MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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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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AGRICULTURAL.

THE SOIL OF THE SOUTH:

ITS FUTURE POSSESSION AND CULTIVATION.

Now that the rebellion is over, the Union likely to be speedily restored, and peace to prevail throughout our borders, the re-population of the South is becoming a question of vital importance. The questions involved are very properly attracting much attention, and being discussed both in this country and Europe. The matter is one in which the people of the North, and especially the producing classes—and the agricultural most of all—have and should manifest a great interest, for the possession and culture of the Southern soil by intelligent, enterprising and loyal Northerners, and foreigners friendly to our institutions, will not only result in permanently restoring the seceded States to the Union, but must eventually affect, to some extent, the growth and prosperity of the North and West.

It is truthfully averred that the capacity of the South to receive colonists is almost unlimited, and thousands in this country and Europe are already preparing to settle in what they believe to be the goodly land. And certainly there is "ample room and verge enough" for millions of people—for, without reckoning the immense losses of population occasioned by the war, and supposing that the inhabitants still number as many as they did in 1860, it is demonstrated by the census of that year that the South is one of the most thinly peopled parts of the civilized world. "Its average population is not more than ten to the square mile, while that of New York, for example, is upwards of eighty to the square mile, and that of Massachusetts upwards of one hundred and fifty. The seceded States with their mild climate and fertile soil and valuable products, and their immense facilities for commerce and navigation, could receive and furnish subsistence and profitable occupation to a million of emigrants annually for many years to come. They offer to the enterprising and industrious laborer or mechanic or farmer one of the most inviting regions of the world, and to the capitalist there is no better field open for the profitable investment of money than that now offered by the plantations, the ports and the towns of the South."

The climate of the South has been a great bugbear to many of our people, formerly, but now that our armies have traversed and lived for years in some of the worst localities, the truth is becoming known, even abroad. A late number of the Northern Whig, published in Belfast, Ireland, has an excellent article upon emigration to our Southern States. It is supposed to be from the pen of Prof. CAIRNES, an ardent friend of American institutions, and shows a thorough knowledge of the condition of this country. It demonstrates that the bugbear of a tropical climate should have no influence; no part of the United States is within the tropics, and in Texas, which most nearly approaches them, the German settlers find the climate healthy, and are among the most successful cultivators of the soil. Prof. CAIRNES predicts that the ten or twelve thousand great slave owners of the South, at whose instigation the war was commenced, will be impoverished and discredited and their influence forever overthrown. The poor whites have been thinned out by the war; the South is still largely unoccupied territory; slavery no longer exists to exclude free industry, and when once peace is re-established there will be a rush of emigrants from Europe and the Northern States to the fertile fields of the South; a new population will thus arise, which will owe everything to the North and to the Union, and the spirit of treason will die out with the aristocracy of the plantation.

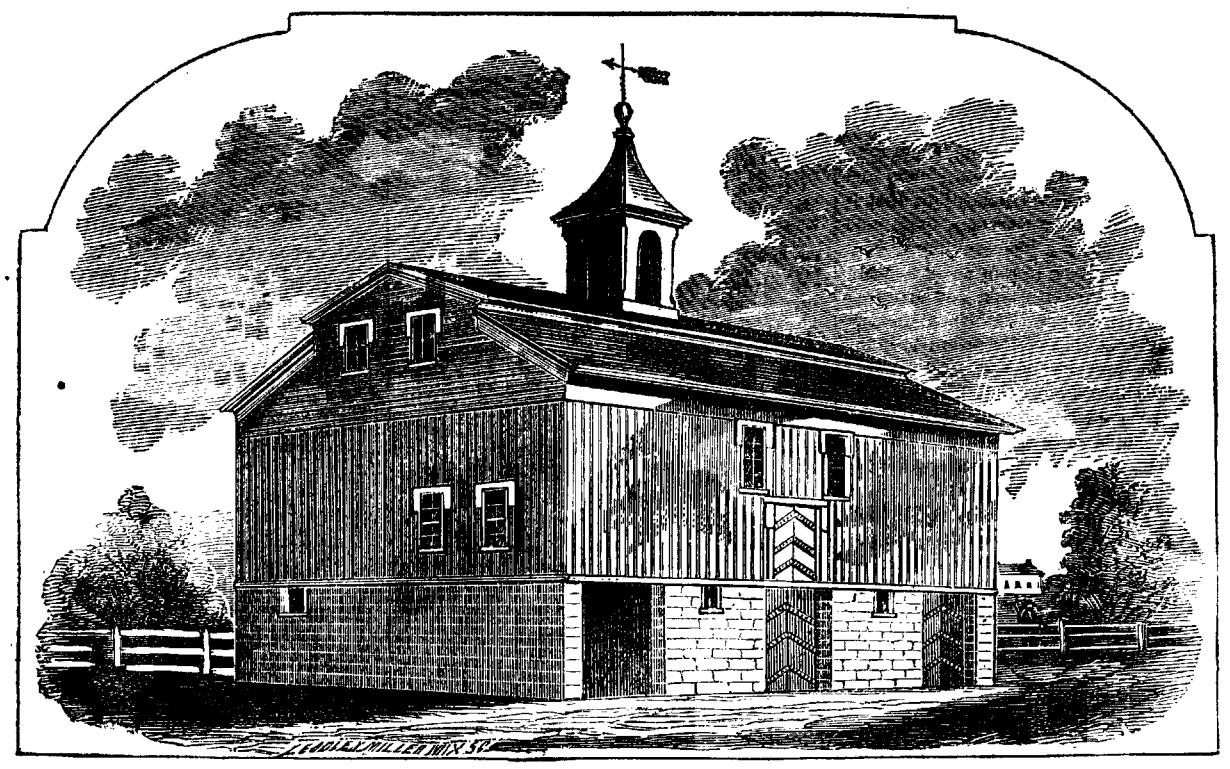
The inducements for emigration to the South are certainly great, particularly for people in the old world, but those who own real estate—improved farms, etc.,—in the Northern States should not decide upon a change without due deliberation as to the consequences. We have given above, the general, popular view of the picture, but it has a reverse. Those of our readers who are looking Southward—especially such as are now located in favored sections, with good society, schools, churches, etc., convenient—should "count the cost" to themselves and families, of a change to a region where they will, for awhile at least, be deprived of many of the privileges and enjoyments now within their reach. The difference in climate and staple crops should also be considered. Many sections of the South are not adapted to the mixed husbandry of the North—for in one region cotton is the staple, in another sugar, and so on. In some localities the cereals, grasses and fruits are produced, while in others it is only profitable to grow certain staples. Of course those accustomed to growing a variety of crops should not, without careful consideration as to the consequences, change to another and different style of husbandry, involving particular knowledge and perhaps a large outlay. Young men of limited means, about to start in life, will make good pioneers in the settlement and improvement of the Southern country, and upon them will depend, in a great measure, the progress for the next decade of the semi-tropical region to which so many eyes and hearts are now turning with anxiety and solicitude. Many of our brave volunteers will undoubtedly locate in the South, and we trust all such will ere long be enabled to thank GOD that, the cruel war being over, their lives have fallen in pleasant places—sitting peacefully and happily under their own vines and fig trees.

The occupation and culture of Southern Soil by live, wide-awake, intelligent and enterprising Northmen, must eventually affect the interests of the Rural Population of the Northern and Western States. It may depreciate the value of landed property, and affect the prices of some of our leading products. For instance, such an impetus may be given to cotton growing as to greatly cheapen cotton goods, and thus lessen the price of woolens—but we do not anticipate that such will be the result for some time, if ever. We who remain at the North, must await the developments of seasons and events, and govern ourselves in accordance with the dictates of prudence and wisdom. It will be wise, meantime, to cultivate and manufacture such articles, and breed such animals, as will be in demand at good prices, whatever the result of the re-occupation of Southern territory. But we have written enough to accomplish the object in view—to enlist the attention and minds of our readers to the subject, that each may make such investigation, or take such action, as may be deemed necessary to promote his present or prospective interests and welfare.

THE POTATO:

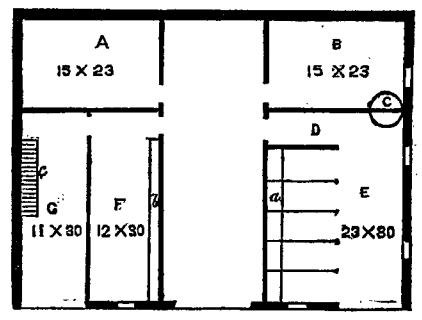
ABOUT ITS HISTORY, VALUE AND CULTURE.

THE Common Potato, (*Solanum tuberosum,*) is ascertained to be a native of South America, it having been found both in Buenos Ayres and in Chili. It is peculiar to a hilly and rocky soil, and flourishes near the sea shore. At the time of the discovery of America it was undoubtedly grown in the Andes of S. A., although unknown in Mexico, and only shortly after in the United States. The first colonists sent out to Virginia by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, in 1584, found it growing wild in that State. The wild potato has white flowers, its tubers are small, rarely attaining a length of two inches, and have an insipid taste. From these, by judicious cultivation, have sprung the almost innumerable number of varieties at present cultivated, and adapted to all climates and sections of the inhabited world.



PREMIUM PLAN OF A WESTERN NEW YORK BARN.

ABOVE we give a perspective view of a Barn located in one of the richest sections of Western New York—a portion of the Genesee Valley long famous for its superior cultivation, productive soil, fine farm buildings and the intelligence, morality, general good management and consequent prosperity of the people. This plan was awarded a premium from the large number sent in under our offer some years ago, and is re-published in response to inquiries and for the reason that we think it will meet the wants of many who were not subscribers at the time of its former appearance in the RURAL.



PLAN OF BASEMENT.

A, Tool Room; B, Root Cellar; C, Cistern; D, Hall; E, Horse Stable; F, Cow Stable; G, Open Shed; *a*, Mangers; *b*, Feed Box; *c*, Stairs.

This barn is situated in the town of Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y., on the farm of IRA ARMSTRONG, by whom it was built in the year 1855. It is located upon a level piece of ground, the entire building being above the surface. The size of the structure is 45 by 60 feet.

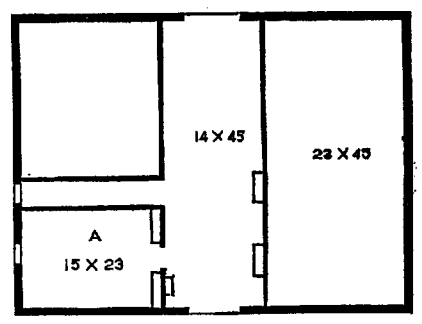
THE BASEMENT STORY is built of stone, and is 9 feet high, with 10 stalls for cattle, and a place to throw manure out into the open apartment where it can be preserved under cover. This open apartment, or shed, as it is sometimes called, is 11 feet wide by 30 deep, and is marked G on the ground plan. There is a large *Root Cellar* opening into the main hall or carriage floor, fifteen by twenty-three feet, convenient to both horse and cow stables. A blackboard on wall of carriage floor is very convenient for writing down amount of feed, &c. The horse stable has conveniences for six horses, with a cistern of water holding some 500 barrels. All stock can be watered without going out of the barn in coldest weather of the season. The cistern is covered with red cedar, 10 inches thick; sides of cistern are stone, and plastered. There is also a large *Store Room* for tools and implements, large enough to house all the farm implements.

THE MAIN FLOOR contains a *Granary*, large, and conveniently divided and arranged. From it are spouts leading to the *Carriage Floor* of basement, so that the contents of the granaries can be received into a wagon below, or used otherwise, as may be convenient. There are two large bays, and a large barn floor, 14 by 45. The *Stables* are supplied easily through trap-doors from the main floor, as shown in the plan. The scaffolds are reached by movable ladders, which may be changed to any locality desired.

The windows of basement are supplied with pulleys, so as easily to be moved, and ventilate the entire lower floor.

THE OUTSIDE FINISH is with good matched stuff, battened to the eaves, and the gable-ends are clap-boarded. The whole is finished with three coats of white paint.

THE CARRIAGE WAY is on the south side of the building, and is made of easy grade, whilst the floor of the barn upon the south side is about ten feet from the ground. This makes it convenient in stacking straw after thrashing.



PLAN OF MAIN FLOOR.

A, Granary, with openings for passing grain below; between this and the bay is a hall. The barn floor is large, with two openings for passing hay and feed below, for use in the stables, and on the right is the large Bay, 25 by 45 feet, in which may be stored an immense amount of grain or hay.

This barn is so arranged that all parts are easily accessible, and when once in the building you can get to any part with ease. There is so much room that all the crops can be housed with ease, and with little labor.

THE YARD is supplied with water from a well about 80 rods off, by a syphon.

The builder was CORMINE MARTIN, of Avon, N. Y., and the cost, (when constructed in 1855,) about $1,500.

From Virginia it was introduced into England and Ireland in 1586. It was first planted by Sir WALTER RALEIGH on his estate near Cork; its first production was cherished and cultivated for food in that country before its value was known in England. In 1597 GERARD had this plant in his garden under the name of *Battata Virginiana*, and advised it to be eaten as a delicate dish, not as common food. In the seventeenth century it found its way over the rest of Europe, but its fullest reputation was not obtained till the nineteenth century, when its innumerable varieties shed their blessings on all the nations of the civilized world.

The potato is one of the most important farinaceous plants ever given to the world. There is no article of human diet that enters so generally into consumption, and from no crop that can be grown will the public derive so much nourishment as from this esculent. They are not only nourishing and healthy, but are relished by nearly every one. We can in a measure comprehend its importance as food, when from its partial failure through disease or rot, as a few years since was the case in Ireland, starvation stared the inhabitants in the face, causing untold misery and distress; but for foreign supplies of food actual starvation and death would have been the necessary consequence among a large per centage of the people. It would then seem that it should become a matter of much importance to nourish and cultivate with the nicest skill, a plant of such value in the domestic economy of man.

It would be vain in me to attempt to give particular rules for cultivation which might be universally correct; for what might be suited to one locality, or circumstance might, under different circumstances, in different localities, prove entirely unsuitable. A few things are agreed upon as applicable and should be followed everywhere. Potatoes flourish and give the best returns on high, rather dry ground, in good heart and tilth, mellow soil; plant early; if manured in hill, good compost, well rotted and fine, is as good as anything and vastly superior to fresh yard manure, which is, of the two, injurious to the crop; low instead of high hill culture; no working among after blossoming; dig when fully ripe, not leave them in the ground through the fall rains, allow them to dry so that the dirt will fall off before picking up; store them in a dry airy cellar in small instead of large bulks; keep at as low, even temperature, as practicable without freezing. These general rules if followed will give results that will satisfy the most particular, in the opinion of the writer who has seen them tried.

In the foregoing our young friends who referred the question of the nativity of the Potato to the Editor of the RURAL a few weeks since, will find a more full answer, which I hope will stimulate them to further inquiry as to how the vigor and vitality of this plant may be improved and continued; also as to what various uses the potato is put aside from food; its chemical properties and analysis, etc. W. H. WHITE.

South Windsor, Conn.

REPAIRING ROADS.—A writer in N. E. Farmer says there are many places in the highways where the ground is wet, because springy, and almost impassable in the spring or fall. Such places may be made dry by digging a ditch in the *middle* of the road, of suitable depth; partly filling the same with small stones, then covering them with brush, and the brush with the earth thrown out. The middle of the road is thus raised above its former level by the amount of stones and brush used. By extending the ditch thus constructed to some place at the side of the road, that will admit of it, a permanent improvement will be effected. Is not the suggestion a good one for other meridians than New England?

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE STATE SHEEP FAIR.

THE first Annual Fair of the New York State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association was held at Canandaigua on the 9th, 10th and 11th inst. That it was a great success, that it far excelled any previous exhibition of the kind in the United States, is generally conceded. Indeed, in the type of sheep represented by the American Merino, the show probably surpassed any one ever held in this, or, we scarcely need to add, any other country. Yet some of the attending circumstances were highly unfavorable. It was not learned until the animals were on the ground that the N. Y. Central Railroad had consented to carry them free to and from the Fair. The employees of the road had received no instructions to that effect when the latest lots were shipped, and no special provisions had been made for their transportation. To avoid the dangers and detentions of having them go as freight, without such provisions, nearly all who sent sheep from a distance forwarded them by Express. The great expense of this mode of conveyance deterred a large number of persons from exhibiting who, to our certain knowledge, intended to do so, and who would have done so had they received the same facilities which are extended to those who send stock to the Fairs of the State Agricultural Society.

And the weather was exceedingly unpropitious. The first or entry day was cloudy and chilly—holding out decided indications that it was the immediate precursor of a long, cold storm. The second day was still more disagreeable. It commenced to rain about 3 P. M., driving everybody under cover, and arresting all out-door proceedings. It rained heavily during the night, so that on the morning of the third day some portions of the show ground were converted into a bog, and the remainder of it rendered excessively uncomfortable to persons not booted with good stiff cowhide. The rain commenced falling again in the forenoon and continued, gradually increasing, throughout the day, accompanied by a cold, raw wind. This was to have been the principal day for visitors. A thousand people of Canandaigua alone, many of them ladies, intended to attend the sheep shearing, who were not on the ground at all. And the same was true of multitudes in the surrounding country.

When the hour for shearing arrived, it was the opinion of most that it could not proceed with safety to the sheep—but several owners came forward and declared that they would "carry out the programme," whatever the consequences; and accordingly it went on. But before the first parcel were all off the shearing tables, the rain fell so fast and the wind was so cold that there was no propriety or humanity in continuing it. The sheared sheep, though covered with blankets as soon as they could be weighed, shivered with cold. It froze hard enough during the night, it is feared, to kill the fruit in that region of country, and the next morning the hills a few miles south of Canandaigua were white with snow. Taken all in all, a worse time for a Fair could scarcely be hit upon. The proceeds of the Fair are believed to have been diminished a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars by these untoword circumstances.

But in spite of all of them, between six and eight hundred sheep of superior quality were on exhibition—all the premiums were paid promptly down, except about thirty dollars uncalled for—every disbursement was met, and the Association had a balance of several hundred dollars left in its treasury as a "nest egg" for the future!

The principal out-door arrangements for the exhibition were excellent, and they were in a great measure due to the highly efficient efforts of Hon. E. B. POTTLE, the General Superintendent, and JOHN MALTMAN, Esq., Chairman of the Local Committee. Everything proceeded quietly and harmoniously on the grounds. The thanks of the Association are due to these officers, and also to the local clerks and other employees, who discharged their duties with energy and fidelity.

We ought not to omit to mention an act of great courtesy on the part of Judge JOHNSON of the Supreme Court. A term of the Court was to have been held at Canandaigua at the same time with the Fair, but on a petition of the citizens, he adjourned it over until the next week.

The following are the entries which were made—a pen of ewes in all cases signifying five. The rams were entered separately, but to save space we have mentioned together each man's lot of same age and class:

CLASS I.—AMERICAN MERINOS.

A. H. Clapp, Pompey, N. Y., 1 ram.
R. A. Avery, Gloversville, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over; 2 yearling rams.
Hall & Randall, Addison Co., Vt., 2 rams 2 years old; 2 yearling rams.
L. S. Scofield, Pittsford, Vt., 4 pens yearling ewes; 3 pens 2 year old ewes; 5 yearling rams; 1 2 year old ram.
John Maltman, Canandaigua, N. Y., 3 pens yearling ewes; 2 pens 2 year old ewes.
E. B. Pottle, Naples, N. Y., 4 yearling rams; 1 ram, 2 years or over; 2 pens ewes 2 years or over.
T. S. Steele, Shushan, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
Wm. W. Heath, Cazenovia, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years old.
Davis Cossit, Onondaga, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years old; 1 pen yearling ewes.
D. W. Percey & L. J. Burgess, North Hoosick, N. Y 1 ram 2 years or over.
James H. Simmons, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes; 4 yearling rams.
P. H. McMillen, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 ram 2 yrs. or over; 1 yearling ram; (withdrawn, as Mr. McMillen acted on Viewing Committee); 1 pen ewes 2 years or over.
James Sherburne, East Bloomfield, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
Wm. M. Holmes, Greenwich, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
H. M. Boardman, Gorham, N. Y., 1 pen ewes 2 years or over; 1 pen yearling ewes.
Harlow Brothers, Darien, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
Delos Blodgett, Gorham, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes.
Marriner & Bronson, East Bloomfield, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over; 1 pen ewes 2 years or over.
Stephen Francis, Bristol, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
John P. & W. W. Ray, Honeoye, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over; 1 pen yearling ewes.
C. D. Sweet, North Bennington, Vt., 1 ram 2 years or over.
S. S. Percey, North Hoosick, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
John C. Sweet, North Hoosick, 1 yearling ewe; 1 ewe 2 years or over.
E. Townsend, Pavilion, N. Y., 2 yearling rams.
George Clark, Yates, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years old; yearling ram.
Charles E. Sheppard, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
James H. Chapin, Hopewell, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
Denton Bostwick, Potter, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over; 1 pen yearling ewes.
Arnold & Green, Gorham, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes; 1 ram 2 years or over.
H. N. Jarvis, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
Abraham Stocking, York, N. Y., 3 rams 2 years or over.
Wm. Stewart, York, 1 ram 2 years or over.
T. N. & D. D. Johnson, Ovid, N. Y., 1 pen ewes 2 years or over.
Pitts, Wiley & Parish, Honeoye, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
Pitts & Wiley, Honeoye, 4 pens ewes 2 years or over; 2 pens yearling ewes.
Robinson and Parkhill, Cornwall, Vt., 1 ram 2 years or over.
Geo. N. Swan, Honeoye, N. Y., 3 yearling rams.
J. C. Taft, West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
Parish, Wiley & Pitts, Naples, N. Y., 1 pen ewes 2 years or over.
Stephen Francis, Bristol, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes.
W. H. B. Rogers, Honeoye Falls, N. Y., 2 rams 2 years or over.
A. D. Bennett, Livonia, N. Y., 2 rams 2 years or over.
Henry Green, Middlesex, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
C. Sherman, Henrietta, N. Y., 2 rams 2 years or over.
L. J. Bovee, Le Roy, N. Y., 3 yearling rams; 1 pen ewes, 2 years or over.
A. Q. Lewis, Prattsburg, N. Y., 1 2 year old ram.
J. C. & S. T. Short, Livonia, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
J. C. Short, Livonia, 1 pen yearling ewes.
J. C. Short & Co., Livonia, 5 yearling rams.
M. F. Gibbs, Livonia, 1 ram 2 years or over; 2 yearling rams.
G. C. Senter, South Butler, N. Y., 2 yearling rams.
A. J. & G. D. Downing, Palmyra, N. Y., 5 yearling rams; 1 pen ewes 2 years or over.
M. Norton & Son, East Bloomfield, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
J. S. Goodrich, Lima, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes; 1 yearling ram.
Ovid Hopkins, Richmond, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
Atwood & Allen, Venice Center, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
Alonzo Knowles & Bros., Plymouth, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
Charles H. Hibbard, Pompey, N. Y., 1 yearling ram, (withdrawn, as Mr. H. served on Committee.)
Hiram Hand, Geneva, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
H. Allen, Venice Center, 1 ram 2 years or over.
Allen H. Avery, Manlius, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
Henry Hart, Milo Center, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
H. Willard, Cayuga, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
A. J. Blood, Carlton, N. Y., 2 rams 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
J. B. Spaulding, Panton, Vt., 1 ram 2 years or over.
P. H. McMillen, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 pen 5 lambs.

CLASS II—FINE MERINOS.

William Chamberlin, Red Hook, 1 ram 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram; 1 pen ewes 2 years old or over; 1 pen yearling ewes.
Carl Heyne, Red Hook, 1 yearling ram.
Ed. R Pratt, Gorham, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
Abraham Stocking, York, N. Y., 1 pen ewes 2 years or over.
Pitts & Wiley, Honeoye, N. Y., 1 pen ewes 2 years or over.
Pierce & Fellows, Chili, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes.
Allen H. Avery, Manlius, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
H. Allen, Venice Center, N. Y., 1 yearling ram; 1 ram 2 years or over.
A. J. Blood, Carlton, N. Y., 1 yearling ram; 1 ram 2 years or over.
Prescott Reed, Stafford, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years or over.
Thomas S. Baker, Bethany, 1 ram, 2 years or over.

CLASS III.—DELAINE MERINOS.

R. A. Avery, Gloversville, N. Y., 2 yearling rams.
John Maltman, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 pen ewes, 2 years old.
Wm. Chamberlain, Red Hook, N. Y., 1 pen ewes, 2 years or over.
George Brown, Whitney's Crossing, N. Y., 2 pens ewes, 2 years or over.
James H. Simmons, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 yearling ram; 1 yearling ewe.
H. M. Boardman, Gorham, N. Y., 1 pen ewes, 2 years or over.
H. Rapalee, Gorham, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
Delos Blodgett, Gorham, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
Stephen Francis, Bristol, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes.
Henry M. Davis, Hopewell Center, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
Frank Maltman, East Bloomfield, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
Elijah Ennis, Palmyra, N. Y., 5 ewes, 2 years or over; 5 yearling ewes.
Pitts, Wiley & Parrish, Honeoye, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
Pitts & Wiley, Honeoye, N. Y., 1 pen ewes, 2 years or over.
J. C. Taft, West Bloomfield, 1 ram, 2 years old.
L. J. Bovee, Le Roy, 2 yearling rams.
M. F. Gibbs, Livonia, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
G. S. Center, South Butler, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes.
Julius Stickney, Wheeler, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
Theron Steele, Lima, N. Y., 1 yearling ram.
F. J. Green & S. F. Seaman, Middlesex, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
John Pierce, Ogden, N. Y., 2 yearling rams.
A. Fellows, Chili, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
Prescott Read, Ogden, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
Thomas S. Baker, Bethany, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
John H. Aiken, Scipio, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
S. N. Franklin, Kings Ferry, N. Y., 1 pen yearling ewes.
A. J. Blood, Carlton, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
T. S. Knapp, Marion, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.

CLASS IV.—LONG WOOLED SHEEP.

E. Gazley, Pleasant Plains, N. Y., 3 rams, 2 years and over; 3 yearling rams; 1 pen yearling ewes. (All the above were Cotswolds.)

CLASS V.—MIDDLE WOOLED SHEEP.

Wm. C. Meek, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram; 1 pen ewes, 2 years or over. (All the above were Shropshire Downs.)

CLASS VI.—SWEEPSTAKES.

R. A. Avery, Gloversville, N. Y., 1 ram, 2 years or over.
Hall & Randall, Addison Co., Vt., 1 ram, 2 years old.
D. W. Percey, & L. J. Burgess, North Hoosick, N. Y., 1 ram, 3 years old.
Wm. W. Heath, Cazenovia, N. Y., 1 ram 2 years old.
J. A. Potter, Penn Yan, N. Y., 1 yearling ram; 3 rams, 2 years or over.
Wm. Chamberlain, Red Hook, 1 ram, 2 years old; 5 ewes, 2 years or over.
P. H. McMillen, Canandaigua, 1 ram, 2 years or over.
Wm. M. Holmes, Greenwich, 1 ram, 2 years or over.
Abraham Stocking, York, 2 rams, 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
Henry Robbins & S. C. Parkhill, Cornwall, Vt., 1 ram 2 years or over.
A. G. & G. D. Downing, Palmyra, 5 ewes, 2 years or over.
Hiram Hand, Genoa, 1 yearling ram.
H. M. Boardman, Gorham, 5 ewes.
E. B. Pottle, Naples, 5 ewes, 2 years or over; 1 yearling ram.
L. J. Bovee, Le Roy, 1 yearling ram.

Lambs.

A new class was made by the Executive Board, at the Fair, including the lambs on the ground at the sides of their dams. Prizes of $15, $10 and $5 were offered for the best lots, irrespective of numbers, and no entries were required.

Special Prize.

Entries for Special Prize of $50 for heaviest scoured fleece in proportion to its time of growth and weight of carcass.

A H Clapp, Pompey, N. Y., 1 ewe, 2 years old.
John Maltman, Canandaigua, 1 yearling ewe.
E B Pottle, Naples, 1 yearling ram.
T S Steele, Shushan, 1 ewe, 2 years old.
D W Percey, North Hoosick, 1 ewe, 2 years old.
George Brown, Whitney's Crossing, 1 ewe, 2 years old.
Wm M Holmes, Greenwich, 1 yearling ewe.
H M Boardman, Gorham, 1 ewe, 10 months old.
E Gazley, Pleasant Plains, 1 yearling ewe; 1 yearling ram, (Cotswolds.)
Frank Maltman, East Bloomfield, 1 yearling ram.

Arnold & Green, Gorham, 1 ewe, 2 years old.
J C Taft, West Bloomfield, 1 yearling ewe.
Wm W Heath, Cazenovia, 1 ram, 2 years old.
L J Bovee, Le Roy, 1 yearling ram.
G S Center, South Butler, 1 ewe, 2 years old.
Theron Steele, Lima, 1 yearling ram.
O S Williams, Middlesex, 1 ram, 2 years old.
A Fellows, Chili, 1 ram, 2 years and over.
S N Franklin, King's Ferry, 1 yearling ewe.
M F Gibbs, Livonia, 1 yearling ram.
P H McMillen, Canandaigua, 1 ewe, 2 years or over.
A J Blood, Carlton, 1 ram, 2 years or over.
J B Spaulding, Panton, Vt., 1 ram, 2 years or over.

(Owing to the inclemency of the weather, some of the above sheep were not shorn, and consequently were withdrawn from competition.)

Sheep entered for the exhibition only, are not included in any of the preceding classes.

Viewing Committees.

1st Class.—On rams 2 yrs old or over, A. F. Wilcox, Fayetteville, N. Y.; W. A. Cook, Lima, N. Y.; T. S. Steele, Shushan, N. Y.
1st Class.—On yearling rams, E. E. Brown, New Hope, N. Y.; Charles H. Hibbard, Manlius, N. Y.; Peter McMillen, Canandaigua, N. Y.
1st Class.—On ewes, Franklin J. Marshall, Wheeler, N. Y.; Charles W. Per Lee, North Norwich, N. Y.; Hiram Taft, West Bloomfield, N. Y.
2d Class.—On rams and ewes, James M. Ellis, Syracuse, N. Y.; Matthias Hutchinson, Ledyard, N. Y.; Wm. Stewart, York, N. Y.
3d Class.—On rams, Alexander Arnold, Avoca, N. Y.; Matthias Hutchinson, Ledyard, N. Y.; Oscar Granger, Saratoga, N. Y.
3d Class.—On ewes, Chester Moses, Marcellus, N. Y.; Alexander Arnold, Avoca, N. Y.; Henry Dixon, Bethany, N. Y.
4th Class.—Richard Peck, Lima, N. Y.; John R. Page Sennett, N. Y.; Francis H. Hibbard, Cortlandville, N. Y.
5th Class.—Same committee as on 4th class.
Sweepstakes.—The sweepstakes committee consisted of the chairmen of the committees in three first classes, viz., Messrs. Wilcox, Brown, Marshall, Ellis, Arnold and Moses.
Lambs.—Committee on young lambs, Allen H. Avery, Manlius, N. Y.; Robert E. Chamberlain, Niles, N. Y.; Edward O. Clapp, Pompey, N. Y.
Shearing—Committee on shearing, John Maltman, Canandaigua, N. Y.; N. H. Noles, Geneva, N. Y.; T. S. Steele, Shushan, N. Y.

Award of Prizes.

1st class, rams 2 years or over.—1st prize to C. D. Sweet; 2d, to Henry Robins; 3d, to Percy & Burgess.
1st class, yearling rams.—1st prize to E. B. Pottle; 2d, to E. Townsend; 3d, to Hiram Hand.
1st class, ewes 2 years or over.—1st prize to E. B. Pottle; 2d, to Pitts & Wiley; 3d, to P. McMillen.
1st class, yearling ewes.—1st prize to Pitts & Wiley; 2d, to H. M. Boardman; 3d, to Stephen Francis.
2d class, rams 2 years or over.—1st prize to William Chamberlain; 2d, to A. J. Blood.
2d class, yearling rams.—1st prize to Wm. Chamberlain; 2d, to Carl Heyne; 3d, to Allen H. Avery.
2d class, ewes 2 years or over.—1st prize to William Chamberlain; 2d, to Wm. Chamberlain; 3d, to Pitts & Wiley.
2d class, yearling ewes.—1st prize to Wm. Chamberlain; 2d, to Pierce & Fellows.
3d class, rams 2 years or over.—1st prize to Green & Simmons; 2d, to A. J. Blood; 3d, to E. B. Reed.
3d class, yearling rams.—1st prize to Theron Steele; 2d, to R. A. Avery; 3d, to John Pierce.
3d class, ewes 2 years or over.—1st prize to George Brown; 2d, to Elijah Ennis; 3d, to H. M. Boardman.
3d class, yearling ewes.—1st prize to G. S. Center; 2d, to S. N. Franklin; 3d, to John Maltman.
4th class, rams 2 years or over.—1st and 2d prizes to E. Gazley.
4th class, yearling rams.—1st and 2d prizes to E. Gazley.
4th class, yearling ewes.—1st and 2d prizes to E. Gazley.
5th class, rams 2 years or over.—3d prize to W. C. Meek.
5th class, yearling rams.—1st prize to W. C. Meek.
5th class, ewes 2 years or over.—2d prize to W. C. Meek.
Sweepstakes, rams.—Prize to Percy & Burgess.
Sweepstakes, ewes.—Prize to E. B. Pottle.
Lambs.—(The report is not in our possession.)
Shearers.—The first prize to best shearer was awarded to R. L. Sheldon, Le Roy; 2d, to Orsemus Webb, Naples; 3d, to Thomas Evans, East Bloowfield.

Shearing.

Name of Owner.	Sex.	Age.			Weight carc.		Con-d'n.	Age of fleece.		Wt of fleece.	
		y.	m	d.	lb	oz.		m.	d.	lb	oz
L J Bovee,	ewe,	0	11	26	53	0	Fair	11	26	11	3½
P H McMillen,	"	2	0	0	64	8	"	12	4	12	7
Josiah Taft,	"	0	11	1	33	0	thin	11	1	7	½
Bronson & Marriner,	"	3	0	0	77	8	good*	11	26	14	1½
A H Clapp,	"	2	0	0	49	0	fair	12	2	9	14½
E B Pottle,	"	2	0	0	63	0	"	11	19	13	13½
G S Center,	"	1	11	17	54	8	"	11	21	10	4
J A Potter,	ram	1	2	13	90	8	good	14	13	13	7½
H M Boardman,	ewe	0	13	4	62	0	fair	12	4	18	1½
O S Williams,	ram	2	0	0	61	0	thin	12	3	10	13
Theron Steele,	"	1	2	0	77	8	good	14	0	15	11½
J C Short,	ewe	1	1	14	62	8	"	13	14	14	5½
Frank Green,	ram	3	0	0	121	0	"	12	7	14	13½
H M Boardman,	ewe	1	0	0	63	0	"	12	0	14	12
E B Pottle,	"	2	0	0	65	0	"	11	19	13	15½
C E Sheppard,	ram	2	0	0	125	0	"	12	4	24	0
J H Simmons,	ewe	1	1	0	63	0	"	13	0	12	8½
L J Bovee,	ram	1	0	15	108	8	"	12	15	18	1
A J Blood,	"	4	0	0	95	0	"†	12	0	20	1½
J P & W W Ray,	"	2	0	0	121	0	"	11	26	29	2½
Arnold & Green,	ewe	2	0	0	55	8	"	11	6	9	2½
Percey and Burgess,	ram	3	0	0	109	8	"	12	0	19	12
John C Sweet,	ewe	2	0	0	78	8	"	12	11	17	8
Marriner & Bronson,	ram	2	0	0	116	8	"	11	25	17	15
Wm M Holmes	ewe	1	1	18	47	0	"	18	13	8	15½
A C Bennett	ram	3	0	0	118	8	"	11	23	22	2
Marriner & Bronson,	ewe	3	0	0	77	0	fair‡	11	25	14	8
E Gazley,	"	1	§	§	99	8	fat	0	0	8	14½
J C Sweet,	"	3	0	0	78	8		12	11	17	8
Wm M Holmes	"	1	1	0	47	0		13	0	8	15
A C Bennett,	ram	3	0	0	118	0‖				22	2
H M Boardman,	ewe	0	10	15	40	0		10	15	8	9½
J C & S T Short,	ram	3	0	0	136	8		11	23	28	4
D W Percey,	ewe	2	0	0	63	8		12	8	14	7
Pitts & Wiley,	"	3	0	0	95	8		12	9	18	9
M F Gibbs,	ram	1	0	1	50	8		12		11	5

* Suckled a lamb.
† Not housed.
‡ Suckled a lamb.
§ The age is thus given in record as "a yearling," without giving months and days. Mr. Gazley is requested to furnish precise age.
‖ Age of fleece not given by weight, and Mr. Bennett's affidavit not found on file. Will he furnish the necessary information?

GEORGE B. SACKETT weighed the fleeces. CHARLES O. SHEPHERD weighed the sheep, and H. N. JARVIS kept the record, except that in the case of the last eight sheep the record was kept by another gentleman. The weighing was done publicly, and the weights of fleeces and all the other particulars proclaimed on the spot. The condition of the last eight sheep is not given in the record, but it is believed that they were all in fair, ordinary condition at least.

The fleeces of the sheep entered for the special premium of $50 offered by Mr. MOORE on scoured wool, have already been forwarded to the agent of a woolen manufacturing company, with directions to cleanse each fleece separately, and precisely as he would cleanse it for manufacturing purposes. The fleeces will be carefully kept separate, and their precise weights and shrinkage ascertained and made public in a report embracing all the facts of interest connected with the public.

We have not space to remark particularly at this time on the quality of the sheep exhibited. A considerably greater number of choice rams were shown in the first class than we ever before saw together — and the ewes were also, as a whole, excellent, though many of them lacked the fashionable amount of "fitting up." The second and third classes, though less numerous, were very superior in quality. All the denominations of fine wooled sheep were nobly represented.

A number of sheep were sold on the ground at prices satisfactory to owners; and ten times as many prime animals could have been disposed of. HALL & RANDALL of Vermont, sold their 2-year old ram to JEPTHA A. POTTER, Penn Yan, N. Y., and JOSIAH C. TAFT of West Bloomfield, N. Y., for $3,000; and HENRY ROBBINS of East Cornwall, Vt., sold his 3-year old second prize ram to MILES RAPALEE, Himrods, N. Y., for the same price. Another sale of a ram was nearly negotiated at the same figures. A number of ewes changed hands at $100 a head, and some at higher prices.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c

LIFE MEMBERS.—The following gentlemen became Life Members of the New York State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association during the week ending May 13th—making the whole number of members one hundred and fifty-four:

Josiah C. Taft, Esq., ...West Bloomfield.
Daniel Ellis, Esq., ...Victor.
Herbert Brown, Esq., ...Canandaigua.
L. B. & W. P. Gunn, Esqrs. ...."
Richard Peck, Esq., ...Lima.
Elbert Townsend, Esq., ...Pavilion Center.
John A. Gilmore, Esq., ...Pavilion.
L. J. Bovee, Esq., ...Le Roy.
Isaac Freeman, Esq., ...Bemis Heights.
E. W. Harrigan, Esq., ...Comstocks Landing.
James F. Gould, Esq., ...Jamesville.
James P. Streight, Esq., ...Wheeler.
Merritt Anthony, Esq., ...Union Springs.
William C. Meek, Esq., ...Canandaigua.
William Plumb, Esq., ...Fairmount.
E. L. B. Curtis, Esq., ...Danby.
Aaron Y. Baker, Esq., ...Hammondsport.
Charles D. Champlin, Esq., ..."
Denton Bostwick, Esq., ...Rushville.
Myron Marriner, Esq., ...East Bloomfield.
Oscar Granger, Esq., ...Saratoga Springs.
Joshua Healy, Esq., ...South Dansville.
Cholett Collins, Esq., ...East Bloomfield.
T. & A. W. Richards, Esqrs., ...Taylorville.
A. J. Blood, Esq., ...Carlton.

SHEEP ON THE KANSAS PRAIRIES.—R. A. STEELE, Bloomington, Douglas Co., Kansas, writes us:—"This is a good country for sheep, probably the best in the Union. Cost of keeping is trifling compared with other localities. My summer treatment is such that my sheep have water and shade convenient to good prairie grass. I have my corall close to the house, and in the morning turn the sheep out. They usually all come up in the evening. Occasionally a few stroll away, but I seldom lose any. I salt well winter and summer. The prairie grass usually dies about the middle of October. My sheep then take to the timber after grass which grows there and is not affected by frost. In 1862 I commenced feeding the 24th of Dec.; in 1863, the 13th Dec.; in 1864, the 7th Dec. My sheds are covered with ground sorghum stalks, which make a roof that will last two or three years, turn rain, and will not blow off. I stack my hay in the lot so my sheep can get it when they wish;—cost of putting in stack about $3 per tun. I usually have about 100 acres of corn stalks to turn on, they making the best and cheapest feed; or if the weather is stormy I feed corn and fodder night and morning, and by watering and salting well I am able to bring my sheep through the winter fat. I think the exercise is beneficial to their health. I have not lost a single sheep this winter. My losses by yarding during the season have been as high as 8 per cent, taking more than double the labor and cost of feeding incurred by my present plan. I can thus keep 500 or 600 sheep, and the labor of one good man will keep 500 head, defraying all expenses."

SPLENDID SHEEP LANDS IN MISSOURI.—Dr. H. N. MINER, Hanover, Jefferson Co., Mo., writes us:—"I remember an inquiry in your paper, some time since, for 'Good Sheep Lands.' My judgment says that South-east Missouri is *the place*, all things considered. It now being a free State makes many farms for sale, and now is the time to buy, for land will quadruple in price here in five years. Near a railroad (the Iron Mountain)—running to as good a market as there is in the world (St. Louis,)—hilly land, where good grass grows spontaneously,—a mild climate, where sheep can live out all winter, but where shelters are so easily made on the grassy glades all fronting south,—are circumstances which will make this the sheep country of the West. All the hills afford beautiful spring water in abundance. I was raised in Lockport, N. Y., and have been all over most of the free States, and have now just bought a farm here. I know what I say. I have no land to sell, but will assist any good Eastern man that will come here.

"P. S.—I forgot to say this is the best fruit country I ever saw."

ANTIQUITY OF MERINOS.—A. B. ALLEN, New York, calls our attention to the statements on this subject found in Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella. In Vol. I, p. 55 of introduction, in note, LABORDE is quoted as referring the institution of the *mesta* (the code of regulations for the migratory Merinos of Spain) to the middle of the fourteenth century, but PRESCOTT says: "This popular opinion is erroneous, since it engaged the attention of government, and became the subject of legislation as anciently as 1273, under Alfonso the Wise." Mr. PRESCOTT might have added that when the Saracens conquered a portion of Spain in the eighth century, they found it filled with flocks and looms; and no doubt has ever existed that the then Merinos of that country traced directly back to the fine wooled sheep of Spain described by COLUMELLA and other Roman writers in the beginning of, and even prior to, the Christian era.

SCREENINGS FOR SHEEP.—I. D. G. NELSON, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes, in answer to questions put in these columns, that owing to the scarcity of the corn, hay and turnip crops (occasioned by the extreme drouth of last summer) he wintered about 40 Cotswold and Leicester breeding ewes almost exclusively on wheat straw and screenings, with a very few turnips once a day. They were kept in yards with open sheds. The ewes came through in fine condition, had strong, healthy lambs (mostly in February) and plenty of milk.

FEVER.—J. P. WEBSTER, Waucoma, Fayette Co., Iowa, says there is a disease among the flocks of that region called the heaves, in which the sheep "breathes like a horse with the heaves, has not much appetite, pines away and dies." This is doubtless some form of fever, or a disease accompanied by fever.

TAX OF FARM PRODUCTS.—The following is an extract of a letter from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to an assessor in New York:—"There is, in the first place, no provision in the law for exempting farm products sold from tax on account of their having paid one tax already; and, in the second place, it is clear that, in a majority of cases, it is only apparently the fact that a second tax is paid. There may be exceptional cases to the contrary; but, as a general rule, farmers sell the same portion of their products each and every year, and there will remain over, after the last year of tax, the complementary fraction of products left unsold year by year, and consequently escaping taxation."

Rural Notes and Queries.

"THE GREAT SHEEP FAIR AT CANANDAIGUA"—Is the heading of reports which we observe in several of our exchanges. So far as seen, the accounts of the show are, without exception, favorable—speaking of it as the best exhibition of sheep ever made in America—and we congratulate the sheep husbandmen of the State upon the result. In his department of this paper, Dr. RANDALL, President of the Association, and who has labored indefatigably for the complete success just achieved, gives a very comprehensive report of the Fair, to which we refer all RURAL readers interested in sheep breeding, wool growing and collateral branches of husbandry and manufacture.

THE SEASON is pronounced early in most parts of the country, and it has been such in this region so far as average temperature is concerned, yet we have had much cool, damp weather, retarding or preventing the planting of many crops. The wheat crop looks unusually well, however, and the prospect is very favorable for an abundant production of fruit of nearly all kinds. The weather for the past few days has been seasonably warm and sunshiny, giving a wonderful start to vegetation, and affording those having field, garden and orchard labor "behind time" a fine opportunity to make amends.

CROP PROSPECTS IN THE GENESEE VALLEY.—In speaking of the crop prospects up the Valley, the Livingston Republican of the 11th inst. says:—"Not in years has the wheat crop in the Valley and in this section looked more promising than at the present time. The heavy fall of snow in early winter gave it a covering that protected it from the weather, and March and April were also exceedingly favorable for its growth. The pastures are also fine, and stock has been turned out near a month earlier than usual. For near two weeks the farmers have been busily engaged in preparing the ground for corn and other spring crops, and the weather has been favorable for their work. And now everything promises favorably for a good return to the husbandmen's toil."

MINOR RURAL ITEMS.—*Short-Horns* were recently sold by H. G. WHITE, South Framingham, Mass., to F. M. WOOD, Grafton, Mass., as follows:—"Ada," by Earl of Warwick, (465;) "Governess 4th," by Duke of Orleans, (3877;) "Dann 2d," by Monitor, (5019.)—— *The Maine Ag. College Trustees* lately organized by appointing Hon. H. HAMLIN as President, S. L. GOODALE, Clerk, and P. BARNES, Treasurer. Action was had relative to securing land scrip, now in deposit, valuedat $150,000, and also concerning certain landed property for the College headquarters. —— *The Season* is early in New England, according to the papers. Pear and apple trees were in full bloom about Boston on the 8th inst., and last week the notes of the oriole and cuckoo were heard. —— *For a Bee Sting*, (or a wasps or hornets) it is said one drop of strong spirits of hartshorn is an instant remedy, entirely removing the pain. —— *The Corn Crop* of the United States last year was 55,000,000 bushels less than in 1862, and 78,000,000 bushels greater than in 1863, according to estimates of the Department of Agriculture. —— *The Butter* made in this country last year is estimated at not less than 514,000,000 lbs., valued at $82,270,000.—— *Some Curious Cattle*, of African breed, imported by Gen. WADE HAMPTON, consisting of a bull, cow and calf, captured on his plantation near Columbia, S. C., were taken to Goldsboro' and delivered over to Gen. MEIGS, who forwarded them to New York, to be placed in the Central Park. —— *An Onion Farmer* in Wethersfield, Conn., planted 1,600 bushels of onions from which he raised 5,000 lbs of seed, which sold for $3.50 per lb., or $17,500 for the crop. —— *The Poultry Show* at Barnum's Museum, lately, was not as successful as had been anticipated, yet some 200 coops were exhibited.

THE SAME FELLOW.—A few days before the spring election, when in Rochester, we met a thin and slender man with gold spectacles on his nose and a smile on his countenance. He said that he was reluctantly a candidate for a city office, and scarcely could afford time to shake hands with friends from the "rural districts." He was successful, as all clever and honest men had ought to be.

A couple of days ago we called upon the same individual, now Mayor of Rochester, and expected to find him corpulent and rotund, looking like a father of the "city fathers," but he was the same fellow—as lean, lank and honest as Abraham Lincoln.—*Brockport Rep.*

Friend BEACH, were you to change places with "the same fellow" for a few weeks, it is more than probable somebody would soon discover that corpulency is not a natural result of accession to a certain position,—especially during exciting and troublous times,—but "on the contrary quite the reverse."

DR. FITCH'S REPORTS ON INSECTS.—The Journal of the N. Y. State Ag. Society states that Dr. FITCH'S 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th Reports on Insects have been bound, and can be had at the Agricultural Rooms at $1.25 each. Inquiries have been numerous for these reports. They give a description of the various insects infesting grain crops: 1st, Wheat midge; its history from 1740 to the present time; the aphis, army worm, Hessian fly, joint worm fly, black legged barley fly, red legged barley fly, rye fly. Insects infesting gardens: Asparagus beetle, garden flea, field flea, vaporer moth, rose bug, northern tobacco worm, potato beetle, tomato worm, cut worm, Nebraska bee killer.

MASSACHUSETTS AG. COLLEGE.—At the recent annual meeting of the Trustees of this College, officers were elected as follows: *President*—His Excellency, JOHN A. ANDREW. *Vice President*—HENRY F. FRENCH. *Secretary*—CHARLES L. FLINT. *Treasurer*—NATHAN DURFEE. The salary of the President of the College was fixed at $3,000 a year, to commence with Jan. 1st, of the current year. Hon. HENRY F. FRENCH accepted the office of President, and will enter immediately upon its duties. It is expected that preliminary arrangements for building will be made during the present season.

A LARGE BULL.—The Vermont Journal gives the following as the dimensions of a bull owned by W. R. DEAN of Factory Point. Length from root of horn to root of tail, 10 feet; from point of shoulder to point of hip, 7 feet 10 inches; girth, 8¾ feet; height, 6 feet and 2 inches; height (surface measure,) 6 feet and 8 inches; weight, at 2 years 11 months old, 3,000 lbs.

HORTICULTURAL.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS—NOTES IN THE GARDEN.

DOUBLE TULIPS.

THE *Tournesol Tulips* are now passing out of flower, and the early double varieties are opening finely. The early single varieties are in perfection. The Narcissus family, too, are splendid—never finer. The Polyanthus varieties are charming, and in a well drained mellow soil will always succeed. In fact, many plants considered tender prove quite the contrary when planted in a warm, dry soil. The *Giant Lily*, which we left out for experiment, is now up and growing nicely—almost or quite as vigorously as those kept in the house during the winter. The *Polyanthus* beds are entirely uninjured—not a plant lost, and a better show of flowers cannot be desired.

Some persons complain of losing Carnations and Pinks in winter, but we never lose a young plant, and cannot think there is any danger in a dry soil. Old plants will suffer, and never should be relied upon. Always have new plants from seed or layers. Of the Double Tulips, now in flower, (May 15th,) we notice the following:

Bonaparte, rich, reddish brown.

Blue Flag, a fine, tall tulip, as near blue as any, though somewhat purplish.

Compte de Pompadour, large and showy, red, bordered with yellow.

Duke of York, reddish, strictly puce perhaps, broadly bordered with white. A magnificent flower.

Grand Alexander, yellow ground, beautifully striped with red.

Incomparable, dark rose, bordered with white.

Rose Eclatante, fine, deep crimson.

Purple Crown, splendid dark velvety crimson. Hardly the color that the name would indicate, but a fine, rich flower.

Paony Rose, flower small, fine scarlet.

Paony Gold, deep yellow, striped with red.

Milton, large, purple.

Nosor, rich, purplish chocolate.

Rosine, beautiful rose and white. This is one of the earliest of the double varieties, and very delicate and attractive.

William Rex, brownish purple, tall and excellent.

Xenophon, dark crimson, striped with yellow. Dwarf.

White and Red Bordered, reddish lilac, beautifully bordered with white, a very early and fine variety.

Yellow Rose, bright yellow, perfectly double. One variety has finely striped foliage.

Rex Rubrorum, a magnificent flower of the deepest scarlet.

The *Late Tulips* and the *Parrots* will probably be in flower in time to allow of some notes in our next.

Of the HERBACEOUS and PERENNIAL PLANTS we notice the following:

Phlox Procumbus is a very pretty spring flower. As its name indicates, it is procumbent in habit, keeping close to the ground and sending up flower stalks about four inches in height, with fine clusters of flowers.

The Dielytra Spectabalis is really one of the most valuable of all our early flowers. It is as hardy as an oak, an exceedingly free bloomer, without a fault that we know of, and good everywhere; in the parlor, the greenhouse and the garden. The flowers are curious in form, something like a purse, and some twenty of these curious bells are attached to a gracefully pendant foot-stalk.

The Sweet Scented Violet is the sweetest of all the early spring flowers, and, like the Sweet Mignionette, it is a general favorite on account of its fragrance. A single flower will perfume a room; and often have we entered a room with a violet concealed, when in a minute the exclamation would be—"what a delightful fragrance." A cluster or two which any person can procure at a nursery for 25 cents, will make the garden deliciously fragrant. There are white and blue varieties, both single and double, but the double blue is the best. We give an engraving of this plant and flower. Herbaceous plants should be set out, if possible, in the autumn.

THE DOUBLE SWEET SCENTED VIOLET.

SPRING GARDEN FARM—ONION CULTURE.

THE garden of DANIEL ODERCURK is situated three miles south-west of Newark. Here are two lovely springs, situated upon elevated beds of rocks; these are similar to each other, the lower one, however, being two or three times larger than the upper one, and in every way more beautiful and picturesque. The springs are separated by a space of at least fifty feet. For many rods around, the same reddish grey, porous rock prevails. Naturalists suppose that this rock was formed through the accumulation of ages by the water. The streams which issue from the upper spring, or source, run along their deep worn rocky beds, perhaps ten feet, where there is a fall of four or five feet. Here a natural spout is formed in the rock, under which the kitchen maid can set her pail and fill it in a few seconds. The springs are surrounded by forest trees and wild flowers. The little forget-me-not and climbing honey-suckle flourish here. The lower spring is so hedged in by the surrounding shrubbery, foliage, and trees, that no one could wish for a more retired or lovely retreat.

Mr. ODERCURK, the proprietor, has kept a market garden a number of years; he was the pioneer of the onion bed in these parts. Hundreds of people have, during a single summer, stopped to admire Mr. O.'s great swamp of onions, exclaiming "I never saw so many before!" "Did you ever see such large ones?" "They're as big as tea saucers," exclaimed one old lady who sent twenty miles for her winter supply. After Mr. O. went into business many others embarked in the same enterprise. Five times as many onions were raised as before, and nearly all met with home consumption. Some prospered, but many, from lack of knowledge and adaptability to their business, failed. For instance, an enterprising tailor hired two acres of green-sward, ripped it up and sent off for guano; hired largely and failed completely,—not making enough to pay his expenses. A wealthy farmer's son, obstinate and fractious, overleaped his father's advice, hired five acres and emerged into onion raising. He, too, hired largely and failed,—departing in the fall for the gold regions, and leaving his father to pay up arrearages.

Good seed is of the first importance in onion growing. It is possible that all persons who engage in this business do not know that not one seed in ten will ever germinate that is more than one year old. It is wise to raise one's own seed. The seed often rots in the ground. This occurs mostly from spring drouth. Onion seed should be sown as early as the 20th or 25th of April. I have known a fine fall of snow after Mr. O.'s onions were all sown, and as the sun shone out and the snow disappeared, long rows of onions were soon seen shooting up, followed by weeds, weeds, weeds; then the laborers proceeded to work, some upon their knees, thinning out, others with the hoe. By the regular process of sowing onions with a drill, five times as much seed is sown as is needed,—but this is a fast age, and who now would think of dropping acres of small seeds by the slow, bent-back, finger-and-thumb process? The first weeding, then, is a mere thinning out process, wasteful and useless, except that the stirring of the ground thus early facilitates the growth of the slight infant bulb. I have seen boiling water thrown upon onion seed before sowing; if a few seeds chance to remain in the vessel over night some would be slightly sprouted.

Some persons ask through the RURAL if onions will grow upon green-sward. I would answer that land for this purpose should be well plowed and thoroughly subdued the previous year. The soil of Mr. O., who has been most successful, is a sandy loam. First a good coating of manure is plowed in, and as the onions make their appearance they are top-dressed from the muck and manure compost heap. I have witnessed a similar process from my window at the approach of a lovely May shower, and the following day the onions would seem to have grown half. Muck is the great onion feeder. The onions are always larger where a black streak of muck is observed. Last year Mr. O. fenced off a part of his barn-yard for onions, expecting enormous sized ones. Communicating with this the land runs down to a level plain of dark rich earth; here the onions grew very large; those upon the barn-yard were a size larger than a lady's thimble. The ground, although rich, was hard and cold, and needed working and exposure to rain and sun. Most persons when buying onions, will speak rapturously of the large ones. Who don't know that the smaller ones are always the finer grained and the sweetest? So with almost the whole vegetable kingdom.

About the middle of August the onion tops are rolled down to die, and in a few weeks the larger ones are ready for market. As soon as the onions ripen they are pulled and left upon the ground to dry. Then the barn floors, wagon house, sheds and all available spaces are vacated, and the onions wheeled in and spread as thinly as possible. They are then trimmed, sorted and carried to market. If onions are not gathered before the fall rains set in, they are pretty sure to rot or take on a second growth.

Newark, N. Y., May, 1865. L.

TO RAISE MELONS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes the New England Farmer the following, as his mode of successfully growing melons:—"Take a barrel with both heads out, set it up on the surface of the ground and fill in as much manure as you please—it will do on harm to fill it full—then raise a mound of earth around it, and plant the seeds on the sides of the mound. If too much rain falls, cover the barrel, but in dry weather turn water into the barrel, and it will soak out among the roots without baking the surface. A little old straw should be placed in the top of the barrel."

LITTLE THINGS IN A GARDEN.

IN planting the family garden, all the standard vegetables will suggest themselves as things necessary to be provided for, but much of the comfort afforded by the garden consists of the numerous little things it affords—things which in themselves can hardly be considered as food, but which add to the attraction of the table by rendering other food more palatable. Those who are fond of pickles will in time provide for Cucumbers, Martynias, Peppers, Green Musk Melons, Refugee Beans, and all those things which are used for pickling, not forgetting the spicy Nasturtium. Parsely is valued by most people as a flavoring herb, and it is very handy to dress a dish of cold meat. The seeds are very slow in germinating, and should be sowed early. Majoram, Savory and Thyme, are the popular flavorings for soups and stuffings, and when cut in flower and carefully dried, and then rubbed up and put into an air-tight box or bottle, may be had in greater perfection than any that can be bought at the stores. The first two are annuals: sow the seeds in drills a foot apart and thin or transplant to six inches in the rows. Thyme is a small shrubby perennial which may be raised from seed or propagated by dividing old plants. There are very few who know what an excellent flavor a pinch of Spearmint gives to soup, or it would be more generally grown. In the older parts of the country it is found naturalized in wet places, but it will do perfectly well in the garden and then we always know where to find it, as once established it will remain for years. Sage is always in demand in the family for culinary or medical uses, and can be had in the garden with but little trouble. Seeds sown this spring will give a fair cutting by autumn. It is very readily raised from cuttings of old plants. Slip off the young shoots which start this spring from near the base of the plant, and set them in sandy soil and put over them a frame covered with common muslin; they will thus be kept moist and shady and will strike root readily.—*American Agriculturist.*

DESTROY THE CATERPILLARS.

IF dogs are a nuisance, if drunkenness, small pox, and kindred scourges, are fit subjects for regulation by legislatures, *caterpillars certainly are!* They are a plague of no ordinary character. We believe the annual loss in Massachusetts occasioned by caterpillars is fifty times as much as that caused by dogs! And yet the fathers of the commonwealth have never put a line upon the statute book in relation to them; have suggested no remedy, passed no resolution, interdicted no man from raising and scattering through the land as many legions as he pleases each coming year! Horn pouts and pickerel! Shad alewives! Robins and woodcock! Crows and wild cats, what can they all do to harm or benefit mankind, compared with the wide-spread destruction caused by caterpillars!

In August, when the nests of the vermin are old and filled with their debris, thousands of the orchards of New England are objects of disgust and loathing, rather than one of the most beautiful features of our unrivalled landscapes. Tattered nests dangle from the branches of the trees, filled with the cast-off skins and exuviæ of millions of worms, and, moistened by rains, are rotting in the atmosphere and shedding their foul contents upon what little fruit is permitted to grow, and poisoning the grass beneath the trees!

In assisting in gathering several hundred barrels of apples within a few years, where we had ample opportunity of noticing their quality, we do not believe that more than one barrel of them in twenty were sound. This mischief, and great loss is occasioned by our fruit-growers neglecting to destroy caterpillars, of one kind and another, as fast as their nests appear. We speak *now* of one kind only,—of those that have obtained such notoriety that they are almost exclusively known among us by the name of *the caterpillar*, and they are *the worst enemies of the orchard.* HARRIS says:—Where proper attention had not been paid to the destruction of them, they prevailed to such an extent as almost entirely to strip the apple and cherry trees of their foliage, by their attacks continued during the seven weeks of their life in the caterpillar form.

The trees, in those gardens where they have been suffered to breed for a succession of years, become prematurely old, in consequence of the efforts they are obliged to make to repair, at an unseasonable time, the loss of their foliage, and are rendered unfruitful, and consequently unprofitable. But this is not all; these pernicious insects spread in every direction, from the trees of the *careless and indolent to those of their more careful and industrious neighbors, whose labors are thereby greatly increased*, and have to be followed up year after year, without any prospect of permanent relief.

Now is the time to destroy them. Use a pole with a brush, sponge, or rag on the end of it. Dip in a bucket of strong soap suds, and poke it into the midst of the nest, turning it round so as to wet them all, and rub the branch about the nest. Wherever the suds touches, it will kill them.

We wish there were a law fixing a penalty upon any person upon whose premises a dozen nests could be found in the month of July, and that it was made imperative upon the selectmen or assessors of every town to see that the law was enforced! Every farmer knows that the destruction caused by caterpillars is a serious annoyance and evil to the community, and yet there are some—alas, too many—who take little or no pains to do their duty in this particular. It is a mistake to say that they have no time to destroy them. They have all the time there is for any of us, and they cannot afford to incur the cost of raising trees and then suffer them to *die before their time*, through the agency of caterpillars.

This thing ought to be a matter of duty and conscience. Some persons complain of the encroachments of a neighbor's dogs, or cattle, and very justly, too, perhaps, while they allow their apple or wild cherry trees to be covered with caterpillars enough to destroy half the orchards in the land! "Consistency is a jewel." We suggest to such, a story about a mote and a beam in the eye.—*New England Farmer.*

Horticultural Notes and Queries.

RAPID GROWTH OF VEGETABLES.—Rapid growth makes a mild flavor, slow growth a strong one; therefore grow vegetables quick and fruit moderately. The exceptions are only where size is valued higher than flavor.

LOOK TO YOUR CURRANT AND GOOSEBERRY BUSHES.—People who desire to save their currant bushes from destruction should attend to them carefully now, as it will be found much easier to destroy the eggs of caterpillars as soon as they are deposited on the leaves, than it will to destroy the caterpillars themselves.

THE OLD STUYVESANT PEAR TREE which stands in the city of New York, and which has borne fruit for more than 200 years, first blossomed this spring, on the day President LINCOLN died; and on the 17th of April was in full bloom. This is the earliest time of blooming that is remembered.

OSAGE ORANGE HEDGES IN NEW JERSEY.—Mr. QUINN remarked at a recent meeting of the New York Farmers' Club:—"I was never more gratified in my life than by a recent visit to the farm of Mr. BELL, in Monmouth county, N. J., in seeing his hedges of Osage Orange. He has his farm completely fenced with these hedges, from two to eight years old. All that are five years old and upward are completely impassable by man, beast or bird. I was very much surprised at their success."

NEW VARIETY OF THE MAPLE.—The Gardener's Monthly notices a new variety of Maple, which M. PEPINS concluded had been obtained by seeds from Acer eriocarpum, one of the finest of the American Maples. The young wood of this new tree is purple and glaucous, and its leaves, which are very much laciniated, are glabrous above and white and downy beneath. This variety, the writer observes, from its light and carved foliage, will not fail to be chosen for the ornamentation of parks.

GREAT CALL FOR FLOWER SEEDS!—I think the editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER is good at guessing. He said (April 8,) I was trying a dangerous experiment when I offered to give away flower seeds. I have received over 1,000 orders, and have sent away over 8,000 papers of flower seeds within a month. If my floral friends will wait until I can grow seed I will send to any one who will pay the postage.—MRS. V. P. WHITBECK, *East Groveland, Liv. Co., N. Y.*

In thus proposing to furnish a large portion of "all the world and the rest of mankind" flower seeds, without charge, Mrs. W. exibits unusual benevolence, or (as a friend at our elbow suggestively intimates) a shrewd manner of preparing to become a popular dealer in seeds!

Domestic Economy.

ITEMS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Do every thing at the proper time.

Keep every thing in its place.

Always mend clothes before washing them.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors, red, green, or yellow.

Sal-soda will bleach; one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for the garden and plants or to harden yards when sandy.

A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots.

A bit of glue, dissolved in skim milk and water, will restore old crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold suds, and not rinsed.

If flat irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will provent them from creaking.

Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets run will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of the stove and smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing color for bed hangings and window drapery.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP.

POUR four gallons of boiling water over six pounds of washing soda (sal soda) and three pounds of unslacked lime. Stir the mixture well, and let it settle until it is perfectly clear. It is better to let it stand all night, as it takes some time for the sediment to settle. When clear, strain the water, put six pounds of fat with it, and boil for two hours, stirring it most of the time. If it does not seem thin enough, put another gallon of water on the grounds, stir and drain off, and add as is wanted to the boiling mixture. Its thickness can be tried by occasionally putting a little on a plate to cool. Stir in a handful of salt just before taking it off the fire. Have a tub ready soaked, to prevent the soap from sticking, pour it in, and let it settle until solid, when you will have from the above quantity of ingredients about forty pounds of nice white soap.—*Selected.*

TO KEEP EGGS.—M. Burnouf recommends, in Le Belier, a French journal of agriculture, the following method of preserving eggs:—Dissolve in two-thirds of warm olive oil one-third of bees-wax, and cover each egg completely with a thin layer of this pomade with the end of the finger. The egg-shell by degrees absorbs the oil, and each of its pores becomes filled with the wax, which hermetically seals them. M. Burnouf affirms that he has eaten eggs kept two years in this manner, in a place not exposed to too great extremes of temperature. He thinks also that the germ may in this manner be preserved for a considerable time.

INDIAN MUFFINS.—One pint of Indian meal, one pint of wheat flour, four eggs, one gill of yeast, a little salt, as much warm milk as will make the whole into a thick batter. Mix the Indian and wheat flour together, stir in the milk, then the yeast, and lastly the eggs, after they have been well beaten. When the batter is light, grease the griddle and muffin rings; place the rings on the griddle; pour in the batter, but do not fill them; bake them brown on both sides and serve them hot. If for breakfast, set to rise the night previous. If for tea, about two o'clock.

TO REMOVE THE TASTE OF NEW WOOD.—A new keg, churn, bucket, or other wooden vessel, will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to anything that is put into it. To prevent this inconvenience, first scald the vessel well with boiling water, letting the water remain in it till cold. Then dissolve some pearlash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little bit of lime to it, and wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterwards scald it well with plain hot water, and rinse it with cold before you use it.

WAFFLES.—Four eggs, one pint of milk, two ounces of butter, one pound of flour, four tablespoonfuls of yeast, a saltspoonful of salt. Beat the eggs to a froth. Put the butter in the milk and warm it until the butter dissolves. When the milk is cooled sufficiently, put in the eggs, and stir in the flour, after which add the yeast and salt. When light, pour the batter in the waffle iron, having first greased it well. Bake them on both sides by turning the iron. To be well buttered and served hot.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER.—The Baltimore Clipper says:—"A lady who is a famous housekeeper, recommends an economical plan for making cakes without butter, which may be of use to our lady readers. Take a piece of fat pork, melt it down and strain it through a piece of coarse, thin muslin. Set it aside until cold. It is then white and firm, and then may be used like butter in any kind of cake. In pound cake, she assures us it is delicious. She says after one trial she never used butter."

FLANNEL CAKES.—One pint of fine Indian meal, one pint of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two gills of yeast. Mix the wheat and Indian meal together, with as much tepid water as will make it into a batter, not quite as thin as for buckwheat cakes; then add the salt and yeast, and set them in a moderately warm place to rise. When light, bake them on a griddle; butter and send to table hot.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RALPH RIVERS' QUESTION.

BY ROSE MAYFELD.

Will you be a veteran's bride,
Vina Vinton, loved so long?
Will you wait, the meanwhile praying,
While I step to war's death-song?
Your strong love will cheer and guide me,
Vina Vinton, in the strife;
I can never swerve from duty,
With such an angel for my wife.

When the bands discourse sweet music,
Vina Vinton, will you pray
That your veteran, scarred though noble,
May be cheered on his lone way?
O'er the soldier's camp at night-fall,
Vina Vinton, stars will shine,
As upon that glorious evening,
When I asked you to be mine.

When fierce and loudly boom the cannon,
Vina Vinton, I'll be there,
Unflinching in the thickest battle—
For victory's palm I'll do and dare.
And if I fall all faint and wounded,
Vina Vinton, on the plain,
Oh! come with your soft gentle presence,
To cheer my heart and soothe the pain!

Come, with low and gentle whispers,
Vina Vinton, talk to me
About that glorious star-gemmed banner,
That waves o'er angels 'cross the sea.
Oh, tell me of proud victories won,
Vina Vinton, by that host,
Who, fighting for their Captain's flag,
Have ne'er one gallant victory lost.

The God of Battles will be near me
Vina Vinton, in that day,
Yet I'll sadly miss my angel,
In the Northland, far away:
Yet one day beyond the river,
Vina Vinton, we shall stand,
In our Father's own fair Eden,
Children in His chosen band.

Almena, Mich.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOMAN AS A SPECULATOR.

BY ONE OF THE CRAFT.

Some one has said "'tis better to be born lucky than rich," and so when one is born neither one nor the other, he is to be considered doubly unfortunate. I am one of this class, and my misfortune has been magnified by unsuccessful speculations. My bread and butter always fell butter side down. But I was to talk of speculation. Woman, her character, her disposition and capabilities, have been the theme of writers from the earliest age. But in all her marvelous endowments, I do not remember to have read anything illustrative of her peculiar aptitude or competency for speculation. I propose giving my own experience—not that I deem it properly a representative of feminine success—but with the hope that it may provoke something more creditable as regards woman's ability for speculation.

When I was a very little girl, my father gave me a silver dollar to invest as I pleased. "The boys" also received the same amount, and we, each of us, invested in sheep. Those were the days when a fine, vigorous lamb could be purchased for one dollar. The boys' investment proved successful, and eventually developed into horses and oxen.

My sheep didn't do well. Growing impatient in my haste to become "rich," I bartered my sheep for a turkey and nest of eggs. But unfortunately for me, and disastrously for my young *turklings*, they peeped into this world during a rainy time, and notwithstanding my assiduity in feeding and attempts to cure the gapes, but two lived to see the leaves fall. Christmas and New Years saw these undressed, beheaded, befooted and devoured. Of course, I protested against this, but was overruled on the premises that I would undoubtedly *eat* up my share. But now and then I did not refrain from mentioning my lost poultry with unaffected sadness.

Perhaps a sense of injustice dawned at length upon my father's mind, for the next spring he purchased for me a pair of "Muscovie" ducks. I do not remember how many *ducklings* delighted my vision that early summer time, or how many air-castles I built of duck money *in prospecta*. But I distinctly remember that one died, and that a hoggish old hog ate up all the others but *one*. But *one* left to fix my hopes upon! This I watched with all tenderness, and it bade fair to assume the graceful proportions of its waddling ancestors. But "I never loved a tree or flower," &c. And one day, when the workmen were drawing hay into the barn, a wheel of the wagon ran over one of the legs of my duck, mangling and crushing it in a most shocking manner. I nursed and tended it with the greatest tenderness, binding up its limb with the finest linen and softest cotton, pouring on liniment, and laying it upon a soft couch for repose. But the fates were against me—my duck died, and next day was buried. I was grave digger, coffin and shroud maker, minister and mourner. It was hard to be reconciled; and for several successive days my duck was disinterred under the childish impression that perhaps it had returned to life.

But time gradually healed this grief, and I turned to the parent ducks for consolation. At the expiration of two years, I had in principal and interest but one of the old ducks left!—and that was disposed of to pay expense of keeping. My last scheme had failed, and ended in bankruptcy. I abandoned speculating in live stock, thenceforward, believing that I had been acting out of my "sphere" and had only received my just desert.

Last spring, as my father was leaving for a trip to the Falls, he commissioned me to sell his wool crop, if opportunity offered. He had but scarcely boarded the steamer, when a man appeared with—

"Any wool to sell?"

"Yes, sir, a fine lot; what are you paying?" I felt of great importance just then, and replied with assurance.

He looked at me, and seeing I was only a girl, concluded I didn't know much, and replied "seventy cents."

I looked at him and concluded *he* didn't know much if he thought I was so green as to accept that offer, informing him I had none to sell at that price.

"Well, how much do you ask?" he at length ventured.

"*Eighty cents*, sir!" was given with great impressiveness.

"Eighty cents! why girl, you're pretty high, aint you?"

"Well, yes, *rather* higher than the average of women!"

He seemed coming to common sense, and signified a desire to look at the wool. He did so, and after twirling his riding whip awhile, said—

"I'll tell you, girl, what I'll do—give seventy-eight and haul it."

"No, *sir!* you'll not haul it for less than eighty cents!"

Mintwood was terribly positive, and resolved to maintain her position, sale or no sale. The buyer went away. Toward night he returned, saying he had concluded to give me my price, *seeing* I was so *prompt*, and did business so much like a *man!* (Wonder if that is the standard of righteousness?) So he paid me a pile of greenbacks to "bind the bargain," while I sat down and penned a note to my father, informing him of the "*splendid* sale of wool!—highest sale in the town!—brilliant affair, &c., &c." I had scarcely more than posted it, before there came a buyer paying eighty-five cents, and eventually one dollar! This dampened the starch in my spirit severely. It was as *limp* as feathers out in a rain storm. It was evident I had again been "out of my sphere!"

This spring my father has set me up in business again, on a somewhat larger scale. I desire the benefit of other's experience—I have a colt nearly three years old, and a full grown sheep—the pick ewe in my father's flock. I feel that if I fail *now*, it will put a final *quietus* upon my career—as a speculator.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have been attempting to "break" my colt. I rode a little distance, met a wagon load of straw—colt became frightened—wheeled—started on a full jump. I lost my balance—and soon found myself upon the other side of the colt embracing *terra-firma*. I wiggled my head the first thing, to see if my neck was broken. Found it was all right. Got up, and found I could walk, and so marched away after my dear beast, which was far in the advance. Mounted again and dismounted. Does anybody want to buy?—I am inclined to think horse flesh will be the ruination of me, and that I had better sell and invest my money in Government Notes. What is your opinion, Mr. Editor? And my sheep—had I not better sell that too, before it—*dies?*—for of course it *will*. I think I would prove an excellent partner for some speculator who has never felt the pangs of bankruptcy. Mintwood.

Hillsdale Farm, near Ludlowville, N. Y., 1865.

FEMALE WRITERS IN PARIS.

As a general thing, literature receives a greater appreciation upon the Continent than in the New World. This is especially the case with regard to women, who, in many instances, are preferred for certain branches of journalism, to men, and receive for their services a much higher compensation. Correspondence seems to be their particular *forte*. In a late letter of the Paris correspondence of the London Star, we find the following interesting information:—"I am acquainted with no less than five ladies who represent in Paris the New York press, and two the Manchester and Rouen press. Their editors prefer them to gentlemen. I believe they do so because they find, like Madame de Maintenon, that if a clever woman *does* make a mistake in spelling, she is sure to write something entertaining, whereas a clever man who would not commit any such fault would not be sure to succeed in amusing. Paris is the paradise of female correspondents. They are so well used that the fairness of their competing with gentlemen may be questioned. If they have good manners, good introductions, and are not likely to compromise their friends, they are sure to hear news where gentlemen would not get hold of any.

THE LAUGH OF WOMEN.

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes upon the water. It leads from her in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen figure through the trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care and sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing throughout the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with delight even our sleep which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

In Ceylon the marriage ceremony is performed by tying the couple together by the thumbs. In this country they are more frequently put together by the ears.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANOTHER NAME.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

Oh! seekers after happiness!
Would ye inquire where can be found
The thing ye covet? Is the spot
Whereon it dwells enchanted ground,
That, while the eager multitude
All seek for it as priceless gain,
Pursuing till their life's last day,
Few find! the many seek in vain?

Has partial heaven so ordained,
That few alone, of all our race,
Are ever privileged to find
Or know its secret dwelling-place?
Is it a secret? Has no voice
Revealed to human ears where lay
The *real* of life's golden dream?
No finger pointed out the way?

Experience has proven well
And often, that it dwelleth not
In outward things, and has on earth
No sly retreat—no favored spot.
The few who find, seek not for it
With but this single, selfish aim,
And others who would also find
Must seek it *by another name.*

That name is *Duty*. Where *it* calls,
No human footsteps ever trod
With honest heart, but sweetly felt
Them nearing happiness and God.
Who seek it but where duty leads,
Are chasing phantoms—false lights given
To lure the sons of earth away
From peace, and happiness, and Heaven.

Stephen's Mills, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHY GOOD MEN ARE NOT ALWAYS ESTEEMED.

BY J. C. S.

A venerable friend of mine very much startled me the other day by the remark that mankind paid little regard to the virtue of those whom they chose to honor, but on the contrary seemed prone to advance in all things those who are lax in their morality. And he added that the female portion of humanity were especially given to bestowing their smiles and company upon the wild and dissipated, rather than upon the thoughtful and decorous.

When subsequently I was alone, I began with great concern to consider this matter; and I think that I have discovered not only the causes of the strange fact, but also that these causes are not such as can in any way discourage those who would be virtuous, and yet respected. The most obvious reason, I imagine, that would cause men to dislike virtue and compromise with vice, is found in the depravity of their own hearts, which makes them prefer to keep in countenance those who will not in word or example rebuke them, rather than give too much importance to that character whose purity would be a reproach upon their own conduct. Yet it seems that many in every community really respect the good man, and when he does not interfere with them, are not averse to giving him a proper consideration. Another class are willing to honor a man's virtue, even though they themselves are corrupt; for they find this a ready means of maintaining a fair reputation, for which many are more anxious than for real uprightness. To such an extent is this the case, that men choose to be guilty of the most enormous secret sins, in preference to being accused in public of a single misdemeanor. All this solicitude to appear upright, exhibits mankind struggling unsuccessfully against their evil propensities.

But this aversion to according a just praise to virtue, is neither the most weighty nor the most easily removed of the reasons why virtuous men are not always esteemed. The reason on which I would desire to lay the most stress—because it is the most easily removed—is found, I think, in the fact that too many good men fancy that their virtue is sufficient of itself to make them respectable, forgetting that mere innocency is of negative value to society, and that although it may keep the individual out of jail, it will fail to give substantial aid to the general progress of virtue. I know very many persons who seem to think that because they are neither drunkards, swindlers, nor libertines, therefore they ought to be received into the confidence of the purely upright and well-doing, regardless of the fact that the profession of a principle implies the advocacy of it, and that he is a very worthless soldier who wears the uniform, but skulks when any fighting is to be done. Even the wicked are careful to impose such obligations and cement such friendships among themselves as shall be a reliance to them in time of need, and it is scarcely to be expected that society would desire the alliance of those whose good principle fetters their activity in one direction, and confirms their inefficiency in another. It seems to me unaccountable that any one should imagine that he is entitled to any regard simply because he is harmless. Can any one fail to perceive that no good quality is of value without being accompained by such activity as shall make it available? Of what account is that philanthrophy that is not united to earnest effort? To what purpose is a man upright at all, who is too indolent to be otherwise? I fear there are many who are never convicted of wrong, because they never do anything unless they are compelled to, and never engage in dissipation and riot because it would involve too great an exertion. A great historian speaking of Edward Seymour, said "that he was so useful an ally, and so mischievous an enemy, that he was frequently courted even by those who most detested him." If then a man like Seymour, who was "licentious, profane and corrupt,—to proud to behave with common politeness, yet not too proud to pocket illicit gain,"—could make for himself friends, what should we expect from the man who unites to chastity, refinement and purity, vigilance, perseverance and zeal in every good work!

My friend Johnson is upright, talented, learned and thoughtful. He is skilled in all the knowledge of schools, and well acquainted with history and science. Yet is Johnson a very cipher in the world, for he has neither industry nor courage to meet opposition, and indeed, seems to think that nothing more is required of him than to refrain from evil. He often pleases his friends, when animated by some unusual occurence, by the sense and eloquence of his conversation, but oftener shames them in public, by the awkardness of his manners and the embarrassed stupidity of his remarks. When he leaves his home and mingles in society, his perplexity makes whatever good thing he says seem ridiculous, if indeed he finds composure enough to speak at all; and though he has a most profound respect for modest females, yet his confusion in their presence makes him so indifferent a companion, that an empty-brained and assuming cox-comb will engage their attention before him.

Thus, Johnson, who is a moralist and a Christian, has by allowing some bad qualities to remain with him, and failing to exert his good ones, is nothing less than a shame and reproach to the cause of virtue, instead of being an ally and champion of truth.

Quite a different individual is my friend Frank. His abilities are ordinary, and his learning not extensive, but he joins to a spotless character, and an earnest Christianity, so much activity and industry, that he is worth to community many such as Johnson. You never see him idle. If his mind is released from one burden it immediately loads itself with another. He is always agitating some noble scheme. To-day he is in the Senate, striving in the cause of freedom,—to-morrow in the abode of poverty, affording relief to the needy. Now he wins over the legislator to the cause of morality and religion. Now he instructs the child in meekness and humility. He upbraids the swearer, makes cupidity and dishonesty ashamed of themselves; and while many are offended at the plainness of his language, more are charmed by the beauty of his example. When he mingles in society, though his conversation is always solid and manly, yet he has so set off the purity of his mind with the graces of politeness, and carries in those very graces such an air of innocence, that he captivates alike the young and the old of both sexes. Yet Frank's innocence is not such as comes from ignorance. He has seen much of the world, but contact with mankind has served to sharpen his wits, without depraving his mind. In consideration of this ability to struggle with opposition, he is as much respected by his enemies as he is valued by his friends. I was much pleased when visiting at his house, some days since, to note with what care he trained his children. In the intervals of conversation, he might be heard admonishing the younger ones against anger, selfishness and rudeness; and rewarded a kind action or an instance of self-denial with an approval which a cunning speech could not obtain. To one, who seemed more than the others given to petulancy and passion, he gave peculiar applause, whenever he showed a gentle spirit.

I wish that this view of Frank's character and life, might induce every man of morality, and especially every Christian, to follow his example, and to commence immediately to arm himself with experience, activity, politeness, grace and docility as weapons with which successfully to assail the wrong and defend the right; in other words, to fulfill the command of Christ when he said to his disciples, "Be ye as wise as serpents but as harmless as doves."

Controversy.—This very good reason for avoiding controversy is taken from Dr. Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":—"If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think that I don't understand what my friend, the Professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Don't know what that means? Well, I'll tell you. You know if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in one as the other? Controversy equalizes fools and wise men, in the same way, and the fools know it.'

Who are the Happy.—Lord Byron said "the mechanics and working men who can maintain their families are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is preferable to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." Another author says:—"I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing home his wages at night."

Find their Level.—We need not fear the underplaced man—he will find his level. It is for the overplaced that we should have misgivings. In the caucus, men ask, Is he a Republican, or is he a Democrat? then, Has he talents and ability? and then, Is he honest and to be trusted? These, affirmatively answered, they make him their candidate, cover him with honor and success, and go home and tell their wives what a good thing they have done, forgetting to ask the fourth and chief question, Has he the will, the personal force, and the power to assert and maintain his position?—*Emerson.*

Truth is sometimes exposed by the very efforts and artifices designed to conceal it; like clocks which point the time right, but strike the hour wrong.

Sabbath Musings.

DO THY WORK.

BY T. WIELD.

Christian, up, for life is flitting!
Waiting is but murdering time,
Think no labor unbefitting—
If a duty 'tis sublime!

Though a world of sinners dying
Be appealing to thy view,
Stand not idle, longing, sighing
Some stupendous work to do.

Grains of labor done are greater
Than a mountain of desire,
Spark-like deeds of kindness better
Than a world of hearts on fire!

View thy work, then, calmly view it—
Just the work thy hands can do,
Daily, hourly, nobly do it,
Then no more from thee is due.

Patience! Thoug the harvest whiten,
Years are swift, the lab'rers few,
Work and pray with all thy might, then
Leave with God the rest to do.

Work as though the world's condition
Could be much improved by thee,
Pray as though on each petition
Hung creation's destiny.

So thy prayers and actions blending,
Prayers of faith and deeds of love
Shall, like incense-clouds ascending,
Bless below and please above.

EDUCATION OF THE SOUL.

The education of the soul is to be carried on a great deal in conformity to the same laws by which we carry on the education of the mind—that is, by degrees—by continued advancing steps—one round of the ladder, then another, till the top is gained. There is no such thing as a spiritual genius unsupported by labor, no more than there is any true mental genius unsupported by daily study. The great desire to be a giant in intellect may come instantly, with terrific force. This is, without doubt, a preliminary step to finished scholarship; but great desires, mighty determinations, adamant resolutions, do not make celebrated scholars, till they are applied, and consecrated, and developed, and worked out. Just so with your spiritual life. The first step must, of course, be the thorough possession of your mind and soul by a breeze from heaven. But you are not to stay in this Mount of Transfiguration. It is not good for you to be simply and only here, and to build your tabernacles out of ecstacies and emotions. You must descend the hill, and mingle with the people, and combat temptation, and bring to practical use your high purposes and desires.

We all want an assurance that repentance shall be followed by forgiveness; that our sins can be washed away; that if we enter upon a better and holier life, the past shall not rise up to obstruct our growth, and to plunge us into despair. And nowhere but in the Christian religion do we get this hope and this assurance. Nowhere but there can the burthen of our guilt be lifted up and lifted off; nowhere but there is the reconciled Father of Heaven revealed; and God be thanked He is there revealed, in all the plenitude of His mercies, and in all the wealth of His goodness. But now, I suppose, the great question is, How shall we get into this new life? What shall give us the desire to have any better set of principles than we now possess? How shall we beslege Heaven, and make it gracious, so that our eyes can see, and our ears hear the truth?

No one is changed from a sinner to a saint suddenly. Impressions may be immediate; ideas may come like lightning; resolutions may be instantaneous; but character is a growth, and a discipline, and a struggle, and a work. The grace of God may come to you in an unexpected moment; but, in fact, it has been with you all the time, and your blindness alone shut out the sight and the acknowledgment of it. But this grace of God will be worth but little to a man, unless it be greeted by a new set of principles, inaugurated resolutely by the recipient of the new light, and carried out into practice, day after day, and year after year.

CIVIL WORTH OF THE SABBATH.

1. Toil needs it—to wipe off the grime and sweat of labor; to refresh by change of apparel; to restore and invigorate the body, exhausted by labor; to enliven the mind by change of the current of thought—and by all this to fit laboring men for the rewarded toil of the week.

2. *Capital* needs the Sabbath to alleviate, by intermission, the care of accumulation; to ease the unbending of the strained and exhausted mind; to give a sense of the value of nobler objects than silver and gold; to keep men's humanity and consciousness alive; to shield capital from harm, by securing the triumph of law and order in society.

3. The *State* needs the Sabbath—to illumine the public conscience, that guardian of public safety; to cause men so to recognise the Eternal Lawgiver, as to honor the earthly "powers that be;" to secure the moral atmosphere in a community, which is the only sure support of the law.

4. The *Republic* needs the Sabbath, because in a Republic more depends than in any other form of government, upon the intelligence and virtue of the people for its support. The grand superstructure of human rights needs just such a foundation as the Sabbath furnishes by its moral and religous influences over men. Human freedom has no friend more powerful than the Sabbath.

Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

Various Topics.

OBSEQUIES OF MR. LINCOLN THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

On Thursday, May 4th, the mortal remains of our lamented Chief-Magistrate were committed to their final resting place at Springfield, Illinois. Wherever the funeral cortege rested, in its long journey from the National Capital to its destination in the West, its appearance called forth the most universal manifestations of respect for the memory of the deceased, and sorrow and indignation for his untimely death. All classes vied with each other in paying to the remains the last, sad funeral honors. The procession of Tuesday, the week previous, in New York city, was the largest and most imposing ever known in this country. At its head was the funeral car, a magnificent device, drawn by sixteen gray horses and preceded by Gen. Dix and staff. The venerable Gen. Scott, Generals Burnside, Hunter, and many other high officers, civil and military, accompanied the procession, which was four miles long, twelve abreast, and numbered sixty thousand persons. The coffin had lain in state the previous Monday night and Tuesday morning, in the Governor's Room at the City Hall, and had been visited by over 120,000 people.

We propose, within the limits of this article, merely to give our readers some idea of the honors which, in our State, were paid to the dead, and to illustrate the feeling of deep and solemn awe which prevails all over our land, wherever the news of the atrocious assassination of our beloved President has reached. We quote from the New York World, some account of the

Scenes at the Bier.

The people who came to view the body, passed the coffin at the rate of from forty to fifty per minute. As they came up the stairs, their eyes took in the catafalco; as they stepped upon the platform at the head of the stairs, they saw the flowers that covered the body of the coffin; then, suddenly, as the one before passed on, the face of the dead President came full and close in view, startling from its sallowness to those so accustomed to see the life-like portraits prevalent throughout the city; they took one long, eager gaze, still moving, for no time could be allowed to any to stop, and then passed down the stairs. There was no time for the exhibition of emotion, yet there was noticed in each some peculiar evidence of it, in some a sudden start, in some women a sudden biting of the lip; but there was grief upon every face, and many women when they went down stairs gave way to tears. Old women frequently put out their hands to touch the brow of the dead; several bent over as with a sudden impulse to kiss the pale, sunken face, and, being prevented, cried: "Let me kiss him," and would not pass on, and being compelled on by the strong, though gentle hands of the policemen gave way, and went weeping down stairs. One woman came back three times to kiss the dead President, and was barely prevented. It was curious to see what classes came to obtain the last brief glance of one who shall be soon hidden from the sight of men, but who shall be remembered in history for all time, and whose life, and more certainly whose tragic death at the time when he was leading the people over into the promised land of peace, shall be a theme of which poets and orators shall not tire through all the future years.

All Classes Visit the Remains.

There were a dozen or more, during this watch, of little girls who sweep street-crossings, who gazed as mournfully as any upon the corpse. There were many who lifted little boys in their arms to look upon the face, not that now they could realize the significance of what they saw, but that in future years they might say to their comrades and their children, "I looked upon the dead face of Abraham Lincoln as he lay in state at New York." Every man as he passed took off his hat reverently; the ladies could make no sign but bow their heads as they passed down stairs. There were old men, young men, and boys; there were old women, young women, and girls. There came up now and then—one out of a hundred—a colored person, generally female. There came, too, one out of a hundred perhaps, a man in soldier's clothes. There came up in this watch a soldier with one leg, on crutches. He took a hurried, sorrowful glance at the face of the commander-in-chief who was, and then went dangerously down the other side, his crutches at each step echoing from the stone to the dome his service and his sacrifice for the country. Sometimes an old, old man with gray head, bowed down with age, stopped to look with his dim eyes, and tears came to them as he looked—but was hurried on. Ladies with veils lifted them as they came to the head of the stairs; ladies and men with spectacles adjusted them as they approached. Young girls, the flush of roses upon their faces, passed on hurriedly; but old decrepid women, with black bonnets and white hair, stopped, and could hardly be moved; the poor old eyes could hardly see, and even when they wore spectacles it was rather worse than better.

The Funeral Passage through the State.

Mr. Cassidy, of the Albany Argus, gives the following account of the passage of the funeral train through the State:—"Everywhere through the State as the cortege passed with its sad burden, the demonstrations were the same in substance, but under many forms! To those who accompanied the procession the several parts blended into one. The opening march at Albany, the salutations at the stations, the tableaux grouped on the wayside, the scenic decorations, the tolling bell, the echoing minute gun, the gradual darkness enfolding all, giving way again to torch lights and beacon fires, and emblematic illuminations, and the solemn music which accompanied all, blended into one impressive spectacle. The rows of young girls dressed in white, bearing torches crowned with wreaths, at Herkimer, had hardly passed from the eye when the chant of a hundred voices hymning funeral songs, at Utica, poured upon the ear. It was like the passage from one of the Operas, in which the intoning voices and dithyrambic march of the full Chorus, alternate with simpler tableaux and sweeter plaints of song. Over all an air of terrible tragedy hung, and pervaded it and harmonized it to one fearful tone. It was unbroken voice of lamentation. At Rome, crowds; at Syracuse, crowds upon crowds. Far after midnight Rochester poured out its notes of solemn martial music. The chant of woman broke with the breaking day at Batavia; and the ceremony culminated at Buffalo in a military and civic procession through its beautiful streets and a lying-in-state at St. James Hall. The admirable drapery of the room, which was tented in crape, and dimly lighted, while a hidden choir poured out a volume of sad melody, as the body was borne to its temporary repository, constituted the most impressive scene of all.

The Funeral Train at Rochester.

The city of Rochester had already duly commemorated the sad event of the death of Mr. Lincoln, but when the funeral train reached this city, on Thursday, at 3 o'clock, A. M., it was greeted by the solemn booming of cannon, mournful strains of martial music, and a suitable military display. It had been well understood by our citizens that the funeral train would remain here but a few minutes, but nevertheless thousands crowded within and around the depot, and the streets near by, anxious to catch even a glimpse of the car that contained the lamented remains. There was no opportunity to view the body. The Mayor, the Common Council and other invited guests accompanied the remains to Buffalo, and took part there in the ceremonies of the following day.

ANCIENT MUSICIANS.

Great as the repute of the most popular musical performers, whether vocal or instrumental, in the present day may be, and enormous as their remuneration may seem, the ancients were more profuse in their generosity to musicians and the factors of musical instruments.

Plutarch, in his life of Isocrates, tells us that he was the son of Theodorus, a flute-maker, who had realized so large a fortune by his business that he was able to vie with the richest Athenians in keeping up the chorus for his tribe at festivals and religious ceremonies.

Ismenias, the celebrated musician of Thebes, gave three talents of £581 5s. for a flute. The extravagance of this performer was so great that Pliny informs us he was indignant at one of his agents for having purchased a valuable emerald for him at Cyprus at too low a price, adding, that by his penurious conduct he had disgraced the gem.

The vanity of artists in those days appears to have been similar to the present pretensions of many public favorites. Plutarch relates of this same Ismenias, that being sent for to play at a sacrifice, and having performed for some time without the appearance of any favorable omen in the victim, his employer snatched the instrument out of his hand, and began to play himself most execrably. However, the happy omen appeared, when the delighted bungler exclaimed that the gods preferred his execution and taste. Ismenias cast upon him a smile of contempt, and replied, "While I played, the gods were so enchanted that they deferred the omen to hear me the longer; but they were glad to get rid of *you* upon any terms."

This was nearly as absurd as the boast of Vestris, the Parisian dancer, who on being complimented upon his powers of remaining long in the air, replied, "that he could figure in the air for half an hour, did he not fear to create jealousy among his comrades."

The beautiful Lamia, the most celebrated female flute-player, had a temple dedicated to her under the name of Venus Lamia. The *Tibicinæ*, or female flute-players, who formed collegiate bodies, were as celebrated for their talent and their charms as for their licentiousness and extravagance. Their performances were forbidden by the Theodosian code, but with little success; since Procopius informs us that, in the time of Justinian, the sister of the Empress Theodora, who was a renowned amateur *tibicina*, appeared on the stage without any other dress than a slight transparent scarf.

THE OPENING OF GIRARD'S WILL.

The following graphic description of the somewhat painful, as well as amusing scene, which took place upon the opening of the will of Stephen Girard, the founder of Girard College, and the liberal benefactor of many charities, public and private, is from a late number of the *North American Review:*

"Death having dissolved the powerful spell of a presence which few had been able to resist, it was to be seen how far his will would be obeyed, now that he was no longer able, personally to enforce it. The old man lay dead in his house in Water street. While the public out of doors were curious enough to know what he had done with his money, there was a number within the house, the kindred of the deceased, in whom this curiosity raged like a mania. They invaded the cellars of the house, bringing up bottles of the old man's choice wine, and kept a continual carouse. Surrounding Mr. Duane, who had been present at Mr. Girard's death, and remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To silence their indecent clamor, he told them there was, and that he was one of the executors. On hearing this, the desire to learn its contents rose among the furies. In vain the executors reminded them that decency required that the will should not be opened till after the funeral. They even threatened legal proceedings if the will should not be instantly produced, and at length, to avoid public scandal, the executors consented to have it read. These affectionate relatives being assembled in a parlor of the house in which the body of their benefactor lay, the will was taken from the iron safe by one of the executors.

"When he had opened it and was about to begin to read, he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company seated before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curiosity, the frenzy of expectation, expressed in that group of pallid faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apartment the conscious possessor of millions; for no one had dreamed of the probability of his leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his saying that no one should be a gentleman upon his money, they had forgotten or disbelieved it. The opening paragraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequests to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentlemen present such trifling sums as five thousand dollars, ten thousand, twenty thousand; and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the benefit of great cities and poor children. Some of them made not the slightest attempt to conceal their disappointment and disgust. Men were there who had married with a view to share the wealth of Girard, and had been waiting for years for his death. Women were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of life. The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a scene which we might think dishonored human nature, if we could believe that human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain."

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOUNDS AND THEIR TREATMENT.

"A little girl in Troy made a housewife and sent it to the army with her name in it. By and by a letter came from a Sergeant, into whose hands the housewife fell, saying that he was badly wounded and left on the field, but he stopped the flow of blood by using the housewife as a bandage and so saved his life."

To save life, all persons, and especially soldiers should understand the method of stopping the flow of blood from wounds. When large blood-vessels are wounded the flow of blood must be soon stopped, or the person will die. In such cases a bandage of some kind must at once be applied. To bandage the head a handkerchief folded triangularly, from corner to corner, may be used. Place the base around the head, lap the two ends over the middle corner back of the head, fetch around and tack, or pin in case of emergency; but so adjust the pins that the points may remain outside. Pressure must be made upon a wound to stop the flow of blood. When wounded in a limb, fold the handkerchief triangularly, twist into a cord, and tie a knot in the middle for a compress over the blood-vessel wounded, which compress, should be placed between the wound and the heart. Hemorrage from an artery may be known by the blood *jumping* out of the wound, and being of a bright scarlet color. When a vein is injured the blood is darker and flows continuously.

When wounded in the arms elevate them above the head; when in the lower limbs elevate them higher than the hips when so situated that this can be done. For restoration in severe and deep wounds rest and a proper position are essential. The wounded part should be placed in such a position as to favor the return of blood from it to the heart. When wounded in the arm and the person is able to sit up or walk about, after dressing the wound it should be kept in a sling, broad enough to support the whole weight of the forearm.

Wounds should not be dressed with cloth that has been exposed to flies, or moths, as their eggs may hatch by the warmth of the wound and create maggots. When this is the case the wound should be immediately re-dressed and the maggots killed. Bandages should be free from hems or hard seams, and sewed on, instead of pinned to avoid the danger of their use.

Taking Cold.

Thousands take cold and bring upon themselves various forms of incurable disease, by laying aside an extra garment when perspiring from heat or vigorous exercise. When exercise has been taken the person should rest awhile before removing an extra garment, and if lying down or exposed to a current of air more clothing, instead of less, should be added till well rested. When exposed to cold from getting the feet or person wet, dry clothing should be put on, and vigorous exercise taken however stupid the person may feel; unless too much exercise has been previously taken, in which case, remove the damp clothing, retire immediately to bed, cover very warm and put warm bricks or flatirons to the feet so as to create warmth in a short time. Before, and during the continuance of exercise, a person may drink cold water, but never immediately on ceasing from exercise, however thirsty.

Hattie Hopeful.

HOW TO ACT WHEN CLOTHES TAKE FIRE.

Three persons out of four would rush right up to the burning individual, and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. It is useless to tell the victim to do this or that, or call for water. In fact, it is generally best to say not a word, but seize a blanket from a bed, or a cloak, or any woolen fabric—if none is at hand, take any woolen material—hold the corners as far apart as you can, stretch them out higher than your head, and, running bodly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms, most about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the unfortunate person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant, immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with the rapidity of lightning. Next, get common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts with an inch thickness of flour, if possible; put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin will be found. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is that, like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain, by totally excluding the air from the injured parts. Spanish whiting and cold water, of a mushy consistency, are preferred by some. Dredge on the flour until no more will stick, and cover with cotton batting.—*Scientific American.*

WATT, THE INVENTOR OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

A young man, wanting to sell spectacles in London, petitions the corporation to allow him to open a little shop without paying the fees of freedom, and he is refused. He goes to Glasgow and the corporation refuse him there. He makes the acquaintance of some members of the University who find him intelligent, and who permit him to open his shop within their walls. He does not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough to occupy all his time; he occupies himself at intervals in taking assunder and remodeling all the machines he can come at. He finds there are books on mechanics written in foreign languages. He borrows a dictionary, and learns those languages to read these books. The University people wonder at him, and they are fond of dropping into his little room in the evenings, to tell him what they are doing, and to look at the queer instruments he constructs. A machine in the University collection wants repairing, and he is employed. He makes it a new machine. The steam-engine is constructed, and the giant mind of James Watt stands out before the world the herald of a new force of civilization. Was Watt educated? Where was he educated? At his own workshop, and in the best manner. Watt learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He learned French and German; but these things were tools, not ends. He used them to promote his engineering plans, as he used lathes and levers. — *Fincher's Trades' Review.*

Corner for the Young.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 2, 17, 16, 13, 21, 18 is a town in Iowa.
My 1, 6, 16, 24, 2 is a town in Tuscany.
My 1, 12, 17, 19, 15 is a river in Belgium.
My 23, 1, 24 is a river in Germany.
My 13, 14, 17, 22 is a lake in Switzerland.
My 6, 16, 9, 4 is a county in North Carolina.
My 3, 12, 6 is a volcano in Oceanica.
My 8, 6, 22, 2, 18, 6, 20 is a county in Minnesota.
My 8, 2, 7, 18, 4 is a county in North Carolina.
My 24, 6, 11, 12, 1 is a county in New Jersey.
My 5, 2, 11, 11 is a town in Austria.
My 1, 6, 10, 22, 15 is one of the United States.
My whole is a very good maxim.

Seneca Co., N. Y. J. G. Pearson.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

A RIDDLE.

I am as old as creation, and as young as the morning,
When the sun was first seen the landscape adorning;
I am found in all countries, on land and on sea,
Yet the sun in its brightness ne'er shone upon me.
With Columbus I crossed the stormy Atlantic;
Triumphantly rode over billows gigantic;
Took up my abode in the wilds of the north,
And there shall remain till the mandate goes forth
That the earth shall no longer hang poised in its place,
Nor the bright sun illumine this region of space.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

A yozc koon, a tinnamou obrok,
Hatt rendsaw wadrot het eas;
A tillet toc nl a itque post
Veah lal a march orf em;
A looc trereta nad dashe os twees
Hiwt noe I vole ot rashe,
Si ot ym earth eth tresdea tarp
Fo nie atth snowk on race.

Alida K.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 798.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—A cat in gloves catches no mice.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Thou who would'st see the lovely and the wild mingled in harmony, on Nature's face, ascend our rocky mountains.

Answer to Anagram:

Think for thyself—one good idea
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown.

Reading for the Young.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The Warriors.

Beau and Lee
Went out, you see,
To do a little slaughter;
Beau fell down
And broke his crown,
And Lee came tumbling after!

The Consultation.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Said the rebel President
To his great Commander.
Goosey, goosey, gander,
It's time to meander;
Out of here you'd better steer,
Said the great Commander!

Flight of Jeff Davis.

There was a man in Richmond-town,
And Yankees came to nab him;
He clomb up to the chimney-top
And saw they meant to grab him,
So he got down on 'tother side,
And then they couldn't find him;
He rode as fast as he could ride,
And never looked behind him!

The Arch-Traitor.

Jeff was a cunning dog,
Jeff was a thief;
Of all the rogues in rebeldom
Jeff was the chief;
But Weitzel went to Richmond,
And then Jeff fled;
If the Yankees catch him,
They'll chop off his head!

Song of the Citizens.

We are all in the dumps,
For Yankees are trumps,
And Chivalry 's gone to the wall;
Jeff Davis is bit,
And Lee 's in a fit,
And that is the end of us all!

Fall of the Confederacy.

Trumpery-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Trumpery-Dumpty had a great fall;
All Jeff's horses and all Jeff's men
Can't put the trumpery together again!

Summary.

Confedery-Grundy
Was born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Sickened on Wednesday,
Very ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
And that is the end
Of Confedery-Grundy!

ONE OF GOD'S BIRDS.

You would love little May Warren, if you knew her, I am sure. She is such a sweet little thing, that I believe I speak the truth in saying that everybody loves her who has had the pleasure of looking into her bright face.

"Please, mother, let me go to school with Cousin Willie this morning," said she, one day, running into the room where her mother sat with her baby brother. "Please do, mother; I will be real good."

"Let you go to school, dear?" answered her mother, kissing the rosy lips held up to her, "and where is Willie?"

"Here, auntie," said he, coming in at the door with his satchel of books on his arm, his black eyes sparkling with mischief as usual, and his cheeks glowing like the roses that peeped in at the open window.

"Yes, little May may go to school this morning if she will be very good, and Cousin Willie will promise to take care of her."

"Oh! you are so good," said May throwing her arms around her mother's neck, and giving her half-a-dozen kisses; then she danced off for her sun-bonnet, and soon she and Willie were racing down the broad graveled path to the gate.

It was a beautiful morning. The dew-drops sparkled on the grass and trees by the road-side, and the dandelions and buttercups in the meadow looked up to the blue sky with a bright smile on their yellow faces, as if it were a joy to live, while the birds were doing their best to put their happiness to Music.

Just as the children came to the bridge over the little brook that went dancing merrily along in the golden sunlight, Willie's bright eyes caught a glimpse of a robin, hopping along by the roadside, with a bit of dried grass in his bill, —probably building material for his nest.

"Keep still, May," whispered Willie, quickly, "don't say a word." And he stooped to pick up a stone that lay at his feet. But May caught hold of his arm just as he raised it to throw.

"Don't, Willie!" she cried; "it's one of God's birdies—don't hurt it, please."

Willie stopped and looked at her a moment in astonishment, and then said:

"What a queer girl you are, May! Well, I wont hit him now, just to please you, and I couldn't any way, for see! he has flown away." And the children hastened on to school.

A day or two after, Willie was going on an errand for his mother, when he saw a little kitten running along the road, and his first thought was to look for a stone to throw; but the next one was:

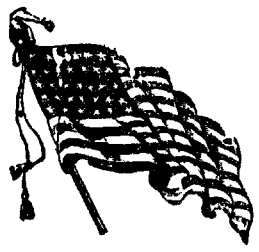
"I suppose May would say that was one of God's kitties. What a funny girl she is." And the kitten was not hurt that time.

Willie is a big boy now, but when he is tempted to hurt any innocent animal, he always thinks of May's words—"one of God's creatures"—and they are never harmed by him.—*Child at Home.*

Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



FOREVER float that Standard Sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's Banner streaming o'er us?

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 20, 1865.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From the South.

THE Richmond Whig of the 8th, records the passage through that city on Saturday, the 6th, of the Second and Fifth Corps of the Potomac Army, estimated at about 50,000. They occupied five hours and forty-five minutes in passing a given point. They bivouacked ten miles north-east of Richmond on Saturday night. The Fourteenth Corps of Sherman's army arrived at Richmond on the 7th, Wolcott's division in the advance. The Twentieth, Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps were within one day's march.

Sheridan's cavalry, between 8,000 and 9,000, passed through Richmond for the North, on Wednesday, the 10th inst.

The Richmond Whig contains an official account of a visit of the members of the Christian Commission, accompanied by 60 soldiers of the 67th Ohio, to the battle field of Cold Harbor, last week, and the burial of the remains of 400 of our soldiers found scattered about the grounds.

The wickedness of the rebel leaders is only equaled by their meanness. In the warehouse of Haxall and Co., Richmond, has been discovered about a thousand blankets marked "U. S.," which, it was confessed, were stolen from our men imprisoned there, not one of whom last winter had a blanket.

The released Union prisoners from Andersonville, Ga., state that 13,000 Union soldiers died in the prison pen there between March, 1864, and March, 1865.

The loyalists of North Carolina have been assured that President Johnson will not recognize Gov. Vance and the Rebel Legislature of that State, and it is expected that the President will soon order an election for State officers.

Guerrillas are becoming troublesome in South Carolina. A party of them recently committed depredations within six miles of Charleston.

The advance of the Army of the Potomac arrived at Alexandria on the 12th.

From the West.

INFORMATION has been received from St. Paul, Minn., of a skirmish, recently, with the Indians near Mankato. Gen. Sibley was after the Indians sharply, and it was expected that he would soon bring them to peaceful terms.

It is published that Gen. Sheridan is to have the command of a hundred thousand men to settle up affairs with the rebels and Indians in the Southwest. A large portion of this army it is thought will be sent west of the Mississippi.

Gen. Washburne, at Memphis, administers the oath to rebel soldiers, but not to rebel officers. The General says it is too late to reap the benefit of the Amnesty Proclamation after maintaining an attitude of hostility for four years. Citizens of Tennessee who left our lines and sought refuge in the rebel dominions, and have resisted all persuasions to return till now, will not be allowed to come to Memphis. Paroled officers from Lee's, Johnson's, or Dick Taylor's armies, will not be permitted to wear their uniforms or army badges. Paroled privates must change their dress within thirty days.

The Vicksburg Herald says that points in the interior of Mississippi will be immediately occupied by our troops so as to suppress guerrillas and preserve order.

About 1,000 rebel prisoners are at Vicksburg awaiting the action of the rebel bureau of exchange (if there is any.)

From Louisville, Ky., we learn that some bands of guerrillas, under Hughes and Dilton, are committing depredations in Macon county. Federal troops are pursuing them.

From St. Louis of May 9, we learn that 150 rebels surrendered to Gen. Sanborne at Springfield, Mo., on Saturday. They took the oath of allegiance. Thirty of Price's men also took the oath at Crossville. Considerable numbers of rebels are arriving from other points.

By the various surrenders to our arms, all the regular forces of rebel troops east of the Mississippi have been disbanded. Those who still remain in arms are land-pirates and freebooters, having no legitimate status whatever, by the laws of war. They are enemies alike of the North and of the South. When they are captured they should be dealt with in the severest manner warranted by law.

From the South-West.

GEN. DICK TAYLOR has surrendered his forces in Alabama and Mississippi to General Canby, fifteen miles from Mobile. The Government received the news over the wires which were lately in the hands of the rebels between Macon, Ga., and Washington.

William Murphy, the notorious rebel boat burner, has been captured in New Orleans and taken to St. Louis.

The rebel General Kirby Smith publishes a frantic appeal to his soldiers, dated Shreveport, April 21st, denouncing the surrender of Lee and his troops in the strongest terms. Smith expects his soldiers to stand by their colors in this hour of adversity, and says the fate of the nation depends on them; that their resources are ample to protract the struggle till foreign aid arrives, or at least till they can secure for themselves the terms due a proud people.

Blockade runners still find egress from Galveston, and it is reported that numbers are plying between that port and Havana, heavily laden with cotton.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE trial of the assassination conspirators commenced on Wednesday, the 10th inst. The following officers constitute the tribunal:

Major-General David Hunter, United States Volunteers. Major-General Lewis Wallace, United States Volunteers. Brevet Major-General August V. Kautz, United States Volunteers. Brigadier-General Albion P. Howe, United States Volunteers. Brigadier-General Robert S. Foster, United States Volunteers. Brevet Brigadier-General James A. Ekin, United States Volunteers. Brigadier-General T. M. Harris, United States Volunteers. Brevet Colonel C. H. Tompkins, United States Army. Lieutenant-Colonel David R. Clendenin, Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Brigadier-General Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate and Recorder.

The orders convening the Court having been read in the hearing of the prisoners, they were asked if they had any objection to any member of the Commission, to which they all and severally replied they had none.

The Commission, the Judge Advocate-General, the Assistant Judge Advocates, and the reporters having been duly sworn, the prisoners—David E. Harold, George A. Atzerott, Lewis Payne, Michael O'Loughlin, Edward Spangler, Samuel Arnold, Mary E. Surratt, and Samuel A. Mudd—were arraigned on the charge and the specification.

Each of the prisoners pleaded "not guilty" to the charge and specification.

The Commission, after deciding on the rules by which it would be governed, adjourned to meet on Thursday, May 11, at 11 o'clock A. M.

The Tribune's Washington special of May 11, says:—The trial of the assassins and conspirators was resumed to-day in the large room adjoining the Old Penitentiary, in which the prisoners are confined, the Court assembling at eleven and remaining in session until three o'clock.

Harold was arraigned and considerable testimony was taken in the case and gratifying progress made.

The testimoney has been or will be offered, showing that Harold went to Canada and conferred with the rebels about the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, since Booth's return from there.

Mrs. Surratt, who seems to have been one of the chief instigators and participants, is kept closely guarded, but is very defiant and unrelenting. Her daughters do not seem to have been implicated, and will be kept and called as witnesses. One of them is very sick, and is reported to have poisoned herself.

It is positively known that Surratt is in Canada, and there is little doubt but that he will soon be taken.

The Commission sits with closed doors, but it is believed that the Secretary of War will send an abstract of the trial to Gen. Dix, after the manner of his war reports.

The War Department accepted the resignations of thirteen General officers on Tuesday last. Gen. Grant has asked his Generals to recommend officers of peculiar merit for promotions in the regular army.

All the volunteer cavalry whose terms expire prior to October 3d, will be musterd out.

The Paymaster General is ordered to make immediate payment to the men discharged. The remaining cavalry will be reorganized into complete maximum organizations.

An order has been issued to muster out of service all infantry and artillery soldiers whose terms expire on or before the 31st inst.

It has been decided that officers are entitled to pay and allowances during captivity according to their lineal rank.

The subscriptions to the 7-30 loan still steadily advances. On Wednesday last they reached $17,410,100!

Regulations have been issued by the Treasury Department, removing restrictions upon intercourse with Southern States east of the Mississippi.

President Johnson has issued a proclamation declaring that, whereas armed resistance to the authority of the Government in certain States heretofore declared to be in insurrection, may be regarded as virtually at an end, and the persons by whom the resistance as well as the operations of the insurgent cruisers were directed are fugitives or captives; and whereas it is understood that some of these cruisers are still infesting the high seas, and others are preparing to capture, burn and destroy vessels of the United States, he enjoins all naval, military and civil officers of the United States, diligently to endeavor, by all lawful means, to arrest the said cruisers, and to bring them into a port of the United States, in order that they may be prevented from committing further depredations on commerce, and that the persons on board of them may no longer enjoy impunity for their crimes.

And he further proclaims and declares that if after a reasonable time shall have elapsed for this proclamation to become known in the ports of nations claiming to have been neutral, the said cruisers and persons on board of them shall continue to receive hospitality in said ports, this Government will deem itself justifiable in refusing hospitalities to the public vessels of such nations in the ports of the United States, and in adopting such other means as may be deemed advisable towards vindicating the national sovereignty.

The President has also issued an executive order to re-establish the authority of the United States, and execute the laws within the geographical limits known as the State of Virginia.

It is ordered that all acts and proceedings of the political, civil and military organizations which have been in a state of insurrection and rebellion in the State of Virginia against the laws of the United States, and of which Jefferson Davis, John Letcher and William Smith were late the respective chiefs, are null and void.

All persons who shall exercise, claim or pretend to exercise any political, civil or military power, authority, jurisdiction or right, by, through or under Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, and his confidants, or under John Letcher and William Smith and their confidants, or any other pretended political, civil or military commission or authority issued by them or either of them since the 17th day of April, 1861, shall be deemed or taken as in rebellion against the United States and shall be dealt with accordingly.

The Secretaries of State, War, Treasury, Navy and Interior, and the Postmaster General are ordered to proceed to put in force all laws of the United States pertaining to their several departments, and the District Judge of said district to proceed to hold courts within said State, according to the provisions of the acts of Congress. The Attorney General will instruct the proper officers to libel and bring to judgment, confiscation and sale property subject to confiscation, and enforce the administration of justice in said State in all matters civil and criminal within the cognizances of the Federal Government. To carry into force the guarantee of the Constitution of a Republican form of State Government, and afford the advantages and security of domestic laws as well as to complete the re-establishment of the authority of the laws of the United States and the full and complete restoration of peace within the limits aforesaid, Francis H. Pierpont, Governor of the State of Virginia, will be aided by the Federal Government, as far as may be necessary, in the lawful measures which he may take for the extension and adminstration of the State Government throughout the geographical limits of said State.

The Herald's Washington special says Virginia has been divided into four districts, and the Secretary of the Treasury has appointed the requisite number of Assessors and Collectors.

The Times special says:—The evidence against Davis & Co. is to be sent to all our Ministers abroad, together with descriptions and photographs of the fugitives.

Gen. Sherman has been ordered to report at Washington. It is said that the President will take the earliest opportunity to assure him of continued confidence in his ability and patriotism.

CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

THE Great Arch-Rebel is now in the clutches of the Government. Lieut.-Col. Pritchard and 150 picked men of the 4th Michigan cavalry, have done the country a service which will be most fully appreciated. Jefferson Davis, the *president* of the "Confederated States of America," is now being conveyed a prisoner of the deepest die to that Capital where he and his co-traitors declared the rebel flag should float on the 4th of July, 1861! He was captured, with his family—Mrs. Davis, his mother and sister—and several others high in position, at Irwinsville, Irwin county, Georgia, on the 10th inst. Col. Pritchard, learning where Davis and his retinue were encamped on the night of the 9th inst., posted his command in such a manner as to make sure of the whole camp at daylight. A detachment of the 1st Wisconsin cavalry under Col. Hardin, were also on the trail of the fugitives, and came in contact with a portion of the 4th Michigan. A skirmish ensued—each party believing the other to be rebels—for some fifteen minutes before the mistake was discovered. The firing alarmed *his excellency*, who forthwith habited himself in his wife's clothing, and fled to the woods. Our men immediately pursued the flying *woman*—believing that a *real* one would not be likely to "make tracks" such as men make when they wear fashionable calf boots. The termagant made savage demonstrations with a bowie-knife; but Colt's revolvers soon quieted this Amazonian, who remarked that the United States Government *she* believed was too magnanimous to hurt *women* and children. Among the distinguished persons captured in the camp, were Mr. Reagan, Post Master General, Col. Johnson, Davis' Aide de Camp, and Col. Harrison, Private Secretary. Mrs. President Davis remarked, after the excitement was over, that "the men had better not provoke the President, or he would hurt some of them."

FROM MEXICO.—MAXIMILIAN'S DECREE.

VERA CRUZ journals state that the Emperor Maximilian has issued a decree defining the provisional status of the Imperial Government, while the definite organization is proceeding. The decree is divided into eighteen chapters, and subdivided into eighty-one paragraphs.

Some of the leading features may be briefly stated. The form of the Government will be a limited hereditary monarchy, with a Catholic Prince at the head. In the case of the death of the Emperor, or of any other event which may incapacitate him for the exercise of his powers, "his august spouse, the Empress," will be *ipso facto* Regent of the Empire.

The Emperor or Regent, on assuming power, must take this oath:

"I swear to God by the Holy Evangelists to further by all means in my power the welfare and prosperity of the nation; to defend its independence and to preserve the integrity of its territory."

The Emperor, who represents the National Sovereignty, will be assisted by a Ministry of Nine Departments. Nothing is said about Texas.

The Government guarantees to all the inhabitants of the Empire equality in the eye of the law, security of person and property, and the liberty of free speech.

The national colors will be green, red and white, and their disposition on the national flag will be defined by a special law.

A decree, dated May 10th, is devoted to the definition of the extent of freedom to be allowed the press, which will be subject to about the same restrictions as in France and Austria.

The duty on imported tobacco has been largely increased.

The Emperor has granted a concession to Don Luis Beuil for a railroad from Mexico to San Cosme, Papotla, Tacuba, Halnepantla, and Cuantitlan.

FROM BREMEN.—The State Department has been informed that the legislative body of the Republic of Bremen, at its session April 19th, was addressed by its President, announcing our great victories as a "great victory won by the armies of the Union over the Rebellion of the Slaveholders." He called upon the members to express their sympathy with the American Union by rising. They did so, and gave three hearty and enthusiastic cheers for "The Union."

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE United States Government has now in its arsenals at least 800,000 guns which are entirely new, never having been put in the service.

THE bodies of the "first martyrs of the rebellion"—Ladd and Whitney—were deposited under the monument at Lowell, Mass., on Friday evening, April 28.

MOUNT BAKER, California, has been for some time in a state of active eruption, and its formerly sharp point has been flattened down ten or fifteen hundred feet.

CHICAGO is to have in a few days a new morning paper to be called the Republican. It is to be Republican in politics, and will be published under the auspices of an association.

GRAIN is looking well everywhere throughout the State, and the prospects for a good yield were never better. The fruit trees also give every indication of an abundant supply.

A WIDOW in Sonora, Mexico, who has 150,000 acres of land and three daughters, wants some smart Yankee to come out and marry one of the girls and superintend her farm. Who goes?

THE people of Kentucky are hunting down guerrillas with such zeal that the business is pretty much stopped, and offenders are skulking away in any disguise that can be made available.

WHEN Tennessee seceded, President Johnson took his leave of the "Kenton Farm," and in taking up a little hand trunk, said to Major Hunt, "Major, all my possessions are in that trunk."

FIVE persons were at the services held in Keene, N. H., on President Lincoln's funeral day, who attended the services in the same church on the occasion of the death of General Washington, 1799.

THE Nashville Daily Times, of the 22d inst., has a report to the effect that John Bell, formerly a United States Senator, and candidate for the Presidency in 1860, died recently in Alabama, in extreme poverty.

BOOTH, the murderer, was in Newport, R. I, a few days before the assassination, and it is expected he had some confederates there. Capt. Oliver Potter has offered a reward of $1,000 for the discovery of any.

BY a law of the last Congress, a copy of every book, map, musical composition, engraving, photograph, etc., which has been copy-righted must be sent, free of expense, to the Library of Congress at Washington.

IT is said that three hundred persons have been arrested thus far, for complicity in the assassination plot. The facts, when made public, will reveal an extent and depth of wickedness on the part of the midnight plotters, perfectly unparalleled.

ON Tuesday last, General Morris was ordered by the Secretary of War to release forthwith all political prisoners held in Fort McHenry, as also all prisoners of war, and those called guerrillas. Many of those released were under sentence of imprisonment during the continuance of the war.

A CAREFUL estimate of the comparative value of oil this and last year, allowing for the difference in currency, shows an increase in price this year of from three to five cents. The trade is daily acquiring more srtength and ability, and the extraordinary fluctuations of previous years will hereafter be as unlikely as undesirable.

AMONG the officers of the Army of the James, recently dismissed the service, is Lieutenant Colonel Clapp, of the Thirty-eighth Colored Regulars, for borrowing money of his men. Lieutenants Bancroft and White, of the same regiment, are dismissed for peddling candy and tobbaco to the enlisted men of the command.

THE Missouri radicals are changing their minds and are going in for the adoption of the new constitution: Senator Gratz Brown and Representative Ben Loan, announce themselves in favor of it. Senator Henderson, who is not radical, is also in favor of it. The new constitution will have a large majority of votes in its favor.

THERE is a native grape vine on the farm of Wm. Hall of Barrington, Vt., which one foot from the ground measures 37 inches in circumference. It creeps over a very large rock and several adjacent apple trees. Some years it yields a cart load of large grapes, better and nearly two weeks earlier than the more noted varieties.

List of New Advertisements.

The Best Horse-Power in America—R & M Harder.
A Great Book for Agents—Derby & Miller.
Four Years in Secessia—O D Case & Co.
Business Men Wanted—R H Curran.
New York Normal Institute for Physical Education.
Parlor Music Store—A Barnes.
Sheep Labels—D G Wyeth.
New Styles Cabinet Organs—Mason Brothers.
A Good Farm for Sale—Alonzo Swan.
Piano-Forte Instruction Book—Oliver Ditson & Co.
Agents Wanted—F W Sumner & Co.
To Sheep Owners—A S White.
Corn and Bean Planters—Whiteside, Barnett & Co.
Flax Brake and Dressing Machine—C M Rundell.
Agents Wanted—E B Treat.
Premium Chester White Pigs—N P Boyer & Co.
Improved Short-Horns for Sale—T C Peters.
Agents Wanted—W W Hibbard.
Masonic Chart—L T Moore.
Secret Art of Catching Fish—Julius Rising.

The News Condenser.

— Gen. Rosecrans is in Vermont.

— Ollendorf, the grammarian, is dead.

— The Mobile News sells for 25 cents a copy.

— Liszt, the pianist, is giving concerts in Rome.

— Board in the oil regions averages $10 per week.

— A lead mine has been discovered near Bristol, Ct.

— Sig. Muzio has married Lucy Simons, the vocalist.

— There is a man in Ohio who is the father of 29 children.

— The Supreme Court at Boston last week divorced 21 couples.

— J. Hemp, a noted guerrilla, was hung at St. Louis Monday week.

— The population of Montreal in 1851 was 57,715; it is 120,000 now.

— Mrs. Mary Conner lately died in Franklin, Pa., aged 104 years.

— A grand billiard tournament is to come off at Chicago in July.

— The May dividends of the Philadelphia banks amount to $721,223.

— Oil has recently been discovered in Lehman township, Pike county, Pa.

— Boston insurance offices lost $176,000 by the late great fire in New York.

— President Lincoln's carriages and horses are to be sold at private auction.

— Maj. Gen. Burnside resigned his commission in the army on the 15th ult.

— Flour is selling in Denver at $17@21 per sack; hams at 45@50 cts. per lb.

— Ex-President Pierce will soon marry a Boston girl, daughter of a Colonel.

— The Mississippi squadron is to be reduced from a hundred vessels to twenty-five.

— Rebel $1,000 treasury notes are selling in Richmond for $5 apiece, as keepsakes.

— Southern merchants are in Boston from Richmond, Charleston and Wilmington.

— Of the 1,000 rebel prisoner at Fort Delaware all but two took the oath of allegiance.

— Gough is sick again. He thinks he will have to give up public labor for the season.

— John C. Ray of Dunbarton, N. H., has a five year old heifer which weighs 2,600 pounds.

— A Canadian farmer recommends wild peppermint as an exterminator of rats from barns.

— The work of restoring post-office communications in the seceded States is rapidly progressing.

— Government will pay $100,000,000 to discharged soldiers and others during the present month.

— Jacob Strawn, the great Illinois farmer, has made the Christian Commission a donation of $10,000.

— Owing to the high price of labor and stock all the iron manufactories of Pittsburg have suspended.

— A young whale, 20 feet long, was captured in Newport harbor, last week, and was sold for $50.

— The editor of the St. Joseph, (Mo.) Herald acknowledges the receipt of a can of Vermont butter.

— It don't pay to export flour now, for the latest Liverpool quotation was only equal to $6.80 in greenbacks.

— Within ten years more than 100,000 persons have emigrated to Kansas, and more than 150,000 to Minnesota.

— The King of Portugal sends thanks for American aid to the starving inhabitants of the Cape Verde Islands.

— There is a Pennsylvania soldier who has lost both arms, both legs, and one eye, and remains alive to tell the story.

— One division of Sherman's army made a bonfire of 400 barrels of rosin when news came that Richmond had fallen.

— The door-plate of Alexander Stephens now ornaments the window of a Washington St. oyster house at Boston.

— All persons leaving Havana for the United States must now have passports countersigned by the American Consul.

— Nineteen pickpockets fell into the hands of the Chicago police on Tuesday week and had to disgorge their plunder.

— The discontinuance of the drafting system will relieve from duty a force of persons estimated at seventy thousand.

— A secessionist named Conner has been sentenced to 10 years imprisonment for drawing a pistol upon a Havana coachman.

— The "ile" fever has got to Vermont, and a petroleum company with $300,000 capital has been organized at St. Albans.

— An Irish couple, with twenty-three children, were among a party of emigrants that arrived in New London, a few days since.

— The War Department has ordered the printing of blank discharges in sufficient numbers to include nearly all of the army.

— The Federal military authorities have drawn a black line around Savannah. It is encircled by five thousand negro troops.

— A large quantity of railroad iron has been forwarded to Richmond and other points South, to repair railroads in that section.

— The various passenger and transportation steamboat lines on lakes Ontario, Erie and Michigan are now in full running order.

— A movement is already on foot in New York to erect a monument to Abraham Lincoln. Only dollar subscriptions are received.

— Beverly Tucker and Geo. N. Sanders have disappeared from Montreal. It is reported they have gone in the direction of Halifax.

— A Southern girl at school at Saratoga was expelled the day President Lincoln was assassinated for saying that was the happiest day of her life.

Special Notices.

ITCH. WHEATON'S ITCH.
SCRATCH. OINTMENT SCRATCH.
WILL *cure the itch in 48 hours*—also cures *Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains*, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, 170 Washington St., Boston, will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all druggists. 791-26t

GOOD READING VERY CHEAP.

We have a few extra copies of Vol. XII of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, (1861,) stitched, and in good order, which we will sell at $1 per copy at office or by Express—or $1.50 sent by mail post-paid. If you wish a copy, speak quick. A few bound copies of same volume for sale at $3. We can also furnish bound copies of most of the volumes issued since 1855, at $3 each. Bound volumes of 1864, $4.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, May 16, 1865.

THE market continues dull, buyers only supplying necessary wants. There are but slight changes from last week's prices.

FLOUR, FEED, MEAL, ETC.—White wheat flour $11,50; red wheat, $8@9,00 ₩ bbl. Coarse mill feed, $42; fine, $55 ₩ tun. Corn meal, $2,70 ₩ 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—White wheat, $1,50@2,25; red wheat, $1,50@1,62½. Corn, $1@1,10. Barley, $1@1,10. Rye, $1,00@1,05. Oats 60@68c.

FORAGE.—Hay $12@22. Straw, $10.

SEEDS.—Timothy $6@6,50. Clover, $17@17,50. Beans, $1@2. Peas, $1,50@2,50. Flax, $2,50@3.

FRUITS.—Green apples, but few in the market, range from $1,50@2,00 ₩ bush; dried do, at 6@7c.

MEATS.—Fresh pork $11@13. Beef, $14@16. Mutton, 10@13 ₩ 100 lbs. Hams, 18@20c. Shoulders 16@18c. Chickens 18@20c. Turkeys, 20c. Tallow, rough 7c. Lard, 17@18c. Dried beef, 18@20c.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, 40@50c. Onions, $1,25@1,50.—Hops, 30@45c. Carrots, 35c.

DAIRY, ETC.—Butter, 22@30c. Cheese, 20@22c. Eggs, 18@20c. Salt, $2,50 ₩ bbl.

HIDES AND PELTS.—Green hides, trimmed, 6½c. ₩ lb.; untrimmed, 5@5½c. Green calfskins 11@13c. Pelts, $1,25 2,25 each.

WOOL.—The market is dull, no sales of any importance. It may be quoted the same as last week—40@50c

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 13.—Cotton, 51@51c for middlings.
FLOUR.—Superfine State $6,00@6,25; extra State, $6,40@6,55; choice State, $6,60@6,75; superfine Western, $6,00@6,25; common to medium extra do, $6,50@9,60; common to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, $7,00@7,40; trade brands, $7,45@9,25. Canadian flour heavy, at $6,50@8,25.
GRAIN—Wheat, winter red Western $1,40. Rye quiet. Barley dull. Corn heavy; sales at $1,00@1,06 for new yellow and Southern. Oats 50@52½c.
PROVISIONS—Pork, $23,75@24,50 for new mess; $22,00@25,50 for mess; $19,00@22,50 for prime. Shoulders, 14@15c. Hams, 17@19c. Lard, 15½@18½c. Butter, 14@25c. for Ohio, and 23@36c for State. Cheese, 14@21c.

BUFFALO, May 15.—Flour, sales X State at $7; Canada club and bakers' at $6,90@7,25; Illinois spring $7@7,25; $8@9,50 for XX Indiana red and white; $8@8.25 Ohio red.
GRAIN—Wheat, No 2 Chicago spring $1,20; No 1 do, and Milwaukee club $1,25@1,31; red winter $1,55@1,65; $1,50 for amber Iowa; $1,65@1,70 southern Illinois. Corn, 75@95c. Oats, 46@47c. Barley, $1,00@1,12½. Rye, 90c. Peas, $1,60@1,75. Beans $1,50. Timothy seed, $5,00@6.
PROVISIONS—Pork, $28,50 for mess. Hams, 19½@21c. Shoulders, 17c. Lard, 14½@17c. Salt, $2,10@2.15. Butter 20@35c. Cheese 20@22c. Eggs 20@22c. Dried apples 10c.

TORONTO, May 10.—Flour, $4,75@5.50. Fall wheat. at $1,12@1,15 ₩ bushel; spring do. $1,02@1,08. Barley, 55@65c. Peas, 80@90c. Oats, 46@50c. Rye, 60c. Buckwheat, 40@45c. Tares, $1,50@1,75. Butter, 13@20c. Cheese, 12@15. Eggs, 12@12½cts. Ham, 12½@13c. Bacon, 11@12c. Lard, 12@15 cts. Apples, $2,50@4,50 ₩ bbl. Potatoes, 40@45c ₩ bu. Carrots, 30c. Turnips, 25c. Beets, 75c. Onions, $1,50. Beef, 8@12½c. Mutton, 10@12c. Dressed hogs, 6½@7½c. Mess pork, $21; prime, $15. Shoulders, 9@10c. Hay, $14@18. Straw, $8@14. Clover seed, $11,50@15. Timothy seed, wanted at $2,75@3. Sheepskins, $1@1,90. Calf skins, 7c. Hides, trimmed, $3@3.50 ₩ 100 lbs.—*Globe.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 9.—Beeves received, 4,711 against 4,243 last week. Sales range at 9½@21c. Cows, received 83 against 139 last week. Sales, at $25@90 each. Veal calves, received, 1,791 against 3,621 last week. Sales range at 4@11c. Sheep and Lambs, received, 11,016 against 8,144 last week. Sales at 4@12c. Swine, received, 10,906 against 6,147 last week. Sales at $10,25@10,62½ ₩ cwt.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, May 9.—Beeves, range at $10@16. Oxen, $150@275 ₩ pair. Milch Cows, $75@100. Handy Steers, $100@150. Veal Calves, $4@11 each. Two-year olds $30@40. Three-year olds $45@50. Sheep and Lambs, 5@16c ₩ lb. Shoats—Wholesale 14½@15½c; retail 16@20c. Fat hogs 10@10½c, live weight. Hides 7@8c ₩ lb. Tallow 7@8½c. Calfskins 18@20c. Pelts $1,50@2,50; sheared, 25c.

ALBANY, May 8.—Beeves range at $5,50@10,75. Sheep, sales at 10@11½c. Hogs, sales at 10½@11½c.

TORONTO, May 10.—First class cattle, from $5,50@5,75 ₩ 100 lbs, dressed weight; 2d do, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2.75@3,25. Calves, $3@7 each, large quantity in market. Sheep $6@8,00 each per car load. Lambs, $3,00@4. Yearlings $3,50@4.—*Globe.*

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 8.—Domestic fleeces have been moderately active during the week. The inquiry is only in lots from the trade to supply their most pressing wants; prices, though without particular variation.—*N. Y. Post.*

BOSTON, May 9.—The following are the Advertiser's quotations:—Saxony choice, 75@80c; Saxony fleece, 70@75c; full-blood Merino, 68@70c; three-quarters do, 65@67; half do, 60@65c; common, 55@60; Western mixed, 50@60c; California, 00@00c; Canada, 60c@$1,05; pulled extra, 70@75c; superfine, 65@70c; No. 1, 50@60c.—Cape Good Hope, 37@42c.

TORONTO, May 10.—Not much in demand till the new crop; 30@35c ₩ lb for good fleece.—*Globe.*

New Advertisements.

☞ ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded,) 60 cents a line.

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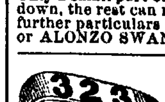

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The Course of Instruction will not only qualify those pursuing it, both men and women, for lucrative employment, but prove remedial to persons in delicate health.
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CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the name and firm of WM. KIDD & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by CHAPIN & TERRY, who are authorized to settle all accounts of said firm of WM. KIDD & Co.
WILLIAM KIDD.
CHARLES H. CHAPIN.

Having disposed of my entire interest in the Foundry and Steam Engine Business, at No. 36 Mill St., to CHAPIN & TERRY, I take this occasion to extend my thanks to former customers for their liberal patronage, and to request a continuence of the same to the new firm.
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This agency is authorized to prosecute the claims of *all Soldiers* or *Sailors* that have served in the present war in any branch of the service.
Bounty, Pensions and Pay for widows, widowed mothers, minor children, or orphan sisters of deceased Soldiers. Bounty and Pay for fathers, mothers, or other heirs of deceased Soldiers. Bounty, Pay and Pensions for discharged Soldiers, &c.
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Having the best of facilities, all claims against the Government are promptly collected.
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Destroys Vermin, Cures Scab, Improves the Wool, Prevents Pulling, adds to Weight of Fleece.
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Having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and vend this
GREAT AGRICULTURAL WANT,
(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 spade six to eight acres per day, eight inches deep, leaving the field in the condition of a garden bed when forked.
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, price, &c., send for circular.
J. C. BIDWELL, Pittsburgh, Pa., Plow Works.
Pittsburgh, Pa., November, 1864. 777-tf

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The WHOLE FABRIC has been thoroughly tested, is WATER-PROOF, and unaffected by changes of weather.
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The following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the **Rural New-Yorker.** We can also furnish other Books on RURAL AFFAIRS, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published.

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☞ Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

THANK GOD, the sky is clearing!
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God the day is nearing!
The dawn is coming fast,
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought shall most rejoice us;
"Our boys are coming home!"

Soon shall the voice of singing
Drown war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the joy-bells ringing
Bring peace and Freedom in.
The jubilee bonfires burning
Shall soon light up the dome,
And soon, to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home.

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The love-light lacks their faces,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fear has haunted
The long deserted room;
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O mother, calmly waiting
For that beloved son!
O sister, proudly dating
The victories he has won!
O maiden, softly humming
The love song while you roam—
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keenest sorrow!
They're coming, but not all;
Full many a dark to-morrow
Shall wear its sable pall
For thousands who are sleeping
Beneath the empurpled loam,
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping
Who never will come home!

O sad heart, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a little while!
With hoping and believing
Thy woe and fear beguile.
Wait for the joyous meeting
Beyond the starry dome,
For there our boys are waiting
To bid us welcome home.

The Story Teller.

UNCLE OBED'S VISIT.

IT would have required no very powerful stretch of the imagination for Mrs. Amber's guests to have fancied themselves amid the light and fragrance of some tropic isle on that festal night. The stately balustrades were wreathed with deeply tinted blossoms, the air was freighted with the perfume of heliotrope and tube roses, and the chandeliers that hung from the frescoed ceiling, like coronals of quivering fire, threw a noon-day brilliance over the rustling crowd.

At the further end of the superb drawing-room stood Mrs. Amber herself—a stately matron in sapphire velvet, illuminated by the pale glimmer of pearls. No one would ever have imagined from the smiling self-possession of her manner that this night was the crisis of her false existence—the turning point of her life.

Through all the hum and murmur of the aristocratic assemblage—through all the crash of arriving carriages, and the stormy melody of the band beyond, Mrs. Amber's quick ear caught one low hesitating step on the threshold. It was her husband's. She beckoned to him with her jeweled fan, and whispered in scarcely audible accents:

"Well?"

"Just as I expected. We are ruined, can't keep above water a week. Norris has failed, and we shall follow suit!"

"A week!" murmured Mrs. Amber thoughtfully, "A week!" One can accomplish a good deal in a week. Have you observed how attentive Young Gold is to Cecilia?" she added musingly.

"He won't be after—"

"Hush!" Mrs. Amber exclaimed, with a quick glance around, as if apprehensive that the very walls would hear the whispered colloquy. "If she wins a rich husband before the world learns of your distress, we shall be tolerably safe. For your own sake keep a cheerful face; mingle with our guests—throw off that perturbed frown. I tell you all will yet be right."

Mr. Amber shrugged his shoulders and whistled half a bar of some popular strain, then turned away to obey his wife's behests to the best of his ability, while Mrs. Amber, her smooth lips all wreathed in dulcet smiles, resumed the task of receiving her gay friends.

Suddenly there was a sort of thrill and titter through the apartment—the crowd opened as if to make way for somebody, and Mrs. Amber came forward expecting to greet some distinguished arrival.

"Good evening, Tildy. I kilkilated you'd all be gone to bed, at this time o'night, but I see you don't keep New Hampshire habits! Han't forgotten me, have you? Why I'm your Uncle Obed Jenkins!"

Mrs. Amber turned pale through all her artificial bloom, at the unexpected addition to her company that stood before her, his honest features beaming with genuine delight. It was a ruddy faced old man, in a suit of butternut colored cloth, carrying in one hand a neatly tied handkerchief, containing his wardrobe, and in the other a crooked walking stick, full of knots and gnarls—such a stick as grows only in dense swamps, where the young saplings have to twist their little arms in every possible direction to get a bit of sunshine, and grow up in the most unheard of shapes.

"I declare," pursued Uncle Obed, "you're fine as a fiddle, Tildy—and where's them little gals you sent up summer before last, to get red cheeks at their uncles? Growed up to young ladies—well, if I ain't beaten."

And Uncle Obed extended a bony hand to Miss Cecilia, who drew back, and put up a gold mounted eye glass with an air of well-bred astonishment.

"I never heard that anything ailed Cicilly's eyesight, Tildy," said Uncle Obed, in extreme perplexity. "And that young fellow in the yellar waistcoat is her beau I suppose? Wall, young folks will be young folks, and we old ones hadn't ought to interfere. That's what I always said when you and Jim Amber used to talk in the old side hill orchard after you'd done the milking."

This unlucky allusion brimmed the already overflowing vials of Mrs. Amber's wrath—she drew her gloved hand from the old man's cordial grasp, with an energy which puzzled him, and spoke with compressed lips:

"I am really sorry, sir, that we were not previously made aware that you proposed honoring us with a visit. In that case we could have prepared ourselves for the pleasure; now, I regret to say, it will be inconvenient to receive you."

"What!" ejaculated the astonished old man, who was really uncertain whether or not he had heard aright the words of his only niece—the girl whom he had brought up and cared for, when others rejected the charge of the penniless orphan.

Mrs. Amber repeated the frigid sentence with that emphasis which only a heartless woman of the world can give.

"This is a big house, Tildy," said the old man, in slightly tremulous accents, "and I should ha' thought there was a corner in it big enough for Uncle Obed. I wasn't calculating to stay long—not over a week at furtherest; but I'll go hum to-morrow the very first train that leaves, if I'm in the way.

Mrs. Amber made no answer, but tapped lightly on her mosaic bracelet one slender finger, and uncle Obed turned away with a moisture in his eyes that made curious rings of mist around the glaring jets of flame in the chandelier.

Uncle Obed was wishing himself well out of the heartless scene, when suddenly a pair of plump little arms were thrown around his neck, and a cheek fresher and pinkier than a damask rose was pressed to his brown face. It was Mrs. Amber's youngest daughter—his own pet niece—the incorrigible romp, who had climbed cherry trees and stolen birdnests innumerable in the meadows of the old homestead, two or three years ago. And there she was—a young lady in pink silk and cameo bracelets!

"Dear Uncle Obed, I have only just heard of your arrival. I am glad to see you, if no one else is!"

And another shower of kisses succeeded, greatly to the discomfiture and envy of the young man who had escorted Miss Amber to the spot, and stood surveying the pretty little tableau.

"Go about your business, Harry!" she exclaimed gaily, "I've got ever so much to say to Uncle Obed!"

And Mr. Harry Latimer obeyed, but rather ungraciously.

"Just the same little Fanny as ever?" exclaimed the old man, patting her curls with delighted fondness. "You haven't changed, tho' Tildy has!"

"No; and I never will change for you, Uncle Obed," said the girl. "I havn't forgotten how kind you were to me, up at the old homestead; how you shielded my transgressions, concealed my faults, and always had a smile for naughty little Fanny."

And she chatted on, entirely unheeding her mother's frown of displeasure. Fanny had always been the least manageable of Mrs. Amber's daughters, and the worthy matron secretly resolved to lecture the young lady at her leisure.

Uncle Obed was by no means deficient in observation, and even while he related the chances and changes which three years had wrought in the vicinity of the old homestead, he perceived the rosy blood mount to his niece's cheek every time Mr. Harry Latimer passed.

"Now little girl," said he, "it's my turn to ask questions. Whose that young fellow there by the window?"

Fanny looked up, and then down, played with the middle button on Uncle Obed's coat, and answered, very softly:

"Mr. Latimer."

"Humph! I s'pose that isn't all you can tell me about him?"

There was a minute of hesitation, and then Fanny hid her cheek on the old man's shoulder, and told uncle Obed all.

"Then why on earth, don't you marry him?" ejaculated the old gentleman, at the close of the little life-romance.

"He's only a poor lawyer," sighed Fanny "and papa will never consent. But one thing I am resolved on," she added with sparkling eyes "I will not marry any one else, least of all that odious Colonel Woodall, not if he were worth twenty times twenty thousand dollars."

The stamp of her fairy feet gave emphasis to the determined words as she spoke. Fanny was very much in earnest, and if Colonel Woodall had happened to be present, he would have concluded that his chances were, to say the least of it, rather small.

"Twenty thousand dollars, eh?" slowly repeated Uncle Obed. "Well, Fanny, it's a hard world we live in—a hard griping, grinding world. I never thought so afore, but somehow to-night has borne it in upon me."

When Uncle Obed went away next day, he was comparatively cheerful. The fond words and loving smiles of little Fanny had fallen like drops of balm upon the sore spot in his heart.

There it was, nestling in the hillside, that gray old farm house with the giant sycamores tossing their silvery branches above it, and the lilac bushes nodding before the narrow windows. Uncle Obed thought it never looked so pleasant as now, in the level gold of sunset, with the purple woods rising against the bright far off horizon.

But he did not stop in the cozy room, where the eight day clock ticked away as peacefully as if its master had not been absent two whole days—a thing which hadn't happened before in half a century; he went straight up stairs, to a tiny nook under the eaves, where he kept an old sort of trunk, curiously scented with camphor, and bound together with strong clasps and rivets of brass. From this receptacle he took a bit of paper, and held it so that the light fell on its contents.

"Twenty thousand," he muttered. "Well, I'm an old man and that gal is just the light of my eyes. It shall buy her happiness, the blue eyed bird, instead of lying useless in the garret chamber! She deserves it all!"

Uncle Obed pocketed the document, locked his precious trunk, and went down stairs wiping the glasses of his spectacles.

The great financial crash had come, and the house of Amber & Co. was among the first in the list. It was true that Mrs. Amber had been expecting the failure, but the blow fell none the less heavy for the anticipation. Somehow, her plans had all proved futile. Young Gold had, in some unaccountable manner, discovered the true state of the Amber exchequer, and wisely concluded that it was not best to waste his personal charms and elegant stock of small talk on so ineligible a fair one as Miss Cecilia. Col. Woodall had also shown unequivocal signs of withdrawing his suit, not at all to Miss Fanny's displeasure. In short, everything seemed to be going wrong, and the only satisfied members of the confederation were Harry Latimer and Miss Fanny.

It was a gloomy morning of rain and tempest, and Mrs. Amber sat in a sort of slovenly dishabille, in a narrow room in one of our third-rate hotels. Her own stately house had fallen a prey to greedy creditors some time since. Mr. Amber at an opposite table was slowly opening and glacing over his letters.

"Hallo!" he suddenly exclaimed, dropping one and catching it up again.

"What's the matter, papa?" asked Fanny.

"How you do agitate one's nerves!" groaned Mrs. Amber.

"Hang your nerves, here's something to set them in a flutter—a letter from a New England lawyer, announcing that your Uncle Obed Jenkins has made Miss Fanny Amber a present of twenty thousand dollars, to become her property on the day she marries Harry Latimer."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" shrieked Mrs. Amber and Cecilia in chorus, "and nothing for us?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," murmured Fanny, with a crimson spot on her cheek:—"O, how happy we shall be! Dear, kind old Uncle Obed."

"You're a nice manager," snarled Mr. Amber turning sharply to his wife. "It was for this was it that you treated Mr. Jenkins so rudely on the night of your last party?"

"I didn't know—I didn't suppose"—sobbed Mrs. Amber. "He never told me he had any property."

"Of course not!" ejaculated Mr. Amber, "It's enough to make a man rave, to have such an idiot as you for a wife. Twenty thousand dollars would have been everything to me, just now, when there is such a scarcity of ready money in the market. And what's worse, the sum is so tied up that nobody, but Fanny, can touch a cent of it."

Mr. Amber strode out of the room, giving the door a very energetic slam, and Mrs. Amber went gracefully into hysterics, while Fanny sat looking at the letter which had been a messenger of so much happiness to her, with scarlet lips half apart, and the light of deep gratitude in her eyes.

"What will Harry say?" she pondered. "Will he not think it a blessed dream? No more weary waiting—no more procrastination. O, how can I ever thank Uncle Obed sufficiently?"

But Uncle Obed was already thanked.

When, upon Fanny's wedding day the deed which constituted her a small heiress was delivered into her hands, it was inclosed in a narrow strip of coarse blue paper, which the old man commonly used in his correspondence. Upon this was written one single line, and the tears suffused the fair young bride's eyes, as she read the words, "In memory of Uncle Obed's visit."

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

EVEN now, with an apparently confirmed dynasty and a supine people, when the elect of 35,000,000 is seen driving a two-horse drag, like a private gentleman, to the Bois, he is under the anxious and studied protection of the police. Those two young men in fashionable attire, cantering a little ahead, are police agents, that middle-aged gentleman riding with a lady, some fifty paces behind, is another; small knots of apparent loungers are on the watch along the ride; and an armed force would start up at the first sign of suspicion or alarm. When a ball was given to the Emperor and Empress at a distinguished embassy, the list of invitations was carefully revised by the prefect or his sub, who, not satisfied with having some of his people stationed in the ante-chamber, insisted on cards of invitation to enable others (dressed and decorated for the purpose) to mingle with the company.

WHAT is this world? A dream within a dream,—as we grow older, each step has an inward awakening. The youth awakes, and he thinks from childhood; the full grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man looks on manhood as a ferverish dream. Is death the last sleep? No—it is the last final awakening. —*Sir Walter Scott.*

SMOKE, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors.

Wit and Humor.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

BY S. N. HOLMES OF SYRACUSE.

HAIL Columbia, my happy land,
Digging for oil, isn't it grand?
Happiness now, surely is found,
Boring for oil down in the gound.

Beauty has charms lovers attest,
And Nature has charms East and West;
Yet all these charms, in man or soil,
Is but a drop to boring for oil.

In vain, alas, did poets sing,
That only gold was just the thing,
The fact is born, the die is cast,
Legal tender and "*Ile*" must last.

What if the mud besmears your clothes,
What if the scent affects your nose,
So long as it brings the yellow dust,
The rich man's bane and poor man's lust.

What if you live in mud and dirt,
And go unwashed just like your shirt,
And mix your food with dirt and ile,
All right, all right, if comes the pile.

The golden dreams of years gone by,
Hom much they seem like little fry,
To dig and delve for grains of gold,
While fortunes here are made and sold.

You only need a little steam,
To waft you on the oily stream,
So now embark, let go the shore,
And then commence, commence to bore.

First raise your derrick strong and high,
With walking beam to pump and pry,
Then start your drill and who can tell
But what you'll strike a flowing well.

Oh would you, would you make your pile,
Come down right off and bore for ile,
What though it brings the aches and pains,
If by it comes the wonted gains.

Some lucky man here makes a strike,
A Yankee born, or Irish Mike,
Then quits the business in disgust,
Well loaded down with greenback dust.

How can you, can you stay away,
When oily mammon brings such pay,
Where one small hole with prospects fair,
Will make you sure a *millionaire.*

What if you toil both night and day,
Forget your kindred far away,
What if you die in an oily ditch,
The point is gained by dying rich.

What man is that, who can it be,
So grimed with dirt just comes to tea,
'Tis now he speaks, you see him smile,
He shouts struck ile! struck ile! struck ile!

Titusville, Pa., March 20th, 1865.

A FULL STOP.

AN innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," was a passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought terra firma,) with a very placid expression of countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete summersault over the seat in front, and her bandbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage-way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed, and several others severely injured." "La me; I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."—*Vermont Record.*

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

WHILE a young widow is weeping over the memory of her husband, she may fish up a successor in the dark stream of her tears.

"MISS," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity you wasn't a mirror." "Why so?" said the blushing girl. "Because you would be such a good-*looking lass.*"

"THAT man is a thief," said a wag, pointing to a reporter at Guildhall. "Why so?" inquired his friend. "Why," cried he, "do you not see he is taking notes?"

A YANKEE doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic which, he says, contains the whole strength of the "bark." He calls it "sulphate of canine."

A LADY, walking with her husband at the seaside inquired of him the difference between *exportation* and *transportation.* "Why, my dear," he replied, "if you were on yonder vessel, leaving England, *you* would be *exported*, and *I* should be *transported!*"

A MERCANTILE man of Foote's acquaintance had written a poem, and exacted a promise that Foote would listen to it, but he dropped off before the end of the first pompous line, "Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!" "Pray, pray, be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am," said Foote. "Nine and one are ten; go on."

"WHY, Mr. B.," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so small that I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I'm like a sixpence among half a dozen coppers—not readily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

A PROMINENT bachelor politician on the Kennebec remarked to a lady that soapstone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady, who had been an attentive listener, "but some gentlemen have an improvement on that which you know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale and maintained a wistful silence.