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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Associate Editor.
HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.,
Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
P. BARRY, C. DEWEY, LL. D.,
H. T. BROOKS, L. B. LANGWORTHY,
T. C. PETERS, EDWARD WEBSTER.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

AGRICULTURAL.

N. Y. STATE CHEESE MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION.

[Continued from page 31, last number.]

Officers elect for 1865.

The Committee on Nominations reported the following gentlemen for election as officers for 1865. The report was unanimously adopted:

President—GEORGE WILLIAMS of Oneida.
Vice Presidents—JENKS BULLONG, New York City; A. L. FISH, Herkimer; GEORGE L. MORSE, Madison; Seth Miller, Lewis; ASHAEL BURNHAM, Chautauque; David Hamlin, Jefferson; N. G. HUNTINGTON, Erie; A. Bartlett, Ohio; HARVEY FARRINGTON, Canada; Nehemiah Leach, Chenango.
Secretary and Treas.—W. H. COMSTOCK, Esq., Utica.

Feeding Whey to Cows.

MATTOON of Oneida county, said:—It is a question whether it is more profitable to feed whey to cows or hogs, and whether it will pay to feed grain to cows in summer; also, whether it will pay to soil cows instead of pasturing them. It pays to keep cows well—there is no doubt about that. I feed whey to my cows—have for twenty years. I have troughs in my stables in which I feed whey. Have never fed any grain except shorts; I think coarse shorts best. A gentleman from Jefferson county told me he cuts hay and saturates it with whey, and it answers a good purpose. I read an article in the RURAL NEW-YORKER last summer, stating that it affected the health of the animal injuriously. Those of us who have fed it know better. I do not think it injures the health of the animal. I have raised calves on whey and kept them until they were old cows, feeding whey to them when in milk, and I never discovered any injury to them. When we feed whey and shorts, the winter butter is always yellow. I find it more profitable to feed whey to cows than to hogs.

COMSTOCK of Utica.—A pound of cheese can be made as cheaply by feeding whey as a pound of pork.

WHEELER of Oneida.—I have fed whey from my boyhood until now. I have always pursued the plan of keeping only as many cows as I could keep well. I find that the more whey and grain I feed—if the latter is produced on my own farm—the more profit I derive from my cows. I breed and raise my own cows. If I buy a cow, I do not buy a poor one at any price. If I find a cow that I raise or buy is not a good one, I get rid of her. I fed most of my whey, last season (1863) to my hogs. The hogs did well on it, but the cows suffered. The season of 1864 I fed it to the cows; and I believe it more profitable to feed it to cows than hogs. The difficulty with many dairymen is, that they keep too many cows, and some of them, too poor ones. A few dollars ought not to stand in the way of a dairyman's getting a good cow; a poor cow is dear at any price.

ELLISON of Herkimer.—Some of the best dairymen in Herkimer county say they can make a pound of cheese from whey, cheaper than they can make a pound of pork. Purchased cows from other States do not eat whey as well as those that have been bred in the dairy districts. Thousands of dollars are lost to dairy farmers from want of care in selecting dairy stock.

Herkimer county is losing heavily by being compelled to purchase cows that are not bred for the dairy. And men in the west who make a business of breeding dairy cows for the dairy districts ought to know that it will be money in their pockets if they make it a point to breed from animals that have a milk pedigree.

WOODWORTH of Cattaraugus.—I have a friend here beside me who says his cows give five pounds of milk per day more by feeding whey. (A voice:—"How many cows?" No reply.) I give to a dairy of thirty cows a bushel of bran mixed with whey or soon as it is left to sour. By this means I can keep one-third greater number of cows on the same pasture. I have fed whey separately, as well as with bran as I have described. I feed bran in order to make the whey go further; feed twice a day. Another advantage in feeding whey is, that I do not have to go after the cows,—they come to the barn for their feed.

Question.—Why do you let your feed sour before feeding it?

WOODWORTH.—I have no particular reason except that soaking softens the bran. I find cows fed on whey are in better condition in the fall than those that are not so fed.

COMSTOCK of Utica.—I was at W. W. WHEELER'S factory last summer in the dry time. He feeds his cows more whey than is produced from their own milk. His cows during the drouth gave double the quantity of milk that his patrons' cows did who were fed no whey.

PAXSON of Erie.—I have kept a dairy ten years, but not a hog in eight. The less farm an animal has to sustain from food, the greater the product of milk in proportion to the food consumed. I have never fed bran with whey. I select the cows to which I feed whey,—feeding to cows that are good feeders, but inclined to be lazy. I find cows so fed to be the best milkers, and go into the winter in the best condition.

FARRINGTON of —.—When whey becomes sour, it becomes like vinegar, so that it affects unfavorably the health of the animal, some assert.

—At this point, when several important questions were growing out of this discussion, and it was becoming interesting, it was suddenly broken off by an officer of the Association—whose effort seemed to be directed to prevent a continuous, exhaustive discussion of any one subject of public interest, and to keeping the meeting in the greatest possible confusion, in both of which he succeeded too well.

Organizing Factories.

Upon the best manner of organizing factories the following discussion ensued:

FISH of Herkimer.—This is a subject which does not admit of a great deal of argument. It will be regulated by neighborhood convenience. In some localities it will be found necessary to associate in their establishments, in others individual enterprise will be more successful. That the cheese factory system will be sustained, I have full confidence. And the influence of this organization will be sustained. The dealer, consumer and manufacturer are all interested in it.

CHAPMAN of Oneida.—I cannot furnish any information based upon long experience with this system. I do not think it makes much difference whether the organization of a factory is based upon a corporation and trustees, or whether it is an individual enterprise, the farmers of the neighborhood adding their milk to the manufacturer's. The private enterprise is more democratic than the corporate—there being danger of monopoly in the latter. One of the greatest dangers to this system is the adulteration of milk. You can scarcely take up a paper, in which you do not see that some one has been detected and fined for this practice. I would detect such persons—devise some means to do it. I believe it can be done. I would test every man's milk with the hydrometer night and morning, and keep a record of the same. Compare the record of each man's milk with the others. If led to suspect any man by the showing of this record, take the two extremes on the record, find the average, and then see the suspected party milk his cows and deliver it; then test it; and if it compares with the average he is honest; if not, he is a rascal.

PAXSON of Erie county.—In the organization of factories, if the men in the neighborhood are all capable men, it will answer for them to unite in such a business; but if the neighborhood cannot run a district school without confusion, then let a few control it. One good, capable man is better for the interests of the neighborhood than a dozen of the know-nothing class.

The difficulty in having five or six men to manage a factory is, that none of them will give the time to it necessary to learn the business. The best man in the neighborhood should be put in it and devote his time to it,—for it requires time to learn all that is to be learned in cheese making.

LELAND of Deerfield.—I am a cheese buyer; and we who buy cheese find the arrangement of vesting the sale of factory cheese in a committee of three, five or seven, a very objectionable one indeed. We go to the factory to buy and ask the agent there if his cheese is for sale; he does not know—must call the committee together to find out, or the buyer must ride, perhaps, a dozen miles in order to see the different members of the committee and learn the price of the cheese. Another very objectionable practice among committees is that of asking the buyer for his best offer. It is not business-like. One man would be likely to sell the cheese better than three men. In every neighborhood there is one man who would do this business to the satisfaction of the whole if he were made the agent. It is not necessary to give any part of the business into the hands of one man, except the sale of the property. A higher price would be obtained for your products. This season's business is an illustration. The price of cheese has ranged from 16 to 28 cents. When the excitement ran high, we went to your factories making you offers; but your committees were distracted, divided in opinions, and we could not effect purchases—no conclusion was arrived at until the falling off in the price of gold occurred, prices declined, and money was lost by those who did not accept the first offers. I hope, in the organization of factories; you will, for your own sakes as well as the buyer's, put the power to sell in one man's hands.

A. STRYKER of Wyoming.—On my way hither I met a buyer in the cars who urged that I should bring this subject before this association. He said that when he visited a factory and found the selling of the cheese in the hands of a committee, he passed it by—spent no time to find out whether he could buy or not.

Other gentlemen agreed upon the subject of vesting the selling power in a single agent, and the subject was laid on the table.

TAXING LEAF TOBACCO.

This question is being agitated. There are two classes opposed to such taxation, and one large and influential class in favor of it. The grower is of course opposed to it—we think justly. If it is right the tobacco product of the soil should be taxed, it is also right the corn, rye, barley, &c., produced by the farmer, should be taxed; for each are employed in the manufacture of "luxuries," as well as the tobacco leaf. The cigar makers are opposed to taxing the leaf. And the ground of this opposition is well taken. The cigar maker cannot use, in his manufacture, all the tobacco he purchases. There is great waste. He buys by weight, but the stems which weigh are of no value to him; while to the manufacturer of smoking and chewing tobacco, they are valuable—they can be used. This raw material, uniformly taxed, would compel the cigar manufacturers to pay more, proportionately, for his stock, than the manufacturer of smoking tobacco, with whom he comes in direct competition. And it compels the consumer to pay for material that is never used for his benefit. An uniform tax upon the leaf product, would be unjust to the producer. The proposed tax is not *ad valorem*, hence an uniform rate per pound would discriminate against the producer of a low-priced article, no matter how much the season, locality, and other causes, might have to do in depreciating its real value in market. The man who gets fifty cents per pound for his product, which cost him no more per pound to produce than did the article produced by another cultivator, for which he gets but twenty-five cents per pound, pays no more tax than the latter. There is another argument against taxing leaf tobacco, which is likely to have considerable influence—the fact (if it is so, as is asserted,) that two-thirds of the tobacco grown in this country is exported, bringing hither gold in exchange for it. The proposed tax would, it is said, destroy the ability of American exporters to compete in the foreign market with foreign growers. If there must be or is to be a tax on the leaf, it should be *ad valorem* instead of specific. The proposed tax of twenty and thirty cents per pound on the raw material cannot be just to producers and ought not to be entertained by intelligent legislators.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

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

SCROFULA IN SHEEP.

HON. H. S. RANDALL.—Dear Sir: As I have recently lost a fine ewe sheep by a disease which is perfectly new to me, may I take the liberty to state to you a few facts and ask a few questions?

The sheep that I have lost was probably six years old. I purchased her early last winter. She appeared perfectly healthy until about 1st of Aug. She brought a fine ram lamb in April, and raised him well. About the 20th of June she was washed, and sheared first of July, her fleece weighing about 7 lbs. The first of August I noticed that she looked rather thin, but attributed it to the great supply of milk which she had probably given, as her lamb was as large and fleshy as any in the flock. I weaned my lambs about the 20th of August, and left the sheep in the pasture where they had run through the summer. They remained here for two weeks, during which time I did not see them. They were then brought home, when I discovered a swelling directly in front of each shoulder, and about half way from the top to the point of the shoulder. I also noticed that she coughed as though she had got a cold. Within a day or two I examined her more carefully, and found that the two swellings of which I have spoken had each become about half the size of a goose egg—and that there was also a bunch about the size of a walnut under each ear. I separated her from the flock, and though she ate very heartily she continued to grow thinner until about the 1st of October, when I had her killed, and instituted a very thorough examination with the following results:

1st. The wool was pulled off, and we found there were probably more than one hundred small, hard bunches in the skin, from the size of a chestnut to that of a pea; none of which when cut into seemed to contain any pus, but they were somewhat harder than the skin itself. The wool appeared natural on the whole body, and had attained good fair length for the season. When the skin was taken off, the large bunches in front of the shoulders seemed to be held to their place by a very slight membrane, and when cut open were also free from pus, but were not quite as hard as those in the skin, and presented alternate streaks of dark brown and a light flesh color. The bunches under the ears appeared much like these. There were also quite a number of similar ones on the under side of the neck in the neighborhood of the jaws. I next opened the neck and found similar bunches about the bronchial tubes, and one or two on the outside of the windpipe. I passed down to the lungs and found that the extremities of the lungs appeared in a tolerably healthy state; but in laying them out I found between the two lobes a hard substance, similar to the bunches found about the shoulders and windpipe, full 6 inches long, ¼ of an inch thick, and at the widest end 1½ inches wide, and a trifle over 1 inch at the other end—being of a tongue shape. There was apparently no membrane to hold this to its place; but when the lungs were spread open it dropped out of itself. And the lungs in its immediate neighborhood seemed perfectly dead, and about the color of liver.

Now, my dear sir, can you tell me what this disease is, and its cause? I have examined the *Practical Shepherd* (which, by the way, I think the best book on sheep husbandry that I have ever seen), and the disease there described as scrofula answers nearest to the disease of this sheep of anything I can find. That this sheep was full of scrofula I have no doubt. But how came she so?—in other words what is the cause of her disease? The man of whom I bought her has owned his flock some 12 or 15 years, and they have been uniformly healthy. He has rarely lost a sheep from disease of any kind. Could this dreadfully diseased state of the system have been induced by a cold brought on by washing? Please give me your opinion either by letter or through the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Another question? Do you imagine that her lamb,—a very large, fine ram lamb—would be likely to inherit the disease of the dam, so as to transmit the seeds of disease to lambs of his get? Would it be right or honorable to sell this lamb for a stock ram? I could have sold him a few days since for all I should consider him worth; but it seemed to me there might be a possibility of the disease being hereditary, and I could not conscientiously sell him at any price till I had asked the advice of some one who had had a larger experience than myself. Had I better sell him to the butchers, or alter him and keep him a few years as a matter of experiment to see whether he would be affected with the disease of the parent? Please give me your advice in the matter.

Believe me, Dear Sir, Respectfully Yours,
Gloversville, N. Y. R. A. AVERY.

ANSWER TO ABOVE.

MR. AVERY is unquestionably correct in supposing the disease so clearly described by him, to be scrofula. Not having then witnessed any cases of it ourselves, Mr. SPOONER'S description was adopted by us in the *Practical Shepherd*.

It is brief and imperfect, but was as good as any one within our reach. Of the symptoms of the disease he merely says:—"A hard swelling of the glands under the jaws is first observed; after a time small pustules appear about the head and neck, which break, discharging a white matter, then heal, and are followed by others more numerous. This gradually robs the animal of flesh, and slowly pining away, it becomes at length quite useless, and in this state is destroyed." Now there can be no doubt that the tumors, or tuberculous deposits, characteristic of scrofula, are liable to appear externally elsewhere than about the jaws, and that they are also liable to appear inwardly, as for example about the lungs, as in the case described by Mr. AVERY. If his post mortem examination was correct, there is no doubt that the substance he found between the lobes of the lungs was a tuberculous deposit occasioned by the disease. He must be in error, however, in supposing that it had no attachment whatever, to the surrounding structures. If Mr. AVERY had not killed the sheep, there is strong reason to suppose that the tumors or a portion of them would have proceeded to suppuration, and that unhealthy matter resembling pus would have been discharged from them. Scrofulous tumors, however, are very irregular in their rate and mode of progress in this particular on human beings, and doubtless the same will be found true in regard to sheep. The tumors may remain indolent for months and then resume their progress, or they may suppurate in a few weeks. Let us here remark that Mr. AVERY ought not to have killed this sheep. When a rare and interesting disease is present the intelligent observer should watch it to the end, constantly noting down in writing and giving the date of every change in the symptoms—and then after death has occurred from the disease, making the post mortem examination.

Our correspondent asks how this sheep, previously healthy and from a healthy flock, came to be affected with scrofula, and whether it could have been induced by a cold brought on by washing? The generating causes of scrofula, where it is not hereditary, are close, bad air, confinement, continued exposure to cold and damp, poor, unwholesome food—in short, everything which tends to vitiate or impoverish the blood, or to depress the vital forces. A simple cold might lead to various diseases, but would not be likely to lead to this without there was a predisposition to it in the system. Such predispositions may be induced as above stated, or they may be hereditary. In the case cited they were probably hereditary. They may have been inherited from an immediate or more remote ancestor. When a farmer states that his flock has been "uniformly healthy," he generally forgets that more or less have occasionally exhibited, if they have not actually died of, disease. Men must keep written records of their flocks, in which every disease is contemporaneously and scrupulously recorded, before such statements can be considered entitled to implicit credit. The disease may not have been observed, and may not actually have occurred in the parents or grandparents. And when it last appeared among the progenitors of the animal, it may have appeared in the form of some other disease. Professor DUN of Edinburgh, has shown how hereditary diseases, and particularly scrofulous ones, are liable to change in transmission. A summing up of his conclusions, on this subject, for which we have not room here, is given in the *Practical Shepherd*, (pp. 379, 380.)

Mr. SPOONER avows that "he cannot say that he has perfectly succeeded in effecting a cure," but that "he has done so to a certain extent, so that the tumors have disappeared and the animals [have] improved in flesh and health but afterwards relapsed." He administered four or five grains of hydriodate of potash daily in gruel and rubbed the parts with ointment of iodide of mercury. We would be glad to have some one try the same amount of precipitated carbonate of iron, or phosphate of iron, divided into three daily doses—also a diffusible stimulant consisting of a gill or a little more, of good whisky, divided into three or four daily doses. But whatever is administered, the sheep should be protected from cold, excessive moisture, sudden changes and impure air—and it should receive a generous diet. We should despair of effecting any profitable cure, but science demands that the power to conquer every disease should be thoroughly tested.

In answer to the other questions of Mr. AVERY, we reply:—We think it very likely that the ram out of the diseased ewe will exhibit the

same or some allied disease, and that if he does not, he may transmit it to his posterity. It would be "right or honorable" to sell this ram without appraising the buyer both of the facts and the danger resulting from them. And it would be far better not to sell him at all—for, from accident, or ignorance, or knavery, he may be extensively used, and may, therefore, do extensive injury. His meat is good before any disease has been developed, though we can by no means concur with Mr. SPOONER when he says, of a sheep that has exhibited scrofula,—"as soon as the animal is considerably better, it should be sent to the butcher." Even Mr. YOUTART displays the same loose morality on one or two occasions, in regard to selling the meat of diseased animals! It is indecent, and has been held by courts and juries, in this country, to be illegal to sell such meat, if the animal is laboring under any general disease of the system, like scrofula, fever, &c. Let Mr. AVERY do exactly as he proposes—castrate the ram and "keep him a few years as a matter of experiment to see whether he will be affected with the disease of the parent."

WESTERN SHEEP LANDS.

DAKOTA CITY, Nebraska, Dec. 20, 1864. HON. H. S. RANDALL.—Dear Sir: I have been very much interested in reading articles in the RURAL on sheep husbandry in Minnesota and Iowa. Believing that there are other equally good if not superior localities for this business, I feel that they ought to be made known. I am not in the business myself, and own no lands. Neither am I interested in any speculations. I write solely for the benefit of those who desire to engage in sheep raising.

I urge all such to visit the best portions of Iowa and Minnesota, and then before they determine where to settle, come and take a look at Nebraska. Take, for example, Dakota county, the capital of which is Dakota City, five miles south-west of Sioux City on the western shore of the Missouri. The bottom here is from seven to nine miles wide. The soil is surpassed by none in the world for fertility. It is from ten to fifteen feet deep, and is composed of a sandy loam, mingled with vegetable mold. Protracted drouths have probably less effect upon it than any other in the United States. With the most ordinary culture the soil produces from sixty to seventy bushels of corn per acre. As high as one hundred bushels have been raised by care and attention. Wheat, oats, sorghum, potatoes, &c., yield equally well. It is a common thing to raise forty-six bushels of spring wheat to the acre. All along the edge of the bluffs, extending into the bottom, are a vast number of springs and rivulets, which offer an abundance of water for sheep and cattle. The very best of these lands, within four miles of Dakota City, can yet be purchased for from two and a half to four dollars an acre. There is so much unimproved land held by speculators that there will be any quantity of grazing lands for many years to come. The cost of putting up hay depends on the price of labor, generally from two to four dollars a ton. It can be cut almost anywhere over the prairie.

The atmosphere is very dry; and the sky is as clear as that of Italy. The climate is surpassed by none in the world for healthiness. No rains fall in winter. During the whole of the cold season there is comparative uniformity of temperature. Indeed, so wonderfully is the country adapted to stock raising that sometimes cattle are not fed all winter. They thrive and grow fat on the rush grass alone, and are taken directly in winter from these pastures to the butchers.

This county also contains an abundance of timber. One plot alone contains fifteen thousand acres. Sufficient can be obtained anywhere at a very small cost, for fencing and other purposes. A steam saw-mill supplies boards, &c., in any quantity. Brick can be burned in many places or bought. Sand and limestone are quarried with ease at the bluffs, and to any amount. This county furnishes lime to all the surrounding regions. The Missouri river is a highway to the markets of the country. In a year there will be a railroad finished to within fifty miles of the county, and within a few years to Dakota City itself. There is a fine church here with regular services, and schools everywhere throughout the county. All who have come here and labored diligently have been crowned with the most abundant success. There can be no such thing as fall to any one, with only a small capital, who has energy and hands willing to labor. In short, this country possesses more advantages for sheep and stock raising, with fewer drawbacks, than any place I have yet seen or heard of. All I ask is that those interested should come and see for themselves, and not be prejudiced against the country by croakers, or parties too much interested in other localities.

MALCOLM.

We are sorry that the highly respectable author of the above article, has insisted, from notions of modesty, on withholding his name. His name would have given double weight to his statements. — [Ed.]

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

GOOD SHEEP IN WEST VIRGINIA.—Our friend SAMUEL AROHER of Holliday's Cove, Hancock Co., West Va., has bought ten ewes of EDWIN HAMMOND for \$4,000; one of H. W. HAMMOND for \$400; six from S. G. HOLYOKE of St. Albans, Vt., (first choice of his yearling ewes, and one two year old,) for \$2,100. Mr. A., his brother, and another gentleman purchased a ram and some ewes of the MESSRS. HAMMONDS at much higher prices—but they have not authorized us to make those prices public.

WINTERING OF SHEEP.—We shall be glad to learn from time to time everything which is worthy of note on this subject from our subscribers in all the different States. The winter started in Central New York with

rather variable weather—but during the last half of December, and up to this time (Jan. 20,) it has been pretty steadily cold, with considerable snow—much more favorable weather to sheep than alternate freezing and thawing weather. Our farmers already remark the superiority of their hay over that of last year.

MARKING SHEEP.—A. WILLSON of Marcellus, N. Y., prefers wooden letters and figures to the iron ones of Mr. TODD for marking sheep, on the score of economy. The small difference in price (say \$1.25) is a matter of no consequence, provided one is even slightly better than the other, in respect to a set of implements of this kind which will never wear out. The iron letters are much more accurately formed than any we ever saw cut out of wood—and they are more easily kept clean.

FULTON, Rock Co., Wis., November, 28th, 1864. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.—Dear Sir: Below I send you my sheep account for three years. It includes all money paid out for them, except for the single article of salt. I have no way of coming at the cost of that item, as I have never kept it separate, but use it in common in the family and for cattle. The sheep, except the four sheep and lambs first mentioned, were bought of JOHN CLARK, (Whitewater, Wis.) were from his flock of grades, and served since I have had them by a full-blood ram.

Table with columns: Date, Description, Amount. Includes entries for August, September, October, and November, detailing sheep sales and expenses.

N. Y. STATE SHEEP BREEDERS AND WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—The N. Y. State Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers' Association will hold its Annual Winter Meeting in the City Hall, in the City of Syracuse, on Wednesday, Feb. 22d, at 12 o'clock M. The Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers of the State are invited to attend. The Executive Board of the Association will meet the preceding evening to transact important business, and the members are requested to report themselves at the Syracuse House at 7 o'clock P. M.

Communications, Etc.

CARE OF YOUNG PIGS.

EDS. OF RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Noticing a few weeks since, some very timely and truthful remarks about "raising pigs," we will add a few suggestions, more especially relating to their treatment, when first dropped. We cannot speak of a long experience, as our friend does; still long enough to satisfy us of the utility of our practice.

In the first place, pigs ought not to "come" too early in the spring, or too late in the fall. About the first of April is a proper time. The middle of March is early, unless one has an unusually warm and sunny place. Pigs, to thrive, need warmth and the sun. Early pigs generally sell best in the spring, and sometimes, wishing to avail ourselves of the quickest sales and highest prices, we lose pigs and all.

In the fall of 1862, we had a splendid sow, from which for our own and our neighbor's accommodation, we looked for an early and fine litter of pigs. On the evening of the 20th of February, following, we prepared a suitable nest,—made the pen warm as possible, by excluding cold air, &c. The night was clear and still. We went out early, next morning, expecting to find all right and prosperous, but found, to our disappointment, the sow grunting and lamenting over fourteen chilled and dead pigs. Then our eyes were opened. What we learn by experience, we generally learn well. Since then, when any new comers, of the kind, are expected, we are up and observing. If help is needed we give it. In this way we have learned many things about success in raising pigs,—why it is, that many tell us they never have any "luck" in raising pigs, &c. Some, after a few trials, give up the business entirely, and buy their pigs. A little attention, at the time the pigs appear, may save all; without it, they may be saved, and they may be lost entirely or in part, especially is it so, if it happens to be cold at the time.

Several of our neighbors lost a portion of their pigs, last spring, in the latter part of March. We have raised six litters the past season, and only lost one pig, and that was through carelessness. Had we not been present to see to them, we should have lost many. In two or three instances we found pigs quite cold and chilled. We got a basket, put some clean straw and woolen cloths into it, brought the pigs in, built a fire, and, when sufficiently aroused, gave them a little warm milk with a spoon. When the sow was quiet, put the pigs with her. In another instance we found the sow cross and about to kill the first one. We took it away, and the rest as soon as dropped—when through, we "scratched her down," and put the pigs to her. If she got up to bite them, we kept her head away gently—gave her some New England rum and milk, and thus, by working carefully two or three hours, she adopted them, and they paid us well for the trouble.

Our advice is, if pigs are coming early, note the time—have, if possible, a gentle, quiet kind—be in the habit of treating them kindly—have a little clean, fine straw, cut, if necessary, for a nest—as fast as dropped take the pigs to a warm place at least, most of them—when through, remove the damp bed, and replenish with fine straw as before. When the sow is quiet and laid

down, put the pigs to her. They will be sprightly, and soon get nourishment. The sow will generally be quiet and the pigs have little further trouble. If left to themselves, the sow is up and down, rooting and pawing over the nest, covering them up, perhaps stepping on some and laying on others, and quite likely, with ten or a dozen pigs about her, some will be killed or disabled. It is very different with the calf or lamb, when dropped, as the attention of the parent is directed wholly to the young, and her warm tongue soon licks it dry.

Perhaps some may say, we knew all this before. Then, surely it will do them no harm. Had they dropped a few lines, years ago, through the RURAL, it might have saved us many dollars. This is our object in forwarding these suggestions, to benefit some one, or perhaps many. Others may think it too much trouble. It is trouble and expense, here, at least, to keep a sow confined and fed for four or five months, without any return, and then it is a loss to the community and country. Perhaps, in the "far West," where hogs run more at large, these remarks may not be pertinent; but with us, as pigs usually bring from two and a half to five dollars each, at six weeks old, we think it pays well to give strict attention at the commencement, and then, as our friend observes, feed well, keep clean, not omitting a plentiful supply of bright straw for bedding. C. W. TURNER. Dighton, Mass., Dec., 1864.

RURAL NOTES FROM VERMONT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Snows and blows are in order, and particularly popular, in Vermont, the present winter. I think it has snowed at least two days in a week, on an average, for the past four weeks, and each storm is quite sure to terminate in a genuine Vermont bluster. It is safe to say that four feet of snow has fallen since the middle of December, an unusual depth so early in the winter; it has been considerably reduced, however, by a thaw or two during the time. There may be two and a half feet on an average, at the present time. The snows have been very light when they have fallen, and the playful nor'wester has taken unusual liberty to dispose of the "atoms" according to his own peculiar fancy.

The signs of the times thus far indicate a severe winter. In fact, it came in like a lion and has not yet materially changed its character. Hay is high, and still tending upward; the grains are in demand and on the advance. High prices generally rule the market. Hay is selling for \$18 to \$20 per ton; oats, 80 to 90c. per 30 lbs.; corn, \$2 per bushel; beans, \$2.50, and potatoes, the common field varieties, 50c. per 60 pounds. These are truly living prices for the farmer, and with beef at \$15 per cwt., and mutton at \$10—to say nothing of the extravagant prices realized for fancy horses and cattle, and the one to five thousand dollar Spanish, or rather "Improved American Merino" sheep, the wide-awake, progressive farmer and stock-grower can "still live," and add materially to his means,—allowing a liberal marginal grant for high taxes and for patriotic, benevolent and humane purposes. Lyndon, Vt., 1865. I. W. SANBORN.

NO-PATENT PROCESS FOR TAMING BEES.

WHEN bees are full of honey they will not sting, and are as harmless as kittens. They will fill themselves with honey when frightened. Smoke of rotten wood, tobacco, cotton rags, or dry corn cobs, will frighten them. These articles should burn readily, slowly, and without blazing. The very best material to use is dry rotten wood; it should not be too dozy, as it will burn too fast and be likely to blaze. Wood is very convenient, and evidently net expensive.

With the mouth first direct a little smoke to the entrance of the hives and then into the slots, or holes of the honey-board, and directly upon the bees. Do not be afraid of injuring the bees; you cannot harm them with a reasonable amount of smoke. Now, remove the honey-board and blow enough smoke upon the bees to keep them below the tops of the frames. Keep them below until they are full of honey. In from five to fifteen minutes the most of the bees will be gorged; they will look as plump as aldermen. When in this condition the frames of comb may be taken out, examined, and returned. Follow these directions and you will find no trouble in taming and handling any hive of bees. Try it. M. M. BALDRIDGE. St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill., 1865.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

About Sorghum as a Crop.

LUTHER BROWN of Hickory Corners, Mich., in the Western Rural, asserts that the ground that will produce one bushel shelled Indian corn, will produce four gallons sorghum molasses; and any ground that will produce a good crop of corn, will produce a good crop of cane. And he thinks a ton of cane, grown upon upland, will produce more sirup than the same amount grown upon rich alluvial bottom land. He knows, he says, from experience that sorghum planted beside Indian corn two or three years will so degenerate as to render the seed unfit for use.

About Growing Tobacco.

M. GREENOUGH writes the Maine Farmer:—"Tobacco requires from the first of May to the 20th of September to grow and ripen. A neighbor of mine told me he sprouted the seed between two sods by putting the seed between two cotton rags, and in eight or ten days they sprouted; he then put a few in each hill and they soon sprung up, grew finely and healthy. This saves transplanting, and makes the plants come to maturity a month earlier. If sown in open air beds, seeds generally lay in the ground six or seven weeks before they come up, which makes it late before coming to maturity. Last May one of my neighbors obtained some Havana seed (Cuba.) He plowed the ground and hauled on a large quantity

of old, rotten chip manure and harrowed it in, and then dug deep trenches at the distance of three feet apart each way, and filled the trenches with old, rotten, barn manure. I saw it growing the last of August, the stalks were from four to five feet in height and in blossom. He had procured a roof over the stalks to protect them from the cold nights and early frosts. I have seen him since and he thinks he has obtained seed that will germinate."

Eggs in Winter.

A SUCCESSFUL manager of fowls tells in the Country Gentleman how he gets eggs, in winter, from his fowls. He keeps feed and clean water within their reach constantly, also shells or bones pounded, or old mortar; grass, cabbage or other vegetables, of which they are fond, boiled potatoes, turnips, or the peelings of them, and scraps from the table daily. The potatoes and turnips boiled with coarse Indian meal, or corn and oats ground together, and fed cold or partially so, never hot; scrap meat that comes from the tallow chandler's or pork butcher's in cakes, is good; make a hole, basin-like, into a cake, and fill it with water, which affords them drink and softens the scrap so as to make it palatable to them. When they have picked it to pieces, soak or boil the refuse with meal, and feed it the same as potatoes, &c. The fowls have warm, clean, airy quarters. The letter closes as follows:—"Remember that hens are only machines for making eggs, and like the mill for making flour, if the grain is not put into the hopper the flour will not come out. As the grain is to the hopper, so is the feed, water, vegetables, lime, pounded shells, bones, &c., to the hens."

What is a Mule?

AFTER so much said about mules, it will be deemed folly, by some, to ask the question, what is a mule? The answer will, nine times out of ten, be, "a hybrid between the horse and the ass." Yet this is not exactly correct, for a hybrid between the horse and the ass will produce two distinct races of animals, as different from one another as a horse is different from a mule. One of these, the offspring of the male horse or stallion and the female ass, is the hinny, (from the Latin *hinus*, the derivative of the word *hinere*, to neigh.) This animal is characteristic of the horse, which he closely resembles in many qualities; but he also inherits the hardy constitution and activity of his mother, the ass. One distinguishing feature of the hinny is that he neighs like the horse, and his ears are smaller and his feet larger than the mule proper. In every respect he partakes more of the character of the horse than the ass. The second hybrid between the male ass or jack and the female horse or mare, is the mule, (from the Latin *hemionus* or half-ass.) This hybrid takes after his sire, as in the case of the former hybrid. I have never had any experience with the hinny, but have heard it said they were preferable to the mule for pleasure travelling but not for heavy draught. — Cor. Ger. Telegraph.

Agricultural Societies.

CONNECTICUT STATE AG. SOCIETY.—By the report of the Treasurer of this Society we learn that it is out of debt, with a surplus of funds in the treasury. The Society recently elected the following officers for 1865: President—E. H. HYDE of Stafford. Vice Pres.—Robbins Battell, Norfolk; H. L. Stewart, Norwich. Directors—J. J. Webb, New Haven county; C. M. Pond, Hartford county; P. M. Augur, Middlesex county; Jedediah Spalding, New London county; G. C. Hitchcock, Litchfield county; R. B. Chamberlain, Tolland county; B. F. Sumner, Windham county; Thomas A. Mead, Fairfield county. Cor. Sec.—T. S. Gold, West Cornwall. Rec. Sec.—Burdett Loomis, Windsor Locks. Treas.—F. A. Brown, Hartford.

THE HAMPSHIRE (Mass.) AG. SOCIETY chose the following officers for the ensuing year: President—LEVI STOCKBRIDGE of Hadley. Vice Pres.—J. M. Smith, Sunderland; Joseph Smith, Hadley; Wm. Thayer, Belchertown; Levi M. Graves, Leverett; Lorenzo S. Nash, Granby; Thomas Buffan, Pelham. Executive Com.—E. F. Cook, Austin Eastman, Oliver Watson, Amherst; John A. Morton, Hadley; Albert Montague, Sunderland; Savannah A. Thayer, Belchertown; Chester Leach, Leverett. Auditor—C. N. Webster, Amherst. Delegate to the State Board of Agriculture—Levi Stockbridge, Hadley.

THE OHIO STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE is organized for 1865 as follows: President—N. J. TURNER of Pickaway. Vice Pres.—Thos. C. Jones, Delaware; James Fullington, Union; Wm. B. McClung, Miami; Daniel McMillan, Green; R. R. Donnelly, Wayne; J. W. Ross, Wood; James Buckingham, Muskingum. Rec. Sec.—Wm. F. Greer, Lake. Cor. Sec.—J. H. Klippart. Treasurer—David Taylor, Franklin. Executive Com.—Messrs. Turney, Jones, McMillan and Taylor.

ILLINOIS STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The Treasurer's report of this Society just made shows that at the beginning of 1864 the amount of money then in hand was \$2,033.11. Receipts from all sources during the year, \$21,351.71. Expenses \$18,130.74. Balance on hand Jan. 1st, 1865, \$5,314.08. The next annual Fair of this Society is to be held the first week in September next.

NEW ENGLAND WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—A convention of the Wool Growers of New England was held at White River Village, Vt., Jan. 4th, the day following the annual meeting of the Vermont Agricultural Society at White River Junction. The convention was quite large and interesting. After a free and full discussion of the wool growing interests in America, and especially in the Eastern States, a New England Wool Growers' Association was formed, open to any one on the payment of one dollar a year into the treasury. It was voted to adopt the name "Improved American Merinos" for the breed of sheep now known as thorough-bred Spanish Merinos. The following are officers of the Association: President—Dr. Geo. B. LORING of Mass. Vice Pres.—M. R. Flint, Maine; John Preston, N. H.; Geo. Campbell, Vt.; Wm. Birney, Mass.; Gov. Dyer, R. I.; Geo. Atwood, Conn. Cor. Sec.—Daniel Needham, Mass. Rec. Sec.—Henry Boynton, Vt. Treasurer—Hampton Outts, Vt.; and two Directors from each of the several States. The move is in the right direction, and will, without doubt, result in good to the farmers and wool growers of the more easterly States of the Union.—I. W. SANBORN, Lyndon, Vt.

LIVINGSTON Co. (N. Y.) AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, the 3d inst., the following officers were elected: President—Capt. CRAIG W. WADSWORTH, Geneseo. Vice Pres.—Wm. H. Spencer, York. Sec.—D. A. McMillen, Geneseo. Treas.—Eph. Cone, Geneseo. Geologist and Librarian—William H. Shepard, Geneseo.

ONEIDA Co. (N. Y.) AG. SOCIETY.—The following officers were elected the 5th inst.: President—Col. R. G. SAVERY of Blossvale. Vice Pres.—1st, Morgan Butler, New Hartford; 2d, Horatio N. Carey, Marcy. Sec.—Col. H. B. Bartlett, Paris. Treas.—Edward H. Shelly, Rome.

STEPHENSON Co. (ILL.) AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the Stephenson Co. Agricultural Society, Dec. 31, 1864, the following officers were elected for 1865: President—C. H. ROSENSTIEL. Vice Pres.—Harrison Diemer, James Flansburg, Joseph Scott. Rec. Sec.—Geo. Wolf. Cor. Sec.—E. Ordway. Treas. L. F. Henderson.

SKANATELES FARMERS' CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Skanateles Farmers' Club, held Jan. 14, 1865, the following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—ALFRED LAMB. Vice Pres.—Wm. E. Clark, C. C. Wyckoff. Rec. Sec.—Chauncey B. Thorne. Cor. Sec.—James A. Root. Treas.—Wm. J. Townsend. Directors, including those holding over—John Davey, Jacob H. Allen, Wills Cleft, Geo. Anstin, Jedediah Irish, Moses Parsons.

BROOKFORD UNION AG. SOCIETY.—President—L. BABCOCK, Riga. Vice Pres.—R. J. Cook, Sweden. Sec.—H. N. Beach, Brookport. Treas.—O. B. Avery, Brookport. Directors—German Elliott, Hamlin; G. K. Field, Clarkson; R. P. Hubbard, Chill; John Boughton, Ogden; Harvey Way, Sweden; V. P. Brown, Wheatland.

THE FARMERS' CLUB OF EAST MAINE, (Broome Co., N. Y.), held its eighth annual election of officers on the 28th of Dec., 1864, and chose for the ensuing season: for President—ABM. H. GREEN. Vice Pres.—Otis Fuller. Secretary and Treasurer—Robert Hogg. Librarian—Thomas Hogg.

Rural Notes and Queries.

CALLS FROM BRETHREN.—Within the past two weeks we have had several calls from brethren of the Press, and others, which were very gratifying. For instance, last week Gen. HARRIS of the Ohio Farmer, in company with W. F. GREER, Esq., Rec. Sec'y of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, honored the RURAL sanctum with a visit—when, as in duty bound, we aided the jovial and genial gentlemen in admiring the beautiful in both art and nature at the Mt. Hope Nurseries and elsewhere. Nota Bene—It not being the season for plums, Gen. H. did not require quite as much spiritual aid as on a former occasion! Our friends were en route for Vermont, to visit the celebrated flocks of Merinos in that State, in company with Dr. RANDALL and other connoisseurs in sheep and wool. May they have a rare time and their shadows grow broader.

—Our bachelor friend, Prof. WETHERELL of the Boston Cultivator, who showed us the light of his benignant countenance a few days ago. He is a venerable man, in appearance, and if he would only practice what he preaches in regard to family matters—become the head of a family, for example—he would be entitled to additional respect.

JUST A WORD.—We wish to state for the benefit of those interested, that no RURAL was issued on the 31st of December, 1864, for the reason that there were 63 Saturdays last year,—and furthermore that we gave and give 52 numbers in each year and volume of this Journal. Our custom (in common with that of other prominent papers,) has been to omit one publication whenever 53 Saturdays occurred in a year, in order to commence the succeeding volume at the proper time. Those who grumble, or complain that they have not had their complement of papers, are simply mistaken—and if they will return the 52 numbers sent them last year, we will refund their money most cheerfully, and a bonus also if they will agree not to take the RURAL in future. We dislike to have the names of tiny-souled people on our books.

THE TAX ON TOBACCO.—The bill matured by the Committee on Ways and Means provides that after the 18th of July, 1865, there shall be levied, collected and paid on all manufactured and leaf tobacco, tobacco stems and crop tobacco produced in the United States, a tax of 30 cents per pound, and on all leaf tobacco known as strips, and of like production, 20 cents per pound; and on all manufactured tobacco, stems and scraps of tobacco produced in the United States after the aforesaid date, a tax of 20 cents per pound.

THE BEATER HAY PRESS.—H. L. C., Phelps, N. Y.: There is an organization in this city called The Genesee Valley Beater Press Co., A. McVEAN, Secretary, which controls this machine in Genesee, Livingston, Monroe, Ontario and Wayne counties. You should address the Secretary named above for information concerning terms, &c.

GRAIN AND PLASTER SOWER.—J. N. B., Sherburne, N. Y., asks which is the best kind of grain and plaster sower there is made. We cannot answer this question. At the State Fair, last fall, we saw several, which we named in our report; which is the best we do not know. A good one is advertised in this issue of RURAL.

FLAX BRAKES.—A. W. M., Friendship, N. Y., asks where the best flax dressing machines are made and sold. The best we know of are those known as the SANFORD & MALLORY machines made and sold by the Flax & Hemp Machine Co., JOHN W. QUINCY, Agt., 98 William St., New York City.

CHAIRMAN OF SENATE COMMITTEE ON AGRICULTURE.—A Michigan paper says:—"Senator CHANDLER has been appointed Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. ZACH. is a good judge of corn and rye when properly prepared!"

CHECORY.—A correspondent asks what this root is worth in market. We do not see it quoted in our exchange except in Boston, where it is now quoted at 11@12c. Coffee sells in the same market at 45@50c. # D, wholesale.

GLANDERS IN HORSES.—A. R. L. Newton, Jasper Co., Iowa: We do not know any remedy for this disease. Veterinarians, we believe, generally regard it incurable.

DELAWARE SWEET POTATO.—"Shelfield" asks where he can obtain a few bushels of potatoes with the above name. Who can tell him?

THE INDIANA STATE FAIR FOR 1865 is to be held at Indianapolis, commencing the 2d day of October.

HORTICULTURAL.

TREES BY THE ROADSIDE.

It is not always easy to find forest trees that are suitable in form for transplanting to unprotected and isolated situations. Where trees are to be selected from the forest, those on the border of the wood should be preferred, and such as have low heads and strong stocky bodies. We have seen failures result from much labor in obtaining maples from a thick growth in a grove—tall, smooth bodies with small tops, few branches and fewer roots. Then, in order to establish an equilibrium between the mangled and abbreviated roots and the top, the latter was entirely taken off, leaving a row of poles instead of trees. If the season happened to be wet and warm, one per cent. of these poles might push out tops and become, in the end, beautiful trees. But in most cases—especially if so planted rather late in the season—no such beautiful results follow such planting.

"An orchard ought never to be planted by the road-side," said a farmer to us once. "Yes, there should be a road-side orchard the length of every road," we replied. Why not? Why not plant fruit trees by the road-sides? "Why all the fruit would be stolen," says some one. But suppose it is! The planter gets as much fruit from his road-side apples as he does from his elms and maples. We would not plant fruit-bearing trees exclusively by the road-sides—nor would we plant maples and elms exclusively, in continuous rows, as is very common. While all well grown trees are beautiful, there is an added beauty resulting from the harmonious grouping of beautiful trees. A fair proportion of the road-side trees should be fruit bearing trees, including all varieties that are hardy and adapted to the soil and locality where they are to be planted. The comfort of the traveler during the different seasons should be consulted. And it should always be remembered by the residents on a road, that a good road is always preferred to a poor one, no matter if it be longer—and that a good road through a well kept country will create travel where there are no other causes for it. So if you want to see travel past your doors, make a good road first, and keep it good, and then make your farm landscape as attractive as possible.

Hence we say the comfort and pleasure of the traveler during the different seasons should be consulted. Now that stock is forbidden the road as a range, fruit shrubs—such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries—might, with little care, be added to the attractions of the road-side. Among the fruit bearing trees we would plant, are the apple, pear, cherry, wild-plum, hickory, chestnut, butternut, alternating them with each other and with the maples, elms and such other forest trees, deciduous and evergreen, as fancy and convenience might suggest. The planting of these fruit trees, if we except the chestnut and hickory perhaps, which with little care may be grown where wanted from seed, will cost no more than the planting of elms, maples, &c. Their beauty is not their least recommendation. The apple, pear and cherry should have low heads—as low as possible. The bloom and fragrance in spring and the fruit during the entire season will compensate for any want of symmetry and beauty some people seem to imagine cannot be found in a fruit tree. And there are people (called stupid) who believe that the beauty of a tree is not diminished at all by being associated with a practical value—that the vulgar habit of annually putting forth blossoms, giving forth fragrance, and perfecting brilliant and beautiful, as well as luscious fruit, is not to be accounted any demerit.

But we do not recommend planting fruit trees exclusively. Our road-sides should be an extended arborium—a panorama of trees both entertaining and instructive to the traveler. Some people will call this "visionary." It is not so. Let there be association in this effort to promote the general good. In some road-districts it would be well to divert some of the road labor to this business of planting road-side trees. Associated effort is better in a neighborhood because it will insure the proper planting and care of the whole. Let the men (and women) of a neighborhood meet, organize, appoint a committee to select the kinds of trees to be planted, and report upon the means of obtaining them. Let the meeting adopt rules and go to work at this business in a systematic manner, aiming not only to secure the planting of the entire road-line in the district, but the proper care of the trees after the planting. This work, if well done, will add ten times the cost to the value of the property in the neighborhood.

But we do not wish to be understood as recommending any man who has a plan of his own to wait for the organization of an association, however desirable it may be to secure associated effort. The example of one man may kindle a desire to emulate him in others. We have never yet known a neighborhood of public spirited farmers, who worked together in such matters, that was not prosperous, and in which the best men in the country did not make effort to settle.

HOW TO CATCH CURCULIOS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In May last we had occasion to use some lumber. It was laid down in the vicinity of the plum yard, and on taking up a piece of it one cold morning, we discovered a number of curculios huddled together on the under side. On examining other boards we found more, so we spread it out to see if we could catch more, and we continued to find more or less every day for two weeks. We caught in all one hundred and sixty-one. So I think if people would take a little pains they might destroy a great many such pests. These were caught before the plum trees were in flower. What is most singular is, that we never

found a curculio on a piece of old lumber, although we put several pieces down to try them. They seemed to come out of the ground, as we could find them several times a day by turning over the boards. Mrs. H. WIER, Johnsonville, N. Y., 1865.

REMARKS.—These facts are interesting. Observers do not agree as to whether the Curculio remains in the ground during the winter or not. Some assert that it lives above ground somewhere in its perfect state or form. Any facts relating to the settlement of this question, will be interesting.

WHY ORCHARDS DIE EARLY.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having seen considerable discussion in the RURAL lately about fruit trees, and believing from my own observation that they are not as long lived or hardy as formerly, I wish to give my reason as to the cause. I have seen various theories advanced by as many different persons, each advocate being certain that his particular reason is the true one, each being, however, as far from the truth as the others, and all wide of the mark. Nurserymen, also, as I believe, carefully evade the truth, and not always from ignorance, but for the reason that it would subject them to more trouble and expense to remove the cause than to propagate as they do; and then it is an object to keep the trade good.

It is well known that the first orchards in the earlier settled portions of the country were mostly raised from the seed, and when the tree began to bear, if the fruit was not satisfactory the owner went to some neighboring tree whose fruit was known to be right, cut off some scions, and the obnoxious tree was grafted to good fruit, grafted with scions taken from old bearing, and well matured trees; and failure in raising an orchard was a thing almost unknown.

What is the practice now? Mr. A. starts a nursery, goes to Mr. B., gets his scions and grafts his trees. More seeds are sown, a new lot of trees started. Meantime the first trees grow up, need trimming, and the limbs cut off are used to graft the new trees. Scions are taken from trees No. 3 to graft future trees, and thus the process continues, propagating from young, immature and unripened trees.

It is also known that the risk of raising trees is continually on the increase; that everybody is on the lookout for some new hardy variety which, when got, proves tolerably successful for a time; but as orchards continue to be propagated from, it soon proves as worthless as the rest and is cast out of the synagogue to make room for some other new variety; and it matters not how hardy a tree may be at first, by the time the nurserymen have had it for a time it is as worthless as heart could wish.

What would be thought of the stock raiser were he to propagate from animals that were weakly, deformed, or (were it possible) before they had got one-tenth of their growth? Answer is unnecessary. Constitutional debility, or physical deformity are transmitted from parent to offspring to a greater or less extent, and stock raisers are careful to use for breeding only the soundest and most perfect animals, and those that have arrived at a proper degree of maturity, well knowing that a contrary course would be fatal to their success. The same law holds good in the vegetable as in the animal kingdom; and why nurserymen should disregard the laws of nature more than any other class of propagators is to me a mystery. I also believe the practice of grafting very young, and low down, or below the surface of the ground, is bad; that the tree has not strength nor vitality to withstand the shock sufficiently for its future good; but it should attain a diameter of about one inch and then be grafted at that height from the ground necessary to form the top where wanted, the whole top being severed, or, what I think is better, allowing the tree to get a good top, and then graft the several branches in two or three successive years. I have seen both practices carried out with perfect success and have seen trees raised by the above plan which had attained a diameter of a foot or more and in perfect health and bearing abundantly.

But, says one, the larger the tree, the larger the body to be severed, and your shocking shock will be in the same proportion in the large tree as in the small one. True, but as in the animal kingdom, the permanent injury sustained is not always in proportion to the actual injury given, but depends in a great measure upon the ability or vitality of the subject to sustain and recover from the effects of the operation. Many persons sink under an operation, or receive a shock to their constitution that leaves them invalids for life that another would bear with impunity; and the tree of larger growth I believe to be better able to sustain itself under the operation of grafting than a very small one. Why is it that fruit trees of every variety are now so soon destroyed by insects and various diseases—a destruction that is now far more common than formerly. My answer is, why are sickly and enfeebled children quickly carried off when attacked by disease?—because they have not the constitution or vitality to resist the disease until it has run its course.

My plan is this:—Set out seedlings; allow them to get a good vigorous growth; go to some old bearing tree, get your scion, and if you have not the requisite skill, get some one who has to graft your orchard, and you will soon cease to be troubled with sickly trees. A due regard should also be paid to the seed sown at first; sow only seed from strong, hardy varieties. I know this would not be so convenient as the common plan, and would compel a man to either do his own grafting or employ those traveling tree murderers so common in the Eastern States a few years ago; (who under pretence of grafting a man's trees for him have been known, when allowed to have their own way, to ruin many a fine orchard); but the certainty of raising an orchard outweighs all other considerations. I do not pretend to be infallible, but the above

conclusions seem so plain and common sense that I believe them to be sound. If any one will give a better reason, or show the fallacy of mine, I will "give up the bell."

Since writing the above I have noticed a communication in the RURAL of Jan. 7th, from Mr. HOUGHTON, in which mention is made of propagation from a certain Golden Pippin that proves the correctness of my theory. The reader can judge for himself. B. Wisconsin, January, 1865.

HOGS IN ORCHARDS.

A CAYUGA county correspondent advises as follows in the Country Gentleman:—"The true way for Eastern pig feeders who do not wish to pen up their swine, is to have their pens communicate with their orchard. Don't ring the pigs, but feed well, and just let them root as they will. This course will manure your orchard, and you are sure of a good crop of apples. In hot weather, the shade is grateful to the swine, besides the great benefit to future crops by having all wormy and curculio stung fruit picked up as soon as it falls. I have followed this course with swine and orchard for twenty-five years, and but one year failed in having an abundance of fruit. If the orchard becomes too weedy, plow and plant with early potatoes, or some crop which matures early. Sow with small grain next spring, seeding with clover and orchard grass, harvesting grain by turning in pigs; and if the pigs are fattened by liberal feeding, without confinement in a close pen, the consumer will find it an improvement in the quality and flavor of his pork."

Horticultural Notes and Queries.

APPLES ON PARADISE STOCKS.—Will some fruit grower give us facts showing the amount of apples an hundred trees on the paradise stock will yield each year after coming into bearing, till in full maturity?—NORTHERN NEW YORK.

KEEPING CABBAGES.—A Maine Yankee preserves his cabbages through the winter by packing among refuse or leaves, head downward, in boxes, each layer of heads with the stems cut off near the head, and covered with loose leaves of cabbage. Freezing will not injure them when thus covered.

RELATIVE HARDINESS OF DWARF AND STANDARD PEARS.—Will dwarf pear trees be better able to endure the rigors of a severe climate than the same varieties of Standard?—NORTHERN NEW YORK.

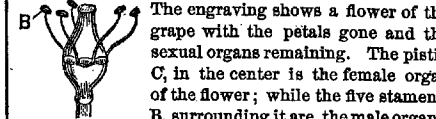
We shall be glad to have readers who have positive facts answer. Our opinion, resulting from observation, is that there is little difference, if any; but we should think that little in favor of the standards.

"ITALIAN POPLARS."—We notice "JOHN SMITH," whose communication we published and commented upon in our issue of the 14th, has succeeded in making a western contemporary swallow so much of this "Italian Poplar," that he asks for more. "Who has had further experience with 'Italian Poplars?'" asks our sharp western friend. Every man who has a Lombardy poplar on his farm, we answer!

CRANBERRIES ON UPLAND PRAIRIE.—J. G. SCHLEFFER, Albion, Iowa, writes the Prairie Farmer, says he is satisfied that cranberries can be grown abundantly in the common prairie gardens, and of much finer quality than on the low lands. He received plants of the "Cape Cod Cranberry" by mail in the hot days of last June, planted them in his garden on high prairie land, showered them two or three times because of the drouth, covered them during the heat of the day with rhubarb leaves, and the first of August they commenced fruiting and are doing well.

HOW TO PREVENT RABBITS DESTROYING TREES.—I send you my recipe for killing rabbits. I sent the same to F. K. PROENIX, and he published in RURAL, stating that I had picked up fifteen that morning. Well, I kept picking them up until I had 76 rabbits in a pile—nearly all of them in the first two weeks, and occasionally a straggler after that time. Take strychnine, dissolve in warm water, add just enough to form thin paste, then with swab wash ears of corn and stick them in snow in places the rabbits most frequent and you are sure of them. The strychnine must be renewed as often as once in three or four days, as it loses its strength by exposure. If the above looks large, I will send you dozens of signatures of persons who saw them in a heap.—E. H. SKINNER.

A BARREN GRAPE VINE.—A. C. Meadville, Pa.: It may be that your seedling vine will never produce fruit. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find seedling vines barren. If your vine blossoms next season the accompanying engraving will enable you to determine whether it will ever bear or not.



The engraving shows a flower of the grape with the petals gone and the sexual organs remaining. The pistil, C, in the center is the female organ of the flower; while the five stamens, B, surrounding it are, the male organs. If the blossoms of your vine contain both these organs, you may be sure it will ultimately produce fruit. If they only contain the pistil, it may be made fruitful by fertilizing with the pollen from perfect flowers. But if the blossoms contain only the staminate organs, C, or an imperfect pistil, your vine will never produce fruit. It is sometimes the case that seedlings with perfect flowers do not produce fruit until ten or fifteen years of age. Yours may be such a seedling.

VARIEGATED AND PURELY LEAVED TREES.—Please name three or four kinds of variegated leaved trees, such as have well defined and strongly marked foliage, and will not scorch up or fade out during the heat of summer. Also two or three of the best Purple-leaved or dark foliage. I want the names of such only whose foliage are permanent enough to give good satisfaction.—C. Seneca Co., N. Y.

Variogated Leaved Trees.—The Golden Spotted-leaved Ash—two varieties, both good. The Variegated leaved Bird Cherry, (Prunus padus) two varieties, both very good. The Variegated leaved Horse Chestnut. The Golden Leaved Maple. These are all reliable, constant in the variegation and enduring the hottest sun without injury. There are many others that might be recommended, but their hardness and constancy had better be tested further.

The Purple Leaved Trees.—The Purple Leaved Beech; The Purple Leaved Sycamore. These are both splendid trees, and you may add to them the Purple Leaved English Elm, though not quite so good a color as the others. For fine, deep purple leaved shrubs, we recommend the Purple Filbert and Berberis.—B.

Domestic Economy.

BUTTER FROM ONE COW.

CAROLINE, who has one cow, tells in the New England Farmer, how she makes butter from the milk:—"I have a nice, clean, cemented cellar, easily ventilated, 'into which no intruding mouse dare peep,' and on this cool cellar bottom I place four pans for night's milk and three pans for morning's. I skim the cream off before the milk changes, (the length of time depends upon the temperature, &c.), and put it into a stone jar, which, in my opinion, is far preferable to any kind of metal, and throw into the cream a handful of salt and stir frequently. Once a week I put the cream collected into a crank (thermometer) churn and churn about one-half or three-fourths of an hour. When the butter is gathering I drop into it the yolk of a new laid egg. The yolk being composed of albumen and a yellow oil, essentially the same elements as the butter, they readily unite, and the quality and appearance of the butter is very much improved. I do not weigh my salt—perhaps it is a good practice to do so. I work over the butter twice, and lump it up for the table."

SALVE FOR FROST BITES.

The following is the recipe for Wahler's Frost Salve, so long known and valued in Germany, but the recipe for which has been kept a secret till recently purchased by the Government of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, and made public:—Twenty oz. mutton tallow, 24 oz. hog's lard, 4 oz. peroxyde of iron, (red iron rust), 4 oz. Venice turpentine, 3 oz. oil of burgamot, 2 oz. bole armeman, rubbed to a paste with olive oil. Heat together the tallow, lard and iron rust in an iron vessel, stirring with an iron spoon constantly till the mass assumes a perfectly black color; then add gradually the other ingredients, stirring till well mixed. It is applied upon linen daily, and its effect upon even the most extraordinary. In all probability, for other similar wounds it would also be an excellent application.—Exchange.

GLASS BEAD BASKET:—Will some of your readers tell us how to make a glass bead basket for a deep window, or to hang between folding doors, for flowers.—M. N. F.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

OMELETS.—Noticing an inquiry in the RURAL for a recipe for an omelet, I venture to send some which from long practice I can recommend. Break three eggs into a bowl, add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of water and beat thoroughly. Then put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying-pan and hold the pan over the fire. As soon as the butter is warm, pour in the eggs, and as the mass begins to cook, run a case-knife under it to keep it from burning to the pan. As soon as the surface is about dry, fold one-half of the omelet over the other, and it is ready to serve.

Another:—Twelve eggs beaten as if for custard; one cup of thick, sweet cream, and a little salt; have your spider well buttered; pour in the mixture, set it over a slow fire; stir it till it thickens, then pour it into a dish.—PHEBE C.

COLORING GRASSES FOR WINTER BOUQUETS.—Some one inquired through the RURAL how to color grasses for a winter bouquet. I have tried several ways. The last and best is this:—You can buy at any drug store dry paints of any color you fancy, only have them bright and lively. Five cents worth of light green and as much of blue and red will look very prettily when arranged. First dissolve one tablespoonful of gum arabic in one-half teacup of water, then pass the grasses through the gum arabic slowly, and sprinkle on the paint, holding the grasses over a dry paper. Arrange them in the vase to suit yourself.—A SUBSCRIBER.

TO RESTORE RANCID LARD.—Heat it, and to eight or ten pounds of lard, slice in four or five medium potatoes; cook till they are brown.—PALMER GATES, Batavia, N. Y.

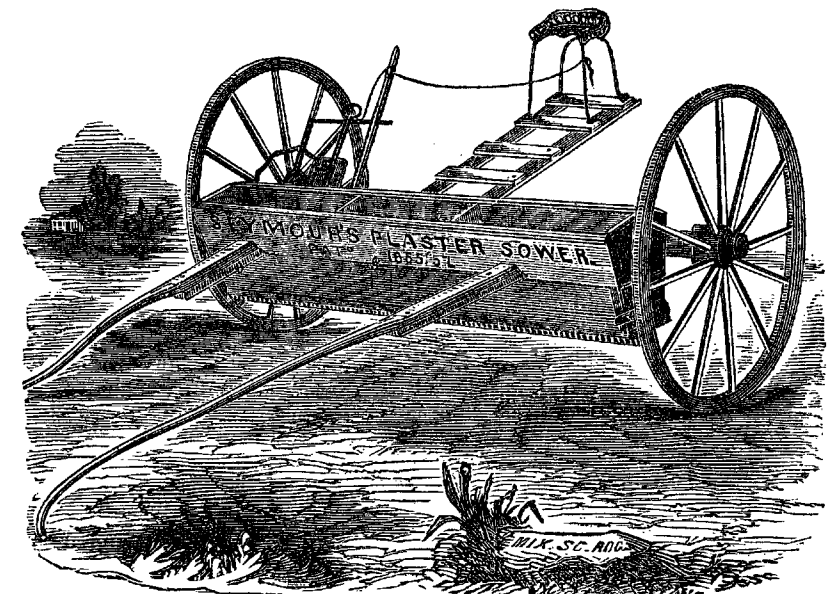
DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

PEAR STAINS.—Will some one please inform me through the RURAL how to take pear stains out of linen?—M. G., Fairmount, N. Y.

WHITENESS RECIPE WANTED.—Please inform a subscriber how to make the best kind of whitewash to cover dirty ceilings and walls—one that will not rub off?—G. J., Whitewater, Wis.

HAIR DYE.—A young lady who has had a hard fit of sickness which turned her hair gray would like a recipe for turning it back to its natural color, or one for coloring it that will not be so expensive as the dyes kept for sale at drug stores?—ADDIE WAKEMAN.

SEYMOUR'S NEW AND IMPROVED PLASTER SOWER.



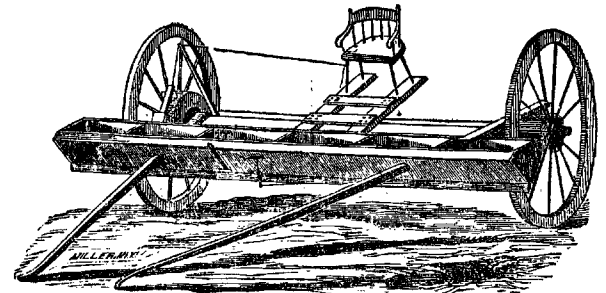
PRICE, \$65.

This is not Seymour's Broadcast Sowing Machine, which has been so long in use for sowing GRAIN and SEED, as well as Plaster and other Fertilizers, and which is so favorably known throughout the country for all these qualities combined; but it is our

NEW AND IMPROVED PLASTER SOWER.

It can be graduated to sow any quantity per acre, from twenty pounds to two thousand pounds, spreading the Fertilizer with great accuracy. Coals in common ashes, and all lumpy substances not harder than charcoal, are readily crushed or ground while sowing.

SEYMOUR'S PATENT IMPROVED BROADCAST SOWING MACHINE.



PRICE, \$80.

This Machine sows correctly (and any desired quantity per acre), all the various kinds of grain and seed commonly sown by farmers, from peas to the smallest seeds, (Clover and Timothy mixed, if desired), and all fertilizers, or manures of a dusty nature, which are so nearly reduced to a powder that the largest particles will pass through an aperture which will let through peas or corn, or which, having once been ground or made fine, and become lumpy by exposure, (as plaster frequently does,) can readily be reduced again to powder, by the action of the "plaster rod," which is a kind of coarse sheet iron saw, which is used in the machine for distributing all such manures. It is capable of dusting every inch of ground on an acre of land with less than half a bushel of plaster, and thirty or forty bushels of lime may be thus evenly applied to the same amount of land. It sows ten feet wide, and any narrow breadth may be sown at pleasure, merely with a "rod" with only teeth enough to sow the breadth desired.

We have many hundreds of recommendations, among which are the following:

From the pen of SANFORD HOWARD, Editor Boston Cultivator:

"This cut represents Seymour's Sowing Machine, advertised in our last. It has been extensively used in Western New York, and is much approved. We saw many acres of various kinds of grain on the farm of John Delafield, Esq., near Geneva, which had been sown with this machine, and we never saw grain stand more evenly on the ground. Mr. Delafield assured us he could sow any thing—lime, plaster, poudrrette, guano, &c., or any seed, from grass seed to peas or Indian corn, with perfect exactness, graduating the quantity per acre to a pint."

SOUTH GALEM, March 23, 1864.

Messrs. P. & C. H. SEYMOUR:—In your letters of the 18th inst., you request me to state my opinion of the Broadcast Sowing Machine that you sold me in 1862. In reply to your inquiry, I will say that I have used it every year, more or less, to sow all kinds of grain and grass seed, plaster, ashes, superphosphate, &c., and it has given me entire satisfaction. It will sow all kinds of grain or grass seed, or plaster, &c., at any desired quantity per acre, whether the wind blows or not. Its operation is equally sure whether used on smooth or rough land, level or steep side-hill. In short, I think it a machine that will suit any reasonable man, if properly used. I know of

quite a number of the best farmers of Westchester county that have had them in use for several years. I have frequently heard them speak in the highest terms of the Broadcast Sower. I do not know of a single instance where they have failed to give entire satisfaction.

Yours truly, HENRY KEELER.

(Extract of a Letter from R. M. LYON, Esq.)

BATH, N. Y., May 2, 1865. P. & C. H. SEYMOUR—Dear Sir:—You ask if I was pleased with the Plaster Sower I bought of you last spring. In answer, I would say that it operates entirely to my satisfaction. You will remember that I ordered six of the machines for my neighbors, who are all very much pleased with them.

Yours, very truly, DARIUS VEDDER.

ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1864.

P. & C. H. SEYMOUR—Dear Sir:—You ask if I was pleased with the Plaster Sower I bought of you last spring. In answer, I would say that it operates entirely to my satisfaction. You will remember that I ordered six of the machines for my neighbors, who are all very much pleased with them.

Yours, very truly, DARIUS VEDDER.

Orders solicited, and prompt attention given to all communications. Address P. & C. H. SEYMOUR, East Bloomfield, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

HEARTH SONG.

Out of doors the storm winds whistle;
Softly, thickly, falls the snow:
Singly by the hearth I nestle
In the bright and cheering glow.

Pensive sit I on the settle,
Watch the smoke-wreaths as they rise;
From the merry, bubbling kettle
Come long-perished melodies.

By the fire the kitten, sitting,
Revels in the warmth and light;
In the shadows, vague and fitting,
Forms fantastic meet my sight.

At my memory's portal knocking,
Come the long-forgotten days,
Countless recollections flocking,
In the dazzling, glittering maze.

Lovely maids, with flashing glances,
Beckon with seductive air;
Harlequina, in agile dances,
Spring and glisten here and there.

Lucent marbles glimmer faintly,
Hidden in a leafy veil;
White-haired friars, grave and saintly,
Stand within the altar-rail.

And I hear the bluebells' tinkle;
And beneath their foliage bright,
See the fairy violets twinkle
In the moon's soft flood of light:

In the fire-eaves, red and glowing,
Many an old enchanted tower,
Many a knight, to battle going,
Rise, called up by memory's power.

With the fire's expiring glimmer,
Shadow-like, they all are gone;
Still I hear the kettle simmer,
And the sleepy kitten yawn.

[From the German of Heinrich Heine.]

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

L. I. Z. Z. I. E.

Whose tracks are these?—three pairs of half grown naked feet in the sand of the beach. Let us follow them. Now close to the water's edge, here under the shadow of the tall pines, and there the moss on that stone has felt the pressure of two little feet. What is here? No wave has been up here to-day and left this pearly shell. Where is the owner? Out yonder the tracks go toward those high ledges of rock; come. Ah, here is writing in the sand, close under a shelf of granite, three names, "HETTY," "ALICE" and "LIZZIE."

LIZZIE knelt to write hers. Knelt leaning on her left hand, there is its picture in the sand. Pretty, isn't it; short, plump; yes it belongs with those smallest feet. Who will that hand's mate bless, bye and bye, I wonder? And see here, behind this boulder are three little baskets of shells and pebbles. Put in one the shell we found. In which? No keep it; may be we shall follow these tracks again some day. Hark! there is music. "Old Hundred" echoing down from among those cliffs sung by child voices. "Playing meeting" likely over yonder with moss carpets and cushions, pine-leaf curtains and breeze organs, in a church we may not enter. They will be down presently, those three, let us go away.

June again. There is a company at the cottage yonder. A funeral perhaps; no the dresses are too gay. We will go and get a drink at the well there; perhaps they will ask us in. Not so, but here comes a pitcher and glass and the bearer answers to some one at the door calling "LIZZIE." Two forms in white glide past the window. A wedding? Yes, two brides in muslin—simple, truly, but pure and altogether appropriate. "My sisters, HETTY and ALICE," she says. Shall we tell her who made the tracks they found on the beach with theirs five years ago? No, it would embarrass the innocent, womanly, child-beauty. Let her alone.

"Virginia's soil is sacred." Don't sneer; don't let your eyes flash angrily; there is not a drop of traitor blood in LIZZIE's veins that makes her say it, but dust that has returned to dust by the old Potomac three years ago was loved and loving, living and beautiful, and this is only one shadowy glimpse of the cloud that is now on her heart.

LIZZIE has left the old house among the cliff-cleft hills to find in new scenes something that shall crowd away some of the anguish in every thought, and help her to bury that which shall be hidden. To dwell in the present and forget that the past holds so much of her joy. Poor LIZZIE.

My story is too Frenchy is it? Too full of prints and blanks. Well, only one scene more. Mr. RAYMOND wanted a wife. Two fair-haired babes were motherless, a noble house needed a mistress to make it a home. So to-night I have come away from the glaring light in the halls, from the gay piano music in the parlor, from the beauty and the deceit, from the smiling and smothered sighing, to tell you how that pretty little hand of LIZZIE's has been laid in the gold-masked hand of him who will lead her into another life; and I wonder will it be happier? To-morrow kisses, tears, good-byes, and LIZZIE, yet not LIZZIE, goes back to the granite hills, to the shell-strewn beach, to walls so costly that two proud women think "Sister LIZZIE cannot fail to be happy." Don't waken memories, don't tell her of the relic, wandering feet traced to a path leading where happy child-voices sung in the long ago time; speak hopefully and cheerfully, and smother away from your lips the "poor, poor LIZZIE." GRACE GLEN.

Ioia Co., Michigan, Jan., 1885.

WOMAN has this great advantage over man,—she proves her will in her lifetime, whilst man is obliged to wait till he is dead.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
WHAT MRS. SOMEBODY SAYS FURTHER.

THE LORD made me a woman, and I do not feel disposed to grumble at all that this is the case; and furthermore, I would like to be a good, true woman, of that kind which the wise man tells us, is a blessing to her husband. Such an one would not like to meet her husband when he comes in, weary with the labors and burdens of the day, with a very wry and dolorous face, and begin immediately to pour into his poor ears a long string of complaints and grievances, till he longed to be out of sight and hearing, when, with a thimbleful of patience, she would not find anything to complain of; neither will she. If he don't get along very well, and gets discouraged and disheartened, will she fret and scold at him for this? Would she not rather do what she could to help along, not only by encouraging words and advice, but by the labor of her own hands also?

It is an old saying, that a woman is the making of a man, and I partly believe it; but if the man happens to need making over, the woman who attempts to do it will need a large amount of wisdom, strength and patience. You need to handle him as softly and carefully as a thistle; for if he gets the least idea that you are trying to make him over or manage him, he will quickly accuse you of usurping authority over the man. And if he professes to be a Christian will not he be very apt to read for your edification the next time he attends family worship the 5th chapter of Ephesians? Will he not emphasize particularly the 22d, 23d and 24th verses? But the rest of the chapter, till he gets to last clause of last verse, see if he don't read it as if he did not observe anything particular there?

"And the wife see that she reverence her husband." We be to that woman who cannot see anything in her husband to reverence. But if she has made such a great mistake as to marry such a man, let her make the best of it, and see to it that she reverence him all she can.

Mrs. SOMEBODY.

AUSTRALIAN WOOLING.

COURTSHIP as the precursor of marriage, is unknown amongst them. When a young warrior is desirous of procuring a wife he generally obtains one by giving in exchange for her a sister or some other female relative of his own; but, if there should happen to be no eligible damsel disengaged in the tribe to which he belongs, then he hovers round the encampment of some other blacks until he gets an opportunity of seizing one of their leubras, whom perhaps he has seen and admired when attending one of the grand corrobories. His mode of paying his addresses is simple and efficacious. With a blow of his nullanulla (war club) he stuns the object of his "affections," and drags her insensible body away to some retired spot, where, as soon as she recovers her senses, he brings her home to his own gunyah in triumph. Sometimes two join in an expedition for the same purpose, and then for several days they watch the movements of their intended victims, using their utmost skill in concealing their presence.

When they have obtained the knowledge they require, they wait for a dark, windy night; then quite naked, and carrying only their long "jag spears," they crawl stealthily through the bush until they reach the immediate vicinity of the camp fires, in front of which the girls they are in search of are sleeping.

Slowly and silently they creep close enough to distinguish the figure of one of these leubras; then one of the intruders stretches out his spear, and inserts the barb point amidst her thick flowing locks; turning the spear slowly round, some of her hair speedily becomes entangled with it; then, with a sudden jerk, she is aroused from her slumber, and as her eyes open she feels the sharp point of another weapon pressed against her throat. She neither faints nor screams; she knows well that the slightest attempt at escape or alarm will cause her instant death, so, like a sensible woman, she makes a virtue of necessity, and rising silently, she follows her captors. They lead her away to a considerable distance, tie her to a tree, and return to ensnare their other victim in the like manner. Then, when they have accomplished their design, they hurry off to their own camp, where they are received with universal applause and are highly honored for their chivalrous exploit.

POLISH WOMEN.

As to Polish women, who are spoken of in such disparaging terms all over Germany, I can only say that after long experience of their characters, under ordinary and extraordinary circumstances, I no longer wonder at the influence they exercise over the men. They are not precisely charming, like French women, or fascinating, like the women of Spain or Italy; but there is an indefinable something about them which renders them irresistibly interesting. I shall perhaps best express my meaning when I say that you find in them all those qualities which are summed up in the one word "woman;" and here I am not speaking of any particular class, but Polish women in general, be they the wives or daughters of the owners of a hundred thousand acres, or of the manager of a small farm, or of a professor, doctor or tradesman. It may be that their tenderness of character was brought out to an unusual degree by their commonest occupation of last year, which consisted of tending the sick and wounded; but I can only say that the general impression which I have carried away with me is this, that the trouble of a journey to Poland would be amply repaid by the pleasure of studying womanhood in its interesting development there.

Choice Miscellany.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY GERALD MASSRY.

High hopes that burn like stars sublime
Go down in the skies of Freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em.
But never sit we down and say
"There's nothing left but sorrow,"
We walk the Wilderness to-day—
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming;
But life burns in the frozen bough
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow,
And our good bark—around to-day—
Shall float again to-morrow!

Through all the long, dark night of years
The people's cry ascended,
And earth is wet with blood and tears
Ere our meek sufferings ended.
The Few shall not forever sway,—
The Many toil in sorrow,—
The bars of Hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten,
Lo! now the day bursts up the skies—
Lean out of your souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with our sorrow;
Keep heart! who bears the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow!

Oh, Youth! flame earnest; still aspire
With energies immortal;
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning ope's a portal;
And though Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like the sheathen sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's command—
Oh! Chivalry of Labor;
Triumph and toll are twins—and aye
Joy sums the clouds of sorrow—
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings Victory to-morrow!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR TROUBLES.

WHAT right have we to be troubled? What business have we to manufacture clouds for the sky when God made the world full of sunlight? Do we not know that, though storms come, the sun is always shining just beyond them? Did you ever fear that the morning would never come because the darkness of night was so intense that, through it you could not see the glimmer of the dawning, when, had you only reflected for a moment, you would have known that the morning was yet far east of the boundary of your horizon? Just in that way you have thought of your troubles. They have seemed to you exceedingly wearisome and hard to bear, because you would not believe that on the other side of them all would be pleasant; that after a little waiting, a little patience, a little hope, they would all disappear and the sun would shine upon you again.

Yes, I know that everybody has troubles—troubles peculiarly his own; such as no other person knows exactly about. You don't know how you can possibly get through all these hard times. Gold is high, provisions are high, goods are high and so are your taxes; but your family are to be fed and clothed notwithstanding. In the future you see only a financial crash and ruin, failures and starvation. So you think. How the wrinkles begin to form on your forehead and the silver to sprinkle your hair! Did you ever think that people grow old faster just by worrying over troubles than by digging through all the cares and troubles in the world? Perhaps you are young, ambitious, just starting out in life; your heart throbbing with expectancy; but you find yourself thwarted in all your anticipations. It seems to you that wherever you go you find a hard path full of stumblings and leading you right out into darkness. But these troubles are only seeming. They are for the trial of our patience, our courage, our faith.

We do wrong to look upon any of our circumstances in life as evil. In doing so, in worrying over these troubles, the half of which are imaginary if we only know it, we sin against ourselves, our fellow men and against God. Every one of them is a moral discipline, and if, under its lessons we improve, holding fast with our hearts to cheerfulness, hopefulness and trust, we shall find ourselves conquerors of circumstances, and growing stronger by our struggles and victories, we shall prove ourselves more worthy of a better place. It sometimes takes us a long while to learn a little lesson, but God will not let us go on until it is learned.

We should, with a brave and trusting heart, accept gladly whatever of good or ill He may see fit to send us, believing that we need it; that it is all for our good. It seems to me that we ought to be thankful, too, for even these disciplines, for what we call afflictions and trials.

Have we not all, sometimes, when we have been grieving and mourning over our troubles, seen them suddenly transformed into blessings, and found that they were just the best things we could have desired after all? Then how ashamed we felt of our mean distrust and our grumbings! It is often thus.

Sometimes we do not see the good resulting for long years, but we should remember that our Father is wiser than we, and that nothing befalls us without His hand bestowing it.

If we only look at it rightly we shall find that this world is full of beauty, of good things calculated to give us pleasure and happiness, and

that in the patient performance of duties there will be no room for discontent and trouble to enter in. And this is just the essence of all human troubles—discontent. If we were perfectly contented where would our troubles be, think you? What a very Paradise this world would be if we would all be contented and do at the same time all that is required of us! There would be no long faces walking the streets then. But if we stick to our mean troubles we shall neglect all the good things of life and rob ourselves of its brightness, its richness, and its grandeur. We shall drag others with us into these miserable quagmires where we are floundering. We can do as we choose, but if we will we can be happy and glad whatever our surroundings, our cares; and our troubles we shall find becoming so exceedingly small and insignificant that we shall have no cause to speak of them. It is our own fault if we cannot always feel, and say in our hearts, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

L. JARVIS WILTON.

THE GIVE AND TAKE OF LIFE.

ONCE upon a time a poor "natural," who was employed to blow the bellows in the organ-loft of a country church, overheard the organist speaking of his performances to admiring parishioners, and noticed that he spoke in the first person singular only. "Last time I played 'Sing, O heavens;' next time I shall play 'With verdure clad.'" That was the way in which the organist spoke, and it went to the very heart of the poor bellows-blower.

At the first opportunity that offered, the idiot expostulated with the musician upon the injustice of his phraseology. "It is all very well for you to say 'I played the organ,'" remonstrated the lad, "but where does the wind come from?" In these, or some such words, he endeavored to assert his own share in the anthem; but the organist only said, "Pooh, pooh!—go about your business."

At the next public service in the church, a special piece of music being announced for performance, the organist, well prepared for the occasion, by study of his part, was in his place before the key-board. The moment came to begin. His well-trained fingers descended upon the scale, but the only result was an abortive flop. He tried again, with no better fortune. Then he looked up, and saw the face of the idiot grinning round the corner of the instrument.

"Blow away, do!" said the organist, with agony.

"Shall it be *we*?" said the idiot, with his hand upon the lever of the bellows.

"Nonsense, sir, do as I bid you!" replied the performer in an angry whisper, and once more tried to bring music out of the organ. But it was as dumb as a four-post bedstead, or a kitchen dresser.

"Shall it be *we*?" said the idiot, again looking round the corner.

"Yes, yes; *we*, *we*,—anything you please!" said the organist, in despair. The idiot blew the bellows, and the anthem proceeded.

The story has wide applications, not only in politics and in commerce, but in other spheres of thought and action. Shall it be *we*? is a question which might be carried all round life. Everybody who reads a printed book—not to say everybody who buys one—may be said to have contributed to the writing of it. Every word, look, or thought of sympathy with heroic action, helps to make heroism. Every smile of every child of the large family that taxes the strength of the bread-winner helps him to win the bread. Every prayer, spoken or not, that rises to heaven for the right and good, is so much help to the honest man. Every possible thought, every possible labor, helps every other. If some of those enormous masses of human effort—expressed in pale faces, in drooped limbs, in heart and brain out-spent—masses of human effort, of which we do not habitually make reckoning, were struck out of the total of things, how soon, ah me! should we have to inquire of high heaven, and of each other, "Where, then, is the wind to come from?" In the name of those contributors to the common weal who do not stand forth as contributors until they are looked for, we may well allow the idiot in the organ loft to put his pregnant question home to us, and strive to see how deeply laid are the foundations of the Give and Take which goes through every story of the social edifice.

It is a very unfortunate thing when the doctrine of the give-and-take of life, looked at from any place whatever, and whether as fact or duty, is degraded into a sort of *backsheesh*. You know what that means. In the East there is an infamous system of present-giving and present-taking, which turns life into pauperism all round. A great man sends an embassy to you with a gift; he immediately expects that you shall send him a gift. Not uncommonly his "give" is a sprat, while his "take" is a mackerel. But that particular meanness is not necessarily contemplated in the *backsheesh* view of human life; all it comes to is, worldliness as to what is beneath the moon; other-worldliness for what is beyond it. So much for so much, and Shylock at the scales on both sides. Now it is perfectly true that so much for so much is the law of life, the divine law that covers everything. But, practically, a good many of those who try to work this law make a sad mess of it. They manage it by taking care that they get a pennyworth for a penny, and leaving those with whom they deal to do the same. In other words, they regard exclusively their own side of the case—the take and not the give. I say they regard, for give they must, or perish. In fact, in some way or other their contribution will be had out of them at some time; the only question for them to consider is, Shall we be cheerful givers, or shall we wait to be squeezed? It is as certain as the rule of three that every human creature who, through defect of his own will, takes out of life at any time, in any way, more than he is prepared to attempt a return for, will eventually be made to cash up. Why not avoid the arrears of interest, and the uncomfortable prison-house, from which he shall in no wise depart until he has paid the uttermost farthing? Ah, my friends, let us rather give full measure, heaped up, running over, in exchange for what we receive, than run the risk of finding scores run up against us! And if we have wronged any, let us restore double; and once for what we took that was not ours, and once to mark our sense of having done wrong.

Sabbath Musings.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY FRANK G. WILLIAMS.

ALAS! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes I seem to trace
I hear the bearded whip-poor-will;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound—
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the springs bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
I stop and list—I stop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready pace I wait and watch,
Until my eyes familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

"Halt! Who goes there?" My challenge cry,
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
"Advance, and give the countersign."
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic word;
With arms apart I charge my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night, awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray, that Heaven may so ordain,
Where'er I go, whatever fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the Countersign.

THE GREAT CHANGE.

MY brethren, said Dr. Payson, through the great change we have been considering you must all pass. Your bodies must be changed. In a few years, of all the bodies which now fill this house nothing but a few handfuls of dust will remain. Your mode of existence will be changed. Your disembodied but still living spirits will pass into a new and untried state of being. Your place of residence will be changed. The places which now know you will soon know you no more. Another assembly will fill this house. Other inhabitants will dwell in your habitations. Other names will glitter over the marts of business, and yours will be transferred to the tombstone. And when this world has lost you, another will have received you. After you are dead and forgotten here, you will be alive and capable of exquisite happiness or misery elsewhere.

After you are removed from all the objects which now affect you, a new world, new objects, new beings will rise upon you, and affect you in a manner far more powerful than you are, or can be now affected. Above all, when this world and all that it contains sink from your view, God that Being of whom you have heard so much, and perhaps thought so little—that Being who formed, and now invisibly surrounds and upholds you, will burst in upon and fill your mind—fill it with delight inconceivable or agony unutterable, according to the state of your moral character. And as it affects you the moment after death, so it will continue to affect you forever; for neither His character or yours will ever change. Long after all remembrance of you shall have been blotted from the earth, during all the remaining centuries which the sun may measure out to succeeding generations of mortals, you will be bathing in delight, or writhing in agony, in the beams of Jehovah's presence. And even after this world shall have ceased to exist, when the sun and stars are quenched in endless night, you will still continue the same individual and conscious being that you are, and will still bear, and through eternity will continue to bear, that stamp of moral character, with all its consequences, in which you are found, and in which you will be unchangeably fixed by death.

CHRIST'S PREACHING.

How did Christ preach the gospel? He forbade family quarrels. He warned his hearers against the evil practices of the Scribes and Pharisees. He bade no one dare to come up to the temple to worship until he had paid his just debts. He not only enjoined upon them not to commit adultery, but told them what the first step in adultery was, that they might shun it. He talked to them about their families, and their lawsuits, and their habit of borrowing. He told them how they should accost people in the streets, what they should give away, and how they should give it; how they should keep fast-day. He told them just how religion bore upon their business and their associations. He bade them not to backbite or slander. He warned them against preachers who came preaching false doctrine. Common things he discussed in common language, enlivening his discourse with pungent questioning, illustrating it by numerous stories, and garnishing it with vivid and beautiful pictures, drawn from summer fields and humble homes. Through it all sang the tender tone of love—pity for the suffering, strength for the weak, trust and comfort for the poor. No wonder the people were astonished at his doctrines, and when he came down from the mountain great multitudes followed him.

We want in you a Christianity that is Christian across counters, over dinner-tables, behind the neighbor's back, as in his face.

War Literature.

A TRUE AND A GOOD STORY.

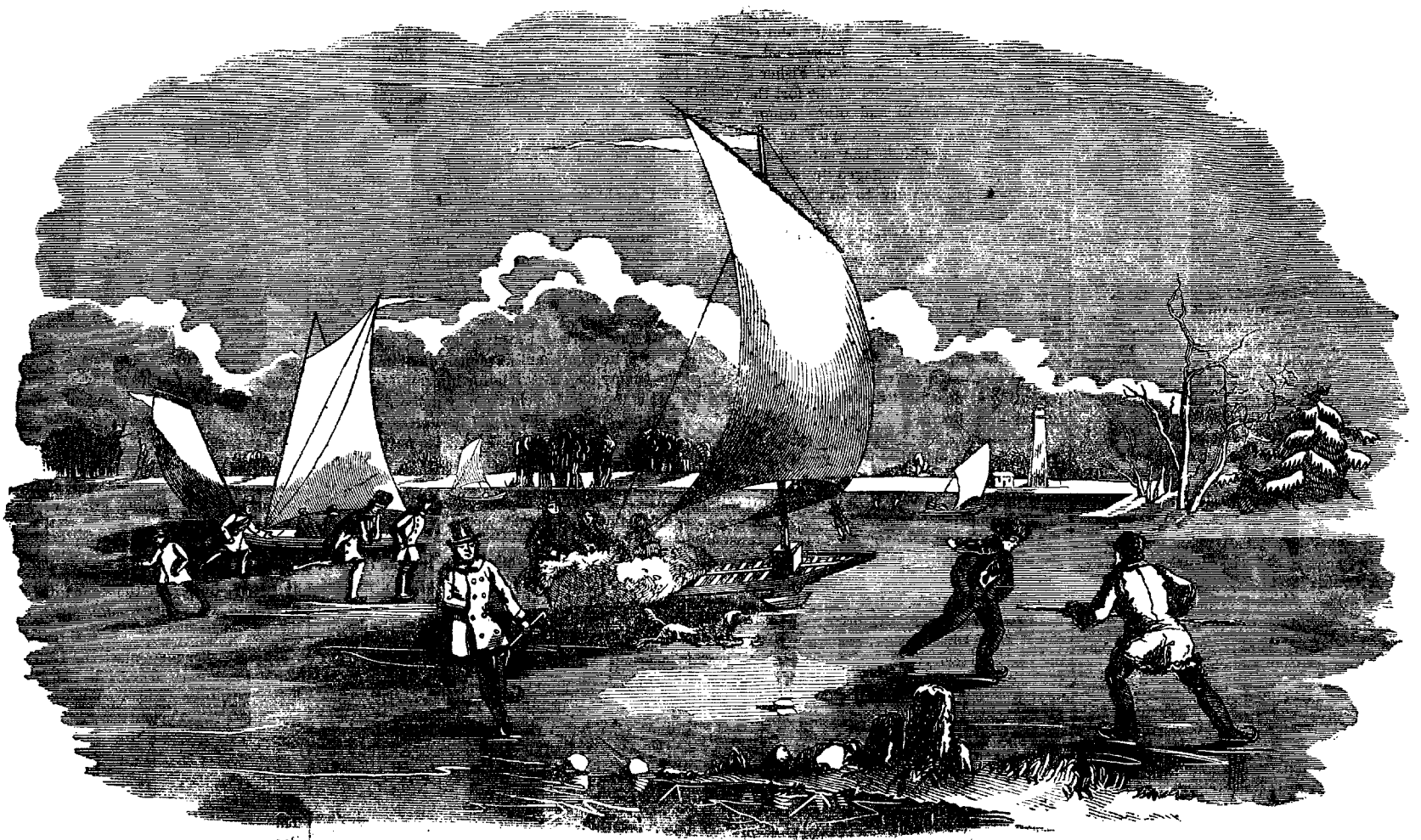
ABOUT a week after the battle of Chancellorsville, while the wards of Army hospitals were full of soldiers, many of them new arrivals from that field, there came in one day a figure clad in bloomer costume. Moving very quietly around among the white cots, she seemed to be looking for absent friends. Now the advent of a bloomer is always an event which causes more averted looks and shrugging shoulders than any one who is not either very strong in the consciousness of right, or very bold in her indifference to wrong, can possibly stand. For ourselves, whenever we see a bloomer we are divided between pity and dislike—pity if she is bearing so hard a cross from a sense of duty—dislike if she is wearing the costume when it is no cross, and does no violence to her sense of propriety. In the case we speak of, our eye followed this quiet figure and was observing the half aversion and neglect with which she was left to pursue her search, when an officer near me, (one of the finest men in the ward,) suddenly spoke to his attendant with "go ask that lady to come this way; say to her Capt. R—d wishes to see her." She came at once, and with an appearance of much respect and cordiality, the Capt. shook hands and turned and introduced her, with the remark, "Mrs. F—m has been one of the most useful persons in the army." We too shook hands, upon that, and inquired "how has she been able to be useful with the army?"

"Oh, she has been with her regiment all the time, kept up with all their marches, taking care of wounded soldiers when the bullets were flying thick around her, and doing everything useful generally." "Sometimes," said Mrs. F., smiling, "I washed the captain's clothes!" "many a time rejoined the captain," "I have seen her take a poor fellow's musket and carry it for him when he was too weak to carry it himself." After a little more chat, this figure passed away, like thousands of others, from the scenes of the hospital life, but not entirely from memory, and a few weeks since, when a countenance which we partly remembered—added to a dress where a water proof cloak, closely drawn around, could not quite conceal the bloomer costume—met us at the gates of Army Hospital, we felt sure that Mrs. F—m was again before us. The prejudice against the dress having disappeared at the time of the Captain's tribute to her merit, we greeted her cordially, and inquired for her work in the Army. "I have been obliged to come to Washington under the late order which excluded all women," said she. "Great efforts were made by my friends to procure an exception in my favor, but in vain, and now I shall try and get something to do here until after a battle, and then I am promised that I may go down and take care of the wounded." A few evenings later we met again. She was then dressed as other ladies dress, there being no need in the city of a costume suitable for marching. From her own lips we heard a story which we are sure is worth giving to the press, for it is one which all woman should feel proud of.

Mrs. F—n was one of nine sisters living far up in Vermont. They had one only and dear brother, and when he broke out he wished to enlist for the country, and she (being an old sister to whom he had always looked up to for advice and care, her own heart, too, having griefs that she would fain forget in work for the country,) told her father that she would go with her brother and take care of him if he should be sick. "If you will go with him," said her father, "I will consent that he, my only son, shall enlist." And so she went for \$6 a month as hospital matron, leaving her son of six years old in Vermont. The captain of her company took out a washing machine, and would detail men to assist her when she wanted them, and she worked hard, and made a good deal of money in that way; then she was sometimes manager for a mess for the officers, and by the influence of more than a hundred names of officers and men, she was given a special permit to have a tent to keep goods for the soldiers. "I was not worth anything when I came out," said Mrs. F., "and now I have fourteen hundred dollars all my own earnings, besides supporting my child, and sending home and supporting another child that I have adopted since I came out."

"Adopted another child! how good of you, but how happened it?" "There was a little, bright, beautiful, but terribly neglected boy that attached himself to our brigade as we came through Philadelphia; the soldiers petted him at first, but he had been so fearfully neglected that at last they would not have him with them; he was absolutely and wholly on the wide world at eleven years old—and I could not help it, I had to take him, I could not shut my heart to him. I got him a whole new suit of clothes, cut off his hair, and made him perfectly clean, and told him he was my boy." "Oh," said he, when he got washed and clothed, "I feel like a new boy."

He would never open his mouth about his family or his previous life, and when Mrs. F. afterward met some Pennsylvania regiments, she inquired about him. They told her that his father had died in California, that his mother was a confirmed drunkard, and that he had always been in the streets, left to lie and cheat and swear and steal like his companions, and that she had better not have anything to do with him. Knowing that he had never shown the slightest tendency to any of these faults since she had known him, never using an improper word or taking so much as a pin from her without asking, she did not change her mind about keeping him, but sent him to Vermont, where he is going to school and making a progress so



WINTER SCENE—SKATING AND ICE-BOATING ON TORONTO BAY.

Our illustration is seasonal and interesting, and though given in a previous volume, will be new to thousands of rural readers. It represents a Winter Scene on the Bay of Toronto, Canada West, where the sports of the skater are united with excursions of the ice-boat. These are infinitely preferable to coasting, inasmuch as there is no Clissiphus-like tolling up hill for the

purpose of riding down again. The ice-boat can be propelled on any tack and as nearly into the teeth of the wind as a sloop, and its motions are demonstrable on the same principle of the resolution of forces, as the sailing of a ship. It consists simply of planks nailed together, upon the bottom of which skates or pieces of thin iron are fastened. A mast is then erected in the fore

part, and large sails attached. An oar is stuck out behind for a rudder, by means of which the ice-boat may be turned with the utmost certainty and rapidity. The velocity with which these boats are sometimes driven by the wind, exceeds belief. It would be a match for an express locomotive, running at its highest speed, to overtake them, at times. Seats are arranged

on the ice-boats, and there, covered comfortably up with thick buffalo skins, the ladies and gentlemen find happy amusement. It is a beautiful sight to see twenty of these boats, crossing and re-crossing each other's tracks on the wide bay, each of them attended by a knot of skaters reminding one of the troops of small birds which are seen hovering in the wake of a falcon.

rapid as to surprise every one, "and," added Mrs. F. "I love him just as well as my own boy; I can't help it." "My mind sent me to you," said the boy to her. We tell this story, and will leave each heart to feel, who rules in heaven and on earth and who sent that child to its home and true mother. The incidents of Mrs. F's experience are many of them so interesting that we would gladly relate them if we had time. Ten men in their company re-enlisted through her influence, and there was one who would have deserted but for her remonstrance. The brother who re-enlisted could she stay, but without her will go home when his time is up. She has saved him as well as others from sickness, and never from a fighting man has she received other than the most respectful treatment during the whole three years. The last time we saw her she was on the steps of the treasury, where she had been to invest her \$1,400, saying "if it was not safe there it was not anywhere," and her merits, and the recommendation of those who know them, have procured for her the promise of a place in the treasury, which we are sure she deserves, and which we doubt not she will honor, neither suffering there from the shafts of slander, nor from the misconduct of a few, for her experience of three years in the army has proven that a woman is always perfectly protected when clothed in the panoply of her own purity.

Various Topics.

THE ROTHSCHILDS AND WATERLOO.

The Edingburgh Review opens with an article on the "Diaries of a Lady of Quality." The Lady of Quality was a Miss Williams Wynn, herself of a titled family and enjoying the intimacy of the many remarkable persons of the period of the last half of the last century, and the first period of the present century. "I did not know," says the Lady of Quality, "till I heard it from Alava, the exact circumstances of the first arrival of the news of the battle of Waterloo in London. It seems that one morning a partner of the house of Rothschild came to Lord Liverpool, informed him that he had a few hours before received the glorious news, or at least the bare outline, that having made all the advantage which this exclusive knowledge would give him on the Stock Exchange, he now came to impart it to Government. He would not answer any inquiries as to the means by which he had acquired the intelligence, could give no particulars, only repeated the assurances of the truth of the information. Lord Liverpool thought it cruel, on such vague foundations, to raise hopes or fears. To one of his colleagues (Vanstittart, I think,) who happened to come in, he told the news, and they agreed to conceal it till more was known. There was a cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's; not a word was said about the news, and Lord Liverpool was returning home full of anxiety. In the street his carriage was stopped by an unknown person, who, with some apology, said that he was just come from Downing street; that a carriage with six horses dressed with laurels, French eagles, and colors hanging out of the windows, had arrived; that the glorious news was instantly spread; and that the messenger was gone to Lord Harrowby's in pursuit of him through another street from that in which he was met.

"This, I think, I heard at the time, but certainly till now never heard the thing accounted for. It seems that the Duke of Wellington, after writing his despatch home, said to Pozzo di Bergho, 'Will you write to Louis XVIII at Ghent? tell him that Napoleon is utterly defeated:—that in less than a fortnight I shall be in possession of Paris, and hope very soon after to see him reinstated. Say that excessive fatigue prevents me from writing.' A messenger was of course immediately sent off to Ghent; when he arrived, Louis and his little court happened to be assembled at breakfast in a room whose windows down to the ground were wide open. The embraces, the ejaculations, of course instantly apprised those under the window of the good news. Among these was a spy from the house of Rothschild, who had many days been upon the watch. He no sooner heard the news than he rode post to Ostend; there happening to find a small vessel just sailing, he embarked and got one tide before the English messenger, who arrived shortly afterwards."

A NORWEGIAN DANCE.

ROUND the musician the young men and maidens formed a ring and began to dance. There was little talking, and that little was in an undertone. They went to work with the utmost gravity and decorum. Scarcely a laugh was heard—nothing approaching to a shout during the whole night—nevertheless they enjoyed themselves thoroughly! I have no doubt whatever of that. The nature of their dances was somewhat incomprehensible. It seemed as if the chief object of the young men was to exhibit their agility by every species of impromptu bound and fling of which the human frame is capable, including the rather desperate feat of dashing themselves flat upon the ground.

The principal care of the girls seemed to be to keep out of the way of the men, and avoid being killed by a frantic kick or felled by a random blow. But the desperate features in each dance did not appear at first. Every man began by seizing his partner's hand, and dragging her round the circle, ever and anon twirling her round violently with one arm, and catching her round the waist with the other, in order—as it appeared to me—to save her from an untimely end. To this treatment the fair damsels submitted with pleased though bashful looks. But soon the men flung them off, and went at it entirely on their own account; yet they kept up a sort of revolving course round their partners, like satellites round their separate suns. Presently the satellites assumed some of the characteristics of the comet. They rushed about the circle in wild, erratic courses; they leaped into the air, and while in that position slapped the soles of their feet with both hands. Should any one deem this an easy feat, let him try it.

Then they became a little more sane, and a waltz, or something like it, was got up. It was really pretty, and some of the movements were graceful; but the wild spirit of the glens re-entered the men rather suddenly. The females were expelled from the ring altogether, and the youths braced themselves for a little really heavy work; they flung and hurled themselves about like maniacs, stood on their heads and walked on their hands—in short, became a company of acrobats, yet always kept up a sympathetic feeling for time with the music.—Good Words.

From the New York Independent. [Editorial.] WHERE AND HOW TO EDUCATE OUR SONS.

Practical Popular Education for Young Men and Boys.

In the beautiful city of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the Hudson, has grown up an institution of learning that has acquired such wide-spread reputation, and whose merits are so well established, that it deserves more than ordinary notice. We refer, of course, to EASTMAN'S NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE—a report of which, prepared by GEORGE W. BUNGAY, Esq., of the New York Tribune, occupies an entire page of our paper this week. The influence this institution is exerting upon the nation, and the growing favor of practical useful education, which is not to be overlooked, will cause the report in this paper to be read by young men, parents and educators in general.

In point of success this College may be classed among the first in this country, if not really first, as it enjoys a regular attendance in all the departments of more than twelve hundred students, representing every loyal State in the Union; and, notwithstanding the large patronage, such is the government and superior management of the entire College, and such is the discipline and good order that prevails at all times in the study departments and in the boarding-houses, as to cause general remark and commendation from citizens and patrons. The great success of this institution may be attributed entirely to its judicious management and the energy and ability of the President, Prof. EASTMAN, in introducing and carrying out a great principle of actual business training, combining theory and practice. This novel and pre-eminent mode of instruction is entirely original with him, and is claimed by him and the many friends of the College to possess merits over every other system ever devised for developing the business capacity of young men, and preparing them for active life.

We have had our leaders in every other department of education, and it is gratifying to know that we have one in commercial science.

It is clear to every reflecting mind that our general systems of education have been wanting in that practical character which fits a man for the active duties of every day business life, and it has been unfortunate that this matter has remained so long neglected. To effect this much needed reform no man has worked so effectually as Prof. EASTMAN through the great Business College he represents.

He has instructed hundreds of young men every year with great success, repudiating, as far as wisdom dictated, old systems, and constantly improving upon the new methods until he has brought out a system of practical instruction which will work a revolution in this department of education.

As might be expected, imitators of his system of Actual Business Training are springing up in some of the cities, but the various forms and blanks used in giving instruction are so well secured to him by law, through copyrights, that they can never meet with but indifferent success—and in no place could it be introduced and carried out so perfectly as here, under the supervision of its author.

The Institution is patronized very largely by our most eminent merchants, and not a few of the leading business houses here are indebted to it for valuable assistance in the capacity of accountants, book-keepers, or salesmen. Two young men from this office, who have just re-

ceived their diplomas there, will enter upon responsible duties in business houses this week, and thus put in practice at once the valuable information they have acquired during their course there. Having watched their progress, we are enabled to indorse the institution understandingly, and commend its superior advantages to parents who have sons to educate. The terms are reasonable, and the student can enter upon a course of study any day in the year.

The reader will have a fair idea of this institution if he can picture to himself Wall Street with its banks and insurance offices, its exchanges and commercial houses, and the Board of Brokers, the Commercial Exchange, the markets, the telegraphs, transferred to the beautiful banks of the Hudson, and alive with young men, instead of thoughtful men of middle life, and older men still riper in experience.

All necessary information desired, may be had by addressing Prof. EASTMAN, the President, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A CHINESE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE.

His first took us to his country house, now uninhabited. It was the private residence of a Chinese Gentleman. There was a very large garden with bamboo hedges and large fish tanks, edged with walls of blue bricks, perforated tiles. His pigs were in admirable condition, and as beautiful as the Prince Consort's at Windsor. About the grounds were nutmegs, mangosteens, plantains, coconuts, darlens and small creepers, trained into baskets and pagodas. Inside the house the drawing-room had doors sliding across circular openings. We then went on to this gentleman's private residence, entering by a Chinese triumphal gate. He tells me he has ten miles carriage road round his estate. It is on a fine, undulating tract of land reclaimed from the jungle, and laid out with rare taste. In the outskirts a tiger killed a man the other day. In his garden I found Jacko, living in a cane cage, next door to a porcupine; there were also some rare birds. Further on some very small Bernin bulls, a Cashmere goat, and a family of young kangaroos. There were all sorts of unknown beautiful flowers placed about in enormous Chinese masses.

Here I first saw the tea plant growing. It is of the camelia tribe, three or four feet high, perhaps, and bears a small white flower, like an ordinary rose. Also I was shown the "moon flower," a kind of rounded convolvulus that only opens at night. There was a bower of "monkey cups," the pitcher flower which collects water, and from which Jacko refreshes himself in the jungles. The fan palm produced water by being pierced with a penknife, of a clear, cold quality. Several minute creepers were trained over wire forms to imitate dragons, with egg shells for their eyes; and there were many of the celebrated dwarf trees—the first I had seen—little oaks and elms about eighteen inches high, like spall, withered old men.

The house here was superbly furnished in the English style; but with lanterns all about it. At six the guests arrived—mostly English—all dressed in short white jackets and trousers. The dinner was admirably served, in good London style, and all the appointments as regarded plate, glass, wines and dishes, perfect. The quiet, attentive waiting of the little Chinese boys deserved all praise. After dinner we lounged through the rooms decorated with English prints of the Royal family, statuettes, curios from every part of the world, and rare objects in the stone and cracked china.—Chinese Letter.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOUNDED.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

The following sweet song by the Poet-Singer will please our readers; and they will be glad to learn that its author has composed music to accompany it, which will soon be published.—Eds. RURAL.

MINNIE MINTON, in the shadow I have waited here alone, On the battle's gory meadow Which the scythe of death has mown; I have listened for your coming Till the dreary dawn of day, But I only hear the drumming As the armies march away.

MINNIE MINTON, I am wounded, And I know that I must die By a stranger host surrounded, And no loved one kneeling nigh; And I faint would hear your whisper In the twilight cold and gray, But I only hear the tramping As the armies march away.

MINNIE MINTON, I am weary, And I long to reach my goal Yet the billows of Old Erie Blue upon my mem'ry roll; And I pause to hear you singing By the waters of the Bay, But I only hear the bugles As the armies march away.

MINNIE MINTON, I've been dreaming Of those moments gone before, Ere I saw the sabers gleaming On the fields of death and gore; And I thought that you were bending O'er the turf whereon I lay, But I wake to see the banners As the armies march away.

MINNIE MINTON, I am dying,— As the world recedes from view, I can see the Old Flag flying O'er the rebel rag of blue; I behold the heroes saintly Who have fallen in the fray, And their bugles warble faintly As they beckon me away.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MAY BRINE AND JAS. MILLER.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY N. A. WILDE.

As I promised, my dear Aunt BETSEY, several months since, that I would write a story for the RURAL, I now betake myself to the not unpleasant task of telling you a short story about our next door neighbor, MARY BRINE.

Did you ever get on top of a reaper and drive around a wheat-field? Haven't? Well, then, you've no idea how funny MAY BRINE felt, one day, when she had gained the consent of Uncle JAMES, and found herself perched on top of one of the latest style reapers and spinning round a large field at the rate of a mile in two hours.

'Twas an awful hot day, but Aunt BETSEY's shaker, an old green veil, and a pair of long-wristed gloves did very good service in keeping Cousin MAY from getting "tanned up." Now, it's my private opinion, if her mother had seen her there, MAY would have suffered more from the tanning properties of a beech stick than she was likely to from the sun. But MAY's mother was an hundred miles away, therefore no danger of an attack. There she sat, piked-up behind a span of great, tall, square, yellow horses, looking very sober, but no doubt feeling very cunning.

The wheat was very nice and stout, and the field large and level, and MAY was a splendid driver (as the engineer of the county fair called her, when he tied a red ribbon to her black pony.) She had driven her fathers horses ever since she was big enough to hold the lines. But she had the spirit of carelessness, of forgetfulness that day, for she drove just as fast over ruts and stones as if there were none. She didn't mind, because there was a spring seat for her; but for the fellow who "took off," there was nothing but the soft side of a hemlock board. Of course he did not relish the jolts very much. If the careless jade thought a word about it, she didn't say anything. Maybe she thought she would see how long he would endure it before he spoke.

But you must wait a minute, right here, and let me tell you how she looked and was. MAY BRINE was the funniest, or rather the queerest girl you ever saw. She wasn't handsome, not a bit of it. She was short and chunky, with rather large hands and feet, short, uneven hair, (but with several rats and a beautiful net—no one knew anything of that,) good, respectable looking teeth, and red cheeks. Her eyes were the beauty of her; large, black and saucy, brim full of fun, with a "dare-devil" peering out at the corners. She was a perfect Witch of Endor, always the ring-leader in all mischief at the Seminary, and the "setter-on" of the boys at home; always on the top of the fences and up the apple trees when a child, and not quite grown out of her youthful habits yet.

One thing is certain, however, she has a true heart under that fancy girle of hers. Many a fine fellow will tell you that; for though their hands never will freeze for the mittens she has given them, yet they love her just as well. And she hasn't kinder friends in the world than those same men who have loved her in vain. I've wondered a thousand times why it was that she was so attractive. But she had the kindest heart in the world; perhaps that was it.

MAY was engaged—had been some time. Her lover was a talented young man, studying his profession in one of our large cities. He was very fond of her and very devoted to her. He loved her truly and deeply, and I think she returned his affection to the uttermost farthing. But "Oh! Frailty! thy name is woman." Thy heart is like an omnibus, always room for one

more. There wasn't man, woman or child in the neighborhood who had any trouble or joys, but that she knew it, and her words of sympathy and rejoicing must have done the business for her; for she held their hearts and they fairly worshipped her.

The man who tended the reaper was JIM MILLER, a returned soldier; hadn't been a week since he was engaged in making those "splendid cavalry charges" we read about. JIM was rough as a bear, but tender-hearted as a woman. But his rudeness was not to be wondered at. The best of men wear off their polish in the battle-field. He was almost a perfect stranger to all of us, except Uncle JAMES. But not many days went by before we found out that he was just as full of fun as he could stick, forever teasing and tormenting some one.

But to return to my story—MAY gathered up the reins, nodded to Uncle JAMES, and began her day's work. The lot was, as a general thing, level; but in some places it had been ditched, which made it rather unpleasant riding, especially on the back seat, which, as I have remarked before, had no spring and was rather near the ground. But Mademoiselle BRINE was a romantic child, and at the precise moment the reaper was jouncing down and up over the ruts she was building very lofty air-castles, of which a certain young lawyer was the principal feature. "Whoa, whup there," sung out JIM, and the horses stopped short and round he came mad as a March hare, but MAY's innocent face completely disarmed him, and he only said:

"The dickens, Miss BRINE, what deep ruts these are; can't you drive a little more careful?"

"Why, what's the matter; isn't there any spring?" looking down over her shoulder to the place where he had to sit.

"No, I'll be hanged if there is, and it's darned queer if a fellow has got to be whacked around in this manner. It's nuff sight worse than shooting rebs."

"Skip your big words, if you please, Mr. MILLER; I'll drive slow," and with a saucy glance she started along as fast as the horses could walk. "Jam, jirk, pull, and with a loud 'hold up,' the soldier, they stopped just across another rut.

"Now, Miss MAY, what on earth does make you let these nags skeddadle along so?" and he shook up the bag of straw and carefully placed it back again, saying very demurely, "It hurts this hemlock board tremendous; do hold up a little."

MAY laughed heartily and said, "You must forgive me, Mr. MILLER, I was thinking about my Canary over home—that it is about time for her to hatch," (the little minx hadn't any Canary,) "and I never thought. If your seat is hard sit light—sit light on the sea, my fairy bark," sang she as she drove on. Long ere night she had fairly bewitched him. As they jolted around time after time, he thought what a good looking girl she is, and what a splendid driver. He would swear at her like a sailor for pounding him around so over the ruts, and yet do it in so careless, don't-care manner, that she couldn't scold him. (I guess she was a little bewitched too.)

MAY BRINE was a Christian, said her prayers every day, and lived her religion every day, belonged to the church, and was a faithful member thereof. She loved her betrothed dearly, would have died for him any moment, but as I have said, she'd plenty room in her heart for one more, and she was in a fair way of losing herself to JAMES MILLER, as well as bewitching him. One day they stood by the well; he was watering the horses, and she was drinking out of a leaf-cup, meanwhile looking at JIMMY over the top. Suddenly she spoke: "Mr. MILLER, they say you have been married."

He looked very much surprised, but answered nonchalantly, "Well, I s'pose it is so." "Where is your wife? is she dead—got any children?" rattled MAY. He smiled at her artlessness and proceeded to draw another bucket of water, but answered very soberly, "My wife is alive—she ran away with another man and lives in New York."

MAY BRINE sobered in an instant and asked kindly, "How long since she left?" He looked up into her bright young face, as if wondering at the question, and said, "Nearly four years. That's what sent me to war. Home was home to me no longer then."

"Have you any children?" "Yes, two. FRANK was two years, and baby JENNIE eight months, when she left us."

"Ah," MAY said, as she brushed a tear from her eye, "Poor boy," and laid her hand on his. She withdrew it in an instant and turned to the house. JIM's heart went out to her at one bound, and he thought to himself, "If I was only free, I would win her." But that wretched wife's cursed chains clanked closely at his heels and he knew happiness was nevermore to be his. But he was a soldier, brave as a lion. He choked back the unbidden tears and drew down the curtain of his heart once more, and began to joke the farm-hands as they came up from their work to water their teams.

I suppose I do not tell these things very beautifully, nor very storyly, but they are about true.

Now, I haven't described the house, neither do I intend to. It was only a low-roofed, long, rambling building with no chambers, but all porticoed and vined, and treed, and flowered—a very pretty, nicely furnished home, for our uncle was a wealthy old bachelor who delighted in ease and comfort; and comfort for him meant the best things the world knew.

MAY sat in her room one day, some months after this, with her head bowed in her hand, and the tears slowly dropping through her fingers. Why she cried she didn't know; she felt bad and so she cried. Tears are always a woman's relief. But had she asked me, I could have told her that in every woman's heart are strange, mysterious chords, which vibrate at the glance of an eye, at the sound of a voice, at the touch of a hand.

Frail, beautiful harp-strings, ever saying by their sweet music, "love me, love me," and yet remembering that in sorrow and tears they must repeat. But my child-heroina knew nothing of this. Life to her had always been a smooth page. Yet she was no sentimental, lackadaisical Miss, but a straight-forward common-sense girl; so she dried up her tears and went out into the sitting-room and sat down to the piano. She was determined to be gay, whether or no she felt like it. She played polkas without number, and opera pieces, and then she glided over bits of waltzes. They were so smooth and flowing that before she knew it her thoughts ran away with herself, and she began that sweet little song from the German, "Heart be still;" and as the sad sweet words, "Come to thee, what'er God will, be thou still," floated out o'er the calm twilight, they caught JIM's ear. He sat in the dining-room verandah, tilted back in a wicker chair spinning yarns about the 3d New York Cavalry, to an admiring and eager circle. Suddenly it became irksome to sit there and tell stories. He got up and went around to the sitting-room door and sat down on the piazza. MAY did not know he was there, or she would have stopped singing; but as if talking to her own heart, she sang on,

"Be thou still, vainly all thy words are spoken, 'Till the word of GOD hath broken Life's dark mysteries, good or ill, Be thou still."

"Be thou still, 'tis thy Father's work of grace; Wait thou yet before his face, He thy sure deliverance will, Keep thou still."

And there he sat, he who never trembled before the cannon's mouth, whose nerves were as steady before the enemy as when he lay in his baby cradle—his head bowed on his breast, his hands clenched in agony, and his heart all unnerved. Every word of the song had riven his heart like steel. He thought of his faithless wife, and his dear children, and his heart cried out within itself, "My God, why must I endure all this, how can I 'be still?'"—and the drops of agony rolled from his face; but he said not a word. He would endure his sorrow alone, he thought; 'twould do no good to tell her. He couldn't ask her to be his, were he ever so good. There he sat crushing back his thoughts, tramping on his sorrows, condemning himself for want of strength. MAY had thrown herself on the sofa and lay there contrasting her happy life with that of JIMMY MILLER's, and wishing he was her brother. When the clock in the hall banged its twelve heavy strokes, and aroused the unconscious dreamer on the piazza, impelled by a power he could not withhold, not even knowing she was near him, he spoke one word, "MAY."

She heard him, and wondering why he sat up so late was quickly by his side, and noticing, by the moonlight, how pale he looked, she instantly said, "JIM, are you sick?" He turned his face from her and said, "Only heart-sick."

Now MAY was by no means dull; she understood in a moment. She would not trust herself there, and turned to go in. But he held her back and said, "MAY, I would like to say something to you."

MAY sat down, all trembling and unnerved. She knew the strength of her heart and how she was to be tempted, and she feared that in a weak moment she should make herself wretched for life.

JIMMY made no preliminaries, but burst out vehemently and rapidly, as if he feared his courage would flag,— "MAY, my darling MAY, I was married when only nineteen, and now at twenty-six I am perfectly wretched. My wife and I always lived happily together, and why she should leave me I never knew; but she did, and left my sweet children at my father's, where she said she would call for them in a few days, but of course never did. The next we heard from her, she was living in New York with a former lover of hers. I've never seen her since; I never wish to. Detestable thing!" and he fairly ground his teeth with rage.

"Why don't you get a divorce," said MAY. "I do intend to, but it is so dreadful. Oh, MAY, I can't marry you, I know; I've no right to such a pure heart as yours, but I must tell you I love you. I never loved my wife as most men do, but she never knew it. It was a boyish contract, urged on by my father. But, darling friend, I do love you as never man loved. My heart is all yours; always will be. Forgive me, O, MAY." The strong man burst into tears. His frame shook with sobs, as if from his soul's inmost depths. MAY leaned her head against the trellis, faint with emotion. She asked guidance from above, but said not a word. Without raising his head, at last he spoke:—"MAY, have you left me?"

"No, JIMMY, I am here; but I'm sorry you have said these things. I could not return your affection even were you free." Her eyes grew earnest as she spoke. However much her wayward heart may have run after new idols, it was still true to its allegiance. She continued in firm tones, though low, "No, I can not. If I was unfaithful to him whom I've promised to marry, how could you trust me. But you've no right to ask another woman to love you. Yet I'm almost positive as to put you away. If you hold a place in my heart none other can ever fill. If you are ever weary of this world and its vain cares, come to me; bring your children, and in my home, as in my heart, you shall always have a home. I will marry the man I love, if we both live. I shall be to him a faithful and true wife. I shall love and cherish him; if need be, die for him."

There was no more to be said. They both knew how vain words were. But JIM told her of his trials, and she told him of Heaven, and Jesus, and His care for weak humanity, and urged him to be earnest and true to himself and to live for God. They talked no more of love; they laid that away as not only useless, but— The moon shone with unusual brilliancy through the vines and rested on sweet MAY BRINE's face almost like the Glory of Heaven. JAMES MILLER looked at her with a love almost reverence, and he thought no angel in Heaven could be more beautiful. And so MAY was glorified in JIM's eyes, and he was more of a man in her eyes. Perhaps, if MAY's betrothed had seen all her thoughts, and struggles, it would have shaken his faith some; but it need not have done so. She was like all other women, weak, yet strong in the hour of temptation. I don't pretend to say MAY loved this man, but she certainly gave him some affection, and I've no doubt but that she would do for him all she said she would. Her life and mine lie closely together, but this is a story of to-day, and time only can tell how these things will end.

JIM MILLER went away with a better purpose in his heart. He determined to take good care of his children, and to live for them, and the good will of gentle MAY BRINE. She is enshrined in his heart as his good angel, and he works with a will. The last he heard from him was about enlisting again to serve his country. God bless them both, and keep them, for they are both dear to me.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Answer in two weeks.

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

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 24, 7, 21, 10, 54 is a migratory band.

My 22, 13, 40, 37 is a short poem.

My 16, 1, 52, 33, 50, 9, 14, 21 is an animal which inhabits the northern part of Asia.

My 6, 46, 3, 36, 44, 17 is a slave.

My 19, 39, 52, 4, 44 is a part of a carriage.

My 24, 22, 13, 35, 21 is a species of duck.

My 13, 8, 11, 5 is a low carriage.

My 3, 10, 2, 39, 35, 22, 12 is a Hindoo priest.

My 46, 7, 20, 27, 23, 3 is a General in the Union army.

My 15, 23, 38, 1, 16, 33 is a part of a ship.

My 48, 53, 34 is a well known tree.

My 43, 49, 45, 37, 42, 3 is a branch of an animal's horn.

My 27, 30, 7, 44, 22, 49 is used in making porcelain.

My 18, 54, 51 is an evergreen tree.

My 29, 31, 47, 38, 46 is a county in Virginia.

My 20, 33, 3, 20, 49 is a man's name.

My whole is an old saying.

Riga, Monroe Co., N. Y. A. P. LITTLE.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. BIBLICAL RIDDLE.

In ancient days two boys were born

Of very strange relation,

Each of them became a king,

And father of a nation.

They were their grandfathers' only sons

Their aunts their real mothers,

Their sisters nursed them for their sons,

And yet they were their brothers;

They were cousins and nephews too,

Ye more, they each were brothers.

Port Byron, N. Y. R. H.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 782.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—G. Frauenberger, designer and engraver on wood, fifty-seven Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigmas:—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

Answer to Anagram:—Passing through life's field of action—Let us part before its end, Take within your modest volume This memento from your friend. Passing through it—may we ever Friends continue as begun:—And all death shall part us—never May our friendship cease to burp.

Answer to Anagrams of Birds:—Pigeon, Seagull, Catbird, Woodpecker, Bat, Robin, Wild Goose, Yellowbreast, Mockingbird, Pewee, Eagle, Crow, Hawk, Redbird.

For Coughs and Throat Disorders, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years.

I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, excepting to think yet better of that which I began thinking well of."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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I have known Hoofland's German Bitters favorably for a number of years. I have used them in my own family, and have been so pleased with their effects that I was induced to recommend them to many others, and know that they have operated in a strikingly beneficial manner. I take great pleasure in thus publicly proclaiming this fact, and in calling the attention of those afflicted with the diseases for which they are recommended, to these Bitters, knowing from experience that my recommendation will be sustained. I do this more cheerfully as Hoofland's Bitters is intended to benefit the afflicted, and is not a rum drink.

Yours truly, LEVI G. BECK.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, and Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice, in the use of the Bitters, and for encouragement to try them when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident restoration, in the degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired in regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN, Philadelphia.

From the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Pastor of the 10th Baptist Church.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have declined to do so; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually I do not see it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cause.

Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates Street, Philadelphia.

From Rev. Warren Randolph, Pastor of Baptist Church, Germantown, Penn.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—Personal experience enables me to say that I regard the German Bitters prepared by you as a very excellent medicine. In cases of severe cold and general debility I have been greatly benefited by the use of the Bitters, and doubt not they will produce similar effects on others.

Yours, truly, WARREN RANDOLPH, Germantown, Pa.

From Rev. J. H. Turner, Pastor of Hedding, M. E. Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—Having used your German Bitters in my family recently, I am pleased to say that it has been of great service. I believe that in most cases of general debility of the system it is the safest and most valuable remedy of which I have any knowledge.

Yours, respectfully, No. 726 N. Nineteenth Street, J. H. TURNER.

From the Rev. J. M. Lyons, formerly Pastor of the Columbus (New Jersey) and Milestone (Pa.) Baptist Churches. NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Dr. C. M. Jackson,—Dear Sir—I feel it a pleasure thus, of my own accord, to bear testimony to the excellence of the German Bitters. Some years since being much afflicted with Dyspepsia, I used your Bitters, and very beneficial results. I have often recommended them to persons afflicted by that tormenting disease, and have heard from them the most flattering testimonials as to their great value. In cases of general debility, I believe it to be a tonic that cannot be surpassed.

J. M. LYONS.

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