

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



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MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,  
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY  
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.  
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.  
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## AGRICULTURAL.

### THE GRASSES: AN ADDRESS AT THE CHAUTAUQUA CO. FAIR.

BY MAJ. HUGH T. BROOKS.

THE really good things of this world are neither dear-bought nor far-fetched. Our first and most imperative want is a little fresh air, which all can have, if nobody shuts it off. The blessed sunlight comes without our asking, and the only beverage that was never known to harm drops from the heavens above and springs from the earth below. Of all the products of this fair earth, what are worth the most cost the least. The precious food that gives health and strength, is more easily obtained than the luxuries that enervate and destroy. Our vices cost more than our virtues.

It is my purpose to speak to you to-day of that product of your soil which gives the largest returns for the smallest outlay; which ministers freely to your necessities, but receives little of your care; conforms to the greatest variety of circumstances, submits to the hardest conditions, and fills the largest measure of your wants. My subject is GRASS.

#### HOW THE GRASSES ARE DESCRIBED.

The true or natural grasses are described by botanists as plants with long, simple, narrow leaves, in two alternate rows, each leaf having many fine veins or lines running parallel with a central prominent vein or mid-rib, and a long sheath divided to the base, which seems to clasp the stem, or through which the stem passes; the stem, with very few exceptions, being hollow and closed at the nodes or joints. This you will see describes Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, millet, all of which belong to the grass family, designated by botanists as the order Gramineae, and subdivided into tribes, subtribes, genera, species and varieties.

The artificial grasses are such as are cultivated and used like grasses, but do not belong to that family, among which are clover, lucerne, and sainfoin; these belong to the pulse family, are designated as leguminous plants, and are extensively cultivated. It may excite surprise to learn that Indian corn is grass, while clover is not. The botanical divisions are indispensable in the study of plants. Botany should be taught in our common schools, and mastered by everybody. Botanical names, though often harder to speak than the common names, are such as scientific men have agreed upon the world over, while the common names have only a local significance; you will therefore without a sigh give up "Timothy" for "Phleum pratense!" It is of the utmost importance to our agriculture that the qualities and habits of our vegetable productions, from the majestic sycamore, to the tiny weed at the road-side, should be thoroughly understood. We have a good deal more to do in this world with quack-grass and Canada thistles, than with orion and the other stars.

#### A GOOD GRASS REGION.

I congratulate the farmers of Chautauqua Co., and I congratulate the farmers of our State, upon belonging to a good grass country. If I should commit some great crime I would not

ask for any severer punishment than to be banished to a region that could not grow grass well! It is scarcely possible to devise a system of husbandry that will keep up the fertility of the soil if grass is omitted. I shall now speak of grass in the common acceptance of that term. You cannot grow cattle on a large scale profitably in this country without grass for pastures and for feeding, and probably not in any other.

Cattle reared on the "soiling" system could not compete with cattle pastured upon cheap lands, for the labor in attending to them would cost too much. The Belgian proverb tells the real truth. No grass, no cattle; no cattle, no manure; no manure, no crops. I care not how fertile or apparently enduring are the plains of the West, or the savannas of the South, if they cannot furnish permanent pastures and grow grass profitably, sooner or later they are doomed to sterility. You have all heard of the worn out lands of New Jersey and the South;—I need not tell you that the attempt was made to farm those lands without grass, and I need not tell you that by the use of clover and the grasses they are now reviving those very lands. Grain crops are generally sent off and consumed abroad, and they take the best of the soil with them, while what is fed to cattle leaves its fragrance behind.

#### WHERE THE GRASSES FLOURISH.

Grass will grow where the temperature of the soil and the air is above the freezing point. The most rapid growth occurs when the atmosphere contains the most moisture, the soil also being quite moist, and the temperature from fifty-five to sixty degrees. These conditions occur with us oftentimes in April, May and June. It is well known, however, that the quality is inferior when the growth is most rapid. Grass will not grow well when the temperature is above sixty degrees, unless there is a great deal of moisture. In general greater heat is fatal to grass. It belongs emphatically to the temperate climates; extreme heat, or extreme cold, being alike fatal. The extreme cold in the northern parts of New England, Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, &c., is destructive of grass, unless protected by snow, while further north the best grasses have a very precarious existence. A large share of the American Union south of Pennsylvania and west of Ohio is unfavorable to grass, either from too great heat, or too little moisture, or because the soil is not sufficiently tenacious and retentive.

#### GRASSES OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.

Grasses suited to the southern and western portions of our country are growing there, but of inferior value—they do not make a uniform turf, beautiful and desirable like our own cultivated grasses; it is at least doubtful whether a permanent grass covering of the soil can be obtained in those regions. Their grasses approximate more the character of grains, and depend largely upon their seeds for their nutritive value. Indeed our best grains originated, to a large extent, in arid eastern climates, not unlike the south-western portions of our own country. These western grasses answer the demand of a sparse population, for when not fed or removed they remain in a dried state suitable for feeding through the warm weather and until the rainy season comes on again. FREMONT, speaking of these regions, says "their grazing capabilities are great, and in the indigenous grasses an element of individual wealth may be found. In fact the valuable grasses begin within one hundred and fifty miles of the Missouri frontier, and extend to the Pacific ocean. East of the Rocky Mountains, it is the short curly grass, on which the buffalo delights to feed (whence its name of buffalo grass,) and which is still good when dry and apparently dead. West of the mountains it is a larger growth, in clusters, and hence called bunch grass. This has a second or fall growth. Plains and mountains both exhibit them and I have seen good pasturage at an elevation of ten thousand feet. In this spontaneous product the trading or traveling caravans can find subsistence for their animals; and in military operations any number of cavalry may be moved, and any number of cattle may be driven, and thus men and horses supported on long expeditions, and even in winter in the sheltered situations."

Mr. FREMONT's account of what he saw was doubtless correct, but when he expresses a favorable opinion of the "grazing capabilities" of those regions I am inclined to accept his estimate with some allowance. It is very evident that grasses whose value depends mainly on their seeds are unsuited to systematic grazing, for

continuous cropping would destroy their seeds. Of course cattle, during the long dry season, must depend upon a previous growth reserved for them. This may answer the demands of a sparse population, but it constitutes a grazing region of moderate value. We should not forget that a very large section of our interior is of no account whatever for grazing purposes, it being essentially sterile.

#### BEST GRASS AND DAIRY REGIONS.

These considerations point unmistakably to your own section, as belonging to the favored grass region of America, and especially the great dairy region of America. A good dairy region must have an abundant supply of pure soft water, must have a cool or temperate climate, and must be able to supply an abundance of fresh feed, sweet and nutritious. A warm climate, a dry sandy soil, and long continuous drouths are fatal to the dairy interests.

The limestone sections of our State have hard water and are pronounced on high authority as unsuited to the making of butter, and being peculiarly adapted to grain, will, to a large extent, be devoted to its production. Much the larger portions of our State have all the requisites of a good dairy section—the soil is sufficiently tenacious and retentive, and though of moderate fertility, is supplied with essential elements, and may be for the most part readily drained. That essential requisite, moisture, is well furnished by heavy dews and frequent rains. Currents of wind from the neighborhood of the equator, turned northward by mountain ranges, come to us from the south-west freighted with equatorial vapors and supply this region with seasonable showers. Proximity to the lakes gives some additional moisture to our atmosphere, and by increasing the dews renders essential aid when other resources fail.

#### OF MANY VARIETIES, FEW ARE CULTIVATED.

It is not a little remarkable that so few grasses are cultivated by American farmers when the varieties are so numerous. FLINT in his excellent work on the grasses enumerates about two hundred and twenty-five varieties of the true grasses. And yet who ever heard of any body in these parts sowing more than three or four sorts. Timothy, clover, and perhaps red-top, are about all that are honored in that way. June grass and white clover are very common, but they come by chance. Not one half the farmers know any other kind by sight. It would be strange if all these other two hundred and odd sorts that I have alluded to were made in vain; indeed we know they were not. Each one of them doubtless has some quality fitting it for some specific place or purpose. We have the water-spear grass and the floating-meadow grass, and the fowl-meadow grass for marshes; we have the June grass, and wire grass, and orchard grass for dry hard land; the buffalo grass for the arid plains of the West, and I suppose the quack grass for soils liable to heave and such as are badly cut up by water, for nothing can get it out. Then there is the "beach grass," a special bequest to Cape Cod, that will send its roots ten feet down into the dry sand, and has been encouraged by the authorities to keep the Cape from blowing away.

#### LEARN MORE ABOUT THE GRASSES.

Farmers should acquire a knowledge of grasses, their individual peculiarities, adaptation to different soils, climates and circumstances, and their relative value for different kinds of farm stock. Our timothy or herds grass, was found growing wild in a swamp at Piscataqua, up in New Hampshire, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, and was taken over to England a hundred years since, just about the time that the British farmers first commenced the cultivation of the grasses, for they depended previous to that time upon their grain crops and the wild herbage of their marshes and dry lands. This timothy grass is unexcelled for hay in view of its adaptation to our climate and soils, its nutritive qualities, and abundant yield; still as a pasture grass it should seldom be sown alone. There are grasses which if mixed with it will make a more compact turf, will start earlier in the spring, while some will remain fresher during the summer heat, and some will better endure the heaving of the soil and the winter's cold in exposed positions. By a combination then you may secure valuable results. Red-top though well known is not by any means cultivated as extensively as it should be. The seed is not generally kept for sale by seedsmen, but it is left to make its own way in the world; like

unencouraged genius it is seldom heard from. Clover is appreciated, and as a fertilizer to be plowed under it is above all price—not very desirable for pasture, when cut early and saved well it makes the lambs rejoice and thrive exceedingly.

Blue-grass for fast horses, is worthy of the attention of fast men. I refer to our blue-grass, not the Kentucky blue-grass; it is exceedingly hardy, and so nutritious that a small bulk will suffice; it is therefore suited to road horses, liable to hard driving. Orchard grass is worthy of trial; it starts quick after being cut or cropped, does well in the shade, and cut early makes good hay. Without mentioning other varieties let me urge you to acquaint yourselves with them by observation, experiment and reading. "FLINT on the Grasses," is a work you will do well to consult.

#### GOOD CULTURE AND MANURE FOR GRASS.

I have intimated that the grasses are patient under abuse, and get a great deal of it! It is a shame it should be so. Nothing will better reward good culture. Grass will do something where other crops will do nothing, but manure and good cultivation meet with as favorable returns when bestowed upon grass as upon other crops. Few crops will bear as high manuring as grass—you can scarcely get your land too rich. It demands a great deal of moisture, and therefore the land should be deeply plowed and thoroughly pulverized before the grass-seed is sown, for this treatment insures a moist and desirable condition of the soil. A tun of hay taken from land, takes with it some 150 lbs. of mineral matter that must be put back again, or the productive capacity of the land is lessened. This mineral matter is best supplied by the application of plaster, lime, ashes and bone-dust, which should be regularly and systematically supplied. Barn-yard manure is also of the utmost importance to the grass crop, while muck, loam or any good soil applied evenly as a top-dressing, and a thorough dragging when the turf is compact, is abundantly rewarded by the increased yield.

Never lose any opportunity to irrigate your grass lands—as soon let your potatoes and pumpkins go down stream, as your surface-water and the brooks that you might detain and distribute over your meadows and pastures. In this way you can double and treble your grass products at a small expense, and thus get the means of fertilizing lands that cannot be flowed.

#### CONCLUDING SUGGESTIONS.

Be sure and put your meadows in a good condition for the mower; rid your pastures of logs and brush; plow thoroughly and re-seed where the grass is run out; plaster, surface-manure, and drag steep hill-sides; plant belts of timber to protect exposed positions; sow your timothy seed and red-top in August and September; never feed your meadows in winter or spring, and never feed any grass lands very close. Select varieties suited to sunshine and shade, to wet land and dry, to sand, muck, or clay, as occasion may require, adapting your varieties also to the kind of stock you keep, never forgetting that the most important branch of farming should no longer receive the least part of our attention.

#### GOLDEN RULES FOR POULTRY KEEPERS.—

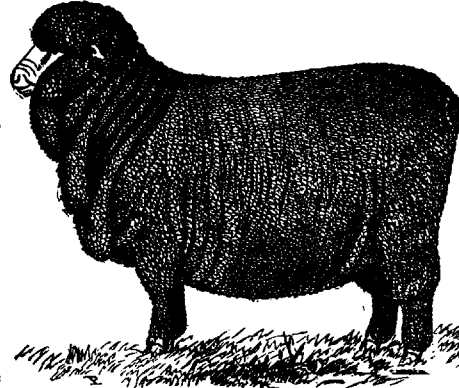
Saunders' Domestic Poultry gives these rules.—Never over feed. Never allow any food to lie about. Never feed from trough, pan, basin, or any vessel. Feed only when the birds will run after the feed, and not at all if they seem careless about it. Give adult fowls their liberty at day-break. Never purchase eggs for hatching purposes until a hen is ready to set. For seven or eight days before hatching, sprinkle the eggs with cold water while the hen is off. This will prevent the frequent complaint that the chicken was dead in the shell.

EARLY MILKING.—Cows should be milked early in the morning so that they can feed on the dewey grass. Two hours of such feed is worth as much as that of the rest of the day towards giving a good flow of milk. So wake up, boys, at father's rap on the partition wall, and hie to the yard with pail in hand, and have the cows in the pasture before anybody's else. Be sure and milk clean. A boy who will always milk clean will have a good recommendation of being faithful wherever he goes, and such a recommendation always goes a great way among business men. Thus saith the Maine Farmer.

## 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.



MR. BURGESS' "LITTLE QUEEN."

LOAN J. BURGESS, North Hoosick, New York, writes to us:—"Little Queen," now four years old, was bred by J. T. & V. RICH, Richville, Vt., and sold by them to J. L. BUTTOLPH, of whom I purchased her. She was got by Mr. HAMMOND'S "Sweepstakes," out of a pure Rich ewe, and is consequently half Infantsio and half Improved Paular. Her four fleeces have weighed, unwashed, 53 pounds; she has dropped four lambs and raised three of them—bringing this year twins by PEARCY & BURGESS' "Gold Mine." She received the first premium at the N. Y. State Fair in 1864, and was dam of the ram lamb which received the first premium at the State Fair, and which I sold on the ground for \$800.

My brother NAIRN J. BURGESS, Jr., and myself, as you will remember, bought Messrs. J. T. & V. RICH'S ewe lambs last fall, and added them to our flocks.

#### LEGISLATION AFFECTING WOOL GROWERS.

[The subjoined communication is from an eminent citizen of New York. We shall probably take occasion to comment on some of its positions hereafter.—Ed.]

H. S. RANDALL.—Sir: The conclusions of a correspondent of the Tribune, in the article re-published in the RURAL NEW YORKER of July 23d, that the price of wool ought to be 80¢ cents per pound, I fear will not soon be verified. It is true that the tariff which went into effect on the 1st of July, 1864, referred to by the writer of that article, was more favorable to the farmer than the act of 2d of March, 1861, yet the discrimination against the American wool grower and in favor of the American manufacturer is cruel and oppressive to the farmer, as all former tariff laws, with the exception of the act of 1846, have been.

I have been unable to find any report of the Treasury Department upon the subject of the Commerce and Navigation of the United States for the years 1864 and 1865. I have, however, been furnished with the following statement from the New York Custom House:

Imports of Wool into the Port of New York from the first of June, 1863, to the twentieth of August, 1865.

Year ending 30th June,	Quantity, Pounds.	Value, Dollars.
'64	58,974,774	3,908,787
'65	27,225,366	4,306,285
1st July to 20th August, '65	1,577,594	230,077
Total	87,777,734	14,387,712

If to this we add one-third for importations at other ports, it will make the whole amount of wool imported within the two years, one month and twenty days, 116,637,512 pounds, of the value of \$19,116,949. Doubtless the greater portion of this amount of wool was imported prior to the 1st of July, 1864. It was important for the manufacturers to obtain as large a supply as possible under the nominal duties imposed by the act of 2d of March, 1861—a supply for 1865, in part at least. The whole secret, therefore, of the depressed price of wool is attributable to the fact that the manufacturers of wools have supplied themselves with cheap foreign wool, and will continue to do so unless Congress shall materially modify the tariff laws. This is an important subject, and I trust I shall be excused if I refer briefly to the insidious



and vicious legislation which, from time to time, has oppressed the farmer and wool grower for the benefit of a small portion of our people. I do mean to discuss the question of a protective tariff. The American farmer has never asked for any protection excepting that which is legitimately incidental to a revenue tariff—and is he not as much entitled to this as the manufacturer? Why send the farmer into the markets of the world with his wool—compel him to compete at the seaboard with cargoes of wool from the plains of Buenos Ayres and the steppes of Russia, while the manufacturer of woolen cloths is protected by a high duty? The act of 1828, commonly called the Woolens Bill, was the first signal attempt on the part of the manufacturers to enrich themselves at the expense of the farmers. That act contained a provision very similar in effect to that contained in the present law. Slight specific and *ad valorem* duties were imposed upon cheap foreign wool. This provision in the act of 1828 was advocated on the ground that the production of wool in this country was not sufficient, and that it was necessary for the manufacturers to go abroad for a supply. Much testimony was taken before the Committee of the House of Representatives upon this point. In the debate upon the bill, the late SILLAS WRIGHT, one of the Committee, said: "One leading principle, however, which operated upon my mind in the formation of the present bill, is that it is not and cannot be the policy of this Government, or of this Congress, to turn the manufacturing capital of this country to the manufacture of a raw material of a foreign country, while we do or can produce the same material in sufficient quantities ourselves." Mr. W. then referred to the testimony taken before the Committee, and insisted that the United States and Territories under impartial legislation, would in all future time produce as much wool as we had then, or should thereafter have, capital to devote to the manufacture of this article. I believe this position will not, at this time, be seriously questioned. It is only necessary for our farmers to insist hereafter upon impartial legislation.

The great fraud intended to be perpetrated in 1828 was not fully consummated until after the passage of the act of 1832, which contained a provision that all wool, the value whereof, at the place of exportation, should not exceed eight cents per pound, should be imported free of any duty. I need not say that this act created wide-spread popular complaint on the part of consumers as well as by wool growers in the North and West, as well as in the South, and precipitated the nullification in South Carolina, which resulted in the memorable compromise measures of 1833. Those measures consisted of a Force Bill and a new Tariff Bill, both passed on the same day,—2d of March of that year. That tariff act declared that until the 30th day of June, 1842, the duties imposed by existing laws, as modified by that act, should remain and continue to be collected—that after that day all duties should be collected in ready money—abolished all credits, and declared that duties should be laid for "the purpose of raising such revenue as may be necessary to an economical administration of the Government," and should be assessed upon the value of the goods at the port where the same should be entered. This tariff compromise was swept away by the tariff act of the 30th of August, 1842. That act was simply a return to the prohibitory and protective system, attempted to be established prior to 1833. A nominal duty of five per cent. *ad valorem* was laid upon wool costing seven cents a pound at the place whence imported—on all other wool a specific duty of three cents upon the pound, and thirty per cent. *ad valorem*. A high duty was laid upon all manufactures of wool. The truth of history requires me to state that the passage of this act was *coerced* by one House of Congress against the other. The House of Representatives refused to pass the usual appropriation bills necessary for the very existence of the Government, unless the Senate would pass the tariff bill. Several members of the Senate, and among others the late SILLAS WRIGHT, who had voted against the bill when it first came up, were constrained to change their votes and go for the bill, "bad and loaded with defects as it was," in order to prevent the deplorable consequences which would have resulted by a failure to pass the appropriation bills. Comment upon the position then assumed by the manufacturing interest, is now unnecessary.

The tariff act of 30th July, 1846, is next in order. That act was passed by a clear majority of both Houses of Congress, without any conditions whatever. It imposed the same duty upon wool as upon woolen cloth, i. e., 30 per cent. *ad valorem*. It was a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection alike to all interests affected by it. As a revenue measure it was eminently successful. During the eleven years it was in existence it not only afforded ample means to defray the expenses of the Government, but nearly discharged the public debt, leaving but about \$27,000,000 due at the close of the administration of President PIERCE.

This brings us to the free wool movement of 1856-7, and to the passage of the tariff act of the 3d of March, 1857. A newspaper of large circulation in the city of New York, and which had uniformly advocated the protective policy of the manufacturers, informed the country in December, 1855, that "a very powerful and earnest effort is to be made at the ensuing session of Congress for the abolition of all duties on imported raw materials—of those materials wool is the most important." To show how "powerful and earnest" that movement was, it is only necessary to refer to the testimony taken before the Committee of the House of Representatives. This testimony will show that the very powerful and earnest movement to influence the legislation of Congress carried along with it bribery and corruption of the most infamous description. It appears from the report

of this Committee that the enormous sum of \$87,117 06 was expended by one woolen manufacturing company, that of LAWRENCE, STONE & Co., in Boston. How much of this sum was paid to influence the public press, how much to members of Congress, and how much to others, does not, in all cases, appear. It does appear, however, that one member of Congress was expelled for bribery, and several others reprimanded. It also appears that several editors of newspapers, in and out of the city of New York, received *douceurs* from one to five thousand dollars for advocating the free wool movement and publishing statistics. One witness testified that "STONE (of the house above mentioned) talked very large sums; that their interests were to be effected to an immense amount, and that he spoke of very large sums—MILLIONS OF DOLLARS." This came from an unwilling witness. But I can only refer the reader to the whole report, which will be found in the Congressional proceedings. I will state further, however, that there was not in the great city of New York a single newspaper of any considerable circulation, which opposed this free wool movement. Two leading newspapers in that city, which had long been distinguished for their opposition to all commercial restrictions, favored this movement, but admitted communications, *pro et con*, upon the subject. Had these papers, at the same time, advocated free woolen cloth, it would have been consistent with their former professions and relieved them from the imputation of having been influenced by a consideration. To relinquish the duty of 30 per cent. upon wool, while the same duty was retained on cloth, was equivalent to a bounty of 60 per cent. to the manufacturer at the expense of the farmer. The free trade was all one side.

After these references to our revenue laws, can it be doubted that the wool grower has been and still is the victim of invidious and vicious legislation?—that while he has been left to compete with the "pauper labor" of other countries and other climates, the manufacturer has been protected by a high duty as against such labor. Does the idea of patriotism and national independence counsel the farmer still further to submit to this course of legislation? I humbly submit that national independence, in case of foreign wars, embargoes and non-intercourse, would be placed upon a much firmer basis by a policy which would secure the growth of wool in every section of our country sufficient to clothe our whole population, than the partial policy which has prevailed in the past. Importing foreign cloth under an excessive tariff and at the same time importing foreign wool at the rate of 71,882,123 pounds a year, as we did in 1863, does not look much like national independence. AGRICOLA.

#### CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

**LINCOLNS.**—ALONZO HUBBARD, West Butler, N. Y., inquires about the weights of the carcasses and fleeces of improved Lincoln sheep. They are usually, we believe, larger than Leicester or Cotswolds, and yield from 8 to 10 lbs. of wool. Our friend, WILLIAM BREWER, whose P. O. address is Northport, Suffolk Co., N. Y., contemplated, a few months since, importing some Lincolns from England. Whether he has done so yet we are not advised; but we think he can furnish definite and perfectly reliable information in regard to that family of sheep as they now exist in England. We should be glad to hear from him on the subject for our columns.

**GRUBS IN SHEEP'S BACKS.**—We have just come upon a mislaid letter of MOSES SMITH of Castle, Wyoming, Co., N. Y., dated last February, in which he states that on two of his sheep have appeared small bunches containing grubs, in the same situation on the back in which they appear on cattle. One of the grubs is forwarded in a quill, but is so dried and shriveled that we cannot make out anything about it. It appears to have been about half an inch long, and of the size of a coarse knitting-needle. The appearance of such worms in sheep is very unusual, but not unprecedented.

**HINT TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We wish every person, and at least every stranger, writing to us would give the name of his State as well as his post office at the top of his letter. The post-mark on the envelope is frequently illegible, and when not so, its separation from the letter, before the latter is filed, often leaves us without any clew to the actual address of the writer.

### Communications, &c.

#### HORSES AND BREEDING.

**MR. MOORE:**—In your issue of September the 30th, you give a cut of the Suffolk Horse, together with a short sketch of that valuable breed. In the "fast-anchored isle" this class of horses is held in high repute for agricultural purposes, but as yet has commanded but little attention from agriculturists in this country. I have, however, seen several of this stock on exhibition at the Canada Fairs. At the Provincial Fair, which was held at Hamilton, last fall, I noticed one from Guelph, which for beauty and compactness was without a competitor on the grounds. They are held in high esteem there, and more particularly by the English farmers who have emigrated to the Province.

But my intention mainly in this hasty article is to call the attention of our farmers, and breeders of horses, to the necessity of greater attention to a feature of their business, than seems, from an attendance at our State Fairs, to be given to it. While there are a great many horses with fine points, exhibited at the State Fairs, but few are shown which combine or possess that combination of qualities which belongs to the Suffolk Punch, and makes them valuable as a horse of "all work." Perhaps the nearest approach to this class of horses, in this country, is the Morgan breed. This breed has long been a favorite in the Green Mountain State, but from crossing has almost become

extinct, even in that State. For all work the Morgans are or were decidedly superior to any breed of horses in this country. A friend of mine was the owner of one of this breed which came from Vermont, and as a horse for the farm and the road, I think I never saw his equal. I have known of his having been driven before a buggy with two persons in it, *sixty-four miles in eight hours*, and that fresh from the pasture. He was about 14½ hands high and weighed near 1,000 pounds, and was regarded as the best plow-horse in the township where he belonged.

From this stock of horses has grown the breed known as Black Hawks, a stock in great favor in Massachusetts. They are remarkable for style and speed, but of little value for the farm, being *too fine bred* for general work. Considerable attention has been paid by some of our gentleman farmers here to raising this class of horses. They are for the city, but of small worth, beyond the road, for the country. If bred for market, however, this class is perhaps as profitable as any of the fashionable stock of the day, although just now it is overshadowed by the "Hamiltonians," in the region of New York, and here by the "Royal Georges."

But to return. It now seems to be a settled fact that the Morgan breed, in its original purity, has become extinct. At least so it would appear from the proceedings of a Convention of Stock Raisers lately held in Vermont, where the perpetuation of the Morgans became a matter of especial consideration. If this is so, it shows the inattention of breeders to the importance of proper crossing. It is a fact that but few farmers, *very few*, exercise any judgment in this matter—generally selecting the *cheapest* horse without any thought of *suitability*. A proper cross for "all work" might be obtained with the French or Lower Canadian, if one could be assured of purity, as most of the mares now in use with our farmers are of the right character. A horse of the St. Lawrence stamp would answer well.

The "Royal Georges," now in so much favor here, as well as in Canada, are a fine stock of horses, and where the cross has been suitable, no better road-horses, for their age, can be shown in the country. With as good mares as are sent to Hamiltonian, I think equally as *fast* colts could have been raised from the FRIELD'S "Royal George." There are several stallion colts here and in the country, which are most promising, and they should be retained in this part of the State for service.

But I have made this article much longer than I at first intended. The main thing I wish to urge upon our farmers, is greater care in crossing, and with your permission I may refer to it again. H. MILLARD.  
Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1865.

### Rural Spirit of the Press.

#### Mutton the Meat for Farmers.

The cheapest meat for farmers is mutton. It may safely be said it costs nothing. The wool that is annually sheared from the body of every sheep, richly pays for its keeping. In this climate it costs less to keep sheep than at the North, on account of the shortness of our winters. Then there is the increase—an item of great importance. The increase is so much clear profit. From this increase the farmer can get all his meat for the year if he likes. Or he may save the lambs and take some of the older sheep in their places.

The pelt of the sheep, if killed for mutton, is also saved and sold, which is worth nearly as much as the sheep would sell for.

It is also the most convenient meat to have on hand. In the warmest weather a farmer can take care of one sheep after being killed, without letting it spoil. With beef this is not so easy.

One hand can kill and dress a sheep in an hour. It takes but little time or trouble to kill a sheep, not near so much as to kill and dress a hog or a beef. On account of convenience and economy, we say keep sheep and live upon mutton.

We have said nothing about its being the healthiest food. This is admitted. It needs no arguments or facts to prove it. It is true that pork is the chief meat of farmers. It is the unhealthiest of all, whether fresh or saturated with salt to preserve it sound.

Let every farmer keep sheep. They are the most profitable stock on a farm. The hog's back only yields bristles, while the sheep's yields downy wool. All that you feed to the hog is gone, unless you kill it, while the sheep will pay you for its keep with its fleece every year. The hog is a filthy, voracious animal—the sheep gentle as a dove and neat and cleanly.—*Rural World*.

#### The Dairy Interest.

The Prairie Farmer thus talks to its readers about dairying:—We know of no branch of farming that has of late paid better than that of the dairy, when properly conducted. It has been so both east and west, and from present appearances this state of things must continue. If the present cattle disease continues to prevail in England, we see no reason why the foreign demand for our dairy products must not materially increase. In view of both the past and the prospective future, we would earnestly urge our farmers to engage more liberally in cheese and butter making. The greatest objection urged against dairying formerly was the arduous labor that it brought upon the feminine portion of the household. This objection is obviated in districts where factories can be established. Let the west at least produce all that it needs for home consumption. It ought to do much more. Remember what the condensing milk firms say of the richness of western milk. The old idea that good dairy products cannot be produced in Illinois is an exploded one. Prairie farms are well adapted to the purpose. All that is needed is common prudence and skilled labor.

#### When to Commence Fattening Old Animals.

The best time to begin to fatten old animals is in the latter part of spring, or during the former part of summer. At that season of the year, everything is springing into new life. The nutritious grass, the warm and pleasant weather, the cheerful sunshine, and the cooling shade, all lend their influence in one harmonious combination, to revivify and promote the growth, not only of young and healthy animals, but those that have endured the pelting storms and pinching cold of many winters. At that season of the year, they begin to improve in flesh, even if their allowance of food is not as abundant as it ought to be.

The tender and nutritious grass imparts health and vigor to the animal system, and they commence secreting fat and flesh for future use. At such a time farmers should be active in aiding the work of building up the animal system, which has been commenced with renewed energy, by keeping such animals improving in flesh every day, until they are ready for the shambles. If they be allowed to stop improving, the proprietor must sustain a loss to a greater or less extent. In case an animal does not receive a full allowance of grass, it should be fed a few pounds of meal or oil-cake daily. A few pounds of meal fed at such a time will increase the amount of fat and flesh far beyond our highest expectations.

Although summer is a more favorable period to begin to fatten an old cow, old ox, or sheep, September is not a bad time. Old cows should be dried off at once, as they will not fatten much while giving milk. Then while warm weather continues, a cow or a bullock should be fed twice daily with meal, in addition to grass and good hay. Sheep should receive not less than one pound each daily of Indian corn and oats, or barley. If ground into meal, it will be much better than to feed it whole.—*W.*

#### A Poultry Report.

"OLD GRAY BEARD," Hunterton Co., N. J., writes to the American Agriculturist:—"I commenced keeping an account with my poultry Dec. 1st, having 11 hens and one cock. In Dec. I got 141 eggs, in Jan. 118, in Feb. 131, in March 192, in April 162, in May 136: 880 eggs in six months. At 2½ cts. apiece, the average price, 880 eggs would amount to \$22 00. I set one hen in April on 17 eggs; she hatched out 17 chickens on the 3d of May, and has them yet. All the feed has cost me \$3 60 for wheat screenings, at 60 cts. per bushel, and some lard scraps, valued at \$1. In Feb. I carelessly threw some fish brine into the poultry yard, and next morning one hen was dead from eating salt, another one so she could not walk. I poured sweet milk down her throat and she got well. Altogether my profits from my poultry have been over \$20 in six months. I have always wintered my poultry on corn, until last winter, and it has cost me a good deal more to winter them, and I never got near as many eggs as I did last winter, when they were fed on wheat screenings. I sometimes pound up oyster shells and bones for them, and have just a common wooden shed for them to live in winter.

#### Large Geese and Ducks.

At the late Birmingham (England) poultry show—said to have been "the greatest show ever seen"—the three first-prize white geese weighed 67 lbs.; those which took the second prize, 62 lbs.; and those which took the third, 58 lbs. Young geese of the same breed weighed 52 lbs. and 55 lbs., the trio. Of gray and mottled geese, the first prize lot of three weighed 77 lbs.; those which took the second prize, 75 lbs.; and those which took the third, 70 lbs. Young geese in the same class weighed 63 lbs. and 67 lbs., the trio. The three first prize Aylesbury ducks—a drake and two ducks—weighed 25 lbs.; those which took the second prize, 24½ lbs.; and those which took the third, 24½ lbs. The three first prize Rouen ducks weighed 22½ lbs.; and those which took the third, 22 lbs.

#### Grain Lifted by the Frost.

This is done only where there is water. The water becomes frozen, and thus enlarged, that is, it swells out—and as it cannot swell downward—it expands upward. The grain goes upward with it, unless it reaches with a smooth root below the action of the frost, and fastens itself to the under soil. This, however is rare. Wheat, grass, &c., are lifted—and as the soil settles, upon thawing, the plant, being lighter than the soil, is kept at the surface; its place below is closed up. Frequent freezings will thus throw out a plant entire. Where there is but little water, there is but little effect. In a well-drained, porous soil, there is no moisture to affect anything seriously. The lift is so slight, that, unless there is an unusually great amount of rain, with freezing and thawing, the result cannot be seen—and then it is not a serious thing.—*Rural World*.

#### Temper in Treating Stock.

The farmer's stock around him partakes more or less of the quality of the owner or those who attend upon it. A man's influence is imparted to his beasts, particularly the horses, the working cattle, and the milch cows. A man of irascible temper gets up nervousness in a horse or cow. The brute becomes afraid of him; and, if of a vicious nature, is apt to be hurtfully influenced, perhaps irreclaimably spoiled—whereas a mild-tempered, discriminative man will gradually smooth down the asperities of a harsh disposition. We have known milch-cows, wild as deers, brought to a placid tractability. The man is a superior—and his superior influence will be communicated. Wise stock-men keep fools and irritants out of their stock-yards.

KEEP your stock growing straight ahead. There is no economy in scrimping stock of any kind, especially young growing stock.

### Rural Notes and Items.

**PREPARE FOR WINTER!**—After a pleasant and unusually warm autumn, JACK FROST has visited us of the North, and the chill winds indicate that he will soon make a long call. Those who are not prepared for Winter, therefore, should at once bestir themselves and "make ready" to give the frigid monster a proper reception. There are a score of things which some farmers have yet to do to put their premises, themselves, their families and domestic animals in proper trim for the long season of hibernation. Many have crops yet unsecured—such as corn and potatoes; while neglect, procrastination or want of time find many more with a variety of necessary work, repairs, etc., about farm, garden and buildings, yet undone. All such must "hurry up" or they will be caught by the inexorable JACK, who waits no one's slow motion. If you would avoid cold toes and fingers while husking, digging, etc., secure the remnants of all outstanding crops at once. See that your dwelling and outbuildings, sheds, &c., are put in order. Have a care for the domestic animals—remembering that good care, feed and shelter are important, and economical, in late fall and early winter. Look out for good fuel and proper heating apparatus, that the wife and family may not only be comfortable, but, in consequence, good tempered. Attend to all these and many other things, now, not forgetting to look after the District Schools, or to provide suitable books and newspapers for study and perusal in the family circle during the season of long evenings and comparative leisure that is coming on apace. Thus doing you will "act well your part!"

**THE FIRST FROST** of the season, in this section, occurred on the night of the 18th, and that was not very heavy. Coming so late, JACK caused little damage, as most people were prepared for his arrival. Tests made with the Thermometer shortly after sunrise to determine the difference of temperature between a piece of lowland and a neighboring hill, showed 32 degrees on the flat, 34 on the summit, and 36 on the south-western face. One of our dairies suggests that a record kept in different localities, of temperature on frosty mornings, would be valuable in determining the best situations for grapes, peaches, &c.

**KANSAS VS. OHIO.**—HON. JAS. HANWAY, a practical farmer of Kansas, in answer to questions by the editor of the Kansas Farmer, says:—"Kansas will never make, I think, so productive a State as Ohio, because of the lack of rain. A man may tend one-third, or perhaps one-half more corn in Kansas than in Ohio, because the soil is lighter and richer, and more easily tilled. In one respect we have a decided advantage over Ohio; we can raise cattle one hundred per cent cheaper. Our yearling calves will weigh on an average as much as the two year old in Ohio. Ohio, I think, is better for corn and oats, and perhaps wheat. Potatoes, Hungarian grass and sorgho, have generally done well here. This year is a favorable one for most agricultural products. Grapes will be a profitable crop, I think; they certainly give promise of a healthy and vigorous growth."

**CULTURE OF ARTICHOKE AND SWEET POTATOES.**—Can you, or some of your subscribers, give me thro' the RURAL some hints in regard to the cultivation and propagation of the artichoke?—the best kind, if more than one, where the seed can be procured, and how saved? Perhaps at this time it would not be out of place to have a hint in regard to the cultivation of the sweet potato—and how to save the seed through winter. I cultivated them one year with admirable success in open garden, but bought the plants. How shall I raise the plants and not have the trouble of sending away for them, and then not know where to send? These matters may have been fully written upon in some previous year in your paper, but I know there are many now who take your paper that did not then, and I am one.—W. H. JOELLY, Independence, Iowa.

**SHEEP FOR VIRGINIA.**—HON. T. C. PETERS, Darien, N. Y., writes to the RURAL (Oct. 10), thus:—"It may be of interest to some of your Virginia readers to know that Mr. S. S. BRADFORD and J. E. FICKLER of Culpepper Co., Va., have lately started a flock of 1,500 fine sheep from this place for their residence. Mr. FICKLER is driving them, and has taken an entire new route, which will shorten the distance at least 100 miles. There is probably no part of the Union which offers such inducements to the sheep farmer as that part of Virginia. Say to our old Southern friends that we shall be most happy to see them among us again. The 'latch string' will always be out to all of them."

**MOVABLE COMB BEE-HIVES.**—In the RURAL of a late date we noticed an inquiry from C. D. in regard to movable comb bee-hives. When necessary to examine the interior of his hives it seems the frames must be lifted out at the top, and he finds difficulty in removing the first frame without bruising the comb and irritating the bees. We prefer a hive with a movable side, whereby the comb frames are removed laterally from the side of the hive, without injury to combs or bees. The American side-opening hive is of this class, and for convenience in managing is probably second to none in use.—H. A. KING & BRO., Nevada, Ohio.

**HOG CHOLERA IN THE WEST.**—The Prairie Farmer says it learns from several sources that this distinctive disease is again raging in many parts of the West, and adds:—"The amount of pork annually lost from this disease is immense, and would hardly be credited by those not well informed upon the subject. Altho' it has attracted the attention of medical men somewhat, yet none seem to have learned much concerning its cause or cure. It goes through a herd or neighborhood almost without check. Light is wanted."

**COTTON GROWING IN ILLINOIS AND INDIANA.**—A writer in the Tribune states that in fourteen of the southern counties of Illinois, and in a few in Indiana cotton is everywhere seen. Tens of thousands of refugees find constant employment. Capitalists from the North have large fields; every farmer planted; the amount is enormous. So far it looks well, and much better than for several years. The wet weather has caused a great growth; when the rain stops the balls will begin to open.

**TO EXTERMINATE PLANTAIN.**—Please say to M. that swine will thoroughly exterminate plantain. They prefer it to clover. Let him try it.—A., Johnson's Creek, N. Y.

**READ AND HEED.**—The Advertisements in this and late numbers of the RURAL, and also the interesting ones that will appear in early future issues. Many of them will be found reasonable and worthy of attention.

**DEFERRED.**—Several valuable articles, and some two columns of advertisements, are necessarily deferred.



HORTICULTURAL.

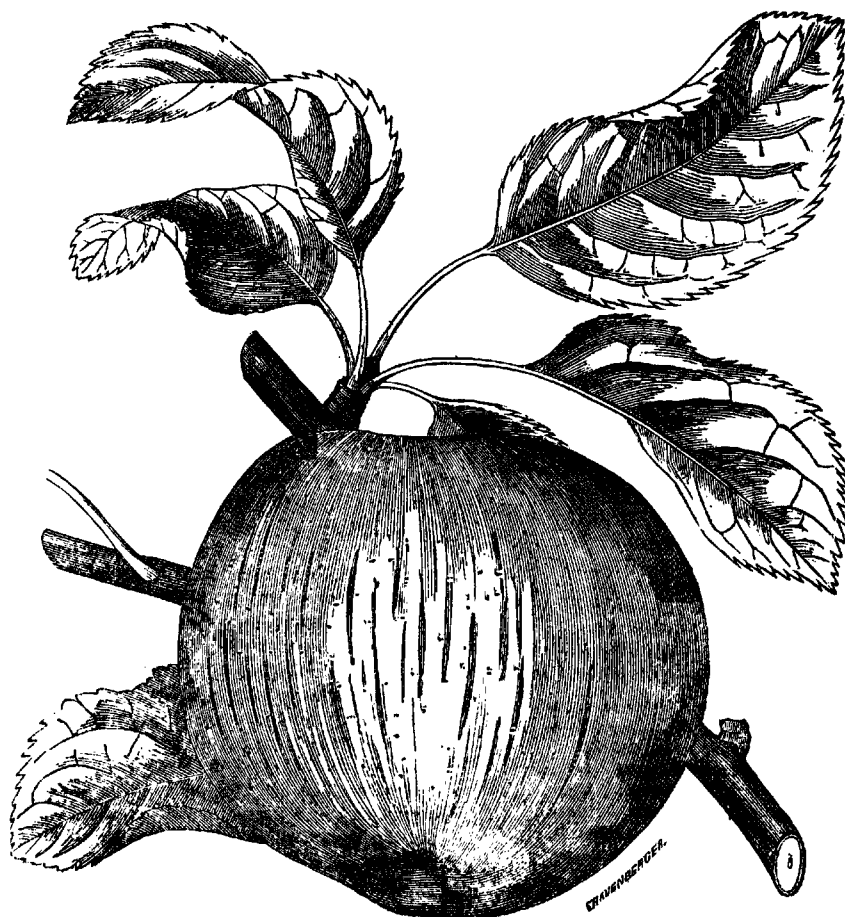
DEATH OF JOSEPH FROST.

JOSEPH FROST, of the firm of FROST & Co., Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, died very suddenly, of apoplexy, at St. Louis, Missouri, (whither he had gone on business,) on the 26th ultimo.

Though only 35 years of age at the time he was stricken down, our friend had long been a leading nurseryman, and for many years past the principal manager of the extensive establishment with which he was connected.

But the deceased was most loved and honored where and by whom he was best known—at home and among kindred and friends. Kind, affable and generous in every relation of life, JOSEPH FROST was a gentleman in its truest and highest sense.

ing, and thought they contained hints which might eventually assist in bringing us all to a haven of certainty. P. M. GOODWIN. Kingston, Pa., Oct. 10, 1865.



RED CANADA APPLE.

OUR engraving represents the Red Canada Apple—a favorite with many of our fruit-loving readers. The drawing was made for the RURAL a few years ago, and is a good representation of a fair or medium-sized specimen.

very productive, and of the quality of the fruit, where it succeeds, there is but one opinion, and that is that it is an excellent apple. Fruit medium, oblate, inclining to conic, slightly angular. Skin yellow, mostly shaded with deep red or crimson; somewhat striped or splashed on the sunny side, and thickly sprinkled with gray, and sometimes with greenish dots.

ing, and thought they contained hints which might eventually assist in bringing us all to a haven of certainty. P. M. GOODWIN. Kingston, Pa., Oct. 10, 1865.

CHICKORY—GRAPES—FRUIT STEALING.

FRIEND MOORE:—Can any of the RURAL's readers tell me how to prepare chickory for use as coffee? I have it growing in my garden, but don't know how to prepare it for use.

I have a seedling grape which I think is something nice. If you will be troubled with them I will send you some by express, if you will give us your opinion of them. [Send them on.]

I think that this locality will ripen grapes well on the west shore of Cayuga lake, sloping toward the east and south. I have Isabella grapes that are fully ripe, and the finest I ever saw. My seedling grape was ripe a month ago.

I bought seeds of GREGORY, last spring, and had the finest melon patch I ever saw; but on the night of the 5th of Sept., when my white grapes were just getting ripe, and my Allen's Superb and Long Persian looked splendidly, some sneaks came and utterly destroyed them, tearing up the vines, and smashing and destroying the melons. Now, what am I to do with them, if I can catch them? This is getting past endurance. Must we go without fruit because these sneaks steal and destroy it, or is there some law to put a stop to it? [A friend at our elbow suggests that, if neither law nor moral suasion will answer, you try what virtue there is in salt, applied through a musket!]

The crops in this section are very good, better than they have been for many years. You say you want to hear from your subscribers, whether they can write well or not, so please let the interest I take in your valuable paper be the excuse for this letter. JOHN WILLIS. Jacksonville, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Sept. 21, 1865.

FALL PLANTING.

My leisure time during the past summer was devoted to gardening. Like all persons engaged in new pursuits, I have some information to ask of those having more knowledge and experience on the subject than myself.

After my garden was plowed and planted in the spring, I observed potatoes, beets and other plants springing up promiscuously, evidently from seed that was left in the ground the fall previous and had remained there during the winter. I allowed some of the plants to remain. The potatoes ripened sooner than the same kind planted immediately after plowing. The same was true of the beets and other plants. The beets still remain in the ground, one of them measuring twenty-five inches in circumference.

These observations have suggested to my mind the question of Fall Planting. Are there not many seeds which, for early gardens, could be planted in the fall? If so, what seeds?—when should they be planted, and at what depth? I do not remember to have met with a discussion of this special subject, and therefore ask information from those having some practical knowledge on the subject. E. M. C.

BEDDING PLANTS.—Make cuttings if not already done, and take up such old plants as it is desired to keep over winter. Fuchsias, Lantanas, etc., do well in a cellar, if kept rather dry.

GRAPE WINE MAKING.

Dr. J. B. MOTIER of Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the most experienced and successful of American Wine Makers gives the following process: "In order to make good wine, it is necessary to have a good cellar, clean casks, press, etc. First of all, have your grapes well ripened; gather them in dry weather, and pick out carefully all the unripe berries, and all the dried and damaged ones; then mash and grind them with a mill, if you have a proper mill for the purpose. Be careful not to set your mill so close as to mash the seed, for they will give a bad taste to the wine. If you wish to have wine of a rose color, let the grapes remain in a large tub a few hours, before pressing them. The longer time you leave the grapes without pressing, after they are mashed, the more color the wine will have. For pressing the grapes, any press will answer, provided it is kept clean and sweet. After you have collected the must in a clean tub from the press, have it transferred into the cask in the cellar. Fill the cask within 10 inches of the bung; then place one end of a siphon, made for that purpose, in the bung, and fix it air tight; the other end must be placed in a bucket containing cold water. The gas then passes off from the cask without the air coming in contact with the wine, which would destroy the fine grape flavor, which makes our Catawba so celebrated. When properly made, the must will undergo fermentation. Keep the end of the siphon that is in the water full four inches deep, so as to exclude air from the wine. When it has fermented, which will be in fifteen days, fill the cask with the same kind of wine, and bung it loosely for one week; then make it tight. Nothing more is needed till it is clear, which if all is right, will be in January or February next. Then, if perfectly clear rack it off into another cask, and bung it up tightly till wanted. If the wine remains in the cask till fall—about November—it will improve by racking again. Be sure to always have sweet, clean casks. Do not burn too much brimstone in the cask. I have seen much wine injured by excessive use of brimstone—generally by new beginners. For my part I make little use of it. You can make different qualities of wine with the same grape, by separating the different runs of the same pressing. The first run is the finest, if you want to make use of it the first season; but it will not keep long without losing its fine qualities. To make good, sound wine, that will improve by age, the plan is to mix all up together. The very last run will make it rough, but it will have better body and better flavor when two or three years old, and will improve for a number of years. The first run will not be good after two or three years. I have fully tested the different ways of making and keeping wine these last twenty-five years."

ing, and thought they contained hints which might eventually assist in bringing us all to a haven of certainty. P. M. GOODWIN. Kingston, Pa., Oct. 10, 1865.

REMEDY FOR BARK LICE.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer gives the following remedy for the destruction of the bark louse.—I have used, with marked benefit, a compound wash, and if you will place it before your readers in the Farmer, I think you will confer a lasting benefit upon the fruit-growers of the West. I use Soft Soap, 1 gallon Water, 1 " Sal Ammoniac, 1 pound Sulphur, 1 "

Mix and wash the trees and limbs in the Spring and Fall. It will also prevent depredations by rabbits. Keep the earth loose around the roots.

FRUITS, &c., IN NEW YORK.

The following is the list of prices for fruit, &c., in the New York market, for the week ending Oct. 12th:

Table listing prices for various fruits like Apples, Peaches, Grapes, etc. in New York market.

Table listing prices for various vegetables like Irish Potatoes, Sweet potatoes, Onions, etc.

Table listing prices for various beans and peas like Kidney beans, Marrows, etc.

Table listing prices for various onions and pumpkins like Red onions, White onions, etc.

Table listing prices for various beans and peas like Kidney beans, Marrows, etc.

PROFESSOR NYCE'S FRUIT-HOUSE

In a preceding volume we gave some account of Prof. Nyc's mode of preserving fruit, at that time just put into operation. This mode has now had the test of two years, and it proves to be all that was predicted by the originator. Various fruits, particularly apples and grapes, are kept in the most perfect condition from six to nine months. In May last we had the opportunity of tasting some Catawba grapes, which came from Mr. Nyc's fruit-house at Cleveland, and on the 29th of July, Mr. Williams Wales of Rochester, who visited Cleveland, brought home fine specimens of the same grape, and three or four varieties of apples, which he sent to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for exhibition, and which were in a fine state of preservation, the Catawba plump and fine retaining its rich aroma, and the apples sound, crisp, and nearly as good as when gathered from the tree. We think we may safely say it is the only plan yet originated, which is capable of being made available, at a moderate expense, on a large scale. We shall allude to it again in another number.—Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES.

CODFISH BALLS.—Cut up your fish in small pieces and soak in warm water until fresh. Pare and boil some potatoes, mash fine; take two-thirds fish, one-third of potatoes, mix well together; season with pepper and a little butter; make them in balls, roll in flour and then fry in butter until brown, and you will have a dish that every lover of fish will call delicious.—HELENA, Bath, N. Y.

CRACKER PIE.—Take 3 Boston crackers, split them and pour 1 teacupful of boiling hot water over them, 1 teacupful of raisins chopped, 1 do. sugar, 2 do. molasses, 1 do. vinegar, 1 teacupful of cloves, 1 do. cinnamon, 1 do. allspice, 1 do. pepper, and a little salt. This makes 2 pies, and is equal to mince. Well, what next! Baked between two crusts, and should be eaten while fresh.—LUCIE M., Rochester, N. Y., 1865.

POOR MAN'S CAKE.—One egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 do. sweet milk, 2 do. flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 do. cream tartar.

SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, 1 cup of white sugar, 1 do. flour, half teaspoon soda, 1 do. of cream tartar.

RAILROAD CAKE.—Four eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 do. sweet milk, half teaspoon soda, 1 do. cream tartar, and flavor with lemon.—DORA, Avon, 1865.

RICE PUDDING.—Wash a large cup full of rice, place over the fire in a skillet with a pint of cold water, simmer gently till water is all absorbed, add to it three pints cold sweet milk, teaspoon salt, two eggs and large cup sugar, well beaten, or two tablespoons sour cream without eggs, a little nutmeg; bake one hour. When eggs are used a small piece of butter is quite an addition.—O. S. C.

HOW TO ROAST BEEF.—Will you, or some of the RURAL readers, be so kind as to give instructions for roasting beef, as we find it at first-class Hotels, or served by tip-top cooks.—A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, Paxton, Ill.

DRIED APPLES.—Apples should be dried as soon as possible after they are cut, to have them light colored; stoves and kilns should be used in preference to putting them out on the scaffolds to run their chances for rain or sunshine; and as soon as dried they should be boxed up tight, to keep them from the insects which deposit their eggs among them and produce the worms which spoil so many of them.

In this way they may be kept for years with perfect safety. Some time ago, while purchasing a lot of dried fruit, we discovered small pieces of sassafras bark mixed among it, and upon inquiry, we were informed that it was a preventive against the worms. It is said that dried fruit put away with a little bark (say a large handful to the bushel,) will save for years unmolested by those troublesome little insects, which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a single season. The remedy is cheap and simple, and we venture to say a good one.—Maryland Farmer.

CHEAP CIDER VINEGAR.—Take the water in which dried apples are washed and soaked, and after carefully straining put in a vessel; add a pound of sugar, or its equivalent in molasses. Put in a piece of brown paper and set where warm. In a few weeks you will have good cider vinegar. More sugar will improve it. The vinegar will also be better the more concentrated the cider is. The strongest vinegar is made from boiled cider.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Take a large fresh cabbage and cut out the heart. Fill the place with stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine, and highly seasoned, rolled into balls with yolk of egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. It makes a very delicious dish, and is often used for using small pieces of cold meat.

Special Notices.

NEW QUARTER—A TRIAL TRIP.

The last quarter of our present volume begins this week—a favorable time for renewals, or for new subscriptions to commence. Subscribers whose terms expired last week will find the No. of the paper (No. 819) printed after their names on address labels. We trust all such will promptly renew, and also bring new recruits to swell the ranks of the RURAL Brigade.

In order to introduce the RURAL to more general notice and support, and give non-subscribers an opportunity to test its merits by a three months' reading, we propose to and do hereby offer the 13 numbers of the present Quarter, (Oct. to Jan.) EXTRA, at only 50 cents. Will our friends everywhere advise their friends of this offer? Many thousands would no doubt gladly avail themselves of it if notified or invited to subscribe. Reader, please do us and your neighbors the favor to talk to them on the subject. Who steps aboard the good ship RURAL for a Trial Trip? We can accommodate thousands, and it will benefit rather than discommode regular passengers. October 7.

For Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is sure to cure them.

CANCERS CURED.

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## Ladies' Department.

## DREAMING.

BY PHOENIX CARY.

Her skies of whom I sing, are hung  
With sad clouds, dropping saddest tears;  
Yet some white days, like pearls, are strung  
Upon the dark thread of her years.

And as remembrance turns to slip  
Through fingers fond her treasures rare,  
Ever her thankful heart and lip  
Run over into song and prayer.

With joys more exquisite and deep  
Than her's she knows this good world teems,  
Yet only asks that she may keep  
The harmless luxury of dreams.

Thankful that, though her life has lost  
The best it hoped, the best it willed,  
Her sweetest dream has not been crossed,  
Or worse—but only half fulfilled.

And that beside her still, to wile  
Her thought from sad and sober truth,  
Are hope and fancy, all the while  
Feeding her heart's eternal youth.

And who shall say that they who close  
Their eyes to hope and fancy's beams,  
Are living truer lives than those,  
The dreamers, who believe their dreams!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

## EXPERIENCES WHICH ARE SELDOM CONFESSED.

BY EUGENIA STANLEY.

AWAY from the busy cares of domestic life, from all the noise and turmoil of my children, I wandered, solitary and thoughtful. Oh! what a delicious feeling! All the cares and perplexities, the toll and trouble left behind at the house, where I had been busy all that long, hot day. God forgive me, but it had been such a day of trials to me! I had not felt well, and my temper, never one of the best, had been sorely tried. It was so hard to live in this stern, unromantic way; never a moment from oneweek's end to another, that I could call my own, to read or dream; no time for books or music. I must work in the hot, odorous kitchen from morning until noon, and after my hands had cooked the dinner, I must wash the dishes, clean the knives, sweep, dust, wash, iron and make beds. I must then mend and make, patch and darn. The children also must be attended to; they must be kept neat and tidy. And these two hands must do it all!

Where was the "Poetry" of such a life? Love in a cottage may be very well to read about, or nice to encounter, if the cottage happen to be a two-story one with all the modern improvements; with wide, pleasant verandas, green blinds and a variety of elegant furniture; a library and plenty of leisure to read; with flowers, and birds; servants to run at your bidding, and money enough to keep up such a state of things. But life in a little brown cottage, scarcely large enough for a play-house, was a very different affair, let me tell you, kind reader;—a wee bit of a cottage whose kitchen served for dining and sitting-room, and the parlor scarcely larger than a bed-room, furnished with a rag carpet, a seven by nine looking-glass, rude wooden chairs, and one corner sacred to the occupancy of the "spare bed." Yes, this was quite a different life.

As I walked along, thinking how hard was my lot, thinking how faded and worn I was getting to be, how rough and brown my hands were, I know I had some bitter reflections and harsh and ungrateful feelings. God help me! in the darkness and blindness of my proud, resentful heart, I entertained rebellious feelings and revengeful thoughts against my noble, self-denying husband. I blamed him that I could not live in luxurious idleness. The soft blue sky, the joyous notes of the birds, the rippling of the brook—all the purity and gladness of that summer afternoon were unheeded by me. I might as well have been deaf and blind, been bereft of all my senses, for all the pleasure afforded me by these lovely sights and sounds.

Seated at length beneath a tree, I reviewed my conduct, comparing it with that of my noble, patient husband, and I asked myself why I was not like him; why, when he had so many discouragements, so many hours of hard, unremitting toil, he was not ill-tempered, as I was; how it was that he always greeted me with smiles and loving words, in return for my grumbling, fretting and ill-humor; why he was never cross, never met me with bitter upbraidings, as too many men would have done, and which I owned now I deserved; why he never was impatient with the children, as I was, oh! so often;—and I thought of poor NELLIE; how her lip had quivered, and the great brown eyes filled with tears that very morning when I shook her! Ah! what was the difference! I studied long on this question, and the answer was made clear as noonday to my heart. It was this:—"Your husband loves God; and, loving Him, strives to honor Him, serve Him and glorify Him, by a life of patient self-denial, by meekness, by good works, and above all by being contented with the station in life in which God has placed him.

I walked home, determined to go and do likewise.

A SAMPLE of the fall style of bonnets which has arrived in New York from Paris is described as an awkward, unattractive, coal-scuttle shaped affair, possessing no commendable feature whatever.

A SOMEWHAT juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball, "Don't you think my moustaches are becoming, Miss?" To which she replied, "Well, sir, they may be coming, but they have not yet arrived."

## WOMAN'S TRUE BEAUTY.

"I WAS glad to have it in my power to do anything my husband wanted me to do," was the beautiful reply of a wife, long married, of wealth and position, when I asked her why, by over-taxing herself, she had induced great bodily suffering.

A man was terribly injured; a muslin bandage was essential to his safety; it was not at hand, and there was no time to run for it. A young woman present disappeared, and returned the next minute with the requisite article taken from her under garment, and the poor soldier's life was saved.

"My dear wife, I am hopelessly bankrupt," said a merchant when he entered his fine mansion, at the close of a day, all fruitless in his endeavors to save himself when men were crashing around him in every direction. "Tell me the particulars, dearest," said his wife calmly. On hearing them and his wants to save himself, "Is that all?" and absenting herself a moment, she returned with a book, from between the leaves of which she took out bank-note after bank-note, until enough was counted to fully meet all her husband's requirements. "This," said she, in reply to his mingled look of admiration and astonishment, "is what I have saved for such a possible day as this, from your princely allowance for dressing myself, since we were married."

If every mother made it her ambition to mould her daughter's heart in forms like these, who shall deny that many a suicide would be prevented; that many a noble-hearted man would be saved from a life of abandonment or a drunkard's dreadful death, and many families prevented being thrown upon society in destitution and helplessness, to furnish inmates for the jail, poor-house, the asylum and the hospital?

## FAMOUS LADY.

G. A. SALA, in Temple Bar, speaks thus of the repudiated wife of Joseph Bonaparte:

There was living, a year ago, and there may be living still, in the fair city of Baltimore, an old lady originally designated "the madam;" her age prodigious, her form bent double, her attire curiously antiquated in its fashion, yet still retaining in her faded feature something of the sparkle of by-gone comeliness, yet still in her tottering gait a trace of the elasticity of youth. This was once the beautiful Miss Patterson, the American, who became the bride of the heartless, worthless, and dissolute scamp, Jerome Bonaparte, some time King of Westphalia; and who, but for the selfish politeness of her husband, and the ruthless ambition of her imperial brother-in-law, might have been at this day mistress of the Palais Royal. Enveloped in a black silk calash, put together by some mantua-maker of the year one, and leaning on a crutch, the old lady might be seen any day in the streets of the Monumental City; and people would make way for her and doff their hats, as though around that decrepit form there still hung some perfume of the imperial purple to which she had been transitorially allied.

## ALGERINE WOMEN.

You can see nothing of Sultana Scheherazade's face but her eyes. The upper half comes well down over her temples; then you have a pair of big, black, sloe-like orbs, the lids so prolonged that they almost meet, or are darkened at least with kohl till they seem to join. The rest of the face is hidden by a handkerchief tied tightly behind. Some Arab ladies are said coquettishly to make use, as a veil, of a handkerchief so transparent that their features can be perfectly well discerned beneath; but with the vast majority of Sultanas I have seen to day the gauze mask has been a reality, and the concealment effectual. It may be regarded as a beautiful dispensation of Providence for promoting out door equality among the ladies. A pretty woman may let the passers-by know even through her veil, that she is comely; but a homely woman is, through the merciful interposition of the knotted handkerchief, enabled altogether to hide her ill-favoredness.—G. Augustus Sala.

## INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

A NEWPORT correspondent of the New York Evening Post announces the death on the 15th inst., of Julia Montandvert, widow of the gallant Lawrence, who sailed out of Boston harbor fifty-two years ago on the 1st of June, to fight the British frigate Shannon. He died in Halifax of the fatal wound received on that occasion four days after the capture of his vessel. The intelligence was concealed from his wife, who was in feeble health, until September. She had lived in a pleasant cottage in Newport for many years. Just before her death she requested an attendant to read aloud a little memoir of her husband; as if feeling the powers of her mind falling she desired to renew in memory every incident of his brief but brilliant career. Too feeble to listen to the whole, she requested that the leaf should be turned down and the remainder read next day. A few hours after she was struck with paralysis, and never spoke again.

WHEN a man marries a widow he is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should, of course, give up the weed for her.

EDITH WHEATLEY, daughter of Nathaniel Wheatley, of Brookfield, Vt., is what we call a "smart" girl, though but fifteen years of age. She has this season raked 100 tons of hay, and while guiding the rake she quietly pursued her knitting.

## Choice Miscellany.

## THE APPLE TREE IN THE LANE.

It stood close by where on leathern hinge  
The gate swung back from the grassy lane;  
Where the cows came home when the dusky eve  
Its mantle threw o'er hill and plain.  
Its branches knotty and gnarled by time,  
Waved to and fro in the idle breeze,  
When the spring days wove a blushing crown  
Of blossoms bright for the apple trees.

Its shadow fell o'er the crystal stream  
That all the long, bright summer days,  
Like a silver thread, 'mid the waving grass,  
Reflected back the golden rays  
Of the noonday sun, that madly strove  
To drink the fount of the brooklet dry;  
But the light clouds showered tear-drops down  
Till the glad brook laughed as it glided by.

Never were the apples half so sweet,  
Golden russet striped with red,  
As these that fell on the yielding turf  
When she shook the branches overhead.  
A trying-place for youthful friends  
Was the apple-tree in the days of yore,  
And oft we've sat beneath its shade  
And talked bright dreams of the future o'er.

And when the warm October sun  
Shone on the maple's scarlet robe,  
We gathered apples sound and fair,  
And round as our own mystic globe.  
The stately hemlock crowns the hill,  
The dark pines rise above the plain—  
But the one we prize far more than they  
Is the apple-tree in the pasture lane.

Long years have passed, and cows no more  
Come home at night through the grassy lane;  
Where the gate swung back on leathern hinge,  
I stand and gaze on the far-off plain.  
No more we list to the music low  
Of the crystal stream as it ripples on,  
And the apple tree in the pasture lane  
Is but a dream of the days by-gone.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

## "NOMINATE YOUR POISON."

BY W. R. F.

I AM glad to see that the "Temperance Reform," having been almost entirely quiescent in our country during the absorbing excitements of the Rebellion, is once more asserting itself, and promises to become one of the leading movements of the day. The prevalence of intemperance among us is truly alarming, and there is no doubt that the American people are already the most reckless tipplers on the face of the earth. The vice seems to become more fashionable as intoxicating beverages become more poisonous. Even the ladies, we are told, are catching the infection, and a toletable is said to be incomplete, unless among the delicate bottles containing perfumes and cosmetics there are one or two tiny decanters filled with something to dispel the head-ache, the "blines," *et cetera*. "Society," too, patronizes the habit, and those vile and deadly chemical compounds which pass under the names of whiskey, brandy, &c., are freely provided at dinners, and parties, and weddings, and receptions; and to such an extent is this the case, that if a young fellow gets through the ceremony of an evening call without being invited to "take something" he considers it rather "slow!" In fact, "drinking" is quite a social accomplishment with us, as it was in Scottish society fifty years ago; where, as Dean RAMSAY tells us, young men were taught at home "to stand" a fabulous quantity of liquor in order that, at convivial entertainments, they might not disgrace their friends by being the first to slip under the table. The position of American society upon the question of "drinking" may be summed up thus: it favors indulgence, but rather frowns upon excess; so that young ladies who consider the occasional "social glass," as it is called, "quite the thing," very inconsistently shudder at the notion of uniting their destinies for life with a drunkard. We carry this habit of tipping even into our business relations. The almost inevitable preliminary of trade negotiations is "something to take;" and when the terms of a bargain are settled upon, the parties "ratify" with another drink. Tipping, too, is a friendly ceremony. When old acquaintance meet, they find no better way to express the pleasure they experience at seeing one another than by looking at each other through the bottom of a glass; and when they are on the point of parting they repeat this interesting experiment. Again, we drink to express our emotions. When a child is born, or any other happy event takes place, the acquaintance of the persons more immediately interested, celebrate the auspicious occasion with a "smile;" and when one is overwhelmed with sorrow, nothing is more common than to see him attempt to drown his troubles in spirituous liquors. Aside from these popular uses of alcoholic beverages, great quantities of liquor are consumed for its supposed sanitary and medicinal qualities. It is regularly prescribed by physicians for almost every disease and complaint that "flesh is heir to." It is taken in the morning as a tonic; before meals to sharpen the appetite; after eating to assist digestion; and just before retiring as a "night-cap." In short, there is hardly an occurrence in our daily lives when some more or less plausible excuse cannot be manufactured for offering a libation on the altar of this modern MOLOCH, among whose countless human sacrifices may be found to-day some of the best brain and sinew of the land.

A distinctive feature of American tipping, is the habit of drinking at a "bar." In no other country is there anything which, either in the character of its appointments or the fatal nature of its attractions, can for a moment compare with the American "bar." The better classes of the English and French confine their drinking to the table, when the cloth is removed, and

after the business of the day is over. Even the German, who is an inordinate drinker, deliberately quaffs his beer and light wines with a party of friends around the festive board. But the American has no time to tarry. He takes a "stand-up" drink, pouring the fiery poison down his throat with feverish haste, then "cuts and comes again," as often as the exigencies of his business cares will permit. Incidental to this American system of "bar"-drinking, is a most pernicious custom of "treating." Practically, it consists in drinking not to quench thirst, but to manifest one's generosity. Thus, a friend asks us what we will "take," and we drink with him; the next time we meet him, we invite him to "imbibe," and he drinks with us; so that in the long run the practice amounts to just this—that he pays for our drinks and we pay for his. Now as it is considered shabby to drink alone, and as every man is on the look-out for some one to indulge with him in "a friendly glass," it so happens that if you meet many acquaintance during the day, somebody is pretty sure to go to bed that night intoxicated. This custom of "treating" is held in such esteem that many men, rather than forego the pleasure of inviting others to drink with them, will keep their families suffering in deprivation of the necessities of life; and young men who are kept on a "short allowance" of pocket money at home or are living away from home on limited salaries, will flitch from their parents or employers rather than deny themselves this delightful privilege. And to reward this personal sacrifice for the benefit of others, what villainous compounds are dealt out over that "bar." The presiding demon—in other words, the "bartender"—must be a chemist of no mean pretensions; for, given certain crude and disgusting poisons, it is his duty to make palatable beverages of them. We have heard it asserted, and we believe the statement, that there are six hundred distinctive American "drinks;" and most of these, however sweet upon the tongues which have become inured to them, would instantly upset the economy of any well-ordered stomach. What a fearful apprenticeship young men have to serve before they can swallow these nauseous potions with even tolerable composure! Alas! the wry faces that are made over whiskey, and the gingerly manner in which "Old Holland," is first tasted, and the terrible ruminations awakened by an incipient swallow of rum!

I will not be betrayed into delivering a temperance lecture. I hope I am old enough to know better—wise enough to understand the utter intillity of it. But I would like to ask those who have tried the experiment, whether they have found the outlay in money, health and morals involved in keeping up this silly custom of "treating," remunerative? To speak figuratively, the contents of many a well-filled pocket are diurnally emptied into the stomach; and beyond maternal head-aches, disordered nerves, impaired health, loss of self-respect, weakened moral, physical and intellectual forces and damaged prospects, what has been gained? Young man, does the process pay?

## AFRICAN PROVERBS.

In a book recently issued in England by Capt. Burton, the African traveler, under the name of "Wit and Wisdom from Western Africa," there are given numerous specimens of African proverbs, that prove "Our African Brother" to have as large a fund of native wisdom and humor as our own ancestors from more northern climes. For instance:

"If it is dark all men are black." "When gold comes near you it glistens." "Hold a true friend with both thy hands." "If you can pull out, pull out your own gray hairs." "String on string will blind even a leopard." "Thou wilt serve seventeen masters." "No sleep, no dream." "A tree which has no fork is hard to climb."—(Divide et impera.) "No one gives a pig to a hyena to keep." "Hunger spoils love." "The evil doer is anxious." "I almost killed the bird; but no one can eat 'almost' in a stew." "Whoever wants me as I am, is content." "The face of water is beautiful, but it is not good to sleep on it." "Clear water is not wanted for quenching fire." "Two crocodiles do not live in one hole." "You cannot shave a man's head in his absence." "At the bottom of patience there is Heaven." "If a woman speaks two words, take one and leave the other."

## GOOD NATURE.

GOOD nature is one of the best things in the possession of man. When it is constitutional, it is invaluable. How many evils it bears—and hence avoids them, and their consequences. But good nature may be cultivated. The most is to begin. Perseverance will soon get up a habit—and then the thing is easy. A good-natured man has few enemies, from necessity; and to have enemies is not only dangerous, but very uncomfortable. Good nature is Christianity, the best of things among men, as all the wise men of the world, and the greatest of them, have advocated. To cultivate good nature is to cultivate Christianity. Ah! how unwise we are not to heed this thing. Not that we do not know it; but it is so hard to mortify self; it is so hard to suffer in order to get good. It is however the way. We must work if we would succeed, if we would become eminent. And in the great improvement of the age, this is one of the things that must keep pace—the cultivation of a good heart—good nature.

FRUGALITY is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality.—W. Penn.

## Sabbath Musings.

## A LITTLE WHILE.

"WHAT is this that he saith, A little while?"  
JOHN XVI. 18.

Oh! for the peace which floweth as a river,  
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;  
Oh! for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright "forever,"  
Amid the shadows of Earth's "little while."

A little while for patient vigil keeping  
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;  
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

A little while to wear the garb of sadness,  
To toil with weary steps through erring ways;  
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness  
And clasp the girdle of the robe of praise.

A little while 'mid shadows and illusions,  
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;  
Then read each dark enigma's clear solution,  
Then hear Light's verdict, "He doth all things well."

A little while the earthen pitcher taking  
To wayside brooks, from far-off mountains fed;  
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking  
Beside the fullness of the Fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from falling;  
A little while Faith's flickering lamp to trim;  
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps halting,  
To haste to meet them with the bridal hymn.

And He who is at once both Gift and Giver;  
The future glory, and the present smile,  
With the bright promise of the glad "forever,"  
Shall light the shadows of this "little while."

[N. Y. Spectator.]

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

## SUFFERING A BENEFACTION.

BY CORA CORAL.

SUFFERING is one of the most effective means devised by a beneficent Creator for the elevation of a fallen world. Man, by nature, is selfish and unsympathizing, and it is not until the dew-drops of sorrow soften his heart that he rises to the true nobility of his nature, and to perfect fellowship with his kind. Often, too, persons fall asleep, as it were, and nothing but a sharp pang will arouse them.

"We are surrounded by the living dead,  
Men whose whole lives seem purposeless and vain;  
They're bubbles in the air, bubbles 'mid the grain;  
Mere walking flesh-piles, without heart or head,  
They're dead as those on whose old graves we tread."

Suffering itself does not wear out our lives as quickly as such lethargy. Is it not better to be saved, though it be by fire, than to rust away in an existence that is as a "living death," in its barrenness of all that makes life good or beautiful.

Yet after all, many persons regard sorrow and misfortune as the thunderbolts of an incensed God, or the tyranny of a merciless Judge, rather than the paternal chastening of a tender Parent. They forget that "angels hold the crown for those who suffer to be strong."

It is the experience of a world that "Knowledge by suffering entereth;" for grief and pain are the only earthly teachers that are familiar guests alike in the palace of the prince and the tumble-down hovel of the serf.

Sorrow, while it lasts, often depresses the spirits to such a degree that it crushes out hope, energy and action; yet once assimilated, it fertilizes the mind, develops the character, and stirs up the yet unfathomed depths of the great and good of by-gone days. How many "mute, inglorious MILTONS" sleep in nameless graves, lacking this impetus, it is not ours to know; but we do know that although there exists "a spark of nature's fire" in the breasts of those who have written their names high in the Temple of Fame, yet some scathing anguish was generally the tinder that kindled into flame the smouldering embers, causing their light to shine forth, sending now a cheering beam into some dark recess, and again warming into life the frozen current of an ice-bound heart.

We sometimes forget that we are really enjoying many blessings for which we have much reason to be thankful. Life to us is as tedious as "a twice-told tale." It is not until a blast of adversity sweeps over us, well nigh making havoc of all our blessings, that we awaken to the conviction that "it is a glorious thing to live;" and that considered as a battle of right against wrong, rather than one of pleasure versus toil and privation, life does pay.

"To suffer well, is well to serve."

Who can doubt that suffering is a benefaction to the human family, when he sees how it humanizes us, making us more faithful in our relations to each other, more lovable and more charitable? If we accept our trials in the right spirit, we will come out of the furnace of affliction as gold from the refiner's fire; for suffering is divine in its origin, and therefore beneficent in its results. Many a soul gets its first glimpse of Heaven from some ray of light that falls upon a sick bed. "Sorrow is but a key to the cell where the soul's best wealth is hidden." Lord BAACON says:—"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor."

Is it not wise, then, to meet with a brave heart the sorrows that cross our pathway, remembering that "Trouble springs not from the ground, nor pain from chance;" and that although our cross be heavy now, ours shall be the crown in that day, when

"Why our darkened hours are given,  
Why our sorrows, we shall know."

HAPPINESS abounds most among the lowly; there are more blossoms in the valleys than on the hills.

I HATE to see a thing done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it wrong, leave it undone.—Gilda.



The Reviewer.

THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA. By JAMES WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," and of a History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. 8vo.—pp. 335. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We may naturally expect that literature will receive a new impulse among us from the late war for the Union. The history of the past teaches us to look for such a result. Those social convulsions which, although they shake society to its foundations, end in promoting reform, are always intellectually invigorating. They stimulate general inquiry and provoke active minds to speculation and research. For years to come the book markets will be filled with works relating to the war and topics naturally springing from it, and men will read and ponder over the problems thus presented with never flagging interest. Such a book as the one before us, which previous to the rebellion would have to go begging for readers, will be perused now with avidity by almost all classes of men. The future civil policy of our country is the great question of the day with us, and whoever has anything important to say on the subject will find willing listeners. The theory of Dr. DRAPER'S work is not new, it is shared by all the philosophical historians of the day; but is striking in its application of recognized principles to the conditions of American political and social life. He shows the control which natural law exercises over social advancement, and speculates on the contingencies of progress in our own country. Among the topics discussed are the "Influence of Climate," "Effects of Emigration," "Political Force of Ideas," and "Natural Course of National Development." The work is ably written and will repay careful study; but we have not the space at present to refer more particularly to its features. For sale by STREBLE & AVERY.

THE PRAISE OF ZION: A Collection of Music for Singing Schools, Choirs and Musical Conventions; Comprising of I.—A System of Musical Notation; II.—A Variety of Exercises and Glees for Singing Schools; III.—An Extensive collection of Hymn Tunes; IV.—A Large Assortment of Sentences, Anthems and Chants. By SOLOMON WILDER and FREDERICK S. DAYTON. New York: Mason & Brothers.

We think this work will be found among the best of the celebrated musical publications of the Mason Brothers. The first sixty-two pages are devoted to the elementary or singing-school department, containing ample definitions and easy, practical exercises. Of hymn tunes we find all the old favorites, together with many new and excellent harmonies. The music of the anthem department is almost entirely new, containing among other valuable matter two choruses by NEUKOMM and NOVELLO respectively, which are here for the first time presented to the public. We confidently recommend the work to our readers.

LYRICS OF LIFE. With Illustrations by S. EYENGE, Jr. Paper—pp. 101. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This fourth number of the series of "Companion Poets for the People" is a very judicious selection from the works of a poet whose misfortune it is usually to write above the comprehension of ordinary readers. The editor however has given us in this little volume a collection which, while it fairly reflects the chaste and delicate beauties which characterize the author's productions, cannot fail to charm all but the most illiterate. We predict that "Lyrics of Life" will gain for Mr. BROWNING many new admirers. For sale by booksellers generally.

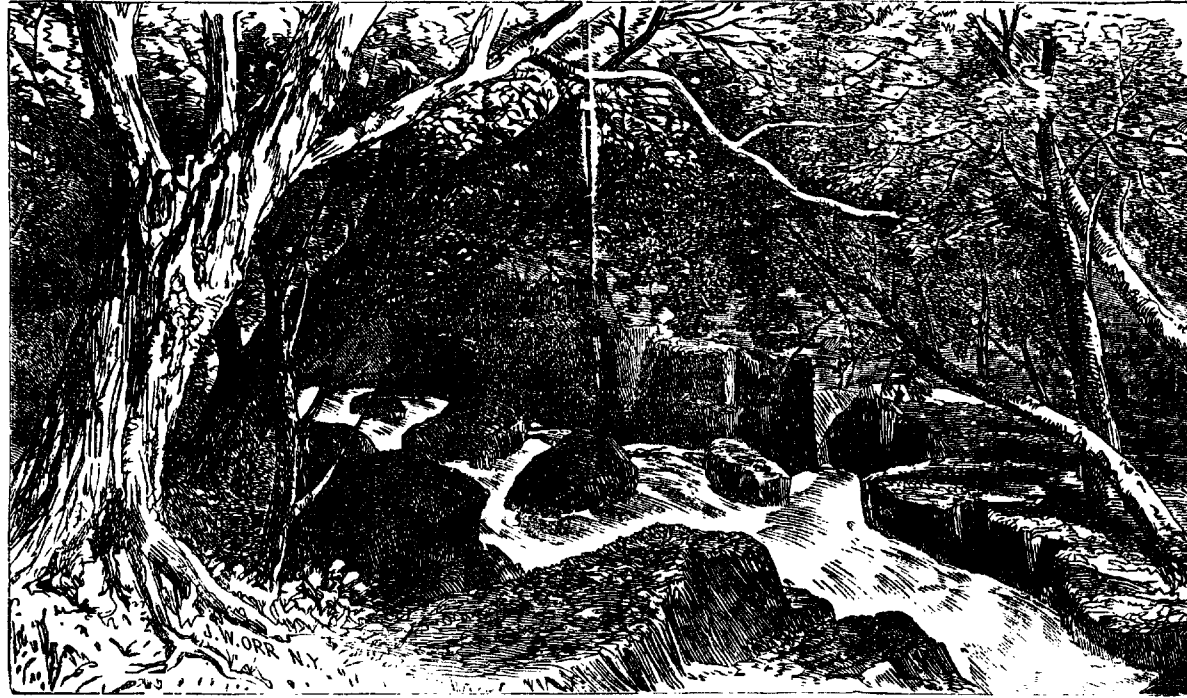
THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—This excellent ladies' magazine, devoted to "Literature and Religion," and edited by Dr. WILBY, is at hand for September, its snow-white pages filled with choice and elegant reading matter. Of the engravings in this number, "Lake Henderson," in the Adirondacks, is a perfect gem. Among the articles with which we were particularly pleased we note a biographical notice of ALICE B. HAVEN, by the editor, a memorial to Mrs. SIGOURNEY by Mrs. M. W. ALEXANDER, an intimate friend of the deceased, and a critical notice, with examples from his writings, of the celebrated Corn Law Rhymer, ERNEST ELLIOTT, a poet of whom comparatively little is known in this country. The remaining matter is very desirable, and we heartily recommend the periodical to our lady readers.

AN HISTORICAL PICTURE.—POWELL & Co. have just published a large photographic picture, containing the likenesses of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, HANNIBAL HAMLIN, and of the Senators and Representatives who voted "aye" on the resolution submitting to the Legislature of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to prohibit slavery. The numerical arrangement of the groups is very convenient. The portraits of the Representatives are grouped in an oval form around the head of Speaker COLFAX in the center, while medallion portraits of the Senators form the circle outside, which is supported at top and bottom by larger medallion portraits of LINCOLN & HAMLIN. The likenesses are generally very good, and the picture will be desired by all who wish to see how the men looked who figured largely in the greatest historical act of the century.

ATLANTIC FOR OCTOBER.—We have not had time before this to give our readers the table of contents of the last Atlantic. Although this is not as good a number as usual, still it contains valuable reading matter. The following is the list of articles and contributors:—Saints who have had Bodies, G. RYLANDS; No Time like the Old Time, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES; Coupon Bonds, H. J. T. TROWBRIDGE; The Author of Saul, BAYARD TAYLOR; Needle and Garden, X. John Jordan, EDMUND KIRKS; Noel, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW; Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship, H. D. A. WASSON; Doctor Johns, IX., DONALD G. MITCHELL; Down the River, HARRIET E. PARSONS; Abraham Lincoln, H. H. BROWNELL; Reviews and Literary Notices.

New Music.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. OLIVER DITSON & Co., two new pieces of sheet music, "The Last Ditch Poika," and "Nicodemus Johnson," a comic Negro melody.

A GOOD condition of the clothes we wear is necessary to sustain our self-satisfaction and complacency, but cut and fashion give elegance and ease. If you are sensible of being a guy, your comportment will be weak and ineffective. You cannot strut like a peacock when you know that your feathers are those of a turkey. You must have a sense of being up to the mark, before you can practice an elegant walk, or adopt an imposing swagger. When our dress was ungraceful and uncomfortable, we ourselves were ungraceful and uncomfortable also.



SCENE AT THE SOURCE OF THE HUDSON.

We present a fine view taken on the upper waters of the Hudson river. The scenery in the northern portion of the State, where this noble river takes its rise, is wild and picturesque, and presents an inviting field for the tourist and sportsman, as well as for all who love the grand and beautiful in natural scenery. The Hudson proper rises by two branches in Adirondack mountains. The eastern branch from the north passes through Schroon lake, and is sometimes called Schroon branch; and the western has a circuitous course from the north-west, and is considered as the main branch, or Hudson. About forty miles from the source of each, they unite in Warren county. After a course

of fifteen miles south, the Hudson receives the Sacandaga, on the line between Montgomery and Saratoga counties. The Sacandaga rises in Hamilton county, and first runs south-east and then north-west and west, to its junction below Jessup's falls. The Hudson then runs to the east of south fifteen miles to Hadley falls; it then turns to the north-east twenty miles to Glen's falls. Its direction is then nearly south to its entrance into New York bay. Forty miles below Glen's falls, it receives from the west the Mohawk, its greatest tributary. From the junction of the Mohawk to its mouth, is about 170 miles. The whole length of the Hudson, from its source to its entrance into New York bay, is

a little over 300 miles. So straight is this river between Albany and New York, that the distance is less by water than by land. The tide flows to a little above Albany. It is navigable for the largest ships 118 miles, to Hudson, and for sloops and large steamboats 145 miles above New York, to Albany. Small sloops also proceed to Troy, and through the dam and lock to Waterford, about eight miles farther. Through a considerable part of its course the banks are elevated, and in some parts high, rocky and precipitous; particularly in its passage through the Highlands, fifty-three miles above the city of New York, and the scenery on its banks is highly picturesque.

Various Topics.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!"

AMERICANS are peculiar in one thing, they will sing a song to death. In our brief existence we can recall many instances of the kind. We remember how often "Old Dan Tucker" was taunted with being too late to come to his evening meal; how little rest we gave "Oh, Susannah," (we owe Susannah a weighty debt) and how entrancingly we alluded to the eyes of "Dearest Mae," those orbs that rendered midnight entirely superfluous. For a long time "The Poor old Slave" was allowed little repose, although he had ostensibly "gone to rest." "The Old Folks at Home" were ruthlessly torn from that quiet and seclusion which their age imperatively demanded, and forced to duty in every minstrel and concert company in the land. "Old Dog Tray," the faithful old pup, was for a long time drawn by the tail through all manner of brass instruments, wound up to an agonizing pitch by piano keys, and made to howl plaintively in four voices. The "Silver Moon" had to "roll on" by day as well as at night, constantly performing the unremunerative task of guiding "the traveler on his way," apparently regardless as to whether the "nightingale's song was in tune" or not. "Home, Sweet Home," has been so successfully divested of all its attractive features that many people have been satisfied to become wanderers for the remainder of their existence. "Gentle Annie" was a great bore for a time, and although we were constantly assured that "thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie," she still kept coming.

Then there was no end to those winds that "blew bitter across the Wild Moor." We got very sick of so much "blowing" over the moor. Othello, the moor of Venice wasn't blow'd over more. "Nellie was a lady," sang everybody. Well she might have been, but where an assertion of that nature is made so often and so persistently, we are inclined to question the foundation for the assertion. We have heard young ladies sing "Who will care for mother now?" while their mothers were wearing themselves out in the kitchen over the family washing. Then there is "John Brown's Body." Instead of being permitted to lie quietly "moldering in the grave," it was kept "marching on," with enough knapsacks "strapped upon his back to supply a regiment with that necessary article of camp and garrison equipage. "When this cruel war is over" had a pretty good run. The heartiest congratulations that were induced by the termination of the war arose from the fact that people got over singing when this cruel war is over, &c. Now the popular tongue is singing and whistling "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching." We are in great danger of being tramped to death with it. You hear it in the workshop and in the billiard saloon. "Beneath the starry flag we will breathe the air again." We had been holding our breath, or else breathing chloroform up to this period, we suppose, but now "we breathe the air again." This air is breathed by a great many people about now. What next? we wait the reply of the popular song writer.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN THE FUTURE.

AND surely some hundred years hence, when the staid and scholarly disciples of the historic Muse bring their grave eyes to scan and their brief feet lines to measure the altitude and attitude, properties and proportions of our deceased Chief Magistrate, their surprise—taking them to be historians of the present type—will be intense

beyond expression. It has been for centuries the tradition of their tribe to model every public character after the style of the heroic antique. Their nation-founders, warriors and law-makers have been invariably clad in flowing togas, crowned with laurel or oak wreaths, and carrying papyrus rolls or the batons of empire in their outstretched hands. How can men so educated—these poor, dwarfed ransackers of the past, who have always regarded greatness in this illusory aspect—ever be brought to comprehend the genius of a character so externally uncount, so pathetically simple, so unfathomably penetrating, so irresolute and yet so irresistable, so bizarre, grotesque, droll, wise and perfectly beneficent in all its developments as was that of the great original thinker and statesman for whose death the whole land, even in the midst of victories unparalleled, is today draped in mourning? It will require an altogether new breed and school of historians to begin doing justice to this type-man of the world's last political evangel. No ponderously eloquent George Bancroft can properly rehearse those inimitable stories by which, in the light form of allegory, our martyred President has so frequently and so wisely decided the knottiest controversies of his Cabinet; nor can even the genius of a Washington Irving or Edward Everett in some future age eleutherize into the formal dignity of a Greek statue the kindly but powerful face of Mr. Lincoln, seamed in circles by humorous thoughts, and furrowed crosswise by mighty anxieties. It will take a new school of historians to do justice to this eccentric addition to the world's gallery of heroes; for while other men as interesting and original may have held equal power previously in other countries, it is only in the present age of steam, telegraphs and prying newspaper reporters that a subject so eminent, both by genius and position, could have been placed under the eternal microscope of critical examination.—N. Y. Herald.

SOMETHING ABOUT READING.

WHILE many do not read at all in these times, there are those who read too much, particularly the young. A moderate amount of reading and plenty of observation is what will develop the youthful mind. In an amusing article upon the "Physicians and Surgeons of a bygone generation," a foreign Journal describes Abernethy conversing thus with a certain patient:—"I opine," said he, "that more than half your illness arises from too much reading. On answering that my reading was chiefly history which amused while it instructed, he replied, that is no answer to my objection. At your time of life a young fellow should endeavor to strengthen his constitution, and lay in a stock of health. Besides, too much reading never made an able man. It is not so much the extent and amount of what we read that serves us, as what we assimilate and make our own. It is that, to use an illustration borrowed from my profession, that constitutes the chyle of the mind. "I have always found that really indolent men, men of what I would call flabby intellects, are great readers. It is far easier to read than to think, to reflect or observe; and these fellows, not having learned to think, cram themselves with the ideas or words of others. This they call study, but it is not so. In my own profession I have observed that the greatest men were not the mere readers, but the men who observed, who reflected, who fairly thought out an idea. To learn to reflect and observe is a grand desideratum for a young man. John Hunter owed to his power of observation that fine discrimination, that keen judgment, that intuitiveness which he possessed in a greater degree than any other surgeon of his time."

THE CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

In a letter to the N. Y. Tribune, Mr. A. D. Richardson writes of the chinese of California, as follows:

There are 50,000 Chinese on the Pacific coast. Coming east instead of going west, the organic law of migration is against them, and nature enforces her own statutes. Hence they do not settle, but merely stay; take no root; bring few women save prostitutes; import their food, of which rice is the staple; send home their money, send home even their dead, embalmed, to rest in the family dwellings of their far, twilight land, nursery of the human race, where the Orient joins the Occident.

Industrious and frugal, serene and quiet under heavy taxes and frequent kicks, poor John Chinaman puts money in his purse and revels in dirt and degradation. In the mines only gleaming where the white man has reaped, at the year's end his is the larger "pile." When he finds a rich lead, by a mysterious but invariable coincidence it belongs to some American—inexorable policeman who bids Johnny "move on." The divine right of numbers and a race is against him. Perfect in imitation, where female labor is scarce, he proves unrivaled at nursing, cooking, washing and ironing. He handles babies entrusted to him with so much caution and tenderness, that all the maternal instinct must lurk somewhere under his long pigtail, in his yellow face or his mooney eyes. My friend has a masculine domestic named Afoy, who scrubs floors, washes dishes and cooks dinners with grave and deliberate fidelity.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

THE cashmere shawl wool consists of the fleece beneath the undercoat of the hair of the shaw-goats. The shearing is performed at the commencement of the summer, which, in those Alpine regions, though short, is very hot. The hair is first cut short with a knife, the shearer beginning at the head and following the direction of the fleece toward the tail. The animal is then rubbed in the reverse direction with a sort of brush or comb, which detaches the fine wool from next the skin (the sull) nearly free from the hair. When the animals are not shorn, they relieve themselves of the winter vests of delicate down, by rolling on the ground or rubbing against the rocks. Seeing that the original possessors of the suil are nearly as wild as the winds, materials for thousands of shawls must be annually blown about and utterly wasted amongst the pinnacles and crags of those desolate regions. M. Gerard thinks that at present a very great quantity of the genuine suil is lost by being mixed with the coarser hair and common wool, and thus indiscriminately manufactured into bushmeens.

A MELANCHOLY TRUTH.

WHEN a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor, confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is henceforth driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has but few loving, helping hands for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

EXPERIENCE is a pocket compass that a fool never consults until he has lost his way.

Reading for the Young.

ELEGY ON A CAT.

She died when earth was fair beyond all price,  
When hearts were warm as her own coat of silk;  
When people's houses seemed the homes of mice,  
And when life's cup, for her, o'erflowed with milk.  
Reared tenderly, she spent her few brief years,  
Like cats in Egypt—sacred, free from fears—  
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's had a peaceful time;  
She might have been a sausage long ago—  
A muff, a fiddle-string; but to her prime  
She hath arrived with an unruffled brow;  
Shielded as if she had but one sweet life  
Instead of nine—kept from all care and strife—  
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! she's now a cat with wings;  
Perhaps a dweller in the "milky-way;"  
Faring for joy amid all purring things;  
No longer blinded with the light of day;  
Where boys are not, nor stones nor tears nor sighs,  
All dogs forever banished from her eyes—  
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! her memory is the shrine  
Of pleasant thoughts, pure as a kitten's dream;  
Calm as her own washed face at day's decline;  
Soft as the scent of catnip; rich as cream.  
Then lay her under ground all snug and nice,  
For, like the "Puss in Boots" she'll catch no mice;  
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! there is no cause for woe;  
But nerve the drooping spirit that it walk  
Unshrinking in this ratty world below,  
And bear life's ills; thy tears can't call her back.  
Thou'lt meet her when thy fleeting years have  
flown,  
With radiant whiskers in that brighter home—  
Weep not for her!

HONEYBEL.

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN.

SOMEWHERE in the South of England there was once a fine piece of woodland. Tall elms, great oaks, and silvery barked beeches grew closely, yet not so but that the sunbeams shot down between their branches to the earth, and kissed into growth the seeds hidden in the brown mould. The ground, too, was broken and uneven. Here it rose in mossy hillocks, crowned with holly and hawthorn, and garlanded with the purplish leaves and lilac blossoms of the ground-ivy. There it sank into dells yellow with primroses, pink wild flowers and perfumed with the tiny woodroof. Again it opened into glades green with short thick turf, and set with broad leaves and white bells of the valley lily. Happy animal life brightened the pleasant spot. The nut-seeking squirrel leaped and chattered. The timid rabbit hid himself in the waving fern, the pigeon cooed, the nightingale sung. There also came the fairies to dance on the dewy sward.

Upon the border of this wood, dwelt a little child, who was called Honeybel, on account of her loving ways. There was nothing that she liked so much as to hunt for acorns, and gather hyacinths and curious orchises. One day she fell asleep under a group of elders, which grew on the edge of a glancing rill. Their spreading bloom arched with its snow, and their scent, in which lies a fairy spell, deepened her slumber. The twilight followed.

Then the stars came out, silently one by one. All was still, when a troop of fairies went laughing by, and stumbled against the dreamer with a touch like that of a rose leaf. They screamed with fear, but at the moment, the moon came from a cloud, and showed them the closed eyes, the smiling lips, and the locked fingers still grasping a treasure of crimson buds.

The Queen sighed, and exclaimed "Why is she not of us? Let us take her to the Fortunato Islands, which know neither cold nor tempests."

"We will do so," answered her husband.

"We will do so," echoed her little court. There was but one way in which they accomplished this purpose, and that was by means of a charmed liquid, which they kept carefully at their home amidst the sea. It was called the water of Oblivion, and a single drop washed the past wholly from memory. If, however, the name of God were breathed in the faintest accents over the sparkling cup, its power for evil vanished forever. While there, one of the fairy band flew in quest of the magic draught, the rest sought to make Honeybel forget her evening prayer.

They transported her to the gay palaces filled with light and music. Lovely forms danced around her, and she listened to pretty tales, or learned fairy games, or played with the flashing gems which were showered upon her in dazzling numbers.

So the midnight came, the moment of fairy influence, and the messenger returning from her rapid flight, offered her the diamond goblet which contained her fate.

Wearily, thirsty, and bewildered with the pleasures of the hour, she lifted it to drink, then suddenly replacing it, she clasped her hands and whispered, "I thank thee, Father."

With these words, a sorrowful wall went with a sobbing sound through the glittering hall; and jeweled pillar, and shining dome, and merry dancers passed her sight, and behold, she was safe beneath the elders in the gleam of the watching stars.

Dear children, when the fairy, Temptation, comes to you with winning smiles and sounding promises, send your thoughts upward to heaven; and the Father—who never forgets for a moment even the humblest of his creatures, will guide and guard you to the end.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.











Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ON THE HILLSIDE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

ONCE more I stand beneath the trees, Waiting the coming of the breeze, That rocks the tall pines far above, Then gentler comes with voice of love To greet my ear,—for here I stood In days gone by, within this wood, A happy maiden, gathering up Delight from every acorn-cup, And weaving fancies, brighter far Than evening's pure and holy star.

The opening flower and bursting bud Of charmed me to their solitude, And taught me lessons, that to-day For worlds I would not cast away; For growing on the earth's green breast, Of all her love and care content, Those little blossoms taught me still That, to obey sweet Nature's will, In life and health and purity— Sweet benisons that often lie Unnoticed in the very air We breathe, and in the blossoms fair We pluck to deck our brows.

Oh! pleasant is the pathway down The hill. My senses fairly drown Themselves in scents of new-mown hay, And sounds of lowing kine, away In valley meadows, and the swell Of the sweet echoing village bell, Chiming the sunset hour. Afar I see the last bright golden bar Of day let down; and now the West Puts on her twilight robes,—the best Of all the day to me, while in The wood behind me, the sweet din Of birds is hushed, for in their nests, Safe sheltered by the mother-breasts, The tiny broods are gathered, there To slumber 'till the morning fair Woos their slight wings to tempt the breeze That rustles through the maple leaves.

How many a time I've wandered where The earth held treasures, rich and rare, Of Autumn leaves, pausing while To see the sunlight's radiant smile Drop softly on them; treading then With cautious footsteps over them, Down-stooping oft, to feast my sight With these sweet children of the light, Yellow and red and tender green, And purple, rarest color seen Among the leaves,—a bright bouquet That rivalled all the blooming May.

To-day, my thoughts are wandering back—I hasten up the hillside track, And summon from the forest boughs The birds to chant their tender vows, The nimble squirrel to leap forth And joy again upon the earth, The merry wind to come once more And blow, as in those days of yore, Its breath upon my forehead,—flowers To bring me scents of summer hours, And cooling rill and healing stream, That, at their murmur, I may deem Myself at rest once more among The hillside shadows; these belong To me, for, whether far or near, At birth or death-time of the year, Within my heart must still abide The glories of that far hillside.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ONE INNER LIFE.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

[Concluded from page 333 last number.]

LIEUT. FRANK ELLERTON called a few days after that, while Mrs. DARLING was out shopping, and he knew the coast was clear. Now, to do this young gentleman justice, we may say that he was slightly fascinated with URSULA DARLING's winsomeness, and desired a protracted flirtation. He did not comprehend the finer part of the girl's nature, but thought she was worth his attention, and he would enjoy her company whenever he could.

As he expected, URSULA met him at the door, for BRIDGET was out gossiping with a neighboring Irish girl, for which the poor child felt thankful when she admitted LIEUT. ELLERTON. She was very cool, he thought; and he was just going to joke her on her moroseness, when, without offering him a seat, after they had entered the parlor, she turned and confronted him with quiet dignity.

"FRANK ELLERTON,"—her tones were firm, though the fluttering in her throat almost suffocated her,— "I went to meet you last Tuesday night, though I blush to own it; and I heard your remarks about myself and parents, while I stood where you did not see me. I allowed your presence in this house to-day that I might tell you of it. Hereafter, never intrude yourself again. That is all I have to say!"

And it was well said, as ELLERTON's cheeks, blanched with mingled surprise and anger fully proved.

"But URSULA," he apologized, "that was only in fun, you know—"

She would hear the mean palliation no farther, but pointed significantly to the door, and bowed coldly. LIEUT. FRANK ELLERTON departed hurriedly, with a very ungentlemanly and impious imprecation on his lips. URSULA flew to her room, and bolting the door, flung herself on the bed, sobbing.

"This is a wicked, hateful world," she thought, "and there isn't anything in it worth loving. Everything is false. No, 'there's nothing true but Heaven,' and Heaven isn't mine."

She lay quietly for some time, trying to regain control of herself—trying to put away from her heart that handsome, bewitching face that she had just seen white with passion, and whose mouth uttered curses. But it would rise before her, with the eyes all aflame with that look, and its old bewildering charm thrilled her again and

again. Of course she was weak to give way so, but our natures gain strength by endurance, and her strength had not come to her then.

"The love is there yet," she murmured. "Oh! I cannot murder it! I must love something with this great tenderness of my nature. But that idol is cast away forever. What can I love now?"

"Ope door, 'SULA; baby want to come in!" ALLIE had wakened from her afternoon nap, and stood pulling the door-knob outside. An angel seemed to have answered URSULA's question:—"Love your little sister, and your parents to whom affection is due, with tenderness and fondness, but give your worship to God!"

ALLIE was quite surprised to be received and caressed in her sister's arms so tenderly, and clung to her with increasing trustfulness.

"Did you ever love me so hard, before?" she questioned in her quaint, childish way, while the girl's tears fell over her bright head.

"I have been very selfish," acknowledged the conscience of URSULA DARLING. "God help me to overcome myself."

That trouble was the "turning point" of this girl's life. She struggled very hard, and all alone, but duty and right gained the ascendancy over passion. She made daily efforts for improvement, and really became so patient and dutiful that her mother was surprised, and began to consider her more in the light of a companion. She tried to become less selfish, and to forget herself in others. She cultivated womanly dignity and elegance, and began to develop into the truest type of womanhood.

Mr. GRAVES wrote to her frequently. He wrote such sparkling letters, full of deep, splendid thoughts, that URSULA always felt she was opening a treasure-mine as each new one was received. This correspondence elevated her both in principles and ideas.

URSULA's education too had been pretty well advanced in the Elmsford Academy, and then she went away for a year or two to complete her course of study in a well known Seminary, and came home an accomplished woman. Radical changes are sometimes effected in an incredibly short time. It was not to be wondered at very much, after this girl's fiery trial, that her whole nature was revolutionized, and that she was a fully developed woman in her eighteenth year.

Meantime her soldier friend was marching and fighting in the gallant Army of the Cumberland, and she searched and listened for news from that Department with untrifling interest. Their correspondence was regularly carried on, and URSULA felt strengthened in all her good impulses, and the finer part of her nature predominated under his influence. She carried his words and ideas in her heart daily, and when she covered her head in the Mighty Presence, for evening devotion, his name dwelt longest in her petition:—"Her friend and counselor."

He had been promoted to the rank of Major, and she read in the daily papers accounts of his gallant services, and the high esteem in which he was held by the Commanding General. But she, poor child, forgot her patriotic pride in this, with the fear that he might be smitten and fall among those whose blood consecrated the banner of the "Stripes and Stars." She had grown to regard him as a brother. They had learned much of each other in their correspondence. She thought she could not have borne it if he were killed.

URSULA had heard nothing more of FRANK ELLERTON after he left Elmsford, which was a few days after their interview. Was the girlish passion conquered? The remembrance pained her still, for such things cannot be easily overcome; but that pain had been the means which shaped her into womanhood.

The battle of "Chickamanga!" How many gallant hearts poured out their treasure of blood to the cause on that field! In what suspense we waited for the wires to thrill the result, and bring the news of victory.

"Major Graves fell there!" Mr. DARLING brought home the startling news one night after the result of the battle was determined, and the lists of killed and wounded were coming in. His daughter rose up and left the room—went and stood out in the calm, chill starlight, looking up to the Heavens he had taught her to love. With the news of his loss the knowledge came that he was more than all the world to her. It was no mushroom passion; it had grown with her growth, and twined itself among the very fibers of her life. It had become a great, strong, life-giving love that was to last through eternity. Did God intend to mock her forever? She had striven very hard to mould herself to His will, had renounced all unholy and degrading passions. He had placed this precious and mighty love in her heart, and now had torn away its object—the man she had grown to trust and love beyond all other men.

URSULA was very ill after this. The grave's shadow fell over her. But a strong constitution, and the tender nursing of a softened mother, who was the only witness to her ravings, brought her back to life again. Months of convalescence followed, in which no smile came to the patient mouth of URSULA DARLING. She had lived because it was God's will—so she tried to be thankful and resigned.

Sitting in her arm-chair by the open window one breezy April morning, before she had yet quite recovered, she leaned back wearily to let the sweet spring air breathe over her.

"Let me begin a new, sanctified life with the freshening year, O God!" she whispered peacefully.

The click of the gate-latch startled her, and looking out through the open window she saw Major GRAVES standing there. He was gazing with intensity on her pale, wasted face, but when he met that wild look, he bounded up the steps, and rushed into the room.

"O, HENRY!" He caught her as she sank back fainting, and kissed her with passionate tenderness. In all his perils and hardships, he had carried with him

the memory of that sweet face, but had hardly dared to hope that he might ever press such kisses upon it. But her heart had leaped out of her eyes. He knew his hope was realized. She looked up, by and by, looked fearfully lest she might miss the sight of him. And then he had to tell her the story of his capture and escape. How his name had been reported as killed instead of missing. How the wound he received in making the escape, had sent him to the hospital, and hindered him from writing; and subsequently procured him a leave of absence from his command until he should fully recover. If he had known she was so weak and sick, he would not have surprised her so. He was sun-browned, and just the same handsome, noble-looking man as when he went away, but he wore a Colonel's eagles now instead of a Captain's bars. His services at "Chickamanga" had won him this promotion.

He was not so sorry for surprising her, after all, for in her sudden and intense joy the woman's heart betrayed her. And, holding her two puny hands in a tender, thrilling clasp, he looked into her drooping eyes and told her she was more to him than all the world beside.

O my sisters! was it not worth trial and sacrifice, and much pain to win at last the best and eternal love of one of God's noblemen?

Clinging to his sheltering arm, the girl leaned her head against him, and her heart was flooded with such happiness as swept away every vestige of the filmy passion she had once known.

Mrs. DARLING was joyfully startled on coming in from a neighbor's to find Col. GRAVES sitting with the radiant invalid. The family took possession of him straightway, and he had to relate again his adventures in "Dixie," and talk to them all. So he did not get to speak in private with URSULA again, till that evening, after inquisitive little ALLIE had gone to bed, and Mr. and Mrs. DARLING had adjourned to the sitting-room.

In the long talk that followed, while Colonel GRAVES sat holding the hand which had surrendered itself to him for life, and smoothing the dark bands of hair against the girl's shining temples, he paused once, and looking doubtfully and pityingly into her face, said:

"URSULA, I saw FRANK ELLERTON at 'Chickamanga.'"

"Did you?"—there was no pain in her tones; it was simply surprise.

"I thought perhaps you had not forgotten him yet."

"I have not. O HENRY! I wonder you did not hate me for that rash, foolish act!"

"My little girl, that was when I began to love you. I had suffered as you did once, and knew how strong your temptation had been. When I was a young Sophomore at College, I fell into just such an infatuation. My nature is strong, and so was that first, foolish dream. The lady was an accomplished flirt and she favored my advances, until some more eligible suitor presented himself. She was married,"—he paused, the pain this confession cost him was visible; "but I thank God to-day, that He snatched that worthless bauble from me, and led me on to win and wear this little pearl."

It was very sweet to be praised so by one whom she knew would not stoop to flatter.

He was silent a moment, and then said: "Did I tell you how I saw LIEUT. ELLERTON?"

"No. Was he wounded?"

"URSULA, he was dead!"

"O HENRY!"

"He was dead. I wondered when I saw him lying there, if my little girl would grow pale, and gasp when I told her. I hope he is happy, URSULA."

"So do I. But, HENRY, looking back at that strange infatuation, I cannot but thank the Chastener for the strong pain it cost me, that led me to Him for peace, and crowned my life with the sweetest blessing that ever falls to the lot of woman."

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF SUNDAY.

BETWEEN the fifty-fourth and fifty-ninth degrees of north latitude—that is to say, between John O'Grat's House and the boundary line which divides England from Scotland—it is considered contrary to good morals and religion to play musical instruments on Sunday, or to sing any songs but sacred ones. Within these parallels of latitude whistling on Sunday is downright impiety. Get into a train bound for the south, and in two hours' time you will have left the whistling parallel behind you. You may whistle now on Sunday; you may sing what song you please; you may play the fiddle; nay, you may even dance, and few will challenge your pleasure. It is but a twelve-hours' ride from Edinburgh to London. At six o'clock in the morning you are whistling over your breakfast in Princes street, and the Scotch lassie in attendance is horrified. At six o'clock in the evening you are listening to the band in Regent's park; and thousands of English lassies are there, dressed in all their best, and promenading to the time. If you were to bring the Scotch lassie up and show her this scene—horns blowing, drums beating, and ten thousand couples sweet-hearing under the trees—she would draw in her breath and exclaim, "Eh, guide be here! Did ony body see the like—playing polkas on Sunday? I wonder whar they expect to gang to?" But now, in turn, take one of these English lassies over with you to Paris; move her from where the latitude is 0 to the sixth parallel east, and she will be as much shocked to see the Parisians going to the theater on Sunday evening as the Scotch lassie was to see the Londoners promenading Regent's park and playing polkas. A few degrees of latitude make a difference one way; a few degrees of longitude another. Go north, and you must not whistle; come south and you may play the fiddle; move sideways, a little towards the east, and you may whistle, play the fiddle, and go to the play. Which parallel rules the right morality in this matter I will not pretend to decide.

Wit and Humor.

WANTED TO GO TO MORROW.

MORROW is a station on the Little Miami Road, about forty miles from Cincinnati. A new brakeman on the road, who didn't know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot, who inquired—

"Does this train go to Morrow to-day?"

"No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making game of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, week after next."

"You don't understand me," persisted the stranger, "I want to go to Morrow."

"Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day. You can go to-morrow or any other day you please."

"Won't you answer a civil question civilly? will this train go to-day to Morrow?"

"Not exactly. It will go to-day and come back to-morrow."

As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employee, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave him the required information.

A SHODDY ARISTOCRAT.

A PORK contractor for the Federal army presented himself, a short time back, at a sculptor's atelier in Rome, and stated his intention of sending a durable memento of himself to adorn his native-place in America. With an admirable candor, he explained to the artist that he had begun life as a poor boy, selling matches, and by lucky speculation had attained his present gigantic greatness. "Now," he continued, "I've seen a monument in this city as suits my views to a nicety. A kinder column with little fingers runnin' up all round it, and a chap at the top." "Trajan's column," suggested the artist. "P'raps it may be; and I wish you to sculpt me just such another, a workin' out the whole of my biggraff, beginnin' at the bottom with a boy sellin' matches, and then keep windin' it up till it ends with an easy attitood at the top."—Chicago Republican.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

THEY debate strange questions down East. The latest was:—"What is the difference between the Bridge of Sighs and the size of a bridge." The next is to be—"The difference between a facsimile and a sick family."

A MAN who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Cole of Albany, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice."

"Justice!" replied Cole, "you can't get it here, this court has no power to hang you."

A COUNTRY fellow, anxious to see the Queen, left his native village and came to London to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return, his wife asked him "what the Queen was like?" "Loike!" cried Hodge, "why, I ne'er was so cheated in my life. What doo't think, Margaret? her arms are loike thoine and moine; although I have heard our excisemen say a score of times her arms were 'a lion and a unicorn.'"

A BOUQUET in a SINGLE DROP OF FLUID.—An armful of roses might exhale a more overpowering odor than a single drop of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cerens," but in freshness, delicacy and pure, healthful fragrance, the drop would far transcend the flowers. Sold everywhere.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 56 letters. My 10, 7, 23, 19, 24, 14, 27 is a city in Texas. My 11, 23, 9, 26, 20, 2, 40, 35, 6, 5 is a city in Louisiana. My 13, 56, 7, 59, 5, 23, 23, 51 is a city in Alabama. My 45, 54, 56, 55, 52, 33, 31, 40, 19, 8, 16 is a city in Florida. My 34, 22, 36, 35, 40, 20, 52 is a city in Georgia. My 1, 37, 44, 55, 52, 4, 18, 56, 41, 10, 42, 28 is a city in Pennsylvania. My 10, 28, 15, 45, 48, 7, 21, 30 is a city in Connecticut. My 46, 47, 56, 55, 12, 53, 14, 27, 38, 23, 3, 32, 51 is a town in Ohio. My 17, 23, 27, 11, 39 is a town in New York. My 41, 38, 43, 13, 19 is a town in Tennessee. My whole may be found in the book of Proverbs, Napoleon, Ohio. JOHN HERBERT.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

Sir's rnaleds Eshov geed si rhaps nat het dewrs, ehsovg engout Sumovtone lla eht tapersno fo teh Enll, ewahv trahbe Drees no eth gurnislet dwin, dna thdo ebhel Lal soerth fo loh dvr. A. D. P. Y. Knon Valley, Pa.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 820.

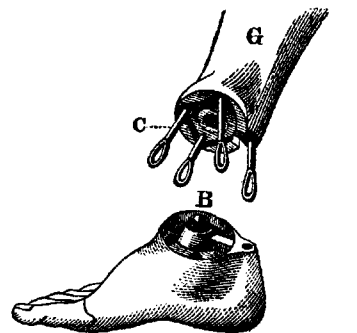
Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—An idle soul shall suffer hunger.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—1st note \$1,098.25; 2d, \$1,023 12; 3d, \$966 75; 4th, \$913 89; total, \$4,000. Amount of each payment, \$1,169 77.

Answer to Anagram:

What is man If his chief good, and market of his time, Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more. Sure, he that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason To fust in us unused.

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