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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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AGRICULTURAL.

SMALL AND LARGE FARMS.

SMALL FARMS MORE PROFITABLE IN PROPORTION THAN LARGE ONES.

Is this a conceded fact? I conclude so from the amount of testimony in favor of the proposition. But if so, is it a necessary consequence? Most assuredly not. With intelligent supervision—with capital and labor in proportion,—certainly there is no reason why a large farm should not pay a better profit on its cost, than a small one. A fifty acre farm requires at least two-thirds as much value in buildings, fences, implements and teams, as one of one hundred acres of equal value per acre. Then, admitting a single family for each, exclusive of laborers, you have as many non-producers in one case as the other. If associated effort can accomplish great ends in other business, why can it not in agriculture? A man who has 1,000 lbs. of wool, all of one quality, can certainly make a better sale than if he had 100 lbs. My neighbor, with his 1,000 bushels of wheat, will be looked up by a buyer sooner than I who have 100 to sell. On my fifty acre farm, I have as many fields as my three hundred acre neighbor, and I am obliged to have almost as many gates and pairs of bars, while my fences occupy a much greater amount of land, in proportion, than my neighbor's. He can put one team to plowing, another harrowing, still another hauling stone or manure, and so keep every thing in its season; while I must tug and toil alone, or with my one man or boy, and do each of these separate. When he gets ready to plant, he has men enough to do up the job in time, while I am obliged to scour the neighborhood for help or wait other men's motions. At harvest time he has men enough to "man" his machine, while I, if I can afford to own a machine, am obliged to run my chances for help. So in thrashing. My 300 acre neighbor has men and teams enough of his own, and I, of course, have to hire or "change works" with some one or two in the same condition as myself. I might go on and multiply, *ad infinitum*, arguments of the same character.

Now, if it is the fact that small farms do pay better, in proportion, than large ones, it is owing to one or all of the following causes:—A lack of capital, labor, or intelligent management and supervision. A man may do many kinds of work alone to good advantage, but there are other jobs that require from two to ten men. Now, an hour lost by a late start in the morning would not be worth naming in one man's work, while, if the whole ten were idle, a whole working day would be lost. So in planning work. The kind of men we hire now-a-days rarely ever set themselves at work. If they get a job done, they are very apt to wait for the "boss" to set them going again.

We farmers, as a class, lack system. Large farmers are very apt to attempt too much for the capital, labor and teams they employ;—yes, I may truly say, that they generally do this very unwise and unprofitable thing. Another unwise operation they sometimes engage in:—go into some outside speculation, or get into some little petty office that calls them away from



HIGGINS' DERRICK FOR LOADING HAY.

Our engraving represents a novel machine for loading hay on wagons. It is said to facilitate and lessen the labor, and to be readily and easily operated, even by one not skilled in the use of machinery—an item of considerable importance, as farmers are frequently obliged to employ men who know less than nothing about managing machines and implements. This machine is quite different from the Hay-Loader described in the Rural of the 12th inst. It is thus described:

"The machine, or derrick, is intended to perform the whole labor of transferring the hay from the field to the cart, and this it does with great ease and certainty. The details are as follows:—The framing, A, carries a circular table, B, which revolves on a spindle in the center. The timber, C, is fastened to the table and moves with it; the boom, D, has a fork at the upper end, which is loaded by lowering the

boom and taking on the hay. The boom is raised and lowered by the rope, E, which runs over a roller at the top of the upright, and it is retained in place while the hay is being thrown off by a catch, F, fitting in a recess at the bottom of the upright, as shown. After the fork is unloaded the catch is thrown out by working the lever, G. The shank of the fork is at H, and is provided with an orifice on the end in which a pin works, as at I. This pin holds the fork together while the load is on, and can be withdrawn to trip the fork by the rope, J. The derrick is provided with wheels to draw it to different points where it is to operate, and one of the wheels, K, is made to turn on a center so that it can be thrown out of line, and thus act as a drag or anchor, to prevent the whole derrick from moving when a load is to be taken on. The circular table can be turned in any direction by the handle, L, and the rollers, M, keep it from

tippling up, and also ease its motion. When the machine is to be drawn, the brake, N, is turned out so as to bring it in line with the central hole in the guard, O; this jams the hauling line below, so that the derrick can be drawn over the field, as mentioned. The operator takes the hay from the swath just as it was left by the machine or after tedding, and deposits it on the wagon, thus saving the expense and labor of raking and piling it up."

Two forks are used with the machine—one for taking it from the cock or winrow, and another, and wider one, to take it from the swath as left by the mower. All the usual operations are combined in one in this machine, and it is believed that it will prove a valuable labor-saver to farmers. It was patented in January last by S. R. HIGGINS of Parma, Mich., and definite information concerning it may be obtained by addressing R. E. ALDRICH of the same place.

the farm. They should go into the field with their men, and stay with them, plan their work economically, encourage the willing,

"Coaxing on the stubborn ones,
Pushing on the lazy."

Three men with a good "boss" to lead them, will accomplish more than five alone. If a man is physically unfit to do that, let him seek out an industrious young man and give him a share in the profits of the farm as an inducement to faithful service. Above all things be thorough and systematic—remembering that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Read the papers, compare notes with your neighbors, and by all means keep an accurate account of your receipts and expenditures in such a manner that you will be able to tell what crops or stock pays you best;—and when this is done, communicate the fact to the papers, so that other people may have the benefit of your experience.

P. P. B.

ITALIAN vs. COMMON BEES.

NOTICING a request for information as to the utility of the Italian bee over the common black bee, I have anxiously waited for some larger pen to answer; but there being no response, and presuming other anxious apiarists are also waiting in suspense, I will give my experience.

The 1st of October, 1863, I introduced an Italian queen into a hive containing black worker bees; on the 3d liberated her from the cage. The 28th of January I noticed, for the first time, Italian workers; in the morning there were none to be seen, but at two o'clock quite a number were out prospecting. February 27.—Noon found a few drones. May 19.—Removed two or three frames with worker brood and drones with bees covering the brood placed in a hive with cards containing honey. Removed a stock of the black bees that stood beside the Italian stock and placed this nuclei there. This nuclei (July 16) I removed a card placed in a hive with other combs and placed as above mentioned in another's place. July 8, made a second nuclei from the old parent stock by taking three cards, performing as before. Result—my first and third became pure Italian stocks, the second a half-bred.

I highly appreciate the Italian bees. They are more vigorous workers than the black, and will defend their rights; no black bee can enter their hives. They will, when blossoms are scarce, work on the common field red clover; they will stand our severe winters much better than the black bee. They are an admirable yellow-jacketed race, being quite transparent, (that is their lateral exterior.) At the waist they have three very beautiful golden belts; these are the marks

of supremacy. Their musical hum is sharp, so that a blind man could discern the difference. The half-bred is somewhat cross, and the quarter-bred is still more so. They all have stings, except the males,—but the full blood you can handle if you do not insult them or injure them. I might have had better success had I not been an invalid.

WM. H. EMENS.

Clifton, Monroe Co., N. Y.

BEETS AND BEET SEED.

It is stated by practical experimentalists, that cows fed on sugar beets produce more butter than when fed on carrots. Both are good and healthful food for cows fed on dry fodder. The beet will keep later in spring than the carrot. But in raising the seed we find it has enemies. I find on my seed a dark-colored vegetable insect, thickly covering the ends of the branches of the seed stalks. These I pick off and burn. I also find a worm about three-fourths of an inch in length, which seems to feed upon the seed, and a small fly. I saw the same kind of worm on the sweet turnip; but not so numerous as on the beet seed. Thinking the worms sucked the juice from the green seed I killed them; but I intend to watch my seed more closely, and try dusting it with dry ashes when the dew is on in the morning.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

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

THE TERMS PAULAR AND INFANTADO.

[FIFTH PAPER.]

We come now to Mr. SMITH'S interrogatory: "What is the necessity or propriety of the names Paular and Infantado, provided we call all the sorts American Merinos?"

Both science and common custom recognize the necessity and propriety of terms which indicate the greater and lesser distinctions between animals, plants, etc. The name "sheep" embraces groups of animals which are widely and permanently different from each other. They are, therefore, classified into breeds, which receive different names, in order that mankind may readily distinguish them one from the other in talking and writing—as Fat-Rumped Sheep, Fat-Tailed Sheep, Merinos, English Long Wools, English Middle Wools, &c. Again, each of these breeds differs in permanent characteristics, in different countries, thus forming varieties. The Merino of France has become a different animal in appearance and in various qualities from that of Spain; and the Merino of the United States differs as widely from both of them as they do from each other. They are, then, appropriately and conveniently classified as Spanish, French and American Merinos. Finally, in each of the countries named, there are subdivisions of the National variety, which, by being kept distinct in blood, or subjected to the operation of different natural and artificial circumstances, or by both causes combined, have come to exhibit more or less important minor points of difference, which points are regularly reproduced in their offspring.

Spain has thus had its various families of Merinos from time immemorial—its Gaudaloupes, its Negrettis, its Infantados, its Paulars, etc. The English Long Wools are divided into Leicesters, Lincolns, Cotswolds, etc. The English Middle Wools are divided into South Downs, Hampshire Downs, Shropshire Downs, Oxfordshire Downs and others. There is not an extensive, national variety of sheep, or we might add of any other domestic animals, on earth, which is not thus separated into families, which are recognized as such, and which receive separate names as such.

Not one of these designations can be struck from the popular vocabulary without producing inconvenience and a confusion of ideas. Things must have names, or else they cannot be talked about or written about understandingly without resorting to a description every time they are alluded to. The name "Hampshire Down," for example, has an established signification. It means a kind of Down, differing from the parent stock, (the South Down,) and produced by a cross between the latter and the old horned white-faced sheep of Hampshire and Wiltshire. Now suppose every time we spoke or wrote of this family, we were compelled, instead of using the comparatively short, comprehensive name "Hampshire Down" to term it "that family of Downs which was produced by a cross between the South Downs and the old "Hampshire sheep," or use some equivalent descriptive expressions?

We have established families of Merinos in the United States which are different in blood, and which are as distinct from each other in appearance and qualities as are the South and Hampshire Downs, or as were the different cabanos of the migratory Merinos of Spain. Three of our families have received distinctive names,—the Infantados, the Paulars and the Silesians. Can our correspondent give one solitary good reason against this, which would not equally go to show that the Spaniards and English ought not to have named their families of sheep?

Who are the objectors to such names, in this country? They are principally sheep-sellers, or would-be sheep-sellers, for whom these family designations, to employ a slang phrase, "make the ring" too large or too small. Mr. A. B., for example, wishes it distinctly understood by all and sundry that his sheep are of Mr. C. D.'s stock, i. e., that all of them are from his flock, or descended entirely from animals bred by him.

To imply this fact on all occasions, they must be named the "C. D. Sheep." But a general family name, like Paular or Infatado, places too many other breeders on the same table-land of equality in respect to blood. In other words, the family name signifies to the world that a multitude of other breeders have the same blood with C. D. The narrow exclusiveness, or rather the utter selfishness, which attempts either directly or by any sort of evasion, to ignore that fact, does not, we are rejoiced to say, find countenance from the great breeders, whose names are thus appropriated by little men to give supposed value to their property. We know of no great breeder who wishes any of the families of American Merinos to be called after his name, or who would consider it expedient either for his own or the public interest to have them so called.

For whom, on the other hand, do family names of sheep make "the ring" too narrow? For those who cannot trace their sheep to any family, or families, and who imagine that the names Paular, Infatado, &c., give a great advantage over themselves to the breeders whose flocks can claim those names. In short, it is the cry of *sour grapes!* There are many good Merino flocks, and doubtless some pure blood ones, the pedigrees of which cannot be traced back beyond a few generations; and there are other good flocks in which the blood of the different families have been indiscriminately mixed. These sheep generally sell for all of their apparent value. And the market value of the former increases rapidly as they are bred to rams having known pedigrees. Many persons will give as much for Paulars and Infatados *indiscriminately mixed* as for the separate families, provided they can obtain a satisfactory guaranty of their actual blood. If sheep without pedigrees will not sell for as much as those that have them, who is to blame for it? The very man who rails so loudly at names and pedigrees, if allowed to choose a ram for himself from two of precisely the same appearance—the one from a noted pure bred flock, the other of unknown pedigree—would be sure to select the former. We have noticed invariably that the zeal of such men against family names, burns brightly just in proportion to the poor quality and want of pedigree in their own flocks.

It is mere pretence to say that a particular name, in itself considered, gives any additional value to a breed or family of sheep. It is the sheep which make the reputation of the name, not the name which makes the reputation of the sheep. Any name applied to a family, comes to indicate the pedigree and qualities of that particular family. If we speak of Short-Horned cattle, or South Down sheep, every person cognizant of such subjects, knows what we mean in respect to blood and characteristics. Now, shall we keep important separate families of sheep without names, for fear that those names shall indicate, in the public mind, better blood or better characteristics than belong to some other sheep? Why not by a parity of reasoning abolish the name Merino for the convenience of those who would like to sell some other kind of sheep for prices equal to those which the public sees fit to give for Merinos? These name-haters are at war with the shadow instead of the substance. If their sheep are kept in the background by the Paulars and Infatados, it is because the public believe that the latter are best in blood and quality, not because they chance to inherit the wholly unmeaning names (unmeaning as descriptive terms applied to sheep) Paular and Infatado. Give these sheep other names, or deprive them of all names, and still they would receive the same preference.

There is no doubt that a name and a pedigree often helps to sell an inferior animal. We might enter into an argument to show that an inferior animal of good blood is frequently worth far more to the breeder than a superior animal of bad blood. But we waive that point. Suppose names and pedigrees do sometimes give a very fictitious value. Who can help it? Who pretends that all the fools are dead? Shall we abjure our bread and butter because somebody else sees fit to choke himself to death on it?

Our Vermont correspondent, "Sentinel," implicitly concedes the utility of naming different families of sheep, but he asks us:—"Why not name each flock after its breeder, and thus let every man have his due, as Rich Sheep, Robinson Sheep, Atwood Sheep, Hammond Sheep, &c.?"

One of the objections to this has been stated under a preceding head. There are still more serious ones. It would produce inconvenience instead of convenience, confusion instead of classification. These names in a great majority of instances would indicate nothing but ownership—for not one breeder in a hundred has done anything to improve the family, and it is therefore sheer nonsense to talk about anything being "due" to him in the premises. Let us assume that five years hence there will be two thousand breeders of Infatados and two thousand breeders of Paulars in the United States. We shall then have, on "Sentinel's" plan, four thousand kinds of Merinos to talk about, or rather two kinds to talk about under four thousand names! If there should be ten breeders of the name of SMITH, we could call them the John Smith Merinos, the Samuel Smith Merinos, and so on. If there should be more than one JOHN SMITH breeding them, we could give each "his due" by attaching his residence to his name thus:—"The 'John Smith of Weybridge Lower Falls, Vt., Merinos,'" the "John Smith of West Granville Corners, N. Y., Merinos," &c. And as the occupations of individuals often change, and as few breeding flocks are kept up in the same family of persons for more than one or two generations, our four thousand names for Merinos (and their natural increase) would have to be changed on the average about once in thirty years! The glaring absurdity of such a system of nomenclature needs no further demonstration.

The same difficulty and confusion would

ensue in a lesser degree, in a country where the breeders of each family of sheep are numerous, if the families were named from only a few of the most celebrated breeders. If E. F. wants to import South Downs, or Hampshire Downs, or Shropshire Downs, or Oxfordshire Downs from England, he knows what to write for, as a merchant writes for cotton if he wants cotton, or linen if he wants linen. Suppose the families of sheep we have named, instead of bearing four established names, marking the boundaries between them, each bore the name of a dozen of its most distinguished breeders. Then E. F. would not only be required, as in the other case, to find out that one of the twelve had the kind of sheep he wanted, but if he chose to extend his range of selection so far, he would also be compelled to find out that each of the other eleven breeders had the same kind. And what is true as between the United States and England in this regard, is equally true as between Ohio and Vermont, or Minnesota and New York.

No such accumulation of different names for the same thing is tolerated among intelligent modern breeders. And as it is impossible to do justice to the different eminent, and frequently equally meritorious improvers of a family of sheep, by giving it the name of one of them, heart burnings and jealousies are avoided by giving it the name of none of them. No country in the world has had as many great improvers of sheep as England. Yet there is not a breed, variety or family of sheep in Great Britain which bears the name of one of those great improvers. Even the Leicesters, almost created, in their present form and qualities, by the genius of BAKWELL, were not suffered to take his name. They did so temporarily and locally, but no British writer of standing now speaks of "Bakewell Sheep." No such writer styles the South Downs "Eilman Sheep," the Shropshire Downs the "Melre Sheep," or the "Oxfordshire Downs" "Druce Sheep." The same avoidance of breeders names extends to the naming of families of horses and cattle. Among all these animals besides sheep, and among all sheep except Merinos, American writers have adopted the same sound system. Why then, should we depart from it in case of our Merino sheep?

We are conscious that we have discussed the subjects embraced in this series of "papers" at great length. We have felt that some of those subjects were much more important to sheep breeders than they would appear to be at the first glance. And we have chosen to say all we wished to say about them at once, rather than perpetually reply to the inquiries of correspondents about this or that separate point in some of the various topics discussed.

One or two slips of the pen and some typographical errors which affect the meaning, occurred in the three first papers—which are all we have yet seen in print. We will correct them here, so that they will be less likely to be overlooked.

ERRATA.

First Paper, paragraph next to last, 9th line, for *did* read *breed*.

Same Paper, same paragraph, 23d line, for *crop*, read *cross*.

Second Paper, 3d column, 3d paragraph, 16th line, for *brother-in-law*, read *near neighbor*.

Same Paper, same paragraph, 26th and 27th lines, for *at about the same period with*, read *seven years before*.

Same Paper, fourth column, 5th paragraph, 9th line, place quotation marks after word *transactions*.

Third Paper, second column, 3d paragraph, 5th line, for *the natural line*, read *the maternal line*.

Same Paper, same paragraph, 42d line, for *arrived*, read *aimed*.

Communications, Etc.

FARMING LANDS IN NEW JERSEY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have several letters of inquiry in answer to my communication in the RURAL in reference to a settlement in the Shenandoah Valley. Since writing that, I have heard much said of the ill feeling of the people of Virginia toward northern men and northern ideas. I heard so much that I determined to look in New Jersey and Delaware before going to Virginia. Accordingly during the past week I have looked at considerable land in New Jersey, and was so well pleased that I purchased a place there. Thinking that many are situated as I was, and would be glad of information as to the price of land, kind of soil, advantages of market, &c., and knowing your willingness to assist in such cases I would like space in your columns for the purpose.

I went first to the Newfield tract, stopping at Franklinville on the Philadelphia and Cape May Railroad. Here the proprietor of the tract furnished a carriage for the purpose of visiting the different farms. After examining here I went to Vineland, N. J. The soil through the whole extent varies but little, the subsoil being a mixture of clay and gravel with a surface soil varying from sandy loam to gravelly loam of an average depth of about 18 inches. Much of the soil is not strong nor very rich, though I saw none that did not produce good crops with good cultivation. Corn and potatoes—including sweet potatoes—produce very finely, as the season is long and warm. Wheat and the spring grains do not do so well, the yield of wheat averaging about 20 bushels. The land is easily tilled, and I observed that but few weeds were to be seen—no *thistles*. The land can be plowed at any time, unless it be in parts of January and February. The advantage of nearness to market can hardly be overestimated, as all this land is within a few miles of the Philadelphia and Cape May Railroad, and from 18 to 30 miles from Philadelphia, the second city in the U. S.

At Vineland the timber is mostly small oak, and a complete hedge of scrub oak forms the

underbrush. Toward Glassboro', nearer Philadelphia, the scrub oak is not found, the timber being heavier. The Vineland tract was entirely new land three years ago, but is now considerably settled with a thriving village, and for two miles out the country is quite thickly settled. The timber and scrub oak are but a little back from the houses, even in parts of the village, which make a singular sight in so thickly settled a place. The advantages of society at Vineland are evidently excellent, and, for a man of means, it is practicable as a place of settlement within two miles of the depot, but the cheap lands are four or five miles out. The cheapest place I saw within a mile of the depot was one containing 7½ acres, with a part only cleared, with a small house upon it—price \$2,600. Two miles from the village the cheapest place I saw was ten acres, but a small part cleared—none plowed and no buildings—price \$750. With improvements, viz., a small house and about one-fourth of the land cleared, the price is over \$100 per acre. At a distance of 4 or 5 miles from the depot new land can be bought for \$25 per acre.

At Newfield lands are held at \$30 to \$35 per acre, within half a mile of the depot. These lands are unimproved, but have not the scrub oak which is found at Vineland, which requires a heavy expense for grubbing—from \$12 to \$25 per acre. * * * The price of farms here is according to the improvements. To illustrate, I bought a place 16 miles from Philadelphia and ¼ of a mile from Glassboro'—a depot on the Philadelphia and Cape May Railroad, unimproved, except that it was cleared and plowed some years since. It lies very handsomely between two turnpikes leading to Philadelphia. It contains 30 acres—price \$65 per acre. The land of all this section is specially adapted to fruit growing and market gardening, and its nearness to market makes it doubly valuable for this purpose. Land partly improved and fenced within a mile of Fisherville depot—46 acres sold at \$40 an acre. The terms of payment are very easy, viz., one-fourth down, the remainder in three, seven and ten years—interest at six per cent. At Vineland the terms I believe are one-fourth down, and the remainder in two, three and four years.

I came to the conclusion that the soil improves from Vineland towards Philadelphia—that the timber is heavier and more easily cleared off, and that a man of small means can do much better in the Newfield tract than at Vineland. Any inquiries persons may wish to make further with reference to what may have come under my observation, I will endeavor to answer.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1865. LEVI N. BEEBE.

USES OF PLANTAIN.

PLANTAIN is a well known perennial herb, growing in fields, by the roadsides, and in meadows, in many parts of the country. The ancients esteemed it highly, and employed it in visceral obstructions, hemorrhages, particularly from the lungs, consumption, dysentery, and other complaints. The plant has been considered refrigerant, diuretic, deobstruent, and somewhat astringent. This plant, so often considered a useless weed by those who do not understand its properties, may be so cultivated as to make healthful food for man and beast.

The latter part of September the seeds may be gathered and sown where it does not grow abundantly, and with a little attention in weeding it, may be used as healthful and nutritious greens all summer, thus saving the time and exposure to wet feet of going to swamps to gather cowslips, or injury to health from eating various other greens. For greens use none but the smooth-leaved plantain, keep the bed free from weeds, pick the leaves when young and tender, and cook as other greens. Then they may be eaten with vinegar, or without it, if preferred, seasoned with butter. When the leaves are picked they will grow up again in a few days, and by having a bed large enough to last a week, a constant supply of tender leaves may be obtained daily. The leaves are excellent food for calves and hogs, and all they cost after raising is picking and feeding them. They should be weeded, and the seed stalks pulled out, so soon as they make their appearance; then the leaves will grow all the season, and you will not be bothered with the seed stalks in picking. I would not recommend feeding the tough seed stalks to hogs as they might lodge in the folds of the intestines, when imperfectly chewed, and in that way do injury. There is a rough-leaved plantain often growing among the smooth-leaved; but I would not use it for greens, and I think it not so good for feeding, unless it is picked often so as to keep the leaves tender.

"ONE OF THE REASONS WHY."

A SHORT article in the RURAL of August 5th, with the above caption, has attracted my attention. In it the writer attributes the diminished yields of potatoes to what he terms "short seeding." He discards the idea that either seed or soil has deteriorated sufficiently to produce that result. Now let me ask, how is it with wheat on our best grain farms? Do we raise as much to the acre, as the same land used to produce twenty-five years ago with much less care and labor than we now bestow upon it? At that time the old farmers used to think that from one to one and one-half bushels of seed per acre, sown broadcast, was sufficient. Now, we drill in from one and a half to two bushels. I can account for the falling off in yield, in a manner satisfactory to myself at least. Frequent cropping somewhat on the "skinning" order, without keeping up the fertility of the soil, has exhausted it of its wheat-producing properties. Why should not the same principle apply with equal force to potatoes? In regard to "short seeding," I apprehend that the "powerful influence" which has for some years back been operating against a liberal use of seed, is not due

to the "high price of the article," so much as to a very general opinion entertained by our best potato growers, that there is danger in "liberality" than "parsimony," in those of seed—any excess tending to produce *small potatoes*.

Batavia, N. Y., 1865.

P. P. B.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Drying Cows.

SOME cows give milk till up to the calving time—some plentifully, so that it is not easy to dry them—and here a great deal of evil occurs. The milk left to accumulate in the bag will hurt the bag; the loss of a teat is generally the case. Many owners of cows cannot account for this loss. Trace it back, and you will see it was in consequence of permitting the milk to remain in the bag. This will bake and cause inflammation, resulting in what we have mentioned. It is, hence, that our best cows are unfortunate in their udders. In drying a cow, especially one giving plentifully of milk, the milk every few days should be drawn from the udder. In a few weeks, there will be little or no milk secreted; the job then is preformed. Be particular about this thing, and save your cowe.

—Cor. Coleman's Rural World.

Estimating Weight of Cattle by Measurement.

THE Canada Farmer, in reply to a correspondent, says:—"Many experiments have been made by graziers and salesmen to ascertain the net weight of cattle by measurement, and a number of rules and tables have been formed of the results obtained. None, however, can be regarded as absolutely correct. With the most accurate measuring is required a practical acquaintance with the points and forms of animals, and allowance must be made according to age, size, breed, mode and length of time of fattening, &c.; conditions which require a practiced eye and long experience to appreciate. We have found the following method to lead generally to trustworthy results:

"Measure carefully with a tape line from the top of the shoulder to where the tail is attached to the back; this will give the length. For the girth measure immediately behind the shoulder and fore legs. Multiply half the girth by itself in feet, and the sum by the length in feet, and the product will give the net weight in stones of eight pounds each. For example, with an ox or cow five feet in length and seven feet in girth, the calculation will be as follows:

Multiply half the girth by itself in feet.....3.5

3.5

Multiply by length in feet.....12.25

5

Weight in stones.....61.35

Management of Working Oxen.

IT is not so much hard labor that heats oxen and makes them loll in warm weather, as the ill treatment of rough and abusive drivers. Treat them with gentleness when at work; feed them well and regularly three times a day, with water, sprinkled with oat and Indian corn meal, at least twelve quarts, besides some roots daily; let them have clean water as often as they are fed, and not require them to drink that which is impure, or stagnant; give them at least two hours after feeding to chew the cud and rest, and they will perform a vast amount of hard work and increase in flesh at the same time, and will usually be found to be more convenient for many purposes than horses. Let it be reiterated that it is not the hard labor that oxen perform that exhausts their energies. Oxen were made for hard service; and if treated kindly and carefully, they will labor hard every day, and still grow fat. But when fed a stinted allowance of poor hay and meal, worried and abused by a brawling, ill-natured driver, who incessantly applies the lash or goad, and dragged out by carrying on their necks a huge cart tongue, from morning till night, their strength fails, and sensible people are lead to conclude that they cannot endure the heat like a horse.—*Agriculturist*.

Rural Notes and Items.

MR. PETERS' SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.—We were unable to attend this sale, which took place at Mr. PETERS' residence in Darien on the 17th inst., but a correspondent who was present writes us that, "considering the age of the animals, and other circumstances, prices were in the aggregate quite satisfactory. The whole number sold was 42 head; among them were ten calves, several yearlings, and about fifteen oldish cows. The sum realized was a trifle over \$5,000. Among the purchasers were Mr. CONGER, Mr. APPLETON of Mass., GRIFFIN of Dutchess Co., SIMPSON of Allegheny Co., Gen. HOWARD of Buffalo, Messrs. HOWARD of Chautauque, RAYMILLON of Yates Co., and SAM'L GHOSELY of Ramaplan Co., Ind. Mr. SMITH of Michigan bought Hotspur, probably one of the best if not the best bull of his age in the country. Mr. SMITH may congratulate himself upon having secured a great prize.

"The day was fine, the attendance large, and but for the attempt of a rather notorious individual to disparage pedigrees, nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of a very pleasant occasion. Where all parties were known the reputation of Mr. PETERS and Mr. PAGE was not affected by the course of the individual; but there were some present from a distance who did not fully understand the worthless character of that individual, and upon them some effect was produced. The herd did not bring into \$1,000 what it would have done but for one of the most barefaced attempts at a fraud, and the grossest violations of the amenities of life ever witnessed. Still the sale was a fair return upon the capital invested, and will be the means of distributing some very valuable blood over the country."

DEIRL'S SELECT WHEAT.—Those of our readers wishing samples of this wheat, or definite information concerning it, should address T. J. & J. T. SHELTON, Cleveland, Ohio, as per advertisement. From the testimony we have seen in regard to the reliability of the Messrs. SHELTON, we have no doubt they will fill all orders for wheat with integrity and promptness.

ATTEND THE FAIRS!—The season for holding the Annual Fairs of our various Agricultural Societies—State, County and Local—is at hand and it behooves all interested in their success and usefulness to prepare for the pleasant and profitable unions. During the rebellion many Societies omitted their annual festivals, and others (especially in the border States and South) suspended operations altogether. But now the War is over, the Country is saved, Prosperity abounds, and every patriotic producer should make an effort to magnify his calling, and benefit his fellows, at and through the Rural Exhibitions. The best way to do this is to go to the Fairs—or to as many of them as you can, and especially the nearest—taking your family, and not forgetting to exhibit some product of your skill and industry. Not only make the occasion a semi-holiday, but see how much you can aid in advancing the cause of Rural "Progress and Improvement," by precept and example. The Fairs are good schools in many respects—admirable places whereto "teach one another" in regard to various branches of the rural arts, manufactures, sciences, etc. Reader, look at the list of Fairs in our last number, and then see if you and yours cannot attend at least one, and also contribute somewhat to the extent, value and variety of the exhibition.

SHARP PRACTICE IN SELLING LIGHTNING RODS.—Responsible persons inform us that there is an agent (or agents) for "HASKINS' Improved Lightning Rods" performing in this vicinity, and selling both rods and people—operating upon honest but too confiding parties in this wise:—The agent examines a house or barn, and proposes to put up his rod, stating that the expense will probably be a certain quite reasonable sum; and having, on his representations, obtained the necessary permission, he completes the job and brings in a swinging bill for two, three or four times the amount first named. In several cases of this kind which have come to our knowledge, the parties have compromised for a trifling reduction in the bill, while others, we are advised, propose to withstand the claim and throw the agent on his legal remedy—if he has one. Those of our readers interested, or liable to be "sold," will of course "make a note of" this caution, and be prepared for the plausible agent. Some people call him a swindler, and it is pretty evident that he has abused the confidence and depleted the purses of quite a number of people who possess at least average shrewdness and intelligence. Some, however, are disposed to shut their purses and "try conclusions" with the fellow at law.

AGRICULTURAL ADDRESS.—It is announced that our "special" friend and contributor, Maj. H. T. BROOKS of Pearl Creek, N. Y., is to deliver the Annual Address at the Chautauque Co. Fair. There will be both meat and music in that address, and we can safely congratulate the Society in advance. By the way, though he may not thank us for it, we are constrained to add that the Major is just the man to deliver addresses at Agricultural Fairs, and hope his services will frequently be secured in that line. When intelligent, practical men can be secured on such occasions, professionals, however eloquent, ought to be at a discount.

POTATO ROT IN OHIO.—The Ohio Farmer of the 19th says:—"Complaints of the potato rot reach us from all parts of Ohio, and we have never known a season when the disease was so wide spread as it is now. The excessive rains appear to have had an injurious effect. What proportion of the crop may be destroyed we have no means of knowing. The Neshannock is reported to be suffering most, while the Peach Blow is the least affected. It is stated that the crop is likely to prove an entire failure in portions of Northern Illinois. The tops have been beaten down and killed by the rains, and the tubers are covered with white specks which develop into the rot."

ANOTHER "GOOD MILK RACK."—In the RURAL of July 15th is a notice of a good milk rack. My wife and I think we have a better one, which is made as follows:—Take a scantling six inches square, long enough to reach from cellar bottom to the joists above; round the upper end to answer for a gudgeon; put in an iron for a pivot at the bottom; drill a hole in a stone, set the pivot in the stone, then fasten the upper end by hollowing out two "pieces of board and nailing to the joists each side of the post, so as to hold the post in a perpendicular position. Next nail on the slats as on the other rack, only have them long enough to hold 8 pans on a tier instead of 4; then nail a thin strip of board on the ends to keep them from springing, and it is done. The advantage of this rack over the other is, you have a rotary rack that will hold twice as many pans as the other, and we can skim the rack full without stepping out of our tracks, and likewise reach all of them from our skimming table. In large dairies three of these racks can be reached from one table. This rack can make from 10 to 15 revolutions in a minute without stirring the cream.—S. H. MOORE, West Davenport, Del. Co., N. Y.

HOW TO HEAD MILK-WEEDS.—A correspondent inquires how to get rid of milk-weeds. Large fields of them are most readily disposed of by pasturing sheep upon them. Two years may be necessary for an effectual cure. Small patches may be killed by imitating the sheep. Strip the leaves off and leave the stalk standing. The stalk then dies and carries disease and death to the roots; while, if cut off, or even pulled up, it immediately sends up new shoots. The main root runs like a vine, horizontally in the ground, (just like the Canada thistle), often at a great depth, sending up its plants at intervals more or less frequent according to the vigor of the roots. Some other plants may be killed in the same way.—J. B. MORSE, Sandwich, Ill.

CHICKEN FEED.—Having seen an inquiry in the RURAL of August 5th, with reference to the food of young fowls, and not seeing an answer in the next number, I take the liberty of answering it. If corn meal wet up with water is used to feed chickens it should be prepared a day or two previous to its use, otherwise the meal swells or expands in the chicken's crop. Meal should not be fed in very cold weather. I have heard of instances in which fowls fed on meal died by the freezing of the meal in the crop. Wheat screenings is a very convenient article for young chickens, as it can easily be eaten. Corn and wheat screenings mixed are very good for hens.—W. B. E., Rockford, Ill.

STOCK HOGS.—The Ohio Farmer learns that "the buyers of stock hogs in the Miami valleys are paying as high as ten dollars per hundred, and farmers hesitate to sell even at this enormous figure. Taking this rate as the guide, fat hogs during the coming season will sell at a figure never heretofore paid in Ohio. We have heard of offers already made to contract at \$9.50 gross."

—The crops of corn and hay in Kansas will be very large this year, and the wheat crop has been harvested without damage, and will be good.

HORTICULTURAL.

RANUNCULUS, OR CROWFOOT, BUTTERCUP.

RANUNCULUS, or Crowfoot, commonly designated Buttercup, grows abundantly in pastures, meadows and roadsides in many parts of the country. It sends up annually several erect, round and branching stems, from nine to eighteen inches high. The radical leaves, which stand on long footstalks, are ternate or quinate, with lobed and dentate leaflets. Each stem supports several solitary, bright yellow, glossy flowers, upon furrowed, angular peduncles. The seeds are naked, and collected in a spherical head.

In riding through some parts of the country in the month of May and June, whole meadows may be seen abounding extensively in this pernicious weed, which, when swallowed in the fresh state, produces heat and pain in the stomach, and, if the quantity be considerable, may excite fatal inflammation. In old meadows where it abounds abundantly, the hay is nearly worthless; for, if cattle eat it in a dried state, it is certainly more or less injurious to their health. If they do not eat it, it is a waste of land that might produce better fodder.

When growing in pastures, cattle eat around, but do not eat it; but it occupies ground that might better be occupied with good, healthful grass; and when not too abundant it may easily be exterminated by digging up the roots with a hoe, in spring or fall, or anytime when the grass is not too high to dig them easily. Where few about they ought to be exterminated in this way; but if too numerous to be exterminated with the hoe, as they are in many places, such fields might better be plowed, and planted to hoed crops in spring, or if not plowed till June, and sowed to corn, they would produce far more, and much healthier food for stock than all the hay they produce. Plowing under thistles in the month of June and sowing the land, has been known to subdue them. Perhaps it would this, and other pestiferous weeds. Farmers, try to exterminate this pestiferous weed from your meadows. It will surely pay you well in time to do so. By feeding such hay to your stock, you hazard the life and health of your animals. If you sell it to others less thoughtful or informed, you are doing them and the country an injury.

In winter, animals must feed upon what is placed before them; and hunger often compels them to devour what is injurious to their health; things which they would not touch if they could obtain healthful food. This is a loss, instead of gain. A little attention and diligence may correct many errors in farming. E. S.

CULTIVATION OF STRAWBERRIES.

MR. DAY of Morristown, N. J., a successful strawberry grower, furnishes the N. Y. Observer with his method of cultivation, as follows:

Soil.—The soil is a clay loam, rather predominating, sufficiently stiff to bake, when not well manured and cultivated. Second—

Time of Planting.—My bed was planted in the spring, but I usually plant more in August and September than any other season. My custom is to plant at either season when I get ready. If planted in August or September a fair crop may be expected the following season. Third—

Distance Apart.—I invariably plant in rows and never in beds. I hold that the objections to planting in beds are so great and palpable that it will admit of no discussion whatever. My standard rule is to plant rows three feet apart, and plants two feet apart. I have found this close enough for convenience of picking, cultivation, manuring, &c. Fourth—

Runners.—"What do you do with the runners?" is almost a universal inquiry. I treat them as weeds, unless wanted for the increase of stock. Cut them off as fast as they appear, by any convenient process your own judgment may dictate; a light, sharp steel spade, or a scuffling hoe I have found the most practicable and expeditious. Fifth—

Manures.—I use no other but barn-yard manure, composted nearly one year, with an occasional top-dressing of dry wood ashes. The soil is lined before the bed is planted at all. The object of composting is to destroy the seeds of grass and weeds, the bane of strawberry culture. The value of composted manures, in my estimation, is simply beyond computation. Let any one try it once. In first preparing the ground I aim to use an abundance of manure. My theory is that plants that are expected to produce fruit must have something to feed upon. Sixth—

Mulching.—I mulch in the fall with clean straw, and leave it on through the spring for the fruit to lie upon while ripening, to avoid the necessity of washing the fruit, only opening the mulch immediately about the crown of the plant. Seventh—

Duration.—I prefer to have some new plantings coming in every season; but, by good management, I think a bed may be continued in one place about three years. Eighth—

Product.—The total product of my bed, this season, was a fraction short of five bushels on the 37-50 part of an acre, making at the rate of one hundred and eighty-five bushels to the acre. Ninth—

Flavor.—The "Albany Seedling" combines more good qualities in itself than any other one variety I know of. It has been pronounced by some as too acid. I have not found it so when properly ripened. Even that acid is pleasant and very healthy. Tenth—

General Management.—In conclusion, I would urge clean cultivation, principally by hoeing, and only plow or spade but once a year, viz., just after the crop of fruit is gathered.

HORTICULTURAL MATTERS IN OHIO.

GEN. HARRIS, the genial editor of the Ohio Farmer, has just made a three week's circuit of the country east of Cleveland to the Pennsylvania line, and westerly across the valley of the Miami into Indiana—"thus spanning the entire northern and mid-western regions of the State." Among other things he reports that:—"Of Fruits, the apple crop is scattering—some trees bearing full, and many more with not enough on to speak of. Peaches are still more so, though a few orchards in the region of Medina, Morrow, Warren and Clermont, have full crops. Grapes are doing badly away from the Lake shore region, and even here the rot and mildew infect many vineyards. There is a full crop of blackberries, and has been of most fruits. Pears are also plenty.

"OZIER WILLOW HEDGE.—On a bottom meadow belonging to Upton Bushnell, of Gustavus, we saw a hedge of the red or purple cane ozier willow, now four years old, which makes a good stock fence. The cuttings were set on the bank of a ditch, the ground kept tolerably clear of weeds the first three years; in the spring of the third year, take hold at one end of the row and braid the tops into a rope along the line, three or four feet from the ground; the new growth will then grow upright, and the rope of canes will hold the whole fabric together, which will form a thicket of shoots impervious to all farm stock. Mr. Bushnell planted a line of the white willow, but it made such a shabby show that he took it up again.

"TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.—On the premises of Ira Fowler and P. Carlton, of Hartford, Trumbull Co., we saw the result of a successful transplanting of pines and other native evergreen trees. These gentlemen think they have discovered the secret of transplanting such trees so they will live and grow right along. They went to the pine region of western Pennsylvania in the first of June, took up good sized trees, and when setting them out puddled the roots in mud and water, then set them in well prepared holes, and they seem hardly to know that anything has happened to them. If the transplanting is done before the branches shoot in the spring, the growth of the season is checked and but little growth is made that year, but by doing the work in the first of June, the shoots make a growth the same season, and the vigor of the tree keeps up the growth. Whatever the theory may be, the demonstration on the grounds of Messrs. Fowler and Carlton show the best results.

"LATE KEEPING APPLES.—Mr. Fowler treated us to a dish of apples which he calls Prince's Everlasting, some of which were grown in 1863. The growth of 1864 were just in their prime in the last of July; the growth of 1863 were shriveled, but still held a good spirit and a ripe juice. The apples are of a fair size, and look very much like Peck's Pleasant; they were kept in the usual way that farmers keep apples in a good cellar."

GRAPE CULTURE IN MISSOURI.

SOME eight years ago, I bought a piece of wild land at \$2.50 per acre, which, I thought and still think, is well adapted to grape culture. In 1861 I made the first beginning on it, and made a bargain with a poor but industrious mechanic of the following kind:—I was to build him a small house, furnish the plants and trees, and pay him \$150 per year the first two years; he have to do the labor, fencing, clearing of ground, planting, &c.; he have one-half of all the produce of all the vines and trees, and I to have the other half. This contract to last an indefinite length of time until one of the parties should get tired of it, when he was to give other six months' warning. No compensation to be allowed after the first two years, except one-half of the produce. I built him a small but comfortable house, and my tenant went to work with a will.

The first spring he fenced, cleared and planted about three acres in grapes, and four in orchard, mostly pears and peaches. Made during the summer, about \$250 worth of layers, of which he received one-half, and raised corn and vegetables enough for his family. This, with the \$150 I paid him annually, enabled him to live, with his family. The second summer he made about \$1,000 worth of plants, of which he received one-half again. The third summer the produce was about \$1,600, making \$800 as his share; and the fourth year I have paid to him \$2,600 as his share of the proceeds in plants and fruits, and if the rebels had not unfortunately emptied all of the wine, he would have had at least \$500 more. This, the fifth year, he will have at least \$6,000 as his share of the proceeds, and it may be a thousand more. During that time he has sent money to his brother in Germany, to pay his passage for him and his family; has bought a piece of land joining mine, and leased it to his brother on about the same conditions under which he holds a lease from me, he preferring to remain a tenant on my land. The land, house, plants, and all have cost me, so far, about \$1,800; net proceeds up to last spring, \$3,100. If we consider that these were the first four years, that in 1863-1864 nearly all the buds on the vines were killed by the extreme hard winter, and that the rebels destroyed about \$500 worth of wine, it will be seen that we have both found it a profitable investment. It may be fair here to state, that he and his family are of the most industrious, hard working and intelligent people I have ever met, and that the greater part of this was made by raising plants of the best varieties. Not a cutting was wasted; and as I take all the plants he raises at a fair wholesale price, he has no further trouble in selling them. But here is an example of a man, entirely without means, making a comfortable living by grape growing the first few years, and is now in a fair way of becoming

wealthy in a few years, while the proprietor of the ground has every reason to be satisfied with the capital invested. Cannot others go and do likewise? There are thousands of acres of the best grape land to be had yet in this State, at the rate of from \$5 to \$10 an acre.

Has there ever been a better opening for the poor, industrious laborer than he can have in Missouri now? I have lately bought some 500 acres of splendid grape lands, at an average of \$5.50 per acre, and am ready and willing to welcome a dozen of industrious families to go to work on them—others will do the same. Rest assured they can soon earn enough to buy land of their own if they choose. Now, that we have perfect peace and quiet again, we look forward to a flood of emigration; and it will come. It will not be long before land will rise to treble its value now; flourishing farms and vineyards will be where everything is wilderness yet; and oh! most glorious thought of all, they worked by free and happy people.—GEO. HUSMANN, of Herman, Mo., in Horticulturist.

MILDEW OF THE GRAPE.

MR. CHAS. DOWNING furnishes the following interesting memoranda to the Country Gentleman:

"You ask me about Dr. Grant's grapes. Both are doing well and making a fine show of fruit, although the Iona did not set the fruit so perfect as formerly; (this is the case with several sorts that never missed before.) Israella has fine large compact bunches, and is the most promising this season so far of all the newer sorts.

"I regret to say that mildew on the leaves commenced some 10 or 12 days since, and is spreading rapidly. Norton's Virginia Seedling has lost nearly all its foliage; heretofore this has been very free from it, and one of the hardest, always ripening its fruit without rot or mildew. Rogers' No. 1, 5, and 9 are badly mildewed, both fruit and foliage; the other Nos. are affected more or less on the foliage; fruit still free. The old Alexander, which has always been hardy and free from it, is one of the worst mildewed one on the fruit—leaves also badly.

"The last to be attacked by the mildew were Iona, Israella, Hartford Prolific, Concord and Delaware. Catawba, Diana, Concord and Tokalon have commenced rotting, but not very much as yet. One person having a small vineyard of Concord, about a mile from here, has lost nearly his whole crop by rot."

MULCHING PEAR TREES.

THE pear tree abstracts from the soil a very large amount of water, parting with it at the surfaces of its leaves, depositing during its passage the matters held in solution, to form tree, fruit, &c. We have all noticed that a continuous stream of lukewarm water soon causes the substance on which it falls to become much heated; and thus in summer the sun falling on the earth around a pear tree, naturally gives to its water a large amount of heat. Although owing to the small amount of such water which would comparatively pass into other kinds of trees, they might not be injured; yet with the pear tree the quantity is so large that it stiffens the vegetable albumen of the sap, from the great accumulation of heat, and prevents the easy and natural flow to the terminal of the tree, causing summer blight, &c. All this is easily prevented, by a slight mulching. It should be remembered, however, before severe weather in the fall, that this mulch should be drawn away from the tree, and not restored until the tree has parted with its leaves. When this is neglected, the pear tree will continue to take up water during its late growth, which frequently deposits itself between the tree and the bark, thus causing loose bark, winter blight, &c. When the growth, however, is arrested by the removal of the mulch the capillary attraction is rendered less active, at an earlier date; thus the tree is protected.—Working Farmer.

THE APPLE WORM.

THIS insect is becoming truly formidable, and a large share of the small crop of apples of the present year is spoiled by its injuries. We have already noticed the new contrivance of Dr. Trimble for destroying it by means of hayspores passed around the trunks of the trees at midsummer, under which these insects pass to the pupa state, and are then easily killed. This remedy is no doubt useful as far as it goes, but we question if it will prove anything more than a useful auxiliary. Swine in sufficient numbers to eat all the fallen fruit from the moment it begins to drop until it approaches full maturity, will doubtless prove very effectual. But those who have large orchards will find it difficult to assemble swine enough to do the entire work in a complete manner. It may be necessary, therefore, to resort to sheep—the only objection to which, is their propensity to bark the trees; enclosing them with board boxes, or rolls of basswood bark peeled from saw-logs will be easier and better than to allow the insects to ruin the crop. Sheep soon become fond of half-grown apples, and eat them readily. No orchard should be permitted to run to grass until the trees have attained good size; and even then nothing of larger growth than the short herbage of sheep pastures. The top dressing of manure which these animals will give the orchard will prove another advantage. An additional scattering of manure from the yard in autumn will make up the deficiency of growth occasioned by a covering of turf.—Country Gentleman.

ONE of our soldiers asked a Kentucky farmer why he did not plant fruit trees? "Do you think," said he, "that I want a perch of rocks and clubs thrown into my lot every year? No, sir, I do not want any apple trees on my farm."

THE TULIP.

FOR more than a century the tulip has been a universal favorite with all true lovers of flowers, and at certain times the rage for this flower has amounted to a general mania. Nothing in the floral world can exceed in beauty and brilliancy a bed of good tulips. Those who are acquainted only with the common, poor tulips seen in the country, know nothing of the character of a good tulip, or the magnificence of a mass of these superb flowers.

Any good garden soil will answer for the tulip. A rich soil is not necessary, though well-rotted manure and rotted soda and half-mold may be applied when the earth is poor. See that the drainage is good before planting. Plant in October and November. Make the soil fine and deep. Set the early flowering kinds five or six inches apart, and the late varieties seven or eight inches. The tulips are divided into two general classes—Early and Late—and these again into several others. The earliest tulips flower in this latitude about the first of May.

Horticultural Notes and Queries

CHEVIL.—Can you or some of your correspondents inform me where I can obtain some Tuberosus Chevill seed?—G. A. W.

Tuberosus Chevill can be obtained of most of the seedsmen.

A PROLIFIC GRAPE VINE.—A California exchange says of a grape vine at Orville:—"It is 15 inches in circumference, covers an awning 30 by 21 feet, and has 423 clusters of grapes, each of which, it is estimated, will average two pounds, making a yield of over 800 pounds from a single vine."

A GRAPE VINE DESTROYER.—It is said that a new species of worm is destroying the grape vines in various parts of the country. The Livingston Republican thus describes them:—"They are about three inches long, have three eyes—two on the head and one on the tail, the latter being very brilliant. A touch on either end causes it to fly around snappishly at the offending object, and it is stated that its bite is poisonous. They are a dark brown on the back, and pink underneath."

HOW TO ARRANGE FLOWERS.—The great idea now in arranging them is to show each flower separately (not in that horrid way, of all others most objectionable, when, having a crowd of flowers, each flower tries to be seen, thus making up a result of a mass of excited petals, like faces turned up in a crowd)—but where the view is to let each flower repose quietly and calmly upon a bed of green. That is, after all, the natural view of flowers; but I never saw it done perfectly till a few days ago, at Paris.—London Society.

PEONIES.—I would like to know if there is such a plant as a Double Yellow Peony, and if there is where could I buy one? Also, a Double Purple Peony that blossoms from August until frost comes?—INQUIRER.

There are several Yellow Peonies—they are of a delicate sulphur or creamy yellow. There are no bright yellows. The Peonies are spring or early summer flowers. We are not acquainted with any variety that flowers late in the summer or fall. Plants can be obtained of any of the seedsmen or florists.

Domestic Economy.

APPLE BUTTER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As one of your numerous readers asks the *modus operandi* for making "Apple Butter," and as the question, if properly answered, may not only oblige the querist but many others, I take the liberty to answer. We have made apple butter more or less for some fifteen years, and feel as though some important article on the table is missing, especially in winter, if we are without it. We have pursued three different modes in making apple butter, but the following is our present mode, equally as good as any I know of, and done, with much less trouble: Sweet apple cider is the best. Boil down three and a half gallons to one. (If sweet cider, use moderately tart apples—Rambos are as good as any. If sour apple cider, use sweet apples.) When the cider is properly boiled remove it into jars or cask. For one barrel of cider it needs from two to two and a half bushels of apples—say five common pails of well prepared quarters—cook these in unbolled cider, same as you would for sauce. When well cooked, skim out and pumice them in a dash churn. If sweet apples are used, sift them—then proportion your cider and apples in your kettle (if you cannot do it all at once), and cook together, say from one to two hours, so that when done, it will be about the consistency of griddle cake batter. (A barrel of cider should make about twelve gallons.) It is necessary to be very careful, especially in the last process, to prevent its burning on the kettle; using a stirrer made of a strip of board some four inches wide, with handle shaped like a garden hoe; stirring well at the bottom. Season with cassia, etc., to taste, when just done. Put away in one or two gallon jars.

L. B. BRINTNALL.

A BATCH OF GOOD RECIPES.

PUFF PUDDING.—Two coffee cups sifted flour, ½ pint sweet milk, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 egg; boil in a tin form one hour. To be eaten with butter and sugar, or sweetened cream.

CALIFORNIA PUDDING.—One cup of sweet milk, 1 do. molasses, 1 do. raisins, ½ of a cup of suet, chopped very fine and thoroughly mixed through the other ingredients, 3 cups of flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ do. cloves, 1 do. soda. Boil in tin pan two hours. Sauce made of 1 pint boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar and a very little flour.

SAGO PUDDING.—Put 4 tablespoons of sago into a pint bowl, fill with boiling water; stir this

thoroughly, then stir in one quart of boiling milk and let it boil up. Take off the fire, stir in three well beaten eggs, with sufficient sugar to sweeten, also add some kind of flavoring. Bake half an hour.

Rock Stream, N. Y. MRS. MARION WARD.

CAKE WITHOUT SAUERKUTS.—Ten eggs, one pound of sugar, one-half pound flour; flavor with lemon.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup of flour; add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth.

HEALTHY CAKE.—One pint of sweet cream, one cup of fruit; stir in enough Graham flour to make a thin batter. Bake in gem tins in a quick oven. M. D. A.

IMPRESSION OF BUTTERFILES AND LEAVES ON PAPER.—You will very much oblige me if you or some of the RURAL readers will furnish a recipe for taking the impression of butterfiles, and also leaves, on paper. I saw a recipe in a last year's number, I think, for taking the impression of butterfiles, but have lost it, and therefore make the present request.—J. C. H., Philadelphia.

THE TOMATO AS FOOD.—A good medical authority ascribes to the tomato the following very important medical qualifications:

1st. That the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs; where calomel is indicated, it is one of the most effective and the least harmful medical agents known to the profession. 2d. That a chemical extract will be obtained from it that will supercede the use of calomel in the cure of diseases. 3d. That he has successfully treated diarrhoea with this article alone. 4th. That when used as an article of diet, it is almost sovereign for dyspepsia and indigestion. 5th. That it should be constantly used for daily food; either cooked or raw, or in the form of catsup, it is the most healing article now in use.

DYEING FLANNEL ORANGE COLOR.—To color a bright and durable orange, prepare the cloth with alum water, the same as for coloring with madder. For the coloring matter, take the flowers of the common wild burr marigold, better known as beggar-lives, or Spanish needles—botanically *Echinos pavidus*. Boil these in soft water in a brass kettle, and when the flowers are steeped put in the cloth to be colored; when this is boiled awhile, the color will be a most unpromising, dark, muddy stuff; but take it out of the dye and put it in hot, strong soap-suds, and wash it, hanging it in the shade to dry, when the bright orange color will appear. This is a cheap and excellent dye.—Ohio Farmer.

Horticultural Advertisements.

500,000 DOOLITTLE RASPBERRY and Lawson Blackberry plants for sale by E. J. POTTER & CO., Knoxville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

GRAPE VINES.—Delaware, Diana, Concord, and Hartford Prolific—A large and choice stock—all propagated from fruit-bearing vines. Also, Adirondack, Iona, and Israella. Price list sent, post paid, to all applicants. J. H. BABCOCK & CO., Lockport, N. Y.

FRUIT COMMISSION WAREHOUSE. The undersigned has superior facilities for receiving, storing and selling all kinds of fruit. A commodious store on Main street, enables him to make quick sales for the best prices, at the usual rates of commission. Sales promptly reported and funds remitted to order. Consignments of Peaches, Pears, Plums, and Grapes solicited. Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1865. H. C. WELLS.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.—Agriculturist, \$1.00 per dozen; Green Prolific and Chilian, the latter still equal if not superior to the former, 50 cts. 9 dozen, \$4.50 per 100. Also Fillmore, Shaker, Peabody, Russell, Buffalo, French, Bartlett, Cutler, Scarlet Magenta, Ward's Favorite, Wizard of the North and Newland's Alpine at 25 cents per dozen, \$2 per 100. Also Jenny Lind, Fovea, Wilson, Triumph de Gand, Hovey, Hooker, Crimson Cone and Chilian at 20 cents per dozen; \$2 per 100. Also Tri-bune sorts at \$1 per dozen. Catalogue of Peaches, Pears, Plums, and Grapes sent on application. Address A. M. PURDY, South Bend, Ind.

STANDARD PEARS, \$2 to 4 years—very strong and fine—good assortment of varieties. Dwarf Pears, 2 and 3 years, very stocky and strong. A. M. PURDY, Standard and Dwarf, thirty. CHELSEA, 1 and 2 years. PLUMS, 2 and 3 years. PEACHES, one year. SMALL FRUITS.—Agriculturist and other Strawberry.

EVERGREENS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, &c. We have paid special attention to the cultivation of the new HANCOCK GRAPE, and other strong well grown plants of Iona, Adirondack and Israella, by the 100 or 1000, at low rates. Also, Diana, Concord, Delaware, Rebecca, Allen's Hybrid, Hartford Prolific, Rogers' Hybrids, Creveling, and nearly all the valuable kinds. Also, a splendid lot of Delaware and Diana layers, many of them with 6 feet of bearing wood. Address, with stamp, for price list, B. BRONSON, GRAVES & SLOWE, 84-101 Washington St., Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y.

FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR FALL OF 1865.

ELLWANGER & BARRY have the pleasure of offering their usual large and complete stock of STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES, GRAPES,

Both Hardy and Foreign—old and new varieties.

STRAWBERRIES

And other Small Fruit—all varieties worthy of cultivation.

ORNAMENTAL TREES, FLOWERING SHRUBS, EVERGREENS, &c.

ROSES,

Including a fine collection of STANDARDS three to five feet high.

Tree and Herbaceous Peonies,

A great collection of new and beautiful varieties.

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS, &c.

The stock is vigorous, well-grown, and in every particular first class. Planters, Nurserymen and Dealers are invited to inspect the stock personally, and to examine the following Catalogues, which give full particulars, and are sent prepaid to applicants who inclose stamps, as follows: No. 1 and 2, ten cents each; No. 3, five cents; No. 4, three cents. No. 1.—A Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Fruits. No. 2.—A Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c. No. 3.—A Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Petunias, and select new Green-House and Bedding Plants, published every Spring. No. 4.—A Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List, published every Autumn.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,

Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

MAZZARD CHERRY PITS.—A few bushels of Mazzard Cherry Pits for sale. E. F. CLARK, Danville, N. Y., July 24, 1865. 84-101

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
WHAT LIFE HOLDS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

LIFE holds bright hopes; not half so fair
Is Spring's first violet,
Or June's blown roses, with the dew
Of morning newly wet;
But all its brightest hopes to us are given
To lead us up th' eternal steeps to Heaven.

Life holds some promises divine,
That come with sweetest power,
To gild our pathway thro' the world,
And charm each passing hour;
But all its fairest promises are given
But as rewards to those who yearn for Heaven.

Life holds realities; some bright,
Some sad, if we have erred,
To take away the bitterness
Of hope that is deferred;
But all its fair realities to us are given
To make us render thanks unto high Heaven.

Life holds relentless memories
That, with their fatal touch,
Doom him to voiceless misery
Who boasteth overmuch;
Yet e'en these memories at last have riven
Us from the wrong;—and still we climb toward Heaven.

Life holds regrets; not all the bliss
Of her most blessed hours,
Can charm us to forgetfulness
Of sin's betraying powers;
But all regrets will from our hearts be driven,
When we have reach'd the palace-gates of Heaven.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

WITH a civil war just over in our own land, we have come to that period when we have time to unfold the scroll of history and examine the annals of commotions, rebellions and civil discord elsewhere and in other times. With plots and assassination stirring the depths of the nation, we naturally revert to such events in the past, and those mysterious conspiracies that have from time to time startled nations as with an electric shock.

It has often seemed as though Americans while shaking off the incubus of royalty, still held a great respect for the discarded institution. The right of a nation to judge its rulers is a most sacred principle of American liberty, yet the execution of the first CHARLES STUART for conspiring against his subjects, is cast as a stain on the annals of England, and the infamous character of MARY, Queen of Scots, is glossed over with a shining veil, that the names of KNOX and MURRAY, blackened by calumny, may be held up to execration. KNOX made MARY cry—cruel man! Why did he? With the nerve and stern upright-ness of our Puritan ancestors, he dared, when sent for by his sovereign, to tell her some unpleasant truths.

"Think you," said she, "that subjects, having the power, may resist their princes?"
"If princes exceed their bounds, madam, no doubt they may be resisted even by power."

What wonder this should be unpalatable to the Queen of Scotland and Helms of England.

Did MARY marry DARNLEY for love? The little god is fabled blind—surely he wore a double bandage when he smote MARY STUART with love for Lord DARNLEY. It seems to me, that a simpler solution of the problem may be found in the fact that he was the next heir after herself to the English throne; and a match calculated to strengthen her pretensions to that kingdom was not likely to be overlooked by her. That a man is a fool does not render him easily managed, as MARY found to her cost, in the affair of RIZZIO. It has justly been remarked that "DARNLEY had better have been playing tricks with an untamed tigress than with MARY STUART."

The next figure that appears in this tragic history is BOTHWELL, BLACK BOTHWELL, as he is called. For once, MARY allowed her affections to run away with her judgment, and having dropped the rein, rushed on blindly.

That BOTHWELL was the prime mover in the murder of DARNLEY does not admit of a doubt, and that MARY recoiled at its first proposal is natural; but crime leads on to crime, and once having entertained the thought, familiarity with it led at last to her consenting in the deed. DARNLEY, sick and dispirited, heard the fleeting rumors and trembled: doubtless he thought came to him, as such thoughts will come, of the murder of RIZZIO, and added fuel to the fire of agony that was consuming him. The event showed he had cause for fear. What wonder that the death of DARNLEY recoiled on the heads of his murderers! What wonder that the land should be enraged at such a crime committed by its ruler; and that the Scottish proverb, "rulers have no more license to commit crime than their subjects," should force itself on every mind!

But this is not all. Had MARY stopped here, she might yet have been saved; but she seemed to be infatuated, and three months after her husband's death, she married his murderer! If a doubt could be cast on MARY's complicity in the murder, none could on BOTHWELL's; and her subjects, enraged at the shame reflected on the nation by the double crime, flew to arms. The result is well known. MARY's partisans fled, BOTHWELL deserted her, and she was imprisoned at Lochleven: her cause in Scotland was hopeless, she abdicated, and MURRAY became Regent.

On this nobleman has fallen a heavy load of censure, but he was, in reality, almost the only true friend MARY had, and the last in Scotland to believe in her guilt. It availed him not, how-

ever, that he stood between his sister and immediate death,—his character must be blackened that MARY's may be brightened.

But it is on ELIZABETH that the blame is mostly laid, and we must hasten to that part of the story.

MARY escaped and rallied her friends, but was signally defeated and fled to England. It is admitted that ELIZABETH imprisoned her; by which many understand that the fierce, vain, intolerant Queen of England immured in a dungeon the peerless beauty, MARY STUART, merely because she was jealous of her charms. While the friends of MARY contend that ELIZABETH had no right to detain her, they overlook the fact that neither had she the right to involve her realm in the war which certainly would have attended an attempt to replace the de-throned monarch; and to have left her to herself would have ensured one of two consequences: either she would have fallen into the hands of her indignant subjects, with the certainty of the same fate as England afterwards meted out to CHARLES I., or she would have been united to some Catholic prince, who, taking advantage of her pretensions to a prior claim on the throne of England, would rekindle the torch of war in Europe.

It was not to be expected that such a mind as MARY's would rest contented in restraint, or that the pupil of CATHARINE DE MEDICI could delight in aught but blood. It mattered not that every plot failed, that every scheme miscarried, that each new plan sacrificed scores of her friends; the woman who had been privy to the murder of her husband, and had poisoned the assassin of her brother, would not be likely to stop at this. Though NORFOLK's head rolled on a bloody scaffold, and hundreds of gallant men laid down their lives in her service, she still schemed. Deceit was the atmosphere in which she moved, and MARY STUART would have plotted murder on her deathbed.

Roused at last to a sense of her danger, ELIZABETH agreed to have her tried, and she was condemned; but delay after delay interposed, and the death warrant was not signed. It can scarcely be doubted that JOAN rendered an invaluable service to King DAVID, when he slew the rebel ABSALOM, though the King's command forbade it: and again, when the same monarch endangered the unity of his kingdom by excessive grief over his unnatural son, the faithful general addressed a remonstrance, which, though daring, had the effect of rousing the sorrowing father to his duties as a king.

It was so with ELIZABETH. The country was in a turmoil. Plot after plot was discovered and traced to MARY. And, to crown all, the formidable Armada was in preparation. Urged by her counsellors, entreated by her subjects, ELIZABETH, half distracted by conflicting emotions, signed the warrant for MARY's execution, and that beautiful head rolled on the scaffold, to which it had brought so many before it. If it be justice that a traitress and a murderess should not die, merely because possessed of rank and beauty, then and then only, is the name of ELIZABETH dishonored in the matter of MARY STUART. MARGARET MARSHALL.

FEMININE TOPICS.

A PORTUGUESE shoemaker used to give his wife a severe flogging every month, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding he replied, that having a very poor memory, he took this measure of refreshing it, as the wife while undergoing the castigation was sure to remind him of all his sins.

AN Ingenious bachelor in Scotland has devised a matrimonial lottery or tray whereof he is the bait. All widows and maidens who have not attained the age of thirty-two are invited to buy of him a ticket at the price of 10s. After 800 tickets are sold the drawing will take place. There will be only one prize, and it will be the right of the fortunate lady who wins it to claim the young gentleman as her husband, with the £150 produced by the lottery.

IN 1650 a trial took place in Connecticut, under the section of the blue laws prohibiting kissing. The offenders were Sarah Tuttle and Jacob Newton. It appears that Sarah dropped her gloves and Jacob found them. When Sarah asked for them, Jacob demanded a kiss for his pay, and as the demand did not seem extravagant, she adjusted it forthwith. The facts were clearly proved, and the parties were each fined twenty shillings.

SAYS the Boston Post, the coquettish Mrs. L— has just returned from a pleasure trip to Washington. She only took with her forty-two dresses, twenty shawls, nineteen bonnets, and two hundred pairs of gloves. "Surely," said a friend who happened to be present when she was unpacking, "you did not take all that with you?" "I merely took what was indispensable, my dear. I left behind me all that was cumbersome." "Ah, yes, I understand, Jane, your husband."

Miss DICKINSON, in answer to the story that she was going on the stage, says:—"I am doing my best, by thought, study, and travel, to maintain the place, not which I have earned, but which has been bestowed upon me by an over-liberal and too generous public. Further: while there is so much to do, and so many burdens to lighten in the world, I will not, God willing, leave my post, nor desert work honestly, if inefficiently done, for useless play." Whereupon "Mercutio" says:—"This means, Miss Dickinson will continue to make public speeches, on topics connected with the cause of political and social reform—which, she thinks, will be doing useful work; but she will not condescend to act upon the stage, because that would be wasting her talents and her time in 'useless play,' talents that, of course, are prodigious, and time that is sacred!"

Choice Miscellany.

THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are grey, and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in its living wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding its mouldering dust away—
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower—
With many a blossom of loveliest hue,
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light wind plays with the boat as will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn away
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O many a time with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand;
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies thick,
And I laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean back o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew
As I rock'd where the whirls their white spray threw
Ere the blossom waned, or the green grass grew,
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
POETRY VERSUS CRITICISM.

POETRY and criticism—we mean the genuine articles—seem to be incompatible. We dare not assert that no great poet can be a sound critic, for at once GÖTTER would stand forth a splendid exception; but if our knowledge be adequate and our recollection faithful, GÖTTER, as an example of the highest excellence in both departments, had no peer. It is a significant fact in the history of literature, that the functions of the critic have been discharged almost solely by such men as ARISTOTLE, QUINTILLIAN, GIFFORD, JEFFREY, WILLSON, and others, some of whom often poetized, but none of whom ever became poets. Now it may not be wholly frivolous to endeavor to ascertain in what this incompatibility consists.

In attempting a solution of this problem, we disclaim all pretension to logical infallibility. We are not disposed to dogmatize on this or any other subject. If thought be at all stimulated by what we shall say, the knowledge of that fact will yield us more rich pleasure than would the consciousness of having settled the question forever.

In a former paper we tried to show that vividness of imagination, good judgment, high culture, and linguistic learning were at the present day essentials of poetic excellence. But the three last are essentials also of critical excellence. Limiting our attention to these four items, we will assume that the antagonism resides in the first.

Perhaps it would be well to notice those qualifications which are common to both critic and poet. But they have already been attended to in their several relations to poesy; so we will now only just glance at them as requisite to criticism.

Though the critical art is often the tool of malice and ignorance, yet its great and only design is to promote the chasteness of language and of thought. The judgment of the poet is generally surpassed by that of the properly-trained critic. The former judges of substance and expression subjectively, while the latter judges of precisely the same things objectively. An interested author is not so well qualified for determining the value of his own productions as a disinterested connoisseur. The discernment of the former is quite apt to be blunted by that fondness for the children of his brain, which cannot be entertained by a stranger. To these the true critic is a safe guardian, because he is just. None but bastards need fear his authority.

That the critic should be a man of knowledge and culture is a proposition so manifestly true, that we will not consume space by undertaking to support it.

The opportunity, however, of giving our opinion of two classes of literary censors, we will improve, even at the risk of fatally sundering the thread of our argument.

The first make great pretensions to wit and taste, but their real stock in trade is presumption. As a matter of course, the truth of the above proposition they persistently ignore. Indeed, not only are they generally "all abroad" as to the subject-matter of the article under examination, but they not seldom grossly err as to the signification of particular words—words, whose meaning it is no credit to know, but a great disgrace not to know. When one of these wiseacres sits down to criticize poetry or prose, he no more has an idea of what is required of him than did BILLY PATTERSON of the man who

struck him. He, consequently, lets fly a multitude of random shot, relying on the probability that one at least will produce a legitimate effect. It is not therefore surprising that the literary record of these men is a record of literary blunders, relieved here and there by an accidental propriety. In short, as critics they are contemptible. Shade of JEFFREY! what pigmies have usurped thy sceptre!

If contemptible as critics, they are supremely ridiculous as poets. It will no doubt provoke a smile on the reader's phiz to be told that these gentlemen sometimes pay court to the muses. Their rhymes, however, would figure better in advertisements than in the poets' corner, while for their bad puns and ribald jokes we can suggest no fitter place than the waste-basket.

"O'er PRAGMUS' side
They ne'er sit astride;"

for the beast, when mounted by noodles, is restive and fractious. Hence, their poetry is perforce what HOBACB would call pedestrian. Yes, and very lame at that!

The other class is composed of critics who, though possessing sufficient knowledge and taste, are subjects of envy. They are often those who have tried poetry and failed. The unmistakable merit of a young aspirant for poetic honors excites their spleen, and malicious attacks are the result. If one such critic be a man of reputation, he has great power, and is therefore capable of great injury. This fact was exemplified in the case of poor KEATS.

It is not for us to determine which class of critics causes the most mischief in the world. The good of literature demands that both be silenced. Shall they be allowed to curse humanity in the future, as they do at present and have done in the past? We hail the speedy revival of the "Round Table" as a stride in the right direction.

To resume.—Having affirmed that a vivid imagination is essential to successful poesy, it now becomes us to defend what is implied in our assumption, that if there be any bar to the co-existence of the poet and critic in the same person, that bar must be different degrees of imaginative power.

We have seen that the other main qualifications of either are common to both. How is it with the imagination? Common knowledge will at once reply, that this faculty exhibits a far higher degree of intensity in poetry than in criticism. The reason is obvious. The poet must create, while the critic, as the name implies, passes judgment on the things created. The sole business of the latter is to inspect and decide. Hence, the same degree of imaginative ardor is not needed in this case as in that. Were not this true, almost every critic would be a poet; for, in nearly every instance the power to create forms of beauty and grandeur—the divine *affatus*—is the "one thing needful" to make the man of culture a LONGFELLOW or a TENNYSON. He could arrange his strophes and antistrophes as felicitously as did the Greek Dramatists; for the prosodial skill is seldom wanting. Critics need only so much imagination as will enable them thoroughly to comprehend the conceptions of these poets; and this is all which the great majority of them possess.

Our next and last step should be to determine whether vividness of imagination is compatible with genuine criticism. From the fact that they are almost never found united, we might deduce the *probability* that the two do not harmonize; but to answer *positively* either way would demand a more searching inquiry into the constitution of the human mind, than we feel warranted in attempting. However, that our work may not be wholly barren of results, we will briefly notice one item of common belief which bears directly on the point in question.

The human mind, like other organisms, is so disposed that all of its faculties are not in operation at the same time. While some are in action, others are in a state of rest and recuperation. The alternative of activity and repose is often the result also of incompatibility. For example, we believe it impossible for a person to listen intently, and at the same time pursue a train of abstract thought. We do not assert the impossibility of thinking at all under such circumstances. Such an assertion would be fatal to our argument. On the contrary, we hold that a man can listen with all possible intentness, and at the same time do a *certain amount* of thinking. Editors, by years of discipline, become good examples of this. It is said that HOBACB GABBYL can write one of his ordinary leaders while attentively listening to a debate on agriculture.

If this be true, cannot the same thing be affirmed of the imagination and the judgment? It is a well-known fact, that persons of fervid imaginations are also persons of fervid impulses. Hence, eminent poets, painters, sculptors, and all others included in the category of genius, are with some truth called "creatures of impulse," and are popularly supposed to be wholly destitute of judgment, except in their particular spheres of excellence. And even here marks of correct taste are not always found. If they were, criticism, as a distinct art, would be superfluous. Now, whether impulse be a property or an invariable concomitant of a warm imagination, is a matter of no consequence. Their universal companionship is sufficient for our purpose.

The item of common belief above alluded to is this:—persons of quick impulses are unfitted to form correct judgments in matters which require patient and thorough investigation. This holds true in common life; and the poet, who is accustomed to deal with appearances, or images, in the world of his imagination, is quite apt to seize upon mere appearances in the external world, and cling to them with unyielding tenacity. In other words, he is too apt to be governed by powerful prejudices.

It will be seen that what has been said does not in the least conflict with our former statement, that good judgment is essential to poetic excellence. While this is plainly true, it would indeed be strange if the critic's judgment, well-fitted by nature and education for its appropriate work, were not generally more reliable than that of the poet.

Sabbath Musings.

THE TRUE MINISTER.

It is more than interesting—it is refreshing—to see how clear a conception the poet CHATSWORTH had, in his day, of what the speaking man and true Gospel minister ought to be. Thus does he describe one:

"He was a shepherd, and no mercenary;
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full pitious;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught;
A love benignant he discreetly taught.
To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
And good example was his business.
But if that any one were obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,
Him would he sharply check with altered mien;
A better parson there was nowhere seen.
He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense;
But Jesus' love, which owns no pride or self,
He taught—but first he followed it himself."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

F A I T H

BY L. MC. G.

THERE is a story told of a little boy who was walking with his father through a piece of woods at night, and they were lighted on their way by the glimmer of a lantern. The boy, who was carrying the lantern, complained to his father that the light shone but a short distance ahead; and he requested his father to turn back because he could not see the way better. His father told him to proceed as far as he could see the way, and the light would continue to shine in advance of him.

In the Christian life we meet with an experience analogous to that of the little boy in this story. To many of us God has given a light by which we see only a short distance towards Heaven, and but few walk forward with the Heavenly city in sight. Most of us are lighted only by the faint gleam of a weak faith. We strive to look forward and our eyes are greeted only by a dark, blank pall of error and unbelief. Our little lamp must struggle against the mist with which Satan surrounds us. Pride, selfishness and lust strive to put out the light which reveals their deformity; and the long catalogue of human weaknesses join to assist them.

Shall we turn back and give up the journey because our faith is weak? Shall we despair of reaching the haven we seek, because we cannot see the end of our journey? No! We have the blessed assurance that, if we make proper use of what faith we have, more will be given to us.

The increase of his faith is one of the highest aims which the Christian can set before himself. Remember that faith is the gift of God; and to merit its bestowal the Christian's desires must be in harmony with the will of God. God gives us faith as we merit it, and we merit it in proportion to our holiness and resignation to His will.

It becomes us not only to seek the increase of our faith, but we ought always to thank God for its possession. If one who had become blind should have his eyes opened and be made to see, would he fall to bless the power which restored his vision? Whenever the light of day approached and his eyes opened to let in such a variety of pleasant ideas as sight alone can furnish, would he not remember with gratitude the author of his happiness? What has God done for the Christian? He has not only opened his eyes to behold the beauties of nature, but he has also let into his mind the brighter and better light of Heaven. He has unsealed his eyes to look upon the city of golden streets and walls of precious stones. He sends down a beam to him from Heaven that will light him through the dark cloud of sin—through storms and tempests, through mists and through the labyrinthine mazes of human reason—to the holy city. That beam of light is faith, and it comes from God.

THE LORD'S TABLE.

It is related of the Duke of Wellington that when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man had gone up the opposite aisle, and reaching the communion table, knelt down close beside the duke. Some one—a poor opener probably—came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move further away, or to rise and wait until the duke had received the bread and wine; but the eagle eye and the quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand and held him to prevent his rising, and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said, "Do not move; we are all equal here."

Christ honored virtuous poverty. Be not then ashamed of that which is no cause of shame. Be ashamed of neglecting God's house, of dishonoring his day, of keeping away from his people. But as to the poor attire—if the soul have the light of God's smile resting upon it, it is arrayed in shining robes and a costly raiment. Go, dear friends, you of the fields, the highways, the dusty by-paths, the lowly nooks of life—go to the Lord's house. The Master bids you welcome, however you are clad before men; he will give you the wedding garment and you shall sit down with kings and princes at the marriage supper of the Lamb. And to the timid, humble, loving disciple, he, the Lord himself, will say, "Yet there is room; come up higher."—*British Workman.*

GOD'S COIN.—"The purified righteous man has become a coin of the Lord, and has the impress of his king stamped upon him."—*Terrillan.*

If every year we would root out one vice we should sooner become perfect men.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
DIET—PORK.

MANY people think it makes no sort of difference what they eat or drink, if they only make money, get rich and able to make a show in the world. But why not give the subject a little attention, if but a moiety of what its importance demands? Can it be less important, or productive of more harm than the feeding of farm crops or domestic animals? If so, wherein? If not, what good reason for being sensitive on that more than on any other subject? Farmers, fruit growers, and horticulturists hold discussions on every topic connected with their respective vocations, and institute a great variety of experiments, which all result in bringing to light a great amount of useful information. What individual and associate efforts fail to accomplish by such means, the munificence of State and National Governments supplies, or materially aids, by liberal appropriations. Agricultural schools and Colleges are springing up as if by magic throughout the country, liberally endowed both by Legislatures and the General Government. As a consequence we see a more general and rapid improvement in farming in its various branches, and in the construction of all kinds of farm implements and machinery, and a more general diffusion of intelligence among the people. The tendency is to reduce and economize labor, and increase the productivity of the soil. While enjoying so great a degree of prosperity we should not overlook what may be of equal importance to mankind—the laws of our own being. If they do not share equally in the fostering care of our rulers, they should not be regarded as being of less moment, or less entitled to public consideration on that account, than industrial pursuits.

It is no matter of surprise that we do not agree on every topic, nor yet very strange that we do not look alike; but we should be equally as unreasonable to rail at each other for our differences in opinion, as for our difference in looks. But every one to his "taste." I have not courted discussion, still I believe in letting all sides be heard. Wm. CONE deprecates controversy on the subject of diet, yet wades thro' a column in the RURAL of June 17th, in controverting what he deems as "unprofitable as a dispute on the chess or moon question." I will not complain of that kind of consistency if he can afford it, since he thinks "there is no accounting for tastes."

In the same number of the RURAL, same page with his, is an article on the subject of "Swine and Cattle Raising," which I would commend to his special attention. The relative effects of the two kinds of business and their comparative profits on adjacent farms, is therein set forth in a very convincing way. To say nothing of the deleterious effects of pork on the human system, the superiority of sheep and cattle husbandry as a source of profit, over that of "hog-raising," commends itself to the favorable consideration of every farmer. It has been said, and I doubt not with much truth, that the grain fed to a hog during its growth and to complete the process of fattening, would keep a family longer and in better health than the pork after it is butchered. Allowing this to be an approximation to truth, it will be seen that pork, to say the least, is a very expensive luxury.

Your correspondent don't believe "civilized pigs will eat snakes." If snake eating be his test of "civilization," let it be decided by experiment. I never yet saw a pig refuse to eat snakes when he had a chance. His unbelief in the matter, I suppose, may have arisen from the fact that his pigs have "put out of sight" all the snakes in his neighborhood, and are in the same predicament as to a supply as the clergyman's parishioner he tells us about, who disturbed his slumbers in the night time in surveying the wondrous emptiness of his pork barrel, and "couldn't find any pork to steal." In the absence of snakes, let him try them with offal from the butcher's yard, or a dead carcass of any kind, even in the last stages of putrefaction. If they refuse these delicious viands, we may reasonably conclude that they are further advanced in "civilization" and refinement, and have enjoyed better moral and religious privileges than pigs in general. Nay, the "early plety" of his pigs would be undeniable; and we might justly infer that they are members of the church in "good and regular standing." So, I will handle them tenderly, lest I become obnoxious to the charge of "offending one of these little" piggies. Just here, I am reminded of the old adulatory couplet which runs thus:

"Brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other."

I thought that his argument connected with the empty pork barrel would be more attractive, and appear to better advantage in the form of a syllogism, thus: "Pork is indispensable.—Parishioner couldn't find any pork to steal. Therefore pork diet is healthy."

His next paragraph is somewhat like the above, only a little more so. "It was a common saying thirty years ago in Michigan, that people wouldn't have the ague unless they got out of pork;" and to prove the truth of the saying, he cites the case of a "near neighbor" who had it, and being just able to crawl to the log-house raising, was there told by a friend that it must be he was out of pork, and when he got home he would send him a piece. "You need not do that," said the sick man, "for we are not out." "Hear all ye hungry," shivering "souls." Is not pork the great panacea for preventing ague? Further "controversy" might seem "unprofitable," nevertheless I would cite a little medical proof that pork is an aggravation if not a prominent cause of febrile diseases. Dr. BEAUMONT, in some experiments made by him, says:—"Fat meats and oily substances, are

with difficulty digested, and always tend to derange the functions of the stomach. Bile is not essential to chymification, (digestion,)—that is, it does not naturally pass into the stomach, and is seldom found in that organ, except under peculiar circumstances. When fat and oily food has been persevered in for some time, there is generally bile present in the gastric fluids of the stomach. With this and similar exceptions bile is never found in the stomach. It is only in morbid conditions that it is found there, and is only called into the stomach for the purpose of chymification of all fatty and oily allments." We need not wonder that in the Jewish economy it was commanded, "ye shall eat no manner of fat, of ox, of sheep, or of goat." Swine's flesh and other fat was strictly prohibited, and of course was out of the question.

The idea that pork is "unclean," &c., your correspondent says originated "in the brain of some dyspeptic." Very well. It originated with the God of Moses, and Mr. CONE shall have the full meed of credit for his belief. His pious exhortation to live "in love and charity with our neighbor, keeping a clear conscience, and exercising gratitude to a kind Providence for the good things he has provided, good porkers included," will most likely have great weight in this connection.

Those who think fit to eschew pork, he denominates "poor weak souls, who can put out of sight a pint of cream at a time." Does he think a pint of lard would be more palatable, or render his soul less weak? That it would be more greasy is very readily perceived. Cream is soluble in water, while lard is not,—hence would be less injurious, for reasons already given. He thinks I made an "unlucky statement" in saying that our fathers, grand-fathers, &c., ate pork. I made the statement to show that we are following in the beaten path in that respect, while we diverge from it in enlightened views and improvements in others. That our progenitors possessed "great strength and physical development," is true, and my statement was based on that proposition, and I submit to the good judgment of the readers whether it was most "unlucky" to my side of the question or to his. If our forefathers were not healthier and stronger, how does it happen that we, their descendants, have deteriorated? He attributes their hardness and better health to a more exclusive pork diet. I dissent, for the reason that I believe there was never a time when pork was so extensively and exclusively used as an article of diet, and in so many ways, as at present. The whole country is alive with pigs; and the Great West especially is fairly reeking with the perfumes of pork and piggeries. There is a greater demand for it than ever before, and consequently more of it raised. So extensive has the business become at the West, that the genius of the inventor has been into requisition to lessen the labor of butchering; and in Chicago there is now a machine for "killing pigs by steam." "A great iron claw with five fingers" (the design was doubtless copied from nature by trying to imitate the hand) "hooks out the pigs which are quarreling in the pen below," (a prominent characteristic,) "and lifts the porkers to a gibbet near by, and then plunges them into scalding water. By this machine fifty porcines are killed, scalded, cleaned, split and hung in rows ready for salting within an hour."

If pork were a wholesome form of diet, the enormous quantities of it consumed should serve to render us SAMPSONS in "strength and physical development," instead of a great nation of quivering dyspeptics. As for the story that it takes three Grahamites to make a shadow, I would inquire if it takes three of the kind Mr. C. describes, who are capelous enough to hold "nine good-sized biscuits" a piece?"
Charlotte Centre, July, 1865. A. W. W.

A CHEMICAL FREAK.

A PLATINA crucible is made and maintained red-hot over a large spirit lamp. Some sulphurous acid is poured into it. The acid, though at common temperature one of the most volatile of known bodies, possess the singular property of remaining fixed in the red-hot crucible, and not a drop of it evaporates; in fact it is not in contact with the crucible, but has an atmosphere of its own interposed. A few drops of water are now added to the sulphurous acid in the red-hot crucible. The diluted acid gets into immediate contact with the heated metal, instantly flashes off, and such is the rapidity and energy of the evaporation that the water remains behind and is frozen into a lump of ice in a hot crucible from which, seizing the moment before it again melts, it may be thrown out before the eyes of the astonished observer. This is indeed "a piece of natural magic" and as much like a miracle as any operation of the forces of nature could produce. It is certainly one of the most singularly beautiful experiments imaginable. It was devised by a French savan, to illustrate the repellent power of heat radiating from bodies at a high temperature, and of the rapid abstraction of heat produced by evaporation.

IMPROVED PROPELLER.—Mr. Russell, an Austrian, has secured a patent in this country for a contrivance by which vessels may be steered by means of the propeller or screw, which moves them ahead, and without the help of a rudder. The propeller is fixed in a case, which supports it, and in which it is moveable by the turning of the steering wheel, either to starboard or to port, in either case forcing the stern of the ship around while her headway is not stopped, and indeed scarcely lessened. By this method a vessel can be easily turned in her own length.

A FRENCHMAN cannot pronounce ship. The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy, "Ish dish a war-sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."



VIEW NEAR THE HEAD OF OWASCO LAKE.

We present our readers this week with two very accurate views of the Owasco Lake. This is the central one of the three lakes for which Cayuga county is celebrated. Like its sister lakes, Skaneateles and Cayuga, Owasco is a long, narrow body of pure, bright water, lying between low, rolling hills, in one of the finest developed agricultural sections of our State. It is nearly twelve miles in length, and varies in width from one mile to one-fourth of a mile. The great trail of the Iroquois crossed the Owasco River, the outlet of this lake, a little south of the present city of Auburn. *Oasco*, the Indian name of the lake, means a crossing by means of stepping stones.

Upon the sight of Auburn formerly stood the Indian village *Waskough*, where, according to tradition the celebrated Indian chieftain *Tah-gah-jute* was born. The English name of this character, and the one by which he is generally known was LOGAN. On account of his early friendship for the whites, he was given this name, after JAMES LOGAN, the Secretary of Pennsylvania, and a noted friend of the Indian. The sad fate of the distinguished *brave* is well known. Driven to madness by the unprovoked murder of his family, relatives and friends, he took up the tomahawk against the "pale-faces," and

became a leader in the Indian wars which followed. Bitterly did he revenge his wrongs. Thirty white men fell by his own hand. Finally in 1780, owing to a strange mistake he was slain by his own people in self-defence. Every school-boy is familiar with the indignant remonstrance which LOGAN sent to Lord DUNMORE, when his fellow-chiefs laid down their arms and sued for peace. LOGAN would not join them, but sent to the Governor of Virginia a speech beginning thus:—"I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered LOGAN'S cabin hungry and he gave him no meat." The speech in its present shape was first given to the public by JEFFERSON, in his "Notes on Virginia." The people of Auburn have erected a suitable monument to the memory of this brave and much injured red-man, at Fort Allegan, an ancient Indian mound. It is built of limestone and bears a marble tablet, inscribed with the following pathetic sentence, taken from the "remonstrance" to which allusion has been made:

"Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

There are many other spots of historic interest about this lake which are well worth a visit, but the prevailing charms of the locality consist in the wild and romantic scenery of "lake, and shore, and stream."



VIEW AT THE FOOT OF OWASCO LAKE.

Various Topics.

A RIDE ON AN ICE HILL.

THE ice hills erected in the Russian cities for the purpose of amusement have often been described, but the sensations of an ice ride have seldom been more vividly narrated than in these words:

I engaged one of the *Mujiks* in attendance to pilot me on my voyage. The man having taken his position well forward on the little sled, I knelt upon the rear end, where there was barely space enough for my knees, placed my hands upon his shoulders, and awaited the result. He shoved the sled with his hands, very gently and carefully, to the brink of the icy steep; then there was a moment's adjustment, then a poise, then sinking of the heart, cessation of breath, giddy roaring and whistling of the air, and I found myself scudling along the level with the speed of an express train. I never happened to fall out of a fourth story window, but I immediately understood the sensations of the unfortunate persons who do. It was so frightful that I shuddered when we reached the end of the course and the man coolly began ascending the steps of the opposite hill, with the sled under his arm. But my companions were waiting to see me return, so I mounted after him, knelt again, and held my breath. This time knowing what was coming, I caught a glimpse of our descent, and found that only the first plunge from the brink was threatening. The lower part of the curve, which is nearly a parabolic line, is more gradual, and the seeming headlong fall does not last more than the tenth part of a second. The sensation, nevertheless, is very powerful, having all the attraction, without the reality, of danger.—*Bayard Taylor.*

A PATRIOTIC ARTIST.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Christian Watchman who visited the studio of Powers at Florence, says:

Though courted and petted by the English, who have been among his best patrons, Powers has always been true to his country—loyal to the core. Dr. Weld reminded him of a little

incident which occurred a few months before, when the doctor was in Lis studio, and an English lady, or some one of secession proclivities, asked him if he had ever executed a bust of Jefferson Davis. "No, madam," said he, his bright eye flashing with fire, "I hope that before long, an artist of another profession than mine may have the pleasure of executing him." We spoke of the readiness of the English to be on our side, now that success had crowned our arms. "Ah," said he, "I know not which is the more annoying, when you are trying to get a heavy load up hill to have some one hitch on his horse behind and pull you back, or, when you are going down hill, to have him put on his horse before and dash away with all fury, to the risk of upsetting your load and breaking your neck."

HOW THE RACK WAS ABOLISHED.

TORTURE, applied to extort confession, was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts of Portugal, in consequence of the following circumstance:

A conscientious judge having observed the effects of the rack upon supposed criminals, in making them confess anything, to the sacrifice of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try an experiment. It is a capital crime, in that country, to kill a horse or mule, and he had one of the former which he much valued. He took care, one night, to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the groom could go into the stable. When all were fast asleep in their beds, he stole thither, himself, and cut the horse so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended and committed to prison. He pleaded not guilty; but the presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of the crime. Upon this confession, he had sentence of hanging passed on him, when his master went to the tribunal and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means, by owning the fact himself, and disclosing the motives which had influenced him in making the experiment.

Put no faith in a new promise based on the breach of an old one.

Reading for the Young.

THE LITTLE ORATOR.

THE following lines were written for EDWARD EVERETT when a child, by his friend and pastor, Rev. THADDEUS MASON HARRIS, D. D., of Dorchester:

PRAY how should I, a little lad,
In speaking make a figure?
You're only joking, I'm afraid!
Do wait until I'm bigger.

But since you wish to hear my part,
And urge me to begin it,
I'll strive for praise with all my heart,
Though small the hope to win it.

I'll tell a tale how farmer John
A little roan colt* bred, sir!
And every night and every morn
He watered and he fed, sir.

Said neighbor Joe to farmer John,
"Are n't you a silly dolt, sir,
To spend such time and care upon
A little useless colt, sir?"

Said farmer John to neighbor Joe,
"I bring my little roan up,
Not for the good he now can do,
But will do when he's grown up!"

The moral you can well espy,
To keep the tale from spolling;
The little colt you think is ill,
I know it by your smiling.

And now, kind friends, please to excuse
My blissing and my stammers;
I for once have done my best,
And so I'll make my manners.

*The expression "little roan," applies to the color of little Edward Everett's hair.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER be worried by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

"Troubles never stop forever—
The darkest day will pass away."

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on Heaven. With God's promise, a man or a child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog's in the air!
A sunshiny morning will come without warning."

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something sterling that will stay
When gold and silver fly away."

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knows no rest,
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little, great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full of good thoughts, bad thoughts find no room to enter.

"Be on your guard, and strive and pray
To drive all evil thoughts away."

THE UNTRAINED CREEPERS.

"MOTHER," said Emily, "may I have a holiday to-day?"

"A holiday, my dear! Why?"

"Why, I don't see why I should be always at work and learning my lessons. I cannot see what good it does."

"Suppose my dear child, I had let that creeper outside the window grow for a month, without attempting to train it?"

"Why, mother, I suppose it would have grown very long, and hung all about."

"And do you not think that then I should have found it almost impossible to train it through the trellis-work as I have done? You saw me, as the young plant grew each day, and the stem was tender, train it through the trellis, and bend it whither I would; and now it has grown up just where and what I wished it should be, looking very pretty, and shading us nicely as we sit at the open window, instead of being in the way whenever we walk in the verandah. And now I wish you to learn this lesson, that if you do not gain habits of application and perseverance when you are young, by the time you are grown up you will find it difficult, nay, almost impossible, to obtain them."

Emily did not, as many girls would have done, persevere in saying, "Well, I think it is very tiresome to do all these stupid things;" but she went quietly and got her work, sitting down by her mother's side.

"When I have done my work then I will learn my lessons, and after that I shall be ready to play."

Emily found her morning's work fitted her better than anything else to enjoy her playtime.

THE CAPTAIN—A LEGEND OF THE NAVY.

A NEW POEM BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

He that rules by terror Doeth grievous wrong; Deep as hell I count his error— Let him hear my song.

Brave the Captain was: the seamen Made a gallant crew, Gallant sons of English freemen, Sailors bold and true. But they hated his oppression, Stern he was and rash; So for every light transgression Doomed them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel Seemed the Captain's mood, Secret wrath, like smothered fuel, Burnt in each man's blood. Yet he hoped to purchase glory, Hoped to make the name Of his vessel great in story Wheresoe'er he came. So they passed by capes and islands, Many a harbor mouth, Sailing under palm high lands, Far within the South.

On a day when they were going O'er the vast expanse, In the North, her canvases blowing, Rose a ship of France. Then the Captain's color lightened, Joyfully glad his speech; But a cloudy gladness lightened In the eyes of each. "Chase!" he said; the ship flew forward, And the wind did blow; Stately, lightly went the Norwood, Till she neared the foe.

When they looked at him they hated, Had what they desired: Mute with folded arms they waited— Not a gun was fired. But they heard the foeman's thunder Roaring out their doom; All the air was torn in sunder, Crashing went the boom, Spars were splintered, decks were shattered, Bullets fell like rain, Over mast and deck were scattered Blood and brains of men. Spars were splintered; decks were broken, Every mother's son— Down they dropt—no word was spoken— Each beside his gun.

On the decks, as they were lying, Were their faces grim; In their blood, as they lay dying, Did they smile on him. Those in whom he had reliance For his noble name, With one smile of still defiance Sold him unto shame. Shame and wrath his heart confounded, Pale he turned and red, Till himself was deadly wounded, Falling on the dead. Dismal error! fearful slaughter! Years have wandered by— Side by side beneath the water Crew and Captain lie; There the sun-lit ocean tosses O'er them mouldering, And the lonely sea-bird crosses With one waft of wing.

The Story Teller.

SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

Translated from the French for the Rural New-Yorker By O. O. B.

In the mountains of Savoy, not far from the road from Briancon to Modane, is a solitary valley, the aspect of which inspires the traveler with a gentle melancholy. Three hills forming an amphitheater, over which are spread here and there a few cabins of the shepherds, the torrents which fall from the mountains, the bouquets of trees planted here and there, and the ever green pastures, make up the ornamentation of this rural spot.

The Marquis de Fonrose was returning from France to Italy, with his wife. Having broken a spring of their carriage, and the day being at its decline, they were compelled to seek an asylum in this valley, where they could pass the night. As they advanced toward one of the cabins which they had perceived, they saw a flock of sheep taking the same road, conducted by a Shepherdess whose gait and manner astonished them. As they approached still nearer, they heard a Heavenly voice whose plaintive and touching accents made the very echoes moan.

"How the setting sun glitters in its mellow light! It is thus," said she, "that, at the end of a painful career, the exhausted soul goes to rejuvenate itself in the pure source of immortality. But, alas! the end is far ahead, and life is slow!"

While speaking these words, the Shepherdess walked on with her head bowed down; yet the negligence of her attitude seemed only to add to the nobility and majesty of her form and step.

Struck with what they saw, and more still with what they had heard, the Marquis and Marchioness de Fonrose redoubled their steps to overtake this Shepherdess, who had so strongly excited their curiosity and admiration. But what was their surprise when, under the most simple coiffure, under the most humble vestments, they saw all the graces and all the beauties united!

"My daughter," said the Marchioness, seeing that she avoided them, "fear nothing; we are travelers who are compelled by an accident to seek refuge for the night in one of these cabins. Will you be good enough to serve us as a guide?"

"I pity you, madame," said the Shepherdess, lowering her eyes and blushing; "these cabins are inhabited by destitute people who can lodge you but very poorly."

"Without doubt you lodge there, yourself," replied the Marchioness, "and I can very well support, for one night, the inconveniences which you suffer continually."

"But I am formed for that," said the Shepherdess with charming modesty. "No, certainly not," said M. de Fonrose, who could dissimulate no longer the emotion which she had caused him; "no, you are not formed to suffer, and fortune is very unjust to you! Is it possible, amiable person, that so many charms can be buried in this desert—under these garments?"

"Fortune, monsieur," replied ADELAIDE—such was the name of the Shepherdess—"fortune is cruel only when it takes from us that which it has before bestowed upon us. My calling has its gentle pleasures for those who know no others, while habit creates needs for you which the shepherds never feel."

"That may be," said the Marquis, "for those to whom Heaven has given birth in this obscure condition; but you, astonishing girl, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, you were not born what you are now—this air, this gait, this voice, this language, all betray you. Two words which you have spoken announce a cultivated mind, a noble soul. Finish then by telling us what misfortune can have reduced you to this strange abasement."

"For a man in misfortune," answered ADELAIDE, "there are a thousand means of escape but for a woman, as you know, there is no honest resource save in servitude; and in the choice of masters one does well, as I believe, to prefer good people. You will see mine, and you will be charmed with the innocence of their life, with the candor, the simplicity and the honesty of their habits."

While she spoke thus, they arrived at the cabin. It was separated by a partition from the stable where the unknown caused her sheep to enter, counting them with the most serious attention, and not deigning to occupy herself longer with the strangers who were watching her. An old man and his wife, such as PHILEMON and BAUCIS are painted to us, came to meet their guests with that honest manner of the villagers which recalls to us the Age of Gold.

"We have nothing to offer you," said the good woman, "but fresh straw for a bed, and milk, fruit, and rye bread for nourishment; but of the little which Heaven gives us, we will partake with you, with good heart."

The travelers, on entering the cabin, were surprised at the air of orderly arrangement everywhere observable. The table was a single plank of walnut polished to its best, in which was mirrored the enamel of the earthen dishes destined to receive the milk. Everything presented the image of a cheerful poverty where the first needs of nature were agreeably satisfied.

"It is our dear daughter," said the good woman, "who takes care of the housekeeping. In the morning before her flocks go into the open country, and while they are feeding about the house upon the grass covered with dew, she washes, cleans, and arranges everything with an address that enchants us."

"What!" said the Marchioness, "this Shepherdess is your daughter?" "Ah, madame! would to Heaven she was;" cried the good old woman. "It is my heart that names her thus, for I have a mother's love for her; but I am not so happy as to have borne her in my bosom—we are not worthy to have given her birth."

"Who is she then?—from whence does she come? and what misfortune has reduced her to a shepherd's condition in life?"

"All this is unknown to us. It is four years since she came here, in the dress of a country girl, and offered herself to tend our flocks. We would have taken her to do nothing, so much did her good countenance and the sweetness of her speech gain over our hearts to her. We suspected she was not a village lass, but our questions afflicted her, and we believed it our duty to abstain from them. This respect has but augmented, as we have come to know her heart better; but the more we seek to abase ourselves before her, the more she humiliates herself before us. Never has a daughter had for her father and mother more sustained attentions, or more tender assiduities. She cannot obey us, for we take good care never to order her; but it seems she divines us, and all that we would wish she does before we can perceive that she has thought of it. She is an angel who has descended to console our old age."

"And what is she doing now in the stable?" demanded the Marchioness.

"She is giving the flock a fresh litter, and milking the ewes and goats. It seems as though this milk, pressed out by her hand, becomes more delicate; and when I go to sell it in the city, I cannot supply the demand, they find it so delicious. While guarding her flock, the dear girl busies herself with work in straw and oster, which everybody admires. I wish you could see with what skill she interlaces the flexible rushes. Everything becomes precious under her fingers. You see, Madame," continued the good old woman, "you see here the image of a life of ease and tranquillity: it is she who procures it for us. This heavenly child is only occupied with rendering us happy."

"Is she happy herself?" asked M. de Fonrose.

"She tries to persuade us that she is," replied the old man; "but I have often shown my wife that, when returning from the pasturage, her eyes were moistened with tears, and that she had the most afflicted air in the world. As soon as she sees us, she affects to smile, yet we very well see that she has some trouble that consumes her; but we dare not ask her what it is."

"Ah, Madame!" said the old woman, "how I have pitied this child when she would insist on taking her flocks to the pasturage notwithstanding the rain and ice! A hundred times have I gone down upon my knees to her, to beg

that she would leave me to take her place; my prayers were useless. She would go at the rising of the sun and return in the evening, benumbed with the cold. 'Judge,' she would say to me, 'whether I should allow you to leave your fireside and expose yourself to the rigors of the season. I can hardly resist them myself.' Yet she brought under her arm the wood which warmed us; and when I would pity her for the fatigue she gave herself, she would say, 'leave off, leave off, my good mother, it is by exercise that I protect myself from the cold;—labor is made for my age.' Finally Madame, she is as good as she is beautiful, and my husband and I never speak of her but with tears in our eyes."

"What if some one should take her away from you?" demanded the Marchioness.

"We should lose," interrupted the old man, "all that we hold dearest in the world; but if she were to be happy we would die content with that consolation."

"Alas! yes," resumed the old woman, bursting into tears, "may Heaven accord to her a fortune worthy of her, if that be possible! My hope has been that her hand, so dear to me, would close my eyes, but I love her better than my life—"

Her arrival interrupted them. She appeared with a vessel of milk in one hand and a basket of fruit in the other; and after a salute full of charming grace, she busied herself with her household duties, as if no one was observing her.

"You give yourself a great deal of trouble, my dear child," said the Marchioness to her.

"I am trying, Madame, to fulfill the intentions of my masters who desire to give you the best reception they can. You will make," continued she, spreading upon the table a cloth of linen coarse, indeed, but of extreme whiteness, "you will make a frugal, country, repast. This bread is not the finest in the world, but it has much savor, the eggs are fresh, the milk is good, and the fruits, which I have just gathered, are such as the season affords us."

The diligence, the attention, and the noble and becoming graces with which this marvelous Shepherdess rendered them all the duties of hospitality, the respect she showed to her masters, when they addressed her, or when she sought to read in their eyes what they would have her do, all this filled M. and Madame de Fonrose with astonishment and admiration. When they had retired to their couch of fresh straw which she herself had prepared, they said to one another—"our adventure is a wonderful one—we must clear up this mystery—we must take this child with us."

At the break of day, one of the people who had worked all night at the repairs of the carriage, came to report it again ready for use. Madame de Fonrose, before leaving had the Shepherdess called to her.

"Without wishing to penetrate," said she to her, "the secret of your birth, and the cause of your misfortune, everything I see, and everything I hear, interests me in you. I see that your courage has elevated you above your ill-fortune, and that you have made your sentiments conform to your present condition. Your charms and your virtues render it respectable, but it is unworthy of you. I can, amiable unknown, procure you a better destiny, and the intentions of my husband are in perfect accordance with mine. I hold at Turin very considerable estates—I lack an intimate friend, and I should believe that I took to those places an inestimable treasure, if you would consent to accompany me. Put aside from the proposition—the prayer that I make to you, all ideas of servitude—I cannot believe you were formed for that state; but if I should ever find that my prejudices had deceived me, I would love better to elevate you above your birth than to leave you below it. I repeat to you, it is an intimate companion that I wish to attach to myself. For the rest, do not trouble yourself with the fate of these good people, for there is nothing I will not do to repay them for the loss of you. At least they shall have enough to end their lives peacefully in the ease of their condition in life, and from your hands they shall receive the benefits which I design to bestow upon them."

The old people, who were present at this discourse, while kissing the hands of the Marchioness and prostrating themselves at her knees, implored the unknown to accept these generous offers; representing to her, through their tears, that they were upon the verge of the tomb; that she had no other consolation than to render their old age happy, and that at their death, when left alone to herself, their dwelling would become a frightful solitude. The Shepherdess embraced them and mingled her tears with theirs. She thanked M. and Madame de Fonrose for their goodness with a sensibility which embarrassed her still more.

"I cannot," said she, "accept your benefaction. Heaven has marked out my place, and its will be done; but the memory of your kindnesses is engraven on my heart in lines never to be effaced. The respected name of FONROSE will be ever present in my mind. There remains to me but one favor to ask of you," said she blushing and lowering her eyes, "which is, that you will conceal this adventure in eternal silence, and leave the world forever ignorant of the fate of a young unknown who wishes to live and die in forgetfulness."

M. and Madame de Fonrose, moved and afflicted, redoubled a thousand-fold their entreaties, but she was immovable, and the old people, the travelers and the Shepherdess separated with tears in their eyes.

During their journey M. and Madame de Fonrose occupied themselves only with this adventure. It seemed to them like a dream; and with their imaginations filled with this kind of romance they arrived at Turin. It may well be believed that silence was not retained upon the subject of their rencontre, and that it afforded an inexhaustible subject for reflections and conjectures. The young FONROSE, who was present at

these conversations, did not lose a single circumstance. He had reached the age when the imagination is most lively, and the heart most susceptible to tender impressions; but was possessed of one of those characters whose sensitiveness never exhibits itself outwardly, and when touched is only the more violently agitated because the sentiment which affects it is not enfeebled by any source of dissipation. All that FONROSE heard told of the charms, the virtues and the sorrows of the Shepherdess of Savoy lit up in his heart the most ardent desire to see her. He had created for himself an image of her which was ever present; he compared it to all that he saw, and all that he saw was effaced by it. But the more his impatience increased, the more care he took to dissimulate it. The sojourn at Turin became odious to him. The valley that concealed from the world its most beautiful ornament, attracted his whole soul. It was there that happiness awaited him. But if his project became known, he foresaw the greatest obstacles: consent to the journey he meditated would never be given; it was the folly of a young man from which sad consequences would be apprehended; the Shepherdess herself, frightened at his pursuit, would not fall to conceal herself; he would lose her if he became known to her. After all these reflections, which occupied him during three months, he took the resolution of leaving everything for her; and determined to go, in the dress of a shepherd to seek her out in her solitude, and to draw her out from it or perish in the attempt.

He disappeared—he was seen no more. His parents, who awaited his return, had at first much inquietude. Their fears augmented every day. Their deceived expectations threw desolation over the family; the uselessness of their researches brought the climax of their despair. A quarrel, an assassination, everything of the most sinister character presented itself to their thoughts; and these unfortunate parents ended by mourning for dead this cherished son, their only hope. While his family was in mourning, FONROSE, in the dress of a shepherd, presented himself to the inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets in the valley, which had been but too well described to him. His ambition was fulfilled; the care of a flock was confided to him. —[To be continued.]

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I am composed of 42 letters. My 22, 1, 31, 5, 35, 15, 13, 17 is an elevated city of Asia. My 39, 30, 8, 20, 24, 5, 38, 7 is a river of Asia. My 39, 13, 33, 13, 7, 32, 21, 6, 30 is a seaport of Spain. My 11, 23, 30, 27, 2, 40, 13, 41 is one of the free ports of China. My 22, 29, 30, 14, 40, 1, 8 is a bay on the coast of the United States. My 42, 7, 27, 8, 35, 12, 10, 31, 3 is a small republic in Europe. My 2, 37, 9, 36, 22, 16 is a division of Europe. My 22, 4, 8, 19, 33, 3 is the name of a group of Islands in the Indian ocean. My 24, 14, 36, 34, 37 is the name of peaks in Virginia. My 8, 23, 17, 19, 25, 18 is one of the Alps. My whole is a Proverb. Pamela, Jeff. Co., N. Y. ALBERT W. PARRISH. Answer in two weeks.

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

I am composed of 19 letters. My 4, 10, 7, 5 is a production of the Southern States. My 7, 19, 6, 18 is a coin. My 13, 8, 15 is a numeral adjective. My 18, 17, 13, 10, 9 is one of the dead languages. My 11, 14, 16 is a vehicle. My 3, 12, 10, 8 is one of the United States. My 1, 2, 4, 13 is a fortification. My 1, 2, 10, 9, 7, 3, 18, 6 is a name endeared to every American heart. My whole is the name of an English lady universally beloved. Bellevue, Ohio. CALISTA M. WYLLIE. Answer in two weeks.

AN ANAGRAM. NIPPHESSA sepdless attes; 'Ist on sad peertixmen, Pymils atth the owl dan regta Amy vhea oiy and tirremnne; Karn st ton tsil helps nlrfeed— Soney'm not het set fo ti, Tub a meol todcenet dimn 'Tath litw! kame hte tebs fo it. Canadice, N. Y. C. J. ANDRUSS. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 812. Answer to Geographical Enigma:—A little learning is a dangerous thing. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Iowa State University. Answer to Anagram: Voyager upon life's sea, To yourself be true, And whate'er your lot may be Paddle your own canoe. Never, though the winds may rave, Falter nor look back; But upon the darkest wave Leave a shining track.

Answer to Puzzle: Up and down so you see That is the way to unravel me. Answer to Question:—If we used five digits instead of nine, we should then have 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22, 23, &c., one-fifth of twenty-three being three, and one-third of thirteen being three.

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