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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

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Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

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AGRICULTURAL.

POTATO CULTURE IN THE WEST.

C. W. TURNER'S communication in a late RURAL about planting potatoes, suggested to me that my last year's experience in raising potatoes might not be without interest to your readers. Western farmers, who cultivate so much land, sometimes have to make short cuts, "cross lots," to accomplish a large amount of labor in a given time.

Last year I planted three acres of Peach Blow potatoes. The land was plowed in the fall, and again in the spring; no manure ever applied to it. Dragged and rolled after plowing; marked with a sled marker, making four rows three and a half feet apart, and to make a deep mark I nailed a triangular piece of board on to the back end of each runner—letting one angle fall several inches below the bottom of the runner. The driver rode on the machine, and in this way (the ground being very mellow,) I was enabled to make furrows about four inches deep below the general level. The potatoes were then dropped across the marks, about two feet apart, which made them in rows each way. Potatoes the size of hens' eggs were cut into two pieces, the size of turkeys' eggs into three pieces, and larger ones into four pieces—one piece to each hill; then, with two horses attached to a railroad tie by a spike drove into each end and a rope, I drove across the furrows, completely covering the potatoes and smoothing the ground, leaving it in the best possible order.

The potatoes were worked once with a cultivator and crossed with a shovel plow. In the fall they were turned out with the plow, the furrows slightly scratched with a garden rake, and the potatoes picked up. The yield was about four hundred and fifty bushels. Five hands and one team were occupied one day in planting, one man and a horse one and a half days in working, and five hands and team three days in digging, picking up and storing. What crop can a farmer raise that will pay better than potatoes? The prices for the last ten years have ranged, in Western markets, nearly equal to wheat. Cortland, Ill., 1865. S. W. ARNOLD.

THE ROLLER—ITS USE ON MEADOWS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—My wife has been a subscriber, and I a reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, and I have often remarked that sometimes the hints and suggestions contained in one number were worth to me the price of subscription. And I should be ungenerous if I should fail to benefit others through your columns, believing I had the power to do so. How much we learn from each other! The highest ever learn from the most lowly, and the most lowly learn from the highest, save when a false and narrow pride forbids. I was going to speak of the roller, and its use in "putting down" meadows.

In the first place, the surface of the ground must be made smooth by the use of the plow, drag, and cultivator. Where there are sharp cradle knolls and deep furrows, the use of the latter is indispensable. It should be used, however, only when the ground is quite dry, when the teeth will keep clean and bright.

After this process, and the grain and grass seed is sown, if there are yet remaining any large stones which the drag and cultivator have brought to the surface, remove them. Remove them, and let the small-stone remain—remain until the roller, that much needed, highly important farming implement, comes along and crowds them down into the mellow earth. I can dispose of more stone in this way in five hours than one man could pick up and draw off in so many weeks. Besides, the ground is better for the stones remaining.

It is true, and strange, that there are many farmers in this vicinity who do not own or use a roller. The roller not only disposes of the small stone, and smooths the ground, and thus increases the quantity of grass that can be cut, but it also, by crowding down the roots of timothy and clover, which the action of the frost has raised out of the earth, prevents their drying and dying in a scorching sun, and thus increases the quantity of grass to be cut.

I repeat, that to me it is one of the greatest of great wonders that every farmer does not procure a roller. Let the roller be small, and as heavy as a good team can manage. Of course, by making the circumference of a roller of the same weight, larger, you diminish the draft. But it is to be remembered that you diminish the utility in about the same ratio. This principle is too well known to need elucidation.

In conclusion, I say to all farmers, don't let your stock roam over your meadows when they are soft, but do let the roller roll over them at the proper time and you will save steel, save hay, and save money. C. G. PALMER. Centerville, N. Y.

ADVICE WANTED—CATTLE IN HIGHWAYS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I turn to you for advice, as the client turns to his legal counsel, believing that all wrongs can be made right. Although I am aware of your being elected to one of the most honorable offices, as well as one of great responsibility, I must say, without flattery to yourself (for I mean no such thing, that the electors of that beautiful and flourishing city (admitting it to be a little damp at times,) have shown good judgment in their choice of Mayor. Please excuse me for leaving the inquiries I wish to make, for it was more the fault of the pen than it was mine.

Seeing in the RURAL a little more than a year ago the propriety of setting trees along the fences of the public highway, the plan struck me to be a good one as well as a right of land owners, and I therefore adopted the suggestion. I did not set them so much for profit as I did for beauty; for I have a beautiful young orchard, eight years old from the setting, which is coming into bearing. The fruit proves to be as represented; for I bought the trees of a nurseryman who advertised in the RURAL more than eight years ago.

My neighbors and self last spring bought several hundred apple and cherry trees, and as some men say, had the meanness to set them along the fence in the public highway. They lived finely and made a good growth for the first season. I set one hundred and fifty; they are all alive, except four, which were destroyed by cattle running upon the highway. And now the question is, how am I to keep my neighbors' cattle from destroying these trees? For I have some neighbors that insist upon letting their cows run at large, without regard to the wishes of those setting trees or owning land adjoining the public highway. What course or plan would you adopt to prevent such damage to your trees? I have offered to the owners of said cows all the grass to mow that grows in the highway if they will keep their cows from running at large. The grass makes a good growth and yields a good swath when the cows are kept from eating it down. Pasture can be obtained at reasonable rates by being paid for, but that's no object. ROMELUS. Ovid, Seneca Co., N. Y., April, 1865.

REMARKS.—The Mayor is not accustomed to giving legal advice in matters pertaining to the rural districts, yet in the case above mentioned—his counsel being sought—would respectfully advise the enforcement of the statute law in and for "such cases made and provided." If that cannot be done so as to prove a sufficient remedy, we should next advise the purchase of the cows (with bond or agreement that their places should not be filled,) or the adoption of some other sure means of abating the nuisance—for the running of cattle at large in the public highway is a nuisance in both city and country.

DRILLING vs. BROADCASTING.

IN THE RURAL of April 29th, I notice an article about Grain Drills and their worthlessness, by S. W. ARNOLD of Cortland, Ill., in which he says that he never owned a drill, never found a man who thought he got more grain from drilling than he did from broadcasting—that it takes more labor to put in seed with the drill—the drill clogs, and when it does not clog it does not cover half the grain—never saw any grain put in evenly, seen spaces two feet without any grain, then hundreds of grains within one foot.

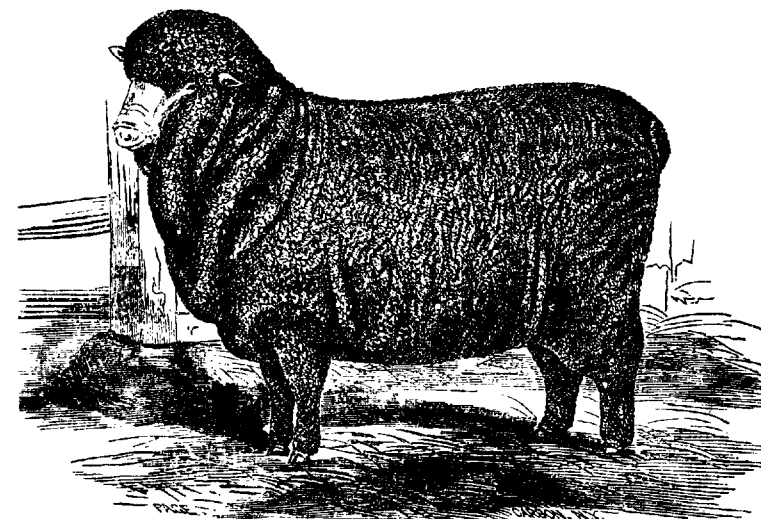
In reply, I would say that Mr. A. has never seen a good drill. I can find men that grow drilled crops who know their yields have been double those of their broadcast neighbors, the land being equal. In favor of the drill I maintain it takes less labor to put in a crop. Once over with a harrow, across the plowing, is enough with the drill, while broadcast requires three or four times over. I have put in one and a fourth acres in one hour. "If in a hurry the drill clogs; when it does not clog it does not cover half the grain," &c. Now, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. A. knows nothing about grain drills, for the grain is well covered except when it is clogged. I have never seen grain sown with the drill which was not evenly sown and well covered. I have no experience with clogging. I have used the drill, and it always has worked with me as soon as the ground is dry enough to harrow.

One more statement of Mr. A. He says a man sowing out of a bag or basket will sow nearly twice the breadth of the drill. My drill sows six feet wide, so that you see every bout would be about thirteen feet, the horses being six inches apart. According to Mr. A.'s statement the drill would be beating him badly. He says nothing whether he has his broadcast sowing harrowed in or not, but exultingly says "thus doing more work than the horses, drill and driver." It seems to me the *ne plus ultra* of sowing to be to have each grain equal-distant from its neighbor, which the drill certainly does accomplish. It is good economy to pay from \$75 to \$150 for a machine of so great usefulness.

Which is the best Grain Drill? The one I have is the Buckeye Grain Drill and Grass-seed Sower, which I have used four seasons and have had no difficulty in its use. It is free from the objections made by Mr. A. It is manufactured at Springfield, Ohio. This is an answer in part to A. G. M. Which is the very best drill, I of course am unable to say, but the one above referred to performs to my entire satisfaction. Huntley Station, Ill., 1865. J. F.

OUR TREATMENT OF MILK FEVER.

Cows exposed to cold and dampness or fed on dry, heating or astringent food, often have fever of some kind. To prevent this keep the cow from exposure to cold and dampness near calving time, and for some time afterwards; give warm messes of wheat bran—after calving, made thin—three times a day, and some water to drink from which the chill has been taken, if drawn from a well or cold spring. Four years since we had a good cow which came in the first of May; she seemed smart, and the third day was given a cold mess of bran and water at noon. The next morning she was in great distress, would rise up, tremble and fall down, and had not eaten the hay placed in her manger over night. The stable floor was littered with straw a foot thick to prevent her from injuring herself in falling. A piece of saltpetre the size of a large pea was dissolved in a pint of water, put in a long-necked bottle and poured down her; then she was vigorously rubbed all over with wisps of straw, and covered with a thick woolen bedquilt to draw the internal warmth to the surface—her limbs often well rubbed. Some warm gruel (made of bran and flour, mixed) was poured down her, as she could eat nothing herself her calf permitted to run with her, and having a good appetite, took every opportunity to get what milk it could. The rubbing and external warmth were kept up; the second dose of dissolved saltpetre was given twenty-four hours after the first; repeated doses of wheat bran and flour gruel given, and some young, tender grass picked and placed in her mouth. The second day she did not tremble so much, and could stand longer; the third day was much better, and the fourth being pleasant she was let out to feed on tender grass near, and return to the stable when tired. She soon became as well as ever. H.



MR. NEWELL'S EWE TEG "PRINCESS."

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

STATE SHEEP FAIR.

OUR paper went to press too early this week to get any of the proceedings of the State Sheep Fair at Canandaigua. We hope to publish a full account of it next week.

EWE TEG "PRINCESS."

P. NELSON NEWELL of Shelburne, Vermont, writes us:—I kept about forty Infatado ewes. My first purchase of them was of HENRY W. HAMMOND of Middlebury, Vt. I bought five of his old ewes in the fall of 1860. In the fall following, I bought eight more of him, and ten which were from EDWIN HAMMOND's flock. Since then my purchases have been exclusively of HAMMOND stock. I have principally used Mr. HAMMOND and VICTOR WRIGHT's rams. The ewe teg "Princess" (a cut of which is given above) was about ten months old when drawn by Mr. PAGE. She was got by Mr. H.'s Gold Drop, her dam by the Thousand Dollar Ram, (now owned by A. F. WILCOX, Fayetteville, N. Y.,) out of a ewe purchased of Mr. HAMMOND in 1860.

SURGICAL OPERATION FOR GOITRE.

It will be remembered that some months since we published a letter from Dr. E. H. SPRAGUE, of Middlebury, Vt., describing the mode in which he had removed one of the affected glands from the necks of lambs, in cases of goitre. Dr. SPRAGUE, who has removed to Lincoln, Vt., has, very properly in our judgment, consented to employ his surgical skill in the same useful way this spring. We have just received from him one of these extracted glands, preserved in ether, and prepared to show the places where the arteries enter and leave it. The following is the accompanying description:

"The gland I send you is perhaps a little larger than those I have commonly extracted. [It is about an inch and three-eighths long, about eleven-sixteenths of an inch wide at the middle and widest place, and a trifle over half an inch thick. It is of oval form, with rounded ends and edges, and one side flattened or semi-concave. It is shaped like the cocoon of a large insect which has been depressed on one side by its attachment to the limb of a tree.] This is the left thyroid. The flat or semi-concave surface rested upon the trachea or wind-pipe. Both glands acting together in respiration, press down on the trachea so as almost to close it, and they thus oftentimes mechanically produce suffocation. The removal of one is sufficient. The remaining one, not being opposed by its fellow gland, the trachea can no longer be compressed between them, and there is no further obstruction to the breathing. The white thread is attached to the lower extremity of the gland (that nearest the breast of the lamb) at the place where the largest or thyroid artery is to be tied. Its being severed would otherwise cause the lamb to bleed to death in a quarter of a minute. The black thread near the upper end, and on the upper or outside surface of gland, is a smaller branch of the main artery and must be tied—or it would bleed the subject to death in less than a minute. The red string at the middle of the inner or tracheal edge of the gland indicates the small recurrent artery, and it does not need tying. I took this gland from a large, strong ram lamb three days old, regarded as valuable by his owner, Mr. P., who informs me that many of the lambs in his neighborhood are thus affected this year." We think that a careful examination of the

above described and prepared gland, would enable any skillful surgeon to extract one with safety, and we are by no means sure that we have not neat-handed farmers who could do the same thing, on being instructed a little by a surgeon in the mode of dissecting away the enveloping tissues, (heretofore described by Dr. SPRAGUE in these columns,) and of preparing ligatures and tying up arteries. If goitre is hereditary—if the lambs which are thus saved will transmit it to their posterity—they had better be allowed to die at birth; for, if saved, ignorance or rascality might some day or other palm them off as sound sheep on purchasers. We would not, with our present want of definite knowledge on the subject, advise any man to breed from a ram which had exhibited goitre at birth and which had been saved from its effects by Dr. SPRAGUE'S operation. We should regard it as morally a fraud, to sell ewes which had thus been operated upon, without notifying the purchaser of the fact. Yet we think the strong tide of testimony, thus far, is that the disease is not hereditary. It often appears congenitally (at birth) in the offspring of ewes which never exhibited a trace of the disease.

While, in our present state of knowledge, it would be wrong to sell sheep cured of goitre without notice, it is not wrong to save their lives. It is not wrong to put the ewes to breeding, and by experiment to clearly ascertain whether the disease is hereditary or not. One or two experiments in any given locality will not settle this question, for in places where sound ewes would have goitred lambs, it could not be expected that the progeny of those which once exhibited goitre would be exempt from it.

But if it were a settled point that goitre was strictly hereditary, the SPRAGUE process would yet be of great utility. If the goitred lamb comes strong, it could thus be converted into a valuable animal to treat as we now treat wethers—that is, feed it and shear it until ready for the butcher. Twenty or thirty lambs thus saved annually on a sheep farm, would constitute an important item in the profit and loss account.

Dr. SPRAGUE is not, we believe, permanently settled at Lincoln. We wish much that he could be prevailed upon to move into the sheep growing region of Western New York, where he could obtain a good practice, (he is a regular and experienced physician, and is considered a skillful one,) perform that process of which he is the author, on sheep, and each spring instruct a class of farmers in the mode of practically performing that operation.

BROWN SPOTS ON THE NOSE, &c.—RED SPOTS ON LAMBS.

DARWIN E. ROBINSON, Shoreham, Vt., writes us:—"I would like to know if the Paular and Infatado sheep originally imported into the United States had brown spots on their noses, ears and about their eyes. There is, once in a while, one thus marked in my flock. I used to ask my father what it meant, and he used to tell me it was a sign of good blood. Do you consider a valuable sheep worth any the less for having these spots?"

From our own recollections on the subject, running back pretty distinctly for thirty years, and from our investigations of earlier traditions, we are confident that the early Marinos of our country were thus marked much more than they are at the present time. Many of them, too, had buff faces. We owned, twenty years ago, a

pure blood flock which uniformly exhibited this peculiarity. The outer half of each ear was tan or leather colored at birth, but faded somewhat with age. The new born lambs were very frequently spotted over the body with red, and occasionally one was as red all over as a fox, except that the tail would almost uniformly in such cases be tipped with white—suggesting to the believers in such things, that the young animal was "marked after" a fox. The red wool soon disappeared, and it never re-appeared on the animal. The Paular or Rich sheep, when we first knew them, had not the buff face, but they had the tawny ear, the brown spots on the nose and about the eyes, and the lambs at birth were not unfrequently spotted with red on the body. The Infatado or Humphrey sheep, as we first saw them in the hands of Mr. ARWOOD and other breeders, had less of this brown and red marking, yet they were by no means destitute of it.

ERASTUS ROBINSON was an able improver of sheep, and it is conceded by all who knew him, that had he lived he would scarcely have had a superior as a successful Merino breeder. When he told his son that the brown spots were marks of "good blood," he undoubtedly had his eye on the fact that the earliest pure blood sheep owned by him were thus marked. And that they were thus marked in Spain can be shown by many writers. YOUTT quotes, with full approbation, a description of the Spanish Merinos written in 1811, from which we take the following sentences:—"The Merino hue, so variously described as a velvet, a fawn, or a satin colored countenance, but in which a red tinge not unfrequently predominates, still indicates the original colors of the indigenous breeds of Spain; and the black wool, for which Spain was formerly so much distinguished, is still apt to break out occasionally in the legs and ears of the Merino race. In some flocks, half the ear is invariably brown, and a coarse, black hair is often discernible in the finest pile." (YOUTT on Sheep, p. 145, note.) ARTHUR YOUNG describes a flock of Catalonian Merinos seen by him in Spain, as having white or reddish legs, and some of them white and some of them red faces. (Annals of Agriculture, vol. 8, p. 195.)

Do we consider the sheep of the present day "worth any the less" for being marked like their pure blooded ancestors? We do not. But many breeders have been at considerable pains to breed out these markings on the nose and ears, and some flocks now rarely exhibit traces of them. This is more particularly the case among the Infatados, though the Paulars, too, have much less of them than formerly—particularly those which are crossed most with Infatado blood. There is no objection certainly to breeding out these spots. Every person has a right to consult his own taste in this particular. The only trouble is that when fashion gets to running in a particular channel in a matter of no real importance, the difficulties of the breeder are unnecessarily increased: he must get rid of peculiarities which are of no consequence; in effecting this he may often be called upon to exclude from his flock some of the best animals in it; and, to be consistent, he must sell these animals at an inferior price, because, by his own imaginary standard, they are marked with a defect. The attention of buyers, too, is divided between real and fanciful points of excellence. There are always breeding quacks enough to exaggerate the importance of these trivial points of fashion; and there are always greenhorns enough, among buyers, to look more at such shadows than at the substance.

CAUSES OF GOITRE.

H. R. CLARK, Hampden, —, says, that two years ago he wintered 50 breeding ewes on marsh hay and straw, giving them corn and oats mixed equally, and about three baskets of ruta bagas per day. The lambs were all sound. A year ago he wintered 100 breeding ewes, feeding them timothy hay once and straw once a day, corn and oats mixed, and potatoes twice a week. He lost 35 lambs. The ewes in both winters drank hard water from a trough. He believes timothy hay to be the prime cause of "imperfectly developed and goitered lambs." He says, many of his neighbors flocks suffered equally with his own, and in every case, so far as he could learn, the ewes were fed on timothy hay, while those fed on marsh hay and straw had sound lambs. He remarks that the disease could not have been produced in his case by want of exercise, as his ewes had a large yard, &c.

Mr. CLARK may be entirely right in the latter conclusion, but there is no rational probability that he is in the first one, viz.: that timothy hay is the prime cause of the disease. Timothy hay has been principally fed to sheep from time immemorial in the New England States, in Eastern and Southern New York, and in portions of most of the Northern States; and the flocks thus fed have been as free from goitre, or imperfect development in their lambs, as any others. Indeed, it was proclaimed by a very intelligent gentleman at the winter meeting of the N. Y. State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association at Syracuse, last February, that many of the farmers of Steuben Co., N. Y., were disposed to attribute this malady, or these maladies, to clover hay! The different kinds of pasturage which cover the earth, and which domestic animals graze on with natural fondness, may be more or less nutritious, but to suppose any of them positively injurious to animal life—productive of fatal and exterminating maladies—is, in our judgment, almost an impeachment of the benevolent order of Providence! The sheep has no instinct which teaches it to avoid the above supposed causes of such diseases. And those causes are found, if these theories are correct, in natural productions which form the greatest and most profitable foddering crops of the temperate zone—without which large flocks and herds can scarcely in these latitudes be prof-

itably carried through the winter, in old settled regions of country from which natural pastures have disappeared. Is this probable? Does it comport with the harmony and economy of things? Must we have marshes on our farms to raise good hay for sheep, when marshes under ordinary circumstances are proverbially unhealthy summer habitats for them? We have extended these remarks, not merely to reply to our correspondent, but to suggest to all to look into the reasons of things, before they adopt crude theories, based on a few accidental coincidences.

WINTER DROPPED LAMBS.

"I. F.," Riga, Lenawee Co., Mich., writes strongly in advocacy of winter dropped lambs. He had nine accidentally impregnated ewe lambs between the 8th and the 15th of February. They run in the fields night and day until within a few days of lambing, and the first one lambed in the snow. They were then housed from falling snow, rain or wind in an old log barn, where the temperature was not more than two degrees above that of the open air. They were tolerably well fed, getting a little grain and Swedes, with hay—but they often refused the latter when grass could be got. Seven dropped twins, the other two one a piece; and at the time of writing (April 24) the lambs were so large and strong that I. F. is well satisfied that no April or May lambs, however pampered, can ever overtake them. Accordingly, when his turnip crop promises well, he will always have his ewes in lamb so as to have them yeau thus early. He believes some people nurse their sheep too much; that "nice, warm stables are detrimental, if the constitution is good; that sheep should have plenty of air and exercise, making the fire burn outward from within, instead of inward from without." In conclusion he asks:—"What say you?"

We reply that in the comparatively mild climate of Michigan—in little flocks of very hardy sheep accustomed to exposures and accustomed to summer and winter ranging—with turnips at command—lambs dropped in the very heart of February, in a temperature but little above that of the open air, may do well enough, especially if the open air is particularly mild for the season! But persons having flocks of considerable size, and which are accustomed to the degree of care and shelter which a vast majority of flock masters regard as both necessary and economical, would, in our judgment, find I. F.'s precedent a very unsafe one to follow in the same latitude. Lenawee county is in latitude 42 deg., corresponding with the north line of Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, and very nearly with the north line of Connecticut, Ohio and Indiana. We perfectly concur with our correspondent, however, that sheep can be nursed too much; that they can be, and often are, stabled so carefully as to unfit them for what may be termed the economical degree of exposure; and that to preserve the constitution in its normal vigor, and maintain robust health, they should be so treated and fed that in cold weather they can rely as much on a vigorous discharge of the functions of the lungs, as on barns and stables, for the necessary degree of animal heat.

"OVERFLOW OF THE GALL."

R. N. STEWART, Colfax, Jasper Co., Iowa, writes us:—"I have lost five of my fattest sheep with what I call overflow of the gall. The sheep became stupid, refused to eat, and sometimes they staggered and run sideways. They ran at the nose badly, and died about the 4th or 5th day. I first thought it to be worm in the head. I opened two of their heads, however, without discovering any worms. I then opened the carcasses of two others, and found their gall bladders three times as large as they should be, and the tallow on their entrails perfectly colored with the gall."

"Overflow of the gall" holds a place, we believe, in the popular list of ovine diseases, but we have always supposed it rather to be an effect of some disease. We have seen an enlargement of the gall bladder, though not to the extent above stated; and we have seen the entrails stained with bile which had escaped from it. The last is, indeed, not an uncommon appearance after death. The distension of the gall bladder might arise from two causes, an unnaturally large secretion of bile from the liver, indicating a diseased state or disturbance of the functions of that organ, or from a mechanical obstruction of the biliary duct by calculi or by the effects of inflammation. In either case, there would be wanting a discharge of healthy bile into the duodenum, and consequently that conversion of the chyme into chyle, or, in other words, that separation of the nutritive and innutritive parts of the former, without which pure, healthy blood cannot be produced or nutrition sustained. But in this case we should rather expect symptoms like those of jaundice to manifest themselves before death.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c

- LIFE MEMBERS.—The following persons sent in their names as Life Members of the New York State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association during the week ending May 6th: Frank Jerome, Esq., Pompey. George R. Wells, Esq., Fairmount. Wheeler Brothers, Esqs., Watervale. Horace Wheeler, Esq., Fairmount. Hon. George Geddes, Esq., Fairmount. Adin Thayer, Esq., Fairmount. Thomas J. Williams, Esq., Fairmount. M. & S. Salisbury, Esqs., Little York. Alexander Arnold, Esq., Avoca. John Johnston, Esq., Geneva. John B. Cooley, Esq., Canandaigua. Austin Childs, Esq., Canandaigua. Stafford S. Washburn, Esq., Hopewell. George T. Washburn, Esq., Victor. Franklin B. Green, Esq., Rushville. Horace Arnold, Esq., " " L. D. Gage, Esq., " " Lorenzo Babcock, Esq., Riga.

NEW CAUSE OF WOOL PULLING.—A. T. CLARK, Raymondville, N. Y., writes:—"I had in Nov. last 100 coarse and middle woolled sheep. They were in good condition and I housed them in stormy weather and cold nights all the fall. With one or two exceptions they have not pulled their wool. On the 8th Dec. I bought 50 ewes of about the same grade, that had run out without any care or shelter, and were poor. I put them all together and gave them the same care. In a short time a number of the 50 I bought began to pull their wool. On examination I found they were literally covered with very small white lice, much resembling those found on hens. I dusted Scotch snuff into the wool, and the second application killed the lice and stopped the pulling in every case. The coarse long woolled sheep were the only ones affected."

SCROFULA.—J. D. WHEAT, Cannon Falls, Minn., gives some account of a malady in his flock which, so far as the symptoms are mentioned, more closely resembles scrofula than anything else that we are acquainted with. But the symptoms are not described minutely enough—their beginning, progress, final appearance, and effects—to give us much confidence in any opinion we could form on the subject. The case is an unusual one, and we should be very glad to have Mr. W. furnish us with further particulars.

CURE FOR SCAB.—JOHN G. SHEPHERD, Wakeman, O., writes:—"The following recipe will cure scab without fail, as I know by experience. Make a strong decoction of tobacco, into which put white vitriol at the rate of 3 lbs. for 100 sheep. Shear the sheep, then dip them as you would lambs to kill ticks. I have applied it to sheep having the disease very badly, and it cured by a single dipping."

PARTURIENT FEVER.—R. H. PATTERSON, Blendon, Franklin Co., O., describes symptoms of a disease which we are inclined to consider parturient fever, though they do not accord exactly with those given by Mr. SHAMAN, quoted in the Practical Shepherd (p. 331.) As Mr. P. has the latest named work, let him look there for the best remedies which are known to us.

SAMPLES OF WOOL.—F. B. SAWYER, Webster, N. H., sends us samples of wool from a Hammond ram two years old, and a 1/2 Hammond ewe teg. The first, lacking a week of a year's growth, is 3 1/2 inches long, the other 3 1/4 inches long. The quality and style are good, internal yolk abundant and of a yellowish tinge.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Selecting Seed Corn. "WHEN seed corn has not been saved in autumn," writes an experienced person, "it should be selected from the crib with much care. Choose the long ears, with large kernels and small cob. Let every ear be broken in two, before shelling. If the pit and cob be bright, the seed will vegetate; but if they appear to have been water-soaked and are dark-colored and are somewhat mouldy, the vitality of the germs has been injured, if not entirely destroyed. Then with an ax cut off an inch of the top end of the ears selected, and all the irregular kernels at the large end. They can be cut off quicker than shelled off. The small kernels on the tip, and the irregular ones on the butt of the ear will not produce as much, nor as handsome grain as those that grow in the middle of the cob. By continuing to plant the small kernels of the little end of ears, for a few years in succession, the ears will be shorter, and the kernels smaller; and the irregular kernels of the butt end will produce ears destitute of kernels in rows for a few successive years, and the product is short, thick ears, the kernels of irregular form, not in rows, on large cobs. When seed corn is obtained from another part of the country, it will usually ripen earlier when carried south of the locality where it grew. A few miles, however, would make no perceptible difference. The practice of some farmers in Central New York is, to obtain seed that grew near the shores of lakes and rivers, which had ripened ten to fourteen days before that grown on the upland. By this means their corn is usually fit to cut up a few days sooner than it would have been, if they had planted their own seed, and will often escape early frost."—American Agriculturist.

Breeding Fowls.

TALKING about breeding fowls a writer in Wilkes' Spirit says: I am a great advocate for choosing young birds for this purpose, and recommend that early pullets be selected every year for stock the following season, and put with two year old cocks: for instance, pullets hatched in May attain their growth and become perfect in shape, size and health, before the chills of winter. They should be put with cocks of two years old, when they will lay on the first appearance of mild weather, and their produce has the same advantage as these have had before them. I do not advocate having young stock fowls so much on account of their laying early, as I do for the superiority of their breeding. Neither is it desirable to breed from fowls of all the same age. Where it can be done, it is better to put a two year old cock with pullets, and vice versa. It is well to introduce fresh cocks of pure breed into the yard every second year; this prevents degeneracy, and for the same reason no cock should be kept more than three seasons, nor a hen more than four, if it is intended to keep them in the highest possible perfection and efficiency.

Management of Restive Horses.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"I have a valuable mare of very high spirit. Last fall she began to be restive about starting, so much so that it was dangerous to drive her single. She was impatient to start, and if held in, would rear and pitch about, sometimes throwing herself down. Finding the matter becoming serious, I undertook to cure her, and succeeded perfectly. The modus operandi is this:—Let the driver have the entire charge of her, and take pains, by gentle usage and kindness, to be on good terms with her. When she is to be driven, let him

harness her himself, talking to and patting her during the process. When all is ready, go to her head and stand, without holding, if possible, till everything is in the buggy but yourself. Now, holding the lines step back a pace or two. She will probably start. If she does, pull her up without a jerk, speaking kindly to her as soon as she is still. If she backs up or rears, hold her by the head, but do not strike her. Repeat the process till she is mad enough to stand still, and take that time to get in. Now, if you order her to start, she will probably make more trouble; wait, therefore, till she is ready—you can tell by watching her ears—then give her the word and let her go. By pursuing this plan a few weeks a radical cure may be effected; this, at least, is my experience. One very important point is, never on any account use any severity with a horse of that disposition; it can never do any good, and is almost sure to do hurt. It should be remembered that, while it is never necessary to give up to a horse, it is often advisable to humor them."—Exchange.

Rendering Timber Durable.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Builder states that the Belgian Government now requires all the sleepers used on the State railways to be creosoted, and the Government of Holland has adopted a similar resolution. The creosote used for this purpose is simply what is called the "dead oil" of coal tar. M. Crepin, a Belgian engineer, has also made a series of experiments with creosoted timber in harbors and docks; and in his report, lately published, he states that timber so treated was found successful in resisting the attacks of marine worms. If this be so, there would appear to be no reason why timber to be used for the purposes named should not, in all cases, be treated to a similar application of the "dead oil" of coal tar. We believe, however, that the experiments made in this country with creosoted timber have not been so generally satisfactory as the above.

Autumn and Spring Manuring.

WM. WALKER of Aberdeenshire Scotland, reports on a prize experiment to test the relative results of autumn and spring manuring. He makes out a difference in favor of the latter, in the turnip crop immediately succeeding, of 8 tons 11 cwt. in weight of roots on two acre plots, against which there was a loss in weight of tops of 1 tun 4 cwt.—net difference in favor of spring manuring 2 tons 7 cwt. This crop was succeeded by oats, without further manuring, which yielded 60 bushels of dressed grain, weighing 89 lbs. per bushel, on the two acres autumn manured, against 108 1/2 bushels, weighing 40 lbs. per bushel, on the two acres spring manured. In all other respects the treatment of the two crops is said to have been precisely alike, and the quality and previous treatment of the soil for a long course of years the same.

Farmers' Paint.

FARMERS will find the following profitable for house or fence paint:—Skim milk, two quarts; fresh slaked lime, eight ounces; linseed oil, six ounces; white Burgundy pitch, two ounces, Spanish white, three pounds. The lime is to be slaked in water, exposed to the air, and then mixed with one-fourth milk; the oil, in which the pitch is dissolved, to be added, a little at a time, then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This was sufficient for twenty-seven yards, two coats. This is for a white paint. If desirable, any other color may be produced: thus, if a cream color is desired, in place of part of the Spanish white, use the ochre alone.—Working Farmer.

Cows Leaking Milk.

A CORRESPONDENT once said he cured a cow by bathing her teats previous to her making bag, with melted tallow, every three or four days till she calved. It can be done after milking as well when the bag is empty. There is an article called collodion or liquid cuticle, which may be obtained of the druggists. Apply this to the end of the teats after milking the cow. It at once forms a thin, tough skin, and closes the orifice. At the next milking, this skin can be broken through, and after milking, the collodion again applied. After a few applications in this way, the defect will be cured, and no more need be applied.

How to Cleanse a Cistern.

ANOTHER simple thing I have accidentally learned; and it, too, if not generally known, ought to be relating to stagnant, odorous water in cisterns. Many persons know how annoying this sometimes becomes. After frequent cleanings and other experiments, all to no positive permanent utility, I was advised to put, say two pounds of caustic soda in the water and it purified it in a few hours. Since then, when I tried what is called concentrated lye, I had quite as good a result. One or both these articles can be obtained at almost any druggist's.—Ex.

Remedy for Scratches.

IN answer to the query for a remedy for scratches, I will give one which I have used for thirty-five years with complete success, having never failed in one instance:—Take white pine pitch, rosin, beeswax and honey, 1 ounce each, fresh lard, one-half pound, melt well together over a slow fire, then add one-half an ounce sulphate copper (verdigris), stir till it is quite thick, so the parts may not settle and separate. This makes an excellent application for harness galls and cuts and sores of all kinds, on horses and cattle.—Maine Farmer.

WIND PUFF ON HORSES.

H. L. HINKLEY of Iowa, writes the RURAL:—"Tell S. H. H., Memphis, N. Y., to try alum dissolved in alcohol. Apply two or three times a day, rub well. I have cured callouses caused by clogs on horses legs with it."

Rural Notes and Queries.

SEASONABLE HINTS.—Plan your work in advance, and thereby save time and loss by preventing delays. Now, of all seasons, labor should be done well and at the right time.—Good Implements are requisites to good and profitable farming, and it is wise and economical to have them ready for use whenever wanted. "Get the best," and remember that "delays are dangerous."—Pure Seed, of the best varieties obtainable, is what every farmer and gardener should seek, and then plant at the right time, on good soil and in the best manner.—Your Teams must be kept in good heart, by being well and regularly fed and cared for, if you would have them perform all the work necessary at this busy season, and prepared for the summer campaign.—Plow Deep while sluggards sleep,—yes plow deep, any way, without regard to the sluggards, and it will prove a good investment.—Breeding Animals require extra attention now-a-days.—A little neglect may cause material loss; timely care and feed, with good shelter, are important.—Spare the Birds, but kill all vermin, whether insects or four-legged depredators on trees, plants or crops. You must watch and work lest they prey upon and destroy your most promising products. "An ounce of preventive," &c.—The Best Tools, (hoes, rakes, forks, etc.) should be given to the boys and weaker workmen.—Don't give them the poorest and then complain because they are behind in time and execution.—Paint and Shelter are indispensable to the preservation of machines, implements, &c., and each should be counted and used among the important economies.—Good Roads are wanted in many sections of the country, and there are few localities in which the public highways may not be materially improved. Reader, is there not room for improvement alongside your premises or in your neighborhood?—Good Fences, Gates, &c., are generally regarded as sure indications of good and profitable husbandry. They are certainly useful, convenient and commendable. Of course every RURAL subscriber knows and appreciates all this, and we only mention the matter for the benefit of borrowers, etc.—Drainage should be done on many fields and farms. If you are unable to make underdrains, surface drains will answer in many cases—and a single plow furrow will often prove of vast benefit.

COLMAN'S RURAL WORLD.—This handsome double quarto semi-monthly, (a continuation of the Valley Farmer, as we have already noticed), reaches us regularly, and improves with age. Now that the rebellion is substantially over, brother COLMAN will have a wide and ere long fruitful field of labor, and we trust his Rural World will soon number its tens of thousands of subscribers. When we were about starting the RURAL NEW-YORKER one of the oldest agricultural journalists in the country advised us to locate at Cincinnati or St. Louis, and gave some cogent reasons therefor, but we thought from fifteen to twenty years must elapse before such a paper as we proposed would succeed there, and hence selected the heart of Western New York. But the time is now at hand when a first class agricultural and Family weekly can be sustained in the South-west, and we predict that the Rural World will at no distant day become such, instead of a semi-monthly. The World is published by N. J. COLMAN, St. Louis, Mo., at \$3 per year.

SOW THE CLOVER SEED!—There is danger that the present high price of clover seed may deter many farmers from their usual seeding. But such a course would be poor economy. Owing to the drought and other causes, the seeding of last season, was generally a failure. This fact makes it the more important to secure a good "catch" this year, in order to preserve that rotation which is indispensable in good farming. I repeat my "text" with emphasis—"sow the clover seed!"—P. P. B., April 3, 1885.

THE above should have appeared weeks ago, but was mislaid. The advice is good, and we hope it is not yet too late for many to heed the same.

GREAT SALE OF AYSHIRE CATTLE.—We have inadvertently omitted to chronicle the result of the sale of the herd of Ayshires belonging to H. H. PATTERSON, Esq., of Southboro, Mass., by many believed to be the best herd of the breed in this country. The sale took place on the 11th of last month, as previously advertised in the RURAL, and comprised fifty-four cows and heifers and eleven bulls. The average price of the former was \$314, and the latter, a little over \$100. The total proceeds of sale amounted to \$15,680. The sale was largely attended, and prominent breeders were present from nearly all the New England States and New York.

FAILURES IN LIFE.—The story thus entitled, given in our present number, is an instructive one, imparting an important moral lesson. Prof. WEBSTER always writes well, but this sketch is an improvement upon his former efforts in the same line. By the way, Prof. W., who was for several years the efficient and popular principal of the Rochester Free Academy, has resumed the practice of law, as will be observed by reference to his card in this paper. He is a gentleman of the strictest integrity, in whom any of our readers having occasion to employ an attorney can place implicit confidence.

PROXIMITY OF HOG-PENS AND GRANARIES.—On this topic a correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "I would say to all intending to build hog-pens, not to build granaries over or adjoining them, as I know two cases where grain stored in such places was so impregnated by the effluvia of the hogs as to be unfit for human food, and I doubt the propriety of feeding hogs with grain so saturated, and I doubt if pork fattened in damp, dark pens, where sun and winds have no purifying influence, be fit to eat."

ANOTHER "BIG THING."—The N. Y. Tribune publishes an account of the great value which the French farmers have discovered in a new forage plant originally from the Carolinas. It is called the Schrader Brome. As usual with new things it is wonderful:—grows on any soil, yields four and even five crops a year; compared with Luzerne, it increased the milk of cows 10 per cent., &c. All which reminds us of the palmy days of Morus Multicaulis, China Tree Corn, etc., as well as of some more recent vegetable wonders.

LOWER CANADA AG. FAIR.—The next annual Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition of Lower Canada is to be held (at Montreal, we presume,) on the 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th days of September. The premiums offered are liberal, and the list embraces a wide range of animals, products and manufactured articles.

THE WOOL CLIP.—It is said that about three-fourths of the annual clip of wool of this country is usually thrown upon the market during the third and fourth weeks of June.

HORTICULTURAL.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS—NOTES IN THE GARDEN.

In our last we gave some general remarks on the Hyacinths, Tulips, and other early spring flowers. As then promised, we now notice a few of the most striking varieties now in flower.

DOUBLE BLUE—A la Mode, light, somewhat striped with dark. General Antink, very fine light, splendid large bells and excellent truss. Kroon van Indien, very deep blue. Prince of Saxe-Weimar, not perfectly double, but very dark and a fine truss.

DOUBLE WHITE—A la Mode, fine truss, red eye. Mathilda, splendid truss, bluish white, with deep red eye. Nannette, pure white and fine. Miss Klity, good truss, violet eye.

DOUBLE RED—Bouquet Royal, rose, fine truss. Bouquet Tendre, crimson, magnificent truss. Ferrague Royal, rose, good truss.

DOUBLE YELLOW—The yellows are not usually very desirable, as the colors are not bright. Bouquet d'Orange is very good, and Gæthe and Louis d'Or.

SINGLE BLUE—Blen Mourant, very deep, fine color. Camper, good light. Cœur Blanc, deep blue, with white eye. Grand Lilac, bluish lilac, very fine truss. Mimosa, very dark, purplish, magnificent truss. Nimrod, deep blue, splendid truss. William I. and Belle Africaine, are very dark and excellent.

SINGLE WHITE—Anna Paulowna, very white. Emilius, rosy, magnificent truss. Kroonprincess, pure white, excellent. Lord Grey, white, slightly tinged with rose, superb truss. Madame Talleyrand, pure white.

SINGLE RED—Amy, dark red, very bright and fine. Appellus, darkish bright red. Charlauns, fine red. Dibbitz Sabakanaki, brilliant light red, bells small, but forming a compact truss, and a splendid flower. Duchess of Richmond, dark rose. Madame Hodson, dark rose, striped with red, long, good truss. Robert Steiger, fine crimson, excellent truss.

SINGLE YELLOW—Koning van Holland, called orange, is an excellent flower, but a very good salmon color. Alida Jacobsa, very fair yellow.

TULIPS. We described the earliest Tulips sufficiently, perhaps, last week, but will now say the yellow Tourneol is proving magnificent, — as large, almost, as a Peony; both varieties, the red and yellow, are deserving favorites. A few days later, the third class, known generally as the single carls, begin to open their flowers, and some of them are in bloom at the same time. In fact, this season from before the first of April until the first of June, a fine succession of Tulips can be had by a proper selection of varieties. The latter part of March the Duc Van Thols began to expand, and now, the 8th of May, they are still beautiful. These were followed by the Tourneols, which are in perfection. About the 20th of April the Single Early began to show flowers, and they have not yet arrived at perfection. Some of the Double varieties are beginning to exhibit their brilliant colors, and for two or three weeks yet will be in perfection. The Parrots are just beginning to show color, but we do not expect a brilliant show for a week or two. These will be followed by the Late varieties. They are only just beginning to show their buds, and we shall be disappointed if they do not carry the Tulip season well into June. We have taken notes of a few of the best varieties now in flower, which will be of advantage to our readers in making selections for another season. October and November is the season for planting Tulips. They are perfectly hardy, well adapted to our climate, and the lovers of flowers who take our advice and plant a good bed of fine varieties, will have no cause to regret the investment.

SINGLE EARLY—Arthus, beautiful deep red. Bacchus, deep crimson, fine cup. Canary Bird, fine, bright yellow. Cramoisi Superbe, splendid crimson, about seven inches in height. Duc de Clermont, splendid bright carmine, base of petals white. About a foot in height, and a fine cup. Fen, superbe dark, rich crimson. Grand Duke of Russia, red, deeply bordered with yellow, beautifully marked, and a splendid cup. Some 12 or 14 inches in height. Lac Bontifol, leaves edged with white, and very showy and pretty plant; flower violet, bordered with white. Mollere, violet, striped with yellow. Prince of Austria, orange and yellow. Standard Royal, white, beautifully striped with red. Olympia, fine violet, striped with white. Yellow Prince, fine yellow; good cup.

ABOUT OSAGE ORANGE HEDGES.

Mr. MOORE—SIR:—You will find a stem of Osage Orange of one year's growth with this. I cut the hedge last May, calculating to destroy it in some way, but did not. My father tried to make a fence of it about ten years ago; he set the plants six inches apart in one row, hoed, trimmed, &c., twice a year for five years. Since then, only trimmed once a year. The trouble is it would winter kill from two to a dozen in a spot, so that it will not stop hogs, or even cattle, without putting in rails or boards, and that did not improve the looks. So now I want to get rid of it, or if you can tell me how to do better I would like it. It grows so fast that the wood does not ripen in time for our winter. Soil gravelly loam. MALACHI COX, Baldwinville, April, 1865.

We have had complaints of the Osage Orange not resisting our cold winters, and have several times observed the same results complained of by our correspondent, while many persons who have cultivated it find no such result. There is no doubt but that the cause of its frequent failure is in consequence of its growing too luxuri-

antly and falling to ripen and perfect its wood. We think one cause of its failure may be attributed to setting in too rich a soil, and forcing too great a growth. Too close trimming will produce the same effect.

The great desideratum in finding the right material for the construction of that to be all-important item in farm husbandry—a good hedge—is, we fear, yet to be discovered.

The Barberry, which grows freely from seed, so far as tried, promises well. It never grows large, is perfectly hardy, and strong wood.

THE TIME TO TRIM APPLE TREES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have often thought that I would write to you on the subject of trimming apple trees, but I dared not until now, seeing a request in your paper for information, I will give my experience. I have trimmed at different times, and watched the effect. When I trim in March, April or May—say the fore part of May—the wound bleeds more or less, and has a dark, unhealthy appearance. The same is the result when I trim in the fall. I have trimmed in June, say the first, when the tree begins to make wood; then it is prepared to heal the wound, and in three or four weeks the new wood may be seen close to the edge of the bark, and the wound has a fine appearance. I think there is little or no benefit arising from two or three months or even weeks bleaching in rain, snow, sun and cold winds. The tree is unprepared by nature to heal the wound. Tell J. D. PRATT to trim when his trees commence to make wood, and if he is not satisfied with the result, I would like to know the reason. West Cham. Clinton Co., N. Y. L. B.

AN ARMY TO CONQUER.

THE black web-neet caterpillar is most alarmingly numerous on apple, cherry and peach trees, this spring. Here, they are making war on the opening foliage, already. This day, in about an hour, I conquered about a hundred regiments of the insurgents,—attacking them near sundown, when all were in camp, and burying them in their fortresses. I took a can of water and a greenward sod, and dipping the sod in water, I nicely plastered their habitations with thin mud. The slaughter was indiscriminating and sure. My young trees had from one to four or five nests on each. If left a week longer, I could not have destroyed the growing army in half a day.

Neighbors, attack them now, and save your trees! Attica, N. Y., April 27, 1865. L. S.

GARDEN HINTS FOR MAY.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Look out for insects. If taken in time and destroyed they seldom become troublesome. These rebels gain strength only by time. Fruit trees swelling their fruit are improved by a shaking just before ripening. This is particularly true of the strawberry. Corn stalks make a good mulch for the strawberry—something is necessary to keep the fruit clean. As fruit trees push out new shoots, pull out vigorous ones to strengthen the weaker. Thin out fruit where there is danger of over-bearing, which newly planted trees often do. Blackberries and raspberries set out in spring may kill themselves by overbearing. It is pardonable to wish for some fruit the first year. If a tree seems to be growing freely some fruit may be left. Cut out black knot or any symptoms of disease that may appear and as they appear.

VEGETABLE GARDEN.—Keep weeds of all kinds down from the time they first begin to show their seed leaves. It not only saves labor in the end, but the frequent stirring of the soil vastly serves the crop. Sow a succession of vegetables every few weeks—sometimes insects, sometimes frost, or occasionally other accidents, will cut off a crop, and then there is some chance for its successor not wholly to disappoint.

Melons, cucumbers, corn, okras, squash, beans, sweet potatoes, Lima beans, peppers, egg-plant, tomatoes, and other tender vegetables that will not do well till the sun gets high and ground warm, should go into the soil without delay.

Bean poles should be set before the beans are planted, and near cities where they are comparatively high priced, their ends should be charred; this will make them last some years.

Drumhead cabbage, savory, red cabbage, autumn cauliflower and other kinds of fall greens, should be put out at once. The soil can scarcely be too rich for them.—Gardener's Monthly.

DEPTH OF COVERING SEEDS.

As a general rule, the smaller the seed the lighter should be the covering. We are very apt to cover too deeply. Nature here is safe to follow. She covers lightly. The seed falls from the ripened stalk upon the surface of the ground, to be covered only with leaves, or to be washed into the soil by the rains. Onions, parsnips, squashes and Lima beans—such plants, especially, as push up the shells of the seed itself—find it difficult to force their way up through much depth of earth, after it is packed down by rains. A quarter, or half an inch at most, is quite sufficient for these seeds.

Care should be taken that no lumps of earth be left over them. We like long rows of beets, carrots, parsnips, etc., and don't believe in wasting half the land in useless paths and walks with short rows running crosswise. Long rows are more easily worked and kept clean than short ones, and the labor for the same number of plants in long rows is less than in short ones. We should study economy both on the farm and in the garden. On the field the too frequent turnings consume much time in plowing, and to some extent this is so in the garden.—Mass. Plowman.

TRAINING SQUASHES.

SQUASHES do best on new land. All the summer varieties have a hard shell when matured. The crook-neck, and the white and yellow summer scolloped are the usual varieties grown. Different varieties should be planted far apart, as they mix very easily. Two or three plants are enough for a hill. The best protection from bugs is the box, covered with gauze or glass. Squashes occupy a great deal of ground when suffered to run and have their own way. Where a person has but little room, and wishes to economise, a trellis for them to run upon is recommended, and is said to operate very successfully. Stakes or small posts are set up two feet apart each way and the seed planted in the center. When the vines begin to run they are trained upon slats nailed to the posts, and by throwing boards across the slats the fruit is supported, and will ripen much earlier than when allowed to lie on the ground half covered with leaves.

Squashes trained in this way, can be made to occupy but little space, and are said to bear as profusely as when the vines run over the ground. To those who have but little room, the plan is well worth trying. For very late varieties, the best are the Hubbard, Boston Marrow, Acorn and Vegetable Marrow. The Valparaiso is a tolerably fair variety when the season is just right. Immense squashes, sometimes grown, are rather for the sight than the table. They are coarse meat and watery, compared with the little nearly Hubbard, which is mealy, and as delicately flavored as the sweet potato. As squashes are great runners, they do better with their ends clipped off.—Utica Herald.

REMEDY FOR ONION MAGGOTS.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator gives the following as his practice:—"As soon as signs of the maggots are discovered, apply boiling water with the addition of a quart of salt to six gallons of water, poured through a cullender on to the onions as they stand in rows; hold the cullender in one hand and a bucket of hot water in the other, and walk over the piece, putting on enough to wet the onion and the top of the ground, but not enough to stand in pools on the ground around the onions. If properly applied it will destroy the maggot and not injure the growing plants. It is necessary to apply the remedy as soon as the enemy begins his work; if delayed two or three days the crop is ruined."

EFFECT OF IRON ON FRUIT TREES.—In answer to this inquiry, several times made to us as to the good effects of old iron hung on fruit trees, nails driven into the trunks, &c., we have invariably said that it was all bosh. We never believed that iron was the slightest possible use, but on the contrary believed it, from our own experience, to be hurtful, when nails are driven into the trunks. W. B. Tegetmeier, in the London Field, in combating a writer in the Times, who advocates what he calls a new use for old nails, &c., shows the absurdity of the use of iron-water in strengthening vegetation, and the use of nails and old iron in producing fruit.—German Town Telegraph.

LADY BUGS.—Whatever else you destroy in the insect line, never injure a lady bug; for in its larva, its pupa (two stages of its metamorphosis), and its insect states, it feeds upon the aphid (the plant-louse, or "vine-fetter"), that is so pestilent in gardens and green-houses, and even in window-gardening, among parlor plants. Every child knows the lady bug as well as the zoologist, who calls it "coleopterous," that is, sheath-winged, having its wings under cover of a pair of shells running longitudinally. The wings are of various brilliant colors, generally between orange and deep red. It belongs to the same genus of insects as the cochineal.—M.

Horticultural Notes and Queries.

TRANSPLANTING AT NIGHT.—An exchange has the following statement from a gentleman of reliability and close observation:—"He transplanted ten cherry trees while in blossom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon, and setting one each hour until one in the morning. Those set by daylight shed their blossoms, while those set in the dark kept their condition fully. He did the same with ten dwarf pear trees after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted during daylight shed their fruit, while those transplanted during the night perfected their fruit, and showed no injury from being removed. With each of the trees he removed some earth."

Although it is recommended to transplant tender herbaceous plants at evening, yet we can conceive no great advantage to be gained in a shrub of hard lignous fiber like the cherry and pear, from the absence of the sun and light during a single night. In fact the transplanting of a tree capable of bearing fruit and in fruit, without removing its entire roots with the earth undisturbed, and inducing it to perfect its fruit, is no small achievement by day or night.

ORANGES IN CALIFORNIA.—The cultivation of oranges is proving successful in the Southern part of California, in the region of Los Angeles. The crop of last year amounted to about 300,000, which were sold in San Francisco. The Alta of that city says that those brought there were many of them very large size, equal in this respect to any grown elsewhere, ever seen in that market. As the trees grow older, the quantity and quality of the fruit improves very rapidly, and an orange orchard in this country will yield large profits to the owners for a hundred years. The orange groves of Angeles alone will, in two or three years, more than fully supply the California market, and the time is not far distant when we shall become large exporters instead of importers of the fruit.

REMOVING MOSS FROM APPLE TREES.—Jas. M. Walworth: To clean your apple trees from moss and lichens, which is important for the health of the trees, procure what is called a deck scraper, or get one made by cutting a piece of sheet steel, or an old hoe blade will answer, about 4 inches three square, and rivet a shank on the center standing at right angles—a wood handle—grind sharp and during a wet or damp day, scrape off not only the moss but all the loose dead bark.

Domestic Economy.

RECIPE FOR TENDER GINGER CAKE.

MR. MOORE:—I have often heard housekeepers complain that recipes were not in detail enough to follow with a certainty. I will send you one that I have followed for years, and have never known it to fail. I now submit it to your columns, or your wife's kitchen, whichever place you think will yield the greatest benefit.

Grease the tins, stir the fire, wash the hands, tie on a clean apron, take a large basin and spoon, go to the water-pail, take a bright tin dipper and pour into the basin of fresh, cold well-water, as much as you think proper for one or two cakes; stop at the molasses jug and pour in good molasses to your judgment; shake up the sugar box and throw in a palm full, nearly a cup of melted butter, ginger and spice according to their strength, saleratus, or cream of tartar, or soda, the usual quantity. Stir this mixture till it foams well; take another spoon and spoon in flour until it is thick enough; then stir the batter to the left very fast until you are exhausted three times, and can hardly breathe; dish it into the baking tins and pour on molasses and water enough to cover it thinly; put it on the lower tier of a hot oven until it rises well, then remove it to the upper tier; take a newspaper, sit down by the oven door, read the news and watch the cake until it is done. If it is mixed and baked in this order I have never known it to fail from being a tender and rich ginger cake, and all eaten at the first meal. It improves by keeping, if it can be kept from hands and month. B. M. SANFORD, Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1865.

COLORING BLACK.

THE lady from Suspension Bridge has evidently some very correct notions about making delicacies, but your correspondent doubts that she understands the art of coloring in black, that will not crack.

In my opinion, by putting the goods in strong lye, for fifteen or twenty minutes, the color would partially disappear, and the wool also would be injured. My method is the following: I gather the common sorrel, of which there is plenty where I reside, and put it in a cauldron kettle, together with the yarn—a layer of yarn and then of sorrel—cover with water, and heat daily, but not boil. Wring out the yarn every day and air it. Then boil the logwood and dye the goods, without rinsing. When dry rinse in soap suds. By this process you will have a nice blue black without the use of copperas or anything that will rot the yarn. Keep the goods longer in sorrel if a jet black color is desired. Folsomdale, N. Y. MALVERIA.

CANARY SEED.—Ladies, raise your own canary seed. It can be grown nearly as readily as oats. One can hardly afford to pay at the rate of \$10 per bushel for seed, when it can be raised with very little expense in our gardens at home. Sow broadcast or in drills.

GOOD CRULLERS.—Take six eggs, six table spoons of thick sweet cream, a little salt. Mix hard and fry in lard.—H. F. B.

Advertisements.

THE GREAT BUFFALO STRAWBERRY. Buffalo Seedling,

ORIGINATED IN 1857, IN BUFFALO, N. Y. Abner H. Bryant, Sole Owner & Proprietor. This Strawberry is destined to take the lead of all other varieties, for it is not deficient in anything essential to a superior and universally popular Strawberry. It combines in itself, and distinctly and perfectly developed, every essential quality that can be found in all the best varieties. Its great productiveness, size, flavor and firmness, with its wonderful vitality and hardiness, perfecting its fruit in extreme drought and enduring the winter without protection, make it the best Strawberry ever introduced, and a Challenge to the World to produce its equal. It is the fruit of the future. For further information, containing Testimonials, sent to all who request them. As some parties advertise plants purporting to be "Buffalo Seedling," at a reduced price, to whom I never sold any, and as others, from ignorance or interested motives, are endeavoring to make it appear that the "Buffalo" is identical with the "Russell" (which is absurd, there being no similarity in the character and appearance of the fruit) I advise all who want the genuine article, to send me for it. I send out none but STRONG PLANTS, and will fill orders for any quantity, 100 plants, or less, sent by mail, free, on receipt of price. \$2.00 for Twenty Plants. \$3.00 for Forty Plants. \$10.00 for One Hundred Plants. Agents and Agricultural Houses, that purchase to sell again, will be allowed a liberal discount. ABNER H. BRYANT, Box 2759 P. O., Buffalo, N. Y., Buffalo, April, 1865.

1857. W. S. McCLURE & CO., 1865.

The well established strictly PRODUCE COMMISSION HOUSE, No. 350 Fulton Street, New York. Reference—New York National Exchange Bank, N. Y. Have unequalled facilities for disposing of Wool, Hops, Leaf Tobacco and Highwines, direct to manufacturers. The usual attention given to Butter, Cheese, Pork, Beef, Flour, Grain, Beans, Peas, Dried and Green Fruits, Seeds, Eggs, &c., &c. CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.

COOLEY & OPDYCKE, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

319 Merchants' Row West Washington Market, NEW YORK. Dealers in all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, Live Stock, Calves, Sheep, Lambs, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Fish, &c., &c. Peaches, Apples, and all green fruits made especially for the trade. Refer to our Circulars and well known public men. Correspondence from producers, dealers, and fruit-growers solicited. Send for our free circulars. Consignments from the country respectfully solicited and prompt returns made.

G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO., SCHENECTADY, N. Y., MANUFACTURERS OF

Endless Chain & Lever Horse-Powers, Washers and Cleaners, Thrashers and Separators, Clover Reapers, Circular and Cross-cut Wood-Sawing Machines, Seed for a Circular containing description and price list of the above named machines. [78-covt]

MALSTERS, BREWERS, AND DISTILLERS,

should use Stewart's Patent Wrought Iron Tiles, manufactured by T. G. AKNOLD, 224 and 226 West 21st St. NEW YORK. Flat Sheet Iron for Kins perforated to order. False bottoms for Wash Tubs. 78-2c

WOOL GROWERS!

Lalor's Sheep Dipping Composition Destroys Vermin, Cures Sores, Improves the Wool, Prevents Pulling, adds to Weight of fleece. Sold everywhere. Prepared by LALOR BROS., Utica, N. Y. Send for Circular. 78-8t Agents Wanted Everywhere.

CLIPPER MOWING MACHINES.

Farmers wishing a good Mower should send for description of the Clipper. Also, Pony Mower and Harvesting. These Machines have been in use four years, in New York and Connecticut, and give the best satisfaction of any in use. They are light and easy to draw, and farmers should see one before purchasing! Descriptive Circulars sent free, with references, &c. Farmers wanted as agents for these machines. HORTON & MABLE, Manufacturers Agricultural Implements of all kinds, PRERKILL, N. Y.

PINE APPLE CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED MEDICAL PINE APPLE CIDER will cure you if you are sick, and if you are well will prevent sickness. See long advertisement in Rural of 7th January, 11th page. Send for Circular. 78-12c B. T. BABBITT, 64 to 74 Washington St., N. Y.

U. S. GOVERNMENT ARTIFICIAL LEG DEVICES.

Where the Government furnishes the United States Army and Navy Leg to soldiers gratis, or its value applied on the Anatomical Ball and Socket Jointed Leg, which has lateral motion at the ankle, like the natural one. New York, 638 Broadway; Rochester, N. Y., over the post-office; Cincinnati, Ohio, in Mechanics Institute; St. Louis, Mo., 25 First Street; Chicago, Ill., opposite the post-office; Dallas, Tex., at the U. S. Commissioner. Citizens furnished on private account. For instructions, address Dr. BLY, at nearest Depot.

FARMERS, COUNTRYMEN, AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS,

Can send their Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Lard, Tallow, Beans, Hops, Flax Cotton, Flour, Grain, Meal, Green and Dried Fruits, Furs, Skins, Poultry, Game, Provisions, Seeds, Brochuam, Wool, Potash, Tobacco, Oils, and other produce to JOSIAH CARPENTER, COMMISSION MERCHANT, No. 323 Washington St., New York, Near Erie Railroad Depot. To be sold at the highest market price. Every shipment to him will receive his valuable Weekly Price Current of the New-York Market free. 78-1f

GEORGE H. ELLIS' PARLOR MUSIC STORE,

35 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. Depot for the Driggs' Patent Piano Fortes. Also Chickering & Son's, Kurtzman & Hinze, and several other reliable and popular Pianos; all of which are warranted for five years. The proprietor is also sole agent for the celebrated S. D. & H. W. Smith's American Reed Organs, for the six following counties:—Monroe, Orleans, Wayne, Livingston, Wyoming, and Genesee. All orders for these instruments, from any of the above named counties, must be addressed to the proprietor. Sheet Music published, Pianos tuned. All orders promptly filled. Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise of every description constantly on hand. 78-1f

GOOD FARMS IN OHIO.—Those wishing to buy good improved farms cheap in Northern Ohio, or any size, adapted for sheep, young cattle, or dairy, can receive a Catalogue describing each farm and price by inclosing stamp and addressing H. N. BANCROFT, Real Estate Agent, Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., O.

COMSTOCK'S ROTARY SPADE.

Having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and vend this GREAT AGRICULTURAL WARE, throughout the United States, excepting the New England and some of the Atlantic and Pacific States, which has been so thoroughly and satisfactorily tested, I am now prepared to receive orders for them. A boy 15 years old, with four good horses, can grade six to eight acres per day, eight inches deep, leaving the field in the condition of a garden bed when worked. Depots will be established at Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and other Western and Southern cities, and I shall endeavor to meet the demand by manufacturing extensively; but orders should be sent early to avoid delay and disappointment. For further information, containing Descriptive Circulars, containing Testimonials, sent to all who request them. J. C. BIRDWELL, Pittsburgh, Pa., Flow Works, Pittsburgh, Pa., November, 1864. 77-1f

A WELL PAYING BUSINESS in their own towns, and free from risk, is offered by the Aurora Publishing Co., to 1000 Book Agents. Please send for a Circular, &c., to E. G. STORREY, Auburn, N. Y., without delay. 78-3t

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—Our Grecian Compound will force them to grow, and be smoothed, or curled, or treated on bald heads, in six weeks. Price, 50¢. Sent by mail anywhere, closely sealed, on receipt of price. Address WARDNER & CO., Box 138, Brooklyn, N. Y. 78-12t

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS,

For Families, Churches and Schools, ADAPTED TO SACRED AND SEOLAR CHURCH AND HOME MUSIC. PRICES: \$110, \$130, \$140, \$160, and upward, according to number of stops and style of case. They are elegant as pieces of Furniture, occupy little space, are not liable to get out of order, and every one is warranted for five years. Illustrated Catalogues, with full particulars, FREE to any address. Warehouses, No. 7 Mercer street, New York, and No. 274 Washington street, Boston. GIBBONS & STONE, Sole Agents for Rochester and Monroe county, No. 22 South St. Paul street, Rochester, N. Y. 781f

BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. were awarded the FIRST PRIZES at the Great International Exhibition, London, 1862. Principal Office, No. 635 Broadway, N. Y. S. W. DIBBLE, Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

Cancers Cured—Cancers

Cured without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing the mode and sent free of charge. Address DR. BARCOCK, 309 No. 7 Bond Street, New York. 78-2t

AMERICAN ROOFING COMPANY. GREEN'S PATENT.

This Company is now prepared to furnish sets of the best quality of Roofing ever introduced, consisting of a stout material made water-proof by a compound of INDIA RUBBER, hardened by a coat of METALLIC PAINT prepared expressly. The whole fabric has been thoroughly tested, is WATER-PROOF, and unaffected by changes of weather. It rolls up and unrolls like a piece of Oil Cloth. It is designed for covering BUILDINGS, GARAGES, STEAM BOATS, WHEELINGS, BARNS and SHEDS. It can be laid down by any sensible working man. It is cheaper than any known roofing of equal durability. It can be seen in use at samples had by applying at the Office of the Company. HENRY SMITH, Agent, No. 14 Wall St., New York. 78-12c

Ladies' Department.

DYING.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SOFTLY woo away her breath
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day;
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here;
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies—sweet Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth,
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth;
Take her, then, for evermore—
For ever—evermore!

OUR SOLDIER.

ANOTHER little private
Mustered in
The army of temptation
And of sin!

Another soldier arming
For the strife,
To fight the tollsome battles
Of a life.

Another little sentry,
Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord! our little darling
Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march
To the grave! [Pacific Monthly.]

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
FLOWERS, AND A HERBARIUM.

SPRING has come again! Everybody feels its sweet influence, and everybody rejoices; for in spite of April's tears, we love her changeable skies and soft air. The tall elms are covered with modest brown flowers; the poplar waves its catkins of delicate gray; and the red maple is ablaze with scarlet blossoms. Was there ever so sweet a spring as this? The fragrant arbutus trailing its perfumed wreath over last year's faded leaves, seems a type of coming peace; the notes of robin and blue bird blend pleasantly with the songs of our happy, joyful hearts. There is gladness in every countenance. No, there was never a spring like this!

The "harvest-time of flowers" is coming on speedily, and how many of the RURAL girls are ready to glean among the abundant sheaves? You all love flowers, of course. Some one has beautifully called them "God's undertones of encouragement to the children of earth." WILBERFORCE says they are His "smiles." Plant them then, to beautify the lawn and garden; gather them to set on your dining-table, work-stand, and piano; not in stiff combinations, where grace of outline is lost, and colors inharmoniously contrasted, but follow your better judgement, and let the crystal vase uphold clustered roses, red and white; azure forget-me-nots, set round with sprays of mignonette, or spikes of the creamy-bellied yucca against green Iris-swords. Let there be overflowing baskets of myrtle starred with bright verbena, and fragrant of alyssum; cool beds of moss inlaid with scarlet cactus blooms; and plates of pansies edged with musk;—those great golden and purple-hearted pansies whose faint sweetness steals over the senses like strains of saddest music. Use them freely; they will refine and spiritualize the home atmosphere, and become the source of purest enjoyment. You will want them, too, for personal adornment; long shoots of German ivy, dewy rose-buds, wreaths of the brilliant cypress vine, and drooping fuchsias. I once saw a snowy calla worn with happiest effect amid masses of "midnight hair," but had the lady been less Juno-like in form and carriage the flower would have been lost, so that after all, your own good taste must be consulted.

How many of you have a well prepared herbarium I should like to know? Not a great many I dare say, but now is just the time to begin a collection. No matter if you haven't studied botany, you can press flowers just as well, though you will need the scientific names when you arrange them. The secret of preserving them is only to dry the plants as quickly as possible, under pressure enough to keep the parts from wrinkling, and any way in which you can do this best, is the best way. Small flowers do very well in heavy books, while larger ones need a weight of several pounds. As a general rule, wild flowers are preferable to cultivated ones; yellow ones are the most apt to keep without fading.

But I must tell you about my herbarium. I had finished the theoretical part of Botany, and analyzed many flowers; but the Prof. said if I wished to enjoy the study thoroughly, I must make a "horvius sticcus," as he classically termed it. I had the prospect of abundant leisure one summer, and resolved to follow out the suggestion. I caused an old grind-stone to be carried into the garret, and reinforcing that by a pair of iron wedges, Webster's Unabridged, and a pair of flat-irons, I began operations. The first issues of the press were sorry looking objects; the ad-der's tongues had twisted themselves into real ugliness; my delicate spring-beauties were sadly crumpled; and the trilliums had passed beyond all hope of recognition. I thought the flowers were at fault, and waited for others to blossom, but the result was the same as before, and looking at the case from every point of view, I was forced to the opinion that my weights were insufficient; so I procured some pressing boards and a set of screws—then I began my task anew,

with a zeal sufficient for greater undertakings, and from this critical time victory perched on my banner. I hunted the forests for miles around, discovering marvels enough in quaint flower-growths fully to repay my searches. Thus was I led to the very inner temple of Nature, to her dew-gemmed shrine—hung round with the wild rose's spiciest garlands. She told me where the bluest violets opened their starry eyes, where the shy orchis unfolded its purple banner of bloom, and the lady's slipper trod the moist earth so daintily.

The mechanical part of the process grew less irksome as I gained skill and practice. I had some great triumphs, especially in the line of water plants. I tried a sagittaria first, though the flowers were so fragile and the leaves so thick, that it seemed probable I should crush the one in endeavoring to dry the other; but I succeeded, and tried next a superb water-lily; that was also good; then I tried a nelumbium—the queenliest flower of all. By the aid of judicious surgery, plenty of cotton, and a free use of mudlage in regard to stemens I secured a rare specimen. Grasses and grains I delighted in, even the dock made a better figure in my collection than a rose. As for ferns, they were my especial pride. I knew very little about the Order Filices when I began pressing, but gradually made the acquaintance of the leading varieties. I shall never forget the joy that seized me when I discovered the walking and climbing ferns, or the stately royal-flowering, most of all when I settled beyond a doubt that a certain sphinx of the wood which evaded identification the whole summer long, was really the rattlesnake fern.

I have some trophies from foreign lands now—heaths from the broad moors of England; flowers from Italian soil; Scottish ferns; and delicate blossoms from Alpine heights. I have some, too, from southern grounds, from Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Savannah and many a Virginian battle field. I like to look at all these occasionally; each flower has its history, suggesting peaceful rambles, it may be, or else the friendly hand that gathered it; and the faded petals glow with more than earthly radiance as I dreamily turn the sheets.

All that summer in my walks by a stream, I had noticed a patch of ragged weeds, and wondered what their blossoms would be. Just after I had detected buds upon them I was called from home for a few days. One morning after my return, I started for a fern in the "Lester woods." My little dog was wild with delight when I took down my shaker and basket, and so we two set out in great glee, over the road, across the wheat stubble, and down the hill. I had crossed the creek on a moss-grown log, bowed my head beneath the birches festooned with wild vines, and was sauntering along watching the dragon-flies on the water, and repeating softly to myself Mrs. Browning's beautiful poem about PAN and the reeds. I think Dime must have felt a consciousness of beauty then and there, why else did he crouch at my feet with such an appreciative look in his eyes? I drew a short, quick breath, dazzled and blinded by a flood of rarest radiance! I stood in royal presence—before my despised weeds—but what a sea of glory had surged over them! Had they garnered the sunbeams' light and warmth on their nodding stems? Had they stolen their tint from the glowing west? There they were, each glorious, bee-breasted flower flashing and gleaming, brilliant and beautiful. I knew at once they were the Indian's fire blossoms, and surely they had caught on their delicate petals the very spirit of flame. It seemed a sacrilege to cut even one of them—but I repaid myself for the sacrifice by a daily visit, while they burned away on pyres of resplendent glory.

And so my Lobelia cardinalis is not a faded flower to me. It stirs the memory of that golden August morning with its cool shadows shifting over the rippling stream. I see again the green log stretching from shore to shore beneath the elms and ivy; the darting minnows and the dragon-flies; Dime trotting demurely by my side; but best of all, I look once more upon my matchless crimson blossoms.

O, wondrous flowers! perchance in yonder far-off land of blessed silence and perpetual rest, ye stand in shining vestments by the flowing stream, and even as in this lower world, they who behold your careful fashioning, are emboldened to draw nearer unto Him, who is the Maker and Preserver of all.

April 13th, 1865. DORR HAMILTON.

FEMINE TOPICS.

SEVERAL of the Paris journals speak against the extremely *décolleté* style of dress which the ladies have adopted at the balls this season in the French capitol. "What remains at the present day of women's dress," says M. E. Texier, in the *Siecle*, "is so small that it is hardly worth talking about. Ladies are almost attired like the natives in South America—with nothing but a necklace."

Mrs. ANDREW ALLISON, residing in Beaver County, Ohio, last week gave birth to four healthy children. Some twenty months ago Mrs. Allison gave birth to three daughters. These seven children, born within a period of two years, were, at last accounts, doing well, as was also their mother.

It is announced that Garibaldi's daughter, Teresita, has just given birth, at Caprera, to a boy, who, by his grandfather's desire, has been christened Lincoln, in honor of the "American President who has abolished slavery."

THE daughter of John Brown is teaching a school of little contrabands in a room of Gov. Wise's house, where her father's death warrant was signed. "The whirligig of time brings all things even."

A LITTLE house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

Choice Miscellany.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

THICK green leaves from the soft brown earth,
Happy spring-time hath called them forth;
First faint promises of summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvellous beauty lies
Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes!
May flowers, rosy or purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light,
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eyes save his who reads
Motive and action—in silence glow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
Springing from spirits bruised and crushed;
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
Touched and painted with heaven's own light,
Under the leaves—

Full fresh clusters of duty, borne,
Fairest of all in that shadow grown;
Wondrous the fragrance that sweet and rare
Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
Under the leaves.

Though upseen by our vision dim,
Bad and blossom are known to Him;
Wait we content for his heavenly ray—
Wait till our Master Himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

[Church Monthly.]

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
ENTHUSIASM AND FANATICISM.

BY E. S. C.

NOTHING is more curious than the philosophy of epithets. Seldom are epithets soberly invented, still more seldom are they soberly employed. They may be pithy, and to a certain extent characteristic; but when we see the flight of the barbed shaft, we always infer that malice plumed it. So it has come to pass that such expressions have lost their original force; and when we hear one man called a traitor, and another a fanatic, we take it for granted that the individual so designated differed in politics or creed, from the person who uttered the charge.

No two terms are more loosely employed than "FANATIC" and "ENTHUSIAST." The first we apply to the radical, reforming politician or religiousist, if he represents views different from our own; and the latter is the term which we would apply to the same person, if he were our friend or belonged to our party. Saving this distinction, we coolly consign our acquaintance to companionship with the CATHERINE DE MEDICIS and the JOHN BROWNS of our race, or enrol them with the lofty spirits of GALILEO, JUSON and the peerless WASHINGTON.

What would be the need of such epithets at all, if we had not secret conviction, founded on truth, that in a small way, perhaps, there is much of both qualities in every community. That common men feel more than they ever have the power and the opportunity to express, is a truism; and could we only get at the hidden convictions and repressed impulses of men, we should too often find the smouldering fires of fanaticism, and sometimes discover the steady, serene rays of pure and hallowed enthusiasm.

Now, when we call a man a fanatic, do we apply to him a very bad name? May he not be an enthusiast, with a mental twist?—his motives all right, his heart pure, may, even overflowing with philanthropy, but with something awry?—the balancing power wanting—the governor lost? When we paint Fanaticism as the spirit of the Inquisition—the genius of the rack and the thumb-screw—if we stop there are we altogether right? That inquisitor, with heart of stone, the rigid lines of whose stern features, no groans or shrieks of his poor victims ever softened with pity; are his motives as hellish as his actions? No; that is his peculiar way of glorifying God. Those unbending eyes have melted at the contemplation of our REDEEMER'S agony; and with sufferings voluntarily endured, torture equal to the torture he inflicts, with penance, with encouragements, long fastings, and the midnight vigil, the deluded wretch does, as he supposes, his Master's work. Of course, we have but little charity for such a character. We condemn his actions. We would restrain him, incarcerate him, hang him—but we cannot impugn his motives.

A fanatic then, as to his motives, may—we do not say he always does—stand on the same level with the enthusiast. So true is this, that one is sometimes at a loss to decide the class to which an individual is to be assigned. The decision is often left to history. It is astonishing how few of the really great men who participated in our earliest struggle for independence, believed that a Republican form of Government was either expedient or feasible. WASHINGTON was among the few who saw the light clearly. No doubt his coadjutors, many of them, thought him a fanatic; but who, to-day, in the light of history, does not recognize that sublimest of all men as the truest and purest enthusiast? LUTHER was a fanatic to the times in which he lived—but an enthusiast for all time. The same people called PETER THE HERMIT an enthusiast, and GALILEO a fanatic; but history reverses the decree.

Enthusiasm recognizes the moral and physical relations of things; it has a wide horizon. Fanaticism spurns all considerations except the object desired; it has a narrow vision—sees light in only one direction. Enthusiasm is conformable with reason, indeed, as being its highest manifestation, has confidence, can wait. Fanaticism rushes on headlong, with boisterous haste, and has no patience. Enthusiasm works with ordinary means; Fanaticism must have extraordinary facilities. In a single word, Enthusiasm works with GOD; Fanaticism would either anticipate or supersede Him. What the world wants, is the perception to distinguish between them. Fanaticism, to be sure, seldom accomplishes anything in the end, but it retards the efforts of enthusiasm. Thousands of schemes for the benefit of man have failed, because they fell into bad hands. "Strife stirs up strife;" and a single fanatic in a community will incite all to violence, and ruin every philanthropic measure. But when Enthusiasm, working with GOD, in obedience to His laws, carrying the gentle messages of peace and good will, conciliating, not intimidating, recommending itself by the peacefulness of its measures and the sobriety of its deportment, marshals its hosts for the amelioration of man, its progress may be retarded, but its final success is sure.

Rochester, N. Y., May, 1865.

THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

MR. GREEN, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Banks," near Hayti.

The banks of the coral on which my divers were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studied with coral columns from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of those more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving the reality to the imaginary abode to some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch; and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean and gazes through in the deep winding avenue, he finds that they will fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral which had long been buried beneath old ocean's wave. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to these stately temples that are now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land! One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of immense size, of variegated colors and the most brilliant hue. The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from those of the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sun fish; from those of the dunkest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist to do so, require more than my limits would allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas, can be found there. The sun-fish, saw-fish, white shark, blue or shovel-nose sharks, were often seen.

There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their positions as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were the ribbon fish, from four or five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog.

Another fish was spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They build their houses like beavers, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from 400 or 500 pounds.

CHANGE CHIPS.

It is better to yield a little than to quarrel a good deal.

The moon is the beautiful lily which the earth wears upon her bosom.

A good physician saves, if not always from the disease, at least from a bad physician.

We are told to hope and trust, but what's a fellow going to do when he can't get any trust?

To most men, any park looks kinder and smiles more sweetly than a sulphurous park of artillery.

THE Monks of La Trappe never speak. No similar establishment is anywhere known for the benefit of women.

In youth we love and enjoy the most ill-assorted friends, perhaps more than in old age the best-assorted.

EVERYTHING weighty may, like a rock, be placed on a point, whereupon a child's finger can set it in rotation.

THERE is not perhaps a sound either rural or vocal in the whole compass of nature, that can be spared half so well as some intonations of the human voice.

A GOOD retreat is reckoned the masterpiece in the art of war; and at no time can a retreat be executed with such order, force, and security, as just before the battle.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PRAYER.

DEAR SAVIOUR; let thy dying love
Through every bosom flow;
And let thy Spirit from above,
Enlighten all below.

Let gentle words from Thee be given,
To every weary soul;
And let thy love, which makes earth heaven,
Our passions all control.

Then when our earthly race is o'er,
Reach down to us thy hand,
And place us on that peaceful shore,
Among Thy Angel band.

Cuba, N. Y. JENNY.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

BY L. M. G.

THERE is one vital question which is constantly recurring to every human being, and which every human being is continually answering. It is the question which interests all, and upon the right determination of which rests the future happiness of all. "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?" Is he your SAVIOUR? Will he restore you to your lost estate of glory, if you put your trust in Him? Is He the Lord of Glory?

These questions will not remain unanswered. You decide them in the negative, or affirm and believe them every hour of your life. CHRIST claims to be the SON OF GOD, and so represents himself to men. Will you heed the evidence of his character? On the poised balances of your decision hang all your hopes of life and happiness.

Man, weighed down with toil and care, leaves his daily labors to seek repose. He finds relief in sleep, but with the dawn his toils and sufferings return. His life is one continued round of care and anxiety. Surely, this is not the purpose and end of his existence.

The cry of the overworn human heart is—"Oh, where shall rest be found!" The great God of the Universe has heard this cry. He opens the gates of Heaven and bids us enter and be happy. But we must enter through the gate. CHRIST is the gate. "What think ye of CHRIST?" Are you willing to enter through that gate?

It is not given to men to assist CHRIST in their salvation. The spontaneous utterance of the soul, when the glory and power of CHRIST are first discovered is, "What shall I do to be saved?" The sinner can do nothing—but be saved. No rank, no station, no power in the sinner can hasten or assist his salvation.

When JOHN THE BAPTIST heard of the works of CHRIST, he sent two of his disciples to ask if he were the one that should come. CHRIST answered them:—"Go and show JOHN again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk: the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached unto them."

Surely here is proof abundant. Are these things the result of human wisdom? Is this the fruit of an impostor's planting? No!—CHRIST is the Son of God, and He will make good His word, that He will save all who come unto Him and believe on His name.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

THE word of God gives hope here. It is unequivocal in its declarations in respect to the provision that has been made for the recovery of transgressors. The vilest sinner may be rescued. Where the most incorrigible habits have fastened on a man like shackles and chains, there is a power to solve the links, and to melt them as with a lightning touch. There is a power to change character this side the grave, but where is there evidence that there is any power to change it on the other side? There are solemn declarations to the contrary in the word of God.

But it may be said, "If men die, having repented only on their death-bed, or at the last moment, like the thief on the cross, how can they be happy in the other life?" It is of more consequence that a man should have his will set right, and that he should have the germs of reformation established, than that he should have reached any particular measure of attainment. If a man goes into the other life with his tastes just beginning to conform to the law of God, though he be at the very lowest point of development, there is hope that he may have progress there. It must be that there is provision for the growth after death of a man who dies under such circumstances. Education is so extremely limited here, that if we attain any considerable degree of blessedness, it must be because provision has been made for our growth in the future life. What we want is the seed-form, the germ of holiness; and the smallest beginnings that touch the whole character are sufficient to lay the foundation for the expectation of blessedness. But where there is not even this; where the will is against God, and the heart is opposed to the divine law, and the life is stained and disfigured, what expectation can there be that men dying in their sins, and unchanged, will be forgiven, and will rise to an immortality and blessedness.—Rev. H. W. Beecher.

We expect and hope and pray for a crown of glory, but we need not expect it without labor. God has scattered Christian duties, like grains of gold, all through the sands of life, and we must pick up from the dust of the earth, one by one, the grains of gold from which to mould our own immortal diadem. The more abundant the grains we gather, the richer will be our crown. He who gathers not these golden grains will never be king.

FAILURES IN LIFE.

[Concluded from page 156, this number.]

Without pausing for a reply, they found themselves in a humble dwelling where a man lay stretched upon a dying bed, around whom was gathered a group of mourning children to receive his last farewell. None of the children were old enough to work except a girl of seventeen, who seemed to be the eldest sister, and who took upon herself the household cares and duties. "Oh, what shall we do if father dies!" cried one of the younger members of the group. "God will provide for us, dear NETTIE, do not cry," rejoined the other, chocking back her own tears in the vain endeavor to soothe the child. "But how will he do it? We have no older brother and nobody but you to work for us and get us bread."

"NETTIE," said a young mechanic standing beside the bed, who had come in to watch with the dying man, and aid the family as well as he could in their extremity, "I will be your older brother; and while I can earn a crust of bread you and your little brothers and sisters shall have their part."

The sufferer, who up to this time was lying in an apparent stupor, seemed to recover full consciousness at the generous speech. He reached toward his eldest daughter; taking her hand and placing it unresisting in that of the young man, his own dropped powerless by his side, and his soul took its immediate departure upon the returnless journey.

"A failure in life for that young man;" remarked the spirit. "He might have married the daughter of his employer who loves him and would have made him rich. True, he will aid this poor family in becoming honorable and worthy members of society, and be the means under God of bringing them all at last within the fold of the Good Shepherd; but then he has lost the opportunity of becoming a great manufacturer and a millionaire. This is the same young man who when a boy lost the prize at school, and who mended the beggar's crutch."

Time sped on. The same humble roof that sheltered the dying man with his helpless brood, had become the home of the young mechanic, with the eldest daughter as his wife; but the other children had grown up and scattered up and down the land, each reared by them to an honorable and independent manhood; but another unfledged brood who called him father, and his gentle wife mother, had succeeded to the old and weather beaten nest, and happy they were in their parents' and each other's love. But times were hard, and strenuous exertions had to be put forth to feed their callow young, and the mother, none of the strongest at any time, was over-tasked with her domestic cares.

"JENNY," said the father as he came in one evening, followed by a poorly dressed young German girl in evident distress, and unable to speak or understand a word of English, "I have brought you home some help." The wife looked up with a countenance expressive of doubt at the wisdom of the selection, but made no comment at the time. "Give the poor girl some supper and a place to sleep," continued the husband, "for she is sadly in need of both."

When the necessities of the girl had been supplied, with a kindly spirit that soothed her grief and lighted up her countenance like a ray of sunlight, and when she and the children had been put to bed, the story of their humble guest was told. She had started with her father and mother and a party of emigrants from their German home, intending to settle in Wisconsin. The mother had died of ship fever on the long passage, and the father with his child had reached this city, so far on their long journey, in the night; when the father, stepping off the train in the darkness, fell into the race-way from a rillless bridge and was drowned. The girl waited over, friendless and alone, looking in vain for her protector, until he was dragged a day or two after, half a mile below, from a grist mill flume. A coroner's jury hastily summoned decided it a case of accidental drowning, without any recommendation of indictment against a soulless railroad monopoly for keeping such a death trap ready set for friendless strangers. The young girl was left wandering around the depot, bewildered and despairing, and when rescued by the narrator, was just falling into the tells of two miscreants, tenders to a devil's mill that grinds the souls of destitute and despairing women to eternal death.

"A foolish act to assume this extra burden," remarked the spirit; "has he not enough to do already without encumbering himself with what the poor-house might have taken?" But as he spoke the time seemed passing, and the girl grew up to womanhood under the care and instruction of her self-constituted guardians, repaying them in grateful service for all their sacrifices in her behalf, until at length, virtuous and happy, she was married under the most favorable auspices, to a thriving young German farmer, who resided and owned a market garden in the outskirts of the city.

And thus they passed from scene to scene along the good man's earthly pilgrimage, observing many things performed for conscience sake, that resulted not unfrequently in apparent loss, until the closing scene and the dawning day came in together.

"My time and mission are well nigh ended," said the spirit. "This man's whole life was spent in just such ministrations, unostentatious and unappreciated of man, but observed and recorded by the angels! Know, oh young man, that this career is the one which you in your selfishness and presumption declared a failure! I was his guardian angel while he dwelt in the flesh, and if any feeling akin to human pride could pervade the breast of an immortal, should be prouder of his failures, than if, in the successes which you call such, he had gained the whole world!" As the spirit ceased speaking the morning sun peered bright and cheerful into the young man's chamber, and he arose with higher and nobler views of human life.

SPRING HAS COME--A MAY SONG.

Not too Slow.

1. Ban-ish sad-ness, sing with glad-ness; Mu-sic from a thou-sand rills, Light-ly trip-ping, Gai-ly skip-ping, Gush-es out a mong the hills.

2. Birds are sing-ing, na-ture spring-ing, Beams with beau-ty, teems with health; See! the ze-phyrs' wings are span-gled With the or-ward's snowy wealth.

3. Through the heath-er, haste to-ge-ther, Sing-ing of the new-born day, While the snowy buds are glist-ning, In the ros-y mists of May

Through the din-gle, hear the jin-gle; How the lim-pid chor-us swells! From the hill-side to the for-est. Like a chime of matin bells.

Ma-ple boughs and tas-sel'd wil-lows Wake to weave the earth a crown; Sun-beams o'er the em'erald clusters, Cast their golden tribute down.

Hail the diamond-crest-ed blossoms; Loud your choicest welcome sing! 'Tis a tok-en earth is weeping Tears of joy to greet the spring.

Various Topics.

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES FORTY YEARS AGO.

THIRTY or forty years ago there lay scattered about our Southern New England a great many quiet, inland towns, numbering from a thousand to two or three thousand inhabitants, which boasted a little old-fashioned "society" of their own—which had their important men who were heirs to some snug country property, and their gambrel-roofed houses, odoriferous with traditions of old-time visits by some worthies of the colonial period or of the Revolution. The good, prim dames, in starched caps and spectacles, who presided over such houses, were proud of their tiny parlors, of their old India china, of their beds of thyme and sage in the garden, of their big, family Bible with brazen clasps, and, most times, of their minister.

One Orthodox Congregational Society extended its benignant patronage over all the people of such a town; or, if a stray Episcopalian or Seven-Day Baptist were here and there living under the wing of the parish, they were regarded with a serene and stately gravity, as necessary exceptions to the law of Divine Providence, like scattered instances of red hair or of bow legs in otherwise well favored families.

There were no wires stretching over the country to shock the nerves of the good gossips with the thought that their neighbors knew more than they. There were no heathenisms of the cities, no ten-plans, no travelling circuses, no progressive young men of heretical tendencies. Such towns were as quiet as a sheepfold. Sauntering down their broad central street, along which all the houses were clustered with a somewhat dreary uniformity of aspect, one might, of a summer's day, hear the rumble of the town mill in some adjoining valley, busy with the town grist; in autumn, the flip-flap of the falls came pulsing on the ear from half a score of wide-open barns that yawned with plenty; and in winter the clang of axes on the near hills smote sharply upon the frosty stillness, and would be straightway followed by the booming crash of some great tree.—Donald G. Mitchell.

AN EXPLOIT ON THE PLAINS.

A COMMISSION is now in session in St. Louis for the examination of quartermasters in the army, touching their qualifications, &c. Among the officers summoned before this examining board, is Capt. J. E. McCusick, A. Q. M. at Fort Wadsworth, Dakota Territory, a resident of Stillwater, Minn. Fort Wadsworth is on the Coteau river, near latitude 46, and is a beautiful place in the summer time. It is a nest of beautiful lakes, and its site was chosen by Capt. McCusick, who is familiar with that region of country, having hunted Indians and buffaloes over hundreds of miles of it.

Some three or four months ago, Capt. McCusick went out with a scouting party to look for Indians, but failing to discover any signs of the red skins, he turned his attention to a herd of about two hundred buffaloes that were grazing, rolling, pawing and bellowing on the prairie in fair view. Mounted on his favorite charger, and armed with a Smith's carbine, he made a dash at the herd, and succeeded in overhauling a lazy old bull weighing about 2,000 pounds, who was too dignified to run as fast as the vulgar herd of cows, yearlings and younger bulls of the drove. Leveling his carbine he was preparing to lodge a bullet in the shoulder

blade of the monarch of the plains, when his horse stepped into a gopher hole, throwing the rider almost under the heels of the buffalo. Luckily the captain fell on the fleshy part of his back and sustained no injury. As the bull passed over him, he caught the animal by the fore hoof, and springing to his feet, drew his knife and threw himself on the bull's neck, holding on to the long shaggy hair which adorns the head and shoulders of the masculine members of the bison family. His situation was not one of the most agreeable; for the bull, not liking the familiarity of his acquaintance, endeavored to impale him upon one of his horns.

The captain avoided both horns of the dilemma, and, being a man of immense physical power, held fast, and did not relinquish his grip. For the space of ten minutes he held fast, the bull meantime turning round to tickle the ribs of his tormentor. After waltzing with his hirsute partner until the animal showed signs of fatigue and thrust out about two yards of his tongue, the captain seized the bull by the nose with one hand, and catching one of his horns with the other, gave a sudden twist and flipped the buffalo over on his side. By this time, some of the men, seeing the predicament their leader was in, came up and offered assistance, but the captain told them to keep back, as he thought he could hold his own. The bull struggled violently, but the giant Minnesotan held his head down, and in a short time sent his knife into the monster's jugular, and the bull gave up the ghost. The contest lasted about 20 minutes, and was the most scientific set to that has taken place in Dakota for many a day. The victor cut off the bull's head, had it dried, and sent it to Stillwater as a trophy.

The fame of this exploit reached the ears of the Indians, who were told that there was a chief among the pale faces who would whip a buffalo in a fair fist fight. On learning these facts, Red Feather, a famous chief in Dakota, marched his tribe to Fort Wadsworth and surrendered his whole band to Capt. McCusick. He said he did not believe the story of the white man knocking a bull down with his fist, but when he saw the brawny captain, he said it might be so.—St. Louis Democrat.

CLOCKS.

THE precise period at which clocks were invented has formed the subject of much controversy. Various machines were doubtless employed at a very remote date for the purpose of measuring time, but the most ancient clock made upon principles similar to the clocks of the present day was constructed by Henry De Wyck, a German artist, in 1364, and placed by him in the tower of the palace of Charles V of France. It struck the hours, but did not record so small a portion of time as minutes.

Clockmakers were first introduced into England in 1368, when Edward III granted a license to three of these artists to come over from Delft, in Holland, and practise their occupation in this country. The earliest portable clock of which any account has been given, is one dated 1535, made by Jacob Lech, of Prague; some years ago it was in the possession of a clockmaker of London. The oldest English clock extant is said to be one in a turret of Hampton Court Palace, constructed in the year 1540, by a maker whose initials are N. O.

WHEN the tongue is silent and dares not speak, there may be a look, a gesture, an innuendo, that stabs like the stiletto, and is more fatal than the poison of the asp.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE AX.

THE common or narrow Ax of the chopper, that simple wedge of iron and steel, when wielded by the power of the human muscle, becomes the agent—the *primum mobile*—of the spread and westward march of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock, to the endless west—the *avant courier* of civilization—an important agent in creating this great, mighty and universal Yankee Nation. Possessing the potentiality of dispensing life, liberty and happiness to countless thousands—more powerful than wind or wave or steam—the wilderness of forests disappear before it so rapidly that the crush of falling tree-tops bruise the heel of the poor, frightened, retreating Indian—preparing the virgin surface, to produce the needed fruits of the soil to sustain the native and the emigrant and feed the starving millions of the old world.

This simple instrument—this inert mass, not weighing five pounds, that can be handled by a child, in the hands of an expert woodman is all but omnipotent.

The American Ax, as now produced, is one of the most perfect implements in the world, and can hardly be ever improved; and when compared with that queer contrivance now used in Europe, not unlike an Indian tomahawk, sinks the English Ax into utter insignificance.

An English lady traveling by railroad in this country, says in one of her letters, that she met with no little occurrence that astonished her more than the power residing in the Ax. While passing through a thickly wooded piece of road, the train was suddenly brought to a stop by a large tree that had blown across the track; she looked at it with horror. She supposed the delay of removing such a mass of timber would detain her beyond the time of the sailing of the packet-ship, for which she had no time to spare; but what was her astonishment when one of the passengers of very gentlemanly appearance, threw off his fine coat and hat, stepped on the tree with an Ax, and in less than five minutes called all hands to wheel round one half of the tree and free the track, and in a minute more they were making thirty miles an hour. "Truly," she says, "the Ax in an American's hand is an institution worth looking at."

There is some skill required, as well as strength, to exhibit the full power of the Ax. The cutting of two or three cords of wood is accounted a day's work, but there are those that have cut their six cords of body wood.

One of the exploits of woodcraft, is in a thickly treed forest to fall a window, by cutting the trees half or more down, on one side of a strip two rods in width and twenty rods in length, more or less, and when the wind is right, cutting down the last trees, which, falling on the others, all go down in a general crash, in proper shape and order to be burned and got rid of.

There has been some discussion and conjectures relative to the absolute force, in pounds, that the Ax in a chopper's hands impinges upon the wood at a single stroke—that is, as to how many pounds weight, resting on the head of the Ax, would force it into a stick of wood of an equal depth. Without coming to any definite conclusion, yet from a rather rude experiment, arrived at by means of leverage, it is estimated that the weight required is more than two thousand pounds, which is probably not far from the truth. Q. E. D.

HOW TO COUNT RAIN DROPS.

THE Paris correspondent of the Chemical News states that M. Herve Mangon proposes to count the drops in a shower of rain in a very simple way. For this purpose he impregnates a paper screen with sulphate of iron, and faces it with a mixture of very finely-powdered nutgall and gum sandarac. Drops of water falling on this screen will make a black spot. If now the screen be placed on a drum which makes a complete revolution in twenty-four hours, successively exposing parts of the screen to the rain, the duration of the shower and the number of drops will be clearly indicated by the black spots; and the time, the space of paper exposed at each moment, and the area covered by the shower being known, the rest becomes a simple arithmetical operation. The apparatus can also be arranged to show the direction of the fall, and, also, it is said, to determine the weight of the drops.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

- I am composed of 20 letters.
- My 18, 7, 4 is a beverage.
- My 7, 2, 2 is a rebel General.
- My 16, 6, 5, 3, 4, 20 is a mineral.
- My 9, 8, 10, 1, 12 are the organs of respiration.
- My 14, 4, 9, 9 is to dispose of.
- My 17, 10, 2 is a kind of grain.
- My 20, 13, 16 is part of a harness.
- My 15, 8, 20, 7, 4, 17 is one who sells to soldiers.
- My 11, 2, 18 is a large body of water.

My whole is the rank and name of an officer in the Union army. Henrietta, N. Y. L. S. JONES.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PUZZLE.

Forward and backward 'tis the same,
The five letters read a noun by name—
Or adjective, as it may be.
Omit the first, also the last,
And there again a noun we see
That forward and back is the same,
And which will spell our mother's name.

Courland, Mich. GUYETTE M. THOMPSON.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

Hwo dsia tath het rtsas no urbno rnsan ewre mdi—
Tha rtho rlyog dha dfeed yawa?
Kolo pu dna delboh! who thbrgi ghuroht heca dolf
Y'ear gñilhas nad genimil yt-aod!
Enon Valley, Pa. A. D. P. T.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 797.

- Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—I once saw a combat between an alligator and a bear, and the alligator was defeated.
- Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Let all your things be done with charity.
- Answer to Geographical Decapitations:—Po, Clarke, Hague, Iceland, Sable, Davis, Block, Staten.
- Answer to Anagram:
Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours depend;
Nor, the daily toll forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

THE MYSTERIES AND EXPERIENCES OF A LIFETIME.

How happy are the last hours of the good and truly great man: one who has spent his days of usefulness and manhood in the service of suffering humanity. The true philanthropist mourns the loss of such men, for they know their worth, and appreciate their examples. Our mission ends not when our lips have spoken the last word, when the pulse has throbbled for the last time. As our souls are immortal, our mission is eternal—our examples may cast a light or shade for many years—the echo of our words may sound and sound, and be heard forever through the corridors of ages. As the circle made by the fall of a stone in the water widens and gives rise to another circle, this circle follows and widens over circles, to an imperceptible distance, so each life affects some other life, and that another, and so on forever. How important does life seem when we remember that each step we take on its path leaves an indelible footprint, bright or black, which may prove a beacon-light and a guide, or which may cause many to stumble and stray.

READ! READ! READ!

We hereby notify the public that Prof. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., the most celebrated Liver, Lung, and Blood Physician of this or any age, has, after an experience and success unparalleled in the History of Medicine for over a quarter of a century, demonstrated the fact that the Liver is the main purifier or strainer through which the blood and fluids of the body are cleaned from all poisonous qualities; and that obstructions and derangements in the natural action of this vital organ is the first and primary cause of all abnormal conditions of the system of a general nature.

- If you wish to know whether you have a deranged liver and digestive organs, see the following questions: Have you a sallow or yellow skin? Have you brown spots on your face, or any part of the body? Have you a headache? Are you dull, heavy or sleepy? Have you a bitter or bad taste in the mouth? Have you cold chills or hot flashes? Have you irritation or dryness of the throat? Have you palpitation of the heart? Have you a dry, teasing cough? Is your appetite unsteady? Is your stomach sour? Do you raise or spit up your food? Have you any choking spells? Are you troubled with sickness and vomiting? Do you feel bloated about the stomach? Have you pain or tenderness about the stomach? Have you pain in the sides, back or shoulders? Have you a tired or sore feeling on rising in the morning? Do you have colic pains? Have you constipation of the bowels? Have you attacks of diarrhoea? Have you wind in the stomach and bowels? Have you piles or fistula? Do you have nervous and all-gone feelings? Have you scanty or dark-colored urine? Have you cold feet and hands? Have you a rash of blood to the head? Have you a numbness of the limbs? Have you dizziness of the head? Have you uneasiness in lying on the sides? Have you fainting or epileptic fits? Have you female weakness? Have you monthly irregularities? Have you great loss of sleep? Have you gloomy forebodings? Are you peevish and easily irritated? Do you feel unsoberable at times? Has your entire manner and character changed?

Dear reader, if you have any or all the above-mentioned symptoms, Prof. Hamilton has a medicine that will strike at the root of them as by magic. This is no such word as fall in his treatment. By them the Liver and Stomach are speedily changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite regulated and restored, blood and secretions thoroughly purified and enriched, and the whole system set up anew. It depends much upon the length of the time the difficulty has been existing, organization of the particular system affected, climate, general habits, occupation, sex, etc. Of course, the longer the derangement, the more numerous the systems of internal disorder. If nature in her salutary struggles to relieve the blood from its poisonous qualities, and deposits the greater portion of it upon the Lungs, there is at once more or less cough, with, eventually, all the long train of symptoms of Consumption. If the bowels receive most of the poisonous deposit, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Piles, Bilious Colic, etc., are the result. If the stomach receives the greater portion, it is the result of Morbus, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Heartburn, and other unpleasant symptoms. If the bilious matter is thrown to the skin, all kinds of eruptions and skin-diseases are produced. It is a law of the animal economy that, to be natural and free, the body must throw off into the bowels, and pass out of it, the waste and superfluous materials, by the process called secretion and excretion, as fast as it takes on new particles by assimilation and nutrition. Now I have ascertained by experiments that the majority of all this worn-out bilious matter taken up by the liver from the system is separated from it by the liver when in a healthy condition, and then thrown into the bowels, and passed off with the excretions. By this you see, the moment the liver becomes affected from any cause, it fails to separate the offensive matter from the blood and fluids, to an extent proportionate to the torpidity or disorder of the organ; consequently, nature seeks other outlets through which she can rid the blood of its unhealthy mass, when it is thrown into the bowels, and in the pores of the skin, which irritates, and if the unnatural process is continued long, various forms of rashes, blotches, eruptions, sores, ulcers, boils, swellings, etc., are induced, such as are seen in different persons and localities of the globe.

So with all kinds of nervous diseases; the same poison matter that is naturally, and should be, taken up by the liver, is left in the blood, and if the brain and nervous system is weakened by overaction, or any cause, they are thrown in a negative position, which renders them incapable of retaining the accumulation, and the consequence is, irregular action of the brain and nervous system takes place, and in their efforts to free themselves of the offending substances, convulsions or fits of various kinds are produced, in all degrees of severity, from the slightest fainting fit to the most dangerous cases of apoplexy or epilepsy. Should the irritation, being, and be confined to the general nerves of the system, it is the result of various nervous affections, supervene, from the most intense pains and irritability to the simple restlessness so often found in females of a delicate and imperfect organization. Restlessness is at night produced from the same; and nervous headache, drowsiness, heaviness, dizziness, ringing, buzzing, and aching in the head and head, dimness of sight, deafness, throbbing or darting pains in the head. If the bilious matter should settle upon the mucous membrane that lines the stomach, throat and bowels, then we find the following symptoms or manifestations of the internal derangement: viz. waterbrash, heartburn, sickness and vomiting, colic, pains in the sides, stomach, bowels, back or breast, sick headache, palpitations of the heart, wind in the stomach, with distress and fullness, choking spells, heat and dryness in the throat, bad taste in the mouth, canker in the mouth and throat, bad breath, thirst, cold chills, alternating with hot flashes, dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, morbus, sour stomach, with raising of the food, unsteady appetite, constipation of the bowels, all-gone feelings, etc. Every one of the above symptoms will often be found to increase where there appears to be a natural susceptibility to affections of this nature.

PART SECOND.

Continuation of Prof. Hamilton's Theory. Hoarseness, spitting blood, bronchitis, asthma, or phthisis, and consumption are produced by the same cause. The bilious material is thrown upon the delicate membrane that lines the air passages—irritation, with cough; more or less severe soreness through the throat, chest, sides, back or shoulders, on the various degrees of severity, and unless something is done immediately to relieve nature, inflammation will supervene, followed by ulceration, night sweats, cold chills, hectic fever, raising of matter, with perhaps a little blood, diarrhoea, more month and throat, etc., which are indications of a powerful effort of Nature to relieve the system of its poison, bilious matter, which has fastened itself upon the most delicate and sensitive organs in the human system—the lungs and air-passages. In connection with the above cause, we have another which is not understood by physicians, and that is, a superabundance of action of the lungs; or in other words, they have been treated to labor too hard. That the machine may run well, all parts must be kept well oiled and properly balanced. Thus it is with the human system. God, whose hands so daintily fashioned this wonderful machine, has allotted to each organ a specific amount of labor, which, if properly and faithfully performed, will cause the machine to run smoothly and easily all its life. But the moment one organ attempts to shirk its usual amount of labor upon a neighboring organ, that moment the harmony of the system is destroyed, and the organ, over-taxed by its increased action, becomes, as a natural consequence, enfeebled, and no longer able to perform even its ordinary amount of work, falls into derangement. Suppose, for instance, that the action of the heart—the tiny seat of life—has become impaired, and, instead of performing its customary amount of labor, it now performs only half as much as it should do—what is the result? In all cases where there is a lack of action in one of the organs, and heart, the lungs are necessarily brought into powerful action, and are obliged to perform the work of their neighbors as well as their own proper functions. The labor imposed upon the lungs is therefore greatly in excess of what it should be in a normal condition, producing irritation, inflammation and ultimately ulceration, general prostration, and consumption of the lungs. The above are the causes that produce all cases of lung diseases, throat affections, and catarrh. Now, the natural and proper treatment for the full and permanent cure of all such complaints is simple, safe and reliable. Instead of applying remedial agents to the lungs exclusively, we have, by vast changes, learned that other organs should be aroused to action at once, and be compelled to perform as much exertion as the lungs have been compelled to perform. Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., having for many years given his whole time to the treatment and investigation of Chronic Diseases, more especially of the Liver and Blood, and having been long and favorably known in every State and Territory of the Union as the most skillful and successful physician in the cure of Chronic Diseases, being formerly Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, Pharmacy, Medical Botany and Diseases of Females and Children, in Central Medical College, at the Plattsburgh, New York College of Health and the Central City Hospital, has placed opportunities within his reach of no mean importance, and have added largely to his skill and experience. Remember, Prof. R. L. Hamilton is the only physician in the world that has made Liver, Lung and Blood diseases a specialty for a whole lifetime, and the only one that has written a full and true theory of the origin and certain cure of such complaints. Prof. H. has now perfected a class of New Specific Remedies, that does not fail to cure, speedily and permanently, where the system has not entirely broken down. After having successfully treated over ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND CASES OF LIVER, LUNG AND BLOOD DISEASES throughout the United States and British North America, the people can have no excuse for doubting his skill and ability to cope with all diseases to which the human family are subject. THE NAME AND FAVOR OF PROFESSOR R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D., HAS BECOME A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN ALL THIS CONTINENT, and the mere mention of his name is sufficient guarantee that the public may place full confidence in its worth and reliability. By the new system of treatment adopted by PROF. HAMILTON, all chronic diseases are FULLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, with more speed and certainty than any other system. In a majority of cases, CURES ARE MADE IN ONE-QUARTER THE TIME usually required by other systems, and also there is another advantage to be gained which is of great benefit to the laboring classes, and that is, we use NO MINERAL OR POISON REMEDIES. Consequently patients are free from all poisons, and need not be kept from work, or compelled to change diet or general habits of every-day life.

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IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS FROM EDITORS IN FAVOR OF PROF. HAMILTON'S NEW TREATMENT. From the Boston Daily Traveller, Oct. 31, 1864. HIDDEN MYSTERIES.—It may not be generally known with the sudden and extreme changes which the atmosphere undergoes in this northern climate, at this season of the year, that the human system also experiences the most vital and important changes, and if the functions of the liver and digestive organs are not in a healthy and active condition, the blood loses its vitality, and the system easily falls a prey to the ravages of consumption and decay. In this connection, we ask our readers—as they value life and health—to be sure and read the valuable essay which we publish to-day from the pen of the highly respected and distinguished Prof. R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., of No. 546 Broadway, New-York, who is now doing more business than any other physician in that city, having made this class of complaints a specialty for a quarter of a century; and also having been a Medical Professor in one of our leading Medical Colleges for several years, places Prof. Hamilton in the front ranks of his profession. One peculiarity of the Professor is his ability to tell at a glance the seat, nature and curability of all chronic diseases, in which fact, we think, consists his most remarkable success in making the wonderful cures he performs. Therefore, our advice to all who are afflicted, call upon Prof. R. L. Hamilton, or try him at once.

AN EDITOR AND POSTMASTER TESTIFIES. Mr. Lewis Leslie, Postmaster at Oquaka, Henderson Co., Ill., and editor of the Oquaka Plaindealer, one of the most able and reliable journals in the Northwest, writes: "I find your remedies all that could be desired. I never felt so well in my life as last Summer, when using your medicines. I verily believe they have been the means of saving my life." I afterward advertised in his paper. In the issue of June 11, 1863, is the local column, the editor thus refers to the advertisement: "See the advertisement of Prof. R. L. Hamilton, in another column. Read it. Beware of what you read, and if you are troubled with a derangement of the liver, send to him for medicine. We know what we are recommending. We are PERSONALLY KNOWN to the efficacious effects of the doctor's remedies. They are all that he claims for them. They are the best we ever knew, and his charges are moderate."

IMPORTANT AND RELIABLE. NEW AND WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS IN FAVOR OF PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON'S GREAT SUCCESS IN CURING CHRONIC DISEASES.

William C. Down, Esq., of Delaware, Pike County, Pa., writes: "I have been through with a course of your treatment, and can affirm before God that your medicines will do all you claim for them. They are no humbug. Several persons in this vicinity have used them, and have derived entire satisfaction. Your theory of the cause and treatment of disease is simple and reasonable. Its correctness is fully vindicated by the success of your practice. I am daily recommending you, and you will soon have a more extended practice in this neighborhood. I shall be most glad to vouch for the authenticity of this. I am aware that people at a distance feel a degree of hesitancy at placing their health in the care of physicians whom they have never seen, or perhaps never heard of. To those that are inclined to be thus incredulous, I can say that Dr. Hamilton undertakes nothing but what he thoroughly understands, and always gives careful attention to all who place themselves under his care."

NORTH TAUBO, Barnstable County, (Mass.) March 21st, 1865. Prof. R. L. Hamilton: Dear Sir—Believing a statement of my sickness and wonderful cure would be of benefit to any similarly diseased, I send you this certificate. I cannot remember the time when I was well. Ten years ago I was taken with a pain in my right side, which at times was very bad; but I was unwilling to give up and call myself sick, and the medicine I got from our family physician did no good. I suffered in silence. In December, 1858, my side was so swollen and so painful that I was unable to wear my clothes. While in this condition Mrs. Emeline Stover of Industry, Franklin County, Me., came here on a visit, and told me how your valuable medicine had cured her of liver complaint, and she knew that I had it; but I could not get it up, and so sent to you through an agent, and your medicine appeared to me. Matter, and on the 18th of May, 1864, I lifted beyond my strength, I broke the ligament in my back, and was obliged to give out entirely and go to bed. I could not turn myself in bed, and to lift me from one bed to

the other, as they did once a week to make my bed, seemed as though I would take my life. I was obliged to lie on my back, side, or shoulders, on the various parts of my body. I took my food in this position. What I suffered no one can never know. My head ached all the time dreadfully, my side grew worse and was very painful, my back very bad; and to make matters worse, had so much inflammation in my stomach, side and bowels, that I could not get up, and I was obliged to eat. I cannot begin to tell one-half that I had to contend with, and if I could, I doubt if it would be believed. Shortly after I was taken sick I commenced to have sort of fits, and the weaker I got the oftener I had them, and these alone, I knew would cause my death if not soon cured. The first symptom of them would be rapid beating of the heart; next it would seem as though my heart did not beat at all, and my pulse stops, and I struggle for breath. The spells would sometimes last an hour, and they have often thought I was dying. My feet and hands would be cold, and have every appearance of death. I had a very good physician, but he did me no good, and I gave myself up to die. One day some friends came to see me and brought me some things. After they were gone, I took up the paper and noticed your advertisement—read it for want of something else to do—remembered what Mrs. Stover had told me, and resolved to send for your medicine. It cost me no money, and I commenced to use it. My side and bowels were gradually getting better, and I had faith, and wanted your medicine. I had to talk a great deal to do away with the prejudices of many of my friends. I commenced taking your medicine the 20th of November, and the result was glorious far beyond my expectations. I began to eat, and my head was no longer so painful. I slept well, was cheerful, and suffered but little. Still I had no use of my limbs, and no one thought I ever would have again. The second lot of medicine I had, you said, "I will have you on your feet in a month or two at the most." I really laughed at the idea, for I then could not turn myself, move my feet, or hold my head up; but strange as it may seem, in five weeks from that date I was so much better that they put me on my feet, and I for the second time, learned to walk. I have gained fast ever since. I sit up all day, walk out, and about all day. My recovery is looked upon as quite a miracle, by hundreds who know me, and believe that the result of the cure was not more than a man who has done this. I have had many to see me in regard to my sad condition. I thank you many times for what you have done for me, and I shall ever remember with gratitude the man who, under God, has cured me of one of the most distressing diseases of the human system. Respectfully, your friend ever, JOSAPHINA S. HOLDEN.

AUBURN FOUR CORNERS, Susquehanna Co., Pa. Prof. Hamilton: I now improve the present opportunity to inform you of the result of your medicine. I began to use your medicine, and in a few weeks I was in my right side, which had troubled me for many years, has entirely subsided. My appetite is decidedly better, and the various symptoms which I had at the time of applying to you, have all disappeared. My liver never was better than at the present time, and I attribute this to the use of your medicine. I will be glad to see you at any time, for which I shall always feel very grateful and indebted. All I can to induce my diseased friends and acquaintances to apply to you, for I believe your remedies to be all and everything you claim for them. If I ever used any more medicine, or any of my family, I shall apply to you at once, and believe it to be the surest, safest and best to be had. I remain yours at command, Mrs. J. W. SMITH.

ROSEVILLE, Park Co., Ind., Feb. 9th, 1865. Prof. Hamilton: Dear Doctor—Your medicines, which I have been taking, has had the desired effect in every particular, and I have been able to do my work as usual. I have been fully cured, and I believe you have prescribed have been fully eradicated, in such a way that I suffer no inconvenience from them. I am ready, Doctor, to hail you as one of the greatest benefactors of the age. May heaven's kindest blessings follow you through life. Yours, with respect, CYNTHIA JESSUP.

VERNON, Sussex County, N. J. R. L. Hamilton, M. D.—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the use of your medicines. When I first visited your office in New York, I had a severe case of the liver and digestive organs, to the office without examination. With all your skill as a successful physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing but strange in this. Four years and four months had passed away, and during that period I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhoea and piles. I had some of the best physicians, and some of the most skillful, and they could not cure me, but all in vain. Why should I think that you could do more than others? But, sir, justice and gratitude compel me to say that, after the use of your medicines for a few months, the result was a complete cure. I ceased the use of your medicine about the first of September, and since that time I have had no return of the disease. I can say, I cannot expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease more than other men. I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble the sick in the world, I would direct them to you, sir, as one fully competent to heal, and whose generous and noble nature would not refuse to cure the afflicted. Yours, truly, Rev. GEO. H. JONES. Of the Newark Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

GRAVEL CURED. Mr. Geo. W. Vaughan, of Grand Rapids, Wood Co., Wis., writes: "In the fall of 1854, I was taken with a severe affection of the kidney and bladder. My strength rapidly gave way to the ravages of my disease, until I was literally nothing but a walking shadow. For the first time in my life, I would startle me and make me tremble. At times substances the size of a cherry stone would pass out of my bladder, and at others, something resembling coarse sand. My sufferings were well nigh intolerable. I had taken your medicine only two weeks when I felt a decided change for the better. I was able to get up, and regained my strength so that I was able to engage in light work, and in only two months since I commenced the use of your wonderful remedies. I consider myself a well man. It seems incredible, after suffering so long and doctoring with so many physicians, and paying so much money, that I should be cured in so short a time and at such a trifling expense. I can say that I can testify to my friends and neighbors can testify. Your practice in this vicinity will be unlimited. Many are established at such a wonderful cure, and are daily applying to you for relief. Long may you live to bless your race." "The above is a correct copy of the statement transmitted to us. It is true as it is, and we are glad to see Mr. Vaughan will be most happy to recommend you to all who doubt our ability to cure gravel and affections arising from diseases of the kidney and bladder."

A CUREMAN'S TESTIMONY. Rev. J. Wesley Quinlan, (Troy Conference) of Peru, City, N. Y. "I am better in health this Fall than I have been before in five years; my stomach is getting quite strong, my appetite is steady and powerful, my habits are twice as full as they used to be; instead of being all pinched up, I am getting to be quite corpulent; I have had no more expense in my treatment, and I am well. I have labored two months in a protracted meeting; preached most every night; some sixty souls converted; to God be all the praise. I shall have to write out a statement of my case one of these days, and they have done more for me than all the remedies I ever took. In fact, they are the only medicines that have benefited me."

UNCONVERTIBLE TESTIMONY.—THE CASE OF MRS. PALMER.—A COMPELLING AND PERSUASIVE CURE. Mrs. L. H. Palmer, of Bedford, Hillsborough County, N. H., in a series of letters under different dates, gives a history of her case, which, as she says, "was so remarkable that strangers went many miles to see her the same as they would a great curiosity." "I seem, (she writes) to have all the complaints a person can have and live. Indeed, I seem to live but to suffer. I had a severe case of the liver and digestive organs, and the system; I am touched with a dry, tight cough, short breath, very constive; have night sweats, and at times afflicted with the piles, which are intolerably painful. Now I suffer with the cold, and again feel burning with the heat. I have not had a menstruation since the month of February, and I am running pains in my hips and kidneys, and my liver is apparently torpid and inactive." The medicines needed by Mrs. P. were at once forwarded; and the benefits derived from them is apparent from the following extract from one of her subsequent letters: "Although I had begun to be discouraged by the slight improvement I felt, that was coming, I was glad to see that I dared not contemplate. You can imagine my great surprise when I passed the critical period with less pain than I ever felt in my life. From that time I began to improve rapidly; nature seemed to have been aroused under the medicine, and my mind appeared to be relieved of all melancholy, and again the light dawned brightly before me." "Only last week I returned to my native place, from whence I was taken years ago on my bed, hardly expected by my friends to

reach my journey's end alive. When my old acquaintances saw me returning comparatively well, they could hardly believe that such a miracle could be wrought by medicine. They say it seems like one raised from the dead," to see me moving round again. As long as I live I shall be a walking advertisement of your truly wonderful healing powers. * * * Words cannot speak my gratitude. Once more I find happiness in living. If I ever succeed in accomplishing any good, I shall attribute it all to you."

TESTIMONY OF A PHYSICIAN.—A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

A LADY HAS A SNAKE IN HER STOMACH, CAUSING FITS—SHE IS CURED, AND THE SNAKE REMOVED.

Dr. L. W. Feuner, Plainfield, Allegheny Co., Mich., writes: Dear Doctor: I am happy to say that you were right in your conjecture that the young lady's fits were caused by worms or some foreign substance in the stomach. It proved to be a small snake. After using your medicine, prepared for its removal, for a few days, the snake was expelled without serious results or any unnatural effects. Since that time she has not had a fit or any symptoms. She has improved in strength and flesh rapidly, and is now seemingly well. She desires me to thank you for her grateful feelings for relieving her of this horrible disease, produced as it was, by so unnatural a cause. I consider it one of the most remarkable cures on record. I will be greatly obliged if you will reply at length to this letter, and state to me what there was in the symptoms I gave you that led you to suppose the true cause—that they were worms or something of the kind, that caused the fits. I am using several of your different specifics in my practice, and the result of their use has, in all cases thus far treated, been entirely satisfactory. I think your Blood and Liver Pills the best in use. If you will give me a recipe for preparing them, I will endeavor to benefit you as much in some other way. Very truly yours, L. W. FEUNER, M. D.

A WONDERFUL CURE.

KINTYR, Winnebago Co., Ill. Dr. Hamilton: My Dear Friend—Believing a statement of my case a benefit to the public, or more especially to those similarly diseased, I give you a full and complete history of my sufferings. I was taken sick at about Dec. 1st, 1864, (having volunteered in the Sixty-fifth Illinois Volunteer Infantry,) with what the doctors call pneumonia, or lung fever. I grew worse all the time until May, at which time I got a little better. On the 17th of the month I received a furlough of ninety days to go home, after which time I was taken down more than ever; so I called Dr. B. of Rockford, Ill., a consulting physician, who examined me, and said my case was incurable, as my right lung was all gone, and he could do me no good whatever. I coughed and raised a quart of pus and matter in twenty-four hours. I could not rest night or day, but coughed all the time, and sweat at night, and in the morning would be dripping with perspiration, and was so weak I could not get out of doors. I called some of the best physicians in our town and county, but they all said they could do me no good. I grew worse all the time, and suffered more than pen or tongue can express. I, too, thought I could not get well, and so did all my friends. I was under the treatment of Dr. S. C. of Rockford, for seven months. He had other doctors come to see me, but they could do me no good. After suffering eighteen months in this way, the doctors declared they could do no more for me. I chanced to get hold of one of your papers from a friend, and I read it, and concluded to try your remedies. But all my friends told me it was of no use, and my doctors said: "What a waste of money and imposture you were! But against all their united influence I wrote to you in July, and you replied that my case indeed was very critical, but you thought you could, (if it was the will of God to bless the means,) cure me. You sent the medicine, and I used it as directed. I raised more pus than ever, for a few days after which time I was able to get up, and go out of doors a little. I was a complete skeleton. I got weighed the first chance I could—having recruited some time—and my weight at that time was but 90 pounds. I now weigh 125 pounds, and my health is as good as ever, but do not feel quite as strong; yet I am going back to join my regiment and do my duty. I would like to thank you for your kind advice, and to say that those doctors that told me to die think my lungs are good yet, and if any other doubt it, and want to run me a foot-race, I am ready, and I will bet \$5 that I can outrun any of them 40 or 50 rods, or a mile, if they say so. 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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE PRESIDENT IS DEAD.

By W. H. BANKS.

The blow has fallen, and our Chief is dead. He whom we loved as father, leader, guide;

Unlooked for blow! and as the solid earth quivers and trembles 'neath the lightning's shock,

Through four dark stormy years we've seen him stand as God has given him to see the right—

The gentle Spring has come, with songs of birds; And gentle Peace is dawning with the Spring—

Yet, from the stillness of the murdered dead, A mightier voice than that of living men,

O, full of cruelty, the dark abode Of slavery, in every age has been,

Now he has fallen in his manhood's prime, One victim more to fierce, barbaric pride.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FAILURES IN LIFE.

By Prof. EDWARD WEBSTER.

"FROM lowest place when virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by the doer's deed;

"THERE will be no necessity for taking out letters of administration;" remarked JOHN DELANO,

"Not anything to quarrel over certainly," rejoined one of the sisters; "but he has left us something infinitely better, the memory of a kind and indulgent parent,

"Partly, yes," responded the other; "I have been commissioned by one who loves you to show you not only these, but other things,

"All times and all distances are alike to me," replied the spirit; "and while under my control they will be alike to thee; lay hold of the skirt of my robe and fear nothing."

"That may all be true," replied the brother, "and God forbid that I should cast a stone at father's memory; but still, when I reflect how other men who came here with him in those early days when real estate was cheap, and invested even small sums wisely have grown rich with half his intellect and efforts, I cannot but feel that in a certain sense his life has been a failure."

"Yes, and SARAH JOHNSON married within a month a man, who, if report be true, will squander her fortune and break her heart; an adventurer whose antecedents, that were anything but reputable, will not be brightened by the consequences following after them thick and fast."

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how could they be with the weight he carried; but with the talent committed to his trusts, he has returned more interest to his Lord than any of us will do I fear when our day of final reckoning shall have come."

The moistened eye, the earnest tone, and the heightened color of the sister's cheek, as she pleaded the cause of her father's good name were eloquent indeed; and the brother, though he did not respond with all his heart, was silenced if not convinced. He kissed his sisters as he bade them both good night, and they all retired to rest rendered so necessary by the grief and watchings of the past few days.

JOHN DELANO was not possessed naturally of a mean and sordid spirit, although the school of self-denial rendered necessary by the narrow circumstances in which the family had been reared engendered an undue desire to hoard for the purpose, as he cheated himself into believing, of avoiding the evils of poverty. He placed a high estimate on the value of money, and was gradually developing the idea that success or failure in accumulating property was the measure of success or failure in life. Narrowing down the truth that money is a blessing to its possessor only so far as it enables him to improve his own condition and to benefit mankind, he was sliding gradually downward from the plane of the economist to the degraded level of the miser; and the last thought running through his mind that night as he closed his eyes to sleep, was the good luck of the JOHNSON children each with his hundred thousand dollars. The faint and distant clang of a locomotive bell sounded in his ears like the tinkling of coin, and the booming of the train dashing over a bridge was metamorphosed into the slamming shut of treasury vaults with their steel clad doors. Visions of grotesque shape and of doubtful interpretation floated through his brain. At one time he seemed to have climbed a steep and slippery mountain whose summit was a mass of solid gold surmounted by a gorgeous fane, before which a crowd of men and women worshipped; but on approaching and looking in he beheld a jewel case containing only a hideous and grinning skull. Anon, scaling a precipice of silver ore, he stumbled over a huge mass of uncured bullion, and falling from a tremendous height that took away his breath, he plunged at last into a pestilential and noisome marsh. Beggars were contesting the possession of bones with dogs, while men of hideous and demon shape sat by on bags of coin, and offered no helping hand to the human against the canine brutes. In another place a man, whose face he could not see, stood by a huge sack marked \$100,000, from which he was sowing broadcast double eagles among a scrambling crowd of gamblers, courtisans and thieves; while not far apart with diaveled locks and broken heart, a woman sat upon a stone!

Suddenly the tumult ceased, the fearful pageant passed away, and a mellow silver light stole into the room growing brighter and brighter, in the midst of which a presence revealed itself in form and feature more than mortal. The being, whoever it might be, was dressed in a loose and shining robe and wore a diadem of stars. In one hand it held a silver wand like a caduceus entwined with flowers, while in the other were gathered up the folds of its flowing robe. The young man, annoyed and irritated from the effects of the late unhappy vision, addressed the visitant in a querulous tone, inquiring for what end he was thus honored, and whether he was indebted to the new comer for the exhibition of the past.

"Partly, yes," responded the other; "I have been commissioned by one who loves you to show you not only these, but other things, that you may be led back into the right path from which you have of late been straying. Come with me."

"Have we far to go? I must be back early in the morning for leave of absence from my place will terminate to-day."

"All times and all distances are alike to me," replied the spirit; "and while under my control they will be alike to thee; lay hold of the skirt of my robe and fear nothing."

The young man instantly obeyed, and they floated out into the open air. The full orbed moon was wheeling her majestic car across the cloudless arch of heaven, shedding a mellow radiance on all around, while the beaded dew-drops on blade and flower glistened like gems tinted with rainbow hues. They paused a moment in the cemetery through which they were passing, beside a new made grave; and in which the remains of his father had but yesterday been laid, and the spirit, sprinkling the fresh earth from a golden vessel, with what seemed to the young man to be the tears of the widow and the fatherless shed in regretful memory over the ashes of a departed friend, immediately there sprung up a bed of flowers fragrant with celestial fragrance and beauty; and without further delay or comment, they hastened on their way. How far they traveled or what direction they took, it was impossible to tell; but in the mean time the climate changed to a fierce and driving winter storm, and the region they traversed was mountainous and covered with snow. Suddenly they stopped and entered a rude log house with a broad mouthed open fire-place upon whose jambled hearth there roared and crackled a huge pile of wood and knots, sending up the chimney a sheet of flame. A woman, of much more refinement in appearance than the concomitants would seem to warrant, was preparing the evening meal consisting of coarse brown toast and milk, while a man dressed in homespun was stretched upon a rude settee apparently resting himself after the severe toils and labors of the day. A young lad similarly dressed was sitting in the corner busily engaged by the light of the fire trying to solve a mathematical problem; and ever and anon gazing up with that baffled and oblivious look to all around, that marks the intensest mental strain.

"I wish I could help you out of the difficulty,"

remarked the woman; "but your studies are beyond my depth. I am sorry you are not able to solve it, for the book the teacher offers as a reward would gratify us all. May be if you should go over to the surveyors early in the morning, he would show you how."

"No, mother, I was to do it all myself; you would not like to have me go to school with the surveyor's work as mine, would you? What would the master say if he found it out?"

"Of course not; the wrong would be the same whether the master found it out or not, my boy; and if you loose the prize by failure after all your toil, you will gain a higher prize in not winning at the expense of truth."

"I would like to win it though for all that," remarked the boy thoughtfully; "WILL HAYNE and I have been working hard all winter in a good natured contest to beat each other. He says he has found a way to solve the problem, and if he has the prize of better scholarship will be awarded him. If I could only see one point, the whole matter would be clear; but I have turned it in every shape I can think of, and the same difficulty comes across my way."

"Let it go then my son; you have worked hard enough to win at any rate, and if you fail in this you have not failed in making good progress in your studies and gaining the approbation of your teacher. Disappointments will meet us all in life, and he who schools his heart to meet them with a cheerful and heroic spirit, will conquer either here or hereafter. Your father and I were born to a better lot than this rude cabin and frontier life, but misfortune has bro't us here without doubt to end our days; and yet, we are not destitute of comfort and happiness even here; and a good Providence has softened down our lot with countless mitigating mercies."

The boy ate his supper in thoughtful mood, and afterwards resumed his task, but was constrained at last to give it up unsolved. Next morning he was making his way two miles to school through wood and wild, but turned aside to the cabin of a land surveyor temporarily located there, who, with a few brief explanations, cleared up the doubtful point and made it plain. Then came upon the boy the strong temptation, the battle of a lie against the truth; but the latter by the help of his good angel triumphed—and he lost thereby the prize of the book on which he had so much set his heart.

"In a certain sense," remarked the spirit, "that boy's young life has been a failure!" JOHN DELANO started at the repetition of his own words uttered in presence of his sisters on the previous evening, but the spirit made no further sign.

The scene shifted, as time sped on; and the boy was older but no less coarsely dressed, as he again appeared, dusty and travel stained, wending his way on foot along the road. A lame beggar sat at the way-side upon a stone holding in his hand a broken crutch. He had stumbled over a rough place and being lame had fallen to the ground breaking short off the staff on which he leaned. The boy paused to ascertain the fact, then leaving his bundle in the care of the beggar, he took the crutch to a neighboring shop, where borrowing some tools he retted neatly the broken shaft and returned it to the owner, resuming his bundle and the journey. As he did so the sun was getting low down in the western sky, leaving him several miles to travel yet before reaching the town towards which he was destined; and when at last he arrived weary and foot sore, the shops were shut, and he was obliged to leave his business until the morning, seeking in the meantime rest and shelter in an inn. He had come in response to a letter from an early friend of his father, stating that he had procured a place for the boy in a dry goods store, and that the proprietor would expect him on the given afternoon; but when he presented himself next day the proprietor stated he had expected him the day before, but he did not come, and as another applicant was pressing for the place, he had concluded an engagement with the latter in his stead. "Another failure in life," remarked the spirit; "if the boy had not waited to mend the beggar's crutch, he would have been in time; succeeded ultimately to the business and died in the end a merchant prince."—[Concluded on page 158.]

WHEN is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is a drift.

WHY does a fat dog not meditate? Because he is not a cur.

WHY is a bluish like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

WHY is a broken chair like one who despises you? Because it can't bear it.

WHY is the first chicken like a fort-mast? Because it is just before the main hatch.

WHY is a married man like a candle? Because he goes out at night when he ought not to.

WHY is a clergyman like a locomotive? Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

WHY is one of Dickens' works like a cork-screw? Because it is Oliver Twist. (All over twist.)

WHY are suicides the most successful people in the world? Because they accomplish their own ends.

WHO is quartermaster? The man who gives the poor soldier one-quarter, and keeps all the rest himself.

WHY should the ram be regarded the principal animal of the dairy? Because he is a butter; of course he is.

WHY was the St. Albans invasion like the Lily of the Valley? Because Solomon in all his glory was not a raid like one of these!

WHY may the exercise of skating serve as an excellent introduction to society? Because when the ice is broken you may often drop in.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1885 and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX per cent. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its exemption from State and municipal taxation, adds from one to three per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a \$50 note.
Two cents " " " \$100 "
Ten " " " " 500 "
20 " " " " 1,000 "
\$1 " " " " 5,000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

The Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than \$300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers, throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE EDITOR OF THE MANCHESTER Daily and Weekly Mirror, in a leader of the Daily writes of the Compound:

The White Pine Compound is advertised at much length in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the demand for it is increasing beyond all previous expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we know of, and no family that has once used it will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge—it is sure to kill a cold, and pleasant as it is sure. The greatest inventions come by accident, and it is singular that the Compound, made for coughs and colds, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties known. But so it is. We cannot doubt it, so many testimonials come to us from well-known men. Besides, the character of Dr. POLAK'S is such, that we know that he will not countenance what is wrong. For years a Baptist clergyman, studying medicine to find remedies for his ailments, with a delicate, consumptive look, standing with one foot upon the grave, he made the discovery which has saved himself and called out from hundreds of others the strongest testimonials possible. We have known Dr. POLAK for years, and never knew a more conscientious, honest, upright man, and are glad to state that he believes whatever he says about his White Pine Compound.

For full particulars of "WHITE PINE COMPOUND" see RURAL of March 18th, page 92.

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