, nor informed by whose ingenious and driving energy, the entire plan of systematic business education took its rise, or in whose hands it has received, through the favorable appreciation of the people of twelve of the thirty-one States, its present full development and its notable success. It must be now, some twenty years since the late G. W. Eastman commenced what may be termed his mission among us. With his then acknowledged talent for instruction, and an early and persistent aim at excellence, it would be somewhat strange if that gentleman had not introduced some valuable improvements in methods of commercial schooling, or enlarged its scope and consequent utility. He did both. With the assistance of his brother, at that time a man of long and varied experience in business, he invented and instituted a new ritual of accounts, and produced from the fertile precincts of his active brain the original expedient of PRACTICAL BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS in connection with theoretical book-keeping and business lectures. With infinite care and study he expanded and improved the new system, perfected its details and applied its principles to the extent of launching out upon the mercantile world thousands of young experts, not amateurs, completely competent to any and every clerical duty known to trade or commerce. We are pleased to note that the Eastman's College, notwithstanding the loss of its projector and President, goes on its way triumphantly under the auspices of Professor A. R. Eastman, to whom we have alluded. To give such of our readers as have not yet availed themselves of the general invitation to visit and inspect the halls and rooms a passing idea of this celebrated institution, we are at a loss for a better descriptive form of expression than this:—The school appeared to our perceptions not to be at all a school, but rather a business world, or at least a city in miniature. The operations of merchandizing, jobbing, forwarding, banking, &c., as carried on incessantly there, do not seem essentially differing from similar transactions in our streets and counting-rooms. The Merchants' Exchange, of New York or London, presents its array of the same eager and calculating, or thoughtful faces, rather more wrinkled and bearded, it is true, but scarcely more earnest or astute; business at Eastman's is as much business, as business in Broad, or Wall, or Third, or Chestnut Sts.; sales, shipments, transfers, insurances, remittances and collections are managed and effected precisely as in the outer world—perhaps with even more scrupulous exactness, by the use of the mail facilities of the College post-office department, by express, by telegraph, through the college bank or exchange office, at the emporium of merchandise, the railroad depot, on the steamboat levee, the exchange or the counting-room, the interview, or the confidential note. Every student receives his own cash capital, and is started at once into real life as it were, by being put into some branch of business. As soon as he is perfect in one department he is removed to another, until practically familiar with all. The system is admirable, its conception happy, and its execution at Eastman's perfect in generality and detail. But its operation must be witnessed to be appreciated; and we say no more, except to congratulate the public and the pupils of the school on the acquisition of a new instructor of known ability in the operating Telegraphic Department, Mr. George A. Stearns, long and favorably known as a first-class operator and an enthusiastic teacher of his art. 737-2teom