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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.
HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.,
Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

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

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AGRICULTURAL.

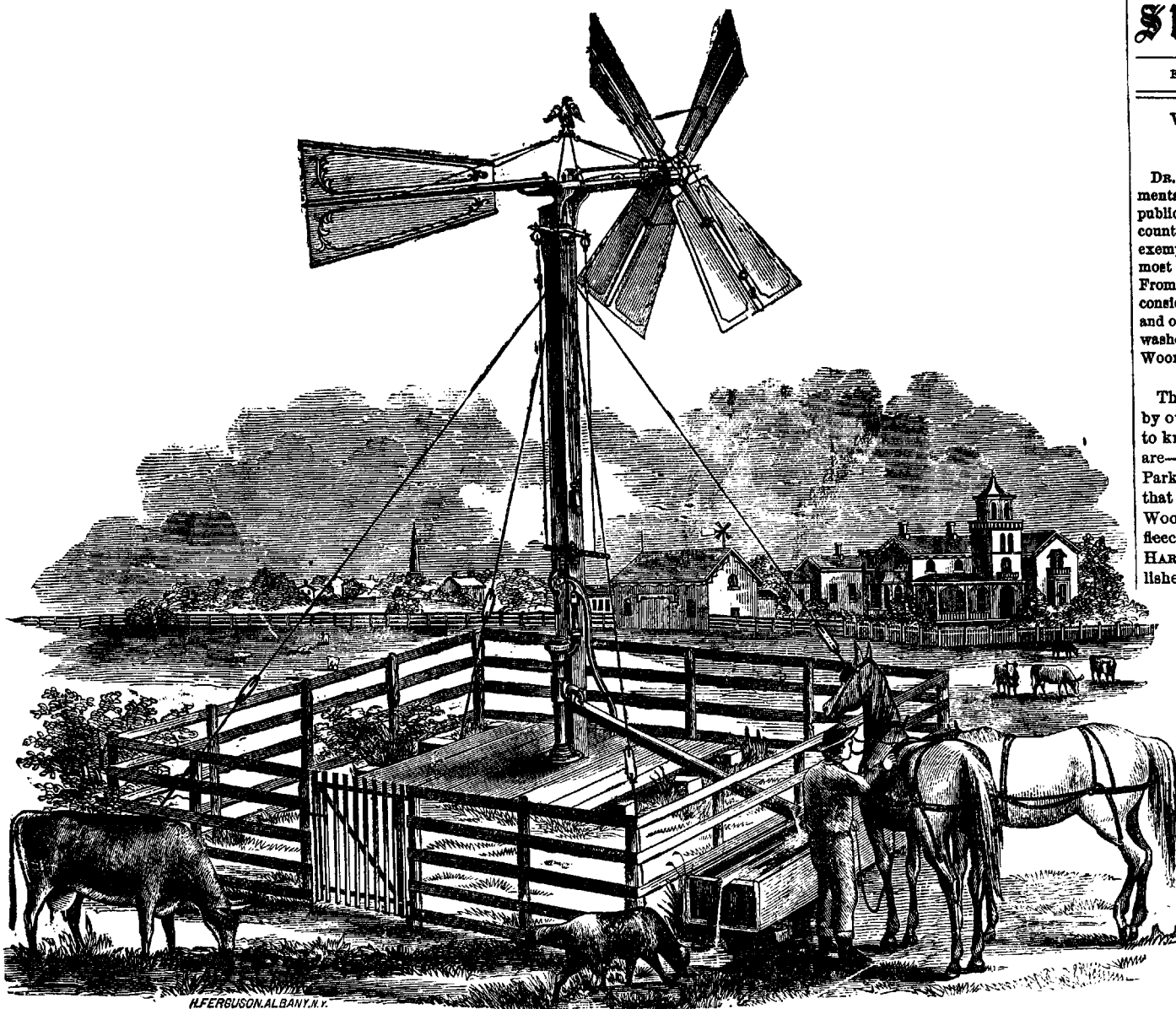
CAN WE KEEP OUR LAND RICH?

The most important question, probably, that can come before Agricultural investigation is, in what way can we keep up and increase the fertility of the soil? If we follow this question to its end, it will narrow itself down and rest on this:—The yield of products from the ground will depend on the amount of manure or plant food which is furnished to it.

If mankind had to start on this principle they would starve. But if Nature has kindly given us a rich soil to begin with, she does not keep it so while we draw our food and clothing from it. In our infancy we have help, but she is no prodigal parent that leaves as a rich inheritance to keep us forever. As we gather strength and learn wisdom, we must apply both to the utmost extent to get our subsistence. In new countries, where the land is rich and people scarce, the settler may exhaust the first richness of the soil, and when it fails occupy a newer farm. The planters of the South worked in this way; and the deserted and worn out plantations are the result and reproach of the system. When there is no more new land to take up, the farmer must make the best of that he has. He must lay out his capital on it, and till it, and feed it, to the best of his knowledge, so that it may feed and clothe himself and his family.

Thorough tilling of the soil will develop all the resources that Nature has stored in it for our crops. Suppose a man takes ten acres of new land and says, "I will raise my bread on it." Each year he sows it with wheat. Two or three crops are good, and then they begin to fail. So he examines the land, and finds there is too much water in it at certain times and the plants kill out. Then the soil is worked up lumpy and shallow, and the roots cannot spread far enough in it to get the requisite food. He goes to work and puts drains all through the field; then he plows deep, and works it all fine and mellow with the cultivator. He makes the seed bed as deep as the roots will go—so dry that the water cannot injure them, and so fine that they can use all the food there is in it. His crops are good again. But when they have used this fresh supply of food he has opened for them, they fail. His land is exhausted. Mere cultivation will not renovate it.

He has taken continually from the soil without giving anything back. Nature's supply of plant food is used up, and henceforth his success will depend on the amount of manure he can give to his crop. Where will he get his fertilizers? Naturally at first he takes those nearest to his hand, and applies them in the rudest way. His horses and oxen, cows, pigs and poultry, must be yarded and stabled for convenience and profit in feeding through the winter, and heaps of barn-yard manure accumulate. Perhaps he gets muck from the swamp, leaves and mold from the woods, and ashes from his fuel, and composting the whole together plows it into his field. And if he keeps up constant cropping with one kind of grain, he will have his match to keep up the yield to its original amount. A hundred acre farmer, gathering from every source and saving with a miser's care, could



THE EMPIRE WIND MILL AND PUMP.—EMORY W. MILLS' PATENT.

The above engraving represents the Empire Wind Mill and Pump, previously advertised and illustrated in the RURAL. Additional improvements have been added during the last two years, which we have reason to believe make it the most perfect and complete Self-Regulating Wind Mill now manufactured. Perhaps we cannot give our readers a better idea of this valuable improvement, its advantages and capacity, than by publishing the following description from the pen of its inventor and patentee, Mr. EMORY W. MILLS:

"Since putting up the first mill in the fall of 1860, (which is now in successful operation,) the manufacturers have been making such improvements as were suggested by the workings of the mills under different conditions, with a view to furnish the mass of farmers and others in want of a cheap motive power, a Mill and Pump more complete and perfect in all its parts than had yet been constructed. That we have succeeded in our undertaking, no one who has carefully examined or had the mill in operation can deny, and we believe no other manufacturers of Wind Mills in this country, or in the world, can show a clearer record or stronger evidences of satisfaction on the part of purchasers than the builders of the Empire Mill. In many cases we have sold our mills to those who have used and condemned other mills, by simply giving a trial of a few weeks, which we never refuse responsible parties.

There are now working in three counties in the State of Illinois, forty-two of the above size (No. 1) mills, applied to pumping water from wells 10 to 70 feet deep, some of them being also arranged to do the churning for large dairies with satisfaction. Part of these mills were put up in the spring of 1863, and up to the present time but two of them have needed any repairs whatever, and all are running to the entire satisfaction of owners. Other and larger sizes have been applied to pumping at cheese factories, supplying dwelling houses, draining stone quarries, and elevating water at railroad stations, with success and economy. The mill is entirely of iron, except the vane and sails—of handsome design and superior workmanship, and full one-third stronger than mills afforded by any other manufacturers. We warrant them to stand any gale of wind that the support posts and braces will bear, and to run at a safe, even speed during

such gales; for they regulate their own sails perfectly. The pump can be disconnected from the mill in an instant and worked by hand if desired—an improvement not embraced in any other wind mill pump.

The size here shown is our No. 1. Price of mill at the manufactory, \$125; pump stand and cylinder, \$15. Wood or iron pipe may be used. This is the smallest size we build; its capacity is five to eight gallons of water per minute, from a well 50 feet deep, with a brisk wind. We also furnish three other sizes at \$160, \$200 and \$300 each. All the mills can be stopped in the hardest winds or whenever desired, with the edges of the sails to the wind, thereby rendering them perfectly safe at all times and lessening the wear on them full one-half over a common wind mill without these improvements. Our mills work as well in winter as summer, and the pumps used with them do not freeze.

For further information, a complete price list and circulars, address 'The Empire Wind Mill Manufacturing Company,' Syracuse, N. Y., or MILLS BROTHERS, No. 90 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., General Agents for the Western States."

richness of his neighbors' fields to his own, as he imports guano from far-off islands. The British farmers pay many millions of dollars annually for imported manures, and we venture the assertion that, if all which is made by the population of those islands that runs to waste—the sewerage of the towns, farm houses, &c.—was properly saved and applied, it would be worth many times the value of that they buy. That which they buy takes the place of that which is wasted. It is so with the farmer here who buys grain or oil cake to feed stock. The manure he gets from the grain he buys properly belongs to the land that raised it. To be just, he should draw his fertilizers from the consumers of his surplus products.

With proper cultivation and rotation of crops, it may be held as a truth, that a farm would be constantly enriched that had all the fertilizing elements, arising from the consumption of all its products, returned to it.

present nature of things it is hardly possible to put in practice a strictly self-supporting system. If all the fertilizers that are made by all the product of a farm could be returned to the land so that they should enter into it without waste, without doubt it would not become impoverished by cultivation. But if a farmer feed his hay, coarse fodder and corn to cattle, unless he has his arrangements well perfected, the best part of the liquid portions of the manure will be wasted in his yard or stables. And as he sends the stock to a distant market he loses entirely the highly concentrated manure in the bones, blood, hair and other waste parts of the cattle. With his wheat it is still worse. With it he feeds the population of the cities, and the vast sewerage of countless throngs flows into the rivers and the ocean, and is wasted on desert shores. To make up this deficiency the wide-awake farmer buys grain of his neighbors, and feeds it on his own farm, thus transferring the

There is no doubt that those breeders who keep sheep to sell at what are termed "fancy prices," do, as a general thing, feed considerably higher than anybody fed twenty years ago; and rams which are expected to do extraordinary amounts of work and at the same time produce "brag fleeces," are still more pampered. Then again, twenty years ago nobody thought of carefully housing sheep from rain and storm all the year round, in order to give them the rich contraband hue, and, by saving all the yolk ("gum and grease") in the wool, to get up a fleece which will weigh a fabulous number of pounds and ounces before it is exposed to the fatal contact of water.

But let us make some comparisons, which will perhaps enable us better to answer "Wool Grower's" question (or what we take to be the spirit of it,) "What do these modern heavy Merino fleeces amount to, if they shrink so enormously in scouring?" We take BAKER & HARRIGAN's ram for an example. His unwashed fleece, one year old to a day, weighed 23½ lbs. It produced seven pounds of scoured wool—more than two-thirds of it proving to be "dirt and filth." Yet this cleaned fleece weighed within a pound or a pound and a half as much as the unwashed rams fleeces of Spain, in the palmiest days of her Merinos! YOUATT puts the average weight of the latter at 8 lbs., and LIVINGSTON at 8½ lbs.; and both agree that the Spanish wool taken together loses half in washing. Spanish washing, it is true, is a more thorough process than American washing. But Merino rams fleeces lose far more both in washing and cleansing than ewes fleeces, and if we assume that the Spanish rams fleeces after washing, would lose but ten per cent. more in cleansing—making the total shrinkage of the unwashed fleece 80 per cent.—all familiar with the subject will agree that it is a low estimate of that shrinkage. This would leave the average product of the scoured fleeces 3.15 lbs., or 3.25 lbs., according as we adopt YOUATT's or LIVINGSTON's estimate of the gross weight.

The heaviest American Merino rams' fleeces on record twenty-five years ago, so far as we remember, were those of Mr. JEWETT's "Don Pedro" and "Fortune," which weighed respectively 14 lbs., and 13 lbs., and 4 ozs. of what was called washed wool. Mr. TAINTON's in-

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

WEIGHT OF CLEANSED FLEECES.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., July 15, 1865.

DR. RANDALL—Dear Sir: Are the enclosed statements a fair index of the shrinkage of fleeces at the public shearings that are now so common all over the country? If so, what do they amount to, except to exemplify whose sheep are capable of carrying the most dirt and filth on their backs instead of wool? From your experience and observation what do you consider a select flock of 100 Merinos, breeding ewes and one ram, kept in the best manner, would shear of washed wool for two or more consecutive years?—WOOL GROWERS.

REMARKS.

The "statements" of cleansed wool enclosed by our correspondent, and of which he wishes to know whether they are a "fair index," &c., are—1, that of the weight of fleeces cleansed in Park Co., Ind., published by us July 8; and 2, that of SAMUEL LAMB & Co., of the Fort Ann Woolen Mills, N. Y., of the weight of a ram's fleece cleansed by them for Messrs. BAKER & HARRIGAN of Comstock's Landing, N. Y., published by us in the same article with preceding.

The Park Co. fleeces did not yield as much scoured wool in proportion to weight of carcass as those cleansed under the direction of the N. Y. State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association. But the scoured product of Messrs. B. & H.'s ram was an excellent one, for a full blood Merino.

The question to be asked in such cases, is not solely "how much dirt and filth will cleanse away," but how much wool will remain after they are cleansed away. Some candid men appear actually to suppose that the increased weight of Merino fleeces at the present day, over those of the imported sheep, or over those of the American Merinos of twenty years ago, is made partly by better feed, but principally by "dirt and filth," or in other words, "gum and grease" and the extraneous substances which adhere to them.

There is no doubt that those breeders who keep sheep to sell at what are termed "fancy prices," do, as a general thing, feed considerably higher than anybody fed twenty years ago; and rams which are expected to do extraordinary amounts of work and at the same time produce "brag fleeces," are still more pampered. Then again, twenty years ago nobody thought of carefully housing sheep from rain and storm all the year round, in order to give them the rich contraband hue, and, by saving all the yolk ("gum and grease") in the wool, to get up a fleece which will weigh a fabulous number of pounds and ounces before it is exposed to the fatal contact of water.

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ported "Grandee," used as a stock ram in the Government flock of France, yielded 13 1/2 lbs. unwashed wool. The writer of this stated in Sheep Husbandry in the South, that in 1844 his ram "Defiance," 13 months old, produced 8 lbs. and his ram "Premium" produced 10 lbs., of "well washed wool." In 1845, STEPHEN ATWOOD's best ram produced 12 lbs. 4 ozs. of unwashed wool. "Old Black," purchased about the same period of Mr. ATWOOD, and so famous in the history of the improved Infantas of Vermont, produced 14 lbs. unwashed wool. The "Old Robinson Ram," still more removed in the animals of the Paular family, produced the same. Rams at that period were unhoused in the summer and were not generally confined under shelter in winter, so that the shrinkage of their wool would not probably exceed that of Spanish rams, which we put at 60 per cent. This would leave 5.60 lbs. as the weight of scoured wool of the two most famous American Merino rams of their "day and generation."

Let us now turn to the rams whose fleeces were cleaned under the direction of the N. Y. State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association the present year. With one exception they were but partly grown animals, most of which had not attained anything like their ultimate weight of fleece, and none of them were in extra condition. Three of the five were but yearlings, one a two-year-old, and one a four-year-old. Not one of them was selected for this cleansing experiment with any expectation on the part of his owner that he would produce a remarkably heavy cleansed fleece, compared with those of larger animals. They were selected purely in reference to the weight of cleansed wool in proportion to the weight of carcass—that being the sole test established by the Association. And by that test the lightest fleeced ram of the five might, and actually did, stand highest in the scale of merit. Witness the following table, condensed from the official one, in which the competing animals are placed in the order of merit. It will be remarked that we do not give the total amount of cleansed wool in each fleece, but that proportion of it which was produced in one year:

Table with 5 columns: Owner of ram, Age in yrs., Wt. after shearing, Wt. of wool produced in 1 year, Wt. of wool produced in 1 year. Rows include W. F. Gibbs, O. S. Williams, Theron Steele, A. J. Blood, L. J. Bovee.

It will be seen that Mr. Gibbs' small teg, about two months short of the age at which the first fleece is usually taken off,—exceeded the average product of the full grown rams of Spain; and that Mr. BLOOD's grown ram, though considerably under-sized for an American Merino of the present day—smaller even than Spanish rams of prime cabanas—exceeded the average product of Spanish rams, towards one hundred per cent. in scoured wool! He also exceeded the product of "Old Black" and the "Old Robinson Ram" by three-fifths of a pound—more than ten per cent.—of scoured wool.

If we compare the Spanish rams, and the American rams of twenty years ago, with prime, full grown ones of the latter variety at the present day, like BAKER & HARRIGAN's ram, we find a still greater disparity. The last named animal more than doubles the scoured product of the Spanish rams, and exceeds that of the choice American rams of twenty years ago by nearly a pound and a half. Yet we have good reasons for supposing that there were ten or fifteen rams on the Fair Grounds at Canandaigua, last May, only in good ordinary condition, which would have equalled B. & H.'s in scoured product.

We trust the question of our highly respected correspondent is now answered somewhat to his satisfaction. We trust he is convinced that the modern heavy yolk fleeced American Merinos, exhibited at our Fairs, "amount to" considerable besides exemplifying "whose sheep are capable of carrying most dirt and filth?" The truth is, the world moves, in wool as well as in some other matters! All wisdom did not die out either 50 or 20 years ago among Merino sheep breeders—and our decided impression is that it is not dead yet! We have no doubt the next twenty years, besides generalizing present improvements, will witness important new ones in our Merino sheep.

To our correspondent's last question we answer that our impression is that a "select flock of one hundred Merino breeding ewes and one ram, kept in the best manner," would annually produce of brook washed wool for two consecutive years from seven and a half to eight pounds per head. Washed as thousands now wash their wool they would produce a pound more per head; washed like some Australian samples now lying before us, they would produce at least a pound less per head.

* FERRY gives the weight of the Negretti ram as 97 lbs., of the Infantas 100 1/2 lbs., Gandeoupe 97 1/2 lbs.

MR. BROWN'S SHEEP.

GEORGE BROWN, Whitney's Crossings, Allegany Co., N. Y., has forwarded us samples of the wool of each of his five ewes which took the first prize in the class of Delaine Merinos at the State Sheep Fair, at Canandaigua, in May. Their fleeces, a year old, weighed as follows:—9 lbs. 5 ozs., 10 lbs. 2 ozs., 10 lbs. 12 ozs., 10 lbs. 2 ozs., 9 lbs.; total 49 lbs. 5 ozs. Their live weight, after shearing, was about 245 lbs., so that they produced a pound of wool for five pounds of carcass. It is not necessary to describe each sample separately, all are so near alike. They are of superior style and quality, with a medium amount of clear, golden-tinted yolk.

Mr. BROWN gives us the history of his flock as follows:—About eighteen years since he purchased ten yearling Merino ewes, the average of the flock, and a ram of JACOB N. BLAKESLEY of Watertown, Conn., and a year or two afterwards five others—receiving Mr. B.'s certificate of the

purity of blood of all of them. He at first bred the BLAKESLEY ewes to the BLAKESLEY ram, but subsequently used three different rams bred by Mr. CUTTING of Vermont. At Mr. HASWELL's sale, he purchased his stock ram of ATWOOD blood. He next used two rams, one a Paular from the STICKNEY flock, and the other a half Paular and half Infantas, bred by Hon. E. B. POTTLE of Naples, N. Y., got by a Paular ram out of a SANFORD ewe. After he had increased his flock from the above named sheep to about 300, he purchased at two different times eight or nine ewes from the HASWELL flock. Mr. HASWELL, it is well known, bred Saxon sheep, but he also had Merinos. Mr. BROWN holds his certificate that the sheep bought of him were Merinos, that he bred them from sheep purchased of JACOB TOBIAS, and that TOBIAS bought them of EFFINGHAM LAWRENCE and WALTER BOWERS who bred them from sheep imported by Mr. CROWNSHIELD. We regard the above statements of Mr. BROWN as entitled to the fullest credit.

A BIG FLEECE OR A BIG STORY.

POULTRY, Vt., July 24, 1865. MR. EDITOR:—I noticed in the RURAL of June 10th, the report of a Sheep Shearing Festival at Grinnell, Iowa, at which the buck Gold Drop sheared 20 1/2 lbs. wool, weight of carcass 94 lbs.; which is said "so far as is known has no equal in weight, considering carcass." I wish to report a case to compare with it. Mr. B. F. DEWEY, Poultry, Vt., has an American Merino buck three years old, of his own raising, which sheared this season, (growth of wool little less than one year) 28 1/2 lbs. wool; weight of carcass, 101 lbs., which we think places old Vermont still ahead.

Very Resp'tly, W. W. HUBBARD.

REMARKS. This is the most extraordinary proportion of fleece to meat we have yet seen, so very extraordinary that we feel compelled to ask Mr. HUBBARD plainly if he is prepared to offer satisfactory proof of the accuracy of his statements? If so, we call for that proof, and we ask that average samples of the fleece be sent to us. We never heard of Mr. H. before. We intend to offer him no disrespect; for if his statements should prove to be inaccurate he may have made them in good faith. But we feel that the time has come when we, as agricultural journalists, are called upon to scrutinize those statements which are made to us for publication, which so palpably touch on the marvellous and incredible as the above! Indeed, we believe it would be better for every person who expects very extraordinary fleeces and expects to report them in the newspapers, to shear his sheep publicly at a Fair, or else before such neighbors as choose to come to his barn after a public neighborhood invitation has been given. Such precautions as these are not derogatory to the dignity of the first man in the land, and unless they are resorted to, the contest will soon be among a certain class, not so much who can raise the "biggest fleece" as, in plain English, who can tell the "biggest lie"—and honest and respectable sheep breeders will stand a poor chance, in the columns of the public journals, among such competitors.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

INFANTADO VERSUS PAULAR.—Under this caption the Country Gentleman, Aug. 4, publishes a pedigree given by EDWIN HAMMOND to D. P. POND, of Cornwall, Vt., in 1847, in which he (HAMMOND) states that the sheep bought by himself and R. P. HALL of STEPHEN ATWOOD, Conn., in 1844, "are of the Paular Breed," and to this he appends a certificate which he received from ATWOOD when he bought them, which also names them as Paulars.

In our recent articles on the subject of Paulars and Infantados we stated that Mr. ATWOOD wrote to Mr. MORRELL a letter, published in the American Shepherd in 1845, in which he said "he thought Gen. HUMPHREYS called his sheep Paulars, but of this he could not be positive." All who are familiar with the history of Mr. ATWOOD's flock at that day are aware that he called them Paulars in conversation, and in certificates of sale. Two of the latter are now lying before us. One is the original certificate to HALL and HAMMOND, covering thirty sheep, which is copied in HAMMOND's certificate to POND, above named. It is dated Jan. 27, 1844. The second was given by Mr. ATWOOD to the same parties, Sept. 30, 1844. It covers forty sheep. Both documents are entirely in the handwriting of Mr. ATWOOD, and both name the sheep as Paulars. The Vermont purchasers who bought these sheep as Paulars sold them as such for several years, and until they became convinced that Mr. ATWOOD was mistaken, or at least lacked sufficient authority for calling them by that name. They then abandoned it. As we have already stated (Aug. 19), we have no doubt whatever of Mr. ATWOOD's entire sincerity in the premises—nor do we understand that it was doubted by any of the Vermonters when they dropped the name.

Delicacy towards a very aged man, and one to whom the sheep breeders of our country are under many obligations, would have prevented us from offering the preceding facts to prove that in the judgment of the most eminent breeders of his family of sheep, Mr. ATWOOD was not entitled to call them Paulars, and consequently that the only circumstance we ever heard of which in the least tended to show that they were not Infantados, is removed. And to give the opinions of these breeders the more weight, be it remembered that at the time they gave up the Paular name it was a popular one, and they did not exchange it for one which was then equally popular.

SHOULD A GOTTERED RAM BE USED?—OSCAR GRAN-GER, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., asks this question, and speaks of a ram that can be purchased at "a tenth of what would be his value were it not for this defect." He cites the case of a ram sold by VICTOR WRIGHT of Vt., for a trifling sum, on account of the same defect, and states that the ram did not transmit it to his progeny. Mr. HEATH, who lives near Chittenango, N. Y., bought a gottered ram which did not transmit the disease to his progeny. Nor have we seen satisfactory evidence in any case that gotter is hereditary. Yet we should feel exceedingly loth to use such a ram. It is contrary to sound principles of breeding to use diseased sires. If the disease has not appeared in the progeny, they may still possess a predisposition towards it which would bring it forth more readily, or generally, or severely, were they exposed to the special exciting causes of the malady. Or, it may pass over the first generation to appear in later ones—or, by that curious system of exchange in heredi-

tary diseases which is sometimes clearly discernible, some other disease may appear in its place in the progeny of gottered animals. Our motto is, pay for sound sire animals—never incurring the risk, by a contrary course, of debauching the purity and integrity of the current of life at the fountain head.

SCOURED WOOL IN MICHIGAN.—We find in the Western Rural the following table of the shrinkage of ten fleeces, scoured under the direction of the Farmers, Mechanics and Stock Breeders' Association of Jonesville, Michigan:

Table with 6 columns: No. of entry, Piece of ewe or buck, Wt. of fleece uncleaned, Wt. of fleece cleaned, Loss in cleansing, Loss per cent in cleansing. Rows A through J.

The premium offered in this case, we learn from the Rural, was for the "best cleansed fleeces." The weight of carcass does not appear to have been taken into consideration,—and we do not learn from the table how old each fleece was. We are left to infer that by "best fleeces" was meant heaviest fleeces, for the table exhibits no estimates of their respective value. If this is so, a respectable Cotswold, or a good grade sheep, if admitted to competition would have won the prize.

SAMPLES OF WOOL, WEIGHT OF FLEECE.—A. J. BLOOD, Carlton, N. Y., sends three samples. 1. Don Pedro, Jr., wool one year growth, 3 1/2 in. long, good style and quality, yolk medium and yellow. His second fleece 18 1/2 lbs., third 21 1/2 lbs. He was bred by JOHN H. THOMAS, Orwell, Vt., and got by Don Pedro out of a Paular ewe bred by J. T. & V. RICH of Vt. Don Pedro was bred by VICTOR WRIGHT of Vt., and got by Mr. HAMMOND's Cross Tom out of an Infantas ewe bred by WM. R. SANFORD, Vt. Cross Tom was got by Sweepstakes out of "Henry Hammond's first choice of ewes." Don Pedro, Jr. is considered a good sire ram. He is half Paular and half Infantas. 2. Tom Sayers, teg wool, a trifle longer than preceding, but not of so good style and quality, yolk tawny. 3. Ewe Lily, wool 2 1/2 in. long, good style and quality, yolk medium and golden; weight of fleece 13 lbs.; bred by EDGAR SANFORD. (Mr. BLOOD's samples were separately and neatly done up in oiled silk, with nice legible labels. We wish others would imitate him.)

WHEAT SCREENINGS FOR SHEEP.—N. S. SCHUYLER, Birmingham, Oakland Co., Mich., writes:—"A little costly experience of mine, with this kind of feed, may be of value to some of your readers. Twenty years ago I fed screenings to some pregnant ewes. Some miscarried—some lost their lambs—some died themselves. Being mainly from the Stickney and Robinson flocks (Paulars) my loss was a severe one." We can readily see how all these disasters should follow the feeding of screenings containing smut or ergot. Has any one witnessed such effects where ergot was not present? Let us have the experience of others on the subject.

SMALL POX AMONG ENGLISH SHEEP.—"MORAD-NOCK," a correspondent of the N. Y. Times, writing from England, Aug. 6th, says that small pox prevails among the sheep of that country. This is a vastly more fatal and incurable malady among sheep than has ever prevailed in the United States, and is highly contagious. Our authorities, and those of Canada, ought to be on the alert to prevent its introduction into North America.

DEATH OF "GOLD DROP."—MR. HAMMOND's ram "Gold Drop" died on the 6th ult., aged four years. His disease was lung fever or consumption. The Messrs. DEAN of West Cornwall, Vt., offered \$10,000 for this ram; and other parties stood ready to take him at the same price. He was valued at \$25,000.

Communications, Etc.

FARM NOTES.

MAKE IMPROVEMENTS THAT "PAY." I HAD been reading a certain Agricultural journal published in Western New York, albeit not the one you have in your hand, good reader, and I remarked that its teachings were quite sensible and practical.

"Yes," said PAT, "but if ye follers them editors they'll run ye under. They kin farm it on paper, but not a dang one of them iver hild a plow handle. They'll git ye into building, and sub-silling, ditching and boughten manure, and thousand dollar sheep, and ye'll promise to pay with seven per cent. interest, and in a year or two ye's farm is subbody's ise."

PAT went to work, and I smoked my pipe and pondered the remark. I would recall instances where farmers went ahead with improvements, without counting the cost, till it took the farms to pay for them. Improvements are a nice thing, if one has the ready cash to make them; if not, beware of the temptation. Only those should be made, at first, that will return the outlay again. Farming should be conducted on business principles. If a merchant is not able to own a store, he rents one. If a farmer has not the money to erect new buildings he had better get along with his old ones. If a merchant invests money he expects to get it all back, and more too. If a farmer buys manure or Merino sheep, he should be careful that they are so used that they return the original cost and a profit. If a farmer lays out money in ditching he should do it where two or three crops will pay it back with interest.

A little learning in Agricultural Science, is a dangerous thing, if it is not balanced with good judgment. I remember a farmer who owned some hills, or rather he was in debt for some. The soil was sandy loam, except the crests of the hills, which were clay—the top soil having washed down. It was well enough, perhaps, a wise provision of Nature, our Scientific Editor might call it,—to make the difficult hill tops poor and the crops light thereon, and the val-

leys rich and the crops heavy in them, so that the honest farmer could gather the reward of his labor without toiling up the steep hill sides. But our farmer had read of the advantages of underdraining, and among them that the land would not wash, as the water would sink into the drains, and not flow from the surface. So he dug ditches up the dry hill sides, and opened the clay crests, and put tile in them. Did the heavy thunder showers thereafter linger on the sharp, hard pinnacles, and sink gently down to the artificial channels? Not a bit. In its wrath the water tore up the earth deeper than the drains and sent the tile in a heap to the bottom.

I was about to moralize further on the foolishness of squandering money in enterprises that are scarcely begun ere they are abandoned for something more enticing, or from a fear that they will not prove profitable; but it recalls disagreeable recollections, and I quit. CHIEF.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Wants Yet Unsupplied.

THE Maine Farmer has these timely and sensible remarks, which will apply to other localities than New England:

The labors of another haying season, a season about terminating, and one which has given employment to a greater number of machines of various descriptions than has heretofore been employed, have taught several lessons which should not be forgotten, and we allude to one or two now, hoping that some one will improve upon our suggestions and endeavor to aid in perfecting what so much needs to be accomplished.

1. A better horse-rake is needed. We have witnessed the operations of many different rakes the present season, and are satisfied they are all more or less defective. Whitcomb's rake is highly recommended, and is, perhaps, as good as any in use among us, but after having examined its operations upon several fields, we are satisfied it can be much improved, or wholly superseded by a rake that will give better satisfaction. It is too long in unloading. The horse travels three feet or more while the hay is dropping from the elevated rake—consequently the winrow is loose, flat and uneven, and requires considerable labor with the hand-rake to put it in shape to bunch up to advantage. Could the rake be elevated and dropped quicker, or the form of the teeth so constructed as to clear itself of hay sooner, it would be much better. The true principle of a horse-rake is the revolver. It rakes cleaner and makes a better winrow. But the old revolver possesses many disadvantages, which, we think, are overcome in Wallace & Carpenter's wheel revolver. The latter is a rake we think very highly of, although it is somewhat complicated.

2. We want a better contrivance for unloading hay. The horse pitch-fork was a great improvement over hand power—especially in conveying hay to the top of high mows, and even now it is the best thing of its kind in use. But we want a contrivance to unload a rack full of hay at a time. We believe that carts and barns can be so constructed that with the single pull of a horse, a load of hay can be dumped at once into the bay. This cannot be done of course after a certain amount of hay has been hauled in, but we believe with the aid of a little Yankee ingenuity, the thing can be accomplished, and all barns now built be so altered that the thing would work.

Other improvements in machines for performing farm labor will suggest themselves to observing men, who are invited to communicate the same.

A Use for Useless Things.

It is often the case that worn out articles lie about the premises for years without being of any use whatever, but which one dislikes to destroy. We occasionally see a good deal of ingenuity displayed in converting these to some valuable purpose.

Around gristmills may frequently be seen the worn out stones which have been there for years. We saw a man take one of these and place it where he wanted to set a cedar post in a bad spot. He set the post in the center of the stone, and it forms a permanent foundation, and renders the post less likely to be moved by frost. Split in twain they make good doorsteps.

Steel hoops which are always under foot, may be used for tying up grape vines; some have recommended their use for trailing vines, but nobody would like the looks of them there.

A wooden chair, minus its legs, nailed on to a block of wood, makes a capital milking stool. It can be turned down without being wet or soiled.

Old barrel hoops, which often get more kicks than blessings, make a good trellis for tomatoes by nailing two of them to a stake a foot apart, on each side of the plant.

Paint-kegs are excellent for keeping soft soap in small quantities.

A good sized barn-door truck screwed on to the end of a heavy gate, will save a good deal of lifting, and render it capable of being opened and shut by any child. We have seen a wooden truck answer a good purpose.

Thus every farmer who reads this article can add to its value by suggesting some use for some other useless thing.—Maine Farmer.

Recipe for Worms in Horses.

POWDERED poplar bark, two ounces; powdered sulphur, four ounces; table salt, three ounces; worm seed, one ounce; carbonate of soda, three ounces. Mix, divide the mass into twelve parts, and mix one with the food every night. This will not only remove the worms, but also tone up the digestive organs so that the parasites cannot for a time generate.—Prairie Farmer.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER PROGRESSING.—For the information of its hosts of friends, near and distant, we take pleasure in stating that this Journal is constantly increasing in circulation, and that its prospects were never more encouraging. Though it is many months since we have made any effort, by advertising or otherwise, to augment either its circulation or advertising patronage, both are satisfactory,—and now that the war is over we anticipate large accessions to our subscription list during the year ensuing. We gratefully appreciate the kind offices of all who so generously aided the RURAL during the trying years of the rebellion—a period so disastrous to newspapers that many of our contemporaries were obliged to suspend—and trust that their manifestations of approval will be continued. While we pledge constant and earnest endeavors to render the paper increasingly acceptable and valuable, we bespeak the influence of its friends everywhere—frankly asking them to aid in maintaining and augmenting its circulation and usefulness in their respective localities. And we need not remind the intelligent reader that the present is a favorable season to manifest, in a substantial manner, his or her approval of the RURAL and its objects. The long evenings are coming on apace, the bountiful harvests will soon be gathered, and during the approaching season of comparative leisure, thousands of farmers and others who have never taken it, will want such a paper as this for themselves and their families. All we desire, now, is that you, Reader, will do us and your neighbors the favor to introduce the RURAL NEW-YORKER to favorable notice, by simply stating its character and objects and inviting all to give it a trial.

OUR PUBLICATION DAY—When the Rural Goes to Press.—For the information of Contributors, Correspondents and Advertisers, we again state that, though the RURAL is dated on Saturday, it is put to press, and most of the edition printed, some days in advance. For instance our outside form (or pages 1, 4, 5 and 9) goes to press on Friday of the preceding week—or eight days ahead of date—and the inside form (pages 2, 3, 6 and 7) on Tuesday morning, or five days in advance. Anything intended for the outside of the paper, therefore, ought to reach us at least nine days before the date of the paper in which it is to appear, and matter for the inside pages six days in advance, or on Monday. All our readers interested will please note and remember this, especially such as send us seasonable articles and advertisements which require early publication. Last week we received several timely matters just a day too late, and on Saturday evening of the same week were favored with a page advertisement for the outside of this number, after some twenty thousand copies of the edition had been struck off! Those who wish to secure publication in the RURAL at any specified date must, therefore, be prompt in sending us the copy of their favors in order to save loss or disappointment, for our edition is now so large that it is indispensably necessary to put the forms to press at the times specified.

OBITUARY.—We are pained, though not surprised, to learn of the death of HENRY P. BYRAM, which occurred at Sag Harbor, Long Island, on the 6th ultimo. Mr. B. was formerly editor of the Valley Farmer, for some years Agricultural Editor of the Louisville Journal, and subsequently an occasional correspondent of the RURAL NEW-YORKER and other journals. He had been an invalid for several years, suffering much from a bronchial disease, and was in the 63d year of his age at the time of his decease.

JAMES T. NORTON, for the past fifteen years editor of the Livingston Republican, died at his residence in Genesee, N. Y., on the 15th ultimo, in the 48th year of his age. Mr. N. was an honored member of the editorial profession, and his death will be sincerely lamented by his brethren in Western New York, by most of whom he was well known and highly esteemed.

A DROUTH—Is prevailing in this section, and must prove serious unless rain falls soon. The grass is dried up, and city yards and gardens are suffering greatly. As to the extent of injury to corn, potatoes, &c., we are unable to say. The only report we have from any distance is the following from P. P. B., dated Batavia, N. Y. Aug. 23:—"We are having a very dry time. A short ride through the neighboring towns, reveals the fact that pastures are dried up and greatly in need of rain. Summer fallows are dry as an ash heap, and it will be unsafe to sow wheat, especially upon stubble ground, until we get a good shower. Potatoes will be a light crop. In many places the tops are dying."

GOOD MILKERS.—Col. ISAAC WOODMAN, a stock raiser and dairyman of Searsmont, Me., is reported in the Tribune to have said that as the result of forty years' experience, the heifer whose first calf is a bull, never proved to be much of a milkier, but if her first product is a heifer, she was pretty sure to reproduce all the milking qualities of her mother, however excellent they may have been.

ADDRESSES BEFORE WISCONSIN STATE SOCIETIES.—We learn that the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society has invited Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., of New York, to deliver the address before the State Wool Growers' Association, on Thursday, Sept. 28th, and Maj. Gen. SHERMAN to deliver the annual address before the Society, on the 29th.

CORRECTION.—In closing up P. P. B.'s article in last week's paper, "One of the Reasons Why," the types made a little muddle of the sense. The last three lines should read—"There is more danger in liberality than parsimony in the use of seed," &c.

A NINE TOOTH DRILL.—In answer to D. D. AMES' question, page 246 of your paper, I would say that the Roller Drill, manufactured at Powaglac, Mich., sows nine drills at a time, 7 1/2 inches apart, and is as light draft as an eight tooth drill.—B. S. MORLEY, Buchanan, Mich.

PLATFORM FOR A ROLLER.—Will you or some of your correspondents furnish, through the RURAL, a plan of a platform for a roller? I wish to have one made so that I can load, if necessary, half a ton or more of stone, and dump the load the same as with a cart. Any one who will furnish such a plan will much oblige.—A. SUBSCHER, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

BEE MANAGEMENT—INQUIRY.—Will Mr. LANGSTROTH, Mr. QUINBY, or other noted bee-keepers, enlighten us thro' the RURAL on one point of management? I have several (LANGSTROTH) hives of bees; and in them the combs are of uneven thickness, so that it is hard to get out the first frame when examining the hive. How can this difficulty be got over? Is there no other way than by comb-guides between the frames, (as described in RURAL of 1863, page 126?) Will not some experienced person give us beginners an article on the subject?—C. D., Brockport, N. Y.

HORTICULTURAL.

GRAPES AND TRELLISES.

FROM various accounts it seems that the grape crop is suffering to a great extent, this year, from mildew and rot. We shall not attempt to offer an infallible remedy for these diseases, for as yet neither observation nor science has found out the causes that produce them. Some varieties are more liable to suffer than others, and the Catawba seems to give as much cause for complaint as any. In Western and Central New York Isabella's constitute the bulk of the vineyards, and with them there is more complaint of mildew than rot. We were lately in a vineyard of about an acre in extent, on a warm gravel soil, sloping to the west and north. The rows run east and west. There was plenty of fruit—too much of it,—and the vines were too thick. A dry decay was withering much of the fruit, and it was likewise badly mildewed. On a slope near by, facing the east, planted on nearly pure sand, and well shut in from the winds, were twenty or so Dianas. They were trained to stakes, and were badly rotted, or withered, but had little mildew. On the crest of a hill were some Concord, Hartford Prolifics, and Delawares. The wind could blow freely on them. They were far sounder in every respect than any of the others, and the Delawares were best of all.

There are some conditions to be fulfilled if one succeeds in grape growing. One is, to which all agree, a warm, sunny exposure, and a dry, loose soil, either naturally or made so by labor. The grape loves sunshine and warmth; its broad, green leaves face square to the sun in the hottest valleys, and grow greener in the fery rays. About cultivation and training the vine there are different opinions and methods, and each way has its advocates and instances of success. At Cincinnati they dwarf our strong growing natives to stakes, and they complain very much of disease. In Missouri they train on trellises and have fair success. In New York we train mostly in the same way, and we suffer from mildew and sour grapes. In Northern France and on the Rhine and Neckar, they train to low stakes in the vineyards, and on arbors to horizontal trellises around their houses. Frequently they have very short crops in the vineyards. In the Italian valleys of the Alps, they raise their vines high from the ground and train on horizontal trellises. Their success is unsurpassed. On the plains of Champagne the vines are planted thicker than we plant corn. They stick pegs in the ground beside them and let them grow a foot and a half high. There are hundreds of acres cultivated in this way on the rolling table lands. One vine is an insignificant affair in a vineyard. It may produce two or three small bunches of small grapes. But they are very sweet. This yield does not make Champagne cheap, though it is largely manufactured in this country, also, from cider.

On the training of a vine depends in a great degree its profit and healthfulness. In this work we ought to take the broad hints which Nature gives us; although it is now claimed by many that we have got far ahead of the venerable dame in learning, and her hints are decidedly antiquated. A thrifty and fruitful wild vine has plenty of air, plenty of room, and its roots are well shaded; and these, with plenty of sun on the leaves, (not on the fruit) should be the objects in view to guide us in training our cultivated vines.

The method best adapted to secure these objects is training on a horizontal trellis, elevated several feet from the ground, so that a man and team can walk and work freely under it. In the first place such a trellis would cost no more than a perpendicular one of the same area. It would take no more posts or slats or wires. The system of trimming the vines would be the same; the vines would lie flat instead of being upright. The main stem of each vine would be longer as it would reach from the ground to the trellis overhead, before a branch was allowed to grow. A vineyard trained in this manner could be cultivated and kept clean very easy. A team with plow or harrow could pass in every direction through it if the posts and vines were set properly, and they could not catch and tear down the tender vines. If it was thought best to raise clover or any other green crop, to plow under and enrich the land, it could be easily done. And it is pleasant to contemplate, in these days, that all the work could be done in the shade. If the trellis was high, as it ought to be, a team and wagon could be driven under it when the grapes were ripe, and the pickers could gather the fruit from the wagon. A wagon could have a suitable platform built on it for the pickers to stand on and move about, with room for their baskets, and the same arrangement could be used when the vines were trimmed and tied. Of course if the land is steep and not terraced other means would have to be used.

Plenty of air, or rather a free circulation of it would be secured to a vineyard by this trellis. The wind can no more blow through a vineyard trained by stakes, on level or gently rolling ground, than it can through a corn field, or a forest. With the upright trellis it is worse. We could scarcely devise a better barrier to the free circulation of the healthful breeze. We rear up dense and lofty walls of living green, rank after rank, till the summer zephyr is bewildered in their mazes, and dies in their midst. Poisonous exhalations, arising from the ground, or falling like the dew, are entangled by these walls of green, and find leisure to work their deadly mischief. The horizontal trellis would offer no impediment to the circulation of the air, but in the calmest day, if the sun shone, it would probably create some movement in the atmosphere; a mass of shade close to the sunshine alters the density of the air and produces motion. If, as

many suppose, the dews have a bad influence on the health of the grape, this trellis would likewise be a protection, as they could hardly settle on the ground from which probably the damage, if there be any, arises. It is a noteworthy fact that vines on trellises near a building, or that overrun a roof, or climb trees, places where but little dew falls, are commonly thrifty and the fruit healthy. All dews are not hurtful, but sometimes noxious gasses, or etherialized substances, floating in the air may be fixed and concentrated in the dew, and delivered to the roots and pores of plants.

Another advantage of this trellis would be in the better distribution of the fruit. One bunch would not hang on another, or be smothered and covered by leaves around it. Each bunch would hang down free and separate, shaded from the sun but free to the air. Thinning the fruit, which is very essential to our American vines, although the mass of cultivators do not seem to have learnt it yet, could be very easily done where all the fruit hung in plain sight. The rule would be, let no bunches touch each other.

The ground would be shaded from the hot summer's sun. This is important. Nature invariably endeavors to protect the soil from the direct sunshine. She rears up the shade of the lofty forest, and spreads the soft mantle of the green grass. Nowhere does she uncover the soil. The solitary tree shades the space with its branches, through which its roots extend. Our orchards are cropped until they grow to shade the ground, and then the grass forms a mulch. Our corn and cereals shade the ground from the beginning. But the vine-grower plows and hoes, and cultivates his soil through all the summer sun, where but little shade falls on ground through which runs a network of vital, fibrous roots. Should we wonder that the careless vineyardist, who lets the weeds overrun and mangle the ground, gathers sometimes the richest reward? Who can tell the vitality sapped—the disease engendered in the delicate fibrous roots that are near the surface, by scorching heat—sudden changes of temperature—that attend this constant exposure of the soil? Surely the cheapest, most effectual, least-in-the-way mulching we can put on the vineyards, is shade.

We have argued in this article for a system of trellising which is seldom if ever adopted in vineyards in this country. Single vines are sometimes managed in this way, and so far as we have observed with great success. Why not whole vineyards, likewise?

ANOTHER APPLE TREE WORM.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I send you enclosed specimens of a worm which I noticed for the first time upon my apple trees two years ago. At that time they were confined to a few young trees. I destroyed them. Last year twenty or thirty trees were attacked by them. This year they are making their appearance on hundreds of my young trees. They commence at the end of the branches and work down, destroying every leaf as they go. They work in close proximity, covering each leaf with as many as can work together, others take the nearest leaves and cover them—thus working in companies of ten to one hundred on the same limb and close together. They make no nest. I have not been able to discover whence they came nor whither they go. They commence about the first of August, but how long they continue their depredations I cannot tell. In some cases last year they had stripped every leaf from some trees and disappeared before I noticed the fact. The smaller ones have black heads with yellow spots on the back. As they become larger the body becomes darker, and the head and those spots become bright scarlet. The largest specimen inclosed is not half grown. When fully grown these spots become very bright and much larger than on these. Their excrementitious deposits literally blacken the ground. I am fearful that they are destined to be a worse enemy to the apple tree than any worm or insect that has heretofore appeared in this section of country,—they multiply so rapidly and devour so ravenously.

I am not sufficiently read in Entomology to be able to classify this worm or form an opinion how dangerous it is. If in your opinion it is worthy an article in your valuable paper, I hope you will give us the benefit of your science and opinions in the matter, and tell us what we may expect from its future operations—what remedies can be applied, &c., &c. Please send me a copy of your paper which shall contain the notice, if you should notice it.

Lockport, Aug. 1st, 1865. S. CAVERNO. In reply to the above, we are glad to say that this worm is not known here, so far as we have heard, and that we have not the means of ascertaining the necessary knowledge. Our correspondent, and others also, will ascertain the facts by sending the worms, bugs, &c., to Dr. ASA FITCH, Entomologist of the New York State Agricultural Society, Fitch's Point, East Greenwich, N. Y. This would enable Mr. CAVERNO, or others, to diffuse the knowledge for the public good.—EDS.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE CURRANTS.

DRY THEM. After separating them from the stems, put into a porcelain or tin kettle and cook over a slow fire till the skin opens, then spread on plates and dry in the sun or a cool oven. The juice may be put over them when drying, or made into jelly or wine. Make them into jelly. It is good and wholesome, and no more costly than most other preserves. To do this press out the juice—before adding the sugar throw away the skins and seeds. Make them into wine. It is much better every way than the villainous mixtures generally sold for wine. The clear juice and three pounds of sugar to the gallon make an excellent wine,—too strong for temperance folks to use as a bev-

erage, but all the better for being strong for all the purposes for which wine ought to be used. It is easily reduced with water at the time of using.

Two table-spoonfuls of currants with sugar added—mashed up—and the tumbler filled with cold water, makes a better drink than lemonade.

The black currants may be dried in the manner described above. They lose the rank flavor in drying, so disagreeable to some, and are a good substitute for raisins. Wine from the black currants is thus spoken of by a medical writer:—"Wine of black currants has all the good qualities of port without any of its heating or constipating effects. In cases of great debility and exhaustion, after protracted fevers, this wine proves grateful to the palate and friendly to the stomach. Its use has been attended with remarkable success in the early stages of cholera and dysentery, and also in the later stages of these diseases. It has been strikingly remedial in the low stages of Typhoid and Billous fevers, and excellent in sore throat."

The above recipe is good for making wine of black currants, but a little water must be added or it will be jelly. Two pounds of sugar to a gallon of juice makes very good wine of this currant.

It is good economy in making wine to let the expressed juice stand in an open vessel a day or two, so that the scum may rise and be skimmed off before adding the sugar.

S. W. ARNOLD.

CULTIVATING CHESTNUTS.

WE notice in an Ohio journal, a communication from Dr. Kirtland, in relation to the cultivation of chestnuts. He raised in his garden, from seed, the French, Spanish, and Italian chestnuts, some twenty years ago, which he transplanted, and which, when ten years old, commenced bearing crops. He thinks they will pay well to cultivate, and also recommends the shalbarck hickory nut for cultivation. He says the three kinds of chestnuts named are about equal in quality. Is he sure of this? We find that the French is superior to either the Spanish or Italian, and we believe this to be the general opinion. But neither of them equal in quality our own native, though twice or three times as large. We have fruited neither, having only the French variety growing.

While on the subject we desire to add, that we have often been surprised that farmers generally did not give some attention to the growing of chestnuts and English walnuts. On almost every farm is a plot of ground that is useless for farming purposes. Chestnuts will grow almost anywhere, however poor and stony the land. No doubt the French variety is more profitable, from being more marketable than our own. These can be raised either from the plant, or our native varieties can be grafted with them. They grow as readily from the graft as apple or pear. Even for home use, a tree or two of the French is very desirable. Plant them out, protect them from cattle, and let them alone; and in course of time the fruit will come in abundance.

But we desire to say a word for the English walnut. We consider this fruit as more profitable to cultivate than the chestnut. The tree grows readily, affords good shade, and will commence to produce regular crops of fruit in ten years, and will add to the quantity each year as the tree increases in size. The fruit is much sought after in its green state for pickling; and in its ripe state it is better than those imported from England. Its quality every one relishes. The price it commands at the fruiterers will always doubly repay trouble and expense attending the gathering and marketing. We believe the English walnut, as well as the chestnut named, can be obtained at the nurseries advertised in this paper.—Germantown Telegraph.

NOT STRAWBERRIES ENOUGH.

WE have been paying from forty to sixty cents a quart for strawberries ever since the first of June. Now and then they would slide down to thirty or thirty-five cents for a day or two, but most mysteriously slide up again. The supply in this market is below the demand. As late as the 24th of June our market-men had the audacity to charge us fifty-five cents a quart for strawberries not above the average in quality, and even as late as the 28th, one of our most distinguished nurserymen charged us fifty cents for the worst looking box of strawberries we have eaten this year, and that too on the place, not including commissions, profit of middle-men or anything of the kind. This berry has become almost a necessity for consumption in our city, especially in families where there are children. It is one of the most healthful of fruits, and comes just at the time when the debilitating effects of warm weather are felt, and will have them at any reasonable price. For a person not engaged in active manual labor, and whose appetite is not at this season remarkably good, a quart of strawberries is worth more than a pound of meat any day, and as a matter of luxury he is bound to have them at any rate if they can be had. We hope our readers who are within reach of this market will think of this matter, and get ready, next month, to put in the largest kind of a strawberry bed. They may be sure it will pay.—Mass. Ploughman.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS AMONG THE POOR.—Some of the English papers express pleasure if not surprise at the result of efforts which have recently been made to encourage the growth of plants and flowers by the lower classes of London. Exhibitions have been held, sometimes in the schoolrooms of the children, and small premiums awarded for the best display. One collection, brought down from the top of a house, comprised two hollyhocks, two dahlias, geraniums, &c. From another attic garden came a

little box of mignonette in bloom, in the center, with beans trained to sticks at the ends. A two-year old oak, grown from an acorn in a bottle, was the pride of one woman, while another, with a very humble display, said she had been trying to interest her husband in her window garden, with the hope that it might draw him away from the public house.—Ez.

WHEN TO PICK APPLES AND PEARS.

THE Prairie Farmer says:—Most people let apples and pears become too ripe before they gather them. They want to see them fully ripe—ready to fall off the tree—before they pick them. This is wrong. If picked a few days before maturity they will keep longer, color more highly, and command a higher price in market. The precise time to pick is rather difficult to determine. The best criterion is to raise the fruit up and bend the stem over, and if the stem parts from the shoot without breaking, the fruit is ready to pick—whether apples or pears. Pears should be picked proportionally earlier than apples. The quality of the fruit is also improved by early gathering. After being picked, it should be put in tight boxes or barrels, and kept a few days in the dark, if of summer or fall varieties. Here they undergo a sweating process, and when the barrel is opened, the fruit will be found of the brightest crimson and richest golden colors. Half of the secret of success in orcharding, is in knowing how and when to pick fruit, and how to get it to market so as to command the highest price and readiest sales. Every one's experience must govern him, and the more he studies this matter, the more expert he will become. We are anxious all our readers should think while they work—that the mind should be exercised as well as the muscle in farm operations; and particularly should this be the case in fruit growing, where skill of the highest order will always be suitably rewarded.

Horticultural Notes and Queries

A NEW SEEDLING GRAPE.—Mr. J. KEECH, of Waterloo, N. Y., sends us a bunch of a new seedling grape which he has named "Waterloo Beauty." He informs us that it originated in Waterloo. The vine is three years old, and bore last year some twenty clusters, ripe 15th of August. The vine he says is trained on the east side of a dwelling and has not been taken down in the winter. Mr. K. claims it to be ten days earlier than any other hardy grape in cultivation in this country. The bunch sent us is small, containing fourteen berries, round, black, about the size of fair Concord, adhering well to the stalk. Pulp exceeding tough and acid, with a strong "foxy" perfume. We presume the quality would have been much improved by hanging ten days longer on the vine—for though black it is far from being ripe. We hope Mr. KEECH will bring his new grape before the Fruit Growers in meeting assembled.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The Autumn Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will be held at the Court House in the City of Rochester, on Thursday the 21st day of September. There will be an exhibition of Fruits in season to which all are invited to contribute.

HYBRID PERPETUAL ROSES.—Giant of Battles has bloomed twice, and is now budding for the third bloom (July 16.) Dr. Arnol has bloomed twice. Sydonic is budding for second bloom, the first bloom having been very profuse. Plus IX. is six feet high and growing profusely but has not bloomed nor budded this year.—s. w. a., Cortland, N. Y.

PURNING VINES.—Should grape vines which were set this last spring, be trimmed any this fall, or rather should more than one branch be permitted to grow?—c. d.

Vine should be trimmed. Cut back to one or two eyes. This may be done in the autumn or early in the spring.

PLANTAIN.—Will our kind Editor, or some other good friend, tell us if there is any way of killing Plantain.—Plantago Major,—without plowing? We have tried mowing, but it seems to grow only the more thrifty.—m.

Cultivation is the only method we are acquainted with.

Domestic Economy.

TO STEW PEARS.—To every pound of pears when peeled put half a pound of loaf sugar. Put the fruit into a stew pan and cover it with cold water, and shut the lid quite close. Stew the fruit gently till tender, and then add a few lumps of sugar. After stewing the pears two or three hours, put in the cloves—twenty cloves to six or eight pounds of fruit—and the peel of two lemons. Keep adding the sugar by degrees. If the sirup is much wasted add a little more hot water. They require stewing about two hours very gently. When they are nearly done, add the juice of both lemons—it will add to their flavor and brighten the sirup.

TO PRESERVE TOMATOES.—Prof. Mapes says: "If tomatoes are slightly scalded and skinned, and put into bottles, and those set in boiling water for a few minutes, and corked and sealed, the fruit will keep as long as desired, and if eaten when first opened will have the same taste as when just picked from the vines." Probably a better way is to peel the tomatoes and boil slightly so as to expel the air, then put in heated bottles and cork at once. All depends on the exclusion of the air. The more perfectly this is done the longer fruit may be preserved.

CORN PANCAKES.—Boil eight or ten ears of corn pass a sharp knife down each row, and with the back of the knife or a spoon scrape off all the corn, but be particular to leave the hull on the cob. One gill new milk, two teaspoonfuls salt, two eggs well beaten, and as much flour as will make a batter as thick as griddle-cakes. Then add the corn. Have the lard boiling hot, and drop a tablespoonful at a time. When brown, serve hot for dinner.—Ez.

Horticultural Advertisements.

200,000 DOOLITTLE BLACK-CAP Raspberries for sale by T. W. IDE, East Shelby, N. Y.

PURE MAZZARD CHERRY PITS Freshly gathered in the West. Address T. T. SOUTHWICK, Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

HEDGE SEED.

OF THE OSAGE ORANGE, from Texas, by OVERMAN, MANN & CO., Box 106, Normal, or 600 Bloomington, Ill.

HARTFORD PROLIFIC GRAPE VINES.—A large stock of old wood layers, and one year old vines grown from long cuttings: all from fruit-bearing vines. We also have a good stock of Concord, Delaware, Diana, Adirondac, Iona, Israella, &c. Price List, post-paid, to all applicants. Address C. L. HUAG & CO., Lockport, N. Y.

EXTRA LARGE PEAR SEEDLINGS.—500,000 fine, extra large Pear Seedlings for sale. Raised on a strong clay loam, trenched to the depth of eighteen inches, which gives them strong roots. These seedlings are free from blight; also very thrifty, until frost comes. For further information, address HAMMOND & NEWSON, Geneva, N. Y.

GRAPES AND STRAWBERRIES.—The subtleties, grown with great care, from stock of the new varieties, Israella and Adirondac \$1.00 each, or the three to one address, for \$4.00. Agriculturist 15 for \$1; Brooklyn, Bear-ist, Col. Eastworth, Monitor, Asa's Seedling, Russell's Prolific 75 cts. per dozen. The above plants are extra paid, and securely packed on receipt of price. Also a general assortment of nursery stock. Send for price list. R. E. HOWARD & CO., Holley, N. Y.

50,000 GRAPE VINES.—Delawares, Concord, Diana, Catawba, and some Iona, Israella and Adirondacs. The four first are all from vineyard layers and are very strong—the three last from two eyes and are extra. They will be sold at the lowest wholesale rates. The layers are extra and three times as strong as eye plants. Persons wishing a sample, by forwarding \$2.00, will receive the amount in vines. A. FAHNESTOCK, Toledo, O., Aug. 20, 1865. 815-570

GRAPE VINES.—Delaware, Diana, Concord and Hartford all kinds of fruit-bearing vines. Also Adirondac, Iona, and Israella. Price List sent, post-paid, to all applicants. Address J. H. BABCOCK & CO., Lockport, N. Y.

FRUIT COMMISSION WAREHOUSE.—The undersigned has superior facilities for receiving, storing and shipping 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, Potatoes, Apples, and Grapes collected. H. C. WHITE, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1865. 814-47

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.—Agriculturist, \$1.00 per dozen; Green Prolific and Chilly, the latter fully equal if not superior to the former, 50 cts. per dozen, \$2 per 100. Also Fillmore, Shaker, Peabody, Russell, Buffalo, French, Bartlett, Cutter, Searles, Magnate, Ward's Favorite, Wizard of the North and Newland's Agent. 50 cents per dozen, \$2 per 100. Also Jenny Lind, Downer, Wilson, Triumph de Gand, Hovey, Hooker, Crimson Cone and Chilly at 20 cents per dozen, and other kinds. Also Tri-bune sorts at \$1 per dozen. Charges per box \$1.00. Also an immense stock of Doolittle's and Purple Cone Raspberry plants for the fall trade at low rates. Catalogues on application. A. M. PURDY, South Bend, Ind. 814-87

STANDARD PEARS.—2 to 4 years—very strong and fine—good assortment of varieties. Dwarf Pears, 2 and 3 years, very stocky and strong. Dwarfs Pears, Standard and Dwarf, thrifty. CHEERIES, 1 and 2 years. PLUMS, 2 and 3 years. PEACHES, one year.

SMALL FRUITS.—Agriculturist and other Strawberries. EVERGREENS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, &c. We have paid special attention to the cultivation of the new variety GREEN GEM, and also to the best plants of Iona, Adirondac and Israella, by the 100 or 1000, at low rates. Also, Diana, Concord, Delaware, Rebecca, Allen's Hybrid, Hartford, Prolific, Rogers, Hybrida, and new and near the best of the kind. Also a splendid lot of Delaware and Diana layers, many of them with 6 feet of bearing wood. Address, with stamp, for Price List. BROOKLYN ORNAMENTAL SEEDLING EST., 814-10 Washington St., Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO CIDER-MAKERS.

THE JERSEY POWER APPLE GRINDER, (BUTTERWORTH'S PATENT).

Attention is called to the superior merit of this new and valuable invention for grinding apples, peaches and other kinds of fruit. It possesses great advantages over the common wooden mill, giving an increase of from ten to thirty per cent. in the yield of cider, and is warranted to be as represented in every particular. This machine has an iron cylinder containing steel-grater knives which are set in motion by the action of a hand crank, and the fruit is ground by means of set-screws so that when they need sharpening they can be taken out and reset in five minutes time. It has also a sectional iron concave held in position by independent steel springs adjustable to any desired pressure, and the whole arrangement is so combined that the machine cannot be injured by the stones. With an ordinary two-horse power this machine will grind fine and uniform cider, and will crush upwards of apples per hour; needs very little oil in repairs, and by the superior manner in which it does its work one month's use will pay for the mill. Manufactured and for sale by R. BUTTERWORTH, Trenton, N. J. AGENTS.—D. R. BARTON, 61 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.; VOORHEES & CO., Trumansburg, N. Y. 814-58

TREES AND PLANTS.

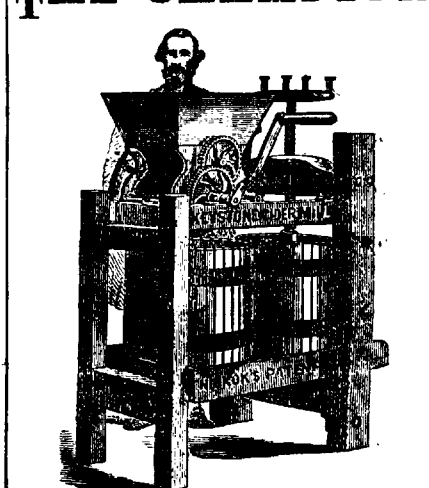
Great Inducements Offered to Dealers and Planters in Trees.

We offer for this Fall and coming Spring, a large stock of Standard Apple Trees, 3 to 5 years old; a good stock of Standard and Dwarf Pears; Standard and Dwarf Cherries; Standard Plum, Peach and Orange Quince. Also a splendid stock of Horse Chestnuts, and 50,000 Strawberry and Raspberry Plants, Gooseberry, Currant and other stocks. 70,000 Grape Vines of the best kind, from 1 to 3 years old, all for sale cheap for cash. JANE & PLATTNER, Benton, Yates Co., N. Y.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS.—First class Osage Orange Plants may be procured at the Mount Nurseries, Address Box 88 Canton, Fulton Co., Illinois. 815-47

NURSERY STOCK.—I will exchange Nursery Stock, raised in Wayne county, for horses or any other farming lands. Address J. O. B. F. SCOTT, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. 608-87

THE CHAMPION.



HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE

Keystone Cider and Wine Mill.

This admirable Machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1865, and is made in the most perfect manner with either one or two tubs, and is well worthy the attention of all persons wanting such a Machine. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind grapes. For sale by all respectable dealers. I also make two sizes of a superior press for Berries, &c., &c. If your merchant does not keep them, tell him to send for one for you or write for one yourself to the manufacturer. W. O. HARRISBURG, Pa. 805-157

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THOUGHTS FROM NATURE.

BY ROSEBET ANNIE ROSE.

Blow, sweet winds of summer! Soft and low
Thy dreamy music falls upon my ear,
And I could think, while listening to thy sounds,
That angel-hands were tuning harp-strings near.

Flow on, swift streamlet! through the grassy vales,
Where flowers shed sweet fragrance on the air;
While ever and anon, their blossoms fall
Upon thy breast, and float in beauty there.

Pour forth thy sweetest strains, O singing bird!
And fill the trembling air with melody;
The earth seems fairer, and the sky more bright,
When I am listening to thy minstrelsy.

Shine on, bright stars of evening! from the sky
That stretches o'er my head an azure veil;
Shine on, and show the children of the earth
The power of Him whose light shall never fail.

Come! all things bright, and beautiful, and good!
Come! tell us of that One who dwells above;
Who lends you from the glorious realms of Heaven
To charm the earth and fill our hearts with love.

So shall our souls be fitted for that place,
Where we would wish to go when life is past;
Where goodness reigns, undying and serene,
And rest eternal shall be ours at last.

Barton, Ohio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
SUMMER MORNINGS.—No. III.

To live in this world and retain one's reason, one must either be a Stoic or a Christian. This is the conclusion of my morning reflections. I came out here, on the porch, because I was tired of trying to look at the landscape piece-meal, through the window blinds; and I wanted to see the church spires as the sunshine touched them. I have seen no sun yet, but the sea of mist covering the city and filling up the valley even to the tops of the hills beyond, is golden with its rays, and a light cloud floating in the eastern sky has a rosy tinge. The tips of the tallest spires are just visible, and the factory bells are ringing a soft, subdued chime out of the cloud. Here and there I can see the outline—the ghost of a building, and farther away a whole block of the phantom city. Just between the sun and me the mass is rolling in light waves upward, and settling in dark, heavy clouds. It is very beautiful I know, but I cannot enjoy it because of a dull, heavy pain at my heart. Now the pain isn't a definite one, and I have been only dimly conscious of it while I have been thinking; but at last it has fought its way uppermost in my mind, and will be ignored no longer. It took off the edge of last evening's enjoyment, and threatens to spoil more than one day for me; and it is all because of a little thoughtlessness on the part of another person.

After that first lesson, in which we learn that there are other worlds bigger than ours; that the place we live in is not the most beautiful on the earth, nor our father the smartest man; that our giants are windmills, and that a hundred dollars will not buy half a hemisphere; after we have learned that the man whose gray hairs we thought a crown of glory, who spoke with such deep voice from the pulpit, whom we looked upon with such reverence that we hardly dare lift our eyes to his face, after all, does wrong sometimes, has one glaring fault: it seems to me the next hardest lesson we have to learn is, that we must suffer. We spend a few years with little thought of the matter, all the time unconsciously trying to escape suffering, and then, some day, when we are heart-sick, and weary with the strife, the fact flashes across our minds like a revelation, that we must suffer, not only for our own faults, but for the sins of others. Shall we ever forget the grief, the keen sense of injustice towards ourselves the thought brings? We struggle and rebel, but cannot escape. Then we think of pleasures lost, of opportunities for improvement we were obliged to give to others who had no more right to them than we; of an unfortunate course in life begun through the influence of those wiser than ourselves; of the missing, through the whim of those in authority, of that "tide, which, taken at its ebb, leads on to fortune;" yes, sometimes, of a curse entailed upon us by our parents, a burden and blight we must always bear; and then, unless we have firm faith in God, is it any wonder we become miserable rebels? Worse than the thought of all the evil which may accrue to us through the wrongdoing of others, is the thought that careless words and actions are influencing toward wrong one we would give our life to keep from the knowledge of evil. The thought of inevitable suffering for ourselves is bad enough; but that our dear ones must suffer through all time, through others, seems unendurable.

Unless we have some higher principle in our hearts, we exercise only passive resignation under this state of things, or become careless and reckless, only needing a harder trial to make us bitter again. Even we who trust in a God, "too wise to err, too good to be unkind," sometimes forget the office of our sorrows, forget that the He, the Captain of our Salvation, was made perfect through suffering.

We accept the fact that this is a life of probation, but murmur when the trials come. A practical belief in these great truths, and a firm faith in the infinite wisdom and love of our Father in Heaven, would lead us to hail these trials as our best educators, our greatest blessings. Not that we should seek suffering and take it unnecessarily upon ourselves—that would be to take our education from the hands of the Almighty; but only that we should receive it willingly when it comes, praying we may learn the lesson it was designed to teach.

To become a Stoic, is to deaden one's self alike

to joy and grief; in becoming a Christian, one increases, perhaps, his capacity for both. At least, becoming a Christian does not exempt from suffering; it is becoming the disciple of the "Man of Sorrows;" yet, when under the heaviest stroke of affliction, and suffering the keenest agony, there is, what seems so paradoxical to the world, a peace in his heart the world can neither give nor take away. We know that the LORD loveth whom He chasteneth, and that in another world we shall be able to say, "this joy I should not have known but for that trial; that light affliction has worked for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." If we learn aright, we shall know that the denial of self for the glory of God and the good of our fellow man, is the noblest privilege of our being, the birth-right of the Sons of God; we shall learn to walk carefully lest we make others to offend, or bring the woe upon them we deprecate for ourselves. ENOLA.

A LADY AND A ROBBER.

The following authentic story will invalidate the often repeated charge against women, that "they cannot keep a secret." Some years since, a lady called at a glover's shop in the outskirts of the city of London, and purchased a pair of gloves for her immediate wear, observing at the same time, that she was on her road to Burnet—that she had left her gloves at her friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being beighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the gloves; and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with bank notes, stepped into her carriage, and proceeded on her journey. She had scarcely reached Finchley Common, when a highwayman stopped the carriage, and demanded her money. He entreated her not to be alarmed, as he had no intention on her person—if she surrendered her property, it was all he wanted, declaring that distress, and not his will, urged him to this desperate act, and he was determined to remove his pecuniary wants or perish. The lady gave him her purse, and the desperado rode off.

After he was gone, and her fright had somewhat subsided, the lady imagined that in the address of the highwayman, she recognized the voice of the glover she had just before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered her servant to drive back to town—not choosing, she said to venture further over the heath.

On her arrival at the glover's, she knocked and gained admission, the glover himself opening the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover showed her to a back parlor; when she exclaimed:

"I am come for my purse, of which you robbed me this evening on Finchley Common!" The glover was confounded; and the lady proceeded, "It is of no use for you to deny it. I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return to me my property, and trust to my humanity."

The glover, overcome with guilt, shame, and confusion, confessed the crime, returned the purse, and pleaded his distress. The lady, after suitable admonition, gave him a ten pound note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel; adding that she would not divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the papers, the discovery was omitted; and it was not until recently that a minute account of this singular transaction was found among the papers alluded to. Even in the private memorandum, the name and residence of the glover was omitted; and the secret, in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave!

FANCY DREAMS.

SOME young ladies regard marriage as a fairy land, where violets and roses perpetually blossom, where the cedar tree and the cinnamon tree ever flourish—where the waters of tranquility and sweetness uninterruptedly flow. Tell them there are briars in their stead; though they do not contradict, yet they do not credit you, for they believe that their love, their devotedness for each other, will exempt them from the cares, the vicissitudes and the anxieties pertaining to humanity. All lovers, before marriage, conceive that their destiny will be an exception to the general rule. The future with them will be *toujours couleur de rose*. Could you give them a sketch in the pages of their future history they would not believe a word of it; they would sit you down as a misanthrope, a painter of gloomy and unnatural scenes, an inimical represser of the hopes and aspirations of youth. The dark spots that the telescope of your experience might discover, they would regard but as mole-hills in the moon. If they would but reflect a little, how much misery they would avoid.

MOTHERS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

WHEN I lived among the Choctaw Indians, says one, I held a consultation with one of their chiefs respecting the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and, among other things, he informed me that at their start they made a great mistake—they only sent boys to school. These boys came home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the uniform result was, the children were like their mothers. The father soon lost all interest both in wife and children. "And now," says he, "if we would educate but one class of our children, we should choose the girls; for when they become mothers, they educate their sons."

This is the point, and it is true. No nation can become fully enlightened when mothers are not in a good degree qualified to discharge the duties of the home work education. — *Le Roy Gazette.*

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
"NIL DESPERANDUM."

BY MERTLE COOK.

"NIL DESPERANDUM," the journey grows shorter,
There on the mountain the watch-fires gleam;
See, o'er the wall floats the standard celestial—
Ship your oar, brother, and gaze down the stream.

"NIL DESPERANDUM," there's nothing of evil
Set to our souls that those souls cannot bear;
Temptings or trials, afflictions or chastenings,
All can be conquered and borne with—by prayer.

"NIL DESPERANDUM," what tho' we be drifting,
New on the tide, to the perilous sea?
Naught can befall, while afar o'er the waters
Gleams out that beacon to guide you and me.
See how it glows as the way seems to darken,
Purer than starlight it falls on the wave,
Showing the breakers that threaten before us—
Lit by the hand that is "mighty to save."

"NIL DESPERANDUM," JEHOVAH abideth,
Firm as the hills, and unchanging as they;
That hand that holds us keeps worlds in their places,
Yet gives the sparrow his crumb every day.
"NIL DESPERANDUM," ho! shipmate, what greeting?
Ship your oar—gaze o'er the waters afar;
Brighter the way seems to open before us,
Gleams from the darkness our sentinel star.

Rochester, N. Y.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
JUSTIFIABLE DECEPTION.

BY CAROLUS.

I KNOW, Mr. EDITOR, that you, in common with your own class and the Legal Profession, scorn every species of deception, and turn with unutterable loathing from a lie! I know also that such is the popular impression, and that the *vox populi* is always right!

You not only never say, professionally or in a private capacity, what you do not mean, but you always say, without fear or favor, all that you mean—no more and no less. Your language is the unsullied mirror of your soul. Moreover, in your conduct, you are painfully anxious never to convey other than a true and exact impression of all that constitutes your personality; such as the quality of your intellect, the extent of your monetary resources, and the character of your motives. I met you, you will remember, the other day, when the weather was very warm, with your coat buttoned close up to your chin; and yet no suspicion of soiled linen or a shabby waistcoat fitted across my mind. If the vest had been ragged, or the usually immaculate shirt-front a little dingy, I know with what manly candor you would have exposed the fact to the world. You never dye your beard, or wear a wig, or comb your hair up from your ears to conceal that bald spot, ridgy, as every Bumpstap knows, with the protuberances of a massive intellect. You never turn a corner suddenly to avoid a dun. You never put on an unconscious look, and stare hard at vacancy over the heads of your humble neighbors, who are dying for a smile of recognition. You leave the door of your dwelling open, day and night, that the world may inspect the character of your domestic economy. You wear in the broad daylight the phylacteries of your religious faith, and spread your political convictions far and wide. In short, O Knight of the Quill, the Scissors, and the Paste-Box! you are the only thoroughly honest person I ever knew; and yet I believe that even you will admit that the character of a transaction may sometimes affect the interpretation of words, and that you would be disposed to justify such a subterfuge as the following, which I borrow from Dr. FRANCIS LIEBER, who extracts it from RAUMER'S "History of the Hohenstaufen:"

"After King CONRAD, in 1140, had defeated Duke GUELF VI. in the battle of Weinsberg, the city of that name was besieged, and soon reduced to the necessity of surrendering. The men were doomed to die. Upon this the women implored CONRAD to allow them, at least, to take away so much of their treasures as each could carry on her back. The request was granted; but when the appointed hour of their departure arrived, a long procession of women appeared, each carrying her husband. Duke FREDERICK, the King's brother, was enraged, but CONRAD said: "A royal word must not be twisted;" and the faithful wives were now allowed to carry away their other treasures likewise."

But what think you of this different species of deception also related in LIEBER'S "Hermeneutics:"

"A flute-player advertised in an English town that he would exhibit the extraordinary feat of holding in his left hand a glass of wine, which he would drink, though the six strongest men of the place should hold his left arm and try to prevent him from bringing the glass to his lips. Six stout men accordingly grasped his arm, on the night of the performance, when he quietly advanced his right hand, took the glass and quaffed the wine."

I feel that no language of mine can depict the indignation with which you would regard such a transaction.

You will permit me, sometime in the future, (for I fear I have already trespassed too much on your space in this article,) to try and deduce a general moral principle from these two specimens of subterfuge, and show how far deception is strictly allowable in the transactions of life.

If we were always as particular not to breathe foul air as we are not to drink dirty water, we should have a different race of beings, physically, from what we now have.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
TELL YOUR TROUBLES.

BY COUSIN HARRY.

Yes, tell them. Why not? To be sure, some one may be unfeeling enough to remark that you have little to do but relate your grievances. But what does that signify? He knows nothing about trouble and distress. Of course not. And if he did, who would pity him? He ought to keep out of trouble.

But tell your troubles. It is natural to do that. Besides, if you keep them all to yourself, some one may become possessed with the absurd fancy that you have no troubles to tell. Just as if you could exist without them! But at least the world will imagine, (for that is natural, too, you know,) that you are a happy man, and will regard your condition—however it may estimate your deserts—as proof positive that this is a very good world to live in after all. That would be deception, would it not? But deception is certainly wrong, and you must guard against making false impressions.

So let us hear the whole story. Bring your dark distresses to the light of disclosure. Doubtless you would be surprised and even alarmed, if you should find them vanishing like dreams at daybreak. It would be a world of pity to lose, at once, the company of all the spectral forms you have so long entertained in the beatitudes of your mind. If you think the sacrifice too great, you had better wait a while. Indeed, if you have not trials enough to make you happy, I presume your neighbors might be induced to spare some of theirs.

But, seriously, telling your troubles may prove a benefit in various ways. Perhaps they must be told. Some woes are too mighty for one man's heart. Such should surely be imparted to a friend. But of this you can best judge for yourself. "Truth will out, though hid in a well;" and so will trouble, if strong enough to force a passage. And though your sorrow is not so great as this, it may relieve you to give it a voice. The analysis of feelings, and the statement of facts which are necessary to impart the measure of one's grief, sometimes divert the mind from the main point so effectively that it will not return. While you picture the bubble, it bursts and is gone forever. Depend upon it, if you can accustom yourself to relate your misfortunes, it will rob them of half their bitterness. We read of a sick man, who became so excited by the learned discussions of the physicians who attended him, that he died of curiosity to know what his disease might be. But you may improve upon the process, and heal yourself by the interest you excite in your own symptoms.

Again, in presenting your case to another, you may find more links in the chain of Providence than you had seen before; and these newly discovered ones may be those that are necessary to make your bondage here on earth a blessing instead of a curse. Your confidant may be able to remove the very cause of all your distress, or your experience may do the world some good.

Finally, the statement of your woes may increase your own credit. Who will know what you endure if you never tell of it? And what is the use of enduring if you must lock the secret in your own bosom? So be sure to tell. Let your woes become a "crying shame."

MORAL EFFECTS OF IMPATIENCE.

NOTHING more incapacitates a man for the lead than impatience. No constitutionally impatient man who has indulged his tendency, ever gets to the bottom of things or knows with any nicety the standing, disposition and circumstances of the people he is thrown, or has thrown himself amongst. Certain salient points he is possessed of, but not what reconciles and accounts for them. Something in him—an obtrusive self or a train of thought, or likings and antipathies—will always come between him and an impartial judgment. Neither does he win confidence, for he checks the eye, uncertain advances which are the precursors of it. We doubt if a thoroughly impatient man can read the heart, or be a fair critic, or understand the rights of any knotty question, or make himself master of any difficult situation. The power of waiting, deliberating, hanging in suspense, is necessary for all these—the power of staving off for considerable periods of time merely personal leanings.

CUSTOMARY CHIVALRIES.

It has often struck me that nowadays women are more "protected" by chivalric fictions than they need be, and that they sometimes find the compliments that are paid them irksome. I do not wish to say anything churlish, but it really borders upon burlesquing of gallantry to see a small, slender gentleman giving his arm to a stout, loud, long lady across a room. There is positively no danger of walking ten feet along a plain surface, well-carpeted, with ridges of sofa and hillocks of ottoman. The fair traveler is far less likely to fall if she is left alone. I do delight in a pretty fiction; but I always feel that the joke is being pushed too far when I see a sweet, but strong and healthy creature.

WHO IS OLD?—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, for his neighbor or for his posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Wellington was at work. So were Newton, Bacon, Milton, and Franklin. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose that we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste time, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily.

Sabbath Musings.

MY EVENING HOUR.

BY CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Thou Sabbath-day has reached its close;
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace that love bestows—
Smile on my evening hour.

O heavenly Comforter, sweet Guest,
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary, I come to Thee for rest—
Smile on my evening hour.

If ever I have found it sweet
To worship at thy Saviour's feet,
Now to my soul that bliss repeat—
Smile on my evening hour.

Let not the gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be lost again;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain—
Smile on my evening hour.

Oh ever patient, ever nigh,
Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye;
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh—
Smile on my evening hour.

My only Intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow—
Smile on my evening hour.

And oh! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
May God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROCRASTINATION.

BY L. M. G.

SATAN is continually striving to thwart the influence of the HOLY SPIRIT by suggesting reasons to the sinner why he should delay his acceptance of CHRIST. The unbeliever, ignorant of his danger, and unaware of his own sinfulness, is easily persuaded to defer the matter till a "more convenient season;" and he dismisses the subject with a resolution that at a future day he will make his peace with God.

In youth, Satan persuades him that religion is incompatible with his amusements, and he resolves to put off the subject till manhood. What does he really do in such a course? He chooses the transient pleasures of the body in preference to the higher and better joys of the soul. He is better pleased to grope in the darkness of this world than to walk in the beautiful light of the Sun of Righteousness. He shuns the sight of a pleased father's face; and prefers the deceptive smile of his worst enemy.

In manhood, Satan is ready again with his reason for delay. Now it is care and business which involves his whole attention. Too busy to see religion! He is too busy "hewing out broken cisterns which will hold no water," to drink at the fountain of living water which will quench all thirst. He is too busy "laying up treasures which moths and rust will corrupt," to seek those which *never* be destroyed nor taken away from him. He is too busy providing for the life which soon must end to prepare for that life which is eternal.

In middle life, man is still *more* engaged, and his plea is want of time. He has a family to provide for, the interests of his City of State to look after, and a hundred things to occupy his attention. He thinks in old age he will be freed from all these, and that he will then attend to the subject of religion. Is he honest when he pleads the want of time? He has time to serve Satan, but no time to serve God. He has time to determine his relations to men, but no time to determine his relations to his Maker. He has time to build his house upon a foundation in the sand, which the rains and floods will wash away, but he has no time to build upon a foundation placed upon the rock, where it will stand and not fall. He has months to spare to improve the condition of his body, but not a moment to devote to the improvement of his soul.

What is the result of such a course of procrastination? When old age comes, if it comes at all, it finds Satan in full possession of the heart. The Adversary has fortified every approach to the soul. The heart is hardened in sin. The HOLY SPIRIT, grieved away, ceases to strive with the sinner and he is lost. He has sold himself for the vanishing pleasures of the world. He is Satan's prisoner. To him the sky is dark. He trembles at the dread approach of separation. He feels an apprehensive spasm as he sees the long cherished objects of his ambition begin to elude his desperate grasp. The things which pleased him once are now repulsive to him. The grave opens to receive him and he sinks into its bosom, without hope, disappointed and lost.

Does the sinner desire such a life and such a death? Let him listen to the temptations of the evil one. If he does not, then let him turn from them and accept the salvation freely offered by the SON OF GOD.

OUR LONG SUFFERING FRIEND.—How shall our Divine Shepherd, who followed after His lost sheep for three and thirty years with loud and bitter cries through that painful and thorny way, wherein He split His hearts blood and laid down His life;—how shall He refuse to turn His quickening glance upon the poor sheep which now follow Him with a desire, though sometimes faint and feeble, to obey Him? If He ceased not to search most diligently for the deaf sinner, (the lost piece of money of the gospel,) till He found Him; can He abandon one, who, like a lost sheep, cries and calls piteously upon his Shepherd? If the Lord knocks continually at the heart of man, desiring to enter in and sup there, and to communicate to it His gifts, who can believe that when that heart opens and invites Him to enter, He will turn a deaf ear to the invitation, and refuse to come in?

The Reviewer.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. The Boyle Lectures for the year 1866. Delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. By CHARLES MURVALL, B. D., Rector of Lawford; Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons; Author of "A History of the Romans under the Empire." 8vo., pp. 267. New York: D Appleton & Co.

The history of the first three centuries of the Christian era is replete with interest to the thoughtful mind. During this period the Christian church, almost entirely undisturbed by such fierce internal dissensions as afterwards arose and shook it to its foundations, in attempting to settle the tenets of doctrinal belief, was attempting to gain a foothold in the minds of men, opposed on the one hand with frantic energy by the teachers of the old faiths, and discouraged on the other by a wide-spread and desolating spirit of infidelity among the masses. With what force could Christianity, which establishes so intimate and personal a relation between the Creator and the creature, expect to appeal to the Roman, to whom religion was not an individual affair but a matter of state? What arguments could that religion, which teaches the equality of all men before God, bring to the fastidious Greek, who claimed immortality as the exclusive right of the cultivated few, but left the common mass of men to perish as the beasts of the field? Provisionally, no doubt, the decadence of the Roman Empire had somewhat shaken the faith of the one in the protecting care of the gods, and the other had already become disgusted with the puerile speculations of a horde of sophists, who, pretending to revive Greek learning and Greek philosophy, were themselves unable to comprehend the principles they attempted to teach. Moreover the conquests of the Roman and Macedonian Empires had brought distant communities into close relations, had broken down national exclusiveness, and by widely diffusing Greek art and culture and the principles of the Roman civil polity, had foreshadowed a time when social harmony, leading eventually to spiritual unity, might prevail upon the earth. To the pagan world thus situated came Christianity; and "the conversion of the Empire," says our author, "seems to have been effected principally in four ways:—1. By the force of the external evidence to the truth of Christianity; 2. By internal evidence, from the sense of spiritual desolation; 3. By the testimony to the truth of Christianity from the lives and deaths of the primitive believers; 4. By the temporal success with which Christianity was eventually crowned."

It is not our purpose to follow the author in the elaboration of his theory of the conversion of the Empire—we have not the space at command. He truly says of his subject that it is one "not for a dissertation but for a history; yet in some respects this dissertation is rather better than history, since it furnishes so clear and interesting an outline of one of the most important periods in the history of man, that it will be likely to stimulate its readers to special historical investigations. The style of the work is necessarily terse and condensed and will not be generally found such easy reading as the author's late "History of the Empire." The matter, however, is worth all the study the text may require. An idea of the author's method may be gained from the following titles to chapters:—"Christian Belief Contrasted with Heathen Unbelief;" "Heathen Belief Directed towards a Temporal Providence;" "Expansion of the Heathen Belief by the Teaching of the Philosophers;" &c., &c. For sale by STEELE & AVERTY.

NATIONAL LYRICS. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. With illustrations by GEORGE G. WHITE, E. FENN and CHARLES A. BERRY. Paper—pp. 104. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We naturally expected a good deal from this series of COMPANION POETS FOR THE PEOPLE, both from what we thought to be the excellence of the design itself, and from the usually fine taste of its enterprising publishers. Cheap good reading for the people is surely a desideratum, and the contents of the first publication of this series, "Household Poems, by LONGFELLOW," was a compilation creditable to the taste and skill of the editor, and every way calculated to enhance the reputation of the poet. The second number, "Songs for All Seasons," consisting of selections from TENNYSON was about as poor and undiscriminating a collection as could well be made, falling far short of furnishing anything like a fair expression of the genius and ability of the greatest of living poets. We think the New York Review is justifiable in suggesting that it ought to be withdrawn from circulation.

"National Lyrics" contains the campaign and anti-slavery songs of WHITTIER, all of them unquestionably very good, and some of them most excellent; but we wish, for our part, that the "sad refrain" had been relieved here and there by something in a lighter vein. The N. Y. Review, by some strictures upon this compilation, and its title, which it calls a misnomer, elicited a note from the publishers, explaining that the collection was made, and the title chosen, by the poet himself—only one more among the thousand evidences that authors are seldom the best judges of the relative value of their own productions. Nevertheless the thoughtful but enthusiastic utterances of the inspired poet and reformer will never lack admirers, and there is much in this little volume which will well repay perusal. For sale by booksellers generally.

THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL FOR the Murder of the President; and the Attempt to Overthrow the Government by the Assassination of its Principal Officers. Edited, with an Introduction, by BEN. PERLEY POORE. Vol. 1, 12mo.—pp. 480. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

This handsome and compact book, remarkable for the finish of its paper, the clearness of its types, and the beauty of its binding, is the first volume of a work which proposes to give a full and accurate report of the proceedings of the late Conspiracy Trial at Washington. The volume before us opens with a descriptive introduction by the Editor, BEN. PERLEY POORE, and closes with the evidence of Sergeant ROBINSON—Secretary SEWARD'S preserver—bringing the proceedings of the Trial down to the 12th day of May.

Great as will be the present value of this work (the second volume of which is now in press) it will be doubly valuable hereafter, when the facts in this most stern and bloody tragedy, which draped a nation in mourning and seemed to threaten even the fair fabric of our government itself, are not so fresh in the recollections of the people. The publishers have really done the country good service in presenting the history of this remarkable State Trial in so durable a form, since the horror of this great crime will only increase as the awful story goes down the ages, and the day is yet far distant when every incident in relation to it, and the arrest, the trial, condemnation and execution of the guilty parties, will not be read with absorbing interest. For sale by all booksellers.

DEFERRED.—Notices of several new publications are necessarily deferred.

AUTUMN.



Come, and see the ripe fruit fall ing, For the Au tumn now is call ing; Come, and



see the smil ing vine, How its gold en clus - ters shine, How its gold en clus - ters shine.

1. Come, when morning smiling gayly, Drives the mists along the valley; Come, when first the distant horn, Winding, wakes the joyful horn.

2. In the early morning hour, Ere the dew has left the bower; In the ruddy, purple beam, Come, and see the vineyard's gleam.

3. Thou shalt feel a new-born pleasure, Gazing thus on autumn's treasure And the joyful songs shall raise Sweeter songs of grateful praise.

The Traveler.

IN MASSACHUSETTS AND HOME AGAIN.

DEAR RURAL:—Less than a month ago I was in the heart of the Bay State, and two happy days have so fixed their gold and crimson glory upon my mental canvass that I can never forget them. A long year had passed away with its care and toll, and my trunks were packed for the homeward journey; but cousinly persuasions, and the curiosity to see Mt. Holyoke, caused me to tarry still longer.

"Massachusetts isn't as well adapted for farming as New York," said FRANK, as we left Springfield behind us, and dashed off into the country by an unfenced road; "yet there are fine lands in the Connecticut valley, and as for scenery, I don't find anything that suits me better than some wild places in Berkshire, or than the view from the mountain yonder."

"No need of praising the Bay State to me," I replied. "I happen to carry mountains and valleys in my soul, and have an appreciating eye for rocks and rushing streams."

It was a lovely day; aerial ranges of shining mountains loomed up against the sky; the trees were luxuriant in their summer dress; golden lilies nodded by the wayside, and glassy clumps of kalmias displayed their white and pink blossoms.

"We shall be in South Hadley very soon now," said AVIS, after we had gone some distance; "that is the 'dark woods' at the right, where we botanists went for pitcher plants and climbing fern, and here is the place we named Paradise—the stream makes quite a pretty cascade sometimes; that grove on the hill is famous for chestnuts and strawberries."

The village was small, only a few neat houses and a church, but the most prominent building was the celebrated Mt. Holyoke Seminary, which was five stories high and built of brick.

"We must give ISIDORE a peep at my school-house," said AVIS.

One of the teachers conducted us through the institution, showing us the recitation rooms, chapel, library, cabinet, and gymnasium. Everybody knows that each young lady performs a certain amount of domestic labor each day; and I was highly gratified when we descended to the basement. We passed through the large dining hall first, where the cloths were already laid for dinner, and a pleasant jingling of knives and forks showed that busy hands were at work. AVIS was perfectly at home, and directed our attention to the machine for cutting bread, the china closet, the bread room filled with fresh loaves of bread and tins of cake. She pointed out the "dinner circle," who were deep in the preparation of beef steak, and gravy for the roast; the potato circle slinging over their work. One was turning the *blanc mange* out, another filling the sugar bowls and milk pitchers. Everybody was busy and happy, and I left the orderly domestic hall with a favorable impression of the system.

MARY LYON did a great work when she founded a Seminary where the middle classes could enjoy the benefits of a solid education; and each year a band of well disciplined young ladies pass out into the world, where their influence must be widely felt.

"Now you must see my Alma Mater," said FRANK; "so all aboard for Amherst."

Again our road was pleasant; four miles of it was through the Notch, a natural passage thro' the mountain range that circles round this favored valley, winding along between the tall rocks, and shaded by grand old trees girdled with moss. We reached Amherst presently, its hill crowned with the College buildings, and began our sight-seeing without delay.

The Geological Cabinet with its 20,000 specimens was very fine, and we found much to interest us in the room devoted to Mineralogy. The collection was classified and labeled—beginning with air, and extending in regular order to the diamond. Do you blame us for lingering before the case of gems, where rubies and garnets flashed their radiance in contrast to the emerald and amethyst? The mere beauty of the polished minerals might have detained us for hours; but with a hasty glance at the largest collection of Meteorites in the world,

we passed on to the Nineveh Gallery, where six sculptured slabs from the palace of SARDANAPALUS are placed in the walls, and above these are fresco paintings of figures found in the same ruins. What strange sensations fill the mind when looking on such tangible relics of the past! They bring us face to face with the dead centuries, and we forget this modern world. Still more wonderful was the Ichnological Cabinet containing 9,000 examples, from the impression of raindrops to the footprints of birds and beasts, lithographed by the Master upon the unyielding stone. The Zoological Cabinet next claimed our attention, with its thousands of specimens, including the famous Gorilla. There were many curious things, among them a model of the skeleton of the Megatherium, which was fairly startling by its huge proportions. We paid hurried visits to the library and other buildings, and again entered our carriage and started for the mountain, anxious to enjoy the sunset from its summit.

FRANK was asked to halt a minute at the Pass of Thermopylae for my benefit, and he obligingly reined in our steed as we entered. The wall of rocks on either side was festooned with woodbine and wild grape vines, and graceful little ferns peeped out of the rough seams. The luxuriant growth made a rare tapestry over the gray granite, and it was altogether a charming place. The Pass opened not into the vale of Tempe, and yet I wonder if even that classic spot would have given us more pleasure. Before us were the fair Northampton meadows, wherein the smooth Connecticut wanders at will; the mountains were around us, and the rays of the descending sun gave a rare beauty to the whole scene.

Soon we began to ascend the steep side of the mountain; and at the "Half-way house" we entered the cars, and were taken the remainder of our journey with ease and speed.

Can I ever forget that lovely sunset with its light and shade, the purple shadows in the valleys, the pearl and gold of the west; and when we stood, later on in the evening, in the same spot, with the faint starlight and the newly risen moon upon us, and the low brooding mist showing us where the silver river had been, it seemed to me there was nothing more to be desired.

How can I tell of the royal sunrise that we beheld next morning! It was beautiful to watch the red arrows shooting out of the gray,—to see the yellow spears dart over the hill tops,—to know that the coiling serpent of vapor was melting away, waking our river into new and sparkling life. Then began our real enjoyment of the landscape. The Prospect House was built on the very summit, and bolted down into the solid rock; the whole lower story was devoted to sight seeing, and being furnished with several fine telescopes gave extraordinary facilities for observation. Directly across the river hundreds of acres of perfectly level land with its various crops, made a novel and beautiful mosaic. What illusions the magic glass brought to light! A speck far down the river turned out to be a steam ferry-boat, and an alder, as I thought, swelled out into the magnificent elm that Dr. HOLMES mentions in the Autocrat. The White Mountains loomed up in the distance—a shadowy range in the west was pointed out as the Catskills, and in the east old Greylock raised his head 3,600 feet above the level, while Mount Holyoke was only a thousand feet high. Several notable places were pointed out to us; among them Hadley, where there was a terrible massacre in early times; the great Insane Asylum at Northampton; Mt. Tom, that stands guard upon the opposite side of the river, and Springfield where, upon the Arsenal buildings, we could see our colors floating, and tell the time of day from the church clock fifteen miles away.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

They never punish; hence, a mule that, in the hands of a foreigner, would be not only useless but dangerous to every one about it, becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as quiet as a lamb and as tractable as a dog. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing, or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment; but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light ground by means of a *tur-r* or *cluck-k*, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into their service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of frightened sheep through narrow crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy to lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed without aid either from a yelping cur or cruel goad. Cattle, pigs, and birds are equally cared for.—*Travels on Horseback in Tartary.*

WHAT IS SALERATUS.

WOOD is burnt to ashes, ashes are lixivated, ley is the result. Ley is evaporated by boiling, black salts is the residuum. The salt undergoes purification by fire, and the potash of commerce is obtained. By another process, we change potash into pearl ash. Now put these in sacks and place them over a distillery wash-tub, where the fermentation evolves carbonic acid gas, and the pearl ash absorbs it and is rendered solid; the product being heavier, whiter and drier, than the pearl ash. It is now saleratus. How much salts of ley and carbonic acid gas a human stomach can bear and remain healthy is a question for a saleratus eater. Some people say saleratus will not harm the stomach. It is a ley.

amethysts from a collection of minerals which she kept for sale, and then we journeyed on again, concluding that SYDNEY SMITH was about right when he said that "a man is the happier for life, for having made once an agreeable tour or enjoyed for any interval some innocent pleasure."

Early next morning my adieux were said, and I started for home. How many times I repeated that one little word through the long day of car-riding. I said it under my breath as I took my last look at the towns along my route. I whispered it as we slid through the sweet valley of the Mohawk. I repeated it aloud as I stepped off the cars and took my seat in the stage, and at last I was at home, dear home.

Happy are they who, even at life's early noon, have some place to which their hearts and hopes can cling, around which their affections center, and where some one waits to give them a "welcome home." DORE HAMILTON.

Various Topics.

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.

THESE nests resemble hay-cocks four feet high, and five in diameter at their basis, being constructed with grass and herbage. First they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar, and having covered this with a second stratum of mud and herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being generally from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down around the nest the dense grass and reeds five feet high to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are all hatched by the heat of the sun, and then she takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Dr. Lutemburg of New Orleans, once packed up one of these nests, with the eggs, in a box, for the Museum of St. Petersburg, but was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched upon the voyage. On opening one, a young alligator walked out, and was soon followed by the rest, about a hundred of which he fed in the house, where they went up and down stairs, whining and barking like young puppies.—*Harper's Monthly.*

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Reading for the Young.

A SWARM OF BEES WORTH HAVING.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild, B wise as a Solomon, B meek as a child; B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind; B sure you make matter subservient to mind. B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true; B courteous to all men, B friendly with few. B temperate in argument, pleasure and wine; B careful of conduct, of money, of time. B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm, B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn; B courteous, B gentle, B liberal, B just, B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust; B patient, circumspect, sound in the faith; B active, devoted, B faithful till death; B honest, B holy, transparent and pure; B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

WHAT IS A TYPE.

"MAMMA, you said that the cloud which went with the children of Israel was a type of God's love for us."

"Yes."

"Now, mamma, I wish you would tell me what a type is."

"A type, my dear, points forward to something which is to come and which is of more value or importance than the type itself."

"Mamma, tell me all about some of the types."

In the Old Testament Scriptures, which were written long before our Saviour was born in Bethlehem, there are a great many things which are supposed to point forward to him, and to his mission from heaven for the salvation of the world. And these are called types, or are typical of Jesus Christ, or of some event connected with his death: and therefore Jesus Christ is called the *Antitype*.

"Thus the lamb which was slain in memory of God's passing over the houses of the Israelites when he smote the first-born of the Egyptians, was a type of Christ's death at the time he was crucified on the cross on calvary."

"So Abraham's offering of his son Isaac on Mount Moriah, was a type of the great offering which Christ made for sin in the sacrifice of himself. And the brazen serpent which Moses made and lifted up in the sight of those who had been bitten by serpents so that they might be healed, was a type signifying that the Saviour would be lifted up, so that every one who looked to him in faith might be healed from sin and be saved."

"O, I remember, our pastor preached about it last Sunday."

"Now, in these cases the lamb was the type, Jesus was the antitype; the brazen serpent was the type, and Jesus was the antitype. All these pointed forward to something which was to take place after, and which was worth more than the types themselves."

"I see, mamma."

"And so the land of Canaan, which God promised the children of Israel if they would obey him, represented to us a better land than that we live in, and to which we shall go if we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and do what he tells us it will please him to have us do."

"I do try, mamma."

"And as the cloudy pillar was Israel's guide and protection, so Christ is the guide and protector whom we must follow and in whom we must trust, if we hope to be brought in safety to the heavenly Canaan, the home which he has gone to prepare for all his children."

"Thank you, mamma, I hope I shall so love the Saviour as there to dwell with him," said Maria.

CANNOT PLEASE EVERYBODY.

"If you please," said the Weathercock to the Wind, "turn me to the South. There is such a cry out against the cold, that I am afraid they'll put me down if I stop much longer in this North quarter."

So the wind flew from the South, and the Sun was master of the day, and rain fell abundantly.

"Oh, please to turn me from the South," said the Weathercock to the Wind again.

"The potatoes will all be spoiled, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am here, rain it will; and, what with the heat, and the wet, the farmers are just mad against me."

So the wind shifted into the West, and there came soft, drying breezes day after day.

"Oh dear!" said the Weathercock.

"Here's a pretty to do! such evil looks as I get from eyes all around me the first thing every morning! the grass is getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? As to the gardeners, they say there won't be a pea to be seen, and the vegetables will wither away. Do turn me somewhere else."

"What do they say to you now?" he asked.

"What!" cried the Weathercock; "why everybody has caught cold, everything is blighted—that's what they say; and there isn't a misfortune that happens but somehow or other they lay it to the East wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, let them find fault; I see it's impossible for you and me to please everybody; so in future I shall blow where I like, and you shall go where I like, without asking any questions. I don't know but that we shall satisfy more than we can do now, with all our consideration.

MEMORY presides over the past; action presides over the present. The first lives in a rich temple hung with glorious trophies, and lined with tombs; the other has no shrine but duty, and it walks the earth like a spirit.

List of New Advertisements.

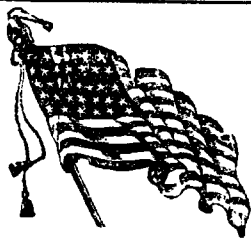
Ames' National Business College—D T Ames. Great Prize Distribution—T Benton & Co. Steel Composition Bells—American Bell Co. Great Chance for Agents—E H Goodwin. Commission Merchant—Wm H Lilliston. Agents Wanted Everywhere—M D Gilbert & Co. Grape Vines—A Fahnstock. Grapes and Strawberries—R H Howard & Co. Munson Musical Institute—Prof Julius & Munson. Extra Fine Pear Seedlings—Hammond & Newson. Hartford Prolific Grape Vines—C L Hoag & Co. Cotswold Sheep for Sale—E C Armstrong. Agents Wanted—M M Sanborn & Co. Hedge Seed—Overman, Mann & Co. Pure Mazarand Cherry Pits—T Southwick. Wellbore Academy—D D Van Allen. Small Farm for Sale—O Archer. Doolittle Black-Cap Raspberry Plants—T W Ide.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Partial List of Gifts Given at the Metropolitan Bookstore Ayres' Medicines.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"Flag of our Country, gently wave o'er us, On every hill-top, from Texas to Maine; Encircle our Union with friendly devotion—Let Peace and Contentment surround us again."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPT. 2, 1865.

News Summary.

NEW ORLEANS papers mention the sinking of the steamer Ida May, from Shreveport for New Orleans, with 500 bales of cotton. Passengers saved.

The N. Y. Post says the extent of the abstraction of funds in the forgery of gold checks by Ketchum, aggregates \$4,200,000. [We learn that Ketchum was arrested last week. He had not been out of the city since the frauds were discovered. About \$50,000 have been recovered.]

Dr. Daniel W. Fiske, who has for a year past been connected with the editorial management of the Syracuse Journal, goes to Europe to accept a station tendered to him by the Hon. John L. Motley, the Minister of the United States to Austria.

Robberies and murders are still the order of the day in Memphis, Tennessee. Many persons have had large sums of money and other descriptions of property stolen from them.

Seventy-five thousand emigrants arrived in the United States during the six months ending with June.

A fire broke out last week in the workshop attached to the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, N. Y., which resulted in its complete destruction. It is reported that a number of prisoners escaped.

The steamship Brother Jonathan from San Francisco, July 28th, for Portland, Oregon and Victoria, with between 200 and 300 passengers, was totally lost near Cape Lincoln, Oregon, July 30th. Only fourteen men and one woman were saved. Among the passengers were Brig. Gen. Wright and family, Lieut. Waltz, Surgeon A. Ingraham of the army, Capt. Shaddock of the reserve service, and James Nesbit, for many years one of the editors of the San Francisco Bulletin.

A terrible accident occurred on the Tennessee and Alabama railroad the 25th of August. The entire train was thrown off and ten or twelve persons were killed, and about twenty injured. The elevator at the foot of Main street, Buffalo, was destroyed by fire last Sunday evening. Loss \$40,000—insured \$20,000.

R. M. T. Hunter, now confined in Fort Plaski, asks for a release with the privilege of leaving the country.

Secretary Stanton is spending a few days at West Point.

The price of gold in New York on Saturday last was 144 1/2.

Affairs at Washington.

A DISPATCH from Washington states that it is the intention of Government to muster out of service all the colored troops, and to maintain a regular army of 125,000 whites.

Over fifty Government pensioners at the South have applied for a renewal of their pensions, but only three have been granted.

Gen. Angur has issued an order at Alexandria that the buildings and other Government property located at the several abandoned fortifications around the District of Columbia, will be handed over to the owners of the land as full indemnity for use of such land by the Government during the war.

Adjutant-General Thomas has declared that the enlisted men of the Signal Corps are entitled to receive the balance of bounty in the same way as volunteers under the recent orders for discharge on account of their service being no longer required.

The telegraph states that Geo. H. Yeaman, who represented the second district of Kentucky in the last Congress, has been appointed Minister to Denmark.

Certificates of indebtedness to the amount of \$9,283,020, and mutilated notes and currency to the amount of \$410,585, were redeemed at the Treasury Department last week.

The President has directed the commandant at Fort Warren to do all in his power to render Alexander H. Stephens as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

The President is about establishing an "Executive Bureau" to relieve him of the great rush of important business with which he is now deluged.

Among the visitors at the President's house on

Saturday last, was Lieutenant-General Ewell of the late rebel army.

Col. H. M. Evans has been appointed Chief Quarter-master of the Department of New Mexico.

An agent of the Poles is in Washington, seeking aid for the emigration of a large number of Poles who desire to settle in Virginia.

The trial of Wertz, on charge of starving our prisoners at Andersonville, commenced at Washington last week.

The Herald's Washington dispatch states that the Emperor Maximilian recently sent a letter of condolence on the death of President Lincoln to President Johnson, but the letter was refused acceptance on the ground that no such person as the Emperor of Mexico was known or recognized.

By a recent order from the War Department, seven Major-Generals, thirty-five Brevet Major-Generals, and forty-three Brigadier-Generals have been honorably discharged from the service.

The Post Master General has made a contract for carrying the mails from Virginia City to Helena, in the territory of Montana, 150 miles, three times a week.

It is ordered by the President that paroled prisoners against whom no special charges are pending, be granted, on application, passports to leave the country,—on condition, however, that they shall never return without permission from the President.

Southern Items.

Gov. FIBBONT and the Legislature which assembled at Alexandria, are recognized by the leading men of Virginia as legal.

Ex-rebel Gen. Wheeler was badly beaten in Nashville, Tenn., last week, by Col. Blackburn, in consequence of a threat being made during the war by Wheeler, that he would kill Blackburn if he ever took him as prisoner, as he was a "damned home-made Yankee."

A violent gale recently occurred at Savannah, Ga., doing much damage. A number of buildings were struck by lightning. Communication between Savannah and the interior of the State is being rapidly restored, and produce is coming down the river, the only drawback being the low water which impedes navigation.

The members of the Richmond press held a meeting last week to arrange for the reception of President Johnson, who is expected soon to arrive in that city.

All the railroads of the State are going ahead at full speed, and every effort is being put forth not only to restore them to their former condition, but to improve them in various ways.

A Petersburg paper says cotton still continues to pour into the city and is finding a ready market.

Besides the wagons with which every day the streets are filled, every train on the Southern road comes in heavily laden.

It is alleged that Col. Birney, paymaster of the military department at Richmond, has been charged with making large sums of money for both himself and the banks which he had no right to do. The amount is set down at from \$300,000 to \$500,000. Col. B. has been ordered to Washington to be examined.

Late advices from Newbern, N. C., represent that there is no possible danger of the re-appearance of the yellow fever which visited that city last season.

Ordinary lumber is high—\$40 per thousand feet—notwithstanding heavy timber lands can be purchased at from \$5 to \$10 per acre on the river banks a few miles below Newbern.

The demand for houses in the city is general, and the rents so high that ordinary houses on business streets will pay for themselves several times during the year, should the present high prices continue.

Governor Brownlow refuses to give, at present, certificates to several Congressmen said to have been chosen at the recent election in Tennessee. The Governor suspects that there has been fraud.

Mississippi Matters.

FROM JACKSON, we learn that an ordinance has passed the Constitutional Convention ratifying all laws and official acts passed since the act of secession not repugnant to the Constitutions of the United States and Mississippi prior to January, 1861, except laws concerning crimes and an act relating to railroads.

Also, repealing all laws authorizing the distillation of ardent spirits on State account.

Also, ratifying all official accounts, proceedings, judgments, decrees, &c., of special courts. Also, legalizing all sales made by administrators and others, acting in the capacity of judges.

Also, ratifying all marriages which have been consummated since 1861, whether celebrated with legal form or not.

[The very first act of the Convention was to annul the Ordinance of Secession. An anti-slavery clause has also been inserted in the Constitution by a vote of 86 to 11. Slavery, therefore, may be considered dead in Mississippi—killed by State enactment—unless the Constitution is rejected by a popular vote.]

Gov. Sharkey, on the 24th, sent into the Convention a dispatch he had received from President Johnson, congratulating the Convention on the progress they were making in paying the way to the re-organization of the State, and expressing an earnest hope that all obstacles to a speedy return to its former position in the Union may be removed.

The President says in this dispatch that he will restore the writ of habeas corpus, and remove the troops from the State at the earliest moment when the State shall have made sufficient progress to indicate her return to her allegiance. The President hopes, in conclusion, that the example of Mississippi will be followed by other States.

The first Monday in October next has been designated for the election of Governor, Congressmen and members of the State Legislature.

The Cholera.

The Constantinople correspondent of the Tribune, under date of August 2d, says:—When I wrote (two weeks ago) it had just become apparent that we were to be scourged with the Asiatic cholera. The official returns then reported fifteen cases a day. The epidemic is now fairly on us with all its horrors. The official report gives the number of deaths at two hundred and fifty per day, but it is plain enough from the number of dying and dead seen in the streets, that this is far below the real mortality in the city, and it does not include the military garrison of some sixty thousand men, among whom it is understood to be raging. Twenty-six dead bodies were carried by my office yesterday. I do not think the deaths can now fall short of five or six hundred per day. They probably exceed this number.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.—The N. Y. Herald, last Friday week, received the following from Quebec:—In the Canadian Parliament last night, the Opposition offered the following resolution, which, after a fierce debate of nearly six hours, the ministerial party voted down, by a vote of 20 yeas to 78 nays:

Resolved, That the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, is regarded by the People of this Province as an object of the utmost importance, and to secure that object so as to augment trade and advance the prosperity of the Province, it is expedient that the enlargement of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals should not be postponed, but should be pressed in preference to any other work involving any considerable expense to the country.

THE REVOLUTION AT CAPE HAYTIEN.—The rebellion at Cape Haytien is vigorously progressing. At last accounts the insurgents still held the place, sustaining a daily cannonade from the National forces, but "nobody was hurt," the injuries aggregating only three persons killed and a few houses burned. Provisions were, however, getting short in the city—there being only seven days' supply on hand. The positions of foreign consuls and residents were becoming critical, and in some cases their lives were threatened.

MEXICO.—Guerrillism is rampant in Mexico. Zongaleri has pronounced in favor of the Republicans, and it is reported that the National forces of Oajaca and of the Coast will establish their headquarters there. A company of miners under the Austrian Captain Hurrzarch, had been captured and mostly killed. If we are to believe the Havana papers, the war is waged with relentless vigor on both sides. Quarter is neither asked nor given—the taking of prisoners having been dispensed with for some time.

INDIAN OUTRAGES.—The Indians continue their murderous outrages upon the emigrant and Government trains crossing the plains. About the first of August a simultaneous attack was made all along the road between Big Laramie and Rock Creek, in which twelve white persons were killed, one wounded and two captured. The latter were young women aged respectively eighteen and twenty-five years.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE Queen of the Sandwich Islands is at present in England, an object of special interest. Her grandmother, it is said, dined off Captain Cook.

THE crews of seven vessels which were recently destroyed by the pirate Shenandoah in the North Pacific ocean, have arrived at San Francisco.

A COLLISION between a passenger and freight train occurred on the Oil Creek railroad on the 24th of Aug. Nine persons were killed and ten to fifteen wounded.

A MAN named Lemos has been arrested in Indianapolis on charge of being an accomplice of the assassin Booth. He is an escaped convict from New Haven.

OUR Consul at Port Mahon, Spain, under date of August 5th, writes that the cholera is certainly advancing westward, though it had not yet reached that place.

THE Canadian Government has announced its intention of enlarging the canals of the Provinces immediately, so as to secure the trade of the Western States.

THE thermometer on the top of Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, at 7 A. M., on the 23d of August, stood at 28 degrees. Ice formed half an inch in thickness.

A COMMITTEE has been formed in Cincinnati to erect a monument to Major-General McPherson, the bravest of the brave, who fell during the siege of Atlanta.

RED chalk has been discovered in Kansas. Some workmen were excavating for a building at Leavenworth and struck a strata of this material, which promises well.

GEN. JOHNSON, while at Fortress Monroe, being asked if he would like to see Jeff. Davis, answered, "I do not wish to see him, or hear his name mentioned ever."

THE London Times pays a handsome compliment to Gen. Sherman for his speech at St. Louis, and says it embodies a blunt eloquence which is the sign of true greatness.

THERE are indications of an increase in business in San Francisco. Whale oil has advanced 20 per cent. since the news of the piracies of the Shenandoah has been received.

THE Emperor Maximilian is about to found a town on the shore of the Bay of Guadalupe, which is destined to be one of the most important commercial ports in the country.

ALL seamen in the Missouri Squadron who have less than two years to serve, and all in the Atlantic Squadron who have less than eighteen months to serve, are to be discharged.

THE statue of Jefferson, executed in marble by the late Virginia artist, Alexander Galt of Norfolk, now lies in the University of Virginia, boxed up, just as it came from Europe.

GEN. CANBY has issued orders from New Orleans that all soldiers who wish to remain in the South shall be mustered out at such points as may be consistent with the welfare of the service.

JEFF. DAVIS, in a letter to one of his counsel, R. H. Gillett, Esq., of Albany, says:—"I am still ignorant of the charges—the source of them, and the tribunal before which I am to answer."

Two trains ran into each other on the Long Island Railroad near Jamaica, last Monday. Five persons were killed and quite a number injured. The engineers of both trains escaped unharmed.

THE Oil City (Penn.) News gives the number of oil companies at fourteen hundred and fifty-seven, with a total capital of eight hundred and sixty-nine millions five hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars.

GENERAL FREMONT, at the head of a company of eastern capitalists, is about to embark in the business of manufacturing railroad iron. The company has purchased extensive tracts of mineral land in Missouri.

PAPER is being converted to a new use in Europe, viz:—The manufacture of pipes for the conveyance of water and gas. It is said they are much superior to iron pipes, and cost but about half as much.

PILES of cotton are awaiting transportation at Selma, Ala., and other points on the Alabama river, but owners refuse to pay \$25 a bale, freight, to the steamboats. The result is that a fleet of cotton flats is in process of construction.

A DISEASE has broken out among the hogs in the vicinity of Hagerstown, Ind., and has thus far proven to be of a serious nature. The only symptoms visible of the disease is a hacking cough, after which the hog droops, and speedily dies.

CAPTAIN J. M. MOORE, who went to Andersonville to bury decently the remains of the prisoners who died there, and mark properly the graves of such as could be identified, has just returned. He set up headboards at 13,000 graves.

THE steam marine of the port of New York, which has largely increased since the close of the rebellion, now comprises five hundred and twenty-nine steam vessels, representing 415,055 tons, of which 70,000 tons are employed in the coasting trade alone.

EX-BRIGADIER-GENERAL RAMSEY, the rebel brute who ordered the imprisonment of Governor Brownlow, at Knoxville, in 1861, and to whom that gentleman is indebted for much hard and inhuman treatment, has been arrested and will shortly be tried at that place.

By figures which are furnished by a resident of the Cattaraugus reservation, it seems that the red men are not diminishing in such ratio as has generally been supposed. In 1845 there were dwelling upon the reservation, 922; in 1855, 1,176, and in 1865, 1,348, showing an increase in twenty years of 425.

A PRIVATE letter from Fort Riley says the Indians have been very troublesome for several days, and that about forty men of the 11th Kansas cavalry has been murdered by them at Fort Yarah, near Fort Riley, and that the Indians had also capture a train of military stores. The soldiers killed were a part of the train-escort.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, } ROCHESTER, August 29, 1865.

THERE has been a material advance in the market since our last issue. Meats are quoted the same but scarcer. Butter is up 2c. Hay has advanced \$2 on account of the continued dry weather and is still rising. Flour has advanced from 75c to \$1.25, and wheat 20c to 40c. This may be accounted for in the reported damage to the Western crops. The Bureau of Agriculture reports a falling off of 25,000 bushels from the expected crop. Oats are lower. Lard is 1/2c higher and scarcer.

Wholesale Prices Current.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including flour, wheat, corn, and other agricultural products.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug 26.—Cotton, 4 1/2c for middling. FLOUR—Superfine State \$7.00, extra State, \$7.50; common to medium extra do, \$5.00; common to good shipping brands extra round flour, \$4.00; trade brands, \$3.50 to \$4.00. Canadian flour quiet, at \$4.00 to \$4.50. GRAIN—Wheat, Chicago spring \$1.50, 1/2c; Milwaukee club \$1.50, 1/2c; amber Milwaukee, \$1.50, 1/2c; winter red Western \$2.12; amber Michigan \$2.18. Rye, 90c to \$1.00. Barley, 75c to \$1.00. Corn, sales at \$0.80 for mixed Western. Oats \$0.60 to \$0.70. PROVISIONS—Pork, \$22.00 to \$23.00 for new mess; \$20.00 to \$21.00 for old mess; \$18.00 to \$19.00 for prime. Shoulders \$14.00 to \$15.00. Hams, \$12.00 to \$13.00. Butter, 22c to 24c. Eggs, 17c to 18c. Candles, box, \$1.00 to \$1.20. Do. extra, 17c to 18c. Hay \$1.00 to \$1.20. Barrels, 40c to 45c.

ALBANY, Aug. 26.—Flour, amber Michigan \$9.00, 75c; best family brands \$11.00 to \$12.00. Corn meal, \$1.00 to \$1.25. Wheat, winter red State, \$2.00 to \$2.20; white Genesee \$2.25. Rye, 90c for new. Corn, \$0.80 to \$1.00. Oats \$0.60 to \$0.70. Mess and clear pork, \$15.00 to \$16.00. Best State and Western mess, \$9.00 to \$10.00 for prime. Butter \$24.00 to \$25.00. Lard, 25c to 30c. Cheese \$1.00 to \$1.25. Journal.

TORONTO, Aug. 25.—Flour, \$4.00 to \$5.00. Fall wheat, at \$1.00 to \$1.25. Oats, \$0.50 to \$0.75. Butter, 15c to 20c. Cheese, 10c to 15c. Lard, 25c to 30c. Tallow, 15c to 20c. Green apples, 10c to 15c. Dried do, 7c to 10c. Potatoes, 25c to 30c. Bush. Carrots, 4c. Turnips, 2c. Beets, 7c. Onions, 15c. Beef, 20c. Mutton, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Dressed hogs, 5c to 6c. Pork, 25c. Prime, 30c. Shoulders, 10c to 15c. Hay \$7.00 to \$8.00. Straw, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Hides, 10c to 15c. Sheep, 10c to 15c. Calves, 10c to 15c. Sheepskins, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Sheep pelts, 15c to 20c. Lambskins 25c to 30c. Globe.

BOSTON, Aug. 25.—The following are the Advertiser's quotations:—Saxony choice, 80c to 85c; Saxony No. 1, 75c to 80c; full-blooded Merino, 75c to 80c; three-quarters do, 70c to 75c; half do, 65c to 70c; common, 60c to 65c; mixed, 55c to 60c; California, 50c to 55c; Canada, 45c to 50c; pulled extra, 75c to 80c; superfine, 70c to 75c; No. 1, 65c to 70c; No. 2, 60c to 65c; Buenos Ayres, 50c to 55c; Cape Good Hope, 45c to 50c; Chilean, 40c to 45c; Peruvian, 35c to 40c; African, 30c to 35c; East India, 25c to 30c. Globe.

TORONTO, Aug. 25.—Light supply and active; 4 1/2c to 5c for good fleeces.—Globe.

WOOL IN CANADA.—We take the following quotations of prices at different points, from the Globe of Aug. 25:—London, 45c. Hamilton, 40c to 45c. Galt, 41c to 42c. Chatham 40c to 41c. Coburg, 35c to 40c. Guelph, 35c to 40c. Belleville, 37c to 40c. Barrie, 35c to 40c.

CATTLE MARKETS. NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—Beeves received, 4,814 against 6,751 last week. Sales range at \$9.75 to \$10.00. Cows, received 1,011 last week. Sales at \$4.00 to \$4.50. Veal calves, received, 1,820 against 1,857 last week. Sales range at \$12.00. Sheep and Lambs, received, 20,388 against 17,141 last week. Sales at \$3.50 to \$4.00. Swine, received, 10,815 against 12,340 last week. Sales at \$11.25 to \$12.00 cwt. Globe.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 22.—Beeves, range at \$4.00 to \$4.50. Oxen, \$3.00 to \$3.50. Veal calves, \$6.00 to \$7.00. Handly Steers, \$9.00 to \$10.00. Three-year olds, \$10.00 to \$12.00. Two-year olds, \$8.00 to \$10.00. Sheep, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Pigs, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Hogs, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Cattle, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Calves, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Globe.

ALBANY, Aug. 25.—Beeves range at \$4.25 to \$4.50. Hogs, sales at \$3.00 to \$3.50. Lambs, 5c to 6c. Milch Cows, \$5.00 to \$6.00. Sales at 1 1/2c to 2c. Globe.

TORONTO, Aug. 25.—First class cattle, from \$5.00 to \$5.50. 2d do, \$4.00 to \$4.50. 3d do, \$3.00 to \$3.50. Interior, \$2.50 to \$3.00. Cows, small supply at \$4.00 to \$4.50. Sheep, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Lambs, \$2.00 to \$2.50. Yearlings, \$3.00 to \$3.50. Globe.

DIED. In Jackson, Michigan, July 18th, 1865, ELVIRA, wife of WALTER BUDINGTON, Esq., in the 46th year of her age.

New Advertisements. ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THREE-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 50c cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded), 60 cents a line.

WELLSBORO ACADEMY, Wellsboro, Tioga Co., Pa., will begin its 48th year, Sept. 7th, 1865. Address Rev. D. VAN ALLEN, A. B., Principal.

300 AGENTS WANTED.—In a new and honorable business which pays from \$4 to \$7 per day, and no humbug or risk. Full particulars sent free. Address M. M. SANBORN & CO., Brasher Fall, N. Y.

MUNSON MUSICAL INSTITUTE. BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL. No. 54 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y. Will reopen Wednesday, Sept. 6th. Music only is taught in this institution. Daily lessons in all Departments of Music. For Terms, &c., send for a Circular. PROF. JULIUS S. MUNSON, Principal. Mrs. K. CORNELIA MUNSON, Principal.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Returned Soldiers and everybody with a small capital can make Twenty Dollars a day selling our great, new and wonderful extra large size, fine quality Stationery Splendid Gold and Silver Pens, and all the articles which we act as our agents. Smart men wanted in every Village and Town to establish Agencies. County Rights free, as we possess the demand for all the articles we sell. Send for our new circulars, containing Extra Premium Inducements, free. M. D. GILBERT & CO., Stationers, 515-1st 102 Nassau Street, New York.

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VIRGINIA LAND FOR SALE.—Send stamp for description, price, &c. Address A. G. HENNESSEE, Real Estate Agent, Staunton, Va. 813-57.

FOR SALE.—A few pure blood Merino Wra Lambs and Ewes with first class fleeces; also three superior Rams. WM. BEEBE, Northport, Suffolk Co., N. Y.

The News Condenser.

It is said one dress at a late Saratoga ball cost \$25,000. About 600 bales of cotton come into Memphis every day. The frigate Congress has been raised and taken to Norfolk. The upper Mississippi is now navigable for the largest boats. Kossuth scolds the Magyars for making any terms with Austria. A branch of Adams' Express has been established in Galveston. The Eureka mine at Sutter Creek, California, is 960 feet deep. There are now twelve monitors lying at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. The summer visitors at Newport are estimated as high as ten thousand. Richard Thornton who died in England lately left a fortune of \$18,000,000. A New Englander is at work night and day completing a flying machine. The Petersburg (Va.) tobacco manufacturers are commencing work again. A reward of \$1,000 is offered for the arrest of a murderer of Toledo, Ohio. The fees of the Health Officer of New York are about \$100,000 per annum. The California and Nevada mines show a constant increase of productiveness. The crop of hay in New Hampshire is at least one-third larger than last year. Canada crops this year promise to be the largest ever harvested in the Province. Wool growing is fast becoming one of the leading sources of wealth in Missouri. The Hoosier well at Pithole is now flowing between 30 and 40 barrels per day. It is estimated that there are 5,000 deserters from the regular army in New York city. The city of Newark, N. J., pays about \$5,000,000 to the government this year in taxes. There is a decided falling off in the quantity of oil issuing from the Virginia oil wells. A Chinaman recently sold a woman in Australia for \$600. He paid \$50 for her in China. The miners and iron workers lost \$300,000 by the recent strike in Staffordshire, England.

Special Notices.

IF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

PARTIAL LIST OF GIFTS GIVEN

To the patrons of the Metropolitan Gift Book Store No. 26 Buffalo Street, Rochester, during the present month, were 28 Watches, 18 silver-plated Ice Pitchers, 31 silver-plated Cake Baskets, 36 do. Card Receivers, 32 do. Table Castors, 8 fine Opera Glasses, 11 silver-plated Coffees and Tea Urns, 8 large Family Bibles, 64 fine Photograph Albums, 18 Ladies' Furnished Pocket Companions, 42 silver Goblets and Cups, 106 sets silver Spoons and Forks, besides over 3,000 other articles of value. Remember you pay no more for your School Books, Photograph Albums, or anything else purchased at the Metropolitan than at any other store, and the purchaser is sure to receive a handsome Gift with each book purchased.

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SICILIAN HAIR RESTORER Has proved itself to be the most perfect preparation for the hair ever offered to the public.

It is a vegetable compound, and contains no injurious properties whatever.

IT WILL RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

It will keep the hair from falling out.

It cleanses the scalp and makes the hair soft, lustrous and silken.

It is a splendid hair dressing.

No person, old or young, should fail to use it.

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New Advertisements.

FOR SALE—One Imported Cotswold Ram. Also Black and Blue Lams. An Essex Bant, Black Spaniel, Fox and Golden Dicks. E. C. ARMS, 815-2c, Florida, Orange Co., N. Y.



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100 Gold Hunting Case Watches, \$75 to \$120
100 Diamond Rings, Clusters, \$50 to \$100
200 Gold Watches, \$50 to \$100
500 Ladies' Gold Watches, \$50 to \$100
500 Silver Watches, \$25 to \$50
Diamonds, Jewels and Bar Brooches, Ladies' Sets of Gold and Coral, and Gold Rings, \$15 to \$100
Lava, and Cameo; Sets of Studs, Vest and Neck Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Trimbles, Lockets, and Sets of Belts, Gold Pens and Silver Extension Work Boxes, Gold Pens with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, and a large assortment of Fine Jewelry of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at \$500,000.

To be Sold at One Dollar Each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

Among those who have recently drawn VALUABLE GIFTS from this Association, the following kindly permit their names to be used: Robert H. Hilditch, 116 W. 11th St., Conn., Melodion, value \$150; W. F. T. Williams, 22d St. New York, Diamond Clasp Pin, value \$200; Mrs. R. G. Pappan, 15 York St., Gold Watch, value \$125; Miss Ellen P. Peterson, 14th St., Gold Watch, value \$100; Mr. E. H. Stone, 22 1/2 St., N. Y., Piano, value \$280; Mrs. Teresa A. Miller, Scranton, Pa., Diamond Ring, value \$100; Mr. J. H. Mason, 110 E. 10th St., N. Y., Gold Watch, value \$125; Dr. L. Van Riper, Washington, D. C., Gold Hunting Case Watch, value \$100; Edward H. Lindsay, Worcester, Mass., Piano, value \$350; Miss D. E. Farwell, DuBois, Pa., Gold Watch, value \$100; I. Moran, 128 Pearl St., Albany, N. Y., Music Box, value \$40; Mrs. R. C. Ingersoll, Urbana, Ohio, Silver set, value \$100; Mr. E. E. Hendricks, Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C., Silver Patent Lever Watch, value \$50; J. Warner, 15th N. Y. Yols., Silver Watch, value \$35; H. Taylor, Kingtown, Pa., Gold Patent Lever watch, value \$100; Mr. H. H. Hilditch, 116 W. 11th St., N. Y., Gold Watch, value \$125; Geo. D. Wood, Whitby, Canada West, Silver Watch, \$45; Wm B Redfield, Columbus, Ohio, Music Box, \$40. Many persons who have drawn valuable prizes, do not wish their names to be published, or are unable to do so. Letters from various parties throughout the country acknowledging the receipt of valuable gifts, may be seen on file in our office.

MANNER OF DISTRIBUTION.

Prizes are drawn each week, and the value are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES, which are well guarded. One of these envelopes, containing the Certificate or order for some article, (worth at least ONE DOLLAR at retail), will be delivered at our office, or by express, in a sealed envelope, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cents. The purchaser will see what article it draws, and its value, which may be FROM ONE TO FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and then send ONE DOLLAR and receive the article named.

No BLANKS—Every purchaser gets value. Prizes are drawn each week, and the value are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES, which are well guarded. One of these envelopes, containing the Certificate or order for some article, (worth at least ONE DOLLAR at retail), will be delivered at our office, or by express, in a sealed envelope, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cents. The purchaser will see what article it draws, and its value, which may be FROM ONE TO FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and then send ONE DOLLAR and receive the article named.

AGENTS WANTED—All letters should be addressed to T. BENTON & CO., Box 567, P. O., New York.

PREMIUM CHESTER WHITE PIGS FOR SALE.

By the late Mr. H. B. BOYER, who has raised 100 and prices, sent free of charge. Address: W. P. BOYER & CO., Gum Tree, Chester Co., Penn. 814-4t

BOOK AGENTS WANTED

BY THE PUBLISHERS OF THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE REBELLION published, 1,500 pages, 300 portraits, maps, &c. Address: 614-3t E. G. STORKE, Auburn, N. Y.

6,000 AGENTS WANTED

To sell 6 NEW INVENTIONS—of great value to families; all pay good profits. Send 15 cents and get 50 papers, or 25 cts. and get 50 papers and a sample gratis. 813-12t EPIPHAN BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

PATENTS OBTAINED BY J. FRASER & CO.

WASHINGTON, who secures prompt attention to our business at the Patent Office. Address us at our offices either in ROCHESTER or BUFFALO, N. Y. 813-4t

FRECKLES, TAN, AND PIMPLES removed

at once by the use of "UPHAM'S FRECKLE, TAN, AND PIMPLE BANISHER." Mailed to any address for 75 cents by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa. 813-15t

ASTHMA CURED—RELIEF GUARANTEED

BY THE USE OF UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE. Cases of from ten to twenty years' standing yield at once to its influence. Price 25c. Sent, post-paid, to any address by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. 813-15t

WEBB SOUTH-DOWNS

THIRTY EWES, TWENTY-FIVE EWE LAMBS, TWENTY RAM LAMBS and YEARLINGS, the get of Archibald, for sale this Fall. GEORGE H. WEBB, Brook, Washington Hollow, Dutchess Co., N. Y. 811-11t

NEW IMPORTATION OF ITALIAN QUEENS.

We have this season imported Queens, direct from the District of Italy, which according to the last German Bee-Keepers' Convention, this variety is found in the highest purity. We are prepared to furnish Queens bred from this importation, or our previous ones from Belgium, guaranteeing their purity and safe arrival by EXPRESS. For prices, etc., send for Circular to L. L. LANGSTROTH & SON, 815-4t Oxford, Butler Co., Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

In every Township to sell GENTS and BERMAN, their CAMPAIGNER AND GENERAL, by Edson, J. P. Headley, and U. E. F. A. N. Washington and his Generals, &c., comprising popular Biographies of prominent Generals, of the Union Army, including graphic descriptions of Battles, Sieges, Adventures, &c., with numerous steel Portraits and Battle Scenes. SOLD ONLY BY AGENTS. To all seeking profitable employment, a rare chance is offered to make money. For terms and territory, address at once with stamp to E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 130 Grand St., N. Y. 814-1t

BAROMETERS AND THERMOMETERS.

RURAL of July 8, page 219. LEWIS C. TOWER.

65 A MONTH

Agents wanted that can earn \$65 a month, and all expenses paid. For full particulars address, with stamp, to E. E. LOCKWOOD, Detroit, Michigan. 812-4t

EPILEPSY

DR. C. ROBBINS, the discoverer of new Remedies, cures 99 cases, continues at his old stand, No. 3 Haverhill St., Charlestown, Mass. Dr. Robbins has been in the practice of Epilepsy, Chorea, and other nervous and convulsive diseases, in this city and Charlestown, for 17 years; his endeavors embrace one of the highest culture, position and wealth. No amount of suffering or loss of sleep or attention to making the world his debtor.—Boston Traveller.

ELECTION NOTICE—SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

COUNTY OF MONROE—Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the statutes of this State, and the annexed return from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY, 13th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. A. CHAPMAN, Sheriff. Dated Rochester, August 1, 1885.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, July 29th, 1885.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY, 13th day of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

- Comptroller, in the place of Lucius Robinson; Treasurer, in the place of George W. Schuyler; An Attorney-General, in the place of John Cochran; A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of William B. Taylor; A Commissioner, in the place of William I. Skinner; An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Gaylord J. Clarke; A Justice of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Hiram Denio; A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Frederick A. Hall; All the terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, a Justice of the Court of Appeals, in the place of John E. Felt, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Henry B. Seelye, on the first day of December, 1885.

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COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Three Members of Assembly: A District Attorney, in the place of William H. Bowman; Justices of Sessions, in the place of Benjamin S. Whitehead and DeLoe Wentworth; Two Coroners, in the place of Tunia V. P. Pollis and Riley S. Treat. All the terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Chapter 335.

AN ACT to provide the means of paying bounties authorized by law, and of reimbursing municipalities for bounties paid by them in pursuance of law by creating a State Debt, and to amend the laws in relation to the question of creating such debt, and to repeal certain sections of chapter twenty-nine of the Laws of eighteen hundred and sixty-five, for instructions in regard to their duties under said act.

Enacted April 7, 1885; three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do hereby enact and declare:

SECTION 1. To provide the means of paying all bounties authorized by law to be paid by this State to volunteers drafted men or substitutes, and to provide the means of reimbursing cities, counties and towns, for bounties paid by them to volunteers drafted men or substitutes, so far as the bounties so paid by them are authorized by a law of this State, to be reimbursed or refunded to them, a debt shall be created, and authorized to be contracted, which debt shall for the purpose of this act, be a debt of the State, and shall be levied and assessed upon the taxable property of this State, a direct annual tax, to pay the interest on the said debt, as such interest falls due, and to create a sinking fund for the payment of said debt, there shall also be imposed a tax on the property of this State, to be levied and assessed upon the property of this State, a direct annual tax to pay, and amortize the principal of the said debt, in the space of twelve years from the time of the passage of this act, the whole of the debt created and contracted by the passage of this act, to wit:

SECTION 2. To obtain the money necessary for the purposes contemplated by this act, the comptroller is authorized to issue the bonds of the State, in such sums each as shall be required from time to time, to be sold at a rate not exceeding seven per centum, per annum, half yearly on the principal thereof, and the proceeds of the sale of such bonds, and the interest on such bonds, at a rate not exceeding seven per centum, per annum, half yearly on the principal thereof, shall be paid, at such place or places as the comptroller may deem proper, to the cities, counties and towns, which shall be reimbursed or refunded to them as provided in this act, and the proceeds of the sale of such bonds, and the interest on such bonds, at a rate not exceeding seven per centum, per annum, half yearly on the principal thereof, shall be paid, at such place or places as the comptroller may deem proper, to the cities, counties and towns, which shall be reimbursed or refunded to them as provided in this act, and the 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BEYOND THE SHADOW.

BY OLOFFE VON KORTLANDT.

The yellow forehead of the King of Terrors is often wreathed in smiles...

IMAGINATION LOVES To hover on the earth-bank of the stream That neath the heavy overhanging boughs...

There its all-potent wand Conjures bright visions from beyond the shades, Where Limitless Perfection holds her sway...

The ever-murmuring fount Of youth perpetual mingles its sweet tone With rippling of the river of Life Eterne...

The gay Spring flowers fade not: The gorgeous Summer, clad in golden dress, And grand old Autumn, with its soberer mould...

They whom in years ago We loved and lost, dwell in that fair, blest land, And we, on the death-river's hither shore...

There is eternal peace: And yet by dark-winged Azrael none may pass Save in pure-gate of immortality.

The Story Teller.

SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

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

[Continued from page 276, last number.]

THE first days he permitted his sheep to wander where they chose, being only attentive to discover the places where the Shepherdess took hers.

"Let's manage a little," said he, "the timidity of this solitary beauty; if she is unhappy her heart has need of consolation; if she has only an aversion to the world, and a taste for a tranquil and innocent life is all that detains her in these places, she must have moments of ennui, when she would desire society that could amuse or console her—let us leave her to seek mine. If I can succeed in rendering myself agreeable, my society will soon become a necessity to her—then I can take counsel as to the situation of her heart. After all, here we are alone in the world, and we will do everything for each other. From confidence to friendship is not far, and, at our age, from friendship to love the step is still more easy."

And what was the age of FONROSE when he reasoned thus? FONROSE was eighteen years old; but three months of reasoning upon the same subject had well developed his ideas! While he yielded himself up to thoughts like these, with his eyes wandering over the country, he heard all at once in the distance, that voice whose charms he had heard so much bewailed. The emotion it caused him was as strong as unforeseen.

"It is here," said the Shepherdess in her plaintive song, "it is here that my heart enjoys the only pleasure that remains to it. My sorrow has delights for my soul; I prefer its bitterness to the deceptive *douceurs* of joy."

These accents rent the sensitive heart of FONROSE.

"What," said he, "can be the cause of the chagrin which consumes her? How sweet it would be to console her!" A sweeter hope still dared hardly flatter his desires. He feared to alarm the Shepherdess if he gave away imprudently to his impatience for a nearer view, and it was enough for the first time to have heard her. The next day he went to the pasturage, and observing the road she had taken, he placed himself at the foot of a rock which the day before had repeated the sounds of her touching voice. I have forgotten to say that FONROSE had the handsomest face in the world, joined to talents, which the young nobles of Italy do not neglect. He played the haut-boy like BEPUZZI himself, from whom he had taken lessons, and who was then enchanting all Europe. ADELAIDE, more profoundly absorbed by her afflicting ideas, had not yet made her voice heard, and the echoes remained silent. All at once this silence was broken by the plaintive sounds of the hautboy of FONROSE. These unknown sounds excited in the soul of ADELAIDE intense surprise mingled with agitation. From the guardians of the flocks which wandered over the hills no sounds had ever been heard save those of their rustic horns. Motionless and attentive, she sought with her eyes the author of such sweet accents. At a distance she perceived a young Shepherd seated in the hollow of a rock, at the foot of which his flock was grazing. She approached him to hear better.

"Behold," said she, "what the instinct of nature alone can do! The ear indicates to this Shepherd all the niceties of art. Could any one produce purer tones? What delicacy in the inflections! What variety in the shades of expression! Let any one say after this that taste is not a natural gift!"

Since ADELAIDE had dwelt in this solitude, it was the first time that her sorrow, suspended by

an agreeable distraction, had given up her soul to the sweet emotion of pleasure. FONROSE, who had seen her approach and seat herself under a willow to listen to him, pretended not to have observed her. He seized, without affectation, the moment for his retreat, and measured the speed of his flock so as to meet her on the descent of the hill where their roads crossed each other. He gave her but a single glance, and continued his way as if only occupied with the care of his flock. But what beauty that look had surveyed! What eyes! What a divine mouth! But these features, so noble and so touching in their languor, how much more ravishing would they be if love reanimated them! It was easily seen that sorrow alone had tarnished in their springtime the roses of her beautiful cheeks. But among so many charms, that which had moved him most, was the noble elegance of her figure and her walk. The suppleness of her movements could only be compared to the young cedar, when its straight and flexible stems yield luxuriously to the zephyrs. This image which love engraved in lines of flame upon his memory, took possession of his whole mind.

"How feebly," said he, "have they painted to me this beauty, unknown to the world whose adoration it merits! And she inhabits a desert, with only a thatch to shelter her! She, who ought to have Kings at her feet, to be occupied with the care of a vile flock! Under what vestments is she offered to my sight! yet she embellishes all and nothing can detract from her. And what a life for so delicate a body!—gross food!—a savage climate!—straw for a bed! Great God! and for whom were these roses made? Yes, I must draw her out of this condition, all too miserable, and too unworthy of her." Sleep interrupted his reflections, but did not efface the image. ADELAIDE, on her side, sensibly struck by the youthfulness and beauty of FONROSE, could not cease to admire the caprices of fortune.

"Where does nature go," said she, "to get together so many talents and so many graces! But alas! these gifts which to him are simply useless, would, perhaps, prove a misfortune to him in a more elevated position in life. What ills has not beauty caused in the world! Unfortunate! is it for me to attach any price to it?"

These desolating reflections came to poison in her soul the pleasure she had tasted. She reproached herself for having been sensible to the impression, and resolved to refuse herself in the future. The next day FONROSE believed he could see that she avoided his approach, and he fell into a mortal sadness.

"Can she suspect my disguise?" said he, "have I betrayed myself?" This inquietude occupied him the whole day, and his hautboy was neglected. ADELAIDE was not so far off but that she could easily have heard him, and his silence astonished her. She began to sing, herself:

"It seems," said the song, "that everything which surrounds me partakes of my *ennui*. There is heard from the birds only accents of sadness; echo responds to me only by complainings; the zephyrs moan among the foliage, and the murmur of the streams imitates so well my sighs that one would say they flowed in tears."

FONROSE was so much affected by these songs that he could not help responding. Never was there a concert more touching than that of his hautboy with the voice of ADELAIDE.

"O, Heaven," said she, "is this enchantment! I cannot believe my ears. It is not a Shepherd, it is a God whom I have heard. Could the natural sentiment of harmony inspire such chords?"

As she spoke thus, a rustic, or rather a divine melody, made the valley resound again. ADELAIDE believed she saw realized the prodigies which Poesy attributes to Music, her brilliant sister. Confused and speechless, she did not know whether she ought to conceal herself, or yield to the enjoyment of this enchantment. But she soon perceived the Shepherd, whom she had heard, reassembling his flock to return to the cabin.

"He is ignorant," said she, "of the charm he spreads around him; his simple soul is not then vain; he does not even await the eulogiums which I owe him. Such is the power of music. It is the only one of all the talents which enjoys itself—all the others wish for witnesses. This gift of Heaven was accorded to man in innocence—it is the purest of all pleasures. Alas! it is the only one left for my enjoyment, and I regard the Shepherd as a new echo which comes to respond to my sorrow."

The following day FONROSE affected in his turn to hold himself aloof. ADELAIDE was afflicted. "Fate," said she, "seems to have been sparing to me, even of this feeble consolation; I have yielded to it too easily, and in punishment I am deprived of it."

Finally one day when they met upon the hillside, she said to him, "Shepherd, do you take your flocks very far?"

These first words of ADELAIDE startled FONROSE so much that they almost took away the use of his voice.

"I do not know," said he, hesitatingly, "I never conduct my flock, it is my flock which leads me; they know these places better than I do, and I leave them to choose the best pasturage."

"You are very good," replied FONROSE, "but is it for you to believe that nature refuses everything to the shepherds? Were you born to be a Queen?"

ADELAIDE reddened! at this response, and changed the subject.

"The other day," said she, "you accompanied my voice upon the hautboy with an art that is wonderful in a simple guardian of the flocks."

"It is your voice," said FONROSE, "that is a prodigy in a simple Shepherdess."

"But has no one instructed you?" "Like yourself, I have had no other guides than my heart and my ear. You sang, I was touched—what my heart felt my hautboy expressed—my soul inspired it—you have my secret—nothing in the world is easier."

"It is incredible," said ADELAIDE. "That is what I said in listening to you," replied FONROSE, "and yet I must indeed believe it. What would you have? Nature and love sometimes make a sport of unting all that they have which is most precious, in the most humble fortune, to show that there is no condition they cannot ennoble."

During this conversation they advanced into the valley, and FONROSE, animated by a ray of hope, filled the air with the joyous sounds with which pleasure inspired him.

"Al! for mercy's sake," said ADELAIDE, "spare to my soul the importunate image of a sentiment which it must not enjoy. This solitude is consecrated to sorrow; its echoes are not accustomed to repeat the accents of profane joy; here everything mourns with me."

"I, too, have enough to complain of," replied the young man; and these words uttered with a sigh, were followed by a long silence.

"You have cause of complaint!" said ADELAIDE. "Is it of men? Is it of fortune?"

"I do not know," said he, "but I am not happy; ask me no more."

"Listen," said ADELAIDE, "Heaven brings us together to console each other in our troubles. Mine are like a crushing weight with which my heart is oppressed. Whoever you are, if you know misfortune, you must be compassionate, and I believe you worthy of my confidence. But promise me it shall be mutual."

"Alas!" said FONROSE, "my ills are such that I shall, perhaps, be condemned never to reveal them."

This mystery only redoubled the curiosity of ADELAIDE.

"Come to-morrow," said she, "to the foot of this hill, under the thick old oak, where you have heard my moanings. There I will tell you things that will excite your pity."

FONROSE passed the night in mortal agitation. His fate depended upon what he was going to learn. A thousand terrifying thoughts came, turn by turn, to agitate him. He apprehended above all the despairing confidence of an unfortunate but faithful love.

"If she loves," said he, "I am lost." He went to the place indicated. He saw ADELAIDE arrive. The sky was covered with clouds, and nature, in mourning, seemed to preface the sadness of their conversation. When they were seated at the foot of the oak, ADELAIDE spoke in these terms:

"You see these stones which the grass is beginning to cover. They form the tomb of the most tender, the most virtuous of men, who lost his life through my love and imprudence. I am a Frenchwoman of distinguished family and too rich for my misfortune. The Count D'ORESTAN conceived for me the most tender love—I was not insensible to it—I loved him to excess. My parents opposed the *penchant* of our hearts, and my insensate passion made me consent to a marriage, sacred to virtuous souls, but disavowed by the laws. Italy was then the theater of war. My husband went to join the Corps which he was to command. I followed him to Briançon—my mad tenderness retained him there two days, despite himself. This young man, so full of honor, prolonged his stay, but with extreme reluctance. He sacrificed his duty to me; but what had I not sacrificed to him? In a word, I exacted it and he could not resist my tears. He left with a presentiment with which I was myself frightened. I accompanied him to this valley, where I received his adieux, and then returned to Briançon to await news of him. Rumors of a battle were spread about a few days after. I doubted that ORESTAN had arrived in time—I wished it for his glory—I feared it for my love—when one day I received from him a letter which I believed I should find very consoling. 'I shall be,' said he, 'on such a day, at such an hour, in the valley and under the oak where we parted. I shall come alone, and I conjure you to come alone to meet me; I can see no other than yourself.'

"What was my misconception of this letter! I could see in it nothing but impatience to see me again, and I applauded that impatience. I came then to this oak. D'ORESTAN arrived, and after the most tender reception, he said: 'Through your wishes,' dear ADELAIDE, 'I have fallen in my duty at the most important moment of my life. What I feared has occurred. The battle took place, my regiment charged—it performed prodigies of valor, and I was not there. I am dishonored, lost without recourse. I do not reproach you with my misfortune, but I have but one more sacrifice to make to you, and my heart comes to consummate it.'

"At these words, pale, trembling, and almost without breath, I received my husband in my arms. I felt my blood freezing in my veins, my knees bent under me, and I fell senseless to the ground. He profited by my fainting to tear himself from my arms, and I was quickly recalled to life by the noise of the discharge which gave death to him. I will not depict to you the situation in which I found myself—it is indescribable—and the tears which you see flow, the sobs which choke my voice, are but a feeble image of it. After passing a whole night with his bleeding body in a stupid kind of grief, my first

care was to bury my shame with him—my own hands dug his grave. I do not seek to soften your heart, but that moment which shall compel me to separate on earth from the sad remains of my husband will be a thousand times more terrible to me than that can be which will separate my body from my soul. Exhausted by sorrow and the lack of food, it required two days of inconceivable pain for my feeble hands to dig this grave. When my strength abandoned me, I would repose myself upon the livid and glacial bosom of my husband. At last I rendered him the duties of sepulture, and my heart promised him to await in this place the hour when death should re-unite us. In the meantime a cruel hunger began to devour me. I considered it a crime to refuse to nature the sustenance of a life more painful than death itself. I changed my clothing, for the simple dress of a Shepherdess, and I embraced the position as my only refuge. Since then my only consolation has been to come and weep over this tomb, which will also be mine. You see," continued she, "with what sincerity I have opened my heart to you. I can weep with you hereafter in liberty—it is a solace that I need—but I expect from you the same confidence. Do not believe you have deceived me. I see clearly that the duties of a Shepherd are as strange, to you as to myself, and much newer. You are young, sensitive perhaps, and if I may believe my conjectures, our misfortunes have had the same source, and, like me, you have loved. We shall be only the more compassionate for each other. I regard you as a friend whom Heaven, in mercy to my sufferings, has designed to send to me in my solitude. Look upon me as a friend capable of giving you, if not salutary counsels, at least consoling examples."—[Concluded next week.]

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- For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 27 letters. My 9, 17, 26, 15 is a hard metal. My 20, 6, 11, 5, 16 is used in the evening. My 23, 14, 26, 7 is also used in the evening. My 1, 23, 17 is a production of some of the Southern States. My 8, 23, 17, 20 is an English title. My 20, 25, 15, 19, 14, 20, 27 was the originator of my whole. My 17, 26, 10, 4 should be used for J. D., Esq. My 27, 6, 12, 25, 18, 15 is saved, thank God! My 7, 26, 17, 24, 2, 8, 23, 17, 14, 20, 9, 15, 21 is one of the United States. My 10, 6, 20, 11, 19, 8 is a grand residence. My 19, 23, 17, 7 is a kind of grain. My 21, 7, 27, 13, 4 is a girl's name. My 10, 20, 6, 24, 3 is used at the table. My 8, 2, 23, 13, 17 is an article of furniture. My 18, 2, 25, 14 is a State. My 8, 23, 16, 25, 12, 14, 20 is where business of State is transacted. My 2, 4, 22, 16 is in demand by the North. My whole brought joy to thousands. West Springfield, Pa. ANSWER.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM. In ages past there lived a man, (Perhaps you've heard before), With five fair daughters was he blest, Of sons he had but four. And when he thought the time had come For him to leave this band, He called together all his friends And thought to will his land. The difficulty now arose, To equally divide, Because his farm was circular, And had not one straight side. Six hundred acres had this man, As I have oft been told; The plan by which 'twas measured out Was novel, if 'twas old. A perfect circle each son had, As large as could be made, Each one drawn tangent to the next, Or so at least 'twas said. Four outer portions now remained, Four daughters each had one, The portion in the center left The fifth girl shared alone. Now, scholars, pray your skill display, And answer me in rhyme; Tell how much ground this fifth girl found Was left her at this time. Oneida, Mich. D. S.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN ANAGRAM. Ho hyw solndh tetn stlrp fo lamtro eb dorop? Kile a twisf geteln roetem a staf-glyfn docul, A shalf fo het mlghting a kreb of eth vaeu, Eh sapstet morf leif of ish sert ni lte verga, Chanucey, Ill. HARRY. ANSWER in two weeks.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 813. Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Honesty is the best policy. Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—The traveler was 8 miles from Lansing, and Grand Lodge is 12 miles from Lansing. Answer to Anagram: There was a man in Richmond town, And Yankee came to nab him, He clumb up to the chimney top And saw they meant to grab him; So he got down on 'tother side, And then they couldn't find him; He rode as fast as he could ride, And never looked behind him. Answer to Riddle:—Letter A.

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