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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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AGRICULTURAL.

THE LAWS OF REPRODUCTION.

PROF. AGASSIZ was recently called upon to talk upon this subject at the meeting of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts. His remarks, and those of Dr. LORING which follow, possess a grave interest to all persons engaged in the breeding of animals. They should be well considered and analyzed by our readers. He said careful experiments had taught him that in some orders of animals very extraordinary laws govern the process of fecundation. It is not until it reaches the age of seven years that the common turtle, for instance, begins to breed, or rather actually reproduces its species. The connection between the two sexes begins at two years of age, and is repeated yearly until the female arrives at her seventh year. Not until this time, however, does she lay eggs; and then the ovaries contain eggs of various sizes, as if they had been impregnated at the various periods of connection.

To come now to the higher orders of animals. It seems to be evident that by connection with the male, the ovaries receive an impression, and ova become impregnated, even beyond those which are actually brought into existence, and that this is done at the time of the first connection; so that ova may remain in the ovaries, in an impregnated condition, and be simply brought into active existence, resigned by the ovaries to the care of the uterus, by the means of future connection with the male. A Newfoundland bitch had been coupled with a water-dog, and the young presented a great variety—some like the mother, some like the father, and some a mixture of the qualities of both. The same bitch, when afterward coupled with a greyhound, produced a litter of pups very nearly like the former, and with no resemblance to the greyhound. And in experiments in the same way with rabbits, he had left the impress of a gray male upon a white female so strongly, or had in fact so impregnated the ova of the latter by connection with the former, that the future efforts of a black male upon this white female had produced nothing but gray rabbits.

These facts might be used to great advantage by the breeder. A violation of the laws indicated by them could produce nothing but uncertainty. The Jews recognized them in their remarkable social and civil code—perhaps possessing deeper knowledge of the laws of reproduction than are possessed by us, and they provide that children of a widow, the fruit of a second marriage, shall be heirs to the property of the first husband.

We, in modern times, may learn much from this with regard to the perpetuation and healthy development of society, as well as the increase of our farm animals for specific purposes. It is evident that a reliable race cannot be established without careful selections of male and female in the outset, and great care in preventing all interference with the process when once begun. For ourselves, as well-organized beings, desirous of transmitting our best moral and physical qualities unimpaired, what a lesson may we learn from nature, which allows no indiscriminate

intercourse among the lower orders of animals. What an argument we have here against polygamy and the harem, with its one puny child, the pet of all the childless about it.

In addition to these laws there are certain influences exerted by the sexes upon each other which affect very considerably the process of reproduction. These influences are social. In this country the association of men and women is so circumscribed by social custom that no cheerful, and constant, and familiar intercourse is established between them in all the walks and business of life. In consequence of this the physical condition of woman suffers materially, and her power of reproduction is very considerably reduced. There are certain diseases incident to her mode of life here which are unknown in Europe. A shy and morbid condition of the mind acts seriously upon the body; and he urged more familiar intercourse here, in the field, and market-place, and shop, and in all the walks of life—an intercourse conducive to health, not only from the exercise it affords, but also from the mental and nervous vigor, which it imparts. Professor AGASSIZ urged very strongly the association of the two sexes in our schools and public institutions as one step toward that heightened and virtuous intercourse which strengthens the body at the same time that it enlarges and purifies the mind.

The Professor dwelt on the importance of governing ourselves by the locality in which we reside in choosing the breed of cattle for the farm. He was well aware that a breed would in the end conform to the locality in which it was placed, and was sure that, under this rule, a proper breed could be created for each place; and he spoke of the effect of limestone soils in developing the bony structure, while on alluvial and argillaceous, and granitic pastures the muscle and adipose tissues preponderate.

Dr. LORING followed with remarks upon the confirmation of the views of Professor AGASSIZ on reproduction, which every observing farmer must have found in his own herd of cattle. How often have we seen a well-bred heifer made incapable of transmitting her qualities by early connection with an inferior and ill-bred bull. So true is this, that he had always impressed it upon the farmers, and had set it forth in a report on cattle breeding prepared for the board, that a female should be selected which had never bred, if the breeder would hope to arrive at any definite conclusion, and that the bull selected should be as near the desired type as possible. To this he would add the importance of confining ourselves to the family from which we have selected our herd, as nearly as possible, for the purpose of transmitting in a direct line, by in-and-in breeding, the characteristics which we desire. Never choose a bull in no way related to your herd, unless you wish to improve or change the type entirely. But adhere to the family, and go on improving. He referred to certain farmers well known for good cattle, and certain districts in which cattle had reached a high standard, partly through accidental adaptation to the soil, and partly from the adherence of the farmers to the males which they had bred themselves from generation to generation.

He wished here to meet one statement of Professor AGASSIZ with regard to the possibility of breeding a class of animals for each district. He feared it might be tortured into an argument against importing valuable animals from Europe. It should be remembered that breeds of animals have been established there for specific purposes, and bred for many generations. This state of things does not exist here. We have great chaos in our business of breeding. And hence we resort to Scotland for dairy animals for dairy districts, and to England for beef-producing animals for beef-growing districts, confident that in this way we can begin where the European ends in our breeding for specific purposes. (Professor AGASSIZ agreed with this entirely.)

The social laws which the Professor had referred to as valuable for the guidance of man, are also applicable to the animal kingdom. The intermingling of Short-horns, and Jerseys, and Ayrshires, and Devons in one district must result in great confusion to the breeder. To say nothing of the escape of bulls and their trespasses, it is evident that an impression will be produced on the female animal of one breed by associates of another breed, which will injure the certainty of breeding. We must learn to associate ourselves in this business as in all others. And Dr. LORING cited numerous instances of the bad effects of the confusion of which he

was speaking. He reminded the farmers, especially the breeders of horses and sheep, of the injurious effects of the custom of using what are called "teazers" for mares and ewes. He considered it impossible to irritate a mare by a low-bred horse, without damaging her value as a breeder to the better horse which is intended for her. And he hoped that sheep breeders would take the same advice, and not leave the impression of a misshapen buck of poor quality upon ewes which were expected to be coupled with a valuable ram. He was satisfied that this practice must be abandoned before the desired uniformity of fleece and carcass can be arrived at.

He felt authorized to speak somewhat from experience, and he would say that in establishing his family of Ayrshires, he had first settled in his own mind what kind of animal he wished to arrive at; and, having done this, he had not gone beyond his own herd for males—but had continued to breed in-and-in with good success. There was an uniformity about his animals, which he could reach in no other way. Not that they were a standard for any other breeder, or were superior to all others; but they have arrived at the mark which he had laid down for himself.

POTATOES—CULTURE AND VARIETIES.

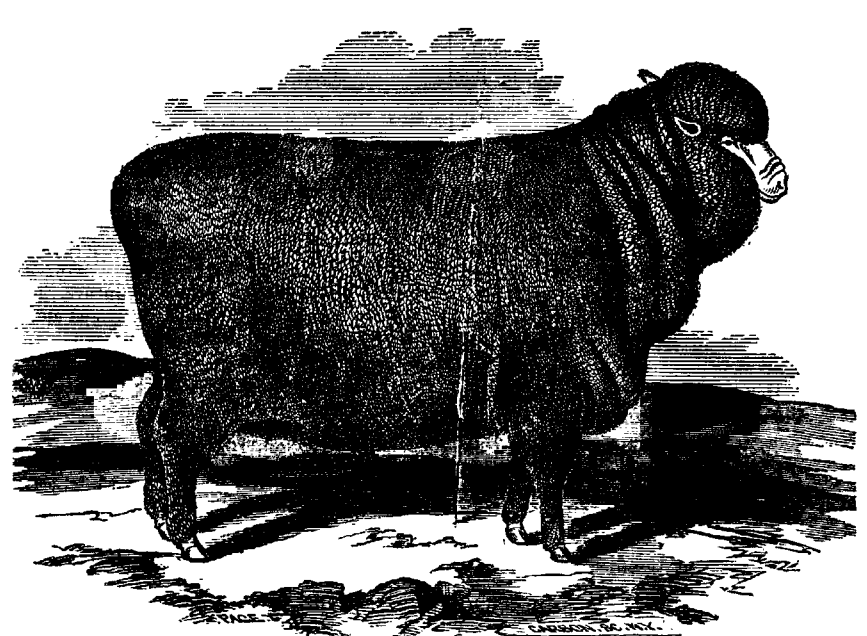
IN THE RURAL OF April first, page 101, are some remarks on growing different varieties of potatoes. That article speaks of manuring potato ground. Our experience and observation convince us that potatoes planted on newly manured land, have a great tendency to decay; hence, we select rich, mellow soil, without the application of any kind of manure the season we plant them. If any manure is applied, we think ashes, leached or unleached, the best, especially if the soil is not naturally mellow.

For the past three years we have planted Chilli's, and prefer them to any varieties we have ever grown, and we have formerly grown many different varieties. When properly cooked, either boiled or baked, they are white, mealy and free from any rank taste. They are large, easy to dig, and are good early and late. Last season we kept them till the 10th of August, and found them the best old potato we ever kept.

Three years ago we planted three-fourths of a bushel the latter part of May; the yield that year was about eighteen bushels. Two years ago planted one-half acre—rich mellow soil—without the application of manure; yield that year 115 bushels of large, nice potatoes, which kept well through the winter in a very warm, damp, unventilated cellar. On sorting them in the spring we found a few poor ones, perhaps a bushel in all. They were planted the first of June and dug the latter part of October. That year the tops of other varieties of potatoes in this section, and on this farm, died in August; but these were green till October frosts killed them. That year around a cornfield were planted two rows of June's and Dooryard's, with occasionally a hill of Chilli's. The June's were all rotten at digging time, nearly all the Dooryard's were also rotten, while the Chilli's, planted among them, were large and sound. While we saw and heard of the small or rotten potatoes of those who raised other varieties, we were thankful that we had a good crop. One man who bought five bushels of us last spring had a hundred and fifty to gather from them last fall.

Last year we did not plant any other kinds except a peck of June's for early potatoes; but the Chilli's were larger than the June's when we commenced digging new potatoes. We plant a few early to eat first; but for a winter crop they will grow very large if not planted till June. Some of the largest ones are hollow inside. Our crop of Chilli's last year was planted the latter part of May and fore part of June; the yield was good and they have kept well through the winter. A few poor ones among them, but not of any amount. There is a small black bug that often invests potatoes and other vines. We formerly sprinkled dry ashes on the leaves often, when wet with rain or dew, to prevent their ravages.

TO TEST SEED.—The vitality of seeds may be tested by putting into a tin pan a thin green sod, grass uppermost. On this, place a quantity of seed, with the grass side down. Moisten the whole with hot water, keep near a stove, and in a short time the seeds will show whether they may be depended on or not.—Ez.



"KATE."—SEE DESCRIPTION BELOW.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

MR. THORP'S EWE, "KATE."

HENRY THORP of Charlotte, Vt., writes us (March, 1865):—My ewe Kate, (represented in the accompanying cut,) was bred by VICTOR WRIGHT of Middlebury from his pure Infatado stock. She is three years old, and her two last fleeces have weighed respectively 12½ and 13 pounds. My flock numbers thirty-seven breeding ewes, all pure Infatados, and most of them purchased of VICTOR WRIGHT within the last three years—but a few of them of HENRY W. HAMMOND of Middlebury. My sheep average not far from ten pounds of wool per head,—a little over for the last two seasons, all being ewes but one. My flock being small and well cared for, shear heavy fleeces.

STAGGERS IN SHEEP.

"B," Centerville, Mich., submits in behalf of himself and others, the following questions: "What are the causes of blind-staggers in sheep, if known, and are their any remedies for the malady in any of its stages?" Hydatid in the brain, properly called in England, tussick, sturdy, staggers, &c., is occasioned by a watery bladder, sometimes as large as a hen's egg, imbedded in or lying upon the brain, and its pressure causes the symptoms which are to some extent indicated by the popular name of the malady. These are described fully in the Practical Shepherd, p. 277, as are also the various and absurd remedies resorted to in England and Scotland. This disease is essentially incurable, in most cases, at least in ordinary hands; though if the skull softens enough over the hydatid to indicate its position, as the said et al. sometimes do, the latter might perhaps be safely removed, even by persons ignorant of surgery, by the simple and summary French process described at p. 279 of the Practical Shepherd.

We stated in the last named work, that we had never seen a case of this disease. We had seen symptoms, certainly, like those ascribed to it, and they had resulted fatally; but carefully made post mortem examinations had always failed to disclose to us the presence of the watery bladder or hydatid, the cause of the malady. And we may now add that we do not remember to have seen any well authenticated instances given of hydatids being actually found in the brains of sheep in this country—though their existence here sometimes, as in Europe, is by no means improbable.*

*MR. LIVINGSTON speaks of staggers existing in the United States and as occasioned by hydatid. But it is very evident from his statements that he adopted the latter proposition from European writers on the subject, and not from the results of personal examination. Once, indeed, he mentions the ascribed cause of the disease in terms which seem to imply some doubt of its being the real one. Essay on Sheep, p. 178. He says, distinctly, that he never saw but three cases, and in two of these the sheep recovered. There is no hint of a post mortem examination in the other case, as there would undoubtedly have been had it occurred. And with all respect to his honest and admirable writer on Sheep, we may be permitted to add that the symptoms he gives of the three cases, must fall to satisfy persons familiar with staggers that they were really symptoms of that disease.

We ought perhaps to have stated, in the Practical Shepherd, our impression that a disease prevailed in this country exhibiting many of the symptoms of English sturdy, tussick, or staggers, but which originated from a different cause, required different treatment, and was not so incurable. But when that work was written, we had bestowed less investigation on the subject than we now have done; our convictions were less decided, and we were perhaps over-sensitive on the subject of treating of new diseases and prescribing new remedies, after the fashion of empirics and nostrum vendors.

We are now inclined to consider the form of staggers which oftenest occurs in this country, as very analogous to the staggers or blind-staggers in horses—occasioned in like manner by a pressure of blood vessels on the brain, and this produced by an over-fulness of blood, with or without the aid of extraneous exciting causes such as overdriving or the like, or an extraordinary distension of the stomach with food. The latter alone, it is well known, sometimes produces the same symptoms as a direct affection of the brain.

The leading symptoms of staggers, as we have seen them, are as follows: The sheep appears to be in a semi-unconscious state. It walks against the sides of its enclosure, or against other sheep, as if partially or wholly blind. It moves restlessly about, sometimes walking sometimes proceeding more rapidly in a gait between walking and pacing. It often travels round in a circle. In some cases its movements are unsteady or staggering; it twists its head back and around as if suffering from acute pain in that member, and turns round and round, occasionally falling to the ground. The attack generally is sudden, in an apparent state of full health. Most of the sheep die within a few hours after the first observed indication of the disease; but some linger along several days, eating little or nothing and rapidly falling in condition. It always proves very fatal if suffered to take its own course. We have latterly advised prompt bleeding, and as free bleeding as the continued symptoms seem to require and as the condition of the sheep renders prudent. In the case of fleshy, strong sheep, we have also advised the administration of Epsom salts, say two or three ounces to a full grown English sheep—an ounce and a half to two ounces to a full grown Merino, and about half the same quantity to tegs. This should be repeated in half doses at the end of six hours if copious evacuation has not taken place. In short, we have treated the case precisely as we would treat apoplexy.

We feel bound to say that this treatment has often failed, but it has in many cases succeeded, within the comparatively limited sphere of our personal observation. Therefore, while we by no means recommend it as a cure-all, we consider a trial of it advisable by those whose flocks are attacked by this fatal malady. We have even seen bleeding from the ears give relief; but let all understand that in many, probably in most cases, this would not prove sufficient. The most effective way is to bleed from the jugular vein.

Hydatid in the brain, says Mr. YOUTT, generally attacks English sheep when they are

HORTICULTURAL.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS—NOTES IN THE GARDEN.

The Snow Drop.

The first flower of spring, the earliest harbinger of the delightful season of buds and blossoms, is the little modest *Snow Drop*. This season they were in full flower by the first of March, and seemed entirely heedless of the storms and frosts of early spring. There is nothing brilliant in these flowers, but grown in a mass in the garden, or in pots for winter flowering, they are always satisfactory. Half a dozen or more may be planted in quite a small plot. All who have seen English lawns and meadows in the spring know the effect of the modest white daisy, shining out like stars in a clear night. An excellent substitute for the daisy in the lawn is the *Snow Drop*. A few bulbs may be inserted in the turf in the fall, and they will flower and do well for years, uninjured by mowing or raking, as the flowers are gone and the leaves pretty well ripened before it is necessary to cut the grass.

The Crocus.

Following the *Snow Drop* is the *Crocus*, delicate in form, and varied and gay in coloring. For several weeks, and until the flowering of the *Hyacinth*, the *Crocuses* nearly monopolize the admiration of the lovers of flowers. They are hardy, easily cultivated, take but little room, and well repay the cultivator for all his care. These and all the smaller bulbs should be planted in masses to produce a desirable effect—from a dozen to a hundred together. They are fine, too, for winter flowering in baskets or pots.

The Hyacinth.

The *Hyacinth* is one of the most beautiful and the most delicate and fragrant of all the early bulbous flowers. They commence flowering in April and continue in bloom about a month. They are now in perfection, and though the spring has been somewhat unfavorable, in account of the late severe frosts, are doing quite well. The flowers may be cut freely, without injury to the bulb. Indeed, the flowering stems should be cut away as soon as the blossoms fade, and no seed be allowed to ripen. November is the time for planting *Hyacinths*.

In about five or six weeks after flowering, and when the leaves are becoming yellow, the bulbs may be taken up, dried, and packed away in paper bags or boxes, for planting again in the fall. If the beds are needed for other flowers, as is generally the case, the bulbs may be removed in about three weeks after the flowers have faded. In this case, after removing all the flower stems, if this has not been done before, lay the bulbs on a dry bed in the garden, and cover them with a little earth. Here they can remain until the leaves have ripened, when they are ready to be packed away for fall planting.

Many persons, not well acquainted with this flower, think that only the double varieties are desirable. This is not so. The value of the *Hyacinth* depends principally upon the form of the spike and the arrangement of the flowers or bells upon the flower-stem. The truss or spike of bloom should be pyramidal and the flowers close enough together to nearly or quite conceal the stalk.

The Tulip.

The earliest or *Duc Van Thol* Tulips commence flowering about the same time as the *Hyacinth*, and make a most brilliant show. There are several new varieties exceedingly desirable. The old varieties, single and double, were red, edged with yellow or orange. The *Rose* is a very delicate flower, the bud white, turning to a most delicate rose as the flower expands. The *Scarlet* is of a most brilliant dazzling color. On a bright day it is impossible to look steadily at a bed of these flowers on account of their brightness. The *Yellow* is a bright canary yellow. *White*, pure and clear. *Gold-striped*, fine red, beautifully striped with bright yellow.

The *Duc Van Thols* only grow about five inches in height, and should be planted in masses, of a dozen or more together. They are fine for pots for winter flowering. About three bulbs may be planted in quite a small pot.

The *Tourneforts* are now in flower; they are a little later than the preceding. The *Double Yellow* and *Red* are desirable, and will prove satisfactory to all who plant.

The *Early Single* and *Early Double* Tulips follow the classes already mentioned, and are now beginning to show their flowers. We will describe some of the most desirable in a succeeding number.

FARM KITCHEN GARDEN.

Our country is so differently situated as to the ownership of the landed property and the means and manner of living, that it is difficult and even useless to compare our habits, tastes and wants. Here every man owns and manages his own estate, small as it may be, contrary to the European or even southern plan, where the few own the whole soil—are wealthy and riot in all the luxuries of earth and sea and air, while we who are restricted to small possessions, cannot have a comfortable farm entirely devoted to vegetable garden and flowers and acres of glass-covered green and hot-houses. Yet, being the lord and king of his fifty or one hundred acres, each can have, with very little care and labor, all the comfortable, healthy and necessary garden products required, together with many of the valuable varieties of fruits and flowers. It is in our judgment a point that in the hurry of spring work is very materially overlooked.

The comfort, luxury and healthiness of early vegetables, after passing the long winter of the sleep of every thing green; must be a dish of asparagus, or of spinach or patience dock for greens, or of salads, or young onions sown the August before, and the coming green peas, lettuce and string

beans—what a relief to the half wilted potatoes, cabbage and ruta-baga, or whatever the winter and impudent cures has sowed.

It is so perfectly within the means and ability of every farmer to have a good and productive garden, that it is treason to the comforts of life to neglect its provision.

Before there can be any important feature of seasonable operations commenced in the spring, a day or two's work will put into the ground, lettuce, parsnips, carrots, beets, cabbage for plants, and top, potato or scullion onions, all of which cannot be sown too early,—and the other esculents, and tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, &c., after the middle of May, when the spring seeding is done. Then, with a good asparagus bed, which is as easily and readily produced, as a bed of onions—a few grape vines and a few fine fruit trees round the borders—one can enjoy the paradise of farming. To this add some fine perennial and annual flowers, to humanize and harmonize the feelings toward that All Wise and provident being who has so redundantly bestowed the blessings of His handy work for our good, and evidences of His love and power, and you can sleep better than on the soporific effects of the insane drug.

HOW TO OBTAIN CHEAP LUXURIES.

THERE is nothing to hinder the great mass of mankind from enjoying the greatest luxuries that our world affords to its teeming millions. The manifold works of Nature are everywhere visible to all the inhabitants of earth. The beauties of the rising and setting sun can be seen by everybody, and his genial rays warm and invigorate the peasant in his cottage, and the king upon his throne.

The many-colored rain-bow that oft spans the field of blue, is visible to all, and the silvery notes of the songsters of the field, wood and glen, are enjoyed by both the rich and the poor. The spring, summer and autumn landscapes, decked with fruits and flowers, dispense alike their untold enjoyments to the humblest inhabitant of this summy sphere, as well as to the millionaire, who is often incapacitated (by reason of his wealth and intemperate habits,) for enjoying the happiness that the earth, air and water have constantly in store for all the inhabitants of this terrestrial ball, who live in harmony with the physical and moral laws which govern the universe.

In the language of the poet,

A field, a fountain and a wood,
Is all the wealth by nature understood.

But in this day and age of the world, some other things are indispensable for the comfort and happiness of the dwellers upon our ever-moving planet. However, we will leave our readers to their own reflections in this respect and proceed to tell how almost every family in the land can obtain a goodly portion of some of the most desirable luxuries, which can be easily obtained by a little "care and pains" on the part of all those who are willing to put forth a little effort to possess an abundant supply of good things for themselves and families.

We have reference to some of the small fruits—such as strawberries, (some are pretty large,) raspberries, blackberries, cherries, &c., &c. These fruits are considered, by all classes of people, great luxuries in their season, and when they are properly canned, or dried, they are never out of season. Now, dear reader, if you have a taste for these highly flavored articles, and have not hitherto enjoyed them, just give us your attention a moment, and we will tell you how you may enjoy all of these luxuries at a cheap rate. First, prepare a little spot of ground properly, and then go to a nurseryman and get a couple of hundred or more choice strawberry plants, set them out and tend them well, and you can have a supply of these luscious berries for your table. (It is a nice, healthful employment for ladies to cultivate strawberries.) Raspberries and blackberries are also easily raised, for they will grow



DUC VAN THOL TULIP, SINGLE.

almost anywhere, and where land is scarce they can be planted in the fence corners, or around the outside of the garden, where they will be out of the way, and by a little attention can be made to produce this most delicious and healthful fruit.

We say, in conclusion, let the waste places, to be found in almost every garden and village lot, be occupied by fruit trees, raspberry, blackberry, and strawberry plants, and the occupants will be richly rewarded for the little expense and trouble required to supply themselves, their families and friends with an abundance of the choicest luxuries to be found in the vegetable kingdom.

N. B. AMENT.

HOW TO PLANT GRAPE-VINES.

WHEN a number of vines are to be planted, it is best to dig the holes before the vines are taken into the field; and when they are taken from the place where they have been heeled-in, their roots should be kept in a box or basket filled with damp moss, or protected in some manner from the air and sun. The vines should also be pruned before they are taken into the field. Prune the roots, as has already been noticed, and cut off the stems to about eighteen inches. The holes to receive the vines should be dug in a circular form, and from six to ten inches deep; upon the outside, and four to six inches in the center; then set a good strong stake in the center of the hole, for unless the stake is placed in position before the vine is planted, there is great danger of injuring some of the roots of the vine in driving it down by its side after it is in position. Now set the vine in the center of the hole close by the stake, spread out the roots in ever direction, and then throw on a little soil as you proceed, to hold them in position. When all the roots are properly distributed, then fill up the holes, pressing down the soil with the foot—the weight of a man will not be too much pressure to give the soil over the roots. It requires two men to work to advantage in planting, one to place the vine in position and spread out the roots, and another to put on the earth. The roots should always descend a little from the stem to their furthest point, and in pressing down the soil upon them, it should be given the same pressure, as near as may be, along their whole length. If the vines are planted in the fall, then a small mound of earth should be made around the stem, so as to protect two or three buds above those that would be covered if the ground were made level. But when the vines are planted in the spring, the hole need not be filled quite full, but a shallow basin may be left about the stem so that the rains shall more readily reach the roots. This basin around the vine can be filled when the vine gets well started in growth.

After Management.—When the buds begin to push into growth, select the strongest and rub the others off; a bud near the ground is preferable to one that is a foot above, and this is one reason why the vines should be cut off quite short when planted, as it makes the lower buds more sure to push. After the one bud or shoot has been selected, the old stem above it may be cut off to within two inches of the young shoot. As the young cane grows, keep it tied to the stake, but do not tie it so tightly as to interfere with its expansion as it grows. Keep the laterals stopped according to the direction already given. Stir the soil about the plants, the oftener the better, and keep down all weeds.

Bass is an excellent material for tying the vines, as it is not liable to injure the tender shoots; besides, it usually costs less than common twine.

When any particular vine, or a number of them, do not grow as rapidly as desired, they should receive some extra stimulant, either liquid manure from the barnyard, or a solution of some of the concentrated manures in water, giving enough to completely saturate the soil to their roots. When it is not convenient to

apply stimulants in a liquid form, a barrow load of compost may be spread upon the surface about the vine. We should endeavor to produce a uniform growth, so that all the vines in each row, at least, shall be as nearly of the same size as possible.

The vines, at the end of the first season, will usually be large enough to be pruned for training, but many of the more feeble growing varieties will require another year, and they should be cut back in the fall or winter to two or three buds, only one of which should be allowed to grow, as in the first year.—*Fuller.*

WHAT A GARDEN MAY BE.

HERE let me outline, in brief, what a farmer's garden may be made, without other than home labor. A broad walk shall run down the middle of either square inclosure, or long parallelogram. A box edging upon either side is of little cost, and contributes eminently to neatness; it will hold good for eight years, without too great encroachment, and at that time, will sell to the nurserymen for more than enough to pay the cost of resetting. On either side of this walk, in a border of six feet wide, the farmer may plant his dwarf fruit, with grapes at intervals, to climb upon a home-made cedar trellis, that shall overarch and embower the walk. If he love an evening pipe in his garden, may plant some simple seat under one or more of these eafy arbors.

At least one-half the garden, as I before suggested, he may easily arrange, to till,—spring and autumn,—with the plow; and whatever he places there in the way of tree and shrub, must be in lines parallel with the walk. On the other half, he will be subjected to no such limitations; there, he will establish his perennials—his asparagus, his thyme, his sage, and parsley; his rhubarb, his gooseberries, strawberries, and raspberries; and in an angle—hidden if he choose by a belt of shrubbery—he may have his hot-bed and compost heap. Fork-culture, which all these crops demand, will admit of any arrangement he may prefer, and he may enliven the groupings, and win the good wife's favor, by here and there a little circle of such old-fashioned flowers as tulips—yellow lilies and white, with roses of all shades.

Upon the other half he may make distribution of parts, by banding the various crops with border lines of China or Refugee beans; and he may split the whole crosswise, by a walk overarched with climbing Limes, or the London Horticultural—setting off the two ends with an abutment of scarlet runners, and a surbase of fiery Nasturtium.

There are also available and pretty devices for making the land do double duty. The border lines of China-beans, which will be ripened in early August, may have Swedes sown in their shadow in the first days of July, so that when the Chinas have fulfilled their mission, there shall be a new line of purple green in their place. The early radishes and salads may have their little circles of cucumber pits, no way interfering with the first, and covering the ground when the first are done. The early Bassano beets will come away in time to leave space for the full flow of the melons that have been planted at intervals among them. The cauliflower will find grateful shade under the lines of sweet corn, and the newly-set winter cabbages, a temporary refuge from the sun, under shelter of the ripened peas. I do not make these suggestions at random, but as the results of actual and successful experience.

With such simple and orderly arrangement, involving no excessive labor, I think every farmer and country-liver may take pleasure in his garden as an object of beauty;—making of it a little farm in miniature, with its coppices of dwarf trees, its hedge rows of currants and gooseberries, and its meadows of strawberries and thyme. From the very day on which, in spring, he sees the first, faint, upheaving, tufted lines of green from his Dan-O'Rourke, to the day when the dangling Limes, and sprawling, bloody tomatoes are smitten by the frost, it offers a field of constant progress, and of successive triumphs. Line by line, and company by company, the army of green things take position; the little flowery banners are flung to the wind; and lo! presently every soldier of them all—plundering only the earth and sunshine—is loaded with booty.—*De Marvel.*

Horticultural Notes and Queries.

THE FLOWER GARDEN will soon demand attention. If you are in need of choice flower seeds, and not handy to a seed store, do us a favor—send a dollar or two, or five, to JAMES VICKS of Rochester, N. Y., who makes this a specialty, and we will return you your money's worth of the right sort. If you do not know how to select for yourself, ask him to make you up a parcel suitable for your garden, describing it, and he will do so.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

ANTS IN GARDENS.—M. GARNER has just announced an infallible method for getting rid of ants. In a corner of his garden, infested with legions of these insects, he placed four saucers containing sugar and water, with the tenth of its weight of arsenic in the mixture. A number of ants immediately invaded the saucers, but were soon after perceived staggering away as it were, and some being even engaged in dragging their dead comrades away. From that moment they disappeared from the garden, and on the following day not a single one was to be seen.—*See.*

A USE FOR OLD HOOP STRIPS.—Lay the discarded skirt upon one of your garden beds, plant a small pole about as high as a lady in the middle of it, and attach the skirt to the top of the pole by strings from the upper hoop; then sow seeds of the morning glory, or some other vine at proper distances around it, and in due time you will have a lovely pyramid of green or rainbow color at small trouble and less expense. Add the money saved in wooden trellises to your wife's allowance for dress, and she will find it a highly profitable speculation.

Domestic Economy.

A FEW GOOD CAKE RECIPES.

MANY people think it impossible to make good cake if one has not conveniences for weighing the ingredients. There are very many kinds of cake which are made by proportion, and can hardly be got up without them. But it is sometimes necessary to do without many things which we would like to have. I have eaten good plain cake, made from recipes in which the materials are measured, and I generally use recipes of that kind. A teacup is the most common, as well as the most convenient measure; and the greatest trouble is, teacups vary so much in capacity, as to put us in mind of the old comparison, "as big as a piece of chalk." The teacups which I use contain just half a pint. Premising so much, I will proceed to write a few recipes, which I have proved, and can therefore bear witness to.

SPONGE CAKE.—Have ready a teacup of coffee sugar, a teacup rounding full of flour, four moderate large eggs, two teaspoons of cream tartar, and one of soda. Put the cream tartar in the flour, and pass it two or three times through a sieve; dissolve the soda in a tablespoon of hot water. Rub a deep square tin with lard, and dust it with flour. Now put the sugar into a bowl, break the eggs on it, add the cream tartar and flour, stir them together, but do not beat them; add the dissolved soda, and stir it in, turn into the tin and bake in a moderately hot oven. Try if it is done in twenty minutes. Use a clean splinter; some use a teaspoon-handle, which spoils such delicate cake. When done, turn it from the tin, and sift powdered sugar over it.

CINNAMON OR GINGER CAKE.—Have ready one teacup sirup, one teacup sugar, one teacup clarified suet or lard, melted; one tablespoon sifted ginger or cinnamon, and two teacups hot water. Put a piece of alum, the size of a pea, into one of the cups of hot water, and two teaspoons of soda into the other and leave them to dissolve. Rub two tin squares with lard, and dust them with flour. Now put the sirup, sugar, alum water, and cinnamon or ginger, into a large bowl or basin, and stir well together. Add the soda water; add quickly enough sifted flour to make a moderately stiff batter, and stir until it is smooth; add the suet or lard, and stir until it is smooth again. Turn the cake into the tins, and bake in a rather slow oven. You can use molasses instead of sirup if you wish, in which case, you can omit the alum.

PLAIN SODA OR RAILROAD CAKE.—Have ready one cup coffee sugar, one cup sweet cream, one egg, one teaspoon soda and two cream tartar, two cups flour and half a lemon chopped fine, or half a nutmeg. Lard a tin square and flour it. Sift the cream tartar and flour together, and dissolve the soda in a tablespoon of hot water. Now break the egg into a bowl, add the sugar, cream, flour, and lemon or nutmeg, and stir smoothly together; add the soda water, and as soon as it is stirred thoroughly into the cake dough, turn it into the tin square, and bake immediately in a rather quick oven.

HOT BREAKFAST CAKE.—Have ready one cup brown sugar, one egg, one cup sour cream, one teaspoon soda, two and one half cups flour; dissolve the soda in one tablespoon hot water. Now break the egg into a bowl, add the sugar, cream, and flour, and stir until smooth, then add the soda water and stir it well in. Turn the cake into a larded and floured tin square, and bake in a quick oven.
Mrs. P. B. G.
Greeneton, N. Y., 1865.

HOW TO WHITEWASH.

PROCURE fresh-burnt lime, not that partly air-slacked. The large lumps are best. The fine portions and small lumps will not make a wash that will stick well. For this reason, lime that has been burned several months is not as good as that just from the kiln. Put a pound or two into a vessel, and pour on boiling water slowly, until it is all slacked, and is about as thick as cream. Then add cold rain water until it will flow well from the brush. Stir often when using it. A few drops of bluing added will give it a more lively color. One or two tablepoonsful of clean salt, and one-fourth pound of clean sugar to a gallon of the wash, will make it more adhesive. If the walls have been whitewashed, let them be swept thoroughly, and if colored with smoke, wash them clean with soap suds. A brush with long, thick hair, will hold fluid best, when applying it over head. If a person has the wash of the right consistence, and a good brush, he can whitewash a large parlor without allowing a drop to fall. When it appears streaked after drying it is too thick, and needs diluting with cold water. Apply the wash back and forth in one direction, and then go cross-wise, using a paint-brush at the corners, and a thin piece of board to keep the brush from the wood work, or the border of the paper. Coloring matter may be mingled with the wash, to give it any desired tint. To make a light peach blow color, mingle a small quantity of Venetian-red. For a sky-blue, add any kind of dry, blue paint, stirring it well while mixing. To make a wash of a light straw-color, mingle a few ounces of yellow ochre, or chrome yellow. The coloring matter should be quiet fine to prevent its settling to the bottom of the vessel.—*Selected.*

CORAL FRAMES.—Some of your readers wish to know how to make coral frames with sealing wax. This is my recipe:—Prepare the frame by coating it with glue, and while hot, strew it thickly with rice; then procure some best-proof alcohol, and to a teacup full add one stick of sealing wax, broken in pieces; a few hours standing will cut it sufficient for use. Then put it on the frame with a brush, the same as varnish.—*Mrs. L. D. CRAYTON, Kingsville, Ohio.*

Ladies' Department.

BABY BUNN.

[We have an impression that we have published this beautiful poem before. It appears now by request.—Eds.]

Winsome baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Browner than the robins wing,
Clearer than a woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh the eyes of baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief will they do
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in calyxes of gold,
Cannot match his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair!
Scarlet berry cleft in twain
By a wedge of pearly grain,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn,
Winsome baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep!
For the little one asleep
With his head against your breast.
Never in the coming years,
Though he seek for it with tears,
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh the brow of baby Bunn!
Oh the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One must wear its crown of thorns;
Drink its cup of gall must one,
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temple sweat with pain
Drops of blood like purple rain.
Weep, mother, weep!

Winsome little baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of little baby Bunn.
Winsome baby Bunn!

Pray, mother, pray!
Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the light.
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh the dimpled feet of Bunn!
In their silken stockings dressed!
Oh the dainty hands of Bunn,
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast?
These will grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air;
Those shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest.
Pray, mother, pray!

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

If I could write but one more sentence in my life, it would be this:—*Be charitable toward motherless children.* I write this from the sad and bitter experience of a motherless girlhood; and although the grass has greened for many Aprils above Her resting place, my heart still calls for her, and scarce an hour passes but I feel my need of her; and in the absence that gives no clasp of hand, no smile of lip, or eye, or answering voice, I would that entreaty might be written upon the hearts of all. Especially would I have it written upon the hearts (if large enough) of men and women who seem to delight in exposing and exaggerating the faults of those bereft of friends; faults which, in their own children would be carefully, lovingly hidden, and concealed from the prying gaze of the world. Faults are always bad enough. It is but human to err. Error and wrong-doing hurt the unfortunate enough, without a score of heartless tongues to blazon forth the deed or word, which in the breath of gossip, assumes huge, distorted dimensions, weighty enough to crush down a sensitive soul into the gulf of recklessness or despair.

Make room for motherless children in your own hearts! Deal as gently with their faults as with your own. Applaud their virtues. And by all that is brave or sweet upon earth or sacred in heaven, scorn to put your foot upon the motherless, or catch up the breath of infamy or slander against the defenceless! It shows a spirit of cowardice, of unspeakable meanness so to do—I write this, not because I remember with bitterness my own early troubles—for the discipline of my youth has, at last, given me strength to sustain my own trials, but for the sake of orphans who, but yesterday, perhaps, looked for the last time upon the dead face of mother—the child's best earthly friend.

MINWOOD.
Hilldale Farm, near Ludlowville, N. Y., 1885.

At a recent *matinee* at the New York Academy of Music, two richly dressed ladies quarreled about a seat and indulged in a fierce scuffle, in which one of the termagants had her skirt wholly torn off. A gentleman therein interposed and stopped the disgraceful exhibition by placing one of the women in his own seat. Hundreds of "ladies" carry luncheons to these *matinees*, and eat them openly.

We talk of the rewards of approving conscience, but it seems a little hard to devote one's life to labors of love, and receive no more palpable compensation. He who has a name, never so humble, if it be the garner of affection, may defy the changes and chances of the outer world.—*Alice Carey.*

FEMININE TOPICS.

HERE is a legal decision that must be startling to ladies:—“A Massachusetts judge has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters, on the ground so often and so tersely stated by Mr. Theophilus Parsons, of Cambridge, that ‘the husband and the wife are one, and the husband is that one!’”

THE spring fashion for the “Love of a Bonnet,” is described in New York reports as being “a dainty little fraction placed on the top of the head, and barely affording the requisite facilities for sustaining even the moiety of falling lace and clustering decorations which so delicate an atom requires.”

OUR readers will remember that of late the French ladies have adopted a custom of dyeing their lap dogs to match their favorite dresses. The following is supposed to be the remonstrance of one of the canine wretches:—“O mistresses, dye not our hair, your own though dyeing too, tie up our tails with ribbons rare, but paint them not sky blue! 'Tis sad to hang a pea-green head, a rose-hued tail to sway, we feel 'twere better to be dead, than dyeing every day.”

A RECENT fancy of Parisian existence is said to be the universal cultivation of violets. An exchange says:—“The sale of these sweet flowers is prodigious. They are raised on the heights of Romainville in immense fields, and from early morning until night thousands of women and children are seen exploring the spacious woods that lie around the city in search of them. It is estimated that \$10,000 worth are daily purchased in Paris.”

AMONG late novelties in the matter of dressing the hair, we hear of the following:—“The hair-dressers of Paris have got up a fashion for the coiffure which is abominably disgusting. The hair is brought forward and puffed over the forehead like a helmet, and underneath are short, frizzy curls. In front the lady looks like a quad-room girl, with a wig too small; and the back of the neck is shown, with all its short hair, and deformity generally. There never was such a frightful thing invented.”

THE London Athenæum calls attention to the almost universal fact, that women novelists have not the slightest idea how to draw the character of a good and noble man. It is seldom that a hero is found in a lady's novel with whom any respectable gentleman would like to be seen walking arm-in-arm. Ladies' heroes may be ranged in two principal divisions—gloomy mesmerizers, who compel pretty women to marry them by the power of the eye, and irreclaimable scamps, with whom all the fair sex fall in love from their own delightful instinct.

WE do not believe there is any truth in the following assertion with reference to the large feet of Pennsylvania girls. The Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter is responsible for it. The Reporter says:—“A correspondent, who has recently been making a tour through Pennsylvania, says his attention was called by dealers in eastern-made work to the desirableness of more variety in the width of shoes; that in country districts the girls, even in families who can well afford to buy shoes, frequently go bare-footed in the summer season, and their feet become quite large.”

WE seldom hear of a rarer union of the useful and beautiful in one person, than is contained in the following account of the accomplishments of a Western belle. The Daily Life says:—“There is a young lady on Rock Prairie; seventeen years of age, who has driven her father's reaping team through seven or eight seasons, and who frequently takes a load of grain fifteen miles to market and sells it. She plays the piano, sings divinely, dances like a fairy, can do the honors of the drawing room with graceful dignity, can make a loaf of bread or play ‘Bridget’ in her mamma's kitchen with equal readiness.”

MENDELSSOHN, the composer, once made an informal visit upon Victoria, in 1842. Upon being shown into her study by Prince Albert “they found her surrounded by papers and just terminating her morning's work. The Queen receiving him most graciously, apologized to the composer for the untidiness of her room, beginning herself to put it in order, and laughingly accepting his assistance. After some agreeable conversation, Mendelssohn sat down to the piano and played whatever the Queen asked him. When at length he arose, Prince Albert asked the Queen to sing, and gracefully choosing one of Mendelssohn's own compositions, she complied with the request. Mendelssohn of course applauded, but the Queen laughingly told him that she had been too frightened to sing well. ‘Ask Lablache’ (Lablache was her singing-master) added the Queen, ‘he will tell you that I can sing better than I have done to-day.’”

THIS rage for striking effects in color, has taken a new direction, as will be seen by the following:—“The ruling mania among ladies in Paris is now for golden hair. But it turns out to be no Imperial novelty after all. The Venetian women, so says Vecceoli, were accustomed to anoint their hair and then sit upon the house-roof, allowing the rays of the blazing sun to stream down upon their heads in the hope of catching that golden tint so loved by artists and immortalized by Titian, Paul Veronese, and Bonifazio. But tastes vary. The Greeks, if we are to believe Anacreon, preferred purple hair—probably a shade of very dark brown, approaching black. Purple hair may be produced by a bad style of dyeing. Some old young folks are sometimes seen thus phenominally adorned, but the purple light of love they then present is by no means, like the bloom of young desire. So very great is the popularity of the natural golden hair now, in the French capital, that it sells for \$25 per ounce—the price, too, continually rising as the supply becomes scarcer.”

Choice Miscellany.

A REQUIEM.

BY JANE E. HIGBY.

“DEATH hath sent His angel.”

WAVE on, thou weeping flag, so sadly wave!
‘Twere fitting thee to mourn, when sleep the brave.
How changed, since last thy glowing colors told
So proudly of the long sought prize we hold
For aye to-day.

Alas! the drapery of grief is thine;
‘Twere mockery thy stars, undimmed, to shine
As yesterday.

Gone! No; it cannot be! We know they said
That he, our nation's chief, beloved, was dead;
But ah! the mighty of these storied years
To bathe with bitter, unavailing tears,—
And that so soon?

How mixed the passions in COLUMBIA's breast!
She laughs and weeps and prays, in strange unrest—
But marches on.

Yes; dead! a noble leader of this glorious age;
Surpassed by none on History's wide page,
The master spirit of an hour of need,
The risen Saviour, for our cause to bleed
By traitor's hand.

Behold with solemn awe,—the deed is done,—
And perished thus, the second WASHINGTON
Of this fair land.

The chain is loosed that held in fettered doom
Our Eagle bold, the bird of tireless plume;
While blood of martyrs heralds to the earth
The dawning day of Freedom's second birth,—
AMERICA.

Ye sable sons of bondage, now lament
The Moors of your race, in mercy sent—
God's chosen way.

Oh! foul assassin! wear thy guilty stain!
Thy brow is branded with the mark of GAIN!
And deeper on thy soul the curse shall grow,
As men and nations learn in time to know
His victory,

Whose greatness stooped but to aspire
To bear a well earned name, the STAR
OF LIBERTY.

Sweet be his rest, beside the fallen brave,—
That band of Heroes in their consecrated grave!
Nor call his record brief, whose toll hath wrought
What these for all humanity have bought,—
A heritage

That treasured well, shall be to us a shrine
Whose altar fires resplendently shall shine
Through every age.

Piffard, N. Y., April, 1865.

WHAT MAKES A ROYAL FAVORITE.

BY E. D. L.

THE propensities of monarchs are not so different from those of their subjects as one would at first suppose. Because a man is born to rule, we often imagine that he possesses some traits, some characteristics, which must be superior to those which distinguish any of his subjects. But history does not always bear us out in this supposition. Individual instances of extraordinary abilities among hereditary monarchs might be named, but royalty is often weak and inefficient, and sometimes entirely wanting in those personal resources necessary to manage the nation which virtually it assumes to govern. Stripped of their purple, monarchs are mere mortals, as easily moved by their passions as others. Early taught to exact the respect and obedience supposed to be due them by birth, they become petulant, and often childish, wayward, and unmanageable. Caprice governs their actions, and through mere whim or fancy, they choose their favorites, upon whom they heap honors, dignities and power. Some slight circumstance, like that of beauty of form, gracefulness of carriage, or some act of gallantry, have too often determined the persons who are to exert a commanding influence in the administration of government. By reason of the remarkable influence certain royal favorites have exercised over their sovereigns, the circumstances connected with their first introduction to court and royal favor are not a little peculiar and interesting. Let us briefly review such incidents in the fortunes of several of the most distinguished royal favorites of the past.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, the soldier, the scholar, and the statesman, whose career is so checkered that fortune seemed to smile and frown upon him at the same instant, owed his first introduction to the good graces of QUEEN ELIZABETH, to a trivial and insignificant act of gallantry. One day, seeing the Queen walking in the streets, he threw his new plush cloak over a wet spot, and the Queen stepping cautiously upon it, shot forth a smile in which he read promotion. Thus began at court the career of the man who was to discover and colonize Virginia.

The reigns of JAMES I. and CHARLES I. are noted for the extraordinary influence which favorites obtained at court. The favorites of HENRY VIII. and ELIZABETH, were ministers of the royal will, possessing great abilities and worthy of the trust reposed in them; those of JAMES and CHARLES were devoid of both ability and honor—treacherous and selfish panders to vice and passions of their sovereigns. ROBERT CARR, a Scottish gentleman, poor and cunning, was early convinced that beauty and dress, and lively manners would gain favor at court. He attracted the attention of JAMES at a tilting match, where he was esquire to one of the lords. While in the act of presenting his lord's shield to the king, his horse fell, throwing him at the feet of his sovereign, and breaking his leg. JAMES, beholding his beauty, and moved to pity by his sufferings, sent his surgeon to attend him. From that moment the king loved him, and gave expression to this feeling, by teaching him Latin, and advancing him step by step, till he was created Earl of Somerset.

CARR forfeited all claims to his sovereign's

favor, through crime, and was succeeded by GEORGE VILLIERS. The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, for so VILLIERS afterwards became, acquired ascendancy, not by the exercise of great talents, or good principles, but by means of fine clothes, Parisian manners, smooth face, and a pleasant and artful address. England never witnessed in one person so great an admixture of finery, sycophancy and effeminacy. He took the lead of fashion in dress; he lived amid boundless luxury and extravagance, and in insolence to sovereign and subject, has a counterpart only in JEFFRIES. Like a spoiled child, he was never satisfied with the great rewards and honors showered upon him. This was not so much the result of ambition as of indulgence, which had ruined his appreciation; and yet his ambition was of such gigantic proportions that he even dared to approach the Queen of France with proposals for marriage. Knowing no law himself, he trampled upon the constitution, and ground down the people with taxes, to fill the exchequer, emptied by his extravagance.

Fond of power, he sought to advance the royal prerogative, and thereby weaned the affections of the people from the sovereign. He was, in a great measure, the active cause of all the evils of his times. There was nothing he did not dare to attempt, no eminence to which he did not aspire. He too, fell, after having enjoyed a measure of power which no Englishman but WOLSEY had ever before wielded.

Thus we see, that often the favorites of kings are men devoid of principle, ambitious and ignorant; and yet acquiring an influence at the same time detrimental to sovereign and subject.

In some future essay we will show how this state of things has changed.

EVILS OF GOSSIP.

I HAVE known a country society which withered away to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships once as firm as granite dissolved to jelly and then ran away to water, only because of this; love that promised a future as enduring as Heaven and as stable as truth, evaporated into morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and a son were foot to foot with the fiery breath of anger that would never cool again between them, only because of this; a husband and his young wife, each straining at the hated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, also only because of this. I have seen faith transformed to a mean doubt, hope give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrongs, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from its larger possessions; but woful and most melancholy are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction; most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty, if unable to pluck out the stings they never see and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and the cruellest weapons man has forged for his brother's hurt.

THE OLD FLAG OF FORT SUMTER.

A LOYAL lady writing to a citizen of Brattleboro from a town in New York, relates the following respecting the old flag so lately reinstated on Fort Sumter:—“Do you not wish to see that old flag raised over Sumter next week? Perhaps you may not know that Miss—(for her father) has been the custodian of that identical flag for a long time. Last autumn she returned it to General Anderson, and in removing it from the rough box in which it was placed after the surrender, to a fine oaken case she had prepared for it, it was found that although rent and shot away in several places, not a single star was displaced or injured. Was not that poetic and prophetic?”

CHANCE CHIPS.

WICKEDNESS, with beauty, is the devil's hook baited.

WEALTH is not apt to be modest; the face on a guinea never blushes.

A CONTINUED smile on men's faces, but not on maiden's, is often the title vignette of falsehood.

A MOSQUITO is a customer who tries to get inside the bar and “take a nip” without paying for it.

DON'T be too severe on yourself and your own feelings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last.

WHEN a fish is wounded, other fishes fall upon and devour him. There's some human nature in fishes.

AS Bellona is the goddess of war, the best diet to make men fight is probably Bellona-sausages.

A MAN with a curved spine should be a shepherd. He would be saved the expense of buying a crook.

THE moon seems pure and bright, but, like many mortal beings, she casts a long shadow up toward heaven.

I HAVE a pocketful of yellow mint drops, said A. Yes, replied B, but you owe them all—your mint drops are due drops.

THE mind is like the body in its habits—exercise can strengthen, as neglect and indolence can weaken it—they are both improved by discipline, both ruined by neglect.

Sabbath Musings.

STABAT MATER.

BY W. J. FOX.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in fear and sadness;
MARY stood the Cross beside.

At its foot her feet she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story;
Painters decked her brow with glory;
Priests her name have defiled;

But no worship, song or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
“MARY stood the cross beside.”

And, when under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
CHRIST again is crucified.

But if love be there true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
MARY stands the cross beside.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.

WE have met with nothing better, in our late reading, than the following, from the pen of JEREMY TAYLOR. It suggests the exquisite lines of COLERIDGE:

“He prayeth best who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Any zeal is proper for religion but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger; this is the bitterness of zeal, and it is a certain temptation to every man against his duty; for if the sword is raised, it dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poignancy, that it shall be death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to “try the spirits,” to “try all things,” to make an inquiry; and yet without this liberty no man can justify himself before God or man, nor confidently say that his religion is best. This is inordination of zeal; for CHRIST, by reproving St. PETER drawing his sword even in the cause of CHRIST for his sacred and yet injured person, teaches us not to use the sword, though in the cause of God or for God himself, I end with a story which I find in the Jew's books.

When ABRAHAM sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer ABRAHAM grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, GOD called to ABRAHAM and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. GOD answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst thou not endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, ABRAHAM fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the GOD of ABRAHAM.

WHY CHRIST LEFT NO IMAGE.

FOUR men who loved Christ with a love stronger than death, wrote his life, but left no hint of his height, complexion, features, or any point that could help the mind to a personal image. Others wrote long epistles of which he was the Alpha and Omega; but his form was as much kept secret as the body of Moses, hidden by the Almighty in an undiscovered grave. The Christian toms and relics of the first centuries show no attempt to make an image of Christ. Too deep a sense of the divine rested upon the early church to permit any attempt to paint the human as it appeared in him.

GOD IN NATURE.—Ask the world, the beauty of the heaven, the brilliancy and ordering of the stars, the moon, the solace of the night; ask the earth fruitful in herbs and trees, full of animals, adorned with men; ask the sea, with how great and what kind of fishes filled; ask the air stocked with what multitudes of birds; ask all things, and see if they do not, as it were by a language of their own, make answer to thee, *God made us.*—Augustine.

A CHERFUL RELIGION.—It is painfully pitiful—that sombre aspect, the whining voice, which some, even among good people, assume as soon as religion is introduced. They speak the names of Jesus like that of one dead. He lives! He lives in light! And he would have us rejoice in that light.

GOD keeps him who takes what care he can of himself.

If we expect charity from the world, we must be charitable ourselves.

FIRST LOVE.—“Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.”

The Reviewer.

TRAVELS IN CENTRAL ASIA: Being an Account of a Journey from Teheran across the Turkoman Desert to the Eastern shore of the Caspian, to Khiva, Bokhara and Samarcand; Performed in the year 1863. By ARMINIUS VAMBERY, Member of the Hungarian Academy of Posts, by whom he was sent on this scientific mission. Octavo—pp. 493. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is well for the progress of human knowledge, that the pursuits of Art and Science carry with them their own best rewards; that they possess intrinsic attractions, far more stimulating than any expectant longings for mere honors or profit. Moreover it is peculiarly fortunate that the most abstruse studies awaken the liveliest ardor, and secure the profoundest devotion of the earnest inquirer. The world too often scorns what appear to be the insignificant results of such labors—and, no doubt, they are sometimes very trivial; nevertheless the pursuit is exhilarating, if the achievement is paltry. The "brush" is the pitiful trophy of the successful fox-hunter; but when the "view-hallo" rings in the huntsman's ears, away he goes, over five-barred gates and sunken fences—now toiling over a stony, upland swell, then bursting through a thicket and thundering down a ragged precipice. Intent only upon the chase, he imperils his life at every bound, and is never troubled by any reflections as to the value of the spoil. But such ardor is cool when compared with the hot zeal which animates the true scholar as he plods his weary way along the devious and difficult paths of Science and Philosophy. No labors tire, no dangers appal him. He claims the task and to others leaves the rewards.

It was in this spirit that ARMINIUS VAMBERY, a distinguished philologist and Oriental scholar, undertook a toilsome and perilous journey into the heart of Central Asia. His only motive was to increase the acquisitions of philological research and inquiry. Having early in life devoted his time to the study of the Oriental languages, he thought he might be able to throw some light upon the etymological construction of his own language, one of the branches of the stock called Altaic, by seeking exact information from the cognate Tartaric idioms of the far East. Going to Constantinople, he remained there, immersed in the study of the Turkish language and literature, until he became an *effendi* in all but religion. From there he removed to Teheran, the Capital of Persia, and from this latter place he made a hazardous journey, in the character of a *darwish*, to Samarcand and back again, by two entirely different routes, almost touching the Aral Sea in one direction, and barely avoiding Afghanistan in the other. This long journey was successfully accomplished under a scorching sky, over trackless deserts, through warlike, hostile and treacherous tribes. More than once his real character was suspected, where detection would have been death. Compelled by the part he had assumed, that of a religious mendicant, to forego any preparations for health or comfort, he traveled upon common terms with a set of fanatical yagobonds who were making devout pilgrimages to the tombs of Moslem Saints. And yet so attached did he become to his ragged and swartly companions, with whom he had shared so many perils and sufferings, that he thus describes their parting:—"I wept like a child when, tearing myself from their embraces, I took my seat in the vehicle. My friends were all bathed in tears, and long did I see them—and I see them now—standing there in the same place, with their hands raised to heaven, imploring ALLAH'S blessing upon my far journey. I turned round many times to look back. At last they disappeared, and I found I was only gazing upon the domes of Samarcand, illuminated by the faint light of the rising moon!"

We are sorry that we cannot enter more into details in our notice of this charming volume. We would like to give the reader some notion of the contrasting features of social polity among the timid, mild-mannered Persians, and the fierce, haughty Turkomans. The author himself labored under peculiar disadvantages in collecting the materials for this work. He did not dare commit to writing what he saw or thought, for if the barbarians among whom he sojourned had discovered that there was "a chiel among them taking notes," it would have been, to say the least, very awkward for him. But after all, the author has given us an intensely interesting, and no doubt, a faithful work; and this is the least of his achievements, for it is merely an account of his personal adventures, and by no means comprises the additions he has made to that department of Science, in behalf of which he undertook this journey. This work was written in London, for English readers, to meet, we suppose, the demand for "Travel Literature." It is a success. So graphic and picturesque are his descriptions of the scenes he passed through, and the life he led among these Oriental savages, that the fascinated reader, as he lays aside the volume, experiences a feeling akin to the author's own, when he asks:—"Is it surprising if I stand sometimes bewildered, like a child, in Regent street, or in the saloons of British nobles, thinking of the deserts of Central Asia, and of the tents of the Kirghis and the Turkomans?" It is gratifying to reflect that Russia is encroaching upon this wild region in one direction, and England in another; and that if the usual results of European innovation follow, ere long we may have the "iron horse" taking the place of the "ship of the desert" between Teheran and Samarcand, as it already does between Cairo and Suez. Then slavery and fanaticism and petty interminable wars will disappear, and benign Christianity will lift from Moslem energies the degrading fetters of Oriental fatalism. For sale by D. M. DREWY.

SOCIAL STATICS. By HERBERT SPENCER. Author of "Illustrations of Progress," "Essays, Moral, Political, and Aesthetic," "Education," "First Principles," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The books of Mr. SPENCER are commanding attention, both in England and America, by their clearness, ability, independence of thought, and earnestness. He is a scholar and a thinker—which all scholars are not. Receiving a fine education from his father—a teacher,—he spent some years with his uncle, Rev. THOMAS SPENCER, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, a cultivated scholar, noted for his liberal opinions and philanthropic labors. HERBERT SPENCER'S books have a unity of design, yet each can be read by itself. *Education*—the change from simple to complex, from the lower to the higher, as the Divine intent, working everywhere on and up, by the constant process of eternal laws, is the central idea of his philosophical labors, which he is presenting with signal ability. Not agreeing with the "Positive Philosophy" of COMTE, or with the conclusions of those whom he might deem blind in their conservatism, he simply and serenely utters his own thought, honestly gives his own views. No thoughtful person, capable of candor and discrimination, can fail to gain enjoyment and profit from his books, whether accepting or not all his conclusions or arguments.

The heading of some chapters will give an idea of the drift of this work:—"Mutations of Mankind,"—"Constancy of the Divine Rule,"—"Right to Freedom of Action,"—"Personal Rights,"—"Property in Land,"—"Fallacy of Communism,"—"Right of Property in Ideas,"—"Rights of Children,"—"Sphere of Woman,"—"Duty of the State,"—"Impatiency of Natural Progress,"—"Ignorant classes as most criminal." This handsome volume of 550 pages is published by APPLETON & Co., with steel portrait of Mr. SPENCER—and for sale by STEELE & AVERT.



CHART OF TEMPERATURE AND CLIMATE.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, or the science which treats of the laws and natural features of land and water, atmospheric conditions and changes, the phenomena of the tides, climate and its effects, animals and plants, has superseded, in our schools, to a great extent, the old and well nigh useless "Geography" which was limited strictly to the merest "description of the earth's surface." Physical Geography delves beneath the surface, and soars above the crust of the earth, embracing in its comprehensive range, the specific results of studies in Hydrology, Geognosy, Geology, Meteorology, Botany, Zoology, and Anthropology.

CLIMATE, one of the most interesting branches of this study, and one a knowledge of which is daily felt to be growing more important, treats of the degrees of heat and cold, the drouth, the humidity and the salubrity which occur upon any given portion of the globe. The causes of the variation in climate, as stated by HARRINGTON, in his excellent work on Physical Geography, are nine in number, and comprehend the action of the sun upon the atmosphere; the elevation of the earth above the level of the ocean; the general inclination of the surface, and its local exposure; the position of its mountains, relatively to the cardinal points; the neighborhood of great seas, and their relative situation; the geological nature of the soil; the degree of cultivation, and of population, at which a country has arrived; and the prevalent winds.

The direct degree of solar heat which any portion of the earth's surface receives, is determined by the distance of the sun from the earth, the more or less oblique manner in which the rays strike the surface, the length of the day, and the refraction of the rays in passing through the several strata of the atmosphere. It has of late been determined that the internal heat of the globe produces but little effect upon climate.

Cold increases very perceptibly with the elevation of the land; and with reference to the effects of aspects, HARRINGTON says that a hill inclined 45 degrees towards the south, when the sun is elevated 45 degrees, receives the solar rays perpendicularly—whilst upon a plain, the same rays strike upon the soil under an angle of 45 degrees, and a hill inclined 45 degrees to the north, will be struck by the solar rays in a horizontal direction, which makes them glide along the surface. This accounts for the strange phenomenon in the Vallis, in the Alps, where one side of a range of hills will be a region of eternal ice and snow, and the other covered with vineyards and orchards in the most flourishing condition.

Mountains act upon climates by attracting vapors suspended in the air; and these vapors, by their condensation, produce fogs and clouds. Again, mountains, by arresting the currents of the atmosphere, determine the prevalence of particular winds in certain regions. The con-

verse of this is true in the case of valleys. Where valleys are closely sheltered, they so strongly concentrate and reflect the rays of the sun, that the heat becomes insupportable. When, however, they are extensive and wide, and a gentle declivity which permits the water to flow off readily, and admits the winds from the north, the temperature will be dry and healthy.

The neighborhood of the sea moderates the excesses of temperature. In many of the tropical isles of Polynesia, for example, the temperature is never so high as it often is at Quebec, where the mercury of the thermometer often freezes in winter.

The geological character of the soil has some influence on climate. Some soils are readily heated, and others very slowly, by the action of solar rays, and there is an equal variation in their respective capacities to retain heat. Clayey grounds which retain much water moderate the temperature, while rocky and sandy soils, on the contrary, favor extremes.

Upon the influence of the labors of man on climate, by cutting down forests, draining marshes, diverting water courses from their ancient channels, breaking up and cultivating the soil, &c., &c., there are many curious and startling facts. In the Cape de Verd islands the destruction of forests has dried up the springs, and rendered the air sultry and unwholesome; and many parts of Greece, Persia,

Italy and other countries, have forfeited their delightful temperatures by this process. The common notion that the North American winters are warmer, and the summers colder than formerly, is overturned by the evidence of thermometrical registers; and it has been discovered that the effects of clearing and cultivating a country are directly the reverse.

The influence of winds upon climate is pretty generally understood. All winds in the temperate zones, coming from the neighboring poles are cold, and all winds from the equator are hot, with some exceptions, occasioned by local circumstances. The southern wind which visits the Cape of Good Hope is cool, while the northern wind has the same effect upon Europe. In general, the effect of the constant winds is to cool the equatorial regions, and warm the polar and temperate.

In the accompanying Chart of Temperature and Climate, lines are drawn through all those places which have the same temperature. These are called *isothermal* lines. There are other climate lines, such as those which connect places having the mean temperatures of summer or winter equal; these are respectively called *isothermal* and *isochlores* or *isochlores*. If climates cooled uniformly from the equator, these lines would be parallel, but owing to the several causes mentioned above, they assume the positions indicated in the Chart.

Various Topics.

SCENES AT MR. LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

MRS. LINCOLN.

THERE is one at an upper window, seeing all this through her tears, to whom the beautiful noon, with its wealth of zephyrs and sweets, can wait no gratulation. The father of her children, the confidant of her affection and ambition, has passed from this life into immortality, and lies below—dumb, cold, murdered. The feelings of sympathy for Mrs. Lincoln is as wide-spread as the regret of the new Chief Magistrate. Whatever indiscretions she may have committed in the abrupt transition from plainness to power, are now forgiven and forgotten. She and her sons are the property of the nation, associated with its truest glories and its worst bereavement.

HOME FRIENDS AROUND THE BIER.

Close by the corpse sit the relatives of the deceased, plain, honest, hardy people, typical as much of the simplicity of our institutions, as of Mr. Lincoln's self-made eminence. No blood relatives of Mr. Lincoln were to be found. It is a singular evidence of the poverty of his origin, and therefore of his exceeding good report, that, excepting his immediate family, none answering to his name could be discovered. Mrs. Lincoln's relatives were present, however, in some force. Dr. Lyman Beecher Todd, Gen. John B. S. Todd, C. M. Smith, and N. W. Edwards, the late President's brother-in-law. Plain, self-made people were here, and were sincerely affected. Captain Robert Lincoln sat, during the services, with his face in his handkerchief, weeping quietly, and little Tad., his face red and heated, cried as if his heart would break. Mrs. Lincoln, weak, worn and nervous, did not enter the East Room, nor follow the remains. She was the Chief Magistrate's lady yesterday; to-day, a widow, bearing only an immortal name.

GEN. GRANT.

There are many bright stars twinkling in contiguous shoulder-bars, but sitting in a chair upon the bedewed carpet is Ulysses S. Grant, who has lived a century in the last three weeks, and comes to-day to add the lustre of his iron face to this thrilling and saddening picture. He wears white gloves and sash, and is swarthy, nervous and almost tearful, his feet crossed, his square, receding head turning now here, now

there, and I seem to read upon his compact features the indurate and obstinate will to fight, on the line he has selected, the honor of the country through any peril, as if he has sworn it by the slain man's bier, his state-fellow, patron and friend.

THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.

But nearer down are the central powers of our Government, its President and counsellors. President Johnson is facing the middle of the coffin upon the lowest step; his hands are crossed upon his breast, his dark clothing just revealing his plaited shirt, and upon his full, plethoric, shaven face, broad and severely compact, two telling gray eyes rest under a thoughtful brow, whose turning hair is straight and smooth. Beside him are ex-Vice-President Hamlin, whom he succeeded, and ex-Governor King, his most intimate friend. The Cabinet are behind, as if arranged for a daguerreotypist, Stanton, short and quicksilver, in contrast to the tall and snow-tipped shape of Mr. Wells. At their side is Secretary Chase, high, dignified and handsome, with folded arms, a half-foot higher than any spectator, and dividing with Charles Sumner, who is near by, the preference for manly beauty in age. With Mr. Chase are other Justices of the Supreme Court, and to their left, near the feet of the corpse, are the Senators, representing the oldest and the newest States.

REMINISCENCE OF JOHN PHENIX.

THE great beauty of the humor of "John Phenix" (Lieut. Derby) was that there was not a particle of ill nature about it. He was not one of those sour, discontented, satirical, practical jokers, so naturally and justly tabooed in society. Good nature and good fellowship he cherished; and beyond these, save in the way of harmless mirth, he never swerved. It was not in him.

His power of face was something wonderful, as is sufficiently attested by the following authentic anecdote. He was sitting on one occasion, in the guests' lolling room of a New York hotel, confronting on Broadway, when a little beggar girl came in, and with the keen discernment of little people in general, noticed his child-loving, benevolent countenance, and approached him and asked alms. Shewas very young, innocent looking, and had none of the juvenile whine and presency of most young mendicants whom one meets in the streets and in the halls of our public hotels. Phenix at once assumed a mournful expression of face and began to talk, as it were, confidentially and very affec-

tionately to her. He told her that his father was long since dead, and that he,

"Having early lost his mother, Without sister, without brother,"

was now left entirely alone in the world; that he was then but a little boy, with nobody to look to, and often he had not known where he was to sleep at night.

The little girl's blue eyes began to moisten; the lolling guests, most of whom knew Captain Derby, gathered around; when what was their surprise to see the poor, sympathetic beggar child go close up to him, and in a quiet, confidential way take out of the little side pocket of her soiled and tattered frock all the money which she had gathered during the day, and place it in his hand. This tribute to Mr. Derby's power of countenance and manner, and the exquisitely beautiful evidence of the effect of it in the act of the little girl, struck every person present with a kindred admiration. It is needless to say that the tender-hearted and generous little donor of her hard day's earnings had not only her small yet great benefaction restored, but went away with great possessions, educed from the sympathetic pockets of bystanders.

THE RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN'S RING.

THE following extraordinary story, in circulation in Paris, is given to the world on good authority:

A Russian nobleman, extremely wealthy and very reserved and melancholy, has appeared of late in the best circles, to which he had most distinguished introducers. The Russian became remarkable for wearing a ring of colossal proportions, covering nearly the entire finger, and of singular appearance, the centre being composed of a substance resembling jet, which was set in gold. No one ventured to ask the character of the ring or the cause of its being worn, and placed the wearer, a studiously quiet man, in the light of being an eccentric individual. A lady, however, who was plucked to know something about the matter, at last mustered the requisite courage, and said:—"Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of the ring you wear, and I for one would like to know its origin. The Russian made a nervous twitch with his hand as though he would like to hide it, when he replied, "Madam, the ring is not a jewel, as you supposed, but a tomb." The curious gathered around while he continued:—"The jet substance is the body of my wife; she had a horror of a tomb in Russia; she was

Italian. I promised her that I would guard her day and night during my life, and she reposed in my word, which had never been broken. I took the body of my wife to Germany, where the most able chemist of the day promised to reduce it, by powerful dissolvents and by great compression, to a size which could enable me to wear it as a *souvenir*. For eight days he labored almost constantly in my presence, and I saw the dear remains gradually dissolve and intensify till the residue was the compact mass which you see in the ring, which is my dear wife, whom, as I promised, I will never quit day nor night during my life."

THE GONDOLA.

IN Venice, says George Angustus Sala, the gondola is the unique and invariable maritime craft to be met with. You will see one gondola full of garden stuff, and another piled up with butcher's meat. In one a carpenter's bench is set up, and the carpenter is sawing or planing away, while his shavings or his sawdust are blown overboard into the canal and drift away with the tide. The very beggars have gondolas, and cripples propel themselves with the oar between their stumps, asking, in the soft musical Venetian dialect, for alms as they row past you. The bricklayers' laborers row to their work, and the washerwomen ply their vocation in gondolas. Artists sketching in them you may often see; likewise women at needle-work and children at play, and notaries' clerks copying crabbéd deeds. They are cleanly and isolated congeners of the Sampans in the Chinese waters. Finally, so far as my late at night experience extends, the gondoliers appear to sleep in their boats, and to have and to desire no other domicile. There are said to be as many gondolas in Venice as there are droshkies in St. Petersburg—nearly four thousand.

DR. JOHNSON used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks:—"For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission; one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on the sunny side, and you have all most half won the battle of life at the outset.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"Who said that the stars on our banner were dim—
That their glory had faded away?
Look up and behold! how bright through each fold
They are flashing and smiling to-day!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 6, 1865.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From the South.

As was stated last week, our Government refused to confirm Gen. Sherman's treaty with the rebel General Johnson in North Carolina relative to the surrender of his army. General Grant politely waited upon Johnson and informed him that hostilities would be resumed immediately unless he surrendered his army on the same conditions that Gen. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia. Gen. Grant telegraphed the Secretary of War from Raleigh, N. C., on the 26th ult., that "Johnson has surrendered the forces in his command, embracing all from here to the Chattahoochie, to Gen. Sherman, on the basis of the terms agreed upon by Gen. Lee and myself for the Army of Northern Virginia."

We learn that the number of men Johnson surrendered was 27,400. Among the Generals we notice the name of Beauregard.

The latest advices we have of Jeff. Davis is, that he is somewhere in South Carolina with his Cabinet, a large amount of specie stolen from the Richmond banks, and 2,000 cavalry as a guard. Our Government is making strenuous exertions to "head off" his excellency.

From the South-west.

NEW ORLEANS advices of the 23d ult. have been received. It was reported that Gen. Dick Taylor would surrender his army to Gen. Canby if favorable terms were granted.

Another blockade runner has run into Galveston somewhat damaged by our gunboats.

Fears are entertained of the levee breaking in front of Algiers, opposite New Orleans, where there are extensive Government works. The river is very high. Gen. Canby is in New Orleans.

The rebels commenced evacuating Montgomery, Ala., two hours before the arrival of the Union army. Before leaving, the rear guard of the enemy under Buford, burned 95,000 bales of cotton in spite of the efforts of the inhabitants. The rebels had also destroyed several steamers on the Alabama river, which must soon fall into the hands of the Federal army.

The Federals destroyed all the public property of the enemy in Montgomery. Private property was respected.

Extensive rebel salt works have been destroyed by the navy in St. Joseph's bayou.

It is estimated that 100,000 bales of cotton and 75,000 barrels of rosin are hidden in the swamps on the Alabama river, which must soon fall into the hands of the Federal army.

Immense quantities of grain have been captured in and around Mobile. Over 10,000 stragglers from the rebels have given themselves up.

Guerrilla bands infest our lines; they made an attempt to assassinate Gen. Gardner on the 14th.

A dispatch boat was blown up on the 14th by a torpedo, two men killed and three wounded.

A later report from New Orleans than the above, is to the effect that an officer from Dick Taylor's staff had arrived at Gen. Canby's headquarters to make arrangements for the surrender of his army.

The rebels in Texas appear to think that they can defy the authority of the United States, and eventually achieve the independence of that State. They say they have an army of 100,000 men.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has appointed the first day of June to be observed "as a day of special humiliation and prayer in consequence of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States."

Mrs. Lincoln has not yet recovered from the prostration occasioned by the President's death. She is constantly attended by numerous warm friends, and has not yet decided when she shall leave this city for home.

Our Consul General in Canada has given notice that all criminals connected with the assassination of President Lincoln must be surrendered to the United States authorities.

The man Paine, who is under arrest charged with being the one who attempted to murder Secretary Seward, attempted to commit suicide the other day by butting his head against the walls of his iron cell.

The Tribune's Washington special says:—Edwin Booth is here for the purpose, it is stated, of procuring the body of his brother. His desire cannot be granted, as the grave of the assassin will never be known.

Nearly all the parties directly implicated in the murder of the President, and the assaults at the house of Mr. Seward, are now in custody. Paine, the Seward assassin, is a brother of the St. Albans raider. There are six brothers, all reckless and daring. Two were with Walker in Nicaragua.

The Herald's Washington special says:—The post mortem examination of Booth's body showed that the ball did not cut the brain, but striking

the spinal column produced immediate paralysis. The opinion of the surgeon is that he must have died a horrible death, the brain being active and consciousness complete up to the very moment of dissolution.

The search for the assassins and their accomplices, at Washington, has developed a well laid plan for murder and arson unparalleled in history. The evidence that the rebel leaders were privy to it, and did all in their power to further it, is complete, and will doubtless be laid before the public at the proper time.

The Post's special says:—It is intimated that Secretary Stanton's late order will dismiss from the military service at least 50,000 persons.

The Government is about to establish coal depots all along our Southern coast, the better and more cheaply to supply the demand for all purposes there—for our gunboats if wanted; if not, for the purposes of trade.

A dispatch from Washington says "several prominent Northern steamboat owners are now here endeavoring to make arrangements to establish a regular line of passenger steamers between this city and Richmond."

Secretary Seward is nearly restored to health. His son Frederick is reported as doing well, and is considered "out of danger."

BOOTH, THE MURDERER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, KILLED.

HAROLD, AN ACCOMPLICE, CAPTURED.

THE murderer of the President and one of his accomplices were pursued by a squadron of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry under the command of Lieuts. Dougherty and Baker to a barn on the farm of two men by the name of Garret, near Port Royal, Va., on the morning of the 26th ult., where the former was killed and the latter captured. The cavalry numbered about 25 men, and were a part of the detective force of Colonel Baker in the immediate service of the War Department.

It appears that Booth and Harold left Washington together on the night of the murder of Mr. Lincoln. Harold, it is believed, assisted Booth in getting a horse, and probably was in the alley near by in the rear of the theater, when the fatal shot was made. They passed through Leonardtown, Maryland, concealing themselves every day, until an opportunity was afforded them to cross the river at Swan's Point into Virginia, which they did, it is supposed, on the 21st or 22d ult. The man who furnished these vagabonds with a boat has been arrested.

Booth and Harold reached the Garret farm some days before they were beset by the military, the former walking on crutches. [Booth fell the night he committed the murder, and severely injured an ankle. He called upon a surgeon, who rendered him the desired service, and furnished him with crutches. The doctor has been arrested.] A party of four or five accompanied them, who spoke of Booth as a wounded Marylander on his way home, and said they wished to leave him there a short time, and would take him away by the 26th. He and Harold regularly took their meals at the house, and both kept up appearances well.

One day at the dinner table the conversation turned on the assassination of the President, when Booth denounced the crime in the severest terms, saying that there was no punishment had enough for the perpetrator. It was said by some one in Booth's presence, that "rewards to a large amount had been offered for Booth, and that he would like to catch him," (naming the sum,) when Booth replied, "Yes, it would be a good haul—but the amount will doubtless soon be increased to \$500,000." The two Garrets alleged that they had no idea that these men were Booth and Harold; and that when they heard the cavalry had appeared in the neighborhood, they sent word to them that there were two strangers on the place.

On reaching the farm, the cavalry were told by a son of one of the Garrets that there were two men in the barn. This was at two o'clock on Wednesday morning.

Lieut. Baker was sent forward and called to Booth to come out, give up his arms and surrender, and that young Garret would go into the barn and receive his arms. Upon entering the barn, Booth exclaimed, "Get out of here; you have betrayed me." A colloquy then ensued, of which the following is the substance:

LIEUT. BAKER—You must give up your arms and surrender. We have come to take you a prisoner, and will treat you as a prisoner. We will give you five minutes to surrender, or we will burn the barn.

BOOTH—Who are you, and what do you want? [Instructions had been given Lieut. Baker not to disclose the character of those who were in pursuit.]

LIEUT. BAKER—We want you, and we intend to take you prisoner.

BOOTH—This is a hard case. It may be that I am to be taken by my friends.

After some further colloquy of this sort, Booth, seemingly convinced that he was in the toils of Federal soldiers, said:

Give me a chance for my life. I am a cripple with one leg. Draw your men a hundred yards from the barn and I will come out and fight you.

LIEUT. BAKER—We did not come here to fight, but to take you. You must give up your arms and surrender.

BOOTH—Let me have time to consider.

A conversation then took place between Booth and Harold, but it was not overheard by the party outside.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes Booth called out:

Who are you? I could have picked off half a dozen of your men while we were talking. I could have shot you [the Lieutenant] two or three times, but I don't want to kill anybody.

LIEUT. BAKER—Then give up your arms and surrender; we have come here to take you.

BOOTH—I will never surrender; I will never be taken alive.

LIEUT. BAKER—If you don't do so immediately we will set fire to the barn.

BOOTH—Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me.

After this, a conversation took place between Booth and Harold, during which Booth was heard to say:

"You d—d coward, will you leave me now? But go, go, I don't want you to stay with me!" He then addressed the party outside, and said:—"There is a man here who wants to come out."

LIEUT. BAKER—Then let him hand out his arms and come out.

Another talk here occurred between Booth and Harold, in which it appeared that the latter was begging to be allowed to take out some arms, and Booth was heard to say:

"Go away from me; I don't want anything more to do with you."

Harold then came to the door and asked to be let out. Lieut. Baker said:

"No! Hand out your arms."

Harold replied, "I have none."

LIEUT. BAKER—"Yes, you have. You carried a carbine when you came here. You must hand it out."

BOOTH—"He has no arms; they are all mine. Upon my word, as a gentleman, he has no arms. All that are here belong to me."

Lieut. Baker then approached the door. Harold then pushed out his arms and was pulled through the door, tied and placed under guard.

The officer in command being satisfied that further parleying with Booth was in vain, proceeded to the other side of the barn, pulled out a wisp of hay and lighted it. In a few minutes the barn was blazing. The hay lighted up the inside of the barn. Booth was discovered leaning on a crutch, which he threw aside, and with a carbine in his hand came toward the side where the fire had been kindled. He paused, looked at the fire a moment and then started towards the door. When about the middle of the barn he was shot. Lieuts. Dougherty and Baker immediately entered the barn and brought Booth out.

Booth was armed with two six-barrel and one seven-barrel revolvers. When the party started to return with the body, Harold refused to walk, when a rope was fastened to his neck and the other end of it to the saddle of one of the cavalrymen. As soon as a horse could be procured he was mounted.

Booth lived about two hours after he was shot. His body was taken to Washington.

The N. Y. Times of May 1, says that Harold has made a full confession.

AMERICAN NEWS IN ENGLAND.

THE news of the fall of Richmond reached England on the 14th ult. The steamer Africa left Liverpool for New York the 15th.

The American intelligence caused intense excitement in England, but it arrived too late to appear in the papers generally before the sailing of the steamer.

The London Daily News says that the Army of Virginia, so long deemed invincible, the pride, the hope, the center, the citadel of the Confederacy, has been not only beaten but shattered. The Davis Government is now vagrant and fugitive. Richmond, which received it and gave it for a time a dignity which it could never have acquired while it remained among the cotton plantations, where it had its rise, was set on fire by its departing guest. The Confederate army fought with all its old tenacity, but we cannot doubt it has been broken up by men who we have often before been told were the sweepings of Northern cities.

Davis began the war by declaring that he would carry it where food for the torch awaited the Southern armies, in populous cities. But the attempt to burn New York ended in nothing but an execution, while Davis set his borrowed Capital in flames and decamped.

The Morning Advertiser says the further circumstances and consequences of the heavy blow will be looked for with intense anxiety, as the close of the war or the inauguration of a new and wide-spread guerrilla contest, of unknown duration, may spring from the conflict.

The London Times has an editorial regretting that the people of Melbourne should have displayed so much sympathy with the crew of the Shenandoah, engaged in the destruction of ships coming on errands of peace to their ports.

The Times also has an article strongly condemning the conduct of Judge Smith of Montreal, for his ill-considered and dangerous charge on the subject of the St. Albans raiders.

By a later arrival from England, we learn that most of the leading papers consider that the fall of Richmond and Petersburg has sealed the fate of the Confederacy. The rebel loan went down, down, down, to just about nothing, while Federal securities took a sudden jump upward.

FROM MEXICO.—It was reported (via Matamoros) that Cortinas had declared against the Empire, and was preparing to attack Gen. Mejia, who was in Matamoros with about 500 men. Mejia is cut off from communication with the interior, and will be compelled to surrender. Cortinas has from 6,000 to 7,000 troops.

A later report has been received that Cortinas had entered Matamoros with a few men. A skirmish took place, in which but few were killed on either side. Cortinas took some prisoners and lost three, one a Colonel, who was afterwards shot by Gen. Mejia.

FROM HAVANA.—Havana advices to April 24th, say the intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln caused much excitement, and cast a deep gloom over American residents. The rebels and their sympathizers secretly and openly rejoice. The American Consul displayed the flag at half mast, as also most of the American shipping in the harbor.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

TWENTY-ONE merchants of New York subscribed \$20,000 for the immediate wants of the Christian commission in the field, on Saturday afternoon.

The Washington Republican says, it is stated that Booth, the assassin of the President had a commission of Lieutenant-Colonel under the rebel Government.

The Prince of Wales wants more income. His friends say he can't dress well and keep up appearances unless he has more than his present pittance—only about \$600,000.

MAINE is to have two steam war vessels to defend her coast, and one of the iron-clads will make a special cruise along the Eastern States this summer, going as far as Halifax.

FORD's Theater, in Washington, where the President was assassinated, will never open again, and accurate plans have been taken of it preparatory to its suppression or destruction.

A PRIVATE dispatch from St. Louis the 28th ult., reports a terrible accident down the Mississippi River. The steamer Sultan exploded and sunk, and a great number of lives were lost—all soldiers.

GOVERNOR OGLESBY of Illinois has just received the deed of the property on which repose the remains of the late Stephen A. Douglas, for the purchase of which the Legislature appropriated \$20,000.

MRS. LORIN ANDREWS has been appointed Postmistress at Gambier, Ohio. She is the widow of Col. Lorin Andrews, late President of Kenyon College, who lost his life in the service of his country.

The Tribune's Washington special says that so many paroled prisoners arrived there from their former places of residence that the Government will have to take some action to rid the city of their presence.

A MAN in Reading, Ohio, thought he heard somebody in his yard, got up and went out and fired his pistol into the darkness to frighten away the thieves if any there were. He killed his wife who had followed him out.

GERARDUS DE FORREST, a man 85 years old, was gagged in his house at New York, Sunday night, by three villains, and robbed of \$3,000 in gold and \$1,000 in greenbacks. The robbers escaped, but lost \$900 in the hall.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred at the Charleston Navy Yard on Thursday. A workman was engaged in drilling out the fuse of an old shell, when it exploded, instantly killing four and wounding all the men in the yard, some of them fatally.

THE tree under which Grant and Pemberton held the interview which resulted in the capitulation of Vicksburg has disappeared, root, branch, trunk and all, carried off by souvenir hunters. A little six-foot stone monument perpetuates the memory of the event.

MRS. MARY CONNER, of Franklin township, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, died recently at the advanced age of one hundred and four years and twenty-five days, leaving three hundred and nineteen descendants, children, grand-children, and great-grand-children.

GENERAL PALMER, commanding in Kentucky, has hit upon a short settlement with those vagabonding ruffians known as guerrillas or bushwhackers. He gives them so many days' grace, after which all still in the field are to be considered and hunted down as outlaws.

A PARTY of United States troops crossed the Rio Grand lately and destroyed some 4,000 bales of rebel cotton stored on Mexican soil and prepared for exportation. Maximilian's papers pronounce it a great outrage and an insult to the French flag. Guess they will survive it.

THE Confederate Major Taylor, who will be remembered as one of Jeff. Davis' commissioners to Washington early during the war, has been paroled for ten days at Louisville, in order to enable him to leave the United States—he having refused to take the oath of allegiance. The Major is a son of Zachary Taylor.

At an enthusiastic meeting of citizens of Hartford, Connecticut, last week, to celebrate the glorious Union victories, a silver half dollar was put up at auction, and being sold and resold, brought \$2,217 for the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. The last bid was \$525. Mr. N. Kingsbury was the generous purchaser.

It is said the exchange of 5,000 Union soldiers at Darien, which, it is supposed, has taken place by this time, will leave scarcely any of our men in the hands of the rebels, while there still remains in the hands of the government between 60,000 and 70,000 rebel troops, besides those paroled under the terms of Lee's and Johnson's surrender.

THE Maine papers record the marriage in Sweden, in that State, on March 26th, by the Rev. S. Sanderson, of a lad of the same town, aged sixteen years to a widow lady of Lowell, aged thirty-eight. She is the owner of a farm, and has "taken the boy home." The lady had previously lost her husband and son, for which loss she deeply mourned.

A RELIABLE private letter says that among Mr. Lincoln's papers has been found a package of letters, marked in his own hand-writing, "Assassinators Letters." While many of them threatened his life, others warned him of plots to take it. He seems to have become so used to things of this sort that neither kind made any impression upon him.

EVIDENCE discloses that there were ten conspirators in the assassination plot; that at a meeting held in Memphis they selected by lot the assassin of the President. Our authorities have a letter which says:—"It becomes your happy lot to destroy this tyrant. You can select the cup, the blade or the bullet; but then you know the cup has once been tried and it failed."

List of New Advertisements.

Important to Stock Breeders—C. N. Tuttle. Great Prize Distribution—T. Benton & Co. Moulter Mower and Reaper—F. Nishwitz. Great Sale of Watches, &c.—A. H. Rowen & Co. Todd's Improved Stamps—A. Todd, Jr. North-Western Sanitary Fair—Harry Duvall. Hand-Book of Musical Gems—Oliver Ditson & Co. True Portrait of Lincoln—Miss Kate J. Boyd. Important to Flax Growers—Luther Rundell. Wanted, Employment—A. Waffle. Black Spanish and Bantam Chickens and Eggs—Wm. Bingham. Dana's Permanent Sheep Label—C. H. Bana. Secret Art of Catching Fish—Julius Rising. It Will Pay—Fowler & Wells.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cedar Camphor—Harris & Chapman.

The News Condenser.

- Boring for oil is the rage in Dutchess Co.
- The shoe business at Lynn, Mass., is reviving.
- The ice-bridge at Quebec, gave way last week.
- There are 25,000 soldiers' widows in New York.
- Good horses sell for \$250 to \$300 at Wheeling, West Va.
- It is stated that Jeff. Davis has \$160,000 in gold on deposit in Havana.
- Greenbacks in Springfield, Mass., are worth 4 or 5 per cent premium.
- The U. S. frigate, New Ironsides, is on the dry dock at Philadelphia.
- One million two hundred thousand 2 cent pieces were coined last month.
- Theodore Gaul, a watchmaker at Yonkers, committed suicide last week.
- Poor Brigham Young is a widower, one of his wives having died lately.
- France will solace the widow Morry with a pension of \$5,000 per annum.
- The cemetery at Richmond is said to contain sixty thousand new graves.
- A destructive fire occurred in South Water St., New York, on Sunday week.
- The first act of the Tennessee Legislature was to ratify the abolition amendment.
- The receipts at the Custom House in San Francisco are now about \$100,000 daily.
- The old Tenth army corps has been re-organized and is commanded by Gen. Terry.
- The Saints have discovered oil in Utah, and are digging like leavers for the stuff.
- Montgomery Blair, formerly Postmaster General, is now practicing law in St. Louis.
- Gov. Milton of Florida committed suicide recently by shooting himself with a pistol.
- Hudson Hall at Dayton, Ohio, was destroyed by fire the 24th ult. Loss about \$70,000.
- Edwin Booth denies that his brother was connected by marriage with Beall, the pirate.
- Out of 416,000 working people of Paris over 50,000 are incapable of signing their names.
- The Pennsylvania Coal Company will pay, May 1, a dividend of seven and a half per cent.
- Sterling Price, with a mere handful of men, is cruising about on the borders of Red River.
- Some \$300,000 worth of lumber broke loose in the Alleghany river last week, and was swept off.
- It is estimated that Mexico has a population of 8,000,000, almost three-fifths of which are Indians.
- About twelve per cent of the clerks in the Bureau of Deserts have been dismissed as unnecessary.
- The Funeral of President Lincoln is announced to take place at Springfield, Ill., on the 6th of May.
- The shock of a severe earthquake was felt in several of the southern counties of California recently.
- One man, at Windsor Locks, has taken out of the Connecticut river, this season, between 8,000 and 4,000 shad.
- The Spanish Parliament, by a large majority has passed the bill for the abandonment of San Domingo.
- The Post Office Department at Washington is testing a new invention of self-canceling postage stamps.
- The story that Booth shot the President through the panel of the door to the box, is untrue. The door was open.
- The United States District Court at Key West, has condemned \$250,000 worth of property since March 1st.
- The total receipts of the American Missionary Association for the month of February last were \$11,060 11.
- In the late flood in the St. Lawrence below Montreal, over three hundred houses were destroyed and sixty lives lost.
- Nine hundred barrels of highwines were seized by the U. S. Collector at Chicago lately for non-payment of taxes.
- Gen. Washburn offers \$500 to \$1,000 for the capture and conviction of guerrillas, within 20 miles of Memphis, Tenn.
- A large number of chartered vessels in the service of the Quartermaster's Department have been discharged recently.
- There are sixty men in prison quarters of the Army of the Potomac, who have been sentenced to death for desertion.
- Several prominent Mexican officers, among them Gen. Ortega, Vice President of the Mexican Republic, are now in St. Louis.
- At several places in California traitors have been lynched for uttering disloyal sentiments on hearing of the President's death.
- George H. Yeaman has been re-nominated for Congress in the second district of Ky. He goes for the abolition amendment.
- A rebel citizen of Goldsboro, North Carolina, was killed last week for expressing joy on account of the murder of the President.
- John E. Preston, late superintendent of the Illinois and Michigan canal, was accidentally drowned at Lakeport, Ill., last week.
- Cyrus W. Field has gone to Egypt to attend the ceremonial of the opening of the Suez canal before laying the Atlantic cable.
- William Craghton, D. D., an eminent Episcopal divine, died at Beachwood, near Tarrytown, April 24, in the 74th year of his age.
- Copper has been discovered in Danville, Vt., in large quantities, and land which was regarded as worthless, now commands a high price.
- A Christian Commission Fair at San Francisco voted a gold pen, made in imitation of a goose quill, and furnished with diamonds, to President Lincoln.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LEE HAS SURRENDERED.

BY FANNIE W. J.

All over the Northland, gladly, gaily, Loudly chime the victory bells, Hearts are throbbing, lips are smiling, To the deep-toned music swells.

Lofty and proud, the stately banner Floats where treason late held sway; See how the land with joy is teeming, God of our fathers, we thank Thee to-day.

Grant us, oh Father, 'mid victory's triumph, Hearts that can pity our fallen foe, And while the joy-bells peal forth in gladness, Let us forget not our heroes laid low.

Peace to their ashes! Would we might gather Them up from the tombs on the far Southern strand, But we'll shrine in our hearts their memory ever, And oft drop a tear for the brave of our land.

Ring out, ye bells; the heart of the Northland, Is moved to its center with rapture to-day, For the bright sun of Peace is dissolving the shadows, And the night of Rebellion is passing away. Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

The Story Teller.

JOHN WALTON'S FARM.

"HADN'T you better subscribe for it?" "I tell you, no. I haint got the money to spare. And, if I had, I haint got the time to waste over newspapers," said Eben Sawyer, with some emphasis.

"But you will gain much information from it in the course of a year, sir," pursued John Walton.

"I tell you, I don't want it!" "Well—what say you, Mr. Grummet—shan't I have your name?"

"No, sir!" This was spoken so flatly and bluntly, that Walton said no more; but folded up the prospectus of a periodical which he had with him, and then turned away.

Eben Sawyer and Ben Grummet were two old farmers,—that is, old at the business, though they had only reached the middle age of life,—and after their young neighbor had gone they expressed their opinions concerning him.

"He'll never make a farmer," said Sawyer with a shake of the head. "He spends too much time over them papers and books of his'n. He's a leetle mite above farmin', in my opinion."

"Them's my sentiments responded Grummet. "I tell you, Eben, the man that thinks to make a livin' on a farm in this section, has got to work for it."

At this juncture Sam Bancroft came along. He was another old native of the district.

"We was just talkin' about young Walton," said Sawyer.

"I've jes' come from there," replied Sam. "He's been borin' me to sign for a paper; but he couldn't come it."

"Ha, ha,—so he bored us. He's gettin' a leetle too high sot for a farmer."

"He's ripplin' his barn floor up," said Bancroft.

"Rippin' the floor up!" repeated Grummet. "Why—Mr. Amsden had the whole floor put down new only three years ago."

"The tie up floor, I mean," pursued Bancroft. "He's got a carpenter up from the village; and his two hired men are helpin'."

"Whew! I guess he'll make a farmer!" And so they all guessed—with a reservation. In short, there was something highly ridiculous in the thought of a man's thinking to be a farmer and a student at the same time; and all sorts of jests were discharged over it.

John Walton was a young man—some five-and-twenty—and though he had been born in the neighborhood, yet much of his life had been spent in other sections of the country. His parents both died when he was quite young, and his father's farm passed into the hands of a Mr. Amsden. But now John had married, and he meant to be a farmer; and his thoughts naturally turned to the old homestead. He found Amsden willing to sell, and he bought it—paying two thousand dollars down, and giving a note and mortgage for five hundred, which had been cashed by Mr. Piddon.

This farming district was upon a broad ridge of land, which had been cleared for a great many years; and though they were the handsomest and smoothest looking farms in town yet they were by no means the best. The summit of the ridge was crowned by a ledge of granite, and the soil, over the whole broad swell, was more or less wet and cold. This was particularly the case with John Walton's farm, some portions of it being wholly unfit for cultivation. There was one field of over twenty acres—one of the smoothest and prettiest located fields in town—which was never fit for plowing. The soil was so wet and heavy that it could not be worked to any advantage. It had been mowed year after year, yielding about three-quarters of a ton to the acre, of poor, wild, weedy hay. Yet there were other sections which were good, and Mr. Amsden had gained fair crops while he lived there.

Ben Grummet had a curiosity to see what was going on in Walton's barn, so he dropped in there. He found that the whole of the floor, where the cattle stood, had been torn up, and that they were digging a wide, deep trench the whole length of the tie-up.

"What on airth is all this for?" asked Ben. "Why," returned Walton, who was busy in superintending the work, and also in working himself, "I am having a place fixed here for making manure. I mean to fill this trench up with good muck, and thus save the liquids which have heretofore been lost. I think, by proper management, I can get full double the quantity of manure which others have got on this place."

"Do ye?" said Grummet, sarcastically. "Yes," resumed the young man. "It is a fact that the liquid manures, could they be saved, would fully equal the solids, both in bulk and value; and when combined with well rotted muck, and some other articles which shall take up and retain all the more volatile parts, I feel sure that they will afford more fertilizing powers and properties than the solid manures can."

"You don't say so? Where d'ye learn all that?"

"Partly from reading, and partly from observation," answered John, smiling at his good neighbor's open sarcasm.

"I don't s'pose it costs anything to do all this?"

"O, yes—it will cost me considerable before I get through."

"Yaas—I should rayther calkilate 'twould!" Ben Grummet spoke this very slowly, and with a great deal of meaning; and when he had looked on a few minutes longer he went away.

"I swan!" he cried, as he met Sawyer shortly afterwards. "John Walton's a reglar hidutin. He's jes' about as nigh to bein' crazy as a man can be!"

"Eh?—crazy, Ben?"

"O—I don't mean, rally upset, like them folks what has to be sent to the insane asylum; but he's got his head full of all sorts of nonsense. He's got his tie-up floor all torn away, and a trench dug there big enough to hold more'n twenty cart loads of dirt."

"But what in nature's he goin' to do?"

"Why—he's a goin' to save the liquids, as he calls em! An' he's goin' to put in some thin' to take up the—the—vol-voluntary parts."

"Voluntary parts? What's them, Ben?"

"It was vol somethin'. But I don't know. I wouldn't ask him: I s'pose he just used the outlandish word so's to git me to ask him what it meant—an' then he'd show off his larnin'. But I wa'n't so green."

"I wonder if he thinks he's a comin' here to larn us old farmers how to work?" said Sawyer, rather indignantly.

"I guess he thinks so," returned Grummet.

"Then I guess he'll find out his mistake," added the other. "Jes' you mark my words Ben:—He'll be flat on his back afore two years is out!"

And these were not the only ones who looked for the same thing. The idea of a man's coming in there with any such new fangled notions was absurd. Their fathers and their fathers' fathers, had worked on that same ridge, and they wanted nothing better than what their honored progenitors had had before them.

Autumn came, and after John Walton had mowed over the twenty acre field, getting hardly hay enough to pay for the labor, he set men at work digging deep trenches all over it. He had two dug lengthwise, running up and down the slope; and then he dug quite a number running across these. They were quite deep and broad, and into them he tumbled nearly all the stones that could be found in the fields.

"A pooty expensive way of gettin' rid o' rocks," remarked Grummet.

"It's a better place for them than the surface, isn't it?" returned Walton, with a smile.

"Mebbe. But what on airth are ye doin' it for?"

"Why—I'm going to see if under-drainin' wont improve the land."

"Under-drainin'! What's that?"

"It is simply drawing off the water from the surface. This land is cold and wet; but if I can get the water to drain off among these rocks, the sun may warm the surface, and give me a good piece of soil here."

But it looked very foolish to Ben Grammet. He believed that "what was the nature of the soil couldn't be altered." However, the young man made his trenches—tumbled in the rocks—filled in on top with the loam he had originally removed; and then left it to work for itself a while. A month later he plowed up two acres of it, and he could see that the soil had already changed wonderfully. After this was done he cut his way to the muck swamp, and went to hauling out that article, which he deposited in various places as he deemed proper.

"That's a cur'nus contrivance," said Sam Bancroft. He and Ben Grummet had been at work for Walton at hauling muck. He alluded to a large vat back of the house, into which ran a spout to the sink. This vat was capable of holding several cart loads of stuff, and was already half full.

"That's a compost vat," explained Walton, who had overheard the remark. "All the slops from the house—the soap suds and such stuff—which most people waste, I save by this means, and turn it to good account; and instead of throwing away refuse matter, I put it in here, and let it rot and ferment, and make manure."

"But what's this charcoal dust for?"

"It answers two purposes, though by only one office. It takes up the ammonia, and other volatile matter, thus holding them for fertilizing agents, and at the same time prevents the disagreeable effluvia which would otherwise arise from such a large fermenting mass."

"That all sounds very pooty," remarked Ben, after Walton had left them; but let me jes' tell you, it don't pay! He'd better let sich fandangles alone if he ever expects to make a livin' at farmin'."

Before the ground froze up Walton threw out most of the muck back of his tie-up, which had become well saturated, and filled the trench up anew.

The old settlers upon the ridge had set out a great many apple trees, and made a great deal of cider; but the fruit was mostly wild and of an inferior quality. When spring came Walton went to some of his neighbors, and asked them to go with him, and send for some good clions to engraft upon their apple trees. He explained to them just the plan he had formed for his own orchard. He had engaged a competent man to

come and do the work of grafting, and while they were about it, it would be cheaper to get grafts enough for the whole neighborhood.

"How much will it cost you?" asked Sawyer.

"Why," returned Walton, "I'm going into mine pretty thoroughly. My orchard is a very large one, as yours is; and, like yours, the trees are mostly thrifty and vigorous—or could be made so,—but with very poor fruit. I mean to make a thorough thing of it, and shall probably expend a hundred dollars this spring."

"What! A hundred dollars! In your orchard?"

"Yes."

"Jewhitaker an' broomsticks! When I git money to play with I'll try it!"

It was of no use. The old orchards were just such as their fathers had, and they were good enough. So Walton went at it alone. He had his trees all pruned and dressed, and nearly all of them grafted to such kind of fruit as he thought would thrive best, and sell best.

A little while later, and Ben Grummet had occasion to open his eyes. He found that John Walton had contrived to have a hundred and forty full loads of manure, all of which had been made within the year. However, he finally shook his head, and said, "Wait. We'll see if it's good for anything."

A little while later, and the grass began to spring up on the twenty-acre lot as it had never sprung up before. The two acres, which had been plowed, harrowed up light and fine, had bore the best crop of corn that was raised on the whole ridge; and all the manure put upon it was some which had been manufactured.

And so the time went on, and John Walton was continually studying how to improve his farm. At the expiration of a few years the new clions had grown large and strong in his apple orchard, and began to bear fruit. He had taken the best care of his trees, and they were about ready to return him interest for the labor.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Eben Sawyer, as Ben Grummet and Sam Bancroft came into the house one cool autumn evening, and the three filled their mugs with new cider, "have you heard about John Walton's apple?"

"I knew that there was a man up to look at 'em," returned Ben; "but haint heard no more."

"Well—I was there, and heard the whole on't—so I know—I never would 'ave thought it. An orchard turn out like that!"

"But how much was it?"

"Why—Walton was offered—cash right down—five hundred and thirty dollars for the apples he's got on hand; and he tells me that he sent nearly two hundred dollars' worth of early fruit off a month or more ago."

It was wonderful—more than wonderful. But they had to believe it.

"And jes' look at that twenty acre field," said Bancroft. "Ten years ago it wouldn't hardly pay for mowin'. It didn't bear much else but podgum. Now look at it. Think of the corn an' wheat he's raised there; an' this year he cut more'n forty tons of good hay from it!"

"But that ain't half," interposed Sawyer. "Look at the stock he keeps; an' jes' see what prices he gets for his cows and oxen. We laughed at him when he paid so much for the new breeds of sheep and cattle he got some years ago; but jes' look at 'em now. Why, he tells me he's cleared over a thousand dollars this year on his stock."

At this moment Mr. Walton came in. He had grown older, and was somewhat stouter, than when he first settled upon the ridge, and became a farmer; and his neighbors had ceased to question his capacity, and had come to honor and respect him.

"We was just talkin' about you, Mr. Walton," said Sawyer.

"Ah," returned John, as he took a seat by the fire. "I hope you found nothing bad to say of me."

"Not a bit of it. We was talkin' about the wonderful improvements you've made on the old place, and of the money you make."

"And do you think it wonderful?"

"But ain't it?"

"Well," replied Walton, "I don't know about that; but I'll tell you what I do know. I know there is no class of people in the world who may study the arts and sciences to better advantage than farmers; and yet, I am sorry to say, there is no class, occupying the same social position, who read and study less. Farming is a science—one of the most deep and intricate—and he must be a man of more than ordinary capacity who can master it all. I have but just begun to learn what may be learned in farming. In short, there is no branch of industry in the world which may not be followed to better advantage without a good education. But farmers must not be afraid of books. They won't, if they are wise, follow every advice which experimentalists give, but they may study, and reason, and experiment for themselves. So I have done, and so I mean to do."

"He's right," remarked Ben Grummet, after Walton had gone. "What fools we was that we didn't go into that graftin' operation."

"And that underdrainin'," added Bancroft.

"And that muck and compost arrangement," suggested Sawyer.

"Well," said Ben, with a serious face; "it isn't too late now. They say, it's never too late to learn; and I'm sure it hadn't ought to be too late to commence to improve after a body has learned."

"That's so," replied Eben Sawyer.

"True as a book," added Bancroft.

"And I'm goin' into it."

"So am I."

"And I."

The stout landlord who, single-handed, put three rowdies out of his tavern, in spite of their united resistance, may fairly be called a host in himself.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Answer in two weeks.

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

- I am composed of 88 letters. My 23, 56, 89, 48, 70, 78, 17 a garment. My 88, 57, 82, 59, 40, 24, 23, 55 is a kind of fish. My 62, 35, 66, 40, 20, 53, 41, 16, 14 is a musical instrument. My 36, 65, 67, 34, 43, 42 is a girl's name. My 49, 8, 51, 17, 52 is the root of all evil. My 68, 8, 75, 27, 15, 61, 47, 23, 44, 64, 4, 13 is a species of the cactus family. My 30, 74, 86, 40, 11, 58, 11, 86, 83, 82, 63, 84, 56 is a kind of fish. My 77, 27, 48, 50, 25, 38, 45, 60 is the name of our teacher. My 1, 67, 48, 74, 26 is the name of a Federal General. My 5, 56, 88, 2, 86, 70, 40, 18, 7, 54 was a lover of truth. My 80, 76, 28, 29, 56, 52 is a proper noun. My 57, 43, 9, 40, 21, 81, 12, 20, 84, 69 is a name given to subterranean beings. My 56, 35, 37, 20, 87, 47 is the town in which we live. My 37, 24, 75, 77, 10, 59, 79 is one of the planets. My 87, 72, 48, 1, 31 is the name of a sea. My 40, 3, 58, 59, 36 is a species of plant. My 43, 72, 73, 40, 19 is an article of food. My 6, 81, 80, 60, 59 was a Grecian poet. My 88, 34, 14, 46, 60 is a sort of twig. My whole is an extract from Bryant. Van Buren Co., Mich. HATTIE & LIZZIE.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN ANAGRAM.

IBHNT of yelshft—een odgo elad Tub nokwn of eb hient won, Si treet abnt a nohtsdan celgnad Rmfo selid yb hoest won.

Bellevue, Ohio. FLORENCE ADAMS.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 796.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Secession, diennalon and disruption, who can interpret them.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Hope on, hope ever.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The History of All Nations.

Answer to Anagram: Do good, do good, there's ever a way, A way where there's ever a will; Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day. And to-day, when the morrow comes, still, If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough.

In every street, alley and lane; If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, though rough, Will be sure and return it again.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—Paid for all \$240; horse, \$140; ox, \$60; cow, \$40.

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