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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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AGRICULTURAL.

IS FARMING PROFITABLE?

A Report of a Discussion at the Hess Road Farmer's Club, Niagara Co., N. Y., Feb. 18th, 1865.

R. F. DUTCHER thought profit a relative term, inasmuch as what one class would think profitable another would think too trifling to be worthy of notice. Farming paid to some extent. We see men all over the country who commenced either empty handed or with very limited means, and by years of industry and economy they have attained to a competence. None ever attain to great wealth exclusively by farming. It is notorious that the farmers of Western New York who commenced poor are broken down by hard labor. Men of forty are really as old as they ought to be at sixty, and the question arises do they get an ample remuneration for such a waste of muscle and life-force, to say nothing of the anxiety of mind.

Had often heard it remarked that farmers could not afford to hire, as it often took the produce of the hired and of the employer, to pay the help; and even farm labor is generally cheap as compared with that paid by other classes. We must come to one of two conclusions, either farming does not pay, or else the majority do not understand their business. Merchants, mechanics, manufacturers, miners, lumbermen and boatmen, all can and do hire, and at liberal wages, while with farmers it is a constant theme that they cannot afford to hire. Since the war, farmers have done first rate, but I don't want to make money by the sufferings of others.

D. NYE.—Had thought he could not hire at a profit, but had hired a good deal—some good and some poor help. Thought farming a safe business; men in other business ran greater risks, and occasionally made great profits, and also sustained great losses. Many farmers have done well, commencing all in debt and surrounding themselves with broad acres and a home of plenty. Could not say it had been remarkably profitable for him. When he commenced on his farm it was all out of order, and what he had made showed for itself.

J. S. WOODARD thought if Mr. NYE had put on an acre of buildings on his farm, it must have been profitable for him. We use up more than we are aware, very few keeping accurate accounts of their income and expenses. Only one merchant in ten succeeds, manufacturers are but little better, while with speculators not one in a hundred retires wealthy. Farmers would be surprised if they would keep an accurate account of the amount they use in their families. He had kept an accurate account of the labor and of the produce of one of his farms. Expense for labor was \$400, while the income was \$1,200. Worth of farm, \$5,000, so that after deducting for interest and taxes a nice amount is left for superintending.

N. JOHNSON.—Thought farming profitable or he would quit the business.

A. L. SPAULDING.—Thought farming profitable. Had seen an estimate in the N. Y. Tribune, showing that only one merchant in fifty retires wealthy, only one banker in thirty, and trades-

men about the same, while with farmers nearly all do slowly accumulate. Farmers deal with nature and get a just return for all they bestow upon her. Nature does not cheat, nor will she allow herself to be cheated. Farming is healthful, and a large share of a farmer's food is used while fresh and in perfection, which is quite a consideration.

W. H. PARKER.—Said, after listening to the remarks, he was almost persuaded that farming did pay. But what per cent. does it pay? Do we get pay for all our back aches; working through rain and shine, summer's heat and winter's cold? Look at the residences in our villages, and if we except the shanties of foreign laborers, the dwellings of the farmers hold but a sorry comparison. In the villages, stone walks about the houses and ornamental fences are the rule, while with farmers they are the exception; so much so that many are glad even to get a slab to walk on. Most of his relatives are engaged in other business, and he is convinced that it is unbounded extravagance that makes the share of merchants and tradesmen so small that are wealthy. Let the storekeepers and others live as economically as farmers do, and we should not hear so much of their breaking down. If farmers hired as much help in their business and in their houses and paid such wages and fared as sumptuously, there is not one farmer in a thousand that could stand it two years.

H. DUNCAN had tried living in villages, and was sick of it, and liked farming very much. He considered himself rich, yes, independently rich, even on a small farm. He was contented, and a contented mind is a continual feast. He stood on terra firma, and was satisfied.

A. HAMLIN.—When a young man, had looked about with a view of engaging in other business, but was not satisfied with the prospect, and voluntarily chose farming. Farming had its bright side and its dark side. How much it payed could only be determined by keeping a debt and credit account. For one item, a farmer should not charge for his time as low a rate of wages as he can hire unskilled foreign labor for, but in proportion to his skill in his business, as merchants, bankers and others do. Even the minor jobs done by his boys ought to be charged. If this rule were adopted, he did not think one farmer in one thousand would make seven per cent. on his capital, besides keeping up the necessary repairs. Farmers do not generally inform themselves as they ought. They do not think and plan, but strive to make up the deficiency by working like wretches. Many are, voluntarily, perfect hacks. If farmers would inform themselves, live within their means, and not be in such a hurry to get rich, they need not prematurely break down by excessive work.

CHARLES STARKS.—Farmers do not usually take into account their living, while mechanics frequently barely make a living with all their earnings.

M. HARWOOD.—All men are not calculated for farmers, nor all for merchants or mechanics.

The farmer's life is not surrounded with temptations, nor his children subjected to such evil influences as those in cities and villages. Farmers, on an average, do as well as any other business, and above all it is a healthy business.

H. WYMAN.—Thought farming paid sometimes and sometimes it did not. One great thing to be taken into account is, that farmers raise nearly all their own supplies, and they know they are good. Just now dairy farming is paying well; one of his nephews in Oswego county having 30 cows, realized \$2,750 from them last summer; another having 25 cows, \$2,250. Had only made a small payment on his place at first, but had paid nearly as much interest as the place originally cost. Farmers ought to have a little mercy on themselves. Had better hire than to make slaves of themselves.

A. F. DUTCHER.—A great many mechanics work several years at their trades, and having accumulated a small capital, invest it in land. Many mechanics complain that farmers do the best, whereas, a farmer with no capital except the same worth of tools as a mechanic, cannot realize the wages on an average that mechanics do. Most farmers have some capital, whereas, those mechanics who are disposed to complain, usually have the income of their daily labor alone.

A. F. DUTCHER, Sec'y.

ABOUT HANGING BUCKETS.

In a communication on making maple sugar from a correspondent in Ohio, in the RURAL of Feb. 11th, I notice one suggestion regarding hanging of buckets which I think could be bettered. Now a much better way is to hang the buckets on the spouts. If a bucket is suitably wired it can be hung on the spout and save marring the tree, and perhaps save some future generation from breaking the commandments, when chopping off the points of ten penny nails when cutting up the old maples for wood, for you can hardly prevent breaking off the points of nails in drawing out, if driven in far enough to hold a pail of sap. I have hung some 250 buckets a season for more than 20 years on the spouts, and never knew one draw out; and some of my buckets held 16 quarts. My spouts were made of elder or sumac, four or five inches in length; cut a notch in the spout and drive in the tree snug with the notch on the upper side. Hitch on the bucket and then it is all right. If you want to tap over, take the same bit and bore one-fourth inch deeper. Usually there is no necessity for that as there is a small chance for the wood to dry. I can agree with your correspondent in all of his other suggestions, but don't go to driving nails into maple trees for you can do better. I have known 1000 buckets hung up in our bush in a season and never heard of a spout pulling out. It can't be done if the spout is properly driven in. Make your spouts rather tapering, drive in strong and a bucket of sap cannot pull it out. I used a one-half inch bit. Troy, Mich., Feb., 1865. Wm. Conn.

GLEANINGS FROM LETTERS AND PAPERS.

Ointment for a Swollen Test.—The following is a good ointment for a swollen test:—One ounce of camphor with a little spirits of wine and mixed with one ounce of mercurial ointment and a half pound of elder ointment.

Water for Chickens.—Clean water in a clean dish should be provided daily; and it is recommended by a writer who has had considerable experience, that a little clean gravel be put in the bottom of the dish. The water should be changed twice a day.

Chinese vs. Imphee Canes.—"Western New York:—"We regard the Chinese sugar cane, if you can get pure seed, better for cultivation in this locality, with the present knowledge of manufacture, than the Imphee varieties, because it makes more, and a better sirup.

Diarrhoea in Cattle.—J. H. FITCH, a correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, cures it in this way:—Take half a pail of bran and pour boiling water on it and cover with thick cloth until nearly cool, then strain and give the tea to the afflicted animal. Two or three doses is very sure to cure and can do no hurt.

Food for Chickens.—A writer in WILKES' Spirit recommends for chickens for the first week after hatching, a hard boiled egg, to be given, chopped fine, at least twice a day, wheat steeped in milk, and coarse Indian meal, bread crumbs, &c. A change of food is necessary, and he advises that it be changed twice a week, substituting cracked corn for wheat. Chickens should be fed as long as they will run after food at call.

Tan-bark for Potatoes.—A gardener at Troyes, "having observed that everybody living in the quarter of the town occupied by tanners escaped the cholera, determined to try the virtue of tan when planting potatoes. For this purpose he placed a shovelful of tan in the trench under the seed in a part of the field, and planted the remainder in the ordinary way. On digging out the potatoes he found that those which were planted near the tan were perfectly sound, while the others were diseased. He found, further, that potatoes were preserved in the winter by spreading tan on the floor of the storehouse."

Castor Beans in Missouri.—The St. Joseph Union urges the cultivation of the Castor Bean in that State. It says an average crop of 25 bushels per acre can be grown, and two hands can take care of thirty acres of them, and at the same time attend to a small crop of wheat, oats, and corn. But by far the most important assertion made is this—"Besides the direct pecuniary profit arising from the growth of this crop, it pays the farmer largely in the strength it brings to his land. There is no better fertilizer than castor beans. The poorest clay soil may be brought up to a lively loam by growing this crop. We have known land worthless for any other crop, to be resuscitated in a single season by the growth of this bean."

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

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

NEW YORK STATE SHEEP BREEDERS' AND WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

The meeting at Syracuse, on Wednesday, the 22d of February, of the Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association of the State, was well attended and of an exceedingly interesting character. It was made up of gentlemen of intelligence and enterprise from all parts of the State, and was conducted in the best possible manner for reaching the objects sought for by those interested in this branch of American industry. The number present in the afternoon, we should judge, was over 200. From the commencement to the close of the meeting, the best feeling was maintained, and at no time during the discussions was there a flagging of interest, all present seeming to have an earnest desire to obtain all the knowledge possible on the several subjects presented for consideration. It was in many respects one of the most satisfactory and profitable farmers' gatherings that we ever had the pleasure of attending.

In eliciting information, and in turning the discussions to practical account, great praise is due to the President, Dr. RANDALL, who by keeping those participating in the debate from wandering from the topics immediately under discussion and by timely suggestions, aided in making the matter brought out of more value and utility. The meeting, therefore, in this respect was a decided success.

The Convention assembled, at City Hall, at 12 M., and was called to order by the President who briefly stated the object of the meeting, and remarked that as there could be but a short time before taking a recess for dinner, an opportunity would be given for persons present to join the Association. Quite a number thereupon gave their names to the Treasurer and paid the fees of membership.

On motion the chair appointed the following as a business committee to select topics for afternoon's discussion:—HON. B. N. HUNTINGTON, Oneida; CHAS. B. CHAMPLIN, Steuben; CHAS. TALLMAN, Onondaga; W. R. PITTS, Ontario; D. W. PERCY, Rensselaer.

A motion that the Secretary now read the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society, was put and carried, but the reading was waived on account of the ringing of bells throughout the city and firing of cannon, which commenced at this time, in celebration of the day and of the fall of Charleston.

On motion, a recess was taken until 2 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention assembled promptly at the hour, and the Business Committee reported as follows:

1. Resolved, That it is the duty of this association to encourage the breeding of every variety of sheep which is calculated to meet the wants of any important class of American consumers, and thus render our country independent of foreign ones for its supply of raw materials.
2. Resolved, That we approve of the present wool tariff of the United States.
3. Resolved, That we recommend a higher tax on dogs by our State Legislature, and that provision be made for its uniform and rigid enforcement.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION.

The subject of wool pulling; the subject of rheumatism in sheep, its cause and cure; the subject of guttre in sheep, its cause and cure; the crossing of different breeds of sheep.

Mr. TALLMAN of Onondaga, desired to have the resolutions and subjects taken up and discussed separately.

Mr. BROOKS of Wyoming, expressed his gratification at such a meeting convened here on this occasion, indicating, as it does, a deep interest in this important branch of industry. He took pleasure in agreeing most heartily to the first resolution which had been offered. The association is to have a wide influence on the breeding of sheep. The subjects brought before this meeting should not be left to the decision of caprice, they interest every one who eats a breakfast or wears a garment. We came to advance the great subject of sheep husbandry in all its departments. I hold that a pound of meat—of mutton—can be produced as cheaply as a pound of any other animal food, and it is the best of all meats for the table. There is this advantage also, you get the wool thrown

in. It is a great thing to make this gain of taking off a good fleece of wool before slaughtering. He was, therefore, in favor of mutton sheep. We want something that will best meet the demands of the market—a good, wholesome, juicy meat. To produce this, what is the best treatment—what is the best kind of food and way of feeding—on grasses, on roots, or on grain? These are questions to be considered and determined.

Then, too, we are to be clothed as well as fed. The majority desire a good substantial fabric of American wool. Some will want something finer, and we should not send to Germany for it. He hoped there was and would be a demand for the finest kind of wool—would speak respectfully of breeders of that department—they emancipate us from dependence on foreign countries. We should make ourselves masters of the breeding of sheep; but this cannot be done without thought. There was a growing tendency among our people to wear woolen fabrics. Every man should wear good stout woolen pants—am in favor of woolen blankets, woolen underclothes and overclothes for both sexes. We, as wool growers, are interested in putting woolen goods in circulation and should do what we can to cheapen this character of goods. As philanthropists we should endeavor to produce them cheaply and wear them ourselves.

Brief-remarks were made by others, after which the first resolution was again read and passed.

The Wool Tariff.

The resolution approving of the present wool tariff of the United States was taken up.

Luther H. Tucker, of the Country Gentleman, suggested that this resolution be referred to the Standing Committee on Legislative action. It was desirable, however, to have an expression of members present, and it would be well, perhaps, to have it discussed so as to get the sentiment of the meeting.

Mr. Baker, of Steuben, was not thoroughly posted in reference to the present tariff on wools. He made some statements concerning its provisions.—Thinks if we were now doing business on a gold basis we could not produce wool profitably. We should, therefore, do something so as to make it profitable.

Mr. Gilbert, of Oswego, said there was a time when cotton was king; that time had passed, and wool was now king. Was in favor of home manufactures, and believed that woolen goods should be manufactured in the family. The young ladies could probably employ their time in this way, and those that were willing to do so were to be commended. He preferred by our young men, and who make the best wives for us. Mr. Brooks thought it disgraceful for us to need protection for our wool. We have a wide domain, where lands are cheap and abundant, and it should be our ambition to produce large quantities of wool, and afford it at cheap rates.

Resolution referred, on motion, to the Standing Committee on United States Legislation affecting the interest of sheep breeders and wool growers.

Tax on Dogs.

The resolution in regard to a higher tax on dogs was next considered.

Mr. Tallman, of Onondaga, was opposed to dogs running at large. He lost more sheep from dogs than by all other causes combined. He hoped this matter would be sent to our State Legislature and a law passed increasing the tax on dogs, which should be enforced.

Mr. Beer, of Ohio, had had some experience on the question now under consideration. The Legislature of Ohio had exhausted its ingenuity in forming laws, and but few were in force. A law was now proposed making the owner of a dog found worrying a sheep, liable to fine and imprisonment. There was no adequate tax on dogs in Ohio, on account of the Constitutional provision of that State which requires all property to be taxed according to its actual value. The actual value of the dog being trifling the tax was necessarily trifling. At the last meeting of our Ohio Wool Growers' Association this subject was passed over with the hope that public opinion would be more effective in ridding the country of dogs than State laws had been. There was probably half a million of dogs in Ohio and the loss in 1893 was \$200,000.

Mr. Huntington, of Oneida, said he estimated the loss in that county, from same cause, at \$2,500. Mr. Wood, of Wayne in that county, at \$700. Mr. Sweet, in Onondaga, at from \$60,000 to \$75,000.

After some further debate the resolution was unanimously carried, and on motion of Hon. B. N. Huntington the officers of the Society were requested to affix their names to the resolution as carried, and transmit the same to the Legislature as an expression of the sense of the Association on this subject.

Wool Pulling—Its Cause and Cure.

Mr. Avery, of Fulton, has been troubled with this disease. Washed the sheep in tobacco water; it had the desired effect, and his flock is now past time to be affected, and gives no signs of the disease. Exposure to storms, and their not being thoroughly bedded with straw, supposed to be the cause.

Mr. Plum, of Onondaga—Four years ago, flock troubled with this disease; sheep commenced pulling their wool in winter—some, badly; never could find out the cause; opened wool and found spots size of pea, diseased; applied mercurial ointment of shops mixed with four parts of lard, and it cured; thin ka fed to high; does not feed so high this winter, and no signs of disease; the sheep were not troubled with ticks.

Mr. Healy, of Steuben—Have a flock of 200 sheep; don't know the cause of disease when it appears on the sides; when on belly and brisker, attribute it to manure. Remedy is mercurial ointment; do not know as it is a permanent cure, but it operates well for a time. A neighbor uses the ointment under the fore-leg or arm-pit, and by this means gets a constitutional effect; reduces the ointment by making it half lard, and applies to each sheep a quantity of the size of two peas. Last season, on recommendation of Dr. Randall, cleaned out stalls before the dung began to heat; found great advantage in it.

Mr. Lalor, of Oneida said it was important to learn the strength of this preparation, so as to know how much to use. It was not uniform in strength. Have seen bad effects resulting from its use on this account.

Mr. Ennis of Wayne, had used preparations prepared by Mr. Lalor, with good effect; been troubled several years with sheep pulling wool; last year dipped 90 after shearing, and had but one case; have 9 lambs all picking wool; have used tallow and turpentine with good effect.

Mr. Munson, of Seneca, has used kerosene for this disease; it produced abortion, but stopped sheep from pulling wool.

Mr. Noyes, of Ontario, attributes one of the causes of the disease to ticks and another to the heating of the manure where sheep are confined; improper ventilation and the keeping of sheep too warm was also thought to cause it; uses as a remedy, a wash of tobacco and soap; dip every spring, and skins are always healthy; get rid of ticks and no trouble from pulling wool. Flock masters have not ascertained the cause of this disease. I do not believe that high feeding is the cause. Have had sheep high on corn and had no trouble from their pulling wool. More is lost from poor than from high feeding. One and a half pounds of corn to a sheep per day is all they will bear.

Mr. Lalor—Kerosene produces abortion in cat-

tle, and it is not surprising it has the same effect on sheep. Poor feeding causes more skin diseases than good feeding.

The President stated that he had seen tobacco tried for this disease, and also mercurial ointment, with the desired effect. Mercurial ointment is used in England to promote the growth of wool; if used to excess might produce injury. It should be diluted by using three parts of lard to one of ointment; should not be put on in masses, but the diseased part simply touched with the mixture. Tallow and Turpentine had been recently tried in one instance, and his farmer had assured him that it effected a cure.

Mr. Crandall, of Madison, thinks it is a habit; has had sheep addicted to it for last eight years and cannot break it up; had tried tobacco and the ointment, and the sheep had lost half their wool notwithstanding.

Mr. Mitson, of Seneca, thinks the disease is hereditary and never could find a remedy effectually to stop sheep from pulling wool. Mr. Cole, of Onondaga, thinks it is caused by allowing sheep to get poor in the fall.

Mr. Knapp, of Onondaga, says that sheep that are kept poor in the early part of the winter and then fed high are apt to be afflicted with it. I believe this to be the cause.

Mr. Champlin, of Steuben: My experience is that the best flocks of sheep pull wool and poor flocks are not addicted to it. Sheep that are kept best pull wool most.

The Chairman, Dr. Randall, said there was nothing more true than that sheep poor in the fall and suddenly raised in condition by high feed in the winter, would shed their wool. This was not a disease, nor was it what was termed "wool pulling." Gentlemen whose statements appear to conflict on this subject may each be right. Was not prepared to say that pulling did not become a habit, in some instances. Was not prepared to deny that such a habit might even be hereditary. Whether a disease or a habit, it unquestionably made a more obstinate resistance to remedies in some cases than in others. There might possibly be cases where both mercurial ointment and a powerful decoction of tobacco failed of producing an ultimate cure. But when properly applied, he had never known either to fail. The tallow and turpentine remedy came recommended by high authority—the authority of Daubenton and he believed of Livingston. He believed Daubenton went so far as to say that it would cure scab. He thought it was at least worthy of a full trial in "pulling," for if it proved effective, it would be safer than mercurial ointment, and unlike tobacco could be applied at any time in winter without staining the wool.

Rheumatism in Sheep—Its Cause and Cure.

Dr. Randall stated that this disease was becoming very destructive. It was comparatively a new malady in this country, and he requested those present to give, briefly, their experience.

Mr. Plum of Onondaga, had lost a number from this disease; attacked lambs when two weeks old; limbs were stiff and heads drooped down; put kerosene on one and it took off the wool, but it got well; had used camphor; some got well, and others died; had kept sheep well through the winter, and had used the sugar beet to some extent; was inclined to think that a cause.

Dr. Randall—Some of the best flock-masters in the State always feed beets, and no flocks are freer from this disease. [Mr. R. subsequently, in answer to a question, remarked in an undertone that he referred to Hon. Wm. Chamberlain and Carl Heyne of Red Hook, Mr. Geddes Onondaga, &c., &c.]

Mr. Avery, of Fulton, attributed the cause of this disease to want of exercise, and high feeding; had had large losses, and tried remedy recommended in "Practical Shepherd," using the syringe, etc.; has now a yard containing about an acre, dog-tight, where his sheep are driven out and exercised, making a quarter mile run every day. Two years ago he bought 36 ewes, heavy shearers. Towards the last of September fed a little grain, and continued to feed up to the time for using hay. He then fed grain twice a day and carrots at noon. Expected to have heavy fleeces. The spring lambs came, and they were fine ones. Just before lambing, about the 20th of March, took them into a basement, and the sheep were regularly brought in in rough weather. He lost over 50 per cent. of lambs—the others came out well enough. Last and this year he did not feed so high. The grand cause of this disease in his opinion, is high feeding and want of exercise.

Mr. C. Baker of Onondaga—Agrees with last gentleman. Has an orchard where the sheep can run every day; the sheep giving the most milk lose the most lambs by this disease; tried remedy recommended in "Practical Shepherd;" some did well and others were lost.

Mr. Noyes of Ontario—Does not think that high feeding is the cause of the disease, for if so the lambs would be lost before three weeks old. Morris Baker of Onondaga—Never knew a lamb born in early winter die of this disease; lost a number last year; never had any success in doctoring.

Mr. Brooks had no doubt that the disease springs from remote causes; a healthy system will resist local disease. The sheep is an animal used to fresh air and herbage, and when the laws of health are violated it would come back on its own. Sheep should be fed on roots, apples and juicy food. The habit of putting \$500 rams to excessive use is a fruitful source of disease.

Mr. Healy, of Steuben, had lost twenty-five one year, in spite of all medical treatment. Dissected some of the animals, and found digestive organs inflamed. About two weeks before lambs began to come, he increased grain feed; fed shorts and corn; attributed losses to that cause, but his neighbors thought they were the result of feeding Glover hay; next year used Timothy; fed turnips, and after lambs were dropped, gay; but, and had no trouble from disease. When grass began to make its appearance there was a snow-storm, and forty-eight hours after, disease made its appearance. Gave turpentine and lard as a remedy, and cured them. Regard beets as best food for milk; barns are well ventilated on all sides, and troughs are set fifteen rods from the barn where sheep run to their food and get exercise.

Morris Baker thinks that turning sheep out from warm stables and subjecting them to cold snows and storms, causes the disease.

Mr. Danforth, of Onondaga—A year ago in March, observed a yearling ewe stretching and acting like the diseased lambs; pared her feet with a sharp knife until blood run freely, it effected a cure; but do not know as it was the same disease.

Mr. Wilcox of Onondaga—Lambs that I have noticed with this disease, act like foundered horses; lose about half that are attacked; use medicines; some die others live; the dissected stomach and intestines show undigested milk; they are full with it; attributes cause to severe cold or indigestible food.

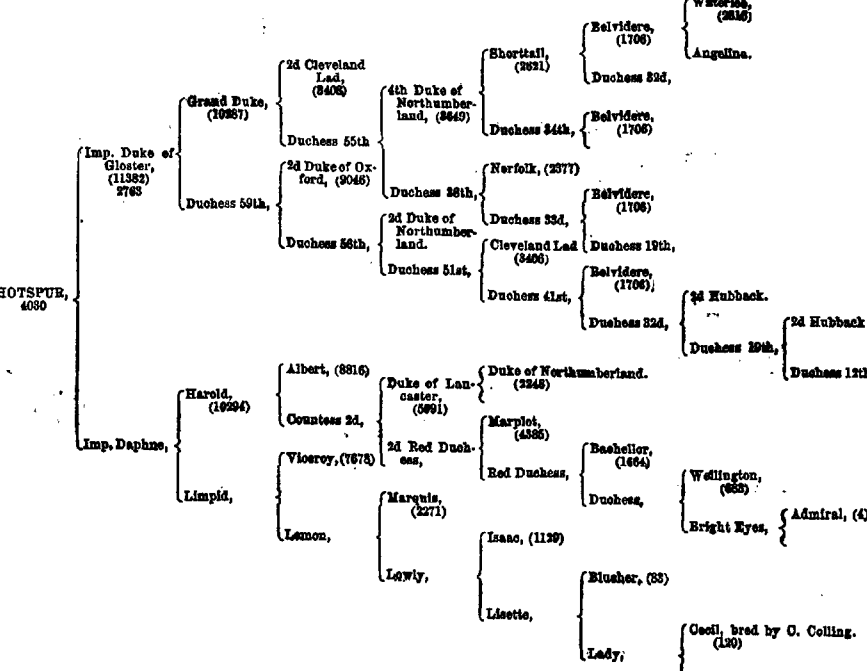
Dr. Randall—Said he never made himself responsible for remedy named in "Practical Shepherd." It was rather a suggestion to be tried.

Mr. Burgess, of Rensselaer, had tried the remedy found in "Practical Shepherd," with success.

Dr. Randall—In answer to a question said that according to his information the disease had appeared to some extent in Vermont; that he understood the remedies there used were cathartics (oil) and injections.

Mr. Bull, of Seneca, remarked that the disease had not yet appeared in his county.

Mr. Greer, of Ohio, never heard of the disease



PEDIGREE OF SHORT-HORN BULL HOTSPUR, 4030.

On the preceding page of this paper we give a portrait of this fine animal, bred by T. L. HARRISON, Esq., Morley, N. Y., and now owned by Hon. T. C. PETERS, Darien, N. Y. We give herewith a synopsis of his pedigree for the twofold purpose of exhibiting the purity and richness of his blood, and showing how much of the Princess blood he has, and that in using him Mr. PETERS is making a judicious cross upon his Princess herd, which is noted for its milking qualities. Hotspur won the first prize as a yearling at the New York State Fair at Watertown, and also the Silver Medal as the best bull of any age. At the N. Y. State Fair at Utica, 1893, he won the first prize in the class of aged bulls, no Sweepstakes being offered.

We have before us Mr. PETERS' Catalogue of Pure-bred Short-Horns, issued January 1, 1895, in which is the history of the Princess tribe of Durhams or Improved Short-Horns as given by Hon. AMBROSE STEVENS of Genesee. Mr. STEVENS states that "the Princess tribe of Short-Horns have no equals in England or America in

style and quality and milking capacity." He proceeds to cite instances of the remarkable milking qualities of animals of this tribe. Mr. PETERS says, "I have found them (this tribe of Short-Horns) thus far extraordinary milkers, fully sustaining all that Mr. STEVENS asserts in regard thereto. I believe the milking capacity of the tribe has become fully hereditary. All the other females of my herd, so far as proved, are superior milkers." Just now, when there is such a demand for good milking stock, and when dairymen are becoming satisfied that they must build up their own herds of milkers by using thorough-bred bulls of milking families upon native cows, it will be interesting to know where to look for such thorough-bred stock. We are glad, therefore, to call the attention of dairymen to Mr. PETERS' herd, knowing that many dairymen, especially those on the luxuriant bottom lands in the dairy regions, prefer the Short-Horn crosses to those of any other breed. We shall be glad to have this subject of milking breeds further discussed.

in the West; the ground there was rarely covered with snow; sheep go out at all times, so as to get at the ground, except during snow storms. Mr. Gilbert, of Oswego, closed the afternoon's discussion commending the wool-growing business in high terms, and sprinkling throughout his speech, a good deal of patriotic sentiment which brought down the house in rounds of applause, after which a recess was taken till 7 o'clock. X. A. W.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

CORRECTION.—In our article headed "The Country Gentleman," March 4th, we are made to say:—"Since the beginning of 1844, the Country Gentleman has, we think, contained more direct and indirect attacks on the improved American Merinos and their breeders, than all the other Agricultural journals on our exchange list put together." It should have been printed "Since the beginning of 1864," &c. In our article on "Wrinkles on Merino Sheep," March 11th, the name of Petri is twice given as Petrie, and on p. 78, line 32 of same number the word *Amnesia* is printed *faimness*, making nonsense of our meaning.

PEDIGREES OF THE SAXON MERINOS.—Speaking of the Merinos imported from Spain into Saxony in the year 1768, the following remark occurs in the Practical Shepherd, p. 20:—"It is understood they were selected principally if not exclusively from the Escorial Cabana." Our attention is called to a detailed statement of the pedigrees of those sheep published in 1862 by Mr. KLIPFART, Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, by which it appears that they were selected from several different Cabanas, and that the Escorial constituted but a small proportion of them. Mr. KLIPFART is a fine German scholar, and a painstaking and accurate investigator, and we therefore take it for granted has consulted original authorities on this subject, and gives the facts correctly. We stated that they were Escorial on the personal authority of the late HENRY D. GROVE of Hoosic, N. Y., the well known importer, breeder and champion of this variety. He was born and educated a shepherd in Prussian Saxony, and was supposed to be extremely well read and well informed in everything pertaining to Saxony sheep. Having observed no counter statements, we adopted his without hesitation—and the more readily, perhaps, because the fact involved was, to our readers, one of very slight importance, as it pertained to a variety of sheep almost banished from the United States. We are very glad, however, the correction has been made.

TO WHOM SHALL FARMERS SELL THEIR WOOL?—Mr. LOWMEYER asks: "would we realize more from our wool to make an arrangement to ship it to the manufacturer, or to sell it to sub-agents, where it must pass through two or three hands and pay a commission to each?" For choice lots of wool in superior condition (too good wool for the market) more might sometimes be realized by sending it direct to the manufacturer. But usually a good share of the itinerant buyers are the agents of the manufacturers, and ought therefore to pay as good prices as the latter, minus their own commission and the expense of transportation. The commission has been generally a cent a pound, and an agent bailing and transporting large lots can do it more cheaply than the farmer, by at least the sum he receives as commission. And whether paid by the pound or a per-centage for buying, it is always the interest of the agent to purchase every lot of wool which he can do and act within his instructions. After many years observation we have come to the conclusion, that in all regions where competing wool buyers penetrate, it is better as a general rule for every farmer to sell his wool at home, and to agree upon the price before it is sold. It makes no difference to him whether it is bought by a manufacturer's or a speculator's agent, providing the latter will give as much as the former. The competition between them is an advantage to him. It raises prices, and renders combinations between buyers more difficult. The speculator buys hoping to gain by a rise in the market. He takes all the risk, and if the market price declines he is a loser. If the farmer is not willing to allow him to take this risk, he can hold on to his wool and take it himself. In no point of view then has he any cause to complain of agents or "middle men."

Rural Notes and Queries.

THE SEASON.—The weather continues cold, with frequent snow storms. In this region we have had sleighing for nearly three months, the only excursions being one or two slight and evanescent thaws. On Sunday morning, the 12th, the thermometer marked only 5 above zero, and the day was one of the most Borean of the season—remarkably cold for so near the middle of March. The winter has certainly been tedious, with more snow in this region than for a decade of years, yet we hope the result will be favorable to the agricultural interest. Though some fear the wheat crop will be smothered or injuriously affected by freezing and thawing, we trust all will yet be well. After the long months of frigidty and snow our people will welcome spring and a sight of "Mother Earth" with gladness. Heaven speed its coming and actual arrival!

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS!—The rush of advertising favors is so great that we are obliged to defer several (a column or two) intended for this number. We therefore advise all our readers to carefully peruse those we now give, and look sharp for those in late and future issues of the RURAL. Regret that it is impossible to accommodate all applicants at once, but are doing the best in our power to render justice to both readers and advertisers. But as we are unable to give many advertisements for a long period, we admonish all interested to read the advertisements, especially such as offer useful implements, machines, trees, seeds, &c., &c. Most of the announcements in this paper will prove worthy of more than a simple perusal, as they give facts of interest to thousands of people who wish to procure useful and valuable articles.

NEW MAPLE SUGAR.—We are indebted L. D. MITCHELL, Esq., of Pittsford, this county, for a fine sample of maple sugar, of this year's manufacture. Also for an invitation to visit his "bush" and become a member of the "tasting committee"—which we shall endeavor to accept in person. Mr. M. is always first in furnishing this market with a superior article.

PITCH IN.—A correspondent at Palmyra, N. Y., writing us on business, says at the close of his letter:—"I have the numbers of the RURAL for ten years, bound, and would like to continue for ten years to come. I find a great many good things in the RURAL, besides some I do not agree with at all; and if I could but wield a pen satisfactorily, I should pitch into some of them 'right smart.'" And that is precisely what we want you to do—not in a captious, fault finding spirit, but with a catholic desire to do good. If we or our correspondents recommend what you have learned ought not to be recommended, by all means let us know it, and give your reasons in detail. If any article is published which you regard as wrong in sentiment, and bad in its influence, let us know it, and your reasons therefor. If you see any mode of doing anything recommended which you think inferior to your mode, let us know what your practice is. And although we cannot promise to publish all that may be sent us, such a frank expression on the part of our readers will help us to make a better paper. So we say pitch in, no matter how little need to writing you may give. We use your facts, experiences and opinions, and will use them in such shape as shall bring you no discredit, if they are sound.

CLOTH FROM MILK-WEED.—The Tribune says:—"We have been shown several specimens of textile fabrics woven from the seed-involving fiber which fills the pods of the plant well known as milk-weed. These fabrics are very soft and pleasant to the touch, as would be expected, but seem also quite firm and strong, as would not be expected. Mr. JAMES P. McLEAN, No. 84 Fulton-ave., Brooklyn, L. I., has patented discoveries or inventions whereby this substance is utilized. It takes dyes admirably—much better than cotton—and sheds its seeds without ginning or other difficult labor. A company has been formed to engage in its manufacture. We know nothing of the prospects of that company, but we advise every farmer who has dry milk-weed stalks standing about him to set children to gathering the fiber and saving it; for in the present dearth of cotton it is quite likely to command a price."

MASS. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The Boston Journal says:—"Of the land donated by Congress for an Agricultural College in this State, scrip for 90,200 acres has been sold for \$79,825. There remains to be sold scrip for 224,000 acres. Were the whole sold at the same rate, and invested at five per cent, the College would derive from it an income of only \$8,600, which would be insufficient to meet expenses. It is not expected that any further sales of scrip will be made till a better price can be realized."

CHEESE VATS.—An Ohio correspondent asks about cheese vats—which are best, &c. An excellent vat is made by H. & E. F. Cooper, Watertown, N. Y. While in Oneida last summer, we learned that a vat made by Wm. RALPH & Co., Utica, N. Y., is very popular among the Oneida and Herkimer Co. dairymen. Which is the better one we cannot say.

PREMIUM CROP BY A LADY FARMER.—The premium crop for oats in this State, was awarded to Miss Amanda Newton of East Bloomfield, Ontario Co. She raised 695 bushels from 10 1/2 acres of land, on which the profit was \$448. The oat crop last season was generally a poor one, but as the price is very high, it was still a profitable one.—Seneca Observer.

HAY-RACK WANTED.—Will some one of the RURAL Brigade please give a plan for a light, convenient and durable rigging for hauling hay and grain? I want a "rig" that I can easily take apart, and put on and take off without so much tugging and lifting as is often the case.—O. N. C., Lower Lake, Cal.

MICHIGAN AG. COLLEGE.—We notice grave charges have been made in the Michigan legislature against the management of this college. We trust the investigation proposed will remove the cloud which now hangs over this institution.

PERSONAL.—We notice the last Maine Farmer contains the salutatory of Dr. N. T. TRUE of Rutland, Me., as editorial successor to the late lamented Dr. HOLMES. We give Dr. TRUE a fraternal welcome to the ranks of the profession editorial.

THE BEST CORN.—A correspondent at Terra Haute, Ind., asks our Western correspondents to name the most productive variety of corn, and where the seed may be obtained.

COW-MILKER.—The correspondent who asked, in a recent RURAL, about a cow-milker, is informed that one was patented May, 1890, by L. O. COLVIN, Cincinnati, N. Y.

WORK ON HOPS.—Wm. R. Rice: We do not know of any work on hops, nor where you can obtain hop roots.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
STAR OF THE CAMP.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

WHERE loyal camps and outposts lie
Beneath the Southern stars,
An angel nightly walks the sky
Beside the fiery Mars,
And kindles in the blue abyss
A ray whose softer gleams,
Like eyes of loved ones thrill with bliss
The sleeping soldier's dreams.

It cheers the lonely picket guard,
Who braves the dreary night,
And as his thoughts turn Heavenward,
Smiles on with softened light;
Though Mars sends down his martial gleams
That star still shines above,—
Blessed forever be its beams,
Home's holy star of love!

The Father infinite in state,
Looks kindly down alway,
On loving hearts that can but wait,
And lips that can but pray;
For those who bear our flag afar,
Their cry ascendeth there,
And God's own angel lights that star,
In answer to their prayer.

The Southern Cross with splendors rare
May set the heavens aglow,
But dearer light falls through the air,
From Northern hills of snow;
O soldier! in the tent afar,
Or in the battle's flame,
Be firm, for o'er you Love's bright star
Forever shines the same.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
GROWING OLD.

"MOTHER, I do wish you would sit down;
you hinder more than you help me."
The words were mildly spoken, yet how
they hurt the poor old heart. Sitting down
"out of the way," and taking little MARY
upon her lap, the mother rested her silvered head
on the curl-crown of the child, that the busy
daughter should not see her tears, while the little
one prattled on innocent of the grief she was hiding.
It wasn't so twenty years ago—only the
difference between forty and sixty. Then the
daughter was a bride, and no hands were so often
called to aid in steering the new home-craft as
"mother's;" and how should they know now that
the fading eyes misguided them in their more than
willing tasks?

Perhaps your mother is getting old, but don't
let her think she is less beautiful or heedful to
you now than ever. It will come to her soon
enough and heavy enough at best. Keep her
heart young in love and joy, and make her look
cheerful and young as you can.

It is not necessary that you shall color her
hair; that is a shame, a degradation to honora-
bly ripened years, but do not put her in all
brown or black and tell her these only are
suitable.

If the withering, trembling fingers misplace
your work in trying to aid its completion, make
a necessity of something she can do easily and
well—not the coarsest knitting you can hunt
up either, but what she will not feel is a make-
shift to dispose of her.

"It will take so much time." Yes, I know it,
but which is worth most, the few pennies you
would save or the quiet peace of that aged soul?

Little things make up life's first and last
lessons—things you and I don't mind now, because
of the larger ones, but they make up a sum of
happiness or woe, and shall we not walk slowly
for a little while to steady the tottering steps
of those who led us hither so gently? Can we not
return some of the patience in their second
childhood's forgetting, which they lent to us in
our first childhood's learning? If our lives
were worth more to us for ourselves than for
them, it must be because the failure of theirs
lies in their efforts for us.

I would say, "can we not watch with them
one hour?"—but I cannot understand the
heart that excludes father and mother from its
rest, or looks to their departure otherwise than
that with them will go out from earth its best
affection and choicest blessings, and the hour
of watching that is only too short, will leave a
void in our soul's *Sanctum Sanctorum* through
all this world's future. GRACE GLENN.
Ionia, Mich., Feb., 1865.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

On page 40, current volume of the RURAL we
give an article entitled "Thoughtless Mothers
and Thinking Daughters." We have the follow-
ing in response to that article, from a young girl
over the signature "Minnie." Referring to the
article she writes:—"It almost seems as if it
was written expressly for my perusal. I have one
of the kindest, best mothers in the world, but still
I would not have her know *I am writing this, so I
must hurry*. I cannot see a fault in my mother.
(We are not apt to see many faults in those we
love.) I am an only daughter, and since this un-
holy rebellion came upon us, I have been one
of the many that have drained the cup of sorrow
almost to the very dregs, for it has taken from
me, forever, two noble brothers, and one other
that was dearer to me than the blood that flows
in my own veins. And often when my heart has
been almost ready to burst from its prison cell
for want of sympathy and words of comfort,
such as only a dear mother can give, oh! how
I have longed to lay my weary, aching head
upon her breast and listen to words of sympathy
and love; but I dare not do it, for fear she
would say, 'don't be foolish and sentimental,
MINNIE.' And with this dreadful feeling of
restraint, I go alone and weep, feeling that it
would not be right for me to sadden the light
hearts of my young associates with my grief.

Still I love my mother very dearly and would not
wound her feelings for the world; but I have
often turned away to hide the tears, that I can-
not force back, when I see other daughters en-
joying the privilege which I dare not claim.
Mother thinks that I will forget sooner if she
speaks rather lightly of things which I feel very
deeply. But mothers, I know by experience
that it is mistaken kindness."

WHEN TO GIVE THE MITTEN.

YOUNG WOMAN! If a rich young man asks you
to marry him and has no occupation, or trade,
or calling, by which he could make a living if he
were thrown on his own resources, you may
give him your respect, but "give him the
mitten."

Whatever may be a young man's qualities, if
he is fond, very fond of going to the theater,
"refuse" him.

If a young man shows by his conversation
that he is an admirer of fast horses, and is
pretty well acquainted with the qualities and
"time" of the best racing nags of the country,
when he asks your hand, "give him the mitten"
only.

If you ever hear a young man speak of his
father or mother disrespectfully, or contemptu-
ously, do not encourage his attentions; he will
do the same of you, and in many ways will make
your heart ache before you die.

If you know a young man who likes to stand
around tavern doors, at the street corners, and
about "groceries," cut your hand off rather
than place it in his; he is worth only the
"mitten."

If your suitor can tell you a great deal about
cards, seems familiar with a multitude of "tricks"
which can be performed with the same, and is
himself an adept in such things, let him win all
the money away from others, but let him not
"win" your heart, for he will "lose it" in a
year, and leave you a broken one in its place.

If you know "a nice young man" who
will certainly heir a large estate, who is of a
"highly respectable family," who seems to be at
home as to the usages, customs and proprieties
of good society, and yet who is indifferent about
attending church on the Sabbath day, who
speaks disparagingly of clergymen, who talks
about religion in a patronizing way as "a very
good thing in its place," particularly for old
women, weak young girls and children, never
marry him should he ask you. Such a man can
never warm a woman's heart; will never twine
around it the tendrils of true affection, for he is
innately cold, unsympathising and selfish, and
should sickness and trouble come to you, he will
leave you to bear them all alone.

Idleness or the having no occupation, will
always and inevitably engender moral and phys-
ical disease; and these traits will be more or less
perpetuated in the children born to such; the
brunt of these calamities has to be borne by the
mother, and in the bearing up against them how
many a noble-hearted woman has sorrowed, and
grieved, and tolled herself into a premature
grave may never be known, but the number
cannot be expressed in a few figures. Therefore,
my sunny-faced daughter, if you do not want to
grow old before your time, to live a life of toil
and sorrow, and then permanently die, give not
your hand, but only the "mitten" to a young
man, however well born or rich, who has not a
legitimate calling by which he could "make a
living" if he were by some fortuity left penni-
less.—Selected.

AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS.

MOTHERS! cherish a deep and constant sense
of your own importance to your children, espe-
cially to your sons. Take the high and re-
sponsible position which God has assigned you
as your own, and strive, by his grace, to fill it.
Remember that God has chosen to make the
parental, and particularly the maternal relation,
a chief instrumentality in extending the knowl-
edge of his truth, and building up his church.
Remember that Jesus calls you to be workers
together with him in preparing jewels for his
crown of glory. Strive, therefore, to illustrate
the beauty and power of the maternal character;
assert and maintain your authority; make it
lovely and winning.

Your difficulties and trials are great, but
abundant help is offered for your time of need,
and great will be your reward if you are faith-
ful. Shrink not from your duty, for the conse-
quences of your unfaithfulness will be terrible.
"A child left to himself bringeth his mother to
shame;" terrible to you as well as to them. At-
tempt not your duty alone. The blessedness of
bringing up children for God, to be workers in
his earthly vineyard and heirs of his heavenly
kingdom, is inconceivable and eternal. The
sorrow and woe of training them to be cumbers
of the ground, or bond-slaves of Satan and
heirs of perdition, who can imagine it? Let no
spurious love or false tenderness lead you to in-
dulgence or neglect, which will surely prove
fatal to your own peace and happiness, as well
as that of your children.

Remember that you cannot delegate to an-
other the authority and influence which God has
given you as mothers. If you try to do so, you
will only rob and destroy yourselves and your
children. Surely, you would not have others
take the rewards which belong to you. It is for
you to say, at the judgment, "Lord here am I
and the children whom thou hast given me."
What motives for personal piety press upon
you!—Rev. J. M. Johnson.

A young lady in East Vincent, Pa., had an of-
fer of marriage from a young gentleman, as fol-
lows:—"That if Gen. McClellan was elected, he
would marry her, to which she acceded; and if
he was not elected, she was to remain single four
years longer. Four years is a long period in the
life of a marriageable young lady.

Choice Miscellany.

WHO ARE MEN?

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden crushed and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones, the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upreared above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest hind is a man—
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For, to Him, all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Tolling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
SHAKING HANDS.

BELIEVING, from the earnest grasp of the hand
which our friend MOORE gave me not long since,
that he will fully concur in what I may write
upon the subject, I take up my pen to treat very
briefly of the matter of hand shaking. We,
Americans, are a people of shakers; at least we
are very much given to taking one another by
the hand. We do this when we meet; we do it
again when we part, if no more than two min-
utes of conversation has comprised the sum to-
tal of our interview. I do not object to the pre-
valence of this custom; on the contrary I admire
the social friendliness that prompts it; but I do
desire to enter my protest against the manner
in which some persons go through the operation.
I protest against the style in which an "elite,"
"fashionable" specimen of concentrated "up-
per-crust" meekly extends two delicate fingers
as an apology or substitute for a healthy, en-
thusiastic grasp! When I meet a person to
whom I tender the greeting of friendly regard,
and receive such a miserable return as this, the
effect upon me is about the same as though I had
grasped an icicle! If there is any earnestness in
a man's soul, any spark of vitality in his nature,
why not let it manifest itself through his digits?
We have all heard the idea that a man's courage
often oozes out of his fingers, and I contend that
a man or woman's true, earnest, social regard
and feeling, can and does, ooze out through
those same members in a good, cordial grasp.

And now that I have mentioned the gentler
sex in this connection, allow me to remark that,
in my opinion, no woman compromises her deli-
cacy when she eschews the cold, formal, icicle-
like greeting, heretofore mentioned, for one in
which she blends some of her womanly nature,
even though toward one of the opposite sex. I
admire womanly delicacy; nor would I wish it
cast aside for any undue freedom of manner, or
flippancy of expression, yet I do believe that if
the sex would cultivate less of the so-called "lady-
like," and in their deportment towards men
manifest more of their true womanhood, man-
kind would respect them the more, and be the
purer and better.

And ladies, young ladies, if your acquaintance
with a young man is sufficient to warrant you in
giving him your hand,—not literally and for all
time, but in friendly greeting—it warrants you
in extending the whole of it; and don't, I beg of
you, for your sake, for his sake, for humanity's
sake, bethink you of the latest fashionable etiq-
quette, and in accordance therewith present but
one or two fingers, charged with no more vital-
ity, apparently, than a couple of sticks, and
thereby lead him to think that in very truth your
woman's social feeling and affectionate nature
has become ossified! Yes, give him your whole
hand, if the least particle of heart goes with it,
provided he is worthy and deserving, and if he
isn't, don't extend a finger! In your grasp he
will feel interpreted your respect and wellwishes,
and any man will labor with a higher purpose if
he be assured that a true woman does wish him
success.

Nothing is more pleasant to one among
strangers, as I well know from experience, than
such a grasp of the hand as I am advocating.
Though it may mean no particular personal re-
gard, it serves to warm his heart, and to con-
vince him that if we are not literally a "band of
brothers," there is yet a fellow feeling within us
that prompts us to extend to one another the
hand of good will. This social element cannot
be too much cultivated among us, and we ought
to use every means in our power to foster and
improve its growth.

I have seen intimate acquaintances, aye, and
professed friends, clasp hands after or before a
separation, so fashionably cold and formal, as to
put to shame the very name of friendship. They
had schooled themselves to think etiquette
would be outraged by any show of feeling in this
respect. I say thrust this kind of etiquette out
of doors! Good, fervent hand-clasps bind hearts
together, and where there is a sincere, fervent
feeling in each heart, by which the act is
prompted, the clasp will electrify each with a
peculiar thrill not soon forgotten.

I remember one such clasp, given and received
years ago, when youthful friendship and love
were in all the warmth of undoubting trust,
when two who had passed pleasant years of con-
fidential intercourse together, severed that inter-
course, and went out to go their several paths
in life alone. Though I have received many
hearty clasps since, the thrill of that one is still
present with me; I feel it yet!

It was my privilege, not long since, to meet
the great Pianist and Composer, GOTTSCHALK,
and the hand-clasps he gave me I shall ever re-
member. My hand literally ached for a half-
hour after. I was deeply impressed with the
thought that his practice had most fully devel-
oped the muscular power of his hand! Personal
regard did not beget this manifestation; it was
simply the free expression of a nature, which,
though the seat of genius, still keeps intact its
child-like naturalness. And though the artist
may, as I think he now intends, leave the coun-
try, and I may never again take him by the
hand, I shall ever cherish a warmer feeling to-
ward him than I should, but for those cordial
clasps.

I close this article by repeating, put a little
more of your soul into your greetings of ac-
quaintances and strangers. Allow a little warmth
to creep from your heart down to your digits.
Don't do a good deed by halves. Either extend
the whole hand of fellowship to whomsoever oc-
casion requires, or resolutely put your hand in
your pocket. And, lastly, so live that you ex-
tend to each and all ever the hand of an HONEST
MAN! GULIELMUM.
Albany, March, 1865.

TABLE TALK.

WHEN people come to see us we foolishly
prattle, and think it necessary in order to be
hospitable; but such conversations are chalk
eggs. The honest man must keep faith with
himself; his sheet anchor is sincerity. Losing
this he loses the talent of his talent. What we
want is not your activity, not your interference,
but your habitual truth. Stay at home. The
way to have large occasional views is to have
large habitual views. Let nature bear the ex-
pense. Let our eyes meet. Look not abroad
for materials for conversation, but rest; first
feel your subject fully, then discourse, if speak-
ing be really more grateful than silence. Make
yourself the vehicle of truth.

Another hindrance is the disposition to fun
and untimely jokes. Beware of them. They
are condiments; inestimable for sauce, but cor-
rupting food. You go away from such banquets
hollow and ashamed. There are people who
cannot be cultivated; you must keep them down
and quiet them as you can; people on whom
speech makes no impression. Shun the negative
side. Never worry people with your contrac-
tions. Never name sickness, and, above all, be-
ware of unmuzzling the valetudinarian.

Some Western court has defined a town to be
"a place where whisky is sold." He would de-
fine a city as a place where a man could go into
a cafe, and while drinking his cup of coffee, meet
and converse with men of letters and of science,
and enjoy the refreshment of society. Our in-
stitutions of daily necessity can be arranged
to secure such benefits, and this should be the
aim of every philanthropist at home. We should
welcome every means to promote the intercourse
of men. We should overcome our national
spites.—Emerson.

CHANCE CHIPS.

AMBITION often plays the wrestler's trick of
raising a man up merely to fling him down.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of
sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a
rainbow.

CONSIDER how few things are worthy of anger,
and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should
be in wrath.

PACK your cares in as small a space as you
can, so that you can carry them yourself, and not
let them annoy others.

WE ought to be able to endure almost any-
thing in old age, for we have at the worst but a
short time to be miserable.

A MILD answer to an angry man, like water
cast upon fire, abateth his heat, and from an
enemy he shall become thy friend.

DR. JOHNSON, once speaking of a quarrelsome
fellow, said:—"If he had two ideas in his head
they would fall out with each other."

TRUTH is the only real lasting foundation for
friendship; and in everything but truth there is
a principle of decay and dissimulation.

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise
to prevent it; avoid, therefore, all occasions of
falling into wrath, or guard thyself against them
whenever they occur.

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented
if it was only remembered that a person who
tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell
others of your faults.

THREE things appear to be uninjured by the
fall—the song of birds, the beauty of flowers,
and the smile of infancy; for it is difficult to
conceive how either of these could have been
more perfect had man remained holy; as if God
would leave us something pure to remind us of
the Paradise we have lost, and point us to that
which we shall regain.

Sabbath Musings.

MY HEAVENLY BIRD.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Out of the deeps of heaven
A bird has flown to my door,
As twice in the ripening summers
Its mates have flown before!

Why has it flown to my dwelling,
Nor it nor I may know;
And only the silent angels
Can tell when it shall go!

That it will not straightway vanish,
But fold its wings with me,
And sing in the greenest branches
Till the axe is laid to the tree,

Is the prayer of my love and terror,
For my soul is sore distressed,
Lest I wake some dreadful morning
And find but its empty nest!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

How little true Christian affection we find
even among those who profess to enjoy most the
favor of God. How often are our hearts pained
by expressions in regard to others, but little im-
bued with the spirit of true Christian charity,
falling from the lips of those we love in the
church. It is true we are not to believe a per-
son is a Christian simply because he professes to
be, if he bring not forth any of the fruits of the
spirit. But before we condemn utterly, let us
see to it that we ourselves are not as guilty in
heart before God, if not in outward seeming.
For He who said "Thou shalt not steal," said
also, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."
"He that hath not the spirit of Christ is none
of His," and where in his life's history do we find
the Savior, "talking scandal?"

I was much pleased in reading an anecdote of
an old lady, noted for her charity. Her grand-
children were conversing of this peculiar trait
in their grand-mother, and one remarked, "I do
believe grand-mother would find something to
say in favor of the devil himself." The old lady
entered the room in time to hear this remark,
and said "I wish we all possessed his industry
and perseverance." Hardly a compliment, but it
proved the aged disciple could learn a lesson
from the vilest—even from the enemy of all
good.

Let us cultivate a habit of searching as earn-
estly for good in our brethren as we do evil.
Did we show as much zeal in this direction we
should see more to praise, less to condemn.
Though we have all the other Christian graces,
and have not charity, our professions are as a
"sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."
"Faith, Hope, Charity, but the greatest of
these is Charity." SIBYL.
Greene, Chenango Co., 1865.

DO GOOD.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live—
pass off the stage of life—are heard of no more.
Why? They do not a particle of good in the
world, none was blessed by them as the instru-
ment of their redemption. Not a word they
spoke could be recalled, and so they perished;
their light went out in darkness, and they were
not remembered more than the insects of yester-
day. Will you thus live and die, O man im-
mortal? Live for something. Do good, and
leave behind you a monument of virtue that the
storms of time can never destroy. Write your
name in kindness, and love, and mercy on the
hearts of thousands you may come in contact
with year by year. You will never be forgotten.
No! your name, your deeds, will be as legible
on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on
the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine
as the stars of heaven.—Dr. Chalmers.

SOBER SABBATH THOUGHTS.

The children who despise age are likely to re-
ceive the retributive justice of being despised
by their own descendants.

The creature could never lament the dispensa-
tions of the Creator if he understood them;
therefore, the measure of your grief is also the
measure of your ignorance.

God never forgets any labor of love; and
whatever it may be of which the first and best
portions have been presented to him he will in-
crease and multiply sevenfold.

PRAYER is an exercise which has the property
of incorporating itself with every other, not
only not impeding it, but advancing it. There
is no crevice so small that devotion may not
slip in.

He that prays out of custom, says Jeremy
Taylor, or gives alms for praise, or facts to be ac-
counted religious, is but a Pharisee in his devo-
tion, and a beggar in his aims, and a hypocrite in
his fact.

So long as you see one star in the sky the sun
is not risen; so long as one leak admits the
water the ship is not safe; so long as one sin
reigns in a man's heart and is practiced in his
life Jesus is neither his Savior nor his King.

I SEE where Christians in general are wrong.
We do not make a companion of God. We
should trust him more as a friend, not as a
distant friend, but always near, close to us, so
that we are never alone, but continually in his
company.

The name of Jesus is not only light, but also
food; it is likewise oil, without which all the
food of the soul is dry; it is salt, unseasoned by
which whatever is presented to us is insipid; it is
honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, joy in
the heart, medicine to the soul; and there are no
charms in any discourse in which his name is not
heard.

THE STORY OF EMELINE RAY.

[Concluded from page 92, present number.]
"Yes, too proud to sell myself!" she replied icily, folding the light summer shawl around her shoulders, and tying her hat ribbons. Before he could detain her, she had gone out over the door-sill, gone from his sight, was lost to him forever!
He clenched his hands in fierce pain. Nothing had ever thwarted his will before, and now the crown-hope of his life was dashed. He walked the village pavement, watching the figure far ahead, like a sailor looking to a beacon-light. The man's will was strong, was iron, but his love was stronger than life itself. He could not give her up. His monopolizing selfishness had appropriated her to himself as soon as he became aware of loving, never dreaming she would repulse him. Yet do not judge him harshly. He never meant to tempt her with his fortune. He did not understand the delicate texture of a woman's nature, and thought the same strong thrills that stirred his heart-strings were telegraphed to hers by their natural attraction. Believing this, the man thought he had only to offer EMELINE RAY his hand and home, never realizing the delicacy of that wooing that must win a woman. Yet he was thoroughly a man, strong, noble, lofty-minded, and only embittered by his loneliness in the world, and the hypocrisy he had met.
EMELINE entered her home, tossing her wrappings aside, and closing the parlor door after her. She stood in the middle of the room, with hands crossed on her bosom, and looked around on the traces of his lost presence. Here a sketch that he had finished, there a lovely painting all his own work, and fresh sheets of music scattered over the open piano. A vase of yesterday's roses stood on the little table, and their sweet breath entered her nostrils, making her grow faint. She started forward to snatch and trample them, the latest gift of the man she had found so base, when a quick, impetuous step in the hall arrested her motion. She stood still never turning her head.
He crossed the room like one approaching a long toiled for goal, and clasping her in his arms, burst out passionately, "EMELINE, my queen, my darling, I love you!" Holding her as caressingly as a younger lover could have done, and looking into her hungrily-searching eyes, he read his hope. "I was abrupt, rude," he went on pleadingly, "but my life experience has not been blessed with woman-awesomeness like that of most other men, and I have grown cynical, encasing myself in an armor of haughtiness to keep the world aloof. I have seen so much cupidity, so much of all that is repulsive in women, that my faith in them was well nigh gone. So I do not train my speech to be smooth and winning, to charm a feminine ear. I have preferred to be uncouth in manners, abrupt in expression, rather than that most contemptible of things, a lady's man. But my whole heart pleads to you. I have walked alone so long. I wanted to make you my queen, my own, to place you in a position I know you can grace, and crown you with the holiest name out of heaven—wife! But my rudeness drove you from me. EMELINE do you hate me
How noble, how exalted he was in humility. His eyes beaming on her with star-like radiance, their keen, cold glance all changed to loving fire. She reached her arms up to his shoulders, and put up her mouth to meet his with woman-like reconciliation and tenderness. EMELINE RAY forgot then that she was not "perfect in figure, and graceful in every movement." She forgot that her fingers were not slender and rosy-pointed, for he held them just as tight, looking into her sapphire eyes, and asking in a musical, thrilling voice:
"Can this little girl give her eighteen years of fresh young life to a man of thirty? Can she love such a misanthropic old bachelor?"
Women know how to answer such delicate appeals. "If he would take her," she said, with pretty, timid humility.
They were both the better for their misunderstanding. It gave them a clearer insight into each other's natures than anything else could have done, and united them at last all the more closely. So that sweet August night they sat together in the girl's little parlor, and laid their plans for the future. He was going back to the city to prepare a home for the reception of his bride. The little house should not be sold, but EMELINE should retain it, and they proposed coming back to visit the place every summer. "Every May, when the woods are like they were, when we first met," he said, with smiling eyes, smoothing EMELINE'S glowing cheeks.
In one month she would go forth from under the roof-tree that had sheltered her through years of joy and sorrow, and joining hands with the man to whom her heart owned its allegiance, take up a new, perfect life.
Sitting alone by her room window late that night, the betrothed girl looked out on the August skies full of moonlight and fleecy vapor, and thought over her whole life. How wonderfully had God led her, curbing the restless nature with privations, crushing the stubborn heart with sorrow, till she was meek to be fashioned after His will. He had taken away her earthly loves and idols till there was none to defile His temple. And now, thus early in life, He placed the seal of perfect womanhood upon her forehead, and crowned her with the blessedness of love.
Leaning over the sill, she reached her hands through the still air toward that sweet August heaven, whispering in the fulness of her joy, "Mother, brother, I am very happy! O God I thank thee for the lessons Thou hast given that have shaped my life to its perfection!"
HESITATE not to go on foot upon errands of mercy. It is no shame to employ your feet in offices that have employed angels' wings.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
PETROLEUM.
ITS CHEMICAL COMPOSITION, ITS CONGENERS AND CAUSES OF VARIETIES.

THE very recent discoveries of the immense reservoirs in the earth producing Petroleum, and its extensive introduction, both in this country and in Europe, and in fact in every country of the globe, and that it should so long have rested undisturbed and unused as an illuminating material, is the subject of wonder.
In the condition of Asphaltum and Rock Oil, it was known in the earliest periods of antiquity, being used for embalming the dead, for patching the seams of boats, and for various other uses. In the East Indies it has been used in its crude state for lights, from the remotest periods; but it was a spontaneous surface production, and was never bored for, distilled or refined.
It is chemically known as a hydro-carbon; that is, simply coal and hydrogen, (one of the constituents of water,) as are all oleagenous substances—resins, turpentine, alcohol, &c.—often combined with peculiar essential oils, and some amounts of accidental and adventitious substances.
It is a fair presumption to infer its line of descent, from its most fluid condition to its most concrete, simply from losing its most volatile parts as follows:—Beginning with naphtha, benzene or benzole, kerosene, petroleum, asphaltum, down to cannel coal as the base. All the upper series can be produced in the greatest perfection from cannel coal, and the first kerosene that was ever used as now made, was the result of the distillation of this substance.
That the petroleum of the wells should produce precisely the same articles—kerosene, tar, paraffine, benzole, &c.—as the distillation of coal, is very good evidence of their close connection and relationship.
Asphaltum is an indurated, hard material, can be quarried like slate, melts readily over the fire, and is a rich bituminous substance, found in large quantities on the shores of lakes, in the islands of Barbadoes and Trinidad, and is simply desiccated or dried down petroleum.
This article will be followed by a brief statement of theories to account for the cause and origin of coal and the hydro-carbons of the wells, now creating a Petroleumocracy in the country.
L. B. L.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
REMEDY FOR SMALL POX.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—At a time like this, when rumors of the ravages of the small pox reach us from every direction, it may not be unadvisable to call the attention of the public to a remedy for that disease.
During its prevalence in Galt, Canada West, a few years ago, (perhaps two years,) it was discovered that a decoction of the root of the Pitcher plant was a cure. I am ignorant of the circumstances which led to its use. The first case in which it was tried was that of a young man who had been given up to die. In less than twenty-four hours from his first taking the Pitcher plant, he showed symptoms of recovery, and it was not long till the disease left him and he recovered. In every case where it was tried, it proved an entire success. Taken in the earlier stages of the disease, it rendered it almost as light as the chicken pox; while, when taken freely by those who waited upon the sick, or were in other ways exposed, it acted as a preventive. My informant said he did not know of a single case where it had been used with any but the best results. Usually, within a few hours after it was taken, the fever would begin to abate.
Since its virtue has been known, it is kept in the drug stores in that town. It grows in the marshes about Galt, and in Halton county, Canada West, in Washington county, Pa., and in Genesee county, N. Y. I am a little at a loss as to the scientific name. WEBSTER (page 141, Illustrated Dictionary,) describes the Pitcher plant under the name of *Nepenthes distillatoria*, and says it inhabits the warmer and damper parts of Asia. I am inclined to think that the plant in question is the *Sarracenia purpurea*, often called Side-saddle plant, and Adam's cup. Some time last summer, I saw, in a Philadelphia paper, a notice of some physician having used the root of that plant, in cases of small pox, with great success. I think he was in some of the Eastern States.
Mrs. LINCOLN, in her Botany, says that this is "an herbaceous plant peculiar to marshes of North America." Family undetermined. LINNÆUS establishes a family *Sarraceniaceae*, in which this is the only genus. He also thinks it nearly related to the *Droseraceae*, or to whatever family the *Dionaea* may be placed in, it is related to the family *Nepenthes*. I regret that I cannot furnish you with either a specimen or a drawing of this plant. It belongs to Class XII, Order 1. It is a perennial. The leaves, shaped like a cup, grow directly from the ground. The stem is a "scape," growing to the height of one or two feet, and bearing one large purple flower. It blooms in June. The calyx is three or five leaved, and the corolla five petaled.
I am not sufficiently acquainted with its properties to give any reason for its efficacy, but I hope the attention of scientific persons may be called to it. In every case where it was used in Galt, it entirely prevented "pitting." These facts were related to me by a person of undoubted veracity.
M. A. STRANG.
Reynoldsburg, Ohio, 1865.

WHEN eggs are scarce they are high, but which is cause and which effect? An exchange suggests that the hens, finding they can make good wages by half-labor, refuse to lay oftener than every other day.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

Do animals reason? I have no doubt that they do. They have memory certain. They can be instructed up to a certain point. What is called the "cunning of the fox" is nothing but his quick sagacity. A multitude of stories—even enough to make quite a volume—could be gathered illustrating the sagacity of the elephant, the horse, the dog, and other animals. Even the stupid "ass knoweth its master's crib." A fox has been known—so I have been told—to carry off a small pig. In course of his way back to the woods he had to cross a deep creek, setting up from the sea. He could jump over it himself. But could he jump over it with the pig in his mouth? That was the problem to be solved. He went off a little way and came back with a knot, a piece of broken limb in his mouth. It was just about as heavy as his pig. "Now," says he, "if I can jump across the creek with this knot in my mouth, I also can with the pig." In a moment he gave the leap and over he went. He then laid down his knot, jumped back again, seized his pig, and stood a moment as if weighing and comparing the two. He hesitated but a moment, when presto! he was over,—pig and all. Was this not reasoning and logic? Could a philosopher or a divine have drawn a more acute inference?

A dog had been accused of killing sheep. He and his master were very fond of each other. It was a long time ere the owner could be made to believe the ill report about his favorite. At last he was convinced that poor Rover was guilty. As he could not bear to kill him himself, he came into the room one morning and said, "Peter, you may take the dog after breakfast and shoot him. Mind and kill him dead." The dog was in the room and heard it. In an instant he darted out of the room and was off in a straight line. No calling or shouting could cause him to turn his head. Straight as an arrow he shot across the lots and went out of sight. Every hour they expected him back. At night he would certainly come. But no, he never returned! Many months after this his master was riding in a wild, lonely place. Just as he came between the two banks through which the road had been cut, he saw poor Rover standing on one of the banks. His heart yearned towards his old friend, and he spoke to him very kindly. But Rover's heart was hardened. He gave one growl, snapped his teeth at his old master, and again scampered off at the top of his speed. His master never saw him again! Unforgiving Rover! Thy memory was good, and thy will was strong, and thine anger lasting.

One more example. A neighbor of mine had a very knowing cat. Of course Tab was a very great favorite with all the family. At a time when Tab had a family of kittens, beautiful kittens, too, and when it seemed as if it was too much for her to take care of them, one of them was given away to a neighbor. Little kit was carried off in a basket, and warmly welcomed. In a day or two, the door being opened, in walked Mrs. Tab, who seized her kitten and made off with it—seeming delighted to find her child. In about three weeks she came back again, tugging her kitten, and laying it down at the feet of the mistress of the house, seemed to say:—"Madame, this kit was too young when you took it before. It needed my care. But now it has grown up and can get along very well. You may now have it." With that, Mrs. Tab walked off, leaving her kitten and never returning for it.—Rev. Dr. Todd.

SNEEZING.—Almost throughout Africa there is some superstition connected with this convulsion. In Senaar, courtiers turn the back and slap the right thigh. Old authors tell us that when the "King of Monomotapa" sneezed, it became a national concern. Those nearest the royal person howled a salutation, which was taken up by the ante-chamber; and when the horrid cry ran through the palace, it was echoed by the whole city. In Europe the superstition is, that St. Gregory instituted a benediction upon the sneezer because during a certain pestilence the unseemly act was a fatal symptom.—A Mission to Celeste.

The Reviewer.

THE THREE SCOUTS. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, author of "Cudjo's Cave," &c. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

THOSE of our readers who have read Cudjo's Cave will only need to be told that FOXE and CARL and DANIELS appear in this book in the character of Union Scouts, and are the heroes of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The book is well written and interesting, revealing, probably, representative characters among those who are the professed friends of the government, and yet who, for lucre's sake give aid and comfort to the enemies of the government. We do not think it equal to Cudjo's Cave in dramatic power, but it is hardly less interesting.

CHATEAU FRISSAC; Or, Home Scenes in France. By OLIVE LOGAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS is a pleasant French story intended to illustrate the character, tendency and evils of what are known in French society as *marriages de convenance*. It is not a story that any one will be likely to call "tresome"—and interwoven in its thread are lessons which will make the thoughtful reader better. For sale by SWEET & AVERY.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—From HORACE WATERS, 431 Broadway, N. Y.: "Moonlight and Starlight," Song and Chorus. Poetry and Music by JAMES G. CLARK. Also, "The Voice of the Army," by the same author. It is scarcely necessary to say to those who know the author of these songs, whether personally or through his former productions, that they are both good.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS; Or, More about KATE ELMORE. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

A PLEASANT little story for youth, with good lessons in it which older people may learn with profit. It appears to be a sequel to another book, which we have not had the pleasure of seeing. For sale by E. DARROW & BRO.

THE NEW SETTLEMENT OF MANAMUSKIN, IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY, N. J.

WITHIN the last four years, three railroads, the "West Jersey," the "Millville and Glassboro," and the "Cape May and Millville" Roads, have been laid in South New Jersey. By the construction of these railroads a large extent of territory, extremely favorable for agricultural purposes, has been opened to settlers who have been pouring in with almost unprecedented rapidity. A great impetus has been given to the growth of the towns along the lines of these roads, and new villages have sprung up, among which is the settlement of Manamuskin to which we now desire to invite the attention of the public.

Adjacent to the line of the Cape May and Millville Railroad is a tract of land, containing twenty thousand acres, lying in a solid body, which it is proposed to settle in a systematic and organized manner. The village, which is the centre of operations in the enterprise, is located two miles and a half from the railroad, upon the Manamuskin Creek, or River, at a point where two dams have been thrown across the stream, affording heavy water powers. On either side of the stream, parallel, and also at right angles, with it, run the wide village avenues. Having thus, briefly, attempted to give a general idea of the nature of the contemplated enterprise, we shall now proceed to consider, somewhat more in detail, the advantages connected with it.

1st The Locality of Manamuskin is one of extraordinary convenience. Lying forty miles south of Philadelphia, and about the same distance north of Cape Island, well known as one of the most delightful watering places in the United States, it is within two hours ride, by railroad, of either point. A person leaving Manamuskin in the morning, may pass seven or eight hours in Philadelphia, or, in the summer time, at the Sea side, and return home late in the afternoon of the same day. But, so far as its locality is concerned, the most striking advantage afforded by Manamuskin is its nearness to Philadelphia and New York Markets. Within a few hours the perishable productions of our soil, which are also the most profitable, such as berries, tomatoes, and fruits in general, can be removed from the vines and trees and deposited fresh and sound in the markets of those cities. This proximity to New York and Philadelphia, in connection with the peculiar adaptation of its soil to the growing of fruits and vegetables, renders Manamuskin an exceedingly desirable locality for the fruit grower and gardener. Transportation for the productions of the soil may be had either by railroad, as just mentioned, or by water. Three miles from the settlement are two schooner landings belonging to the tract, and five miles distant, upon Maurice River, is a port up to which vessels of four-hundred tons burden ascend. Five miles distant in another direction, at the head of the same Maurice River, and connected with Manamuskin by railroad is Millville, a town of remarkable thrift and enterprise containing about five thousand inhabitants, where are located some of the largest factories of Iron, Cotton and Glass that can be found in the State. This town of Millville itself furnishes a large and convenient market for farm and garden produce at city prices. Besides Millville, other villages and towns, containing from five hundred to six thousand inhabitants, are thickly scattered throughout Cumberland county. In addition to the marketing facilities already alluded to, dealers in grain and produce visit us at our doors.

2d. The Soil of the Manamuskin Tract, for the most part, consists of clay and sandy loams. From our neighborhood the earliest fruits and vegetables go to our great city markets, commanding both on this account and by reason of their peculiarly fine quality, the highest prices. No finer corn can be raised anywhere than here. Sweet potatoes last year produced from two to four hundred bushels to the acre, and sold at prices ranging from one dollar to two dollars per bushel according to the date of the sales. During the summer just passed, peach orchards upon the tract were loaded with fruit of a size, beauty and flavor never surpassed. The soil is likewise admirably adapted to the culture of strawberries, blackberries, melons, grapes and pears. Hops, sugar cane and tobacco, also thrive. Either the trucker or the large farmer will find soil upon the tract suited to his demands.

3d. The Climate of the whole region of country surrounding Manamuskin is peculiarly delightful. Having the same latitude as Baltimore and the District of Columbia, and lying upon the line which divides the Northern and Southern sections of our country, it is free both from the extreme cold and extreme heat of those regions. The climate is further tempered by the Atlantic Ocean upon the east and the Delaware Bay upon the south west, so that very hot or very cold weather is seldom known for a longer space of time than a single week in each summer and winter. The destructive floods and tempests which prevail in many localities are here unknown, and the out door work of the farmer can be carried on, almost without interruption, all the year round. For these and other local causes, those who have come into this section of country from distant parts, express themselves as enjoying unusual health, while many affirm that they have recovered from various troublesome and even fatal diseases of the North. Indeed, inflammatory and bilious diseases, which prevail so largely at the north and west, are here almost entirely unknown. Upon the Manamuskin tract there are no swamps or bogs of stagnant water to produce malaria and endemic disease.

4th, The running streams of the Manamuskin Tract constitute one of its most attractive features. The largest of these, the Manamuskin, which flows directly through the centre of the tract, having been, as already stated, dammed at

the point where the village is located, spreads out into two beautiful sheets of water, one above the other, which afford heavy water powers capable of propelling the most powerful machinery. Into the Manamuskin, and watering the various portions of the tract, flow several rapid, clear and living streams, whose water is remarkably clear, sweet and wholesome, rolling over bottoms of bright pebble. Upon the banks of two of these, large cedar timber of one hundred years growth, covering in all, perhaps, one hundred and fifty acres of land, is found, all of which is reserved as building material for the use of settlers. In addition to the cedar, a large amount of heavy timber of other varieties is standing upon the tract. As a first class saw mill, with machinery for planing, and matching, will soon be running at one of the water powers, bills of lumber can be sawed to order upon short notice. Upon the lower dam a grist mill has already been erected. Building stone, and clay, of the finest quality for making Queens ware, and from which the best brick has been manufactured, are also to be found upon the tract in great abundance.

The Manamuskin Tract, the largest, it is believed, lying in a solid body in South New Jersey, with the advantages herein before briefly described, is now opened to the inspection of the public. Either the mechanic or the farmer may settle here both pleasantly and profitably. A neat and tasteful church building belonging to the Methodist denomination, as well as a school house, has already been erected upon the village site. We have also a post office and daily mail. Deeds, warranting the lands bought free from all incumbrance, will be given to purchasers; and in order effectually to insure to the community of Manamuskin, throughout all time, the blessings that attend upon temperance, a condition is inserted in the deeds that no intoxicating drinks shall ever be sold upon any portion of the premises conveyed by them. Upon a breach of this condition the premises revert to the grantors and to their heirs, and by this means it is believed that one village, at least, in New Jersey may be forever secured against the curse of a grog shop. Terms, \$20 to \$25 per acre, one fourth down, balance in four years.

Persons wishing to visit the settlement, should buy their tickets for Manamuskin Station, either in Camden, or at the Cape May and Millville Rail Road Depot at the foot of Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Please send us a list of names, with the Post Office address, of such persons as you think would probably be interested in our enterprise, and we will send them Circulars. For further information apply to A. COLE, Manamuskin, Cumberland Co., N. J.

Corner for the Young.

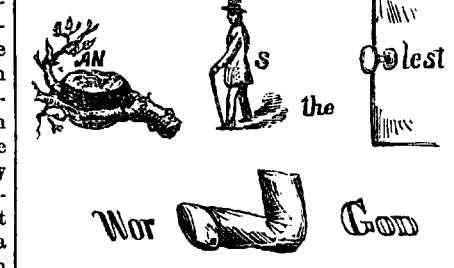
For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 87 letters.
My 16, 18, 24, 26 is a city in New York.
My 7, 18, 20, 23 is a lake in Ireland.
My 2, 15, 9, 34, 30 is a city in Ohio.
My 3, 34, 20, 13, 34, 4 is a county in New York.
My 1, 28, 5, 14 is a city in Indiana.
My 24, 10, 19, 23 is a county in Kentucky.
My 23, 5, 19, 36, 14 is a river in Louisiana.
My 5, 15, 12, 20 is a county in Alabama.
My 27, 3, 11, 8, 20, 25 is a city in Turkey.
My 21, 11, 13, 14 is a city in Palestine.
My 21, 34, 34, 24 is a mountain in Oregon.
My 22, 35, 24, 27, 17 is a river in New York.
My 26, 13, 19, 20, 19, 9, 33 is a river in Texas.
My 27, 30, 17, 20, 4 is a county in Missouri.
My 20, 23, 13, 16, 27 is a sea in Europe.
My 20, 1, 19, 28 is a river in Texas.
My 22, 14, 25 is a river in Asia.
My 6, 17, 27, 9, 28, 20 is a city in Massachusetts.
My whole is found in the New Testament.
BYRON, N. Y. JAMES.

Answer in two weeks.
For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
A RIDDLE.

I AM with the bride, but not with the groom,
I always remain, and yet not stay,
I am in the window, but not in the room,
I am always in sight, but not in the way.
EIKLAND, Pa. S. M. S.

Answer in two weeks.
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

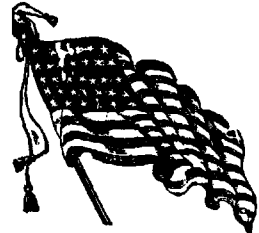


Answer in two weeks.
ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 789.

Answer to Illustrated Enigma:—Nothing up nothing down.
Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Major Levi Parker Molden.
Answer to Biblical Riddle:
Loving they went along,
They left their calves shut up,
They felt affection for their young
But neither turned or stopped.
Before the impious through they went
Straight onward on their way,
When the Philistines homeward sent
The ark of Israel's God.
Answer to Anagram:
Oh tell me not that days of joy,
Give place to years of sorrow;
That time will brightest hopes destroy
Or wreck them ere the morrow.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Roll out the old banner, let fold after fold, Enshrine a new glory as each is unfurled; Let it speak to our hearts still as sweet as of old, The herald of Freedom all over the world.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 18, 1865.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From the South.

It will be seen by the following, that Gen. Sheridan has gained a victory over Early, though not so extensive one as the dispatches last week seemed to indicate.

The Herald's Winchester correspondent confirms the reported victory over Early by Sheridan, and says Sheridan has occupied Staunton. On his march up the Valley to that place he met with no material opposition.

Rebel prisoners report a heavy Union force advancing from East Tennessee upon Lynchburg.

A dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., the 9th, says, official information from Cumberland, Md., yesterday, states that Col. Thompson of the First New Hampshire cavalry, Gen. Sheridan's command, has just arrived from Winchester with 40 officers and 1,300 men, prisoners, and eight pieces of artillery.

The principal battle was fought at Fishersville, forty miles from Staunton, Va.

We understand by a late arrival from Charleston, that everything is progressing favorably at that place. Traders are beginning to open their stores. Gen. Hatch is in command of the Northern District of the Department of the South.

Gen. Schemmelfinnig is in command at Charleston. Railroad communication with Goose Creek is open. Gen. Potter advanced up the Santee river without opposition. News had been received of the destruction of Columbia.

A regiment, recruited in Charleston, has been mastered into the U. S. service. Lights will soon be lighted on Sumter and Moultrie, and the channel be buoyed for navigation. Several incendiary fires have taken place in Charleston. It seems by the Herald's Charleston correspondent that even in this hot-bed of secession a love for the old Union survives all vicissitudes.

The State of feeling in North Carolina is plainly evident from the tone of the press and recent events. Nearly a whole company of the Sixth North Carolina cavalry deserted a few days since, and came into Newbern bringing their horses and equipments. Negroes are coming in in large numbers. The rebels are conscripting all the boys they can lay hands on.

The Union prisoners confined at Florence were sent to Salisbury on the approach of Sherman. On the way many escaped and reached our lines at Newbern under guidance of negroes and loyal whites. Arrangements have been made to exchange ten thousand prisoners at Wilmington, and they are now being forwarded.

The very latest reports from North Carolina represent the people as being almost unanimously of the opinion that the Confederacy is gone up. The idea of resisting Sherman is scouted at as absurd; and the general disposition seems to be to make a virtue of necessity and submit to the decrees of war.

The Richmond Examiner is informed by a rebel officer that Gen. Sherman has devastated the country in his march northward.

Advices from the Army of the Potomac represent that there is no immediate prospect of any movement before Petersburg, as the two armies are still mud-bound.

General Lee telegraphed to the rebel War Department last Friday that Bragg had defeated Schofield, near Kingston, in an obstinately contested battle, and taken three pieces of artillery and 1,500 prisoners.

A letter dated near Kingston, N. C., the 10th, and received at Washington, the 13th, says that on the day before, Bragg again attacked Schofield's forces, making two separate assaults which were repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy. Rutger's division of the Second Corps captured one piece of artillery and two hundred prisoners. The enemy left the field in confusion, and all their killed and wounded fell into our hands.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

HON. HUGH McCULLOCK of Indiana, has been confirmed Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Mr. Fessenden, resigned.

The President on the 8th inst., nominated Senator Harlan of Iowa, as Secretary of the Interior, in place of Judge Usher, resigned. The Senate has confirmed the nomination.

Hon. Freeman Clarke of New York, (Rochester,) ex-Congressman, was confirmed on the 9th, Comptroller of the Currency.

The Provost Marshal General has ordered that the draft commence in New York city on the 15th.

The law providing for recruiting in the States in rebellion for the benefit of the Northern States, is repealed by the 22d section of the act approved March 8, 1865, and the Provost Marshal General has notified the mustering officers, commandant's of rendezvous and department commanders accordingly.

The "Passport System" between the United States and Canada has been abolished. The following is the Proclamation on the subject:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, March 8th, 1865.

Whereas, pursuant to the order of the President of the United States, directions were issued from this Department under date of December 17th, 1864, requiring passports from all travelers entering the United States, except immigrant passengers directly entering an American port from a foreign country, but whereas information has recently been received which affords reasonable grounds to expect that Her Britannic Majesty's Government and the executive and legislative branches of the Government of Canada have taken and will continue to take such steps as may be looked for from a friendly neighbor, and will be effectual in preventing hostile raids from Canadian territory on the United States the President directs that from and after this date, the order referred to requiring passports shall be modified, and so much thereof as relates to persons entering this country from Canada shall be rescinded, saving and reserving the order in all other respects in full force.

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

The President has issued a Proclamation notifying that all deserters who shall return to duty on or before the 10th of next May, shall receive a full pardon on condition that they serve the remainder of their time of enlistment, including the period lost by desertion.

By a law approved the 3d inst., deserters who do not report themselves within sixty days after the President issues his Proclamation requiring them to do so, forfeit their citizenship. Persons duly enrolled, who leave the country to avoid the draft, are, as far as citizenship is concerned, placed on the same footing with deserters.

Previous to the adjournment of the United States Supreme Court on Friday, an order was promulgated requiring an oath to be taken by all practitioners at that bar that they have never borne arms against the United States, and have not given aid, comfort or encouragement to the rebellion, and that they will support and defend the Constitution, and will demean themselves as attorneys and counsellors of the court uprightly and according to law.

The Senate adjourned sine die on Saturday last.

The President's Private Secretary, (J. Nicolay,) has been appointed Consul to Paris, France.

The Navy Department has been apprised by Admiral Dahlgren that Georgetown, S. C., has been captured. The rebels abandoned the batteries of fifteen guns, and fled.

Hon. John P. Hale has been appointed Minister to Spain.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

ROCHESTER CHARTER ELECTION.—The Charter Election of this city, held on the 7th inst., resulted in favor of the Union candidates for city officers (with the exception of Justice of the Peace) by a handsome majority. The Union men also elected a majority of the Aldermen, so that the next Board will stand 16 Union to 10 Opposition. The City Officers elected are as follows:

Mayor—D. D. T. MOORE, Treasurer—HARVEY P. LANGWORTHY, Public Justice—ELISHA W. BRYAN, Justice of the Peace—L. B. KING. It is proper to state that Mr. Moore did not desire the Mayoralty, but it was pressed upon him, and he accepted simply from a sense of duty, after repeated solicitations.

A BILL is before the Legislature of this state which so changes the law of evidence as to permit the examination of husbands and wives, or either of them, as witnesses for or against each other, or on behalf of any party, in all actions at law, except in criminal proceedings or in suits for divorce, for adultery or crim. con., and it further provides that no husband or wife shall be permitted to testify as to any communication made by one to the other, except when made in consequence of a business relation existing between them, or in the transaction of some matter of business. The act applies to cases already at issue as well as to the actions hereafter to be brought.

EXTENSIVE preparations are making at Beaufort for making that place a depot for operating in the State of North Carolina, and also with a view to the rapid movements of Sherman's army northward when Charleston and Savannah shall be no longer of value as a basis of supplies for his forces.

The builders of the great Boston organ have contracted to build one of the largest dimensions for Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn. The contract price is \$30,000, and the instrument is to be furnished by the 1st of next January.

A YOUNG lady in Brooklyn is making a large number of young men unhappy. She is employed by the Provost Marshal to draw the names from the draft wheel.

DAVID HENDERSON, a negro, was on Monday allowed to testify, in the Recorder's Court, at St. Louis, Mo., against a white man, the first instance of the new order of things on record in that State.

The News Condenser.

—The Pope is about to send the Empress Charlotte of Mexico a pure white rose composed of pearls and diamonds.

—Delaware, with a population of a little over 112,000 has furnished the army since the war commenced 11,000 men.

—The King of Italy has just taken himself and his court to Florence, to the great disgust of real estate owners in Turin.

—A factory has been erected in Harding county, Illinois, for the manufacture of paper out of the fiber of common cane.

—It is said that 8,000 pounds of cotton have lately been stolen from the Portsmouth Spool Cotton Factory, in small quantities.

—The Empress Eugenie has just lost a lawsuit which has been in progress for several years in the Supreme Court at Madrid.

—A French workman's breakfast costs him 2 1/2 cts.; his dinner, including half a bottle of wine, 10 cts.; his supper about 1 1/2 cents.

—The annual rate of mortality in Boston is 1 to 41 of the population; London, 1 to 45; Philadelphia, 1 to 50; New York, 1 to 35.

—Wendell Phillips, in his lecture at Brooklyn, eulogized General Sherman as the prince of democrats and the noblest of our generals.

—The Spanish government has decided that the Spanish press is free, and may discuss without impediment the Pope's Encyclical.

—The payments at the N. Y. post-office on money orders sent from various parts of the country average at the present time \$1,500 a day.

—Gen. Grant reports that since the beginning of the campaign last May, 17,000 deserters have come into our lines from Lee's army alone.

—The Penobscot Indians now number 266 males and 234 females. More than one-fifth of their living population have gone to the war.

—The Legislature of Vermont has sent the thanks of that State to the people of Philadelphia for their hospitality to Vermont soldiers passing through the city.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, March 14, 1865.

The changes in the market price of products since our last are few, and are noted below.

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, &c.—White wheat flour \$12.50; red wheat, \$10.25@10.50 per bl. Buckwheat flour quoted at \$3.50 per 100 lbs. Course mill feed, \$35; medium, \$40 @42; fine, \$50 per ton. Corn meal, coarse, \$2.00 @ 2.50. GRAIN.—White wheat \$2.15@2.35; red, \$1.80@1.90. Corn shelled, \$1.30@1.50; in ear \$0.65@. Rye, \$1.30. Barley, \$1.40. Buckwheat 70@75 per bu. Oats 75c. and plenty.

FORAGE.—Sales the last of the week at \$20, but to-day only \$23 has been paid. We quote at \$18@20. The price depends upon the quality. Straw, \$10@12. Corn stalks, \$5@7 per ton.

SEEDS.—Timothy \$5@6.50. Clover, \$15@15.50. Beans, \$1 @2. Peas, \$1.50@2. Flax, \$3@3.50.

FRUITS.—Green apples sell at \$1@1.50 per bushel in the street. Dried apples 10@10c. Dried peaches 30c. Dried plums 20@25c.

MEATS.—Dressed hogs are quoted at \$15.00@17 @ 100 lbs. Beef, dressed, is quoted at \$12@15 @ 100 lbs. Dressed mutton, 11@12 @ 100 lbs. by the carcass. Dried beef, 20@22c.—Hams, 30c. Shoulders, 16@18c. Chickens scarce 20@22c. Turkeys bring 24@27c. quack. Tallow 10@10c for rough; 15c for tallow. Lard, 24@25c.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes range at \$3@7.50. Onions bring \$1.75 per bushel. Hops, 30@35c. Carrots, 25@40c @ bu. DAIKON, &c.—Butter, fat, 25@35c. Cheese, dull at 13 @20. Eggs, 20@25c. Fat, 25 @ 30c.

HIDES AND FURS.—Green hides 30@34c. Green calf skins 15c. Fats, 15@20.50 each.

Wool.—No sales and no quotations.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 11.—Ashes, \$11@11.50. Beeswax, \$2@2.50. Flour \$3.50@4.50 for superfine State; \$10.30@10.50 for extra; \$10.50@10.75 for No. 1; \$10.75@11.00 for lower grades Western extra; \$10.50@11.10 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio; \$11.40@11.50 for trade and family brands; \$10.75@11.00 for Louis. extra; \$10.50@10.75 for Canadian. Wheat, \$2.15@2.35 for No. 2; \$2.15@2.35 for Milwaukee club, \$2.05@2.07; \$2.08 for amber do.; \$2.15@2.25 for red Western; \$2.30@2.35 for amber do. No sales of flour. Barley malting, \$1.15 @ 1.20. Oats, \$1.10 @ 1.15. Green lower, \$1.00 @ 1.10. Hops, 25@35c. Hay, \$1.50 @ 1.65. Pork, \$22 @ 24.25. Beef, \$17 @ 22. Clover seed, 24@25c. Timothy seed, \$6 @ 7. Rough fax, \$3.40 @ 3.50. Tobacco 10 @ 12 @ 25c. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Lard, 19 @ 22c.

BUFFALO, March 15.—Flour, \$3.50 @ 4.00. Wheat, \$1.75 @ 2.15. Corn, \$1.20 @ 1.40 for old. Oats, 30 @ 35c. Barley, \$1.10 @ 1.25. Rye, \$1.40. Malt, \$1.50 @ 2. Peas, \$1.50 @ 1.75. Beans, \$2.12 @ 2.25. Clover seed, \$14 @ 15. Timothy seed, \$6 @ 7. Oats, \$1.10 @ 1.25. Hay, \$1.50 @ 1.65. Green apples, \$1.50 @ 1.75. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Dressed pork, \$22 @ 24.25. Beef, \$17 @ 22. Butter, 25 @ 30c. Eggs, 20 @ 25c. Fat, 25 @ 30c. Carrots, 25 @ 40c. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Hay, \$1.50 @ 1.65. Straw, \$10 @ 12. Clover seed, \$6 @ 7. Timothy seed, \$6 @ 7. Lard, 19 @ 22c.

CHICAGO, March 11.—Flour, \$3.75 @ 4.00. Bran, \$2.25 @ 2.50. Wheat, \$1.75 @ 2.15. Corn, \$1.20 @ 1.40 for old. Oats, 30 @ 35c. Barley, \$1.10 @ 1.25. Rye, \$1.40. Malt, \$1.50 @ 2. Peas, \$1.50 @ 1.75. Beans, \$2.12 @ 2.25. Clover seed, \$14 @ 15. Timothy seed, \$6 @ 7. Oats, \$1.10 @ 1.25. Hay, \$1.50 @ 1.65. Green apples, \$1.50 @ 1.75. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Dressed pork, \$22 @ 24.25. Beef, \$17 @ 22. Butter, 25 @ 30c. Eggs, 20 @ 25c. Fat, 25 @ 30c. Carrots, 25 @ 40c. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Hay, \$1.50 @ 1.65. Straw, \$10 @ 12. Clover seed, \$6 @ 7. Timothy seed, \$6 @ 7. Lard, 19 @ 22c.

TORONTO, March 8.—Flour, \$3.00 @ 3.50. Fall wheat, at 90 @ 94c per bushel; spring do. 80 @ 85c. Barley, 50 @ 55c. Peas, 70 @ 80c. Oats, 45 @ 48c. Rye, 60c. Buckwheat, 40 @ 45c. Tares, 30 @ 31. Butter, 18 @ 20c. Cheese, 10 @ 11 1/4c. Fat, 20 @ 22c. For Irish, 20 @ 22c. Oats, 45 @ 48c. Green apples, \$1.50 @ 1.75. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Dressed pork, \$22 @ 24.25. Beef, \$17 @ 22. Butter, 25 @ 30c. Eggs, 20 @ 25c. Fat, 25 @ 30c. Carrots, 25 @ 40c. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Hay, \$1.50 @ 1.65. Straw, \$10 @ 12. Clover seed, \$6 @ 7. Timothy seed, \$6 @ 7. Lard, 19 @ 22c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, March 8.—Beeswax, \$2 @ 2.50. Flour, \$3.50 @ 4.50. Bran, \$2.25 @ 2.50. Wheat, \$1.75 @ 2.15. Corn, \$1.20 @ 1.40 for old. Oats, 30 @ 35c. Barley, \$1.10 @ 1.25. Rye, \$1.40. Malt, \$1.50 @ 2. Peas, \$1.50 @ 1.75. Beans, \$2.12 @ 2.25. Clover seed, \$14 @ 15. Timothy seed, \$6 @ 7. Oats, \$1.10 @ 1.25. Hay, \$1.50 @ 1.65. Green apples, \$1.50 @ 1.75. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Dressed pork, \$22 @ 24.25. Beef, \$17 @ 22. Butter, 25 @ 30c. Eggs, 20 @ 25c. Fat, 25 @ 30c. Carrots, 25 @ 40c. Dressed hogs, \$15 @ 17. Hay, \$1.50 @ 1.65. Straw, \$10 @ 12. Clover seed, \$6 @ 7. Timothy seed, \$6 @ 7. Lard, 19 @ 22c.

CHICAGO, March 11.—Beef Cattle.—Sales range at \$3, 37 1/2 @ 41. Hogs, \$10.25 @ 13. Sheep, \$8.75 @ 9.

TORONTO, March 8.—First class cattle, from \$2.50 @ 3 @ 100 lbs, dressed weight; 2nd do, \$4.25 @ 4.75; inferior, \$3 @ 3.50. Calves, \$1.45 @ 1.50 each, but very few in market. Sheep, \$4 @ 5 each per car load. Yearlings \$3 @ 3.50.—Globe.

WOOL MARKETS. BOSTON, March 8.—The market dull for all kinds and prices have declined. The sales comprise pulled at 90c @ 1.05 @ 1.10, including some considerable lots of good choice Ohio and Western at \$1.81; small lots of choice Pennsylvanias at \$1.25 @ 1.30, and 15,000 lbs extra pulled at \$1.05 @ 1.10. In Canada wool the sales comprise 20,000 lbs pulled at \$1.10; 10,000 lbs combing at \$1.25 and 3,000 lbs do at \$1.30 @ 1.40.—Journal.

CHICAGO, March 11.—The Post says, little or nothing doing in this article, and the best we can do is to quote the market nominal at from 70 @ 80c @ 1.10.

TORONTO, March 8.—Wool is in good request, but little offering; 30 @ 40c @ 1.10 for good fleece.—Globe.

DIED.

Nov. 11th, 1864, Mrs. FRANCES P. SMITH, wife of Capt. Wm. H. SMITH, of Carson Valley, Nevada. She was a native of Rochester, N. Y.

In Ogden, March 12th, of consumption, at the residence of her father, ABRAHAM A. wife of MATTHEW R. BALLENGER, and only daughter of EZRA CHASE, aged 33 years and eight months.

List of New Advertisements.

Knox Fruit Farm and Nurseries—J. Knox. Good Books for Farmers and others—Orange Judd. New York Gift Association—T. Benton & Co. Permanent Sheep Labels—C. H. Dana. American Agricultural Works—J. W. Bain, Pres't. Collection of Vegetable Seeds—McElwain Bros. Albums for the Million—Samuel Bowles & Co. Cayuga Mower and Reaper—Barber, Sheldon & Co. Farlor Music Store—Geo. H. Ellis. Seed Fesa, &c.—Johnson & Kester. A Household Treasure—Beadle & Company. Connecticut Seed Leaf Tobacco—McElwain Bros. Apple Trees at Auction—John G. Kinck. Evergreens—Samuel Edwards. Farm Implements, &c., for Sale—T. G. Yeomans. Quince Stocks, &c., for Sale—T. G. Yeomans. Fallow Seminary—F. Griffin, Principal. Cheap Style of Home—Isaac Ide. Rhubarb Plants for Sale—S. & M. F. Collins. Commission Merchants—Josiah Carpenter. Cranberry Plants—P. D. Chiles. Fruit Orchard for Sale—Arthur White. Agents Wanted—J. S. Pardee. Honey Locust Plants—D. G. Hobart. Farm for Sale—W. Stewart. Chinese Cane Seed—C. E. Reeves. Connecticut Seed Leaf Tobacco Seed—J. Rising.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Enoch Arden—Ticknor & Fields. Brown's Bronchial Troches. Wheaton's Itch Ointment.—Weeks & Potter.

Special Notices

"Cast all thy cares on God: That anchor holds."

ENOCH ARDEN, the poem from which the above quoted noble line is taken, is published in a neat pamphlet containing three fine drawings by DABLEY and HENNESSY, and a portrait of the poet, TENNYSON. Price 25 cents.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by the publishers. TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON, MASS.

ITCH. WHEATON'S ITCH. SCRATCH. OINTMENT. SCRATCH.

Will cure the Itch in 48 hours—also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, 170 Washington St., Boston, will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all druggists. 791-26t

New Advertisements

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 5 1/2 cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded), 60 cents a line.

\$80 PER MONTH.—Agents wanted in every town. It is something new and of real value.—For particulars address, with stamp J. S. PARDEE, Binghamton, N. Y. 791-25

A NEW AND CHEAP STYLE OF HOUSE. I will send the plan and description, with the perspective view, original contract, and commodious style of house, for 50 cents. Address ISAAC IDE, East Shelby, Orleans Co., N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—225 acres, 18 miles from Buffalo, good road, 1 1/2 mile from R. R., 125 acres smooth meadow, 45 acres wood, beautiful situation on Lake Erie. Valuable Pear and Apple Orchard, first-rate buildings, large assortment of implements. Terms easy. 791-25 E. W. STEWART, North Evans, N. Y.

\$52 FOR THE TERM.—Which opens March 1st, 1865, will pay board, washing, fuel and room furnished, except sheets and pillow cases, in Fallay Seminary, Fulton, N. Y. Tuition in Common English, \$5.00. All other solid branches from \$1 to \$2 each, higher. For Circulars, address J. F. GRIFPIN, Principal.

E. MARKS, of Camillus, Onondaga Co., N. Y., has sold his farm and will sell at auction his farm implements, and 100 Merino Grade Sheep, on March 21. Also, the next day, 20 pure-bred Short-Horn Cows, Heifers, Bulls and Calves; 10 Horses, Brood Mares and Colts. Also his household furniture and 30 tons of hay.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 3,000 to 5,000 Bushels of Seed Peas, Of choice kinds, and large supply. CLOVER, large and small, TIMOTHY, ORCHARD, and RED-TOP GRASS SEED, Millet and Hungarian Seed. JOHNSON & KESTER, Wholesale and Commission Merchants, No. 89 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. 791-3t

"CAYUGA CHIEF MOWER AND REAPER" WITH "YOUNG'S IMPROVEMENTS," FOR 1865!

Manufactured only by Barber, Sheldon & Co., Auburn, N. Y. Examine closely before buying, as there are others peddling the "Cash Chief" without Young's Improvements. Send for Descriptive Pamphlet. 791 BARBER, SHELDON & CO., Auburn, N. Y.

ALBUMS FOR THE MILLION. We send our 16 picture POCKET ALBUM, by mail, Post-Paid, for Seventy-five Cents, and our 24 picture ALBUM for One Dollar.—Just the thing FOR SOLDIERS. Sam'l Bowles & Co., Manufacturers, Springfield, Mass.

A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE! A real treasury of good things for Wives, Mothers, Daughters and Housekeepers is

BEADLE'S DIME HOUSEWIFE'S MANUAL,

Or, how to keep House and order a Home; how to Dry, Cleanse, and Renovate; how to Cut, Fit, and Make Garments; how to Cultivate Plants and Flowers; how to Care for Birds and Household Pets, &c. Housekeepers will find this little text-book one of the most useful of the kind. It is prepared with great care by Mrs. VICTOR—whose name is a guarantee for its excellence. It ought to find its way

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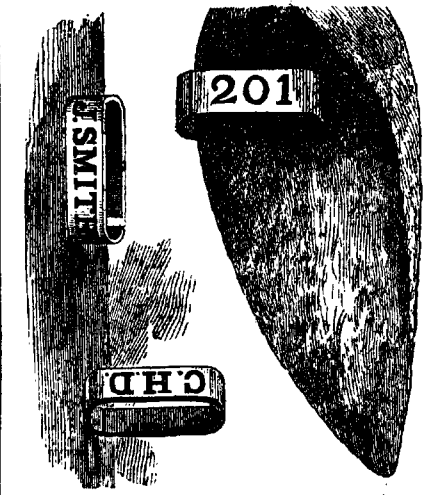
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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker
A LITTLE LONGER YET!

BY MINNIE MINTWOOD.

A little longer yet—a little longer!
Oh! fettered soul so weary grown!
Far out upon the sea immortal,
Some spirit-bark will bear thee home!

A little longer yet—a little longer!
I see the signal on the shore!
The dear glad light streams o'er the waters,
Oh, soul! near home—home evermore!

A little longer yet—a little longer!
So soon to be from dress set free!
So soon to reach the blissful port,
That opes beyond the star-gemmed sea!

Hilldale Farm near Ludlowville, N. Y.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STORY OF EMELINE RAY,

BY MARY HARTWELL.

[Continued from page 84, last number.]

There are three distinct classes of women: First, those who are all soul, whose tenderness is swallowed up in intellect, who are dazzling, icy, lofty-minded, the Crown Princesses of the world; just the women that men admire yet never think of loving. And next those who are all heart; tender, witching, perhaps unintellectual, but full of loving thoughtfulness—women in the truest sense of the word; that fascinate, yet purify and lift a man up to hopeful, healthful, real life. Thirdly, those who are all sensuality, all animal. If you find them in the higher circles, they are characterized by the same narrow ideas and groveling aims, with only the gloss of fashionable refinement to distinguish them from other human moles.

This woman of whom we write, might have belonged to the intellectual class, if her life had not been strong with womanly, gushing tenderness. She lived the everyday way of the world, excepting with higher aims. She studied the best models of her favorite art, and advanced rapidly toward perfection. She loved music also, for that had been the dearest passion of her darling, dead brother, and though people commented on her unheard-of extravagance in laying out his bounty money in the purchase of a pretty piano, the girl's own feelings justified her in consecrating to this use the sacred earnings she could never have parted with otherwise.

So, living in herself and alone, EMELINE RAY was becoming an accomplished, refined woman, and just as lady-like and elegant as though society had moulded her. The soul is the architect of the body, after all. For noble thoughts and fine feelings will brighten and make classical the plainest features. The girl was not very lonely, though people thought her reclusive. She mingled in their society occasionally, but was happier in her own little parlor-studio at home with books and casel, and music for her companions. Do not suppose she lived an idle, easy life. Preferring to support herself rather than to subsist on her little property, she secured the village school, and walked the path of a teacher. But she loved the vocation, and if she had occasional difficulties, she grew stronger and more self-reliant in experience.

So by-and-by, EMELINE RAY was eighteen—grown from awkward, contracted, discontented girlhood to graceful, pure and perfect womanhood in two years. Looking back she sighed because of the years gone over, of her stubborn thanklessness, for the fretful pinings at her burden; but the lesson was a bitter, lasting one that she had learned, and one that had shaped her whole life course.

Going up into the green woods, one breezy morning just as she had two years ago, the girl wandered under the freshening boughs, and sat down on the old moss log. Sitting with locked hands she looked into the far space with deepening purple eyes. The old restless fire in them was softened to misty gleaming, and the face of EMELINE RAY was of a nobler, grander cast, yet withal more human-like and sweet than it had been those two years ago.

The stranger thought so. He folded his arms and leaned against a tree with his steely, keen eyes upon her face. What had brought the wanderer back to that town, to that spot? He had marched and endured in the Federal Campaigns since his feet had first pressed that woodland sod, and his eyes had first scanned that girl sitting there in her old position. He recognized the change, and lifted his hat with courteous stoniness, as he advanced to make himself known to her. There was no need. A quick flush dyed her temples as she returned his greeting and those eyes pierced her own again, but she returned his salutation with perfect ease and, in a ladylike manner, granted his request to renew their acquaintance.

Mr. NELSON had much to tell her. He approached the subject with uniform caution, but the first mention of her brother's name struck the girl like a blow. She wept silently while he related the story of their meeting, after his enlistment, and during the Potomac campaign. How they were together in that awful battle that sent poor EMELINE's brother a cripple to die in the hospital. How Mr. NELSON had sat by the dying man, receiving his last message to the sick mother and the little sister he had left in Connecticut, and penned the dispatch that told them of his death. And how a wound, received in one of the recent struggles, had procured him a discharge from the service; and he came at last to bring that dead brother's message to the lonely girl.

He was pale. There was a great scar on his right temple, which EMELINE regarded with reverent eyes.

"I did not know you were so patriotic," she said timidly, after a silence. He smiled, without giving her a direct reply.

"The Republic has acquitted me with doing my duty," he said, "but only this disfiguring wound, that is a living proof of my shattered strength, hinders me from pledging my whole worthless life to the cause. But as it is, I must take up my old wandering, vagrant habits, and go roving; for I have no mother or sister to beautify my home as JOHN had. Girl,"—the old icy manner fell over him again like a case of armor—"I have had no home, no love, no happiness since I can remember. I had no sisters nor brothers. My mother died before I understood our relation, and my father never lived to see me."

"But your wife?" ventured the girl, inquiringly.

"I have never had the honor to meet that lady!" he answered with a smile half-sneering, half-amused.

"I thought you were married!" said EMELINE with some surprise.

"And have found out your mistake," he replied carelessly. "No, women are superior creatures for sketching—can assume such graceful attitudes; they make charming pictures, and are very useful for that"—he checked the half-unconscious tide of insulting sarcasm, as the young lady rose, regarding him coolly.

"I am highly flattered by your opinion of my sex," she said with quiet dignity, "and am happy to bid you good-morning, as it is time to commence my school-duties."

"Miss RAY, I am a brute!" was his palliating explanation. "Can you pardon my rudeness? If I had lived with humanity, I might have been civilized; but I have had enough to make me cynical. Wait, I beseech you, that I may recall my ungentlemanly speech. I have claims on your tolerance!"

He was gracefully humble, strangely winning; the girl could not withstand his plea. She granted pardon, and permitted him to escort her to the door of her little school-room, for the sun with its slanting rays threw the shadow of nine o'clock.

It was intended to remain in the village some time, he knew not how long, to sketch the neighboring scenery. "I would die with inaction," he explained, with a smile. "My nature is too restless to settle down into a useful vocation, and some kind of a vocation every man should have in this Republican country."

So Mr. NELSON left the young schoolmistress at the door, after obtaining permission to call often. "For we have a bond of sympathy," he said sadly. "I loved your brother with pure brother-love."

He did call often. Evening after evening was spent in her little parlor, with music, and painting, and critical reviews of her latest productions. Sitting at the piano, with him leaning on her chair, joining his rich bass voice to the girl's cultivated soprano; or both interested in some pencil sketch which EMELINE finished off, while her companion stood by, ready to drop a guiding hand upon hers, or advise her about the shading. Sometimes they wandered off to literary subjects, sounding each other's attainments and judgment, and being drawn nearer together by the very dissimilarity of their tastes.

Weeks went by, and Mr. NELSON still remained in the village.

EMELINE found that there was a heart of fire, and a magnificent intellect beneath the rude crust of repulsiveness with which this man had encased himself. He was bewilderingly attractive. He thrilled her with his burning eyes, his irresistible touch, and held her spell-bound at the revelations of his lofty nature, till she found herself studying his moods and thoughts only that she might win him nearer. The girl grew frightened; she did not know her own woman-nature; she walked, and dreamed and breathed in him, struggling to free herself, but never daring to analyze the secret of his power over her. Of course his attentions were remarked.

Mrs. GRUNDY (who is she, any how?) commented freely. EMELINE certainly did not respect the lady very much, for she scarcely heeded her disapproval. Kind, motherly Mrs. BONNER, who had usurped the position of maternal counsellor to the orphan "left alone," hinted that Mr. NELSON might not be just what he seemed "though he did make a good appearance and seemed so likely that one couldn't help fancying the man."

EMELINE was quietly independent; yet she did nothing unbecoming a lady. She knew her friend was of good social position, by his bearing and address, before the rich LAWRENCE family, from New Haven, came to take up their abode in the little Connecticut village for the summer, and immediately claimed him as an old acquaintance. But that fact established him in the good graces of her neighbors, and the villagers in general. She knew he was cultivated and fascinating, was courteous and bewitching when he chose to be, before gay BELLE LAWRENCE, the city beauty, who had come to rusticate a whole summer out of town, began to monopolize his attentions, and claim his attachment to her set.

How she missed his society through the long, cool twilights, when she sat alone in her little parlor-studio, surrounded with the implements of that art in which they both delighted! How much better she had come to know him, and how different he seemed now, compared to her former impressions of him. Miss LAWRENCE did not entirely separate them. He still called often. Indeed EMELINE had come to look forward from one day to another, anticipating his evening visits, till her evenings were incomplete without him.

Mr. NELSON had been in the village three months, and her present term of school had

nearly expired; and EMELINE saw with an exultation she dared not account for herself, how much more attentive he was to her, the little schoolmistress, than to the pretty, childish heiress, whose preference for him was plainly displayed. She did not meet Miss LAWRENCE often, and then her supercilious haughtiness toward the "village school teacher" rather excited pity than resentment.

Did EDGAR NELSON contrast these women?—finding one belonging to the third class, groveling and earthy, with no wealth of soul or heart, and the other plain and lily-like, full of rich, womanly impulses, with enough of both mind and feeling to make the sweetest combination? Perhaps he did.

A long, sultry August day was drawing to its close, as EMELINE dismissed her flock, and paced her school-room floor, languid with overheat and her day's toils. She sat down behind her desk to write copies, but her pen wandered idly, almost carelessly along the lines. A shadow darkened the door-way, followed by the original, in the shape of Mr. NELSON. He stood watching her occupation for a moment, and then advanced toward her. The girl-teacher rose to greet and offer him her seat; but he spoke abruptly:

"Sit down, EMELINE, I want to talk to you. Writing copies here in this oven of a school-house, when you ought to be out under the woodland shade! You look pale and wearied out. You are killing yourself!"

"Not so bad as that," she smiled, as she locked her papers in the drawer, and prepared for departure.

"Yes, killing yourself," he repeated in measured tones, as he detained her with his hand on her arm, "drugging your life away in this obscure corner, when you know you are fitted for a higher standing in the world."

"I must walk the path Providence points out." "I tell you, girl, it will not do. Providence never meant you to be a school drudge. I will not see it any longer. You were made to shine and queen it in society. I can and will place you in your proper sphere. Will you accept my hand, EMELINE?"

It was abrupt. It was just like the man. But she did not know how he had been martyred all that afternoon by the pretty twaddle of bewitching BELLE LAWRENCE; how his many nature had become disgusted, and sick of itself, for flattery, with the delicate courtesies she demanded, this specimen of her sex; and how longingly his heart turned to his "Queen Lily," whom he had grown to love so passionately, yet so secretly; and who was pacing the floors of that little school-house, while Miss BELLE LAWRENCE sneered at the "upstart school-teacher," and his own mad lovelessness yearned to take that poor little "teacher" in his arms and shelter her forever! She did not know this. She saw in his offer only that commiserating condescension, that her proud nature spurned in any one.

"You are very kind, very self-sacrificing," she said with measured sarcasm, while the purple of her eyes dilated and grew jetty. "And what return am I to make for all this?"

It was a finer nature that he had been used to dealing with, but he was in passionate earnest. Bending toward her, he said with intense utterance,—"Your love!"

The girl's proud soul was outraged. She regarded him with more scorn than she had when he passed that libelous verdict on her sex. Her all-conquering love was swallowed up for a moment, and, she thought, smitten dead.

"Mr. NELSON must look elsewhere for a bargain," she uttered with concentrated scorn, "I do not sell love at that price!"

He saw he had misrepresented himself, but his stubborn will refused to recall and explain the incoherent declaration. "You are proud," was the only comment he made as he stood with folded arms regarding her, while the stormy love in his breast surged up toward that now regal woman.—[Concluded on page 89, this No.]

WIT AND HUMOR.

A SLEEPY man's nod is law to none but himself. Don't kick the usurer till after you have got your loan.

It is the tendency of the measles and scolding women to break out.

The greatest scandal in the world is the world's readiness to believe scandal.

"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die that I might go and end my days there."

ONE New England editor lately asked another if he could tell the cost of brimstone, and the reply was:—"It costs nothing where you are going."

SAMBO had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms. Says he, "Massa, here's de chap dat steal de onions. Whew—smell him brelf!"

NOTHING was so much dreaded in our school-boy days as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

"I AM willing to split hairs with my opponent a day if he insists upon it," said a very distinguished American lawyer, in a speech at the bar. "Split that, then," said the opponent, pulling a coarse specimen from his own head, and extending it. "May it please the Court, I didn't say bristles."

THE New Bedford Mercury says a friend stopping at a first class hotel in a neighboring city some days since, asked the waiter at the breakfast table for boiled eggs. "We have no eggs," was the reply. "But," said the gentleman, "I notice an omelet on the table." "Oh! yes," said the waiter, "we have eggs to make omelets but not the kind for boiling."

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always the pain from a burn or scald the instant it is applied. No family should be without it.

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F. W. WHITTEMORE, Chatham Four Corners, N. Y. 759-13t-cw

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House, Buffalo St.

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Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, twenties, or any other number. Subscriptions can commence with the volume or any number; but the former is the best time, and we shall send from it for some weeks, unless specially directed otherwise. Please "make a note of it."

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DR. FOLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

The Great Popular Remedy for Colds,

Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,

Croup and Whooping Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cured entirely by taking the White Pine Compound, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular Medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the White Pine Compound. This Medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual, who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it secured a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called White Pine Compound. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856, an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of severe kidney troubles, and of a great deal of suffering. This being truly a discovery, the fact was mentioned to a skillful physician, who replied, in substance, that the bark of White Pine is one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringent quality be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine. The fortune has not yet been reached, but the hundreds of cured cases of Kidney diseases, including Diabetes, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it, and the hundreds of cured cases testify to the efficacy of the Compound. It is so useful in Kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It is quickly and soothingly applied in all cases of Hoarseness and soreness, as removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator, where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in one hour and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves, or "needles" of White Pine contain excellent qualities. The Indians use the bark of this tree in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans. One instance confirming this may here be given. In 1834, a bold French mariner, as early as 1834, sailed along the northern coast of North America, and was the first among discoverers to enter the river St. Lawrence. In his return, the Indians of the country were sadly afflicted and disabled by what sailors call the scurvy. The savages were fatal, and the survivors were scarcely able to bury the dead. The Indians along the shore were likewise attacked by the same disease, but Cartier observed that they soon recovered. He therefore earnestly enquired about the mode of treatment, and they pointed out to him a tree, the bark and leaves of which they used in decoction, with signal success. Cartier tried the same remedy, and had the gratification of seeing all of his crew who were afflicted rapidly improve, and in a few days were able to go ashore. A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing off the skin. The virtues of the bark are everywhere, and this doubtless, is one grand reason why the White Pine Compound was so favorably received at the first.

The year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the White Pine Compound. It has been an unusual time for colds and coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold. The Medicine has the happiest effects, speaks well for the Medicine, that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

The Editor of the Manchester Daily and Weekly Mirror, in a leader of the Daily, thus writes of the Compound: "The White Pine Compound is advertised much longer than any other medicine, and it is the only one that the demand for it is increasing beyond all previous expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds, and no cure of any kind, and no cure of any kind will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge it is sure to kill a cold, and pleasant as it is sure. The greatest inventions come by accident, and it is singular that the White Pine Compound made for colds and coughs, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties known. But so it is. We cannot doubt it, so many cases of monia have been cured by it, and it is a true character of Dr. Foland is such, that we know that he will not countenance what is wrong. For years a Baptist clergyman, studying medicine to find remedies for a monia, with a monia, with a monia, with a monia, with one foot upon the grave, he made the discovery which has saved himself and called out from hundreds of others, a strong and permanent monia. We have known Dr. Foland for years, and he is a man of a conscientious, honest, upright man, and are glad to state that we believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound."

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and, indeed, from all classes in society, speaking in terms of the highest praise of the White Pine Compound. Dr. Nichols of Northfield, Vt., says: "I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious in all cases of colds, coughs, and other pulmonary affections, and also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach and other kindred organs."

Rev. J. K. Chase of Rumney, N. H., writes: "I have for many years regarded the White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious and valuable than ever. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Rev. P. H. Sweetser of South Reading, writes: "Having long known something of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine Compound, and seeing advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, for colds and coughs, and in many cases, of serious nature, and with the most excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it all ways on hand."

FROM B. F. AIKEN.

Goffstown, March 14, 1860. DR. FOLAND—I wish to bear testimony to the value of your White Pine Compound. You will remember how feeble I was at the time I called on you in July last. My cold complaint was fastidious, and I was unable to attend to other disagreeable symptoms. I suffered dreadfully from severe pain. You sold me a bottle of the White Pine Compound, and before I had taken two-thirds of the bottle, my cold, my cough, my chest, and all other ailments I have been afflicted with that complaint a long time, I have not had a return of it since, and have for many months past enjoyed excellent health.

White Pine Compound for Diabetes.

Important Testimony from ASA GOODRICH, Esq., of Bow, New Hampshire. Mr. ASA Goodrich, of Bow, N. H., was so prostrated by Diabetes, in March, 1859, that neither himself nor any who saw him thought that he could possibly live through the month. As a last resort, he purchased a bottle of the White Pine Compound. They procured a bottle for him to begin to take it, and to the surprise of all, he immediately showed signs of amendment. Eleven months afterwards, in the month of February, 1860, he writes to me, and says:—"I believe Dr. Foland's White Pine Compound, under God, has been the means of my recovery thus far."

Letter from REV. L. C. STEVENS, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Goffstown, N. H.

Dr. J. W. Foland—My Dear Sir—You have asked me what I think of your White Pine Compound. I never before put pen to paper to tell any man what I thought of a medicine. My father, and my mother, and my older brother, early led me to serious suspicions of all nostrums of whatever kind not bearing the stamp of that fraternity. But all these things have been dispelled by degrees, as I have carefully acquainted myself with the leading principles of Hydropathy, Homeopathy, Thompsonianism, Eclecticism, and other systems which have claimed public favor in the last few years. I feel that I feel at liberty on this ground to speak my convictions. Then the sympathy which I feel for you, as a former Baptist pastor, obliged to relinquish the ministrations of the sacred office of the Church, and to devote your years for your utmost in other ways, to proclaim the glorious gospel, inclined me as a matter of duty to comply with your request.

In 1848 I became acquainted with Dr. Dana Boardman of Maine, brother of the late Geo. Dana Boardman, formerly missionary in my family, and from him for the first time learned the wonderful medicinal qualities of white pine bark. He had a few years before been brought to the borders of the grave, by what the best of physicians pronounced pulmonary consumption, and was up to die, but was nevertheless entirely cured by a preparation made by his own hands from this bark. Since that time, until it became acquainted with you, I have not undertaken a cough preparation from white pine. As soon as your article was brought to my notice, it thought I should be obliged to give you my name, as I have acquainted myself with a sufficient number of facts to produce a settled judgment as to its value. Some of my own family have tried it with signal benefit. I believe one of the best cures of Diabetes ever prepared. Besides its value as a Cough Medicine, I have good reason to believe it to be all it claims as a remedy for kidney diseases and diabetes. I am, Sir, truly, Yours, L. C. STEVENS, Goffstown Centre, N. H., February, 1860.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

GEORGE W. SWETT, H. D., PROPRIETOR.

Will be manufactured in future at the New England Dispensary, 105 Exchange St., Boston, under the supervision of H. W. Foland, M. D.

PRICE 75 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

DR. SWETT will attend to the business department, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Sold by wholesale and retail dealers in medicine elsewhere.

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