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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.
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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently instructive and entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it far the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE AUTUMN HARVEST.

The last harvest of the year is approaching. It is the harvest of Autumn. Slowly, but steadily and surely, the earth has ripened its fruits, and holds them now in her bountiful lap for man to take and use. If the Midsummer is lavish with golden grains, and fragrant grass, yet sober Autumn crowns the labors of the husbandman with a full reward. The harvest is more diversified. The well cultivated garden will yield its various vegetables to extend its pleasures till another spring. The armies of corn that have held steady ranks all Summer, will be tented on the fields, ready for the huskers; and the orchards deliver up their stores of fruit, and the wine presses in the vineyards flow freely with the juice of the royal grape.

With the farmer, now-a-days, it is one of the busiest seasons of the year, and he is apt to be, likewise, most perplexed. For the days are short and often broken up by storms; the work is various, and several jobs demand attention at the same time. Years ago, when the wheat crop was the main reliance of the farmer in Western New York, and he only grew corn, potatoes and fruit for his own use, the Autumn was a season of comparative leisure. Help was plenty and wages low at that season. Now it is a second harvest time for the laborer. He works in cool weather and short days, and commands nearly and sometimes quite the wages of midsummer. And while it is poor economy to work short-handed at this important season, it is also wasteful of time and therefore of money to work haphazard, without a well laid, definite plan. The master should have the whole business of the season so thoroughly understood and calculated for, that he never need delay a workman two minutes to plan, or what is worse—demoralizing to the discipline of a well ordered farm—ask the workman to plan for him. So it will pay to take now a careful survey of the Autumn work—

to consider what we have to do before "snow flies," how much help we need, and how best to accomplish what is to be done. As the seeding is about done the chief work in hand now is cutting corn. In this section a large share of this crop is already shocked, the dry weather having hastened its maturity. All of it should be cut now as soon as possible. We think the appreciation of farmers of the value of corn fodder, grows yearly, and therefore more pains are taken to secure it properly. The first step in this direction is to have it well shocked. If the corn is very heavy twenty-five or thirty hills are enough for one shock, but if light or only medium, the cutter can take seven rows and tie up a square, or forty-nine hills. The shock should be made as large as possible without any danger of its curving badly or moulding in the center. Many contend that twenty-five hills, light or heavy, are enough; but if a larger shock will cure as well, it is easier to pull the corn in it; it will stand up better; it exposes less fodder to the storm; and it makes faster husking. To ensure a shock from falling it is necessary to select a strong, upright hill for the center of it. Set six or eight hills round about it, and tie it firmly in the middle. Then take care and set the rest of the corn straight and even on all sides, and tie with two bands, and you will not be troubled with its falling over.

A great deal of corn fodder is much injured by careless treatment of it at husking time and afterwards. The farmer who would expose his hay to the wet as many do their corn stalks, would be thought very careless. Rain on the cured leaves injures them as much as it would cured grass, but, from their different shape, and the manner in which they are put up, they dry out more readily and the injury is not so apparent. Besides farmers calculate to feed their stalks before spring, while the appetite of the stock is sharp, and frequently if the corn fodder is weather-beaten and tasteless the cattle have only the choice between that and the snow banks. Yet it seems as if corn fodder was specially adapted to our variable and cool fall weather. There is no other forage crop that we could secure so easily, in spite of rain and sunless weather. All that is necessary is to do the work thorough and keep all snug as you go along. When husking bind the bundles strong, and set them up before any rain falls on them. The shocks should be small and round, and tied with two bands at the top, so as to be brought to a point. In this way a shock will throw off the rain like a tent. The next rule is, and it ought to be imperative, when the stalks are dry and in prime order, drop all other work and draw them into the barn or stack. Do not wait to get the whole field husked before you draw any stalks, but secure them as fast as they are in order. Stalks that are cut in season and well cured and housed are as nutritious as good hay, and for milch cows in winter they are the best kind of fodder.

Meantime there are other crops to harvest. A large orchard of apples demands a great deal of attention and much labor, but both will be largely repaid to those who have apples for market. Not an apple should be allowed to waste. Every bushel in the country will bring a good price this year. Those not fit to barrel should go to the cider mill or be dried. Where a large crop is to be gathered it needs system and proper accommodations to do it cheaply. Ladders, baskets, hooks, and appliances for heading the barrels expeditiously, should be made ready in season. Where the orchard is thrifty and the crop generally large, it would pay to have a building in it, to which the fruit could be brought as fast as picked. All the fruit on a tree, good and poor, should be picked at once and put together in the building. Then it can be sorted and barreled, and great evenness in the quality of the fruit will be secured, and the work can be done when it is too wet perhaps to work out-of-doors. If there is no building the apples can be placed in piles under the trees, and then sorted. If the piles do not contain more than three or four barrels they will quickly dry out if they chance to get wet. Apples for family use should not be put into the cellar till cold weather, unless it is a cool and airy one. From our own experience they keep better in barrels than bins—headed up the usual way. They retain their freshness and flavor better, and do not become withered. Fruit should be kept in the dark. Those varieties that are designed for late use should be sorted in the latter part of winter, and re-barreled.

In our calculations for Autumn work, we should not fail to set apart a few days for the garden. The winter vegetables are to be secured; the fruit trees, raspberry, blackberry, currant and gooseberry bushes and grape vines set in order for spring, and mulched with a coat of manure. Fine cut straw or forest tree leaves are needed on the strawberries. When all is cleaned up nicely and in shape, put on a good dressing of rotted manure, and plow or spade your garden. It kills a great many weeds, and advances the garden work a great deal in the spring. If you want very early vegetables, it is a good plan to prepare the beds in the fall, and with some kinds sow the seeds just as the ground freezes. Many vegetables that are put in the cellar are kept the best in bins of earth—a sandy loam is best. These bins can be made along the sides of the cellar, the front being laid up with brick or stone. Cabbages are best kept out-of-doors. A good way is to sink a barrel or box in a dry part of the garden, or set it nearly on the surface and bank up around it. If set in the ground, and a good one used, cabbages will keep very good, as it is a sort of diminutive cellar, kept just at the freezing point, and it is easy of access at all times. A still easier and quicker way, and one that we have found as handy and certain as any we ever tried, is to pull the cabbages and set the heads down on the fresh earth—that is, exactly reverse their position. The large leaves on the outside of

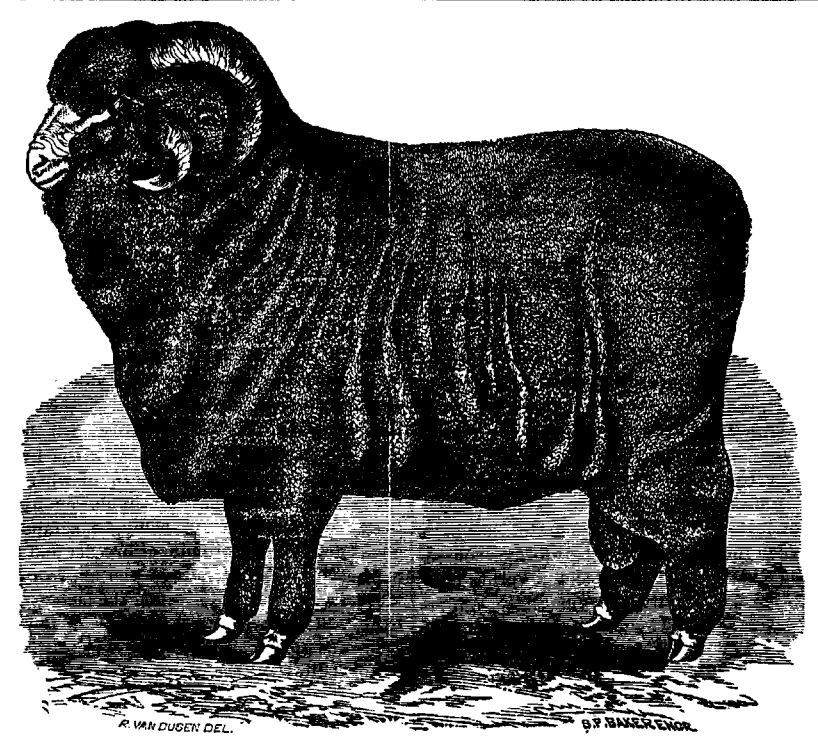
the head will fall around the center, and together with the snows furnish a fine protection. As the cabbage is entirely on the top of the ground, it is easy to get in mid-winter. We have mentioned but few of the crops to be harvested in autumn. Fortunately the diversity is great. The necessities of man are adequately supplied, and the labors of the year are rewarded by bountiful harvests.

THE WANT OF SYMPATHY BETWEEN FARMERS.

It has always been a matter of wonder to me that so little sympathy exists between farmers as a class. Their interests all lie in one direction, and they might be a great help to each other in many ways. But it is too often the case that they seem to feel afraid of each other, and to indulge a sort of jealousy. They ought to meet often and talk over topics that interest all in common—such as improvement in culture, in implements, stock, &c.—prospective prices of farm produce, and the best time to sell. There should also be an understanding in regard to prices to be paid for labor. This last is an important item in a farmer's expenses—and while labor is entitled to a fair compensation, it would be far better to have more uniformity in prices. Faithful, honest, and skillful laborers in many cases do not now get what they ought to, while a great many of the opposite class, by false representations, obtain double what they are entitled to. In any business except farming a man must serve an apprenticeship, and learn his business, before he can demand and receive full wages. But in our business *Paddy*, just from the Bogs, or *Hanco*, fresh from the "Faderland," thinks he can earn as much as the best man that's going. At harvest time, some man having ten or fifteen acres of wheat to cut, often obliges his neighbor, who has four times as much, to pay from two to four shillings per day more than he ought, just because it will make but little difference with him what he pays, having but a single day's cutting. So he hires the first men that offer, and pays them whatever they ask—without spending a thought about its effect upon his neighbor.

Now, all these things could be made better by a more cordial and united feeling among farmers. There is not a single reason why this feeling should not generally exist. Among merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and others, there is more or less competition, and it is not to be expected that they should communicate freely to each other of to the world at large, their modes of doing business and the secrets of their success in their particular vocation. But with the farmer the case is entirely different. By imparting to others the results of his experience, and his opinions based upon such experience, he is losing nothing himself, while he may be the means of great gain to others. Agriculture is truly a most noble occupation. That it is not as remunerative as it ought to be, is, in a great measure, the fault of the farmers themselves. They are the producers of most of the *dears necessities of life*, and they have not only the right, but the power, to demand and receive a fair equivalent for their labor and use of capital. If supply and demand always regulated prices, then there would be no cause of complaint in any quarter. If producer and consumer could come nearer together it would be better for both parties; but in a large majority of cases the *middle men* and speculators have it all their own way. If the produce is sold ever so cheap, it does not always benefit the consumer.

Farmers do not know or seem to realize the importance of their occupation. Without them the world would stand still. The votaries of the arts and sciences must have food, or their labors would soon cease. Poets and Philosophers *must eat*, or the scintillations of their genius would soon be obscured. Doctors of Divinity, Doctors of Laws, and Doctors of Medicine, are alike dependent on the farmer for "the meat that perisheth." Even Editors, Printers, and Politicians, relish the "kindly fruits" of the farmer's toil. In view of these facts, brother Farmers, let us "magnify our office." Other occupations are honorable, but ours is the foundation and support of them all. Let us then cultivate a proper respect for it ourselves, if we would have it honored by others. Above all, if we would elevate our calling in the opinion of the world, we must *elevate ourselves*, intellectually, morally and socially. September, 1865. P. P. B.



HARLOW BROTHERS' RAM "YOUNG GRIMES."

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

"YOUNG GRIMES."

"YOUNG GRIMES," the property of HARLOW BROTHERS, Darien, N. Y., was got by "Old Grimes," owned by GEORGE CAMPBELL, West Westminster, Vt. His dam, bred by G. CAMPBELL, was got by "Old Woodstock," grand dam by "Old Pomp," great grand dam bred by G. CAMPBELL. "Old Grimes" was bred by Mr. HAMMOND, and got by his "Sweetstakes," "Old Woodstock" was got by "Wooster" bred by Mr. HAMMOND. "Old Pomp" was got by Black Hawk, by "Old Black," out of a ewe bred by EBENEZER BRIDGE, Vermont. "Young Grimes" is now four years old, and his fleece this year, of twelve months' growth, weighed 24 pounds 11 ounces.

SHEEP SHOW AT THE STATE FAIR.

UTICA, Sept. 12, 1865.

TAKING THE Merinos in rotation as we found them in the pens, we observed the following: N. E. Wheeler, Middlebury, Vt., 12 rams and 8 ewes. Wm. Chamberlain, Red Hook, N. Y., 58 ewes and several rams (Silesians.) Carl Heyne, Red Hook, N. Y., 6 ewes (Silesians.) Elbert Townsend, Pavilion Center, N. Y., 3 rams and 3 ewe lambs. J. P. Ray, Ontario Co., N. Y., 2 rams and 6 ewes. A. J. Jones, West Cornwall, Vt., 12 rams. J. S. Pettibone, Vermont, 8 ewes. W. H. DeLong, Vermont, 1 ram and 11 ewes. J. Hill, Vermont, 8 rams. Geo. Brown, Allegany Co., N. Y., 9 ewes. A. M. Brown, Allegany Co., N. Y., 8 grade and 6 full-blood ewes. Bennett & Beecher, Livonia, N. Y., 9 rams and 21 ewes. N. Burgess, North Hooisick, N. Y., 1 ram and 3 ewe lambs. L. J. Burgess, North Hooisick, N. Y., 1 ewe, 3 ewe and 5 ram lambs. J. C. Sweet, Hooisick, N. Y., 3 ewe and 4 ram lambs. G. J. Hollenback, Hooisick, N. Y., 12 ewes. H. M. Boardman, Rushville, N. Y., 2 rams, 14 ewes and ewe lambs. D. Percy, North Hooisick, N. Y., 7 ewes and 5 ram lambs. Jason Jones, West Cornwall, Vermont, 6 rams. J. M. Thomas, Cuba, N. Y., 6 rams. A. L. Thomas, Allegany Co., N. Y., 21 ewes and 11 rams. J. C. Short, Livonia, N. Y., 8 ram and 6 ewe lambs. M. G. Rapalee, Himrods, N. Y., 1 ram. Hoyt & James, Milton, N. Y., 3 ewe and 1 ram lambs. Viele & Marshall, Saratoga Co., N. Y., 1 ram. C. Howland, Auburn, N. Y., 6 ewe, 1 ram.

The above list is intended to include all we saw, but we probably overlooked some. We understood that a number of the animals were not entered for competition, and that many of the lambs were not eligible for competition. Of South Down we observed the following: Samuel Thorne, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 4 rams and 5 ewes. Elihu Griffin, 8 rams and 10 ewes. Geo. Brown, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 10 ewes. John Butterfield, 1 ram, 5 ewes and 4 ewe lambs. Peter Lorrillard, 3 rams and 4 ewes. R. H. Avery, a number—not counted.

Of Shropshire Downs, Peter Lorrillard exhibited 2 rams.

Of Leicesters, C. B. Eastman exhibited a number—not counted.

Of Oxfordshires, J. E. Buell exhibited several pens.

Of Cotswolds, E. Gazley exhibited 6 rams, 10 ewes and 3 ewe lambs. S. W. Gunn, 2 rams. Cooper Sayre, 5 rams and 10 ewes.

The sheep in the Merino department are, as a general thing, pretty fair, and in some cases very good indeed. There are, however, marked and rather numerous exceptions. Mr. Chamberlain's Silesians are looking as well as we have ever seen them. The rain of last night washed a number of them, and indeed many of the other sheep, badly. The covered pens did not protect them. There are some admirable South Downs. We particularly admire Mr. Thorne's. They are larger and lighter faced Downs than we have been accustomed to see, but they are very superior at all points. The two Shropshires exhibited by Mr. Lorrillard, are magnificent sheep. The Leicesters strike us as a quite inferior lot, and the Oxfordshires are very ordinary. The Cotswolds are much better, and some of them are good.

On the whole, we regard the Sheep Show as a very creditable one to the State Society. We understand that a very unpleasant question is being agitated, and we shall have to close this letter, we suppose, before any ultimate disposition is made of it. It appears that cases of stubble shearing and "cutting into shape" have been discovered in both the English and Merino pens. It is said in some instances to be very apparent, and to be so on some of the best animals on exhibition. We hear it said that one English sheep presents wool varying more than an inch in length on different parts of the body, and that the long-wool appears in every case on the parts which needed filling out! The Executive Board of the Society have appointed two Committees to investigate this subject. The Chairman of that on English sheep is Hon. A. B. Conger, and of that on Merinos H. T. Foster, Esq., of Geneva. We shall expect from these Committees impartial and unexcited reports and judicious recommendations. The Executive Board will then, doubtless, take such action as the circumstances are found to require.

We have seen some of the awards of premiums but prefer to wait and give them entire from the officially published account.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY IN BUENOS AYRES.

PHILADELPHIA, July 18, 1865.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL—Dear Sir: I take the liberty of addressing you, to make inquiries in regard to the disease common among sheep called "Hoove." A friend of mine who has been residing for the last four or five years in Buenos Ayres, (South America), engaged in breeding Merinos and growing wool, and who is now here on a visit home, tells me that in the spring when the young grass first starts they frequently lose a considerable number of sheep

from this disease. Their mode of husbandry is substantially as follows:

In the southern and eastern portions of Buenos Ayres, the country is almost entirely level and almost destitute of trees, except along the river banks, but covered with a most luxuriant growth of natural grasses the year round, the climate being very temperate, the thermometer scarcely ever falling in the coldest weather to the freezing point, so that snow or ice are entirely unknown. These large pampas or ranges are owned principally by the Government, and for the privilege of pasturing, a small remuneration is paid. The sheep are generally divided into flocks of from 2,000 to 3,000 each, and are tended by natives whom they hire for shepherds. The sheep are kept on these ranges the year round, and at shearing time are given in lots of from 50 to 100, to the natives to shear. The best improved flocks will average a clip of from four to five pounds each, which will bring about 16 cents a pound. The native sheep are very poor, scraggy animals, though very hardy and of good size. They can be bought in almost any numbers for about 25 cents apiece, but will scarcely average a pound a head of wool, and that of inferior quality. The Spanish Merinos have been introduced extensively into the country and bred with these sheep; or rather the native sheep have been merged into the Merinos, so that the breeding rams of the best breeders produce a clip of from 15 to 20 pounds of very good quality of wool. The whole cost of shearing is about four cents a head. A considerable quantity of wool is shipped to this country, but most of it to Europe. As the mutton is of no value the sheep are kept till they die. It is a very healthy climate, being subject to no sudden changes of weather or cold storms. Early in the spring, when the young grass is starting, they often have heavy dews, which accounts for the frequency of the "Hoove" among the sheep, which is the only malady to which they are much subject. The hoof-rot is very rare among them.

I sent copies of your works on sheep some time back to my friend, and he informs me that they are producing quite a reformation in that country on the subject of breeding, the best breeders there having heretofore considered it necessary to change their rams every year, so as to avoid breeding in-and-in as much as it was possible. I think it is wonderful they have made such improvement by their former course.

Going and coming I traveled this spring 1,100 miles expressly to attend your Sheep Fair at Camadagua, and I considered myself fully repaid. I do not believe there ever was as fine a collection of Merino sheep got together before. My friend upon hearing me describe it, said, "Why we will have to commence importing breeding stock from this country instead of Europe!"

Hoping I have not wearied you with such a long communication, and with my best wishes for your welfare, I remain,

Yours truly, CHARLES BETTLE.

[We have addressed Mr. BETTLE by letter in regard to hoove.—Ed.]

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN ON PEDIGREES.

The Country Gentleman of Sept. 7, says:—"In our columns of Aug. 24th, there appeared certificates showing that Messrs. Hammond and Atwood respectively in 1847 and 1844, were selling their sheep as Paulars, and formally asserting the purity of their descent as such. The entire genuineness of these certificates the Rural New-Yorker of Sept. 3, fully admits. But Mr. Atwood was mistaken." Mr. Hammond "was mistaken." It now appears that these two men, who have made sheep-breeding the business of their lives, did not know anything about what "one Spanish source" their particular flocks came from! There is no "obscurity," perhaps, in this!

In the Cultivator of 1844, and repeated in the Rural New-Yorker of the 5th ult., similar certificates—only, if anything, less clear, positive and direct, than those of Messrs. Atwood and Hammond—were published to show that certain other sheep had been bought and sold as Paulars, at various periods from 1811 to 1839. There are those who think that there were "mistakes" also in these pedigrees; and the all-sufficient reply to them has been that Judge Lawrence was an honorable man, and that Gov. JENNINGSON was an honorable man, and that to question the correctness of the documents they had signed, is to "involve a sweeping assertion of witnesses," to charge them with "intentional falsehood," and to give utterance to "slandering accusations." Why does not the same rule apply in the one case as in the other? Is the "obscurity" any the less? Are the statements of Lawrence and JENNINGSON, at second hand from the breeders, Cook and Bedell, any more sacred and infallible, than the explicit assertions of Atwood and Hammond, breeders themselves? Are Atwood and Hammond any more than were "Rich, JENNINGSON, etc.," the "kind of men to attempt to manufacture a pretended pedigree?"

Of these two horns of the dilemma, raised by the erudition of the Rural New-Yorker on sheep matters, which are we to take—either that Atwood and Hammond, in 1844 and 1847, were entirely ignorant of the sheep they were breeding, or that they "intentionally" presumed upon the ignorance of the public?

Are the two cases parallel? In the one we have direct affirmative testimony—based on an original Spanish certificate of pedigree, which the witnesses had seen with their own eyes—that the sheep were Paulars. None of the witnesses ever directly or virtually recalled or modified his statements; nor have they been contradicted, or to any extent explained away by later developments. In the other case, the principal witness, (Mr. Atwood,) never claimed to possess any certainty on the subject of his sheep being Paulars. He wrote to MORRELL in 1845—"I have made, agreeably to your request, diligent inquiries respecting the varieties of Merinos imported by General HUMPHREYS, but can learn nothing definite on the subject. I was seventeen years old at the time of their arrival in this country, and think Gen. H. called them Paulars, but this I cannot be positive." Yet Mr. ATWOOD felt sufficient confidence in the accuracy of his recollections, in 1844, to name his sheep as Paulars in the certificates of pedigree given to HAMMOND and HALL. HAMMOND named them as Paulars in his certificate to POND, and to show on what authority he did it—his sole authority—he copied into that instrument ATWOOD's original certificate to himself and HALL. HAMMOND became satisfied at a later period that ATWOOD had been mistaken in calling them Paulars, and he

* See Morrell's American Shepherd, p. 427.

at once abandoned the name. Mr. ATWOOD himself, if we are correctly informed, has not for many years called his sheep Paulars in the certificates of pedigree given by him. Now, if the "same rule applies" to the two cases—if HAMMOND's revoked testimony and ATWOOD's recollections, such as he himself described them, and which he has long since ceased to make the basis of any public claim to the name of Paulars for his sheep, are as "sacred and infallible" as the deliberate, direct, and unrecalled statements of the witnesses in regard to the other sheep, then all we have to say is that we do not understand the first rudiments of logic or of the rules of evidence. We feel confident that no candid person will, on second thought, maintain such a position.

It is very true, as our contemporary asserts, that in proving the pedigree of the American Paulars, we do rely solely on the fact that the witnesses, Gov. JENNINGSON, Judge LAWRENCE and others, are "honorable" men. This is our "all-sufficient reply" to objectors. What other reliance can there be in such cases? What other ground have we for reposing confidence in any human testimony?

But the Country Gentleman says, "there are those who think there were mistakes" in the Paular pedigrees published by us. Very well. It is rather late in the day to find mistakes after twenty years ostensible public acquiescence in the accuracy of those documents. It is a pity they were not discovered until JENNINGSON, LAWRENCE, RICH, etc., have gone down to the grave! But still we say let those who claim that there are mistakes in the pedigrees come forward over their own proper signatures, state what the mistakes are, and exhibit their proofs. To any respectable person who will do this, in a decent manner, we will give a fair hearing in our columns; or if he prefers to appear elsewhere, we have no doubt all other persons will treat his communications with all the attention and respect they are found to merit.

We have no objections to proofs. What we do object to is an attempt to undermine and overthrow proofs—proofs originally published over the signatures of men conceded of the highest standing—old documentary proofs which have stood undisputed through nearly the lives of a generation—on the strength of what? on the strength of that miserable anonymous gossip which might probably be scraped up about nearly every prominent breeder and stock in the land. No man took the above ground more decidedly in 1844—when the facts were all fresh, and when the case in favor of the pedigrees was not so strong as it now is—than the senior editor of the Country Gentleman. It was at his request that we wrote for his paper that article on Vermont Paulars, which first involved us in a discussion in regard to their pedigrees! He will not, we feel very confident, deny that either verbally or in writing he expressed to us the most indignant reprobation of both the motives and conduct of the assailants of the very pedigrees now under discussion, and of both the motives and conduct of the editors who countenanced and gave currency to their assaults! We state this on our own distinct recollection. If not denied, we shall assume that their accuracy is conceded. And we suppose what was a proper view of the subject in 1844 is a proper one now.

In portions of the Country Gentleman's article which we have not quoted, there are some erroneous statements in regard to us, which we trust proceeded from inadvertence or forgetfulness. At all events we shall suffer them to pass without contradiction now. Nor are we insensible of the fact that our motives and acts—in regard to matters wholly separated from the question of pedigrees—are gratuitously commented on in a way which no person will regard as either friendly or respectful. We are content to leave our motives, in the matters alluded to, to be judged by those concerned. Feeling as we do an almost insuperable reluctance to be again drawn into an useless and undignified personal controversy with an agricultural contemporary, we shall wait longer before we resort to recriminations.

† He long since stated to us the facts in the case and avowed his own temporary error.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

THE NEW YORK SCOURED FLEECES.—We have forgotten heretofore to say that the fleeces scoured under the direction of the N. Y. State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association can be obtained by the owners by addressing A. J. GOFFE, Esq., Superintendent of Syracuse Woolen Manufacturing Company, Syracuse, N. Y., and informing him how and to what address they shall be forwarded.

NEW ENGLAND WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Society was held in Concord, N. H., Thursday evening, Sept. 7th, the President, Dr. GEO. B. LORING, in the chair. The President, H. CUTTS and Mr. MEAD of Vermont, I. N. SMITH and Mr. HOOPER of New Hampshire, and Col. NEEDHAM of Massachusetts, participated in a discussion of the subject of "Wool Growing." The Association voted to hold a great Sheep Shearing festival next spring, the time and place, and the premiums for amount of wool, to be decided by the President and Secretaries. —N. E. Farmer.

THE GRAIN TRADE IN CHICAGO.—The Board of Trade of Chicago has made its seventh annual statement, from which it appears that there are seventeen grain warehouses in that city, with a total capacity of 9,985,000 bushels. Of these, two have a capacity of a million and a quarter each; the lowest 75,000 bushels. The business in produce shows a slight falling off in nearly every instance, from the figures of the year preceding. The receipt of flour during the year amounted to 1,170,278 barrels, against 1,494,055 barrels received during the preceding year. The total shipments of flour during the same year amounted to 1,287,545 barrels, against 3,507,816 barrels in the year 1863-64. These statistics show a slight decrease in the trade for the past year, due chiefly to the unsettled state of the markets and the fluctuations in gold, as well as to the high rates of freights that ruled after the close of navigation.

Agricultural Societies.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

[From our own Reporter.]

The Twenty-Fifth Annual Fair of the New York State Agricultural Society now being held at Utica may at this time of writing (Thursday morning) be pronounced a success. The number in attendance is not nearly as large as at Rochester last year, as the receipts of the Treasurer will no doubt show most conclusively, and the exhibition is inferior in some departments, while others are equal or superior to any ever made by the Society. The weather has been favorable in the main, though from daylight until about ten o'clock, yesterday, we were favored with a soaking rain.

The show of Horses is said by those well posted in this department to be in every respect superior to previous exhibitions. Over four hundred entries have been made. Cattle presents the usual variety of Durhams, Devons, &c., though the number of blooded cattle is much less than usual. Of Grades there is a full supply. The Sheep department is unusually large. Never better, we think. Swine are present in large numbers, mostly Cheshire and Yorkshires, from Jefferson County. The Poultry department is good, the large China fowls being well represented, as are the Dorkings, Polands and the fancy breeds. All the usual varieties of Geese seen at our fairs are on exhibition here. Prominent among the Ducks are the famous Cayuga Black Duck. They attract great attention.

The display in Domestic Hall is creditable to the Ladies of this neighborhood, and to the manufacturers. We have some notes that may be used hereafter; at present we have only time and space to mention some most beautiful, because natural-looking flowers exhibited by ladies of Syracuse.—Mrs. H. V. PRATT, ANNA M. GILES and Mrs. E. C. CRÖCKER. The manufacturers of Sewing Machines are out in strong force.

We have never seen a better exhibition of Agricultural Implements and Machinery. The entries are far in advance of any previous exhibition. All the time of the Fair we could spend with interest and profit, in examining the various devices for lessening the labor of the farmer. Hay-Presses, Potato-Planters and Diggers, Plows, Reapers, &c., are counted by the hundred.

The show of Vegetables is disgraceful. We scarcely ever have an exhibition of vegetables fit to be seen, and this is worse than usual. There is scarcely a thing that any good vegetable grower would be willing to own. We certainly would not like to have our name attached to any of them. Half of the new things exhibited are incorrectly named. Our friends should go to Canada to learn how to get up an exhibition of vegetables. We have never seen an exhibition in Canada, even of a County Society, that was not a hundred per cent. better than this.

The leading feature of the Fair is Dairy Hall. It had been announced for some time that we were to be favored with a grand exhibition of Cheese, and we are not disappointed. A large tent is well arranged for the show, where each County represented has its department. There are in the tent over 500 cheeses; 100 from Herkimer county, 98 from Oneida, 60 from Erie, 41 from Jefferson, 40 from Wyoming, 30 from Lewis, 18 from Otsego, 9 from Madison, 7 from Oswego, 6 from St. Lawrence, 6 from Onondaga. In the center of the tent is the "Big Cheese" from Canada. It was tested last evening, and if we are any judge of good cheese, there are specimens from Herkimer County superior in quality, if not of such immense dimensions.

We have a number of distinguished visitors here; among them I notice Maj. Gen. HOOKER and Gen. PATRICK. The Refreshment Department is not the least interesting to the hungry and weary. It is under the care of Mrs. KNAPP, who did so well for us in Rochester last year. She is the right woman in the right place. Friend BOGART takes care of the Press in his usual good style.

DISCUSSION.

The discussion last evening was on "The best time for cutting Grass, and the best method of preparing it for Hay."

J. STANTON GOULD opened the discussion. At the outset the speaker referred to the objects which had brought them together. In passing to the subject proper, he remarked that in three years the crop of grass and Indian corn would yield sufficient to pay the national debt. He advised economy in room for crops. The best time to cut grasses was not, he believed, when it was thoroughly ripe, but just upon its entrance into flower. The best way to make hay is to allow it to wilt, which, in a hot sun, might require four hours; it should not be left out at night subject to the dew, but should be raked up into cocks.

Mr. VANALSTINE of Columbia, was accustomed to do his mowing in the morning, when the dew is off, put it in cocks in the afternoon and draw into the barn the succeeding day. In the latter part of the summer he draws in the same day. Mr. BREWER of St. Lawrence, had cut his grass green since 1822. He believed that 75 pounds green would keep stock as long as 100 pounds ripe. To a question asked, he said that the dust of timothy was caused by mould. If timothy was properly cured there would be no dust. The flower did not cause the dust (as an interrogator supposed.)

Mr. WALWORTH of St. Lawrence, for the last twenty years had adopted a new plan for curing hay. The time to cut grass is when it is in the flower. He did not approve of salting hay. Salt should be furnished animals separately. Clover should be cut when the blossoms are one-third changed. He thought hay was worth more per pound when cut green. Clear Timo-

thy should be cut when the blow is partially off. Mr. DERRICK of Albany, related his belief, as founded upon the experiences of others. He preferred to cut grass early. Livemen and those who feed numbers of horses, prefer ripe hay. This was because they put hay in large racks for all day. If early cut grass is placed there, horses are liable to over eat. It would be preferable for them to feed their horses early cut grass but in small quantities.

Mr. BREWER of Tompkins, was in favor of early cutting. He remarked further, in answer to a question, that this improved a meadow for the succeeding year.

Dr. GILL of Poughkeepsie, said formerly, clover was cut one day, spread out the second day and put in the barn the third day, but he preferred to cut it, and after allowing it to be exposed to the sun one hour, to place it in small cocks, and the second day draw it in.

JOHN KELSEY of Bucks county, Pa., commences cutting early with a machine and turns up the butts immediately with a rake. The following day he hauls it in. He would cut clover when it is one-half brown and Timothy just as the blossoms leaves it.

SOLOMON ROBINSON of the New York Tribune, stated that the Managers of the Third Avenue cars of New York city, fed their horses in the proportion of fourteen pounds of hay to sixteen pounds of meal. This they believed to be economy.

Mr. CURTISS of Tompkins, remarked that his father cut his hay early, thinking his horses would consume fewer oats thereby, but the animals invariably had the heaves in consequence. He cut his grass later and avoided such troubles. Any horse that eats immoderately of Timothy cut in the blow will have the heaves.

A. L. FISH of Herkimer, feared that it would be unwise for farmers generally to take pattern from the Third Avenue car managers. The city people only wanted to provide for work horses; farmers must look out for growing stock. They should discriminate. One endeavors to make muscular tissue, the other bulk. He, also, would cut grass early.

Mr. WEED of New Haven, liked to see grass cut before the plant headed out.

Mr. KELSEY of Pennsylvania, had cut Timothy early, and the succeeding year there were only a few spears in the meadow.

Mr. WALKER of Oswego, knew of a meadow cut late, and that meadow, the next year, for acres, never headed out. It was not early cutting that killed meadows.

Mr. ROBINSON of New York, said that the time of cutting grass depended upon the object for which it was cut. Grass, when cut ripe, is best for horses.

Mr. STEWART of Erie, had fed hay in many conditions and straw, and his opinion was that ripe timothy fed to horses was worth only ten per cent. more than wheat and oat straw cut early. The meeting then adjourned.

LETTER FROM IOWA—CROPS, &c.

The old familiar face of the RURAL gladdens us New Yorkers away off here, toward the "Star of Empire." It is an old friend, come after a long time to visit us, and tell of its growing years, prosperity, and experience in teaching the science of agriculture and the industrial pursuits. We hope the intimacy of earlier years will remain unbroken. Quite a number of the RURAL comes here, and it is well thought of by its readers. We hope to see its circulation extended in this section, because it is just such a paper as the Western farmers need. Aside from its Agricultural matter, the department on Sheep Husbandry is of vast importance to our Iowa farmers, as their attention is fast being directed toward wool growing.

We believe Iowa was first in holding a "Sheep Shearing Festival," of any of the States, which we think the RURAL noticed. Several large flocks from Ohio and Michigan have been brought into Central Iowa within a few weeks. That this State is well adapted as to climate, soil, &c., to profitable wool growing, there is no doubt. Time and experience have proved this fact. The raising of grain for direct market is not as profitable, so far therefrom, as it is in the more Eastern States. Corn is the principal crop, and that is mostly fed to cattle and hogs, and these are shipped to Chicago and New York.

The crops are good this season, although they suffered to some extent from the heavy rains in the early part of the season. Wheat and oats were generally a good crop, and well secured. Corn is not so heavy as last year, but quite fair nevertheless. We have had no frost as yet, and should it keep off a few weeks longer it will be beyond its reach.

Cattle are very high. They are selling as high as six dollars per hundred live weight. Hogs are also on the same scale, and scarce at that.

Our State Fair is to be held at Burlington, this month. Our County Fair—Johnson County—is to be held on the 12th, 13th and 14th of this month.

Hereafter I will keep you informed concerning agricultural matters hereabouts. Iowa City, Sept. 11, 1865. FRANK FOREST.

PEAS.—When peas are to be fed to swine without thrashing, those who practice feeding them prefer putting them in large stacks. Then, those that are wet by rains can be fed out before they have been injured. If designed for sheep next winter, it is better to house them, or put them in long and narrow stacks, and cover with a lean-to roof of boards.—Ez.

MANURE.—Scrape manure yards and sheds, and collect all the fine and well-rotted manure to apply to wheat at seed time. Beneath many barns in the country there are a number of loads of the choicest manure for wheat, which may be shoveled out by taking up a few loose planks in the stable.—Ez.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE NEW YORK STATE AND OTHER RECENT FAIRS.—In preceding columns we give brief reports from two of our associates who attended the State Fair at Utica—one concerning the show of Sheep, and the other about the exhibition generally. From these, and other accounts, we infer that the Fair was pleasant and profitable to exhibitors, visitors and the Society. In some respects the exhibition appears to have been superior to preceding ones—as in Dairy Products, Implements, &c.—while as a whole it is generally commended as highly creditable. The receipts were some \$12,000—sufficient, probably, to leave a handsome balance after defraying all expenses. We observe that the Utica papers are highly pleased with the result, and speak for the Fair again. The Herald says:—"Fact is, as a geographical center, the State Fair belongs in Utica naturally, and the people of Central New York, as indeed of the entire State, appreciating this idea, attend it by the tens of thousands." All which may be fact—especially the geographical center part,—yet it is patent to all familiar with the history of the Society that whenever one of its Fairs has been held in a village known as Rochester, out here in the center of the Eden of America, it has usually resulted in a large attendance and fine exhibition, and more than average receipts. We only mention this lest Rochester might be left off the map altogether in future!

—We shall probably give further particulars as to the Fair in our next, together with the list of premiums awarded in the principal if not all departments.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.—The second Annual Fair of the N. E. Ag. Society, held at Concord, N. H., week before last, was largely attended, and is pronounced a success worthy of New England and her yeomanry. The various breeds of Cattle, Horses and Sheep were well represented. The show of Short-Horns and Devons is spoken of as superior, while the Jersey and Dutch cattle attracted merited attention. The display of horses is highly extolled and must have embraced many fine animals. The number and quality of sheep exhibited—including 340 head of Merinos, 303 of Middle Woolled and 241 of Long Woolled—evinces the interest manifested in that important branch of husbandry. The Fair was a decided success pecuniarily, the receipts being reported at some \$15,000.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR.—at Chicago, Sept. 4th to 9th inclusive,—was interrupted by a heavy rain on Thursday, which was to have been the great day of the Fair, and the receipts thereby greatly lessened. Wednesday and Friday were pleasant, however, and the reports of the exhibition, though somewhat mixed, are generally favorable. The total receipts amounted to \$18,835—a sum sufficient to pay all expenses, and insure a financial success.

THE VERMONT STATE FAIR.—at White River Junction last week,—is reported to have been well attended and very creditable in most respects. The prominent feature was a fine display of Horses and Sheep—items in which Vermont excels,—though the show of Cattle was very good. There were 230 entries of Sheep, 225 of Horses, 110 of Cattle; and 211 in all other departments. Interesting discussions were had each evening during the Fair.

THE NATIONAL HORSE FAIR, at Hartford is reported to have been more successful than anticipated. There were over 200 entries in the various classes, including some noted fast horses. A Hartford paper says over 10,000 people were on the ground the second day. There was a splendid exhibition of family horses and matched horses. Old horsemen asserted that it was the finest show in these classes ever seen in this country. It was certainly the finest ever seen in Hartford.

PEAT.—The editor of the Lewiston Journal, having made a visit to Mr. FARWELL's peat bog, says:—"Mr. F. estimates that it costs him three dollars per cord to get the peat to his bleaching; and he considers a cord of peat as valuable as a cord of wood. Estimating the wood at eight dollars per cord, there is a saving in the use of peat of five dollars per cord. Now Mr. F. has from forty to fifty acres in his peat bog, and the peat will average three feet in depth, giving certainly one thousand cords for the acre, or fifty thousand cords for the whole bog. Profit per cord \$5; profit on 50,000 cords, \$250,000.

FORCE EXERTED BY VEGETABLE GROWTH.—Some idea may be formed of the force exerted by vegetable growth from the fact stated in reference to an enormous specimen, *Agaricus cartilagineus* (mushroom), which was sent to the British Museum. It was found growing below the pavement in the Goswell road, and its mycelium, or filamentous body, from which this fungus growth is developed, which, in this case, was developed into an enormous spongy mass, had, in pushing up its many-headed pileus, raised a stone weighing two hundred weight, and measuring four feet square.

PROLIFIC POULTRY.—A writer in the Rock Island (Ill.) Argus is responsible for the following astonishing chicken item:—"It seems worthy of notice that there is a flock of 600 chickens near Coal Valley, all raised this season from twenty hens and one cock. They belong to Mrs. W. H. MIDDLEHAM, and are the finest lot of chickens I have ever seen. The venerable father of these 600 chickens watches over them with apparent pride, and struts among them with great dignity. It is a sight worth going to see."

COTTON GROWING IN CALIFORNIA.—Large fields of cotton are growing in California—over one hundred acres in one field looking well. The State of California offers a bounty of \$3,000 for the first one hundred acres of cotton—also \$3,000 for the first one hundred bales of three hundred pounds each. Over \$100,000 is donated by the State for the encouragement of agriculture in the raising of various products.

TURF, FIELD AND FARM.—This is the title of a weekly journal, mainly devoted to sporting affairs, recently commenced in New York by S. D. & G. B. BRUCE, at \$5 a year in advance. The senior editor, Col. S. D. BRUCE, is a well known Kentucky horseman, and fully posted concerning turf matters. The paper is a handsome 16 page quarto, and judging from the number before us is ably conducted.

PROGRESS.—The New England Farmer tells of a young friend of the editor that several years ago commenced farming on thirty acres of swamp land, and the first year sold from it forty dollars worth of hay. Last year, from the same land he sold four thousand dollars worth! Decided progress, that.

A NEW QUARTER.—OF THE RURAL COMMENCES on the 7th of October proximo. Read the notice and offer of "A Trial Trip," at head of News page, and then please advise your friends of the same.

HORTICULTURAL.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE FAIR.

The exhibition of Fruit and Flowers at the State Fair was pretty extensive, and though not as large as last year, considering the unfavorable season, quite creditable. The arrangements for the convenience of visitors, under the superintendence of A. G. HOWARD of Utica, were quite satisfactory. As usual, Western New York, and especially Rochester, was well represented.

FRUITS.

ELLWANGER & BARRY of Rochester, exhibited a splendid collection of apples, pears, plums and quinces, all finely grown; scarcely a specimen but would be pronounced perfect.

T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, pears, apples and grapes, a first rate collection of fruits.

BRONSON, GRAVES & SELOVER, Geneva, collection of pears, 15 varieties of native grapes, and 21 varieties of foreign—a magnificent collection of grapes, that many thought was entitled to the first premium, but we believe the Committee were of a different opinion.

Pleasant Valley Wine Company, an excellent collection of hardy grapes.

JOHN DINGWALL of Albany, a good collection of grapes, embracing most of Roger's Hybrids.

Lake Shore Wine Company of Brocton, Chautauqua county, an excellent show of native grapes, embracing most of the new varieties, as well as the old sorts—Isabellas of monstrous size, and Catawbas well ripened.

F. C. BREHM of Waterloo, a collection of grapes we have never known excelled by an amateur. We have not seen the premium list, but Mr. B. doubtless obtained the first prize.

Dr. GRANT of Iona, gave specimens of the Iona and Israella. We think the Doctor obtained the second prize for quality for the Iona, the Delaware receiving the first prize.

Dr. SYLVESTER of Lyons, apples, pears, peaches and grapes. The Doctor had the only lot of peaches on exhibition.

JOHN W. BAILLY, fine specimens of the Adirondac.

There were other collections of fruits by amateurs, but our time being somewhat engrossed in other matters pertaining to the Fair, we did not take further notes. We make the suggestion here, for the benefit of all concerned, that in the appointment of Committees CHARLES DOWNING, in whose judgment and honor all have the most unbounded confidence, be selected to judge of professional fruits. We have plenty of nurserymen who are entirely competent to act as judges on the amateur list. The appointment of Mr. DOWNING for this purpose is not using his eminent abilities to the best advantage, and always causes dissatisfaction among professional exhibitors.

FLOWERS.

ELLWANGER & BARRY, of Rochester, exhibited a general collection of cut flowers, the best collection of Roses and Herbaceous Phloxes, for both of which they received the first premium. Also, Tritomas, Dahlias, &c.

JAMES VICK, of Rochester, a fine collection of cut flowers, for which he received the first premium; Double Zinnias, and Pansies, and Asters—the first premium awarded on both. Also a collection of newly introduced plants, for which a special prize was awarded, with a good show of Everlasting Flowers, and other things of interest.

T. C. MAXWELL, of Geneva, a magnificent collection of Gladioli, mostly seedlings, for which Mr. M. is famous.

J. W. ALEXANDER, of Utica, an excellent display of pot plants, embracing some good Callodiums, and other foliage plants. Also a fine basket of cut flowers, which received the first prize as a floral ornament.

A. G. HOWARD, of Utica, a good collection of Verbenas, Dahlias, and Phloxes, with some newly introduced plants, for which the first prize was awarded.

Mrs. J. T. VAN NAMEE, of Pittstown, was on hand, as usual, with her large display of cut flowers, floral ornaments, &c. Mrs. V. received a good share of prizes.

Mrs. H. WIEB, of Johnsonville, N. Y., a good collection of Asters, Annual Phloxes, &c. On Phloxes and Asters, we believe Mrs. W. received the first premium in the amateur list.

Mrs. M. M. LAMB, of Fulton, N. Y., a good general display of cut flowers. Also Asters, Phloxes, Verbenas, &c. Mrs. L. had a fine show, and received several well-deserved premiums.

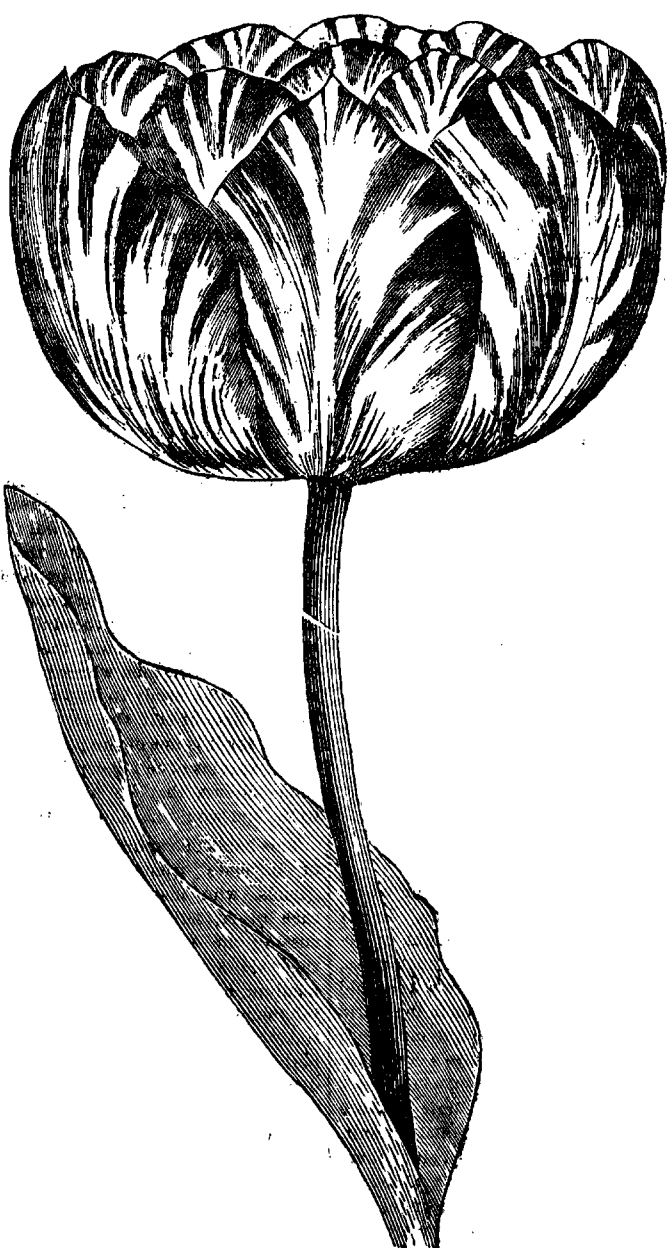
THE TULIP.

The Tulip is a great favorite with almost all lovers of flowers. It has held its place in public esteem for more than a century. The Tulip is dashing and showy, and yet varied and delicate in coloring. It is fine even when grown as single specimens in the garden or in pots, but it is when grown in beds or masses that the most brilliant effect is produced. We know of nothing in the floral world that can equal the gorgeousness of a bed of good Tulips. We have described in the RURAL most of the classes, and many of the best varieties in each. Our main purpose is to introduce the double varieties and say a few words of their merits.

The *Duc Van Thols* are the earliest Tulips, growing only about six inches in height. They flower often the latter part of March, and continue nearly a month. Colors brilliant; excellent for pots. Three or four may be planted in quite a small pot.

The *Tourneols* came next. They have large, double flowers, some twelve or fifteen inches in height. One variety is yellow and red and the other pure yellow.

Single Early follow the *Tourneols*, and em-



DOUBLE TULIP.

brace a large collection of the most brilliant colors. This class is superb in all respects.

The DOUBLE TULIPS commence to flower with the *Single Early*, and continue in flower by a proper selection, a long time, as some sorts are quite late. This class is becoming more popular every year, and this popularity is well deserved. Some are beautifully formed with delicate shades and stripes; others are large and brilliant, and might easily be mistaken for the old red peony, while others of equal size are brilliant yellow. The engraving shows a flower of medium size.

The *Parrot Tulips* are not in much favor with professional florists, but they are exceedingly brilliant, most varieties having three colors. A bed of *Parrots* is a grand sight.

The *Late Tulips* are the florists' pets. There are many varieties. They have fine, large, well-formed cups on stately, strong stems, usually eighteen inches in height.

ANOTHER NEW SEEDLING GRAPE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I send herewith a specimen of a seedling grape raised by a lady of this village, Mrs. H. L. EDSON. The vine is a seedling from the *Catawba*, is five or six years old, and has borne this year for the first time. It is apparently perfectly hardy, never having been laid down or protected in any way. The accompanying bunch of grapes is one of the largest borne, the average being probably not over half as large, but very compact. Should you consider it worthy of notice in the RURAL, and will give therein your opinion of its merits, if it has any, you will greatly oblige
Corning, N. Y., Sept. 11. A SUBSCRIBER.

The grape referred to above may be described as follows:—*Bunch* small, compact; in size and shape similar to a small *Delaware*. *Berry* small, round, green, pulp rather tough and quite acid. To us it has more the appearance of being a seedling from *Clinton* than *Catawba*. It is barely good enough to be worthy of cultivation, yet it is better than many on the list, and may, on further trial, be found to possess some qualities which will give it a certain value. We would therefore recommend it for further trial.

FALL PLANTING OF GRAPES.

SELECT your ground on some southern or south-eastern slope, or any other dry land that you may have; plow it from fifteen to twenty inches deep, with a plow so constructed as to run in the same furrow, which can be done at a very little cost; then lay your notion or inclination, from 4 by 4 to 4 by 10, according to the kind of grapes you aim to cultivate. If you cultivate dwarfish growers, such as the *Delaware*, *Rebecca*, *Diana*, perhaps 4 by 5 is a very good distance. If *Norton's Virginia* Seedling, *Herbent*, *Concord*, and *Taylor Bullitt*, 8 by 10 is not far apart. Plant your vines as soon as you can take them up in the fall or procure them from the nursery; and when done, hill the rows up as you would corn, covering your vines entirely. If you fail to do this, the ground will settle around your vines, form a basin, and hold too much water, which will injure, if not entirely kill, your vines. That is the whole secret. Now, when spring comes—and sometimes wet and cold, like last spring—your work is done—and you can patiently wait till dry and warm weather sets in. Then take your plow—plow your ground back to within three or four inches of the roots, so as to give them a chance with

the rays of the warm spring sun and the invigorating dews at night. This last idea originated with Dr. Grant of Iona, N. Y.; and he deserves a great deal of credit for it. Then, as the season advances and the vines grow, level your ground, which the horse-cultivator will do. In the coming fall you will find it to your advantage to cover up your vines. At least have the ground high enough around them to keep the water off.

Among the many reasons for fall planting, let me tell you the main ones. In the month of October and part of November, we have the finest and most uniform weather in the world; the ground is generally loose and warm, and plants then removed hardly experience a change; while on the other hand, plants suffer frequently by spring shipments in cold spells. Moreover, the fine fibrous roots get nearly all destroyed, and sometimes the entire roots rot off during winter, if they come in contact with water. Sometimes they start to grow before they can be planted—and then the main and best buds are knocked off. Besides, you can never have your ground in as fine a condition in April and May as it is in October and November.—*Cor. Rural World.*

NOXIOUS INSECTS.

It cannot be denied that man has no enemy so great, so to be feared,—War, Pestilence, and Famine excepted,—as is presented in insect life. Though as individuals, they seem unworthy of notice, yet in their aggregate they hold tremendous and awful possibilities.

To-day, preyed upon by thousands of birds and by themselves, subject to a multitude of destroying agencies, yet what a sway they hold over the destiny of man. With every fruit he plucks; with almost every vegetable he cultivates; with the grain of his fields, and the flocks of his pastures, he has to contend in some shape with destructive insect life.

Let those providential agencies that hold them in check, but once cease or partially so, and the angel of destruction would literally be let loose upon us.

Each year brings with it some new development of destructive insect life. The older we grow, as a country, the greater become their ravages. Can too much attention and study be devoted to a subject that is so closely related to our interest.

Every means that tends to the destruction of our enemies should be carefully cherished.

I would here mention how last season I "flanked" a few specimens of Insects that sought to rob me of the rightful fruit of my labor. Discovering my currant bushes covered with worms, I gave them a sprinkling of water, and then a light dusting of *Cayenne Pepper*. The next morning found my bushes free. Finding my squash and cucumber vines infested by both the yellow bug and the large black one, I gave them a slight sprinkling of water, in which I soaked some *Cayenne Pepper* pods, and my vines were effectually cleared. They probably thought the seasoning too high, and sought a milder diet. I applied it to roses and other things infested with lice, with the best results. Where the remedy can be applied, I deem it one of the best.—*Horticulturist.*

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The Annual 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 of September. Session to commence at 11 o'clock A. M. There will be an exhibition of fruits in season, to which all are invited to contribute.

JAMES VICK, Secretary.

THE GRAPE VINE OF SANTA BARBARA.

ONE of the celebrities of Spanish California is the immense and beautiful grape vine now growing at the Montecillo, two or three miles below Santa Barbara. The planter of the vine was Donna Marcellina Felix de Demoguez, of the earliest expedition to Sonora, before 1780. It was planted by her over sixty-five years ago, from a slip which she cut from the young vineyard at San Antonio Mission, in Monterey Co., for a horse whip. Her husband had got permission to make a small garden near the warm springs of Montecillo, a favorite place for the washerwomen of the new settlement of Santa Barbara, and here she planted it on the edge of a knoll. It immediately took root and began to bud and leaf, and from careful attention, before she died, it was made to produce more than any known grape vine in all America, North or South. Between 1850 and 1860 it had been trailed over some 80 feet in circumference, with trunk of 12 inches diameter, rising clean 15 feet from the ground. Some years it has borne over 6,000 bunches of ripe and sound grapes, or close on to 8,000 pounds, and become the wonder of every resident or sojourner in that part of California. And what is more, for the last thirty years it has principally maintained the old woman and her numerous family.

Prof. Silliman, when he visited it last year, said he had never heard of such an immense grape vine in any other country, which is saying a great deal, as he has traveled much in the south of Europe.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Domestic Economy.

TIMELY RECIPES.

RECIPE FOR RUSKS.—The night before you wish to bake, take 1 pint of milk, 2 teacups of good yeast, 4 eggs, and stir in flour to make a thick batter. Let it rise till morning, then add 3 cups of butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons of soda, 2 teaspoons of nutmeg. Mix the white of 1 egg with molasses, and rub over the top before putting them in the oven, and also after they are baked. This will make 3 large tins. The above recipe is definite enough to suit your correspondent, and can't be beat.—LYDIA J. ANDERSON, *Almond, N. Y.*, 1865.

GRAPE JAM.—Boil grapes very soft and strain them through a sieve. Weigh the pulp thus obtained, and put a pound of crushed sugar to a pound of pulp. Boil it twenty minutes, stirring it often. The common wild grape is much the best for this use.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take six pounds of tomatoes and sprinkle with salt; let them remain a day or two, then boil and press through a coarse sieve, or colander. Put into the liquor half a pint of vinegar, cloves, pepper, ginger and cinnamon; boil them one-third away; bottle tight. It should be shook before being used.

APPLE CHAMPAGNE.—The following is a simple and cheap process of making champagne wine from apples:—Use round apples, and, without grinding, express from them the juice, which will be as limpid as water. The juice is then filtered through twelve inches of pulverized charcoal and clean sand and gravel, half and half. Underneath this a layer of straw has been laid and the bottom of the filtering vessel perforated with holes. As the juice comes from the filter it should be bottled up immediately, corked and put in a cellar, when it is soon fit for use.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pluck the grapes from the bunches, choosing only such as are perfectly sound and ripe. Scald them slightly by heating in a porcelain or brass kettle, and place them in a jelly bag to drain, first crushing the skins to allow the juice to exude. To make the best jelly the bag should not be pressed, but the juice allowed to drain slowly without pressure. To one pint of juice add a pint of white sugar, heat till dissolved and the mixture comes to a boil. Pour into tumblers, sealing them over with white paper smeared with the white of egg, (which will make the paper stick to the glass,) and place in the sun till made.

SALTING DOWN CUCUMBERS FOR PICKLES.—In gathering the cucumbers leave half an inch of the stem on each one. Wash in cold water and pack in barrels with salt, alternating in layers. One barrel of salt is sufficient for five barrels of cucumbers. After having filled a barrel, cut out a false head, perforate with holes and place it on the cucumbers, and on the top of this place a heavy stone of say 25 pounds' weight. This will keep the pickles always in the brine. Remove all scum which may arise and in four weeks fill up the barrel with more cucumbers, put more salt on and head up. They are now ready for market.

EGG PLANT—HOW TO COOK IT.—Purple ones are best. Take them fresh, pull out the stem, par-boil them to take out the bitter taste, cut them in slices an inch thick without peeling them, dip them in the yolk of an egg and cover them with grated bread and a little salt and pepper. When one side has dried cover the other in the same way; then fry them a nice brown. They are very delicious. The egg plant may be dressed thus: par-boil it after scraping off the rind, cut a slit the whole length and take out the seeds, fill the space with rich, fine meat, stew it in well, eat with seasoned gravy, or bake and serve it up with gravy in the dish.—*Moses Greenough.*

MANGO PICKLES.—Select smooth skinned melons; when ready put them in a weak brine, and let them remain in it about ten days; then take out in a brass kettle, cover with cold

water, and place upon the stove and bring to a scalding heat, but do not let them boil; then take out, and after removing the seeds, sprinkle the inside well with mustard seed, and fill up with small cucumbers, previously soaked in brine, nasturtion, onions, if you like, fine cut cabbage, and any spices that you prefer; tie up well and place in good cider vinegar, and you will soon have fine, tender mangoes.

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Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
RECOLLECTION.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Oh! for the love of days gone by,
When life seemed like a summer day,
When joy and gladness chased the hours
On flying feet away;
When every laughing moment hid
Itself in waves of light,
And 'mid our dreams of sweet content
We never looked for night!

Oh! for the old-time tenderness
That greeted us each happy day,
When roses strewed this path of ours,
And all the year seemed May;
How all the birds on all the trees
Seemed caroling in mirth—
Their very melodies have died
In echoes from the earth.

The passing years have wrought sad change
Which time and thought have noted down;
The eyes that used to gleam, the hair
Of such a golden brown—
So strange, so strange! Grief lies
Deep hid in those blue eyes,
And on the brown locks, streaked with gray,
You gaze with mute surprise.

A feeling of strange loneliness
Creeps o'er you as you sometimes look,
And view again the fair, young face
That brightens memory's book:
The years are long that yet may fall
In shadow down your life;
It seems but a toilsome way
Of doubt and fear and strife.
Philadelphia, Pa.

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

BETWEEN the golden, glowing, cloud mountains in the east, and the pearly wall in the west, the sea of light lies. Now it ebbs, and now flows, and the sound of its breaking waves we call silence. Every sweep of its tide adds a dusky tinge to the chestnut boughs, a deeper crimson to the maple tops, an intenser purple and glow to the clustered goblets of wine pendant beneath broad grape leaves. The locust trees laugh and shake from their delicate foliage the drops of light with their own yellow leaflets, till they lie together, scattered among the tender shadows, and all woven in rich mosaic on the greensward. The sheeny billows surge through the windows and flood the room. Flowing back they bring to me the pungent perfume of geraniums and the sweet breath of tuberoses, and the light and beauty, the joy and life enter my heart, giving strength and an upward spring to all its faintest impulses.

Nature has a wonderful way of teaching and comforting man. A shaft of light touching a trembling grass blade, a scarlet leaf flashing down to my feet, a spot of blue shining between rifted clouds, have been powers slight, but strong enough to lift heavy clouds of care from my sad sky; and who that has read of that tiny flower growing among the stones of the Isthmus of Panama, within whose pure white, lily-like cup is traced the figure of a dove with outspread wings, but has drawn comfort from considering the "lilies of the field?" Then, if we believe that there is no power in Nature but God; no law but divine volition; no process but divine performance; if we believe that "there are no inessential forms and unconscious forces but the living Presence, the conscious Spirit, the pervading God"—then, indeed, is the universe transfigured to us, and we realize that we live in God's presence, that "in him we live and move and have our being."

So I might stand for hours drinking in life and peace,—but there is a sick room to enter, hungry men to feed, and a basket of clothes to be mended. Shall I go in? I remember, when I was a little girl, standing in the sunset of a spring day upon the brow of the hill, when life seemed to reign all over the earth, and there was no more death. I felt that I had the whole world beneath my feet, and that same hill became like a pillar lifting me into light; while against its base dashed the sea of grief and care. One blessed moment I stood there, and the next, mother called from the doorway, "Come, the milk is ready to strain;" and I fell straightway into the deep below. I went in with a frown on my face, and a world of rebellion and passion in my heart. Why couldn't I be allowed one happy minute? And were not the thoughts and feelings I then had worth more than all the milk in the world? My questionings proved conclusively that those same thoughts and feelings had not made me any better, at least. Since then, the question has come to me often enough, if greater though still humble duties might not be sacrificed to those refining, elevating influences. Some of us have felt how hard it is to turn from "thoughts of grand old masters, bards sublime," to guide a stupid, wayward child through the gates of knowledge; or with what half-expressed disgust we have left the tracery of beauteous forms on canvas for the tracing of the outline of a patch; to leave the feeding of our minds for the providing for the body; and some, alas! to escape the inevitable doom of those who lead lives of poverty and toil, have sacrificed the most holy, most beautiful instincts of their nature; have given themselves, henceforth to be called by the sacred name of wife, in exchange for the glittering coin wherewith to obtain that which will satisfy their aesthetic nature.

Yet, if we will learn to let our moral and religious nature have its place, to enthrone it far above the intellect with all its wealth and power, these crosses will become easy to be borne. We shall feel that by these little self-denials, by the discharge, in the right spirit, of every duty however humble, we are forming a picture fit for the eye of the Great Master; that we are feeding our

souls with heavenly bread, and preparing rich soil from which, in the land of the Hereafter, will spring growths of wondrous beauty; that we are fitting ourselves to appreciate and enjoy the perfect beauty awaiting us in the "fair future" which God has promised. Treading in the footsteps of Him who was both LORD and CHRIST, we may turn from all the loveliness of nature and mind to wash the feet of poor fishermen, and afterwards receive our reward.

ENOCA.

WIFE AND SQUAWS.

I HEARD an anecdote of Kafirland to-day, which, though perfectly irrelevant to our adventures here, is so amusing that I must record it, particularly as my informant vouched for its truth. At an outpost far up the country resided an officer and his wife. The latter was warned by her husband not to venture alone far from the house; but one day, imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild-looking Kafir, who took her by the hand, and would be moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. He made her sit down, and untying her bonnet, let down her long fair hair, at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared enchanted with her white hands; and then proceeded to divest her of her shoes and stockings, and wondered at her little white feet. The next morning the lady and husband were awakened at an early hour by a chattering under their window; and on inquiring the cause of the disturbance, the gentleman was accosted by the hero of the previous day, who had been so impressed by the charms of our fair countrywoman, that he had come with twelve squaws, to make the liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused.—Major Fugel's *Camp and Cantonment*.

A HEROINE.

At Pillau, in Prussia, now lives a woman who has for some years consecrated her life to the noble and dangerous task of rescuing persons from drowning. Whenever a tempest comes on, day or night, Catherine Kleinfield, who is the widow of a sailor, is ready with a boat, in which she puts out to sea, and frequently goes farther than any other, in order to give help to those who may be shipwrecked. More than three hundred individuals have been saved by her efforts, and, accustomed for twenty years to take voyages with her husband, she possesses a skill and hardihood that renders those efforts unusually successful. Whenever she is seen, the greatest respect is paid to her, and the sailors regard her as their guardian angel; the very children of the fishermen go upon their knees to her, and kiss the skirts of her dress. The Prussian and other governments have decreed her medals, and the Principality of Pillau has made her an honorary citizen for life. She is about sixty years of age, with an athletic figure and great strength, (a Grace Darling enlarged into gigantic proportions;) she has a masculine countenance, which, however, is softened by the benevolent expression that it constantly wears.

FEMININE TOPICS.

ANOTHER instance of young ladies devoting themselves to medical studies, is mentioned in the Journal de Saint Petersburg. The university regulations in Russia do not admit females, but a Mdle. K—, who had a great desire to study medicine, some time since, applied to the authorities of Orenburgh for permission to follow the medical course, stating that she intended to devote her acquirements to the service of the Cossacks, who have a superstitious objection to being treated by men, and always have recourse to ignorant old women instead. The young lady's proposal was accepted, and the Cossack Regiment of Orenburgh granted her an allowance of twenty-eight roubles per month. Mdle. K— passed her examination in May last, for the first half of her course of study, as well as, if not better than any of the male students, and the same regiment has since sent her a present of 300 roubles as an encouragement.

A CERTAIN Mr. Riley, a manufacturer of Northamptonshire, having determined to marry one of the young women employed in his establishment, and fearing the wag of Mrs. Grundy's tongue, has published a justification of his conduct in one of the local newspapers. He says he feels that his work-people and the townsfolk in general have some sort of right to ask his reasons for so flagrant a breach of the conventionalities. Accordingly he informs them that the marriage will not take place until his "intended" is educated to a level with himself; for, says he, "to unite myself to this young woman now would be very foolish indeed, I having been favored with a good education and cultivation and she being an uncultivated factory girl."

Too much fault-finding with children is not productive of clear moral perceptions. Gentle speaking will do no mischief, unless carried to excess, as in the case of a dear little boy, who when asked what his other name was, beside WILLIE, said it was "WILLIE, don't dear." When a child does a willful, intentional wrong, he should be made to feel that he is guilty of a great offence, but he cannot be made to feel this if every inadvertent word or step receives a like condemnation.

THE Vie Parisienne states that the heat has been so great in Paris during the week that ladies have found it convenient "to wear their hair in their wardrobes."

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented if it were only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults!

Choice Miscellany.

THE GARDEN BOUGH.

Unwatched the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutters down;
Unloved that beech will gather brown,
This maple burns itself away;

Unloved the sunflower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon, or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of fern and crane;
Or into silvery arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove:

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the laborer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circles of the hills.

[Tennyson.]

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VAPORING.

BY OLD SLOUCH.

I HAVE just been to call on an old friend whom I have not seen before in twenty years. In our childhood and youth we were brought up together and, contrary to custom in such cases, we were bosom friends. When we were old enough to be thinking of getting on in the world our paths diverged, and we have not met since until to-night. My friend went into a counting-house, with the design of becoming a merchant, while I raced through a College curriculum as a suitable preparation for a professional pursuit. We have both been out in the world since then, and been shoved about in various ways, and we are both—I say it sadly enough, as I knock the ashes out of my pipe, in this lonely apartment of mine—we are both disappointed men—we have both proved failures. As youths we were, I am inclined to think, well meaning enough, and were accounted high-spirited, ingenious and talented; and as my friend's bent seemed to be entirely mercantile, and my own abilities, in the eyes of partial relatives and acquaintance, likely to adorn a profession, much was expected of us because we chose the occupations to which we were thought to be adapted. We jogged along, each of us, and we have both failed. We have done nothing criminal, we have committed no misdemeanors which entail lasting disgrace, we have never been ebowed out of that station in society into which we were born, and yet we have fallen in the estimation of good men, and middle-aged parents point us out to their sons, and recounting the story of our early prospects, speak of us as failures. My friend has a large family, is growing a little bald and rotund, while I am still a bachelor, spare of habit, and with hair fast turning gray.

Well, as I said, we met to-night for the first time in twenty years; and over thin potatoes and the harmless weed, we recalled the ancient days. We went back to the period when we set out in life hopeful and light-hearted, and speculated upon that curious something in our careers which had kept us down, when so many, who were supposed not to possess half our early advantages, had grown rich and honored and influential. Our feelings were partly sad and partly pleasurable. We have apparently accepted our fates, such as they are, and have found a certain sort of quiet satisfaction in life, and would not perhaps, on the whole, have been so happy if we had been successful; but no man can be altogether contented if he feels that the fair promises of his youth are not realized when he reaches manhood, and knows that his friends feel so too, and blame him for it.

The reader may imagine that two old friends, meeting under such auspices, would clasp hands warmly indeed, but sadly also; and that they would immediately sit down and, while bewailing, attempt respectively to excuse the follies and casualties of their misspent lives. But not so. Neither of us admitted to the other that he was not all that he might have become; and I verily believe that such is the tone of our minds from long habit, that except at certain brief, lucid intervals, we both expect to retrieve the past, and to stand as highly in the esteem of men before we die, as the most sanguine friends of our youth once anticipated we would. No, we sat there till the fire died out in the grate, and talked of past times—with our eyes still on the future. Having been so greatly flattered in our youth for the promise we then gave of subsequent honor and usefulness, we have become indurated in the conviction that we are still promising. We are always lazily looking around, as men will do at any period of life, in this active society of ours, for an opportunity to rise. The years of fulfillment have dawned upon us and we do not admit the fact. Our friends observe that age begins to tell upon us, but we boast of our vigor, and declare that we are stronger, physically and mentally, than we were ten years ago. We sat there in the dim light, and in subdued tones talked of these things, until we almost persuaded each other that the brightest visions of our early days might yet be realized. We thought we could see clearly that our lack of success was not at all due to any deficiency in ability or industry or to want of foresight on our part, but only to certain fortuitous and inexplicable circumstances which occurred just at the right moment to thwart our "best-laid schemes." We told each other, with a glow of confident pride, of all we intend-

ed yet to do; and in that halo of self-deception which too often arises from misdirected sympathy, the future loomed up grandly before us, big with easy honors.

In short, dear reader, with the sands of life already more than half run out—with encroaching decrepitude fore-tokening that not distant day when "desire shall fall and the grasshopper be a burden," we were still vaporizing. And God grant that when these illusions vanish—as they must—we may not long live to lament the sterile and heart-breaking facts it will reveal to us! Of all the harrowing reflections arising from talents wasted and opportunities neglected, the most painful is—how easily it might have been otherwise!

Vaporizing is one of the most dangerous habits in which a man can indulge. It saps energy of its vitality, by making us believe, for the time, that we are soon to become what we only listlessly strive to be. It induces satisfaction with our present condition, by awakening a conviction that we are much greater than we ought to know ourselves to be. It precludes the possibility of improvement, for a man cannot learn until he is first willing to admit himself ignorant. If you look around the world, you will discover that the men who attain success in life are those who study to know themselves; and this problem of self the vaporizing person never solves, for it is one of the peculiar consequences of this species of self-deception, that the victim soon believes that he is all he feebly aspires to be, and would have others think he is.

This habit of vaporizing sometimes grows out of intimate friendships. Little coteries of friends, who may sincerely love and respect each other, fall into the habit of freely discussing one another's plans in life, and make their views upon all sorts of topics a current medium of exchange. Partiality blinds their judgment, they readily form mutual admiration societies, and mentally resolve that they are the best and brightest of mankind. They graciously dispense each other's praises to their respective acquaintances, and for awhile enjoy a little vain, factitious reputation upon the strength of the good opinion they entertain of one another. Meanwhile the world moves on, and while they are speculating on what they will do with their magnificent powers, they awake to learn that they have irretrievably lost, in listless desires and rapid boasting, those golden moments which should have been devoted to energetic action. Away with the man who would delude himself into believing that he is more than he really is! We should remember that he alone is in a healthful state of progress, who makes of himself to-day all that he can be, and lets the future take care of itself. He does not cease to act, and set about perplexing himself with what he may expect to be, but goes right on to the goal.

There is a story told of a peasant who passed a double existence. He was a laboring man with a large family to support, and his waking hours were spent in the most irksome toil to obtain their subsistence. The moment he fell asleep, however, he was haunted by a vivid dream, in which he was a prince of the blood, with a different family, and surrounded by royal appointments. Nor was the continuity of his dream-life, as is usual, broken. At each recurring fit of slumber he took up the thread of his princely existence where he had left it the previous night; and everything moved along so naturally that he was never, during all his life, able to distinguish between his waking and sleeping hours, or to decide whether he were really prince or peasant.

Thus the vaporizing man passes his days. He, too, has a double existence, and his real status in society he can never fix himself, it is known only to others.

My pipe is out and my sermon ended. If what has been said induces you, O vaporizing young man! the springs of whose will are fast going down, to gather up the "confusions of a wasted youth" and, recognizing yourself as you are, to make one bold endeavor to be and not to dream, an old man will not in vain have disclosed to you the besetting sin of his life-time.

CHANCE CHIPS.

THE higher an ass holds his head the plainer we can see his ears.

TIME has made our life too long for our hopes, but too brief for our deeds.

AIR is a dish which one feeds on every minute, therefore it always ought to be fresh.

POVERTY is a bully if you are afraid of it, but is good natured enough if you meet it like a man.

Two hard things. First, to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without slander.

Unrighteous gain has destroyed millions; but has never made one man permanently prosperous and happy.

Be always at leisure to do a good action; never make business an excuse for avoiding offices of humanity.

No cover was ever made so big or so fine as to hide itself. Nobody was ever so cunning as to conceal his being so.

ONE of an editor's chief enjoyments is, to know that people who do not pay for his paper are continually finding fault with it.

Many persons look upon themselves as struggling to benefit the world, when in fact the world looks upon them as only struggling to benefit themselves.

THE real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
"GONE BEFORE."

BY MYRTA MAY.

OUT of the reach of sorrow and care,
Clad in the robes that the glorified wear,
Nevermore will they heed the discord of life,
They are done with its weariness, done with its strife.

Rough was the path which in sorrow they trod,
But their feet are now stayed by the throne of our God,
Where tempest and danger can reach them no more;
They have passed the dark waters, and gained the bright shore.

We mourn not for them, for we know they are blest—
Our Father has tenderly called them to rest;
Their tears wiped away, their burdens laid down,
The cross has been borne—they are wearing the crown.

Rest sweetly, beloved ones! Our lonely hearts yearn
For your presence and love—but ye may not return;
Yet we know by this passionate longing and pain
Our parting is brief—we shall meet you again.

It will not be long ere our feet we shall stay,
And fainting and weary will pause in the way;
Then CHRIST of sweet mercy! oh! may we not be
Forever at rest with our loved ones and Thee?
Athia, N. Y.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PLACE.

BY L. MCG.

I WAS one day seated on the east bank of the St. Lawrence, near Three Rivers, in Canada. There the broad river sweeps along, in its majesty and power, at the rate of four or five miles an hour. You can trace the lines which separate the greenish tinge of the main river from the dark colored waters of the Nicolet, the St. Maurice and the Becancour, which here empty into the St. Lawrence. There is no noise in this grand exhibition of power. The surface of the river is hardy ruffled, and the subdued waters move in mighty volume in the channel marked out for them by Nature.

While there, admiring the scene, I was led to follow the river, in imagination, from its source in Lake Superior, through the great chain of lakes, to the Falls of Niagara. I passed the Thousand Islands, came down the frequent, fearful Rapids, and through the shallow, boisterous Lake St. Peter to the place where I was sitting. I was thinking of the storms that had agitated these very waters, during their long journey, and of the tumults of Niagara. I recalled, too, the turbulent rapids through which this noble river had passed. I could not but compare these scenes as I remembered them, with the tranquillity of the one spread out before me. There was neither want of power nor lack of magnitude, and the scene impressed me, under these circumstances, with an idea of firmness united with abundance.

It was while thus engaged that I recalled the words of the prophet ISAIAH: "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river."

Nowhere could we find the peace of the righteous man more grandly typified than by this noble river. Freed from tumult, no longer threatened with confusion and disorder, it moves on in its magnificent course towards the Ocean. How abundant! the most covetous could not desire more. How sublime! it might properly arrest the attention of an angel. It is like the peace of him who hearkens to the commandments of the LORD.

What is the struggle which terminates with such a peace? In the life of man, it is the typical Christian conflict. It is the peaceful follower of CHRIST, on his way through the world. Small and weak at first, he hesitates and almost stops at every obstacle—his channel narrow and his force but feeble. He rushes over rapids and plunges down precipitous steeps, and his life is an active, noisy, vigorous conflict. Gradually his forces accumulate, other streams lend their volume to his, the channel deepens, the shores recede, and the current, peaceful in its grandeur but restless in its might, sweeps on to eternity. What a sublime and apposite image, that the life of the man of God is peaceful as a river!

Shall your peace be like a river? A proclamation of peace has gone forth into the world. A conditional offer of peace is made to men, and we have the assurance of the Maker of the Universe that it will be kept if we are faithful to that condition. The condition is that we accept the mediation of CHRIST. He will give this peace to all who will believe on Him. Are you on the side of Satan, and opposed to God? Accept and obey CHRIST and your peace shall be as a river. So long as you refuse to fulfill the condition, your warfare with God will continue, for "there is no peace, saith the LORD, unto the wicked."

MANNERS OF REPROOF.—Our manners must be tender and winning. The well of reproof (says an old writer) must be well oiled in kindness before it is driven home. Meddling with the faults of others is like attempting to move a person afflicted with the rheumatic gout—it must be done slowly and tenderly, nor must we be frightened by an outcry or two. The great thing is to show the person that you really love him; if you manifest this in the sight of God, He will bless your efforts, and give you favor in the sight of an erring brother.—*Christian Treasury*.

WITH men it is a good rule to try first and then to trust; with God it is contrary. I will first trust him as most wise, omnipotent, merciful, and try him afterward. I know it is as impossible for him to deceive me as not to be deceived.—*Bishop Hall*.

Educational Advertisement.

BUSINESS EDUCATION.

AMES' BUSINESS COLLEGE, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Adopted at this Institution is designed to meet the demands of the age—THOROUGH, PRACTICAL, AND OF IMMENSE IMPORTANCE TO THE

MERCHANT, FARMER, MECHANIC, ARTISAN, LAWYER, PHYSICIAN, TEACHER, In short to men in every vocation in life.

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In connection with Steamboat, Railroad, Insurance, Telegraph, Shipping, Commission, Exchange Offices, Post-Office, Stores, &c., &c.

EACH STUDENT BECOMES AN ACTUAL BOOK-KEEPER AND MERCHANT.

In the space of a few months he obtains the experience of a life-time. No young man who would meet with success in a Business Life should fail to spend at least TWELVE WEEKS IN OUR ROOMS.

Phonography, Telegraphy & Penmanship Receive Special Attention.

SOLDIERS!

Sick, discharged, or disabled, will find a few weeks instruction of great aid in securing the employment best adapted to their circumstances. To such we shall make, under certain circumstances,

A LIBERAL REDUCTION

From our Regular Terms, and we do our best to procure for them good situations in Business. Students may enter at any time. No Vacations.

This Institution is in no wise connected with those monstrosities in education called "chains," but is entirely distinct and independent. The talent and energy of a large faculty is bestowed entirely upon this institution.

For full details send for the COLLEGE JOURNAL, which will be mailed free of charge, by addressing

D. T. AMES, Pres't, Syracuse, N. Y.

The following are some of the favorable notices from the Press and Patrons:

Ames' Business College, Syracuse, N. Y.

Fulton Patriot.—We have frequently had occasion to make favorable mention of this deservedly popular Institution, and have been happy to observe the successful effort of Prof. Ames to establish and sustain an Institution which, in many important respects, is first of its character in the Empire State.

In point of penmanship, this institution has certainly distanced all competitors, as conclusive evidence of which is the diplomas awarded by three New York State Fairs, three Vermont State Fairs, one International, and the Great New England Fair, recently held at Springfield, Mass.

They are of exceeding rare merit, and have formed one of the most attractive features of the exhibition. In grace, beauty and perfection of execution, these specimens rival the finest steel engravings—many admirers pass them by as engravings. We believe the collection is unequalled in the United States.

The various medals held by Prof. Ames awarded to him by Institute, State and International Fairs, are a sure indication of this fact. If the perfection attained in other departments of the Institution are in keeping with the penmanship, which from testimonials by graduates, patrons and the press, we cannot doubt, the Institution justly holds the position it takes, at the head of similar Institutions in the Empire State.

The Springfield Republican of Sept. 12, 1884, says:—"They exhibited a wonderful proficiency in the art of penmanship, both as Business and Ornamental, and fully sustain the reputation of the College of being first in the Empire State. To them has justly been awarded a Diploma and Medal."

The Watertown Daily News.—"They are a novelty—equaling the fineness and beauty of steel engravings."

The Vermont Journal.—"We have never seen them equaled."

The Vermont Herald.—"They seem to be perfection in the Pen Art."

The Syracuse Daily Journal.—"We are certain that in symmetry of design, perfection of execution, and extent of workmanship, they have never been equaled in the United States or elsewhere."

The Oswego Commercial Times.—"They are without exaggeration the finest we have ever seen."

The Quincy (Ill.) Herald.—"Go to an old established Institution."

The Phonographic Visitor, N. Y.—"No Institution in the country can give a better account of phonographic progress than Ames' Business College, Syracuse, N. Y."

The Daily Courier, Syracuse.—"We can truly say that this is the model Institution of this country."

The Daily Standard.—"This has come to be one of the fixed Institutions of Syracuse; immense in its capacities and excellent in every respect."

The New York Railroad Times.—"We were deeply impressed with the whole routine of the College system, and certainly consider it the most profitable Institution for the instruction of youth that we ever entered."

The Binghamton Republican.—"We had the pleasure of visiting this far-famed establishment a few days since, and we found the appurtenances of a miniature world of Business. The course of instruction is thorough and comprehensive."

Prof. O. S. Fowler to Prof. D. T. Ames, SYRACUSE, March 31st, 1885.

DEAR SIR:—Besides reducing to writing that very high estimate of your intellectual and moral developments I give in my public examination of you, and before I knew one thing respecting you, it gives me pleasure to add that your Commercial College confirms every word I then said of your philosophy. In it I pronounce you an A. No. 1 teacher, and of advanced pupils, and in the higher branches—a teacher of teachers, &c., and in examining your mode of instruction I find it really perfect, the very best I have ever seen, and I have seen many elsewhere.

Wishing you that "immense success" you so richly merit, I remain, Yours for developing our Youth,

O. S. FOWLER, Phrenologist.

Opinion of Students in Attendance. THE INSTITUTION ENDORSED BY OVER FOUR HUNDRED OF THEM.

COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTIONS.

The following Resolutions were presented to Prof. AMES at the close of his New Year Lecture, delivered to the Students of the College, December 31st, 1884:

Whereas, We, the students of Ames' Business College, desire to express our esteem for Prof. D. T. Ames, and our approval of the system of instruction pursued in his School of Business; therefore,

Resolved, That we tender to Prof. D. T. Ames our sincere thanks for the kind interest he has always manifested in our behalf, and for the gentlemanly and courteous treatment which we have ever received at his hands; and that now, at the close of the old year, we heartily wish him a new one, and many more of them in time to come.

Resolved, That the course of instruction given in this Institution meets our entire approbation, and that we desire to recommend it to all wishing to become acquainted with the branches of education here taught, as most thorough, practical and efficient.

Resolved, That we, the students of the Department of Actual Business, in charge of E. H. Leonard, who has had several years' experience in actual business pursuits, do cheerfully recommend to all young ladies and gentlemen wishing to become acquainted with this important part of a business education to avail themselves of the excellent opportunity herein afforded for acquiring, with a great saving of time, the actual practice of business.

Resolved, That in the person of Prof. J. L. Green, Principal of the Senior Theory Department, we recognize an able and accomplished business and ornamental penman; an eminently practical instructor in the science of accounts; a gentleman of pure character and unimpeachable integrity; and the exemplification of those qualities of originality and self-reliance, which constitute the true basis of human success.

Resolved, That Prof. J. B. Snyder, who has recently been assigned the duty of Principal of the Junior Theory Department, gives evidence of rare ability and talent for the successful tuition of students in the principles of Book-Keeping, and the art of Business Penmanship.

Resolved, That this important branch of the business education deserves our special commendation. The many diplomas and medals which ornament the College halls, awarded by agricultural and other associations over the strongest competitors of the Nation, are more weighty and conclusive evidence than our affirmation of the superior order of your Business and Ornamental Penmanship, while we can most cheerfully bear witness to the thorough, scientific and successful manner in which it is taught and practiced in the different departments of this institution.

We would add, as our earnest conviction, that no other institution furnishes equal facilities for acquiring this useful and beautiful art.

Resolved, That we believe the Phonographic Institute, under the charge of Prof. J. B. Holmes, deservedly stands at the head of Phonographic institutions in this country, both in point of numbers and thoroughness of instruction; and that it can but continue to increase in popularity and usefulness under the management of so ripe a scholar, accomplished gentleman and enthusiastic teacher as Prof. Holmes.

Resolved, That having had the benefit of a course of instruction, so that we know whereof

we speak, we most earnestly recommend all who wish to acquire a knowledge of this useful and beautiful art, to avail themselves of the extraordinary facilities here afforded.

Resolved, That in our opinion Professors Wood and Duhamel, of Morse's Telegraphic Institute, bringing to bear, as they do, the result of many years' experience in Telegraphing, having made this the first and foremost of all institutions of the kind in the world, and the fact that the faculty have thus far been able to procure honorable and lucrative situations for every one of the many students who have completed the course, sufficiently attest the high standard of instruction, as well as the enviable reputation they have given the institution among telegraph men.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Prof. Ames for publication. GEO. W. HEADLEY, Dundee, N. Y. D. BALLARD, JR., South Deerfield, Mass. G. C. ROBINSON, Dryden, N. Y. P. C. PETERSON, Farmer, N. Y. J. E. PHILLIPS, Central Square, N. Y. ROLLIN STEWARD, Clerendon, Vt. W. W. THAYER, South Deerfield, Mass. J. H. CHASE, Providence, R. I. Committee on Resolutions.

For full particulars, address for the College Journal, sent free, D. T. AMES, President, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Various Topics.

INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The arrangement of the census of 1880, with reference to labor details, exhibits our manufacturing industry as represented by 128,240 establishments, whose owners, on a capital of \$1,049,800,020, produced, by the aid of machinery and 1,375,026 operatives, \$1,900,000,000 worth of commodities. This extraordinary amount is equal to \$60.61 to every man, woman and child in the country, and after deducting the exports, \$39,808,080, we have an aggregate for consumption amounting to \$1,877,852,851. This on a division per capita, gives \$59.12 to each individual.

In the report, it also appears we have 31,445,076 people, and have only 8,378,498 engaged in the various industries of the country. In the Agricultural Department, we have 2,423,895 farmers, 796,979 farm laborers, 85,561 planters—making 3,805,136 able-bodied industrious people who live by the sweat of their brow. Then Commerce, which is the hand-maid to Agriculture, employs 123,378 merchants, 67,360 marines, 184,485 clerks, 3,546 shipmasters, 7,533 steamboat-men, 2,350 sail-makers, 13,392 carpenters 3,546 ship-chandlers, 26,446 boat-builders and boatmen—making a total of 3,736,491, who aid in the distribution of the productive industry of country.

Those classed as manufacturers by the census are, 147,750 miners, 51,905 fishermen, 1,217,345 manufacturers—making a total of 1,387,100 men, women and children, who act as producers of the raw material and fit it for consumption. Of the specialties, the agriculturists amount to 55 per cent, and the mining, fishery, and manufacturing interests, about 16 per cent. The aggregate deducted from the entire number reported, leaves 3,181,674 engaged in various professions, of whom there are 37,529 clergymen, 33,198 lawyers, and 54,543 physicians—making 125,265, who are non-producers, but active consumers, and tolerated "from the moral or intellectual necessities of the producers."

The next important class comprises 38,633 laundresses, 35,165 mantua makers, 271 midwives, 25,723 milliners, 8,133 nurses, 90,198 seamstresses, 375 shirt-makers, 101,808 tailoresses—making 298,106, who, if they do not contribute to the moral condition of society, at least give to the exterior appearance the attribute next to godliness, that prevails in all well-regulated communities. Following these, we have 19,000 bakers, 11,000 barbers, 18,000 bar-keepers, 112,357 blacksmiths, 14,738 bricklayers, 242,958 carpenters, 21,640 carters, 27,437 civil-engineers, 17,180 coach-makers, 43,624 coopers, 19,521 drivers, 11,031 druggists, 21,323 gardeners and nurserymen, 40,070 grocers, 12,738 harness-makers, 11,647 hatters, 22,398 housekeepers, 25,819 inn-keepers, 10,175 jewelers, 969,301 laborers, 15,929 lumbermen, 43,925 masons, 24,492 mechanics, 37,581 waiters, 177,077 molders, 24,693 public officers, 37,883 overseers, 51,695 painters and varnishers, 16,594 peddlers, 13,116 plasterers, 23,106 printers, 38,567 railroad-men, 13,054 refractory men, 12,756 saddlers, 15,000 sawyers, 550,908 servants, 164,608 shoemakers, 17,825 stone-cutters, 49,993 students, 10,484 tanners and curriers, 110,489 teachers, 34,824 teamsters, 17,413 tin-smiths, 11,196 traders, 96,178 weavers, 32,693 wheelwrights, and 62,873 whose occupations are unknown—making nearly 2,000,000.—Boston Bulletin.

Resolved, That we, the students of the Department of Actual Business, in charge of E. H. Leonard, who has had several years' experience in actual business pursuits, do cheerfully recommend to all young ladies and gentlemen wishing to become acquainted with this important part of a business education to avail themselves of the excellent opportunity herein afforded for acquiring, with a great saving of time, the actual practice of business.

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so that his foe is fully engaged, his reserve moving by the flank, usually the right, makes a double file around upon the flank and rear of the earnestly-employed enemy, and rolls him up on the center. Just such was the tactics of Desaix and Kellerman, at Marengo. The former moved his six thousand infantry by the main road, upon Gen. Zach's triumphant advance from Alessandria, while the latter, moving by the right, made a double left turn upon Platti's Austrian horse, and won the day. Sheridan's invariable success, then, has been due to the great earnestness and valor with which he always imbues his troops, and then to his tactics of two columns and a flanking reserve.—United States Service Magazine.

HOW TO DETECT COUNTERFEITS.

1. EXAMINE the appearance of a bill—the genuine have a general dark, neat appearance. 2. Examine the vignette, or picture in the middle of the top; see if the sky or back ground looks clear and transparent, or soft and even, and not scratchy. 3. Examine well the face; see if the expressions are distinct and easy, natural and life-like, particularly the eyes.

4. See if the drapery or dress fits well, looks natural and easy, and shows the folds distinctly. 5. Examine the medallion, ruling, and heads, and circular ornaments around the figures, etc. See if they are regular, smooth and uniform, not scratchy. This work, in the genuine, looks as if raised on the paper, and cannot be perfectly imitated.

6. Examine the principal line of letters or name of the bank. See if they are all upright, perfectly true and even; or, if sloping, of an uniform slope. 7. Carefully examine the shade or parallel ruling on the face or outside of the letters, etc. See if it is clear, and looks as if colored with a brush. The fine parallel lines in the genuine are of equal size, and smooth and even. Counterfeits look as if done with a file.

8. Observe the round handwriting engraved on the bill, which should be black, equal in size and distance, of a uniform slope, and smooth. This in genuine notes is invariably well done, and looks very perfect. In counterfeits it is seldom so, but often looks stiff, as if done with a pen.

9. Notice the imprint of engraver's name, which is always near the border end of the note, and is always alike; letters small, upright, and engraved very perfectly. Counterfeiters seldom do it well.

NOTE.—It was remarked by Stephen Burroughs before he died, that two things could not be perfectly counterfeited—one was the dye work, or portrait, medallion heads, vignette, etc., and the other standing or ruling above the letters.—Bank Note Reporter.

MARSHAL NEY'S DEATH SCENE.

THE vengeance of the Allied Powers demanded some victims; and the intrepid Ney, who had well nigh put the crown again on the head of Bonaparte was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot, he was led to Luxemburg, on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers drawn up in a line to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to handage his eyes, but he repulsed him, saying: "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of battle, said:—"I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy. 'Viva la France.'" He then turned to the soldiers and striking his hand on his heart gave the order, "Soldiers, fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the "bravest of the brave" sank to rise no more. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, not one against her, was shot as a traitor! As I looked on the spot where he fell I could not but weep over his fate. True, he broke his oath of allegiance—so did the others, carried away by their attachment to Napoleon and the enthusiasm that hailed his approach to Paris. Still he was no traitor.

AMERICANS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

THE Americans flaunt everywhere, by land or on water, in the finest broadcloth and glossiest silk, and seem defiant by their heedlessness of provision, of all the changes of weather. English travelers, with their bushy frames hung with loose sacks and stuff gowns of coarse texture, and their big feet clogged with heavy boots, shoes, and gaiters, appear by no means graceful, when starting on a journey, in comparison with our lightsome countrymen and countrywomen, in all the jauntness of their flimsy and superfine drapery. Tested, however, by the shakes and tossings, dust and dirt, the alternate rain and shine of an expedition by rail or steamer, Mr. and Mrs. Bull will appear, in its course and at its close, a more presentable couple than Esquire Jonathan and his lady. The former will be none the worse for the wear and tear of the journey; the latter will be most decidedly damaged. We hardly need say that well preserved homeliness is more seemly than spoiled finery. The English from a rigid economy and an affection of plainness, make themselves unnecessarily ugly. The Americans, from a loose expenditure and a fondness of display, are inordinately fine.—Harper's Monthly.

I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; and if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night.

Reading for the Young.

THE LITTLE BOYS DREAM.

LAST night when I was in my bed, Such fun it seemed to me, I dreamed that I was grandpapa, And grandpapa was me.

I thought I wore a powdered wig, Drab shorts and gaiters buff, And took, without a single sneeze, A double pinch of snuff.

But he was such a tiny boy, And dressed in baby-clothes; I thought I smacked his face because He wouldn't blow his nose.

And I went walking up the street, And he ran by my side; But because I walked too quick for him The little fellow cried.

And after tea I washed his face; And when his prayers were said, I blew the candle out, and left Poor grandpapa in bed.

A BLACK BOY.

SOME boys are mean enough to ridicule others for natural defects, for which they are not to blame; and it is a very common thing to consider the color of the skin as a mark of inferiority. But even if it were so, it would be no ground of reproach, for it is the color which God gave. Mr. Southey, the poet, relates that, when he was a small boy, there was a black boy in the neighborhood, who was called Jim Dick. Southey and a number of his play fellows, as they were collected together one evening at their sports, began to torment the poor black boy, calling him "nigger," "blackamoor," and other nicknames. The poor fellow was very much grieved, and soon left them. Soon after, these boys had an appointment to go skating, and on that day Southey broke his skates. After all his rude treatment of poor Jim, he was mean enough to go and ask him to lend his skates. "O yes, Robert," Jim replied, "you may have them and welcome." When he went to return them, he found Jim sitting in the kitchen reading his Bible. As Southey handed Dick his skates, the latter looked at him with tears in his eyes, and said, "Robert, don't ever call me blackamoor again," and immediately left the room. Southey burst into tears, and from that time resolved never again to abuse a poor black—a resolution which I hope every one of my readers will make and never break. But, if you will follow the example of this poor colored boy, and return good for evil, you will always find it the best retaliation you can make for an injury.

TOY MAKING IN GERMANY.

IN Germany the wood-work, so far as English importers know anything about it, is mostly in the form of small trinkets and toys for children. The production of these is immense. In the Tyrol, and near the Thuringian Forest, in the middle states of the ill-organized confederacy, and wherever forests abound, there the peasants spend much of their time in making toys. In the Tyrol, for example, there is a valley called the Grodnertal, about twenty miles long in which the rough climate and barren soil will not suffice to grow corn for the inhabitants, who are rather numerous. Shut out from the agricultural labor customary in other districts, the people earn their bread chiefly by wood-carving. They make toys of numerous kinds (in which Noah's Ark animals are very predominant) of the soft wood of the Siberian pine—known to the Germans as zibelnuskiefer. The tree is of slow growth, found on the higher slopes of the valley, but now becoming scarce, owing to the improvidence of the peasants in cutting down the forests without saving or planting others to succeed them. For a hundred years and more the peasants have been carvers. Nearly every cottage is a workshop. All the occupants, male and female, down to very young children, seat themselves round a table, and fashion their little bits of wood. They use twenty or thirty different kinds of tools, under the magic of which the wood is transformed into a dog, a lion, a man, or what not. Agents represent these carvers in various cities of Europe, to dispose of the wares.—All the Year Round.

A LESSON OF OBEDIENCE.

To obey promptly, to do the very thing that is commanded—how very rarely do children understand the importance of those things. An illustration of the importance of such obedience has just been given in the Berlin papers, which relate the following incident that lately took place in Prussia:—"A switchman was at the junction of two lines of railway, his lever in hand, for a train was signaled. The engine was within a few seconds of reaching the embankment, when the man, on turning his head, perceived his little boy playing on the rails of the line the train was to pass over. With an heroic devotedness to his duty, the unfortunate man adopted a sublime resolution. 'Lie down,' he shouted out to the child; but as to himself, he remained at his post. The train passed along on its way, and the lives of one hundred passengers were perhaps saved. But the poor child! The father rushed forward expecting to take up only a corpse; but what was his joy on finding that the boy had at once obeyed his order? He had lain down, and the whole train had passed over him without injury. The next day the King sent for the man and attached to his breast the medal for civil courage."

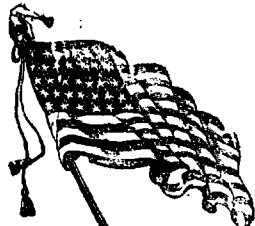
It is better to sleep with an empty stomach than to lie awake with an accusing conscience.

NEW QUARTER—A TRIAL TRIP.

The last quarter of our present volume will begin Oct. 7—a favorable time for renewals, or for new subscriptions to commence.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY, GENTLY WAVE O'er us, On every hill-top, from Texas to Maine;

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPT. 23, 1865.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Affairs at Washington.

THE receipts of internal revenue during the month of August amounted to \$34,087,539; the past week, \$18,000,000.

JAMES L. ORR of South Carolina, Speaker of the House of Representatives during the Thirty-Fifth Congress, was pardoned on the 15th inst.

A Scotch agent, now in Washington, has secured a large tract of land in Virginia, where a colony of Scotch emigrants will settle in November or December.

THE Secretary of War has ordered the mustering out of all organizations of colored troops which were enlisted in the Northern States; also, nine thousand more white troops.

THE parties entitled to the rewards for the arrest of those engaged in the conspiracy and assassination of President Lincoln, have been designated by the War Department, and it is understood that the names are soon to be made public.

THE force in the Treasury Department is being gradually reduced to the lowest limit consistent with the necessities of the public service.

ANOTHER military commission, with Col. Mansfield as President, has been organized in the Old Capitol Prison under orders from Gen. Augur. It is now in full blast, and is likely to continue so for some time.

IT IS understood that orders will shortly be issued to dismantle Forts Stephens, Slocum, Sumner, Lincoln, Reno and Totten. These fortifications are situated on the north side of Washington, and were built soon after the first battle of Bull Run.

News Summary.

KIRBY SMITH is at Matanzas, Cuba, in broken down health.

Gen. Sherman has purchased a splendid residence in St. Louis for \$25,000.

Queen Victoria has gone to Germany to make a match for one of her daughters.

The Southern Hotel, built and furnished at a cost of \$1,250,000, was opened at St. Louis on the 13th inst.

General Thomas Francis Meagher was at Denver, Colorado, at last accounts, en route for Montana.

Alex. H. Stephens is in good health and spirits at Fort Warren, does pretty much as he pleases, and receives company daily.

The body of Lord Douglas, who made an unexpected descent of 4,000 feet while among the Alps, has been found. It was dreadfully mangled.

The Western States did nobly for the war. Indiana furnished 193,337 men, and Wisconsin 66,000. That is about every other one in the arms-bearing population of the latter State.

The vote on the adoption of the new State Constitution of Colorado was cast on the 5th inst. A dispatch from Denver says the returns indicate that the Constitution has been carried by a large majority.

It is said that valuable and extensive discoveries of copper have been made in Frederick county, Maryland.

Jeff. Davis has been transferred from his casemate to a room in Carroll Hall, a building inside the fortress, where he will have more commodious quarters.

On the 15th inst., the Alabama State Conven-

tion by a vote of 58 to 34, refused to repudiate the rebel State debt.

The Ohio State Fair closed on the 15th. The receipts were \$16,000.

Gold closed in New York on Saturday, the 16th, at 143 3/4.

Southern Items.

THE cars are now running direct from Washington to Richmond—all the bridges having been rebuilt.

It is proposed to call, at an early day, a Convention of loyal Virginians, to meet at Alexandria.

General Curtis Lee has been appointed Professor in the Virginia Military Institute to fill the chair once occupied by Gen. Jackson.

A large amount of the military railroad stock in Virginia has been leased to the railroads in that State until the Government is ready to sell the same.

A large tide of emigration has commenced in North Carolina, under the auspices of the Southern Land Agency Association.

The ill-feeling at Knoxville, Tennessee, between the white and colored soldiers still continues.

Immense quantities of cotton are said to be moving from the interior of Georgia toward Savannah, Augusta and other points.

The Secretary of War has directed all organizations of colored troops in the Department of North Carolina, which were enlisted in the Northern States, to be mustered out of service immediately.

Colonel Brown, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, who has been investigating the subject, reports that the fears of a negro insurrection in Virginia are entirely without foundation. Ample precautions have been taken.

Judge Trigg of Memphis, decided to admit all attorneys to his bar, without taking the oath of allegiance required by Congress. Gov. Brownlow is thinking about some means of disciplining the Judge.

A letter from Clarksville, Tenn., states that the crops throughout that section are suffering greatly from long continued drouth. The tobacco, especially, which is much behind its usual growth at this season, is likely to be injured to a great extent.

Gov. Murphy of Arkansas, has directed an election for members of Congress on the 10th of October. There are three districts in the State.

The contracts for carrying the mails in the South thus far both by water and rail, have been made at greatly reduced rates compared with previous prices for this service.

The Tribune's special says:—Some of the Virginia planters are directing attention to the importation of foreigners to conduct the operations of agriculture.

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From South Carolina.

By late advices from South Carolina, we learn that the election of delegates to the State Constitutional Convention on the 13th inst., passed off quietly. Only about one-fourth of the candidates on the "Union" ticket were elected, the majority being denominated "Conservatives."

A very satisfactory interview occurred a few days ago between Gov. Perry and Generals Gilmore and Meade. The interview resulted in the partial restoration of civil power throughout the State by the full and complete establishment of the civil courts for the trial of all cases except those of persons of color.

The news says Gov. Aiken received full and complete pardon on the 13th from the President.

The rice crop in the vicinity of Georgetown is said to be abundant.

By the 1st of October it is thought communication by railroad between Charleston and Columbia will be restored.

Great Fire in Augusta.

A DISPATCH from Augusta, Me., of the 17th inst., says the most destructive fire that ever occurred in Maine swept through this city this morning. The entire business portion of the city, extending from the passenger bridge to Winthrop street and from the river to above the railroad track, is a smoking mass of ruins.

Every lawyer's office in the city, all the banks, two hotels, the post office express and telegraph offices, all the dry goods stores in the city, the United States Quartermaster, Commissary and Pension offices, the new depot yet unfinished, the Age newspaper office, and many other buildings, in all numbering more than forty, and being occupied by more than one hundred persons or business firms. Some saved the whole or portions of their stock, while others lost everything.

Mexican Affairs.

THE Tribune's Matamoros correspondent says:—The aid wanted by the chiefs of the Liberal party is a legion of about 10,000 men, to force all leaders to obey the regular generals, and to take and hold some point as a center of union.

The Liberal forces are now split up into small bodies, each operating in a State. If two or more of these bodies unite, a French force is sent against them, and owing to the quality of the latter the result of nearly every fight is in their favor.

A force of ten thousand men entering this country now, would find the Imperial forces in small bodies all over a vast extent of territory, and would be able to beat those bodies in detail and drive them in great haste from the points they hold with loss of war material.

The privilege of writing to his wife has been granted to Jeff. Davis. This is right. Our Government cannot afford to be cruel, even to such a vile wretch as Jeff.

SPAIN has evacuated San Domingo. The revolution which broke out there last month, is all over, and the Dominicans hope to re-construct their government.

THE National Cemetery at Andersonville, Ga., where 18,000 bodies are interred, is being ornamented and improved. Bodies may be removed after the 1st of November.

PRAIRIE chickens are very plenty at the West this year. At a recent prairie chicken hunt in Iowa eight hundred and fifty-seven birds were killed in four hours by nineteen men.

SIXTEEN government vessels were sold at St. Louis on Thursday, at prices amounting, in the aggregate, to \$300,000. Several others yet remain, which will soon be disposed of at auction.

LARGE numbers of Southern merchants, from Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama, are at St. Louis, buying goods, some of whom are paying debts contracted before the war.

GEN. SANBORN has made a temporary treaty of peace with the Apaches, Camanches and Kiowa Indians, and ceased hostilities against them until a permanent peace can be arranged with them.

SIX young men from the Island of Hayti have entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Gambier, Ohio, with a view to prepare themselves for missionary work among their countrymen.

MEANS have been obtained from England to build a railroad from St. Paul to Winona. The work will be commenced immediately, and completed in three years. Ten miles will be graded this fall.

HIRAM OLIVER and John Wiley Heartup were executed by the military authorities at Columbus, Ohio, on the 6th inst., for the murder of J. B. Cooke, Assistant Provost Marshal of the 17th district.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer states that Henry S. Foote, who was banished to Canada by Stanton, has received a pardon from the President. He passed through Cincinnati on his way to Memphis on Sunday.

THE formal recognition of Prince Alfred of England, as heir to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg, took place at the capital of that State on the 9th of August, being the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday.

THE treaty of permanent peace with the United States was signed on the 15th inst., at Fort Smith, Ark., by representatives of the Osages, Seminoles, Creeks, Chickasaws, Cowokins, Senecas, Shawnees, Choctaws and Quapaws.

THE Ohio river is rapidly rising. A despatch from Wheeling states there has been no such stage of water in September for many years. Steamers are up for all regular landings below, calculating upon an uninterrupted boating season.

AT a meeting of Bank officers held in New York last week, resolutions were adopted, by a vote of 21 to 13, that in the opinion of the meeting a system of redemption of National Bank notes, in conformity with law, ought to be adopted.

STATISTICS of the War Department show that during the rebellion, our armies captured over three hundred thousand prisoners of war, besides paroling about one hundred and sixty thousand and more at the final surrender of the different rebel armies.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of Government bonds were abstracted from the counter of a banking house in Wall street, New York city, on the 15th, while the attention of the clerk was diverted. A reward of \$20,000 is offered for their recovery.

THE HAYTIEN REBELLION.—Advices from Hayti represent that the rebellion has lasted longer than expected, in consequence of the reluctance of President Geffard to resort to extreme measures, the object being to weary out the revolutionists, without inflicting upon them at Cape Haytien the horrors of a bombardment.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

IT is now believed that the cable disaster was brought about by deliberate design of English speculators, who had an interest in the destruction of the line.

THE Illinois State Fair, held at Chicago, closed on Saturday last, no less than 20,000 visitors being present on that day to witness the concluding exercise.

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Special Notices.

MONROE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Annual Fair and Cattle Show of the above named Society, will be held at the Fair Grounds, near Rochester, on the

26th, 27th and 28th of Sept., inst.

The Board of Managers offer a very liberal list of premiums, and are making extra exertions to render this one of the most successful Fairs held in the County.

The Grounds and Buildings having been relinquished by the Government, have been thoroughly cleaned and renovated, and will be found in first rate order.

Entries can be made at the Secretary's Office, No. 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, any time previous to the Fair and also on the first day of the Fair.

STEPHEN LEGGETT, Pres't. HENRY TALBOT, Sec'y.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

It is with pleasure that we are able to announce a much larger circulation for the "HOME MAGAZINE" during the present year than it has ever before attained; and also a more heartily expressed approval, by subscribers and the press, of its tone and character.

During the next year, we shall bring into its pages a still more vigorous literary life—a higher excellence—a broader spirit, and a more earnest advocacy of all things pure and noble.

Address, T. S. ARTHUR & CO., 323 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Gout, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated.

Address, DR. BABCOCK & SON, No. 27 Bond Street, New York.

GOOD READING VERY CHEAP.

We have a few extra copies of Vol. XII of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, (1861,) stitched, and in good order, which we will sell at \$1 per copy at office or by Express—or \$1.50 sent by mail post-paid.

Address, D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, } Rochester, Sept. 19, 1865.

THE market continues inactive. The Peach season is nearly over in this section. Mess pork, corn, potatoes and butter are a shade higher.

Wholesale Prices Current.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Flour, Feed, Grain, Straw, Fruits, Vegetables, etc.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—Cotton, 45¢/46¢ for middlings. FLOUR.—Superfine State \$6.50/7.25; extra State, \$7.50/8.25; choice State, \$7.00/7.75; superfine Western, \$6.50/7.25.

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Beef received, 5,554 against 5,806 last week. Sales range at \$21 1/2¢. Cows, received 150 against 122 last week.

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—There has been no special change in the market for either Domestic or Foreign fleeces since our last.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. HIS WORK IS DONE.

BY L. LIGHT.

INSCRIBED to the memory of the late WILLIAM H. DELANEY, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., the first Bishop of Western New York.

Our hearts are full of sorrow; we have lost A friend who was a friend in time of need, A man who loved his fellow men, and lived To benefit and bless them, and to be A favored instrument in God's own hand For doing good. His was a noble heart, Impulsive, warm, and full of love for all Who loved his Lord and Master; while for those Who still refused the offers of God's grace, He lived to labor, loved their life to pray. None knew him but to love him; and his praise Was in the mouths of all who praised his work; While even those who sat in scoffer's seats Could not respect his Christ-like character. He left behind a name that cannot die, A fame that cannot pass away with time; And should no sculptured marble mark his grave, He has a monument in living hearts, Founded by gratitude and built by love. His work was done and well done. He now hears The welcome plaudit:—"Faithful servant, rest! Rest from thy weary labors, and rejoice In praising Him whose work you, living, loved!" The world, unworthy of such lives as thine, Has been the better for thy life of love. Trumansburg, N. Y.

The Story Teller.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE AT NEWPORT; OR, WHY EDNA ACKLAND LEARNED TO DRIVE.

THE first thing Captain Henry Ash saw at Newport, when, for the sake of the new life and strength the sea-breezes would give him, he had been ordered there with his left sleeve pinned empty to his breast, and his whole frame feeble as that of any child, was Edna Ackland driving. She sat in one of those pretty basket-work affairs in vogue in uppertendom, behind a handsome pair of horses, handling the reins skillfully, with her sister nestled at her side, and black Cato, in his silver hat-band, bolt upright behind her.

The feminine accomplishment had taken mightily at Newport, as well as on the gorgeous New York avenue of palatial residences and the drives of the Central park. And she was but one of fifty girlish drivers. But a battery of eyes rained upon her, and glances and whispers of admiration were profuse. Harry Ash heard some of them.

Fitzfoodie's simper. "Veywy fine gal, and knows how to drive." And the "By George, what a beauty!" of young Tiptop.

It was a pretty picture. Never did face look so bonnily beneath the shade of hat and plume. Never did white fingers handle the reins so deftly.

The only face that frowned was that poor, war-worn face of Captain Harry Ash. He looked after her, flushing and paling by turns. The sight was an unlovely one to him, heaven knew.

He had, young as he was, old-fashioned prejudices. He liked womanly women. The girls of society, in their pronounces toilets, with their loud laughter and bold eyes, and ambition to be "fast," often shocked him. And this new freak of driving had seemed the worst of all. She knew he thought so. She whom he had so often driven over that Newport beach (ah, he should never see drive any one again!) and whom he had loved because she seemed so womanly and gentle—a dainty thing to be watched over and guarded from harm—driving with the daring eyes of fops and rones turned upon her, eager for their praise and admiration, forgetful of him and his opinion.

Ay, that was it, after all—not the mere fact of her driving on Newport beach, but that she should be there on the day of his return, merry and forgetful.

He had hoped to find her watching for him—to meet her somewhere quite alone. He had not more vanity than falls fairly to the lot of handsome men, but he had thought she loved him. In this saddest hour that belief had given him a little gleam of comfort, and he had dreamed of a fireside with Edna for its angel. It was over now. Had she loved him she would not have been here. And the poor fellow groaned involuntarily, and hid his fine worn face in his one transparent hand.

While he languished on the hospital cot, fanned by the black wing of the death angel hovering over him, and in every lucid interval thinking of her, she had been learning to drive for the sake of Fitzfoodie's praise and young Tiptop's compliments.

The dancing-hall and the billiard-room filled as they were with brainless fops and fortune-hunters—had been her world, and he was quite forgotten.

Well, she owed him no duty. They were not betrothed. What was he—a helpless, one-armed fellow, shut off from many sports for life at twenty-six—an invalid to be nursed and tended, who needed so much and could give so little, that he should fancy a mere flirtation bound that bright young beauty, with every advantage wealth and position could give a handsome girl, to him?

Yet even while he spoke he felt that he had thought her all his own; and called to mind a parting hour in which, though not a word was spoken, a kiss had been stolen and not resented. A moment when two little hands lay in his—two tear-filled eyes met his own. A moment never to be forgotten by the young soldier while life should last. Other girls had been constant to their war-worn lovers; other maiden men returned to find tender bosoms ready to pillow their weary heads, fond hearts more

fond for any ill that might have fallen on them. So had he hoped and dreamed to find Edna; and he met her driving on the crowded beach, so eager to mark the applause of idle loungers that she had driven past him without knowing it. Past him who would have known the very rustle of her robe in any throng. For a few moments the soldier battled with hot tears, and swallowed choking sobs. Then he was calm.

"So be it," he said. "I have borne much; I can bear more. I have given my left arm to my country. If my heart's best love must follow it, let me accept my fate like a man and as a soldier should."

And a stern look came over his face, and he leaned back among his cushions with his eyes turned seaward.

In a little while he had himself driven back to the hotel, and there fatigue was a sufficient excuse for keeping his own room and avoiding Edna Ackland, and all the rest of fashiondom.

At best he hated the endless questioning and commiseration—the answering of inquiries as to his health, and how and where and when that sleeve became empty. He did not enjoy the role of hero, nor the admiring pity of simpering misses and stout mammas. Edna Ackland's sympathy was the only sympathy he craved, and that he had not. So, suit in his own room, while the world of Newport was abroad, taking his walks and rides when others were at dinner, Captain Ash lived quite as much alone as he might on a desert island, save for an occasional raid of masculine friends, who came to "cheer him up," and failed signally in that praiseworthy endeavor.

The sea air was doing the convalescent very little good. In fact he was weaker than when he came to Newport.

A happy heart is the best medicine, and hope better for the invalid than the balmy breezes ever blown. These Harry Ash had not. He did not even wish to live.

Sometimes on the nights of the renowned Newport "hops," when music came stealing on the balmy air to his very window, and the sound of dancing feet, timing it gaily, brought back the memory of hours when he was the merriest of the throng, the poor young soldier would sit with his aching head and heart and listen, almost believing that he could see Edna among the dancers—Edna, in the white dress that he loved to see her wear, with pearls about her throat and in her ears.

Ah, and with young Fitzfoodie for a partner, and a throng of brainless boys about her when she grew weary of the German. Perhaps they whispered praises of her skill with whip and rein. Perhaps she looked and spoke as other girls did now, not with the modest glance and tone of the Edna of old, and yet he longed unseen to see and hear her.

One night the longing grew so strong that to get rid of it he left his room and sauntered feebly out into the open air, and down a romantic path where he hoped he should not hear the music and the twinkle of dancing feet. But it came to him even there. The lights flashed through the dark foliage—the notes of a waltz mingled with the far-off sob of the sea. That music was like his memory, he could not escape it. For he had walked too far already and was faint to sit down and rest—he who had been once so strong. He flung himself on a garden seat and wiped the damp drops from his brow.

"I am getting no stronger," he thought. "I shall never live to see flowers die. Will she care, I wonder?"

Even as he spoke a soft sobbing broke upon his ear. It seemed close to him; he turned and looked. The garden seat rested with its back against a great tree; *dos a dos* to this, facing another walk, was a like seat. On this a lady sat, her head bent down, the moonlight lying on great coils of flaxen hair, little hands clasped, sob-suppressed but audible to the young soldier, heaving her bosom. That wealth of hair, that slender form, surely he knew them. He bent forward to be certain, and a branch rustled, and the lady started up in affright. It was Edna Ackland, and she saw him, for the moon was bright and full upon his face. For a moment both remained motionless. Then she arose and came around the tree and sat down beside him.

Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and she held her hand out to him. What could he do but take it.

"You are better?" she said. "I feared you were very ill. You have been here a whole week and never been near us. Was that right?"

"You forgot I am an invalid and not equal to society yet," he said, coldly.

"Forget—oh no!" and her glance took in his empty sleeve—"how could I?"

"How could you, indeed! I am sadly altered—neither useful nor ornamental to the world. The best thing I can do is to quit it, as I expect to soon."

She stretched her hand toward him with a sudden gesture that looked almost like a caress, and drew it back blushing scarlet.

"Nay, you are better. The doctor told mamma so. All you need is exercise. You should drive out, or go upon the water more." The word "drive" angered him. He answered curtly:—"Driving is very pleasant to one who possesses Miss Ackland's new accomplishment. It is not so charming to one who can never handle a whip or rein again. The same with boating. Perhaps you are also mistress of the oar."

"Yes, I can row very well, I believe." So she boasted of it. His lip curled.

"Were Miss Ackland a gentleman I should compliment her. As it is—"

"Well, Captain Ash?"

"I can but regret it."

"Why?"

nified silence, but her eyes grew blind with tears. Despite all she could do they escaped from beneath her lashes, and she had no resource but to whip them away with her handkerchief. Of late she had been in the habit of crying, and was not mistress of her eyes.

Harry Ash had had his fling. Now he regretted it. He arose and stepped forward.

"I was ungentlemanly—brutal," he said: "forgive me. I am a very child—I am so weak and worn. Miss Ackland, surely I have not power to bring tears to your eyes. My opinion is not so much to you?"

But she sobbed on softly, and he stood looking at her abashed and grieved.

"It was an old prejudice," he pleaded, "quite out of date, I know. Forgive me, O Edna, Edna!" The name burst from him unawares. He took another step forward. The parting hour came back to him—the touch of those little lips. Had he been mistaken? Did she love him after all?

If so, what had he done? And he almost sobbed:—"Edna, do not hate me for my brutal words! Edna forgive me, pity me, love me, for in my maimed body dwells a heart all yours to its last beat!"

And then his one arm stole about her waist and drew her close to him.

"Are you really angry that I have learned to drive?" she said, after a few minutes. "No—don't answer; I must tell you first why I learned. I knew you loved me; I felt sure that you would tell me so when you returned; and Harry, if you had had both arms it would have made only one difference; I should have loved you more. So when they told me you had lost an arm, the first thought that came to my mind was this—the first thought after the shock was over, I mean—he will be so helpless! There will be so many things he cannot do for himself. I must be left hand and right hand also, should it be God's pleasure. And that thought stayed in my mind, and will stay there forever."

"So old Mark taught me to drive, and I learned, as I have learned many things, for the love of you. You are not angry now, Harry?"

Angry! It was a strange anger, then. It flushed brightly in his cheek and sparkled in his eye, and told itself in a soft shower of kisses.

They are married, now, and you may see them any day driving upon the Newport beach in the pleasant August afternoons. Her hands guide the reins, and he sits with his empty sleeve beside her. Yet, for all that, his eye is on the road and his voice guides her, so that in reality she is only his left hand, and he, the husband, drives. —Harper's Weekly.

WINTER AND SPRING-TIME.

BUT little more than two score days ago, the earth lay frozen in the wintry air, inert in its vital forces as if chiseled from marble and granite, by the hand of a giant-artist, as a plaything for the children of the Titans. The mountains that guard the eastern sky stood out in clear relief against the horizon; the leafless trees shivered under the low wall of the pulsing wind; the couches prepared for Spring, the virgin bride; the lakes, beneath their crystal bridges, chimed a silvery melody which sounded like the tinkling of a hundred fairy bells; the grand old sky spread out its golden beauties as it had done ten thousand times before, gloriously magnificent! And yet, to one who paused to contemplate those things a moment, there came a consciousness of a something wanting, an unsatisfied feeling, accounted for by the fact that there was no active life manifested in those beautiful forms.

But hark! the pattering of the rain upon the windows! A steel-gray sky above; a sun and cheerless earth beneath! Nature's struggle to break her chains of ice, is so great, that she weeps great tears of pain, while the winds sob in agony. But the dark days pass by; the sun sends down his mystic day-beams, and the earth bounds into an unfettered life. Down in the dells, where the little shining drops of water trickle through the grass-bulbs that link their tender arms together in the dark chambers of the ground, the emerald blades spring out of their rusty scabbards, as if they were to fight the battles of the coming season; the soft petals of the early flowers unroll from their calyxes, like badges of honor on the bosom of a victor; and Spring is triumphant! Life is once more in motion.

Just so is it with our spiritual natures. There is a time with every soul, when the snows of sin lie deep upon it, benumbing its faculties and freezing its energies; but, thank heaven a Spring time comes to some of us—a time when tears of repentance melt away the drifted barks, and the low throbbing of a new existence commences. —H. H. Boone.

THE more numerous the comforts, viewed as necessities by the great body of the people, and the farther those comforts are removed from gross sensuality, the higher the moral condition of that people, is a principle in politics without an exception. The warm house, the neat furniture, the comfortable meal, the decent clothing, the well weeded and flower decorated garden, the favorite singing bird and spaniel, and the small but well chosen collection of books, are enjoyments beyond the means of the idle, and not the choice of the tavern hunter.

It is only necessary to make the experiment to find two things:—One, how much useful knowledge can be acquired in a very little time; and the other, how much time can be spared, by good management, out of the busiest day.

After perfuming every other theatre, Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus" is now performing the late theatre of war. Southern orders roll in continuously. There is a perfect union of sentiment between the two sections as regards this peerless extract. Sold everywhere.

Wit and Humor.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

AN Irish lady, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

"THAT'S what I call capital punishment," as the boy said when his mother shut him up in the closet among the preserves.

AN editor, in absence of mind, lately quoted from a rival paper one of his own articles, and headed it "Wretched attempt at wit."

AN itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied "that scattering shot would hit the most birds."

As there appears to be no lady contributors to the Nation, it has been suggested that for this and other reasons its name be changed to Stag-Nation.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that children should rarely be allowed to drink tea, but should be kept in the lac-teal way as long as possible.

THAT was a smart youngster, who, hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you buy me a drum?"

WHAT is the difference between stabbing a man and killing a hog? One is assaulting with intent to kill, and the other is killing with intent to sell.

AN Irishman, charged with an assault, was asked by the judge whether he was guilty or not guilty. "How can I tell," was the reply, "till I have heard the evidence?"

SAMBO had been whipped for stealing his master's onions. One day he brought in a skunk in his arms. Says he, "Massa, here's de chap dat steal de onions. Whew! smell him bref."

THE following extraordinary advertisement appears in a Sheffield paper:—"For sale—six pressing vices." Are these the same as the seven deadly sins; and if so, where is the missing one?

THE papers are full of startling paragraphs headed, "Era of Crime," "Era of Frightful Accidents," "Era of Incendiarism," &c.; but what we have most to fear just now is that most fearful of all eras, the Chol-era.

A YOUTH after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair enamored, said: "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer." "Suppose you pop it," whispered the blushing damsel.

ONLY A CRIER—AN EPIGRAM—BY QUILE.

A FAMOUS Judge came late to Court One day in busy season; Whereat his clerk, in great surprise, Inquired of him the reason. "A child was born," His Honor said, "And I'm the happy sire." "An infant judge?" "No," said he, "As yet he's but a crier."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 57 letters. My 57, 7, 4, 12 is a girl's name. My 16, 31, 25 48, 1, 9 is the town in which we live. My 38, 10, 25, 32, 8, is a man's name. My 40, 44, 15, 37, 7, 39, 19, 42 is a precious stone. My 23, 57, 28 is a small house. My 54, 14, 1, 18 is a relative pronoun. My 43, 17, 18, 39, 22, 21, 8, 8 is a kind of fruit. My 11, 10, 54, 24 is a girl's nickname. My 29, 45, 49 is a kind of wood. My 30, 34, 35, 38 is a water animal. My 26, 29, 33, 47, 50, 52, 53, 57, 58 is a city. My 6, 32, 20, 29 is an article of furniture. My 51, 2, 47, 46, 13 is not sour. My 28, 55, 5 is an article. My 30, 25, 1, 8, 11 is a boy's name. My whole may be found in the Old Testament. Reed's Corners. A. X. & S. N.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DECAPITATIONS OF COUNTIES.

- BEHEAD a county in Tennessee and leave an instrument of music. BEHEAD a county in Georgia and leave a verb. BEHEAD a county in Arkansas and leave a boy's nickname. BEHEAD a county in Alabama and leave a liquor. BEHEAD a county in Iowa and leave a public house. BEHEAD a county in Indiana and leave a bird. BEHEAD a county in Virginia and leave two vowels. BEHEAD a county in Missouri and leave an herb. Washington, Mich. ELLA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

HER dōgo, eth reavb, hte fnealibnt, Owh meardseis sl heir peles, Hewer loirs eth grde-kell cumis Fo hte erve-soths depe. Teed's Grove, Iowa. IDA.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 816.

- Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Randall's Practical Shepherd. Answer to Algebraical Problem:—John 16, William 24.

Answer to Anagram: Truth stoops no victor's crown to wear, Her mark is upward toward the sky; Dauntless she sails the upper air, Excelsior flashes from her eye. Her brow with fadeless beauty shines, And virtue blooms along her tread, While love and constancy combines To form a halo round her head.

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