

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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

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AGRICULTURAL

LABOR.

WHEN men arrive at just conclusions they will crown LABOR with all but Divine honors! The agency by which everything desirable is effected, the door through which nearly every earthly good comes, well-deserves profoundest homage. When that memorable six days work was done, the Creator installed man His successor and representative to finish and perfect what Omnipotence began. Entering upon creation's unfinished work, Man is to make the wide earth what Eden was. Every marsh and miasmatic pool must be transformed into fruitful soil,—the unsightly hillocks clothed with verdure,—the barren wastes "bad and blossom like the rose,"—the water courses made into safe channels for Commerce,—secret things developed, and the winds and all powers of earth put to their appropriate tasks. Thus we are honored co-workers with GOD. He might have made us, as some doubtless would have preferred, to suck our sustenance, and spend our lives like oysters, in their beds; but, unless every principle had been reversed, we should have been oysters still.

Doing is our glory and our good. Labor is strength—purpose is power. Who so shirks his responsibility commits moral suicide. Whoever wishes to be "dead-headed" through this world—carried on the shoulders of men and women already over-loaded, often staggering under their burden,—either lacks the intelligence to perceive his true relations, or the moral sense to discriminate between right and wrong. There is necessary work enough to give full employ to every hand and foot, every brain and muscle. Whoever excuses himself puts his divinely allotted portion (GOD distributed the work) on those who, doing their own, are also compelled to do his share. I need not say that this is not gentility. Good breeding is, first of all, just then, generous, courteous and kindly considerate. No gentleman was ever "a man of leisure." Whoever avails himself of the oppressions, the technicalities, and the loop-holes of law, to live without labor, is more than discourteous to those who are saddled with his burdens and their own. "Slavery" has been charged with many things; I further charge it with being impolite. Work is never a burden, till the worker is compelled to add another's share to his. There is just as much intellectual, and just as much manual labor to be done as men and women need to do. There is just work enough, evenly distributed, to promote the highest mental and physical development. He is dwarfed who does too much—he is dwarfed who does too little.

"But we are not all required to work with our hands." It is bad for you if you believe that. Something like half of our active hours should be spent in physical effort; the body demands it imperatively. Omit it, and physical and intellectual degeneracy follow;—the bones will lack firmness and strength, the muscles will be deficient in size and power, the digestive organs, the lungs, the brain, the skin, the blood, the nerves, will all be feeble and faulty in their action, and gradually succumb to disease and premature death.

A pale-faced, nervous, dyspeptic, effeminate

existence, popularly called *life*, is maintained, which even passes for health, (so degenerate are our standards) where "exercise" is curtailed to an hour or two, and even shorter periods. It is incredible that any body who admires a full muscled horse or ox, a well developed, healthful bullock, should be content with "scallwags" in human form; but so determined are men and women to despise and violate organic laws that they reconcile themselves to transgressions, doleful progeny, and welcome the whole brood of ills.

A really strong man, healthy and developed in body and mind, must sleep eight hours every day, rest and recreate four hours, give six hours to mental and moral labor and discipline, and six hours to vigorous bodily activity. Slight variations from the above may sometimes be warranted—but did any ATHLETE ever exercise less than six hours a day? Did any intellectually strong man ever devote less than six hours daily to thought and discipline? Change that programme and you are a dwarf in body or mind, and probably both.

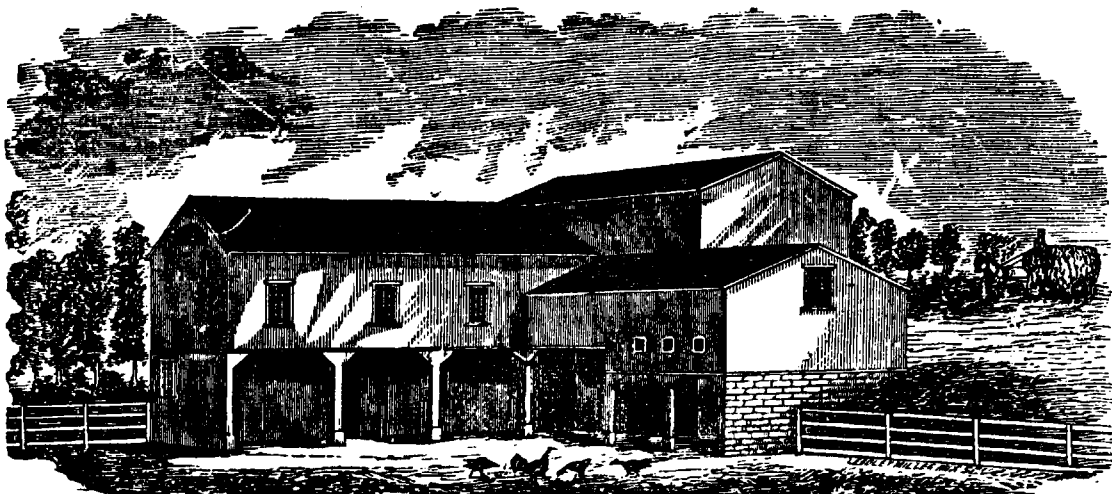
I have brought this matter up at this time and in this place, for the purpose of saying That, Whereas Labor is an indispensable element in human affairs and therefore eminently reputable: Whereas all who would not live a lingering death must spend a large portion of their time in some kind of active exercise:—Therefore it is immensely important that this enlarged and indispensable bodily activity should be turned into productive channels. Vagrant wanderers for health, rich or poor, quartering themselves upon hard-working people, are criminals before the higher law. Whoever walks five miles for exercise, when he could gain just as much by hoeing five rows of corn, steals from Nature's treasury, and God will put him on his trial yet. Sports may do for children, but a full grown man or woman, whose mind and heart are not diseased, will demand and find activities all the more healthful and healing from the consciousness of their adding to the store of good things for man. With immense harvests to be gathered, and, as things now stand, crushing labors to be performed, I address these considerations to all "sedentary" people, and all outside of the pale of productive industry.

When all do enough for their own good, none will be compelled to do too much. It is worthy of prompt and profound consideration whether professional men, mechanics, merchants, bankers, artists, idlers, should not bestir themselves with determined energy to find homes, with lands for cultivation attached. If they are not found in New York city, it merely proves that New York city is the wrong place to live in. Poetry, full of bright visions of Rural Life, speaks the true language of Nature. Farming is "drudgery," and is denied comforts and embellishments, because farmers are saddled with labors that others ought to divide with them. When every one who can cultivate a plot of ground, cultivates it, Country Life will develop new beauties. Then will the fond anticipations of uncultured and unperverted natures for a "rural retreat," where they may quietly end their days, be justified and largely realized. Then, in dressing "the garden" and keeping it, men will get back towards primitive purity. They will find in pleasant and absorbing employments, the healthful exercise which they will measurably fail to find in demonstrations wasted on the air. A project to carry out, a fond purpose finding fulfillment, a grace, a beauty and a good identified with one's own doings, will ease the mind and heal the body as no "gymnastics" can. GOD is not to be cheated; He works with a purpose, and so must you.

In the mean time, let all idlers lend to labor a helping hand.—H. T. B.

METHODICAL FARMING.

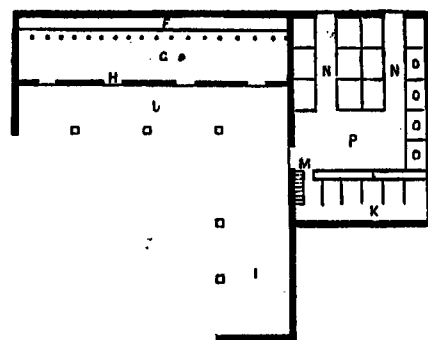
THE writer of this, in early life, spent over three years in the service of a farmer noted for the methodical manner in which his business was carried on. He commenced life, on attaining his majority, in the "back-woods," as it was then called. Arrived at the point of destination, his worldly wealth consisted of good health, a sanguine disposition, a common English education, a compass and chain, ordinary wearing apparel, an ax, and fifty cents in money. Looking about awhile, he selected a site for a future home, and took an article for it from an agent of a Land Company. Fortunately, a few jobs in surveying aided in replenishing his purse and erecting a small log tenement for a shelter.



ANOTHER PREMIUM PLAN OF BARN.

RESPONSIVE to inquiries therefor, we have, in late numbers of the RURAL, (April 15 and May 20,) re-published plans of Barns which were awarded premiums in accordance with our offer in 1858. This week we give the plan to which was awarded the third prize—that of a barn owned by Mr. JAMES WHITNEY of Big Flats, Chemung Co., N. Y., who describes it as follows:

MESSERS. EDITORS:—I have the name of having the most convenient Barn in our part of the country, and accordingly have made a draft to the best of my ability, being nothing but a farmer. I think, however, I understand the wants of farmers better than the mechanic or architect can. You will discover I have an elevation of ground nearly eight feet, which is some fourteen rods north of east and west road, and slopes toward the south-west. I have cellar under barn and east shed, the north-east corners in the bank. East and north stone wall for barn is nine feet high, and that for shed is six feet high.



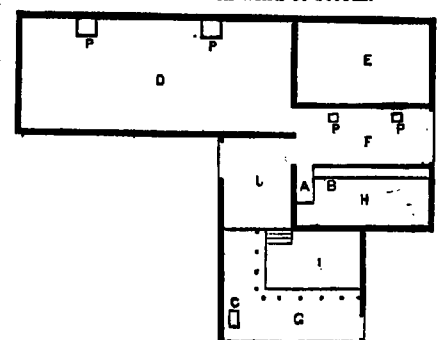
GROUND PLAN OF LOWER STORY.

Standards for tying cattle. F. Lower Feed Room in front of cattle, 4 by 64. G. Bunks for Cattle, 9 by 64. H. Doors. I. Manure Cellar under east shed, 18 by 24. J. Open Shed. K. Horse Stalls, 10 by 30. L. Horse Bunks, 2 by 28, (hay from above, and grain in front of horses, by falling doors in ceiling.) M. Stairs. N. Halls in Granary. O. Root Bins. P. Cleaning Floor and Weighing Room, and Feed Room for horses, which does not freeze in winter, 18 by 24.

At the close of the first season he had succeeded in clearing five acres of land, and sowing it to wheat—throwing a fence, partly log and partly rail, around the whole. This took till the approach of winter, when he took a float down the Allegany, to Pittsburgh, to winter—working during that season for three dollars per month and his board. The next spring saw him back again upon his embryo farm, renewing his conflict with the surrounding forest.

Then it was that the purpose was formed to keep a daily journal of his labor; of the character of the weather; of articles purchased and sold, and their several prices; the names of persons employed by him, and their rates of compensation, as well as the several occasional jobs done by himself in the line of surveying. This practice he followed during a period of forty years—writing up his business, if he had been absent for a few days, from his note book the first thing on returning, and nightly, when at home, just before retiring to rest. He never made a cent by speculation; never "struck oil," or stumbled upon a mound of gold-bearing quartz, yet he increased in wealth yearly, and toward the evening of life was wealthy. He possessed a homestead of one thousand acres, besides numerous farms in various sections of the country around him, and a heavy bank deposit for special occasions.

I enter the barn from the north with team on the upper floor, thrash with a self-cleaning machine, and have straw-carrier attached, so that I can run the straw in either shed I choose. I have two good bays, without incumbrance from stabling or granary, and spouts or conductors marked, corresponding with halls in granary beneath, to conduct the grain where I wish; and this, when thrashing, saves at least one man's labor. Two men are sufficient to take care of straw from a good eight-horse machine, and it is all secured from wind or storm.



PLAN OF UPPER STORY.

A. Stairway to Stable. B. Space for letting hay down to story below, for horses. C. Trap Door, to throw manure down from cattle sheds. P. P. Openings to let feed down. D. Floor for storing fodder, 25 by 64. E. West Bay, 19 by 30. F. Upper Barn Floor, 18 by 30. G. Cattle stalls, 9 by 24 and 9 by 32. H. West Bay, 18 by 30. I. Lot of Lean-to, 16 by 20.

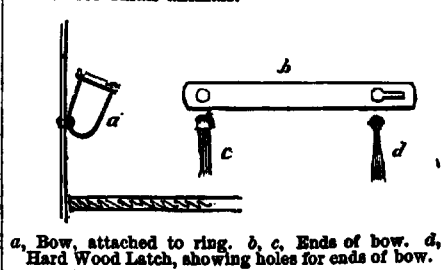
My Basement is dry. Sills two feet from ground. My grain has never mustered nor wet, and feed never frozen in winter. I have twelve Grain Bins, so arranged that I can get to any one of them when I wish, capable of storing over 3,000 bushels, and four Root Bins, which will store about 800 bushels, where they can be seen to at any time.

My stone wall is laid in mortar and pointed; the frames are all made of square timber and joist; no round timber anywhere about; outside, all planed and painted. The Basement Story is eight feet; barn posts 18 feet long; the

Long Shed is 25 wide, 64 long; posts 20 feet. East Shed posts nine feet long.

The cost of the Barn without sheds, \$400, including board of hands; can be built \$50 cheaper without planing or painting. Sheds cost \$430, including board of hands, and can be built for \$400 without planing or painting.

My mode of fixtures for tying cattle is much cheaper than the ordinary way, besides being much more comfortable for the animals—it is as follows:—First, I set my standards four feet apart, have a ring made of three-eighths or half-inch iron about six inches across, put over the standard, and then put the bow through the ring and over the animal's neck. The operation is shown in the engraving. Have a piece of hard wood for a latch one inch thick and eight inches long, one and one-fourth inch hole at one end, and one inch at the other. The bow needs a knob on one end and katch in the other. This I have also endeavored to show in the engraving. The rings will slip up and down to suit the animal's convenience. They can lay down and turn their heads around on their side, and they can lay much nearer than if fastened in any other way, and if you have an animal that is inclined to be masterly you can make him keep his head on his own side, by putting a board on one side or the other, to suit your convenience. Thus you can control the most vicious of animals, and make them perfectly submissive. I have adopted four feet apart for my standards, but they will do much nearer for small animals.



a, Bow, attached to ring. b, c, Ends of bow. d, Hard Wood Latch, showing holes for ends of bow.

In conversing about his toils and progress in life, he imputed his success, in a great measure, to the method induced in his business by the daily journal which he kept of it. In the course of his business he employed, at times, large numbers of men, but their business was marked out before hand, and when one piece of work was done no time was lost in considering what to do next. If all young farmers, in commencing for themselves, were to adopt this plan and carry it out persistently to the evening of life, there is little doubt that the best of consequences would result from it financially, while it would strengthen the perceptive faculties and reader the habit of committing thoughts to paper comparatively easy.

HOEING CORN AND POTATOES.

THE process of hoeing corn, potatoes and the like, would seem to be very simple, and so, in fact, it is, yet many persons engaged in the business expend a great deal of time and labor unnecessarily in doing it. Some farmers and farm laborers in hoeing or dressing a hill of corn or potatoes, work all around it, performing a complete circuit, during the operation. The result is the consumption of time unnecessarily, while the work is anything but neatly done. When corn and potatoes have been properly

gone through with the plow or cultivator, the work of hoeing or hilling may be well and expeditiously done by four movements of the hoe to a hill—leaving the ground much more evenly and neatly distributed about the hills than by the process of going about them as many are in the habit of doing. In preparing one side of the hill the left hand will be the lower one on the handle of the implement—two scrapes of the hoe being commonly sufficient. Changing the hoe to the other side, the right hand becomes the lower one on the handle, when the same number of scrapes of the hoe are given and the hilling is completed. In this way, the laborer passes along by the side of the row easily and expeditiously, avoiding the circumnavigation, so to speak, of each hill, as some are in the habit of doing in the hoeing process. Of course, if there are weeds or surplus shoots of corn in the hill, they will be removed by the hand before the hoe is used, otherwise there is nothing to hinder the process of cultivation, with the hoe, from being much more expeditiously performed than is customary with many farm laborers.

LYMAN HARRINGTON of Bennington Co., Vt., writes to the Agricultural that he finds a great saving in so preparing his carrot field that in harvesting the tops may be mowed with a common hay scythe.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MAY RAMBLINGS.—NO. II. BY GUILIELMUM.

We are out on Boston Common in the early dawn, drinking in the refreshing morning air underneath the grand old trees, which, could they speak, might tell tales of those days when the nation was young, and British soldiery held possession of the town.

The Common consists of about fifty acres, situated on and at the south-westerly slope of Beacon Hill. It is beautifully diversified with knolls, avenues, fountains, a pond, flowers, and trees. Many of the latter are interesting relics of Colonial and Revolutionary times.

The Botanic Garden lies just westward of the Common. It is in fact a part of the same, but is separated from it by Charles street.

The State House surmounts Beacon Hill, and is an elegant structure. A statue in bronze of DANIEL WEBSTER graces the grounds in front of the edifice.

Seeing Boston, without crossing over to Charlestown, sacred in history as the first battlefield of the Revolution, would be much like seeing the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Understand that I make no claim to the originality of this comparison.

the sloping street, is a disappointment. It doesn't seem as high as we have always supposed it to be.

Bunker Hill Monument, as nearly every one knows, stands on Breed's Hill, as that eminence was mistaken for Bunker's Hill when the Americans threw up their fortifications, and the battle was therefore fought there.

Ah! how that "voice from the Tombs" came to me—the voice which four years ago proclaimed that ROBERT TOMBS would, in a short time, "call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill."

Returning from Charlestown, I visited Faneuil Hall, the "cradle of American Liberty." My companion recalled an incident that afforded him much pleasure.

I intended writing of the Great Organ, but space will not admit in this number. Of Boston in general I will only add a few words. It is not, as a city, a beautiful one.

*This statement is incorrect, as by the State Census of 1855 the population of Charlestown was over twenty-one thousand.—[Eds.]

THERE is nobody so abased that he is not tall enough to look down on others.

Various Topics.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

The following article from Dr. Hall's Journal of Health contains practical hints on various subjects that are worthy of attention:

- 1. It is unwise to change to cooler clothing, except when you first get up in the morning. 2. Never ride with your arm or elbow outside any vehicle. 3. The man who attempts to alight from a steam-car while in motion is a fool.

BONAPARTE'S EARLY POVERTY.

M. THIERS, in his history of the Consulate, recites some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The squalid beggar then, the splendid emperor afterwards—the threadbare habiliments and imperial mantle—the hovel and the palace—the meager food and the gorgeous banquet—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and terror of the world—an exile and a prisoner.

GERMAN ECONOMY.

GERMAN thrift is proverbial. The Germans in Pennsylvania generally manage to lay by far more than their American neighbors, and the following paragraph from a European letter will show that they inherit these frugal traits:

Each German has his house, his orchard, his roadside trees so laden with fruit that did he not carefully prop them up, tie them together, and in many places hold the boughs together by wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight.

year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows by the roadside, river and brook, is carefully cut by the sickle, and carried home on the heads of the women and children in baskets, or tied in large cloths.

ITALIAN PROFANITY.

THE Venice correspondent of the Boston Weekly Advertiser gives us a lively description of the beauties of familiar intercourse among the Italians.

Our friends of the second cabin were chiefly officers with their wives and families, and talked for the most part of their sufferings during the night. They spoke such exquisite Italian that I thought them Tuscans, but they told me they were of Sicily, where their beautiful speech first had life.

"Ah, my God! how much I suffered!" says a sweet little woman with gentle brown eyes, red lips, and blameless Greek lines of face. "I broke two basins!"

"I have often wished," added the young man meditatively, and in a serious tone, as if he had indeed given the subject much thought, "that it might please God to let me be sea-sick once, if only that I might know how it feels. But no!"

A REMINISCENCE OF MR. LINCOLN.

ON the day of the receipt of the capitulation of Lee, as we learn from a friend intimate with the late President Lincoln, the Cabinet meeting was held an hour earlier than usual.

On the morning of the day of his death kindred conversations were held as to the manner of spending a portion of the summer, and what disposition should be made of "Bob" and "Tad," as he used to call his two sons Robert and Thaddæus.—Western Christian Advocate.

"HE'LL NEVER SET THE TEMSE ON FIRE."

VERY few know the origin of this common phrase. Many years ago, before machinery was introduced into flour mills for the purpose of sifting the flour, it was the custom of the miller to send it home unsifted.

THE great difference between men, great and the insignificant, is energy.

Reading for the Young.

BREAD FOR A SONG.

I WANT to tell a story to the little pouting, scowling, crying children, who are never satisfied with their breakfast, dinner or supper. What! you may say, do these sweet little faces of the children actually put on such looks, when the thousand and one good things do not please them?

It was one of those cold, chilly days of November, when all seems so dull and dreary. The sky and everything else looked lifeless and cold, and the wind blew around the corners in a fierce way, as though it would whirl you away, if it could.

But this was unlike all I have named; it sounded as though whoever touched the bell was but half assured of a right to do so, and so it was.

"No," said another, "let us have the song." So he came into the hall, and down in the dining-room we listened. In a moment a clear, sweet voice began singing, "Who'll care for mother now?"

No living hand bathed his thin face with fragrant water when the golden sun came up and he left his wretched bed; no gentle fingers smoothed his tangled curls, or mended the rents in his miserable clothes; no pleasant breakfast table waited for him with silver cup and spoon and nourishing food.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

MORE than a hundred years ago there lived in London the wife of a sea-captain—who were her ancestors, where she was born, or what of her life, no one knows or ever will know. She was early left a widow with a fatherless child; but she feared God, and felt her responsibilities to the child of her love.

CHARITY.—I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which perhaps within a few days I should dissent myself.—Thomas Brown.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

BY CHARLES J. DUNPHY.

Life is but a fleeting dream, Care destroys the zest of it. Swift it glideth like a stream— Mind you make the best of it!

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

MY RIVAL.

BY B. C. D.

My life had ever been peaceful and happy until LUCY KING crossed my path. I had lived almost since my first recollection with Uncle and Aunt BROWNING, who had taken me when my parents died, and loved me as they would have loved their own child, if they had had one.

Our nearest neighbors lived just across the street. Their family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. OSBORN, and their only son ANDREW, who was about two years older than myself and my acknowledged friend and protector since my first school days began, when we had trudged down the dusty road together to the village school.

At last, exhausted by the violence of my emotions, I seated myself beneath a gigantic maple and leaned my head against the rough bark, trying to forget that here had been the favorite play-ground of ANDREW and myself years ago, and a favorite retreat always, when I heard footsteps approaching and a voice which made my heart bound, calling, "KATE, KATE, where are you?"

When ANDREW saw our classmates approaching, he would run across the gravelled path up to our door and call out, "Come, KATE, give me your book and basket; they are almost here," and out we would go together, alike indifferent to the significant smiles and glances of our school friends, or the old people at home.

One beautiful afternoon when the scholars came along as usual, to my great surprise I saw that LUCY KING had laid aside her habitual indolence, and appeared among them. The sight of her sent a thrill of pain through my heart that I would not notice at the time.

One beautiful afternoon when the scholars came along as usual, to my great surprise I saw that LUCY KING had laid aside her habitual indolence, and appeared among them. The sight of her sent a thrill of pain through my heart that I would not notice at the time.

sions, and we all knew that something besides the love of science had brought her out that day. On arriving at the edge of the swamp, we began to make our collections of the beautiful plants around, all agreeing that Botany was the most delightful study in the world.

I had seated myself at the window on my return, full of these thoughts, and by this time, as miserable as possible. It seemed a long time that I sat there before she and ANDREW came along; and then the look of disdainful triumph which LUCY KING gave me, destroyed what little self-control I had left.

"Don't you feel well," kindly inquired my aunt, who noticed my pallid looks, and became alarmed.

"No, I will go out," I said; and taking my bonnet I rushed from the house to hide myself and my grief from sight.

My tears burst forth, and I walked up and down under the maple trees weeping with all the passion an undisciplined mind shows under its first sorrow.

I had often read of deserted heroines who rallied their pride to their aid and bade defiance to the betrayers of their affection; but I felt that if I had been deceived, either purposely or otherwise, by ANDREW, I could not hide my grief.

"KATE, dear KATE," said he, "is it possible that you do not know how well I love you? I think it is time we came to an understanding. Is all this grief caused by my deserting you this afternoon for that little, insipid coquette? I really could not avoid being civil to the poor thing, she was so much out of her sphere, but I had no idea it would hurt your feelings so.

Perhaps I was a foolish school girl and outraged all the rules of propriety in not concealing my feelings, but I did not attempt it. I let him see how strong a hold he had on my heart, but I told him in justification of my feelings that day, that although he had been associated with all my dreams of future happiness, I had never really known it until the shock of the thought came that he might be lost to me forever.

"Dear KATE," said ANDREW, "promise never to doubt me again;" and ANDREW knew how sincere my words were when I did so.

I have been told that it is not wise for a woman to allow even her husband to feel secure of her love, or it will arouse the tyrant in him to take advantage of it. It is a slander on true manhood. That cannot be genuine love that needs such careful management.

disposition, when I assert that after I found myself re-assured of ANDREW'S affection, I never bore LUCY KING any malice for her evident efforts on that day to interfere with my happiness. Poor girl! She was at that very time engaged to a young man in Rosedale, whom she has since married.

WIT AND HUMOR.

AN Ohio politician was boasting, in a public speech, that he could bring an argument to a point as quick as any other man. "You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker," replied a Kentucky editor.

"MOTHER," said Jimmie Spry to her venerable maternal relative, "Sam Flint wants to come courting me to-night." "Well, you jade, what did you tell him?" "Oh, I told him he might come; I wanted to see how the darned fool would act!"

"So you are going to teach a school?" said a young lady to her maiden aunt. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that life myself," was the quiet reply; "but—where is the widower?"

"THE times are so hard I can scarcely manage to keep my nose above water," said a husband the other day to his wife, who was importuning him for a new dress. "No," she replied with some asperity, "but you manage to keep it above brandy easy enough."

COLERIDGE was acknowledged to be a bad rider. One day, riding through the street, he was accosted by a would-be wit:—"I say, do you know what happened to Balaam?" Came the answer sharp and quick:—"The same as happened to me. An ass spoke to him."

When Sheridan, by the assistance of his friends, was installed in a house in Saville row, he boasted to one of his relations how carefully and regularly he was living—so much so that everything went on like clock work. "Aye! aye! exactly," he observed, "the whole goes on tick!"

The ladies, in their sovereign capacity as judges of emotional enjoyment, have decided that no perfume in existence produces the same delicious sensations as are experienced while inhaling the exquisite fragrance of Phalons' "Night-Blooming Cereus." Sold everywhere.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 20 letters. My 28, 19, 24, 12 is essential to preserve life. My 14, 20, 24, 26, 24 is a place of some importance in Nebraska Territory.

A RIDDLE.

I AM a king, my palace low, yet rule I with extensive sway; Great kings had Egypt long ago, but yet I reigned before their day;

AN ANAGRAM.

OHOLIDCO, weste dan nynnus coldihdob, Whitt si elasec shoungstel rai; Kille het andter nadlet dlowowid, Daterlunin yb het dhan fo race.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 805.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

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