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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.

CLOSE UP THE FALL WORK.

In one sense a farmer's work, like a woman's, is never done. He may, at times, drive the labor of raising and securing the crops ahead of the season, but until his farm is brought to perfection in the way of buildings, fences, ditches, and is thoroughly cleared of stones, stumps and foul productions, he can find enough profitable work to perform. And it may, indeed, be doubted if, under the most favorable circumstances, he can afford to let his farm operations come to a stand still.

But we counsel farmers to secure their fall crops as soon as possible. It is better, for several reasons, to have them all gathered by the first of November than later. It is good economy to plan for such a result, and to employ sufficient labor to attain it. We are not certain of good weather after that period, and outstanding crops must take the risk of losses from storms and frosts. Then the days grow shorter, while prices of labor seldom fall, so that it is more expensive to hire, and one cannot get so much corn husked, or as many potatoes dug and picked up, on a cold, windy, disagreeable day—one of the skilfuls from the advanced lines of winter—as when the weather is pleasant. And the farmer actually needs the last fall month to finish up "odd jobs," to prepare for winter, and to advance his spring work.

Of "odd jobs" there are always plenty. While the profits of the orchard are heavily felt in the pocket, it is well to bestow some care on it. Scrape the bodies of the trees, and wash them with a solution to destroy any insect eggs that may be deposited there. Take away some of the dirt that lies close to the foot of the tree, and put some ashes in its place, and if you intend to manure the orchard it will reach the roots quicker if put on in the fall. Missing trees in the rows can be replaced, and even new orchards put out or additions made to old ones safely, if the work is carefully done. November is, likewise, a good month to trim the forest. And the time has come when it pays to do that. Not exactly as you would fruit trees, but rather thin out, and use for fuel that part of the growth which does not promise to be valuable. It is surprising how much one will find that had better be out than left standing. Some kinds of trees will never grow large or be worth anything for timber; some are bent or twisted or knotty; some stand too close together; and others have passed their prime, and are decaying. All such but cumber the ground. Remove them and other timber will have a better chance for growth, and they make a very fair sort of fuel. This work can be done to best advantage when there is no snow on the ground, and the trees are bare of leaves.

Stock requires, and well repays, considerable attention during the last month of autumn. Grass is apt to be scant, and, also, unnutritious, and we are negligent in supplying the deficiency with other food. It does not pay to let store cattle and sheep fall away at this season. Even if they only begin to go down hill, it takes good care for the first month of winter to turn them round again. To be negligent with fattening

stock, and allow it to be stinted in food, is still more unprofitable. At no time of the year does it pay better to feed grain liberally, than in the month of November. If the grass is good in addition, so much the better. A bushel of grain will make more fat than in the winter, and it is far easier and cheaper to keep the flesh we make in the fall, than it is to make it in cold weather. In fattening sheep we would commence feeding grain in October, get them middling fat by winter, and then keep them improving with a smaller quantity of grain than it would take if we commenced later. Hogs, at this season, should be pushed ahead as fast as possible, and with the present prospect in view for high prices for pork, and in fact, any kind of meat, the farmer should not hesitate to use his coarse grain in making all he can.

But while we would push our fattening stock as rapidly as possible we should understand that it cannot be done by simply giving them the greatest abundance of food. Too much is as bad as not quite enough—even worse. A fattening animal should always have a good appetite. If it habitually has so much food placed before it as to pick it, and reject the coarser part, it will grow dainty. It is a nice thing to feed just right—the proper amount that the animal system can use and not be burdened; and much experience and close observation are the best teachers. Besides, we should remember that care saves food, and therefore money. Good stables in cold weather, warm, clean bedding, pure water, quiet, gentle handling, and regularity in feeding, are all requisites.

If his crops are secured the farmer can do much during the month of November to advance his spring work. He can plow. He can gather manure from every nook and corner on his premises where it can be found, and spread it on the lot he intends to plant with corn. Unless it is on a steep hill-side, so that melting snows and heavy rains will wash it, there is no danger of its wasting from exposure during the winter. The abundant moisture of winter and spring will dissolve the manure to carry it into the earth, and we think there is little waste in manure from exposure to the elements on the surface of the ground, unless it ferments, which, of course, it will not do in winter.

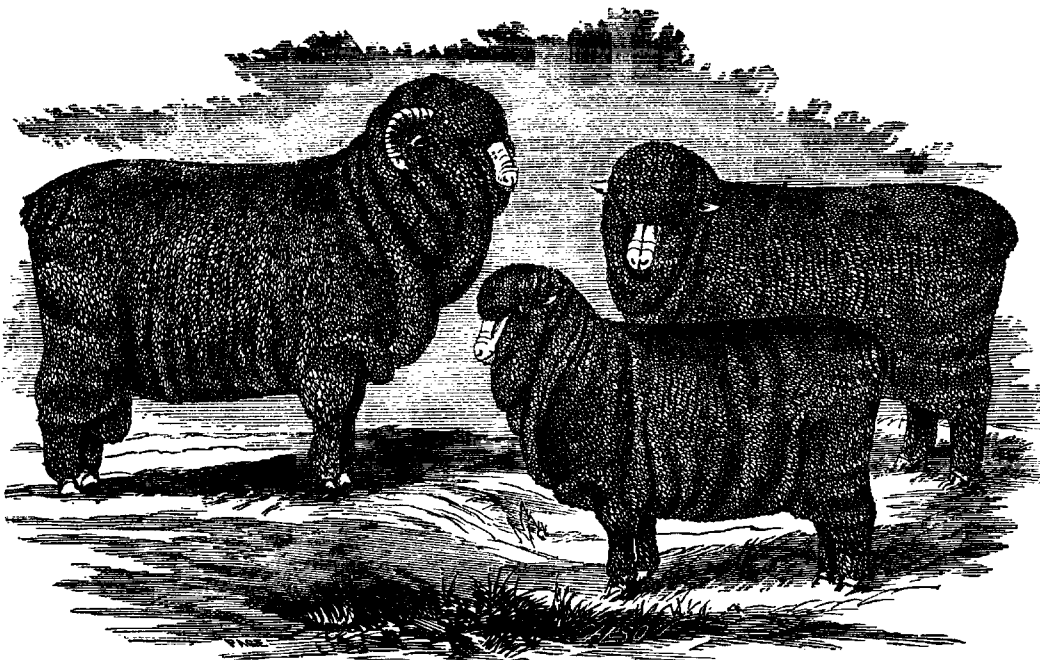
Lots that are intended for mowing another season, should be cleared of stones in the autumn. When the land gets dry enough in the spring to bear up a team it is difficult to find time to do such work. Getting in grain is first in order then, and soon the grass grows above many of the stones. If the ground is wet in the fall it will not injure it so much to drive on it as it will in the spring.

It is a good time, likewise, to repair fences and build new ones, and set things generally in order about the premises. Manure and plow the garden, and prepare beds for very early planting. Don't fail to be sociable with your brother farmers and gain and impart all the knowledge of the Art of Farming possible. After the summer's toil there is rest and relief to the mind and body when the harvest is gathered; and the "odd jobs" we can finish then, while waiting for grim Winter, are works of genuine satisfaction and profit.

WHAT WE WASTE.

To waste and to decay is a law of material things. Nature exerts her energies to produce, but when her work is completed she gives over the individual thing to the operation of the agencies of destruction. She is careful only of the species, and for the perpetuation of these her arrangements are beyond the wisdom of men. When the monarch of the forest, the stately oak that for a thousand years has drawn strength from the earth, and for centuries been a prominent object on the landscape, ceases to grow and dies, from that moment decay begins, and it will surely crumble and mould, till the eye cannot trace the faintest outline of its prostrate form along the earth. But the species is not extinct. While the parent is decaying a forest of young trees, sprung from the seed of his most vigorous prime, shed their leaves, in dutiful compassion, as it were, on his mouldering form.

The farmer, the tiller of the soil, who deals first with the productions of the earth, should be constantly watchful of this tendency to decay, and secure everything before loss is sustained from this cause. With the most important crops he is, indeed, watchful and energetic. When his fields are white with the



GROUP OF FINE-WOOLED SHEEP OWNED BY J. H. THOMAS, ORWELL, VT.

harvest he hastens with all his forces to secure it, knowing that the genial shower and sunshine that helped it on to maturity will work henceforth but mischief. With what satisfaction he sees the rain fall in the spring-time when the grass begins to shoot! How his countenance darkens, as the sky, when the gloom of the shower overspreads his cured hay in the field.

The elements work together to ripen the fruit on the tree, but when it is perfected they unite to destroy it. To gain a generous reward, then, for his labor in planting and cultivating, the husbandman must be active and vigilant in securing his crops when they arrive at full maturity. This is well understood, and our object is to direct attention to some "little things" which we have observed are often wasted, but which we think it would be profitable to save.

A great deal of grass is annually wasted, especially on grain farms. The pastures are sometimes allowed to get too much growth before stock is turned into them, so that a great deal of the grass ripens and dries up. Stock will not eat it when they can get fresh herbage, either from spots on the field or from the bottom of the dried-up grass, and it likewise prevents the feed from shooting up abundantly and quickly. In a severe drouth such grass is better than none at all, but it would be a better practice to change the stock from one field to another often enough to give them always a good bite and keep it fresh. Grass is wasted by keeping one kind of stock, for instance cattle, during the whole season in one field. They will reject portions of the feed; some of it may be rank or there may be weeds and shrubs that they dislike. One or two sheep to the acre will grow fat in a pasture that is fully stocked with cattle, and not diminish the feed perceptibly for the latter, and at the same time keep the pasture in better condition.

Grain farmers are apt to be flush in feed, and let it waste in the autumn. Their pastures and meadows and new seeded fields give them considerable areas of grass, while their stock does not increase unless by purchase. Of course, it is not a good practice to feed new seeded fields and meadows too close, yet if they were properly stocked a great deal of beef and mutton might profitably be made without any detriment to the land or grass. Many think the grass decaying on the land enriches it more than it would if consumed by stock. But we should prefer to have a heavy fall growth of grass on a meadow fed off moderately by sheep. On grain farms, too, the grass that grows in fence corners is apt to be wasted. We have sometimes thus seen enough to winter one or two cows. This, too, is utter waste. It fosters weeds, thistles and briars that have a partiality for fence corners, and the decaying grass enriches and invigorates them. Impoverish the fence corners if you can, "run" them by all means, and your farms will be the better for it. We hope to see the time, in this country, when fence corners will be among the things talked about but not seen.

Often farmers fail to reap as much profit from their land as they should, and thus they waste the use of it. Suppose a farmer has a certain grass field that he intends to plant to corn. He

has, likewise, a certain amount of manure to put on it. If he bestows his manure and labor on half the field, the crop from that, together with the yield of grass, might produce more profit than if the whole field were planted, and the manuring and cultivation not so high and good. When system and rotation are neglected the products of some fields cannot always be turned to good profit. There may be an overplus of coarse fodder and of hay, and the proper stock to consume it may be lacking; or these articles may fall short, and thus the farmer may be compelled to buy or sell stock to a disadvantage.

The watchful farmer will observe many things around his premises that have a tendency to waste. Fruit decays that should be sold, apples that should go early to the cider mill rot on the ground. Fallen timber in his forest is growing more worthless as it lies unused. Buildings and yard and garden fences decay from want of paint. Rats and mice waste a great deal of grain for want of proper granaries. We are extremely wasteful of manure; rich sources of it around the house are neglected, and we allow rains to waste the richest part of our barn-yards into streams, or on to unused land. And we are wasteful, likewise, of that which cannot be replaced, and which in the end we prize the most—TIME. The proper use of that lies at the foundation of all reform, and he who makes the best of it is prospered most in all things that combine to make a contented life.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

MR. THOMAS' SHEEP.

MR. J. H. THOMAS of Orwell, Addison Co., Vt., writes to us:—"I first started my flock by purchasing from time to time of J. T. & V. RICH twenty-six Paular ewes of their breeding, and I have no others, except those I have bred myself from that stock. I have bred a few ewes to Infantado rams, as experiments, but as a rule I have bred to Paular rams.

"The Ram teg of which Mr. PAGE took the drawing, (the cut of which accompanies this,) was got by Mr. HAMMOND'S 'Gold Drop' out of a ewe bred by the Messrs. RICH and got by the 'Tottenham Ram.' The four-year old ewe (in the rear) is a pure RICH ewe, and so is the ewe teg (in front) got by the 'Tottenham Ram.'"

AUSTRALIAN SHEEP.

HERMAN COMPTON, Wells' Corners, Erie Co., Pa., asks us:—"Why do you not publish some portraits of the imported Australian sheep? I have no doubt there are thousands beside myself who would like to see them."

The owner of these sheep, Dr. KENWORTHY, has been travelling most of the time since his arrival from Australia—and we do not know what his views are on the subject of having portraits of his sheep engraved. They still remain on

our farm. They have been kept by themselves, in an orchard, where the grass is mostly shaded, weedy and sour. Four of the ewes have dropped late (ram) lambs. The sheep have remained fleshy and continued to grow all summer; and, considering their age, they are as large as the largest American Merinos. Everything about them indicates remarkable easiness of keep and vigor of constitution. And they are excellent mothers and nurses.

They look very differently from American Merinos. They are taller; have no folds or wrinkles in the skin on any part; and having been exposed to the weather, they are, with one exception, quite white. But they have well arched ribs, are thick through the hips and shoulders, possess full, well spread bosoms, have well set on and perfectly round necks, and fine, beautiful heads. They lack the breadth of the South Downs; but they, especially the two prize Learmonth ewes, approach the South Down form much more nearly than they do the exaggerated specimens of American Merinos in vogue with some extremists.

Their wool is extremely long for its age, and set on quite thickly. Indeed, we cannot but fancy they will make pretty formidable competitors in a scouring test—especially if the quality and value of the scoured product were to be taken into consideration. In a word, we believe these will make very valuable sheep, for wool growing purposes, where choice wool brings remunerating prices. If housed summer and winter, they would probably become as dark colored as other Merinos—though their yolk is, doubtless, (like that of most of the other fine varieties of the Merino) more soluble in water than that of some of the American families.

GOITRE.—WEAK LAMBS.

IF, according to the most commonly received opinion, the weak and diseased condition in which so heavy a per centage of lambs are born at the present day, is owing to the winter treatment of their dams, the proper time of year has arrived to take the subject into grave consideration, to the end that the best practicable arrangements may be made by every sheep farmer to avert the calamity from his own flock. Our own views in respect to the causes of diseased and imperfect lambs, were fully set forth in the Country Gentleman in 1862, after the destructive ravages of the epizootic of that year; and they are repeated in different parts of the Practical Shepherd, and particularly under the head of "Confining Sheep in Yards and to Dry Feed," at page 231. These views are strongly corroborated by the experience of the intelligent correspondent whose communication is given below. His letter was received by us some months since, but we preferred to postpone its publication to a period when the usual arrangements for wintering sheep were about being entered upon. (We have other valuable deferred communications on this and kindred topics.)

SOUTH DANVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1865.
DEAR MR. RANDALL:—Some time in December I saw an article in the RURAL relative to the proper manner of wintering breeding ewes. I

ully concur with the ideas therein contained. Many of the sheep breeders in this vicinity have been troubled with the diseases spoken of, particularly swelled neck and goitre. And I have observed that the flocks most affected with goitre are those most closely confined to small yards and dry feed.

Until about 10 or 12 years ago we never had been troubled with malformation in lambs, from the fact that until then the ewes had been wintered in open sheds, in meadows, with plenty of range in all good weather. About that time my father purchased 40 ewes from the flocks of STICKNEY, ROBINSON and BUSK of Vermont. They being of superior quality, and wishing to do a good thing with them, were housed, grained and treated with more than ordinary care.

From the above and other equally convincing circumstances, I have come to the conclusion that exercise and occasional green feed for the ewes, are indispensable to perfect success in lamb raising. In accordance with that conclusion I have adopted the following plan for wintering breeding ewes. In a well ventilated barn, 26 by 40, I keep from 80 to 100 ewes, and give them access to a ten-acre field a part of each day when they can get to the ground; when they cannot, to give them exercise, I place feeding troughs 10 or 12 rods from the barn, and once or twice each day give them a feed of Swedish, grain or something in the troughs.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

QUESTIONS.—GARDNER DARR, Mankato, Minn., propounds to us questions which (for more convenient reference) we divide under the following heads:

RUTTING SEASON.—With coarse-wooled sheep this commences with the frosts of autumn. Dry Merino ewes, if in good condition, will take ram almost any time—though not so rapidly in warm as in frosty weather.

FOOD BEST ADAPTED TO THE PRODUCTION OF WOOL.—Mr. DARR will find various tables and statements on this subject in the Practical Shepherd, commencing at page 235. So far as any experiments within our knowledge have yet proved, hay with straw and without other fodder, produces the largest percentage of wool for the weight consumed.

KIND OF SHEEP BEST ADAPTED TO THIS LATITUDE.—This inquiry of Mr. DARR is rather a vague one. On good soils, and in the vicinity of markets where mutton is the leading object, the English breeds are best adapted to the circumstances; in other regions, and where wool is the leading object, the Merinos are most profitable.

DOES GRAIN PRODUCE ABORTION OR SICKLY LAMBS?—In this region of country, where sheep are kept closely confined in buildings and small yards in winter, and get no green feed from the fields, we have no doubt whatever that excessive grain feed does strongly tend to produce feeble, sickly lambs. In the West, where sheep are unconfined and frequently unhoused through the winter, it is claimed that feeding large quantities of Indian corn produces no bad effect on the lambs.

WINTER LAMBS.—Mr. DARR'S concluding question is, whether there is any particular objection, except extra care, to winter lambs? There is not. Winter lambs, if provided with a copious supply of milk, get an excellent "start"—winter better the following winter—and come earlier to maturity. But it is only safe to attempt the rearing of winter lambs where there are good shelter, proper feed to produce an ex-

tra supply of milk from the dams, and where the flockmaster well understands his business. Even then, the rearing of such lambs is not, on the whole, economical, unless among breeders who wish to get their ram lambs large enough to be used to some extent the first season.

SHEEP ENGRAVERS FOR THE RURAL.—OUR PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.—PEDIGRERS WANTED.—We stated not long since in answer to inquiries from various gentlemen "why their cuts did not appear," that we had a number on hand, and that consequently it was necessary that they take their regular turns in appearing—priority being generally determined by priority in the reception of the wood cuts and pedigrees. And we further stated that in no case do we interfere with the order in which the engravers execute the cuts—leaving that entirely to the arrangements made between them and the draughtsmen, or the proprietors of the sheep. Is not this plain enough to be understood?

We are not disinclined to indulge in friendly correspondence. We are willing to write private answers to inquiries about sheep, where good reasons appear why it cannot as well be done through these columns. But a considerate correspondent should always allow us to take the latter course, if possible, without compelling us to write without necessity, or to be guilty of the rudeness of refusing without explanation to comply with a courteous request. To write fifteen or twenty private letters a week, purely about other men's concerns, is no great labor for a few months—but if continued for years, it becomes a wearisome tax on one's time. In our case, it has continued long years; and it was partly in the hope of escaping it, and yet not withhold our small mite of information from our contemporaries, that we assumed our present editorial position. In that position we expected to be able to "kill a good many birds with one stone."

STATE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF WISCONSIN.—Illness in our household prevented us from meeting with this body, at the recent Fair at Janesville. We learn that the session was an interesting one. Its highly competent President was re-elected for another year. The following is the list of officers in full:—President—ALF STILSON, Oshkosh. Vice Presidents—1st. Dr. Fox, Fitchburg, Dane Co.; 2d. C. K. Stewart, Danville. Secretary—E. S. Hammond, Fen du Lac. Treasurer—John C. Bishop, Fon du Lac. Executive Committee—F. Hand, Rocky Run, Columbia Co.; C. M. Clark, Whitewater; A. F. Bishop, Kenosha; C. H. Williams, Baraboo; Lewis Clark, Beloit.

ANGORA GOATS.—BEARDED WHEAT STRAW.—M. BLAIR, Indianapolis, Ind., asks at what price male Angora goats can be purchased; also, whether any one had observed any ill effects to arise from allowing flocks of sheep to run at will to ricks of bearded wheat straw. We should suppose the beards would get into the fleeces, and so far as they did so, it would be an injury to the wool. Will some of our correspondents give further answers.

Communications, &c.

THE MERCHANT AND FARMER.

I HAVE a friend who is a store-keeper. Who has not? Can you not, reader, number one, and may-be several such, in your circle? Do you know, in fact, any store-keeper who is not extremely affable to you, even on a short acquaintance. How easily it is to create a friendship with them! How obliging, how polite, how glad they are when you visit them! Are you lonely—foreign—abroad in a strange land, perhaps, with the memory in your heart, like a bruised flower, of dear ones beyond the sea. You can turn to no kindred spirit for solace, or warm fireside for a welcome and a rest. But have courage. Stroll down the ringing pavement. Loiter in the stores. Buy in this one. Price the finest goods in that one. Fling a compliment across the counter when a handsome woman smiles at you from behind it. Surely you will find a score of friends (?) But for the sake of your belief in the goodness of the class, scan not the motive that impels the word to the smile. Set it down in good faith, to the credit of the human nature of store-keepers.

The particular store-keeper who is my friend, is very methodical in his business. At least it seems so to me—a farmer with farmer habits. I suppose they are all so, and that they do not consider themselves so very exact. Once a year, he takes an inventory of the value of his stock on hand, his outstanding debts, his cash receipts, the cost of labor to sell his goods, interest on capital, insurance, taxes; and then he knows just how he stands, how much he has made, what line of his business it is best to cling to most in the future; and above all, he knows whether he is all right and safe, and what limit he must set to his expenses. Some of his business transactions used to appear to me rather small—honest, of course, but showing that he sets great store on little things. He will take a cent of a small boy for a stick of candy. He will carefully weigh out two cents' worth of snuff to a poor woman, and when he does not happen to have the change for her long-boarded bill, he will spend five minutes in going to the bank to get it, instead of generously saying "I can't change that, just now, and you may have the snuff and welcome." He will search all the money drawers in the store, and the safe, too, any time, but that he will get the last penny for his goods. If one has an account with him, and buys something that costs thirty-seven and a half cents, he will charge thirty-eight, to get pay, I suppose, for the paper he writes on. His boxes, barrels, hogheads, are all sold for something—his stale goods worked off on certain customers. In short, little things are attended

to. Nothing is wasted. He knows how he stands, and what he is doing at all times. And he prospers and grows rich.

I have another friend who is a farmer—a good-natured, easy, honest, open-hearted farmer. But withal he is very slack and loose in his business, even for a farmer. Years ago, when he and the merchant were both young men, his father died and left him a good farm. He had a fair stock, tools and some money at interest. The merchant had nothing but his abilities to commence life with. The farmer was one of his regular customers. He did not work because he disliked to, and thought he was able to live without. He spent some of his money in fancy farming, and lost some by trying to make too much out of it. Then he neglected the farm. The fences decayed. Briers and thistles multiplied. Crops were half tilled and wasted, and he found, presently, that after paying his help and taxes, he was short of money, and it was convenient to make a store bill. Somehow it never became convenient to pay the bill. At the end of each year the merchant took his note on interest. Time went on and the merchant wanted him to pay the notes—he must have his capital to use in some other direction. The farmer hadn't the money but would borrow it, but he thought it hard for the merchant to crowd one of his best customers. Well, if he wanted to fix the matter permanently he might give a mortgage on his farm. So it was executed, and it proved to be truly permanent. Yearly, affairs grew worse with the farmer. He began to realize his fatal mistake, but it was too late to retrieve it. His fences and buildings were down—his land foul and poor—his stock small,—he could not sustain himself, and his farm passed out of his hands.

I met the two men a short time since, and naturally I contrasted their lives. If the farmer, thought I, had been as careful of little things as the merchant—if he had taken an inventory yearly—if he had looked closely after the pennies, and been always content with even a slow prosperity, he had been rich to-day. He started wrong, and lacked either the nerve or the wisdom to turn again. The same fundamental business principles lie at the bottom of success in all well established pursuits. And it is one of the greatest merits of farming, that it will bear up against the constant violations of those principles longer than any other business. The legitimate farmer does not smash down in a year. His course is slow. If it is upward, his increase is like that of the ball rolled in the snow. If downward his property slips away so gradually that before he is aware he may overpass the place of returning. CHIEF.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Qualities of Hay.

TIMOTHY for muscle; clover for milk; corn for fat. The timothy should be cured in full blossom, or a little later. Clover should be cut when first reddening, before it is fully matured. This is the time, and the only time to cut clover. Then all the nutritive juices are in perfection. Such hay—or grass cured—has a slight laxative tendency—just what is wanted in winter. It will be greedily eaten, even when somewhat touched with mould—and give milk with profusion. This never fails. On the other hand, timothy, instead of secreting milk, will form muscle; hence, the hay for horses, and hence preferred so generally. Straw, when early cut and properly cured—not dried—has somewhat the quality of clover. But oh, how neglectful we are about the curing of straw, when it is one of the finest of employments. There is a fragrance about such straw, and the pale green tint, which make it a valuable and a most pleasant fodder.

Timothy then for horses; clover for milk cows; and straw, well cured and cut, for either. It is excellent to mix with meal, or feed carrots and beets with. We would, when thus fed, make but little difference between good barley or even oat straw, when early and properly cured, and timothy for stock, especially cows in milk. For young stock, tender timothy is excellent. We are so reckless in feeding. We feed promiscuously; we feed what we have to feed without taking much pains to get a proper selection, or to prepare it well. For instance, we feed few corn stalks, raised on purpose for fodder, when yet this is one of the cheapest and one of the best hays that can be fed; and in the summer, in a drought, it is of the greatest advantage, fed out green. —Rural World.

Agricultural Prospects of the West.

THE editor of the N. H. Mirror and Farmer, who has recently visited the West, thus discourses upon its products and prospects:—"How-muchsoever croakers may say to the contrary, the agricultural prospects of the country at large were never more promising. In this remark we have reference, of course, to the North and North-western States. Of the prospects of the South, statements are so conflicting, that we can form no correct opinion, for while one class of writers and observers represent the people, black as well as white, going diligently to work to recuperate the exhausted condition of the country, returning to their accustomed pursuits and to their allegiance, another class are equally confident in asserting that the blacks are disinclined to work, looking for government support, riotous and predatory, and the whites lazy, indolent and murderous, both freedmen and Union men. Amid these conflicting assertions, as before suggested, it is difficult to form a correct judgment, but common sense would seem to dictate, that impoverished as the Southern people have been by the war, the wealthy stripped of their possessions, and the common people wanting, many of them, for the necessities of life, that self-preservation would lead all classes to exert themselves to the utmost to bring the productive interests of their country into their

usual channels, and to support that policy of government that shall best protect those interests. Hence we think it will be found that the producing classes of the South, black or white, generally are at work, and that all interests are making as much progress under the circumstances, as would naturally have been expected. The statistics of the agricultural products of the South the present year, will surprise the most hopeful. And this is true of the West and North-west.

Speculators have represented short crops to be prevalent, in consequence of drouth, bugs, rust and lack of laborers; that the country has been completely depleted of live animals, both bipeds and quadrupeds, by the war—when the truth is, drouth, insects or rust have prevailed to no great extent, and the depletion of laborers by the war has been more than met by emigration and the use of labor-saving machines; while the depletion of animals for slaughter, has been more than met by extra exertions in production. So that to-day, the West and North-west, the granary and meatery of the world, was never so well stocked with all their great staples.

And the prospects for another year are equally favorable. Green, luxuriant wheat fields meet the eye in every direction, at this moment, throughout the West, and more coming forward, so that the first of November will witness a greater breadth of cereals throughout the country than ever before. Countless hogs are "in clover" in every direction, and heaves and "young stock" are grazing on all the prairies, so that anti-Grahamites can have no fears of restriction or starvation. So if provisions are high the coming season or year, it must be the result of monopoly, not scarcity.

Ditching Machine.

WE had the opportunity on Monday of witnessing the operation of a new machine for digging ditches, particularly for laying tile in. The machine consists of a series of 22 spades, placed on an axle-tree and revolving with it, entering the ground at such an angle that they meet with the least resistance. As the machine advances, the spades are made to extend backward and partially under the loosened earth, taking it up, and when at the proper elevation the spade is made to turn one-fourth round by a trip, depositing the earth upon a shield, which carries it out to one side of the ditch, thus giving all the motions that are made in using the ordinary hand spade. The machine can be set to run at any required depth up to 8 inches at each passage over the ground, and by repeated passages to the depth of three feet. The inventor assured us that with two men and two good teams, fifty rods of ditch could be cut in an hour. The ground on which we saw it work was very unfavorable; being a quick-sand the spades did not take it out clean, much of it falling, back. The motions, however, were complete, and every part worked well, and we can see no reason why it will not be a complete success in land drainage. The machine is the invention of Mr. Judd Stevens of Wayne Co., N. Y., and is now under the control of the Chicago Ditching and Spading Machine Co., (chartered by the last legislature,) who will give any further information desired. —Prairie Farmer.

Feeding Properties of the Mangold.

A WRITER in the Scottish Farmer says:—"The mangold, like the turnip and all other root crops, varies in feeding properties according to soil, climate, manurial effects and other circumstances under which it is cultivated. According to chemical analysis, it is more valuable for feeding purposes than the common turnip or swede. In practice, during the autumn and early winter months, we consider it inferior in feeding value to good swede turnips; whilst during March and April, and as the season advances, we consider it almost invaluable, not only for feeding, but as food for store stock. We have used it rather extensively for some years, when pulped and mixed with cut straw, and allowed slightly to ferment, in which case chemical changes take place, enabling the animal more easily to assimilate the substance of the food. We have used and found the roots equally valuable for ewes suckling their lambs, and for dairy cows in milk, always producing an increased flow of milk; and when given in conjunction with oats, beans, and other nitrogenous foods, the quality of the secretion is not deteriorated in value. The mangold being originally a native of a warmer climate than that of the United Kingdom, other things being equal, we invariably get our best crops during dry, hot summers. The past season was therefore unfavorable for the production of heavy crops of this root. Ours was greatly under an average of former years.

Corn Crop and Stock Hogs.

THE corn crop throughout Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and this State promises such an extraordinary yield that many consider that the new product will not realize over 25 cents per bushel in the field; and in consequence the farmers, it is reported, are generally directing their attention to the raising of hogs, and considerable inquiry prevails for stock hogs throughout the country, which are very scarce. In view of this condition of things, the next hog crop may turn out much larger than has generally been anticipated. Many entertain the opinion that hogs will open at a high figure next fall, which is an additional incentive to the farmers for the adoption of this course; but time alone can decide as to its wisdom, as it is too early yet for any one to make any positive declaration as to the result. —Louisville Journal.

Warts on Cattle.

A SUBSCRIBER says that his cow has warts upon her bag and teats "long and slender," and asks how he can cure them. The warts can be readily removed with caustic, lunar or potash. Five cents worth of either lunar caustic, or

caustic of potash will suffice. Keep the caustic in a vial, take a stick of it, wet the end with water or spit and rub it on the warts. Two or three applications will suffice. Be very careful with the caustic of potash or it will eat too deep and make a sore. We took a large wart from the leg of a valuable horse by two applications of potash, and it has not returned. —N. H. Farmer.

CORN FODDER.—Not even the best hay is a more palatable or nutritious kind of forage than early cut and well cured corn fodder. The grass crop has been good, to be sure, but then do you not remember—you I mean, and you, and you—how many times you have run so close that you have been compelled to scrimp your feed in the late spring, before grass, and been a little ashamed of the appearance of your stock. Our advice will come to you late, should frosts this year be early, but nevertheless, we cannot forbear to say, for Mercy's sake, don't be short of feed this year! Save your fodder! —Wis. Farmer.

THOROUGH drainage will pay a dividend equal to the 7-30s. Tiles are cheaper than stone drains and more durable.

Rural Notes and Items.

INDIANA STATE FAIR.—Ill health deprived us of the anticipated pleasure of attending this Fair—a deprivation the more regretted now that we hear very favorable reports in regard to the exhibition. All accounts agree that the Fair was a great success—beyond precedent in the State. The receipts, in all departments, during the week, were about fifteen thousand dollars,—while it is said the entire expenses will not exceed ten thousand. We congratulate the Society, its membership, and the Rural and other Producing Interests of Indiana, upon this great achievement. When the young "Hoosier" State excels the old "Empire," we of the latter ought to "acknowledge the cereal" and add three rousing cheers.

The Indiana State Horticultural Society held a meeting at the same time and place, (Fort Wayne,) and its sessions were rendered interesting and instructive by discussions on appropriate topics. During the week several prominent persons visited, on invitation, the model residence and farm of that model farmer and gentleman, Hon. I. D. G. NELSON, a member of the State Agricultural Board, about four miles from Fort Wayne. We regret that it is impossible for us to give even a condensed account of this and other pleasant occasions and re-unions enjoyed by our friends during the week of the Fair.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR.—A friend who attended this Fair sends us some criticisms upon the management. Among other things he says:—"It seems very evident that the officers of the Pa. State Agricultural Society are but novices in the work of 'running' a State Fair. It is to be hoped that some practical lessons were learned at Williamsport. Many things were to be noticed which were, to say the least, disagreeable—such as the vending of patent nostrums on the grounds, and allowing side-shows to vent their slang upon gaping bystanders. Many articles which were unavoidably detained by delays on the railroad were not allowed to compete for premiums, not even when the articles arrived early Wednesday morning. The Secretary's office was a rough board shanty 10 by 20 feet. The premiums were all paid by one man, making it an almost endless job."

But it appears that the Fair was a financial success, not only to the Society but to pick-pockets, albeit "trials of speed" were the great feature. A Pa. paper says that it "is pronounced the most successful ever held by the Agricultural Society outside the cities of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. The receipts amounted to nearly fifteen thousand dollars, of which sum about seven thousand dollars will go into the treasury of the Society. Owing to the poor police arrangements of the Society, the pick-pockets in attendance reaped a great harvest, some three hundred persons having been relieved of their purses on Friday alone. The principal attraction of the Fair was the races, or 'trials of speed,' which have become an important part of the State Society's exhibitions."

AGRICULTURAL EXPORTS.—The following table shows the exports of our leading articles of domestic produce from the port of New York, for nine months to October 1st, in each of the years named:

Table with columns for First Nine Months, 1863, 1864, 1865. Rows include Beef, Pork, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Rice, etc.

FAST TIME.—Flora Temple beaten.—Until recently the fastest horse time ever made was by Flora Temple—viz., a mile in 2m. 19 1/2s. But this has recently been excelled by "Dexter," a remarkable trotter, seven years old, owned in New York, who has made his mile on the Fashion Course, Long Island in 2m. 15 1/2s. This is probably the fastest time on record. Dexter was sired by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and he by old Abdallah, he by Mambrino, and he by imported Messenger. The dam of Dexter was by imported Bellfounder, g. d. Old One Eye by Old Hamb'leonian, and he by imported Messenger. The dam of Old One Eye was also by imported Messenger.

NEW WAY OF FILLING AN ICE-HOUSE.—The Utica Herald says that the ice-house of L. R. LYON of Lyon's Falls, N. Y., has not been empty for twenty years, nor has a pound of ice ever been put into it. The building is constructed after the ordinary method, and when it is designed to fill it, a rose jet is placed upon the water-pipe, and as the water comes through it is chilled and drops into the ice-house, where it forms one solid mass of ice.

HORTICULTURAL.

FLOWERS, FRUITS, &c., AT THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR.

FROM notes of the display in the various departments of the Pennsylvania State Fair, furnished us by a correspondent, W., who was present, we extract the following relative to the Horticultural exhibition:

Entering the ground, we come to Floral Hall. By the way, the tent itself was from the establishment of JAS. FIELD of Rochester. Only two Rochester firms were represented at the Fair, and both of these were to be found here. Mr. JAS. VIOK, through his son, made a splendid show of cut flowers, and although no premium was allowed on a general collection, the Committee deemed them worthy of special notice. Mr. VIOK's first premiums were as follows:—On Asters, Dianthus, Pansies, Phloxes, Verbenas and Muskmelons. C. W. SIBLEY, agent for CHAS. W. SIBLEY, had a very fine show of Grapes, Apples and Pears. Premiums were awarded him on all articles he exhibited.

A large collection of pot plants, cut flowers and fine vegetables, from the gardens of JNO. EVENDEN of Williamsport, did much credit to that youthful city. Indeed, had it not been for his excellent taste on the arrangement of his articles, the hall would have looked extremely barren. A large rustic mound 10 or 12 feet high formed the center from which a fine fountain showered delicious coolness on the air. Mr. E. has the credit of this also. JNO. HAMILTON of Pine Creek Township, showed 55 varieties of apples, mostly native sorts. We noticed but three varieties known and cultivated in Western New York. He was awarded a special premium of \$50.

The Pleasant Valley Wine Co., represented by one of the firm, Mr. A. Y. BAKER, had their unusual assortment of wines and brandies. He showed Pennsylvania what New York could do in that line.

THE NEW FRENCH MARIGOLD.

ONE of the prettiest things now in flower is the new French Marigold, *Tagetes Sigrata Pumila*. Those who think of it as a marigold will hardly get a correct idea of the plant, as the flowers are



NEW MARIGOLD—PLANT IN BLOSSOM.

very small, and the foliage finely cut, giving the plant an entirely different appearance from any other marigold we are acquainted with.

The plant is from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, giving a dense globular mass of foliage and flowers. The flowers are single, bright yellow, marked with brownish orange.



FLOWER AND LEAVES OF NATURAL SIZE.

The foliage is bright green, and being so finely cut is delicate and pretty, though late in the season the whole plant has the appearance of a mass of flowers. A thousand flowers on a plant may be counted almost any day towards the latter part of the summer. This marigold originated with VILMANN of Paris, and was first brought to this country in 1838.

PEAR AND QUINCE BLIGHT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your paper of Sept. 9th, present volume, I see articles on pear and quince blight. Remedy—cutting off below blighted parts. This I think useless, as it spoils the beauty of the tree, besides checking the growth, which is one source of blight.

My remedy is simply to shave off the bark that is dead leaving the green, if any, but there generally is none unless neglected very long. But

where the dead bark reaches the wood shave it off and leave two green edges, which will heal over. I have tried this on my trees, on limbs and bodies, and never failed to save them. The inner bark will grow and the tree look natural. South Bulter, N. Y. E. D. Wood.

THE BULB FARMS OF HAARLEM.

In the first place the natural soil about Haarlem is composed chiefly of sand and decaying shell, which has been thrown up in former times by the ocean. It also contains a portion of vegetable matter, and is enriched annually by a liberal supply of cow-dung—the only kind of manure which is used. The land which is to be planted with the bulbs is trenched 2 or 3 feet deep in spring, and manured at the same time. But it is not yet in a fit condition for the receipt of the Hyacinth. And mark, particularly, the next preparatory operation. A crop of vegetables, generally Potatoes, is taken off it, in order to draw out any rankness or impurities which might prove injurious to the Hyacinth. This being done during the spring and summer months, the land is ready for the reception of the bulbs in autumn, which is the proper season to plant them. Nor is this all; a careful system of rotation in cropping is also observed, so that these bulbs are rarely, if ever, grown on the same land two years in succession.

When planted in October, the bulbs are covered over with 3 or 4 inches of soil, and are further protected during the winter months with a layer of reed, some 5 or 6 inches in thickness. And now the process of growth immediately begins, and in a way to which we beg leave to draw particular attention. It is the roots only that grow. They strike deep down into the earth in search of nourishment, while the stem remains, all but inactive, patiently waiting for the time when the roots shall be in a position to supply all the requirements. And thus it happens that when the spring comes round, and when the bulb begins to grow, as we say, a sufficient supply of nourishment is readily and abundantly supplied.

Another point which the Dutch cultivator considers of great importance is the careful preservation and full development of the leaves. Any disease in the leaves is rapidly communicated to the bulb, and hence every precaution is used to keep them in health and vigor. The flower stems themselves are usually removed before they are in full bloom, not with the view, as is sometimes supposed, of strengthening the bulbs, but in order to prevent the heavy flower-heads from falling upon and rotting the leaves. Huge heaps of Hyacinth blooms may be seen laid up in the corners of all the fields about Haarlem in the month of April, having been taken to prevent the chance of such a thing taking place. The Hyacinth would appear to be very liable to become diseased, and hence every precaution is taken by the Dutch cultivator to remove any predisposing cause, whether it be in the composition of the soil or in any injury that may happen to the leaves.—Gardener's Chronicle.

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. 18th:

Table listing prices for various fruits like Apples, Pears, Peaches, etc.

Table listing prices for various dried fruits like Dried Apples, Peaches, etc.

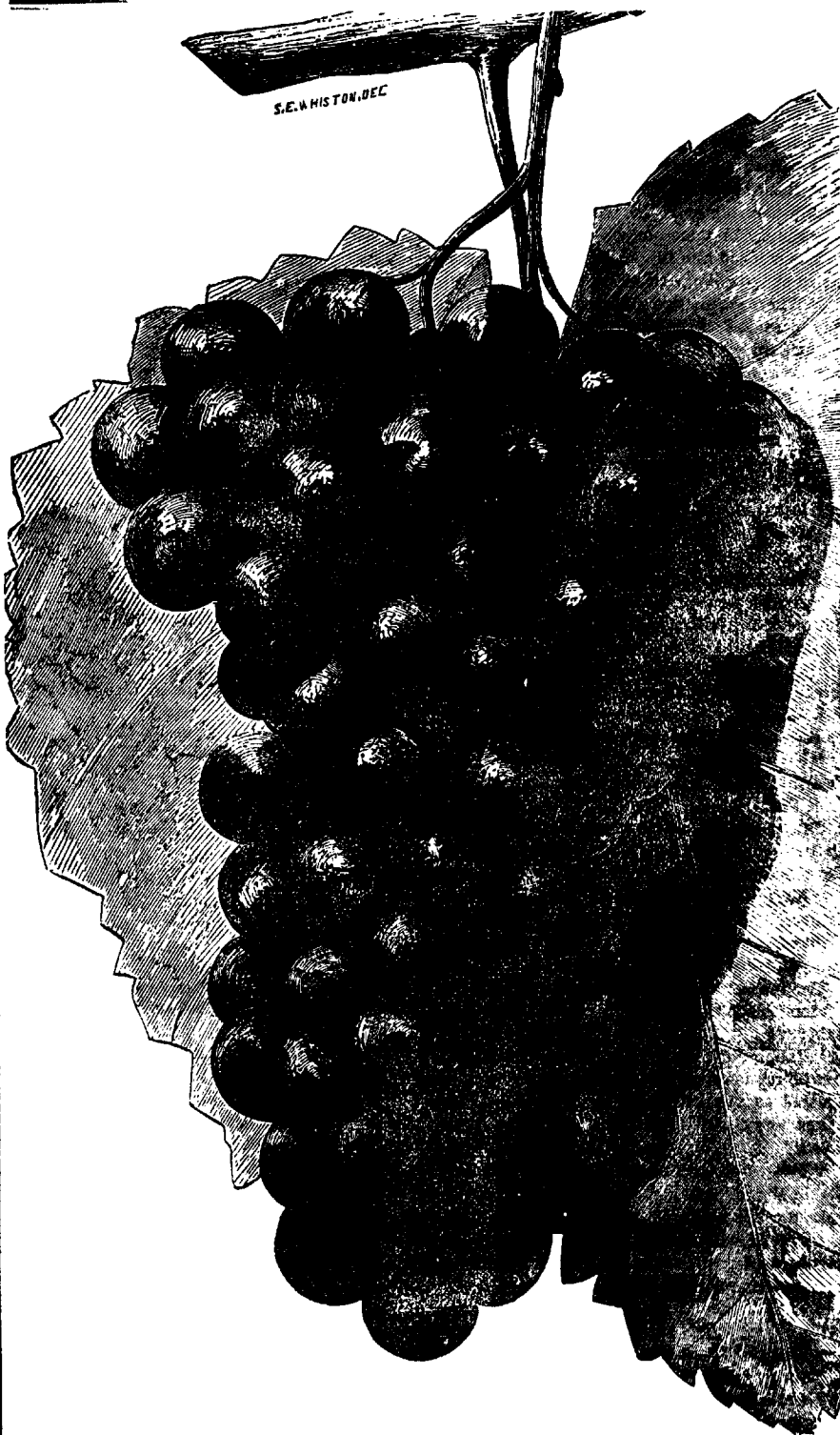
Table listing prices for various vegetables like Potatoes, Onions, etc.

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

GATHERING AND KEEPING APPLES.

In order to secure soundness and preservation, it is indispensably necessary that the fruit should be gathered by hand. For winter fruit the gathering is delayed as long as possible, avoiding severe frosts, and the most successful practice with our extensive orchardists is to place the good fruit directly in a careful manner in new, tight flour barrels, as soon as gathered from the tree. These barrels should be gently shaken while filling, and the head closely pressed in; they are then placed in a cool, shady exposure under a shed open to the air, or on the north side of a building, protected by a covering of boards over the top, where they remain for a fortnight, or until the cold gets too severe, when they are carefully transferred to a cool, dry cellar, in which air can be admitted occasionally in brisk weather.

A cellar for this purpose should be dug in dry, gravelly or sandy soil, with, if possible, a slope to the north, or at any rate, with openings on



THE ADIRONDAC GRAPE.

This grape continues to attract the attention of cultivators, and in localities where it has been grown and fruited, meets, we believe, public expectation.

We present our readers with a fine engraving representing a bunch of the Adirondac Grape of the natural size. So many admirable qualities were credited to this grape when first announced, that we received the statements with some doubt. It was claimed to be superior in flavor to the Delaware, fifteen days earlier, and far more hardy; and thus suited to the portions of our country, where no good grape had previously succeeded.

It was exhibited at the meeting of the American Pomological Society in Boston, in September, 1862, and Mr. ELLIOTT, from the Committee on New Fruits, described it as follows:—"Bunch large, compact; berries large, round; color dark purplish red, with a blue bloom; seeds large; flesh greenish white, soft, not

perfectly ripe, but produces excellently well." It was also shown at the New York State Fair held in Rochester in October, 1862; and CHARLES DOWNING, Chairman of the Committee on Native Grapes, made the following report:—"Before closing their labors, the undersigned would call attention to a new Native Grape named the Adirondac, and exhibited by JOHN W. BAILEY of Plattsburgh. Accepting Mr. BAILEY's statement, that the Adirondac ripens two weeks earlier than the Delaware, we think it presents claims to the favorable notice of fruit-growers in the Northern States and the Canadas. In color, it resembles the Isabelas, but is somewhat larger. In quality, it is sweet and pleasant, with little or no hardness of pulp. Those who prefer an earlier grape than the Delaware, will welcome the Adirondac. The undersigned cheerfully indorse the opinion of the American Pomological Society, that "the Adirondac promises excellently well."

STORING CELERY.

We have said a great deal latterly about the cultivation of celery; and now as the crop must be pretty well grown, we shall proceed as usual at this season, to give some reliable directions for preserving it through the winter.

Many people complain of their celery—one of the most difficult garden crops to raise in perfection—that it does not keep well through the winter—sometimes withers, but oftener rots. It is recommended by some that it should be preserved in the rows where it grows, and that removal more or less injures it. Where the plant is grown in soil of a dry nature—and celery never should be grown there—it may be well kept in the row; but we deny most emphatically that removal injures it in the slightest particular.

We pursue two modes, and find both to answer completely. The first is to remove the celery to high and dry ground, dig a trench spade deep, stand up a row of plants, then three inches of soil, then another row, and so on until about a half dozen rows are finished, and then commence another bed, and so on. The soil should be packed firmly, and banked up so that the tops of the celery are just covered, then spank off roof fashion to turn the rain. Over this two wide boards, nailed together, should be placed as a security against moisture. For remember, it is water, not frost as some say, that rots celery. Frost adds to its tenderness.

Another plan is to sink barrels into the earth,

so that the tops are two or three inches below the surface, stand them compactly full of celery, put close or tight covers upon them, and then a couple of inches of soil. By this mode, somewhat more troublesome than the other, ours kept well for the last two or three years until all was consumed, which was late in spring.—Germantown Telegraph.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES.

FRENCH LOAF.—One pound of sugar and 1 of flour, three-fourths of a pound of butter, 1 lb. of raisins, 1 gill of wine and brandy and sweet milk, 2 nutmegs, 1 teaspoon of soda, 2 teaspoons of cream of tartar, 6 eggs.

BLACK CAKE.—1 pound of flour and brown sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, 1 teaspoon of soda in a cup of sour cream, 2 pounds of currants and 1 of raisins, half a pound of citron, 2 nutmegs, half pound of mace and cloves, 1 pound of cinnamon, nearly a pint of molasses, 1 glass of brandy and wine.

WHITE CAKE.—Beat the whites of 4 eggs to a stiff froth, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sour cream, 1 1/2 cups of white sugar, teaspoon of soda and lemon, 3 cups of flour. Yellow, the same as the white, only use the yolks of the eggs.

PUFF CAKE.—Six eggs, 6 cups of flour, 4 cups of sugar, 2 of sweet milk, 9 ozs. of butter, 4 teaspoons of cream tartar, 2 of soda.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, 1 of flour, half a cup of butter, whites of 4 eggs, 1 spoon of milk, a little cream and soda, lemon.

COOKIES.—Four teaspoons of flour, rub in 2 teaspoons of sugar, 1 of butter, two-thirds cup of buttermilk, 1 egg, nutmeg, soda.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sugar and flour, 3 eggs, half cup of butter, half teaspoon

of soda, and 1 of cream tartar. Dissolve the soda in two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk. Bake in two flat tins, roll while hot.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Nine tablespoons of hot water, 7 of butter, 5 teaspoons of soda, 1 of alum, 2 cups of molasses.

MARBLE CAKE.—One cup of brown sugar, half cup of molasses, 1 nutmeg, 1 tablespoon of cinnamon, half do. of spice, cloves, one-fourth of pepper, one-fourth cup of sour milk, half teaspoon of soda, two cups of flour, the yolks of five eggs.

THE WHITE.—Two cups of white sugar, 1 of butter, half cup of sour milk, whites of 5 eggs, 1 teaspoon of soda, 2 of cream tartar, 2 cups of flour.

INDIAN BREAD.—Two pints of buttermilk and 1 of flour, half cup of molasses, 2 spoons of soda.

NICH' DOUGH CAKE.—Three cups of light dough, 2 of sugar, 1 of butter, 3 eggs, 1 nutmeg, raisins, 1 teaspoon of soda. It will do to bake immediately, but is better to rise a little in the tin.—MRS. T. G. CHILDS, Bridgeport, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—1 lb. of raisins, stoned, 1 lb. of currants, washed and dried, 1 lb. beef suet, shred very fine, 1 lb. brown sugar, 1 lb. flour, sifted, 1/2 lb. sandied orange peel, 6 ozs. bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon of mixed spice, 1/2 pint of milk, 1 teaspoonful salt, the outside rind of two large carrots scraped fine; all to be well mixed together, and poured into a mould and covered with thick paper then with a good cloth and tied tight, plunged into boiling water and kept boiling six hours. To insure a pudding turning out whole, it is a good plan after taking it out of the boiling water to dip it instantly into cold.

Advertisements.

20 BUSHELS PEACH PITS WANTED.—Address P. BOWEN, East Aurora, N. Y.

OVER 30,000 APPLE TREES—Of the best kinds, 5 to 8 feet high, for sale at low rates by ISRAEL STARKS, Brockport, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES FOR AUTUMN 1865. 50,000 DELAWARE VINES.

Grown from single eyes of well matured wood, in the open ground. They have substantial woody roots full of fibres, and are well adapted to vine-ward or trellis culture. Such plants have given entire satisfaction wherever tried, and can therefore be recommended with confidence. PRICES.—No. 1, \$30 per 100; \$250 per 1,000. No. 2, \$20 per 100; \$150 per 1,000. No. 3, \$15 per 100; \$125 per 1,000. Iona, Israelia, Adirondac, Allen's Hybrid, Concord and Rebecca Vines.

A few thousand 4 year old DWARF AND STANDARD PEACH TREES, at low rates, for sale by J. W. HELMER, Lockport, N. Y.

HEDGE SEED.—OF THE OSAGE ORANGE, from Texas, by OYERMAN, MANN & CO., Box 100, Normal, or 600 Bloomington, Ill.

STANDARD PEARS.—2 to 4 years—very strong and fine—good assortment of varieties. 2 to 4 years—very strong and fine—good assortment of varieties.

APPLES, Standard and Dwarf, Thrifty. CHERRIES, 1 and 2 years. PLUMS, 2 and 3 years. PEACHES, one year. SMALL FRUITS—Agriculturist and other Strawberries.

EVERGREENS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, &c. We have paid special attention to the cultivation of the NEW HARDY GRAPES, and offer strong, well-grown plants of Iona, Adirondac and Israelia, by the 100 or 1,000, at low rates. Also, Diana, Concord, Delaware, Rebecca, Allen's Hybrid, Hartford, Prolific, Rogers' Hybrid, Creveling, and nearly all the valuable kinds. Also, a splendid lot of Delaware and Diana layers, many of them with 6 feet of bearing wood ready for sale. Price List.—BRONSON, GRAVES & SELOVER, 814-107 Washington St., Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y.

50,000 GRAPE VINES.—50,000 Delaware, Concord, Diana, Catawba, and some Iona, Israelia and Adirondacs. The four first are all from vineyard layers and are very strong—the three last from two eyes and well grown. They will bear the lowest wholesale rates. The layers are extra and three times as strong as eye plants. Persons wishing a sample, by forwarding \$1 will receive the amount in vines. A. FAHNESTOCK, 815-5600 Toledo, O., Aug. 20, 1865.

100,000 APPLE TREES, 4 year old, first class, leading varieties at \$35 per 1,000; 20,000 5 and 6 year old, do. at \$40 per 1,000. Also a fine stock of standard and Dwarf Peach Trees, standard, 2 and 3 years old, Cherry Trees, 1 year old, together with Small Fruits, Evergreens, &c. Also Mazzari Cherry Seedlings, Apple Seedlings, and Angers Quince stocks. Myard Cherry Fruit for sale at the Faulkner Nurseries, Danville, Livingston Co., N. Y. JOHN C. WILLIAMS & CO. Danville, N. Y., Sept., 1865. 819-5100

\$5 First Premium Improved SEWING MACHINE. THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY. Patented May 18th, 1862, improvement patented June 24th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GERM Sewing Machine, a most wonderful and elegantly constructed novelty, in motion in operation, uses the straight needle; sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS; makes the running stitch more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making all the stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, skirt, tuck, run up breeches, &c., &c.; is not liable to get out of order, and will last 20 years, and does not infringe upon any other sewing machine made. For the dressmaker it is invaluable, for the household it supplies a vacant place. Godley's Patent Sewing Machine, a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it.—New York Independent. Single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing.—New York Tribune. All persons are cautioned against buying or offering for sale imitations of the genuine Machine, or they will be prosecuted for infringement on the patents and liable to fine and imprisonment. Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, \$5. SAFE DELIVERY guaranteed to all parts. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent Free. Address all orders to FAMILY GERM SEWING MACHINE CO. Office, 102 Nassau Street, New York.

AGENTS WANTED.—In every county to sell A Powell's great National Picture of the Voters in Congress for the Constitutional Amendment. Through Agents for \$100 to \$200 per month. Send for circular or call on POWELL & CO., 54 Bible House, New York.

\$2,000 A YEAR made by any one with \$15—Send for Circular. The President, Cashiers, and Treasurers of 3 Banks indorse the Circular. Sent free with samples. Address the American Stencil Tool Works, Springfield, Vermont.

\$90 A MONTH—Agents wanted for six strictly new Articles, just out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Maine. 817-155

FARM FOR SALE.—A farm of 100 acres situated in the north-west part of the town of Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y., on the road leading from the Le Roy to the Mt. Hope Chapel. The premises is a good barn, about 1 1/2 acres of orchard, 25 acres of woodland a place bed, and two living springs of water. If desired it will be divided into two fifty acre lots. Enquire of the subscriber on the premises. URI KELSEY, Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y., Sept. 1, 1865. 816-81

DEAN TILL MACHINE, BEST IN USE.—Manufactured by A. LA TOURRETTE, Seneca Co., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

LOVERS.

They linger in the garden walk,
Talking as only lovers talk,
Sweet, foolish trifles, love's delight!
With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stops and plucks a rose,
To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;
Scattering the rose leaves in the air,
A dainty shower o'er her face and hair—

With laughing looks she sees them fly,
Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh;
For youth and love as soon are gone,
And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot,
A tuft of pale forget-me-not;
She takes them with a careless jest,
Then hides them in her sunny breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair,
Whispering she is wondrous fair:
While tenderly his loving hands
Linger o'er the rippling bands.

They pause to watch the evening sky,
And see the golden sunlight die;
A squirrel startled from its lair
Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curls,
Till the bright flag the wind unfurls,
And blows a tress across his face—
Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last,
He holds her slender fingers fast,
Then kisses them, as well he may,
While she, all blushing, speeds away.

[Saturday Evening Post.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WORDS OF COMFORT.

The day is very dark. Through swaying boughs no sun rays fall to lure the grass and flowers to quicker, fresher growth. Under the sheltering leaves the birds sit dumb, and the hurrying clouds drift nearer and nearer.

My heart is dreary, as well as the day, and I long for light to gladden my soul, as I know it will brighten the cloudy sky. Behind the clouds the sun is shining as brightly as it ever shone, and to-morrow the flowers will bloom, the birds will sing, and the turf be fresher for the rain that washes off the dust. So behind the clouds of sorrow that lower so heavily, there are brighter days and hopes that as yet my eyes—tear-blinded—fail to see; and the dust of pride and arrogance that days of prosperity have blown over my better nature, this bitter rain is beating off.

"Our times are in God's hands, and all our days are as our needs." He who notes the sparrow's fall cannot forget His children. "So, while we lay our sorrows at God's feet, and leave all there that He permits, let us bear the memory of our griefs about us as a precious thing, hallowing the paths wherever our feet must tread, hallowing the words of our lips and the desires of our hearts; and if the sunlight be less joyous, and the song of birds be less grateful than of yore, let us still appreciate the loveliness which is a type of that world where our treasure is garnered."

All are not dead who sleep, and at the last, when the waves of death have swept above our earth-worn sandals, the sun that set to us on earth may rise in brighter glory, and resting in the sunlight of God's smile we shall forget earth's care and sorrow.

Mourner for some cherished friend, who spend the days and hours in unavailing grief? If your beloved one went down the dark valley, sustained and strengthened by the presence of our precious Redeemer, why shed such bitter tears? A little while ago we pressed a kiss upon their trembling lips, and murmured "God keep you!" to dear friends whom we might not meet again for years. We deeply feel their absence, yet with a quiet sorrow that knows the thrill of hope we wait for a day of glad re-union. Still, those friends may prove recreant to the vows of friendship; for the world has stepped between many loving hearts, and our loved ones are not parted so far from us by the stream of death, as they often are by the changes that life brings. But those who loved us when we stood beside their solemn death-beds, we believe will love us with a stronger and purer affection than earth knows of, when they wait to welcome us upon the river's farther shore.

What a blessed thought it is which comes to the stricken mourner day by day as a message from Heaven, that our "loved and lost" are at rest, though we are in tears! Why, then, mourn that they have secured eternal respite from the cares and troubles of this weary world? Selfish must our sorrow be, if we begrudge them rest with Christ and peace in Heaven. They have but gone home a little while before, and when we are called to put away this mortal life, when leaning on the blessed promises, and fearing no evil, we have passed through the valley, through the shadow, we shall see them all on the Heavenly shore: the old man who tottered on,

"Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still;"

the gentle sister who, long years ago, spoke with us on earth no more; the noble friend whom death met on the field of battle, and the spotless babe that, on a summer day, went back to Heaven again. We shall greet them all, the sinless and the sin-forgiven, and through the endless cycles of eternity we shall miss no more the friends we mourn to-day. ANNA PARKER.

We see it stated that Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher proposes to read her husband's lectures, upon invitations of lyceums and literary associations. Mr. Beecher's health preventing him from undertaking another lecture campaign.

A SWEET PHILOSOPHY.

The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the house, his two sons died, both of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to the bedchamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over the bodies. In the evening the Rabbi came home.

She reached him the goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out, drank and asked:
"Where are my two sons, that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked around the school, and I did not see them there. Where are my sons, that they too may drink the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a glad and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal she thus addressed him:

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question."

"Ask it then, my love," he replied.
"A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody. He now demands them again. Shall I give them up?"

"This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?"

"No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith."

She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

"Ah, my sons, my sons!" loudly lamented the father. "My sons, the light of my eyes and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but you were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said:

"Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir; "and blessed be His name for thy sake too, for well it is written, who hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and her tongue is the law of kindness."

FEMININE TOPICS.

CHURCH, the artist, is said to be engaged painting a "Waterfall" which recently attracted his attention on Broadway.

THE Boston Post says that three hundred orphan girls—daughters of soldiers—are among the spinsters who leave for the West on the 30th Inst.

A WOMAN in Ayr, Scotland, found in the center of a potato a gold wedding ring, which the ambitious tuber must have inclosed in the process of growth.

"THE greatest wonder of the day" in London is a female "baby actress," aged two years and ten days, who can recite and act a whole scene from King John.

AN Old Maids' Aid Society was organized at Warsaw, Indiana, last week. It has a flourishing membership of thirty. Unmarried gentlemen are requested to attend the meetings.

A LONDON correspondent says that Adellina Patti still "sings like a bird," but she is not as pretty as she was three or four years ago. Her chin is longer and her expression of passionate feeling is stronger.

AN editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. Another editor says the manner in which his wife handles the broom is not so very pleasant.

Two hundred ladies and gentlemen attended an old-fashioned husking frolic at Brighton, Massachusetts, on the 6th Inst. They husked about two hundred bushels, and found enough red ears to make the occasion pass off pleasantly.

A SENSITIVE wife has sent the following lines to an exchange to publish:
My husband slept—he dreamed a pleasing dream,
For sunny smiles across his face did beam:
He dreamt of me, for oft he murmured "Pet,"
I pressed him to my heart, close, closer yet,
To drink into my ear the precious word:
Alas! it was PER-RO-TUM I heard.

As a specimen of early marriages, none is more remarkable than that of one of the Holkar's sons at Indore lately. The bridegroom is only six years old and the bride three years old. The head ornaments of one of the elephants was made of pure gold. A salute of two hundred and ten guns announced to the people the union of the happy pair.

In the jail in Boston are two babies,—one seven and a half years of age, and one of nine, both small for their years, and evidently infantile in mind. Their offense was stealing a few grapes, and they are committed for non-payment of fine and costs. Going from the meeting on Social Science, to visit the jail, strangers would be surprised to see such a spectacle in Boston.

A GERMAN professes to have counted the hairs on the heads of four women of different complexions, and has just published the results. On the head of the blonde there were 140,419 hairs; on that of the brown-haired woman, 109,440; on that of the black-haired, 103,963; and on that of the red-haired, 83,740. Although there was this disparity in the number of individual hairs, each crop was about the same weight. The average weight of a woman's hair is stated, on the same authority, to be fourteen ounces.

Choice Miscellany.

SONG OF THE WOODS.

BY W. W. ELY, M. D.

I.
O, WHAT are busy towns unto me;
Or rivers rolling on to the sea;
Where the clatter of the mill
All the air with noise doth fill;
And by day and night the car
Comes and goes with thundering jar,
O'er the sea.

II.
Then farewell to weary toil and care,
And a welcome to the wild woods rare;
Far from busy mart and shore;
From the farm house and the store;
There, sweet rest mid sunny glades,
Or, beneath refreshing shades,
We will share.

III.
Where the gray crested mountains uprear
To the clouds their old summits so drear;
Where from fount and sparkling rill,
Nestling lakes their bosoms fill;
There, from hill and streamlet pure,
Nature's treasures we will lure
For our cheer.

IV.
With our comrades well chosen and tried,
O'er the dark flowing waters we'll glide,
Where the Deer his thirist doth slake
By the river or the lake;
Where the owl doth hoot by night,
And the Loon hath most delight
To abide.

V.
With rifle in our hand we will sail;
And its crack soon shall tell on the gale
Of the sport we love so well
As we hunt in shady dell:
And we'll watch the thrilling sound,
From the hill side, of the hound,
On the trail.

VI.
When the night is all dark we will "float,"
'Mong the lilies we'll paddle our boat
Till we hear the splashing feet,—
'Tis the sound we love to greet,—
Soon shall flash the glaring eye,
That, of danger drawing nigh,
Takes no note.

VII.
O, wherefore did you stop foolish one,
On the strange light to gaze till undone?
For the deadly ball is ready,
And our aim is true and steady,—
And you never more shall see,
From the mountain wild and free,
The bright sun.

VIII.
To our camp with the prize we'll repair,
Where the bright blazing fire throws its glare;
Then, out-stretched upon the ground,
With the darkness all around,
We'll the watchful hour prolong,
With our hunting tales and song,
Free from care.

IX.
O, what is there that hath such delight,
As the life that we lead day and night,
With our home where'er we stray
From the toiling world away;
Then let us ever cherish,
Till heart and mem'ry perish,
Scenes so bright.

Rochester, N. Y.

[From the German of Gaal—Translated for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WORLD'S REWARD.

ON one sultry mid-day, a poor countryman, fatigued and exhausted from the burden of the vegetables that he had carried to the town, was dragging himself back to his homely little village. Although he knew that his quarrelsome wife awaited him with impatience, and that each retarded step would give new sharpness to her slanderous tongue, yet the heat was so oppressive that he was obliged to lay himself down near the "mark-stone" of a field to take a quarter hour's rest. But under the stone, which to all appearance had been displaced by a recent flood, or by some accident, was an immense serpent. When she perceived the man, she stretched forth her head and called to him with anxious hissing, thus:

"Welcome, good stranger! Have pity on me and free me from the burden of this monstrous stone, which every moment threatens to crush me to death."

The peasant started not a little at the familiarity of this address from so misanthropical an animal, yet he felt compassion nevertheless; and when the serpent still more piteously urged him, and said:—"I conjure thee by thy mercy, save me, and I will reward thee as richly for it as the world has ever rewarded benefits"—the good-natured man deliberated no longer, but with much trouble wheeled the stone away.

But how terrified was he, when the delivered monster suddenly rushed upon him with all her fury, and breathing forth her poison threatened to devour him. Scarcely knowing what he was about, trembling in every limb, he stammered:

"Is this the reward thou payest to thy deliverer?"

The serpent answered very coolly:
"Thus the world rewards benefits, and nothing else have I promised thee."
These words increased the consternation of the peasant still more. Nowhere appeared any escape—nowhere help. But although he thought he had no alternative but to be devoured by the hideous beast, still with tears and a bursting heart he implores mercy, exclaiming:
"I acknowledge myself to be thy victim, for I have neither strength nor courage to combat with thee; yet I cannot explain to myself the sense of thy words. I am but a poor, simple-minded countryman, and know the world too

little to understand what thou sayest of its manner of rewarding. Grant me only a moment's consideration, or let us hear another judge in the matter."

"Well," said the serpent, "be the latter granted thee."

Hereupon she drove him along the heath towards a bush, under which she had perceived the form of an animal. There they found an old, worn-out hunting-dog, who, bound to a willow trunk, strove with painful efforts to defend himself against the swarms of flies that plagued him.

"How earnest thou in this critical plight, since I so lately saw thee full of courage, racing in the fields after the hares?" questioned the serpent.

But the poor dog whined bitterly, and gave his answer:

"Such is the world's reward and the common requital of merit. After having served my master six long years with zeal and fidelity, and made my name formidable far and near to the whole race of hares, he has tied me now to this tree, and I await his hunter, who will send me from his gun the last reward."

The poor man shuddered, body and soul; for now the serpent stretched out the hideous rings of her body in order to devour him. No salvation could be thought of, and therefore he prepared himself, in the name of God, to receive the fatal bite. But lo! before he was aware, a fox, who had been listening secretly under a bush near by, sprang forth. He stepped between them both in a very friendly manner, questioned them about the subject of their dispute, and by a hint which the serpent did not perceive, he assured the woe-begone man of deliverance if he would promise a certain number of chickens as a reward. The peasant eagerly assented, and the fox now pressed for a circumstantial explanation of the matter. The serpent acquiesced, to the astonishment of the poor man, and conducted them back again to the mark-stone. There arrived, the fox stood dubious and mute, surveyed the stone, shook his head and tail, and thus began with a rhetorical air:

"Dear, beautiful and wise serpent! Although I doubt of thy right as little as I do of the charms of thy queenly body, yet I cannot conceive how thy stately form could find room in this narrow hole. If I must be an equitable judge, this matter must appear clearly and plainly before me."

"Of that I will immediately convince thee," said the serpent, gliding at the same time into the hole, wherein she was before concealed. Scarcely was this done, when, upon the hint of the fox, the man turned the stone over her so cleverly, that she was hardly able to stretch forth her head from under the burthen.

"Was it possible," exclaimed the fox, with great satirical astonishment, "that thou couldst as much as breathe in this inconvenient position?" "Yes," replied the other, "but lift this stone from my back, or I am dead."

She groaned forth these words painfully from her compressed throat; but the more pleased peasant answered her merrily:

"No, no, my lady serpent, we shall take care not to do that;" and he and his shrewd deliverer cheerfully withdrew.

When they had gone a part of their way, the fox reminded his companion of his engagement. He promised him for the coming morning a delicious breakfast of six hens from his roost, whereupon the fox bade him a friendly farewell, and directed his way toward a vineyard.

The other hastened now with eager steps to his village, but even before he saw his cottage he heard from the distance the clamorous voice of his impatient wife; and scarcely had he reached his hedge when she flew at him, like the monster that so shortly before had threatened to devour him. In vain he represented to her the danger that had delayed his return; in vain he praised the humane fox to whom he owed his deliverance. She scolded on until weariness alone checked the torrent of her invectives, and the timorous husband was at last suffered to speak. Then he confessed his promise made to the fox, and protested that only by that means had he been able to save his life. But she swore by Heaven and Earth that she would rather lose him than a single one of her hens; and ere the morning star was pale she stood behind the garden gate, armed with a heavy, sharp axe, and when the unsuspecting fox reached his neck through the gate to receive his stipulated breakfast, she struck the weapon with all her might into his neck.

The man, frightened at the whining of the poor fox, rushed, but too late, from the house to warn or to save him. He saw his deliverer weltering in his blood, and heard his last despairing cry—
"Is this the reward of well-doing?"

TOO MUCH BALANCING.

It was said of the learned Bishop Sanderson, that, when he was preparing his lectures, he hesitated so much and rejected so often, that, at the time of reading he was often forced to produce, not what was best, but what happened to be at hand. This will be the state of every man, who, in the choice of his employment, balances all the arguments on every side; the complication is so intricate, the motives and objections so numerous, there is so much play for the imagination, and so much remains in the power of others, that reason is forced at last to rest in neutrality, the decision devolves into the hands of chance, and after a great part of life spent in inquiries which can never be resolved, the rest must often pass in repenting the unnecessary delay, and can be useful to few other purposes than to warn others against the same folly, and to show, that of two states of life equally consistent with religion and virtue, who chooses earliest chooses best.—Johnson.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LEAD ME GENTLY

BY ENOLA.

FATHER, lead me; gently lead me;
Go before me through this life;
Hands are weak and feet are faltering;
I am fainting with the strife.

Lead me with thy strong hand, gently,
For the path is steep and wild;
Thou hast sorely chastened, Father,
I was but a wayward child.

And thy strokes were just, though heavy;
I'll not murmur at thy will;
Only midst the clouds and darkness,
Grant that I may trust thee still.

Lead me gently; far above me
Stretch the heavens as burnished brass;
And beneath, the earth is iron
Where my weary feet must pass.

Snares and pitfalls, raging waters,
Lie before me on my way,
And my eyes with tears are blinded,
I have lost the light of day.

Lead me gently that I fall not;
Through the waters be my guide;
That I stray not in the darkness,
Be thou ever by my side.

Nay, I'm sinking; crushed and bleeding
At thy feet I helpless lie;
Take me in thy arms, O Father!
Lest I linger here and die.

If I need the wound, strike deeply;
If the fire, let flames draw nigh;
By thy pow'r the wounds shall heal me,
And the fire shall purify.

Only let thy arms support me,
On thy bosom rest my head;
Lead me gently, Father, gently,
While the weary way I tread.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY L. MCG.

SUBMISSION to the will of God is one of the first and most important lessons in the Christian life. Our Saviour taught it everywhere by example, and He makes it important in precept by placing it in the prayer which He gave to His disciples. He tells us to pray to the Father that His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. The true and earnest expression of this prayer comes only from a heart overflowing with love for God. It asks that we may bow to His will, whatever be our own. It should be something more than a prayer for submission to the controlling will of our Heavenly Father, and something more than an expression of submission to His will in suffering; though these are necessary and Christ-like. The desire of the heart should also be for submission to His will of command. To obey the will of God perfectly, or as it is obeyed in Heaven, we must not only do something, but we must do something. When PAUL first saw the Saviour and heard the voice of CHRIST, on his way to Damascus, he cried out, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" This is the first utterance of the redeemed soul, and it is as appropriate as it is natural.

Our Saviour manifested this perfect, three-fold submission to the will of the Father. "Even Christ did not please himself." The very words of this petition fell from His divine lips, when in that terrible agony in the Garden He prayed that, if possible, that cup might pass from Him. He realized in His own life the perfection which He teaches his followers to emulate. It was God's all-controlling will that His only begotten Son should die for us. To this Christ bowed in submission. It was the Father's will that Christ should suffer.

The drops of blood upon His brow attest His agony, yet He does not murmur. "As a lamb led to slaughter, so He opened not His mouth." He omitted nothing which it was the Father's will that He should do. He encountered every task in meek submission; nor did He shun a single pang which the justice of God demanded. He bore the full penalty of our sins. He did the will of God as it is done in Heaven. Let us but be like Him in our submission to God's will and we will follow the Heavenly pattern.

To do the will of God we must know what His will is. Of His controlling will as it finds expression in the great constitution of the universe we can know but little. That is a government where man has no voice and no power of resistance. The human mind is too weak to grasp such an economy. But we may know God's will of command. It comes to us through the medium of revelation. Christ has taught it to us by precept and by example. The Holy Spirit holds it up before our eyes. Obedience itself lights up new paths of duty; and continued prayer inspires us with new knowledge of the will of God. How important it is then that we should strive by every means to know the will of God; and how sacred is the responsibility of imparting the knowledge of it to others.

It is only with such a spiritual attainment that the Christian should be satisfied—that he may look up to his Heavenly Father, and without a murmur, without a thing left undone which he ought to have done, without a single command unheeded or disobeyed, say:—*Thy will be done.* Such submission to the will of God would make our Heaven begin on earth; and our happiness here would be truly that of Heaven, differing not in kind but only in degree. There would be no more sin; Satan would be forever chained, and the gates of death would open only into the City of God.

PACK your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
MODES OF INSTRUCTION.

BY L. MCG.

It is a fortunate thing for the human family that the acquisition and enjoyment of knowledge are not limited by a generous use and disposition of what we know. The responsibility of liberally imparting knowledge always accompanies its acquisition; and the true enjoyment of its blessings is found most abundant when we use it for the benefit of others. How important it is then that we use the best means to impart our knowledge! We should frequently examine our methods of teaching to see whether we are working with the long or the short arm of the lever.

Now, in view of these facts, I propose to give you a few thoughts which I think may be worth remembering whenever we are considering a plan of instruction in any department of youthful education.

We should remember that the end we have in view in the education of youth, is mental development—not strictly mental accretion. The successful lesson dies in the mind, and from it springs up a new creation, and new form of thought. The mind of the learner should be the soil, and the knowledge imparted the seed; then is the fruit his real possession. Some people seem to think that it is their duty to cram a child's mind with as many cold, unpalatable and indigestible facts as possible, believing that because the principles are sound the young mind will make them a part of its mental substance and will grow and thrive upon them. This is all a mistake. Is it healthy for any one to eat indigestible food? Can we expect the food to be converted into blood unless it is first digested? No one really believes in this kind of teaching, but the practice of many, in reality, is at variance with their own judgment.

In considering a plan of instruction then, we should remember that knowledge imparted, in order to produce mental growth, must be digested by the mind receiving it. If the food is of such a character that the mind cannot digest it, it not only produces no growth, but it induces mental dyspepsia.

It is no less true that in order to grow and thrive the mind of the learner must act of itself. The young mind (or the old one either), in order to grow, must do something. All the plans of instruction that were ever devised, can accomplish nothing towards developing the mind, except as they act indirectly to make it use its own sources of growth and development. The memory, in order to be sharpened, must be exercised. The reasoning powers, to become more vigorous must be exercised. All the mental powers must have their appropriate and due amount of exercise, in order to bring about their fullest development.

The child does not obtain a knowledge of the external world by simply gazing at the objects which surround him. He gets an idea of color, motion, size, and of his own individuality in this manner; but he gets no idea of form or of the development of figure. His little mind is going through a process which the acutest metaphysician cannot explain. It compares one thing with another, noting the difference between the sphere, cube and plane, and combining them so as to produce different shapes and figures; and in this manner it obtains ideas of the external world. In obtaining mental and moral truth, the mind works in analogous manner. It takes hold of a truth, feels of it, compares it with others and combines them to form new truths. Now, the idea is, the learner must not only not be hindered from working himself, but he must be encouraged, and be made to be interested in his work.

With these two suggestions we will close this article, hoping some time in the future to conclude the train of thought which a consideration of this subject has started. Let us be careful, in the education of the young mind, that we impart to it only such principles as its growth and strength will permit it to receive, digest and assimilate. Feed the tender mind with simple food, and reserve the more indigestible part for the days of strength and vigor. And another thing, remember that the growth and development of the young mind will be healthy only where it is properly exercised.

SALARIES OF TEACHERS.—In a report made to the Chicago Board of Education not long since, some facts were presented in regard to the wages paid to teachers. The Tribune says:

"It appears from this report that in Chicago, principals in the public schools receive \$1,400 a year, whereas in Boston they receive \$2,200; in New York, \$2,250; in Brooklyn, \$2,000; in Philadelphia, \$1,500; in St. Louis, \$1,400 to \$1,500; and in Cincinnati, \$1,500. In Chicago, the number of pupils to each teacher is 63; in Boston, 50; in St. Louis, 42, and in Cincinnati, 50. In Chicago, female assistants receive \$500; in New York, from \$400 to \$500; in Boston, \$550; in Brooklyn, \$300 to \$500; and in St. Louis, \$450 to \$500."

In view of the information thus obtained, an increase was voted, equal to fifteen per cent. to the salaries in Chicago.

ONCE in a conversation upon dynamics, the late George Stevenson, the celebrated engineer, having been asked, "What do you consider the most powerful force in nature?" "I will soon answer that question," he replied:—"It is the eye of a woman to the man who loves her; for if a woman looks with affection on a man, should he go to the utmost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back."

Useful, Scientific, &c.

BAMBOO PAPER.

THE manufacture of paper from bamboo wood is another of those modern inventions which follow so hard upon each other; and the works of "The Fiber Disintegrating Company," as the company owning the patent is styled, at Red Hook (Brooklyn,) are well worthy of a visit.

The company was organized about a year since, and have recently commenced the manufacture of paper under their patent, in the building formerly known to the police as "Sebastopol," and occupied by a company engaged in the manufacture of paraffine candles. The works can hardly be said to be complete as yet, inasmuch as only brown, or what is styled hardware paper is manufactured on the premises, but we believe it is the intention of the company to shortly erect suitable machinery and appliances for the manufacture of all kinds of paper. As it may be interesting to many of our readers to know how paper can be made out of wood, a short sketch of the *modus operandi* will not be without interest, and will fittingly close this hurried sketch.

Bamboo, which grows in unlimited quantities in the island of Jamaica, beyond serving to form partitions between the various ships' cargoes leaving that island, has never been exported, and only used on the island for few purposes. It has now suddenly become an article of export, and the vast jungles of bamboo promise to become almost as valuable as fields of waving grain. The bamboo, after being taken out of the ship, is tied in bundles about five feet long, which are soaked in a large tank for about 24 hours. The bundles are then placed in five large steam guns, each 24 feet in length and 15 inches in diameter. Here for half an hour the bamboo is subjected to a pressure of 180 pounds of steam, which reduces it to such a condition that when, upon a given signal, the guns are discharged by the opening of one of the ends, the bamboo, in the shape of a quantity of fibrous material, looking as much like hemp as possible, is thrown out.

This fibrous matter is then placed in a tank and soaked in a solution of spent alkali. It is next washed, and goes into what are called the "egg-boilers," so called from their resemblance to that useful article of domestic consumption. Here the matter is subjected to another boiling and steam pressure, and from thence it is conveyed to the pulp boilers, where it is boiled in a strong solution of alkali at 90 pounds pressure. The remainder of the process is similar to that of ordinary paper manufacture.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

OUR ANTIPODES.

JAPAN is a country of paradoxes and anomalies. They write from top to bottom, from right to left, in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines. Their books begin where ours end. Their locks turn from left to right. Their day is our night. Shops go to customers. People sit upon their heels. Horses' heads are where their tails would be in an English stable, facing the entrance, the food hung from the roof in a basket. Their old men fly kites, while the children gravely look on; the carpenter uses his plane by drawing it to him; their tailors stitch from them; they mount their horses from the off side; the bells to their harness are always attached to their hind-quarters instead of the front; ladies black their teeth instead of keeping them white; their hair is turned back from their face, which is elaborately painted and powdered, and their anti-crinoline tendencies are carried to the point of interfering with not only the grace of movement, but with all locomotion, so tightly are the lower limbs, from the waist downward, girt round with their garments. Top-spinning is followed as a profession. They indulge in frequent and loud exultations, as evidence of a good meal. Their pocket is their sleeve. They wipe the face with a nice square piece of paper, and carefully fold the envelope into the sleeve, or give it to an attendant to throw away. Their music is without melody; their landscape without perspective, light or shade; their figures without drawing,—mere crude colors and grotesque forms dancing in mid-air, without ground to rest on. They have bank notes of the value of a farthing. They have long perfectly understood the utilization of sewerage, and the manufacture of paper, not from rags, but from the bark of trees, of which they have sixty-seven different kinds, all with different uses. They use no milk or animal food; horses and oxen and cows are employed for purposes of draught only; they have no sheep or pigs; the flowers have no scent, the birds no song, and their fruits and vegetables have no flavor.

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.

THE color of the sky at particular times affords wonderful good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather and ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind, a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds again are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, full, feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain, while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims; and yet not so simple but that the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of sea-faring men.



NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

In Rockbridge county, Virginia, is to be found one of the greatest curiosities in the United States. Spanning a small and unimportant creek (the Cedar) is this world's wonder—the Natural Bridge. This bridge consists of a stupendous arch of limestone rock, over a chasm 50 feet wide at its base, and 90 feet at the top. The height of the bridge above the stream, to the top, is 215 feet; its average width is 80 feet; its extremelength at top, 98 feet, and its thickness, from the under to the upper side, 55 feet. A clayey earth covers it to the depth of from four to six feet, and it possesses a

natural parapet of rock at the sides, rendered firm by rocks and trees. The view from above, for those who dare to take it, is awfully grand, but the best prospect is obtained from beneath, where the astonished spectator has full scope to grasp, at a single glance, this magnificent work of nature. If a survey from the top is painful and intolerable, that from below is pleasing in an equal degree. The beauty, elevation and lightness of the arch, springing, as it were, up to heaven, present a striking instance of the graceful in combination with the sublime.

Various Topics.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON'S PRAYER.

Soon after Allston's marriage with his first wife, the sister of the late Dr. Channing, he made his second visit to Europe. After a residence there of little more than a year, his pecuniary wants became very pressing and urgent—more so than at any other period of his life. On one of these occasions, as he himself used to narrate the event, he was in his studio, reflecting with a feeling of almost desperation upon his condition. His conscience seemed to tell him he had deserved his afflictions, and drawn them upon himself, by his want of due gratitude for past favors from heaven. His heart, all at once, seemed filled with the hope that God would listen to his prayers, if he would offer up his direct expressions of penitence, and ask for divine aid. He, accordingly, locked his door, withdrew to a corner of the room, threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and his wife. While thus employed, a knock was heard at the door. A feeling of momentary shame at being detected in this position, and a feeling of fear lest he might have been observed, induced him to hasten and open the door. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston. He was anxious to learn who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting of "Angel Uriel," regarded by the artist as one of his master-pieces, and which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Academy. He was told that it had not been sold. "Can it be possible! Not sold! Where is it to be had?" "In this very room. Here it is," producing the painting from a corner, and wiping off the dust. "It is for sale—but its value has never yet, to my idea of its worth, been adequately appreciated—and I would not part with it." "What is its price?" "I have done affixing any nominal sum. I have always, so far, exceeded my offers. I leave it for you to name the price." "Will four hundred pounds be an adequate recompense?" "It is more than I have ever asked for it." "Then the painting is mine." The stranger introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford; and he became, from that moment, one of the warmest friends of Mr. Allston. By him Mr. A. was introduced to the society of the nobility and gentry, and he became one of the most favored among the many gifted minds that adorned the circle, in which he was never fond of appearing often.—*Spooner.*

TEA AS A SUMMER DRINK.

FREDERICK SALA, writing from Russia to the Household Words, mentions that on a table near him stands "a large tumbler filled with steaming liquid of a golden color, in which floats a thin slice of lemon. It is tea; the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink you can have in summer time, and in Russia." Tea, flavored with the slice of

lemon, we have never tried, neither are we prepared to recommend as a summer beverage tea steaming hot, as Sala does. But tea made strong (as we like it, or as strong as you like it,) well sweetened, with good milk or, better, cream in it, in sufficient quantity to give it a dark yellow color, and the whole mixture cooled in an ice-chest to the temperature of ice water, is "the most delicious, the most soothing, the most thirst-allaying drink," we have ever treated ourselves or friends to. We know of nothing to compare with it for deliciousness or refreshment. It cheers, but not inebriates. Its stimulus is gentle, its flavor exquisite. Try it, good reader; make a note of this now, and when the fever visits you, and you feel, with Sidney Smith, that for the sake of coolness you could get out of your flesh and sit in your bones, try our specific of ice-cold tea. Juleps, cobbler, and such things, sink to utter insignificance beside it. They are only temporarily refreshing, and fire the blood after the five minutes following their imbibation. Ice-cream is the only preparation fit to be mentioned with cold tea.—*Ex.*

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

THE Tower of Babel, on which late accounts announce that a cross was recently placed by a missionary, consists now of only two of the eight stories formerly erected. The remains are, however, visible from a great distance. Each side of the quadrangular basis measures two hundred yards in length, and the bricks of which it is composed are of the purest white clay, with a very slight brownish tint, which in the sun assumes a wonderfully rich hue, scarcely to be imitated by the painter. The bricks, before being baked, were covered with characters, traced most surely with the hand, in a clear and regular style. The bitumen which served for cement was derived from a fountain which still exists near the tower, which flows with such abundance that it forms a stream, and would invade the neighboring river, did not the natives from time to time set fire to the stream of bitumen, and then wait quietly until the flames should cease for want of aliment.—*Galignani.*

JOHN ADAMS.

MR. WEBSTER visited Mr. Adams a short time before his death, and found him reclining on a sofa, evidently in feeble health. He remarked to Mr. Adams:

"I am glad to see you, sir, and I hope you are getting along pretty well."

Mr. A. replied in the following figurative language:

"Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, don't intend to make any repairs."

Reading for the Young.

FREDDIE AND THE ROBINS.

BY PAULINA.

A ROBIN'S home was the topmost bough,
Of a spreading willow tree,
That shaded a family window-sill,
Where crumbs were laid for the dainty bill
That pecked till the little ones had their fill,
Then sang right merrily.

"Chirp, chirp," they warbled at op'ning day—
"Chirp, chirp," at the fall of even,
And Freddie knelt at his mother's knee,
As sweet notes swelled from the homestead tree—
"They say 'Our Father' as well as we—
'Our Father who art in Heaven.'"

"Does God take care of the little birds
As well as of girls and boys?"
And his gentle mother told him how
The nest was rocked on the willow bough,
As baby rocks in her cradle now,
With her little world of toys.

"And by-and-by, when their wings have grown
They will flit from tree to tree.
A very beautiful world is theirs—
They form a part of our Father's cares."
"No wonder then, that they sing their prayers,"
Said Freddie, "each morn with me."
[North-western Christian Advocate.]

THE ADOPTED RABBITS.

"We have plenty of cats now," said mother, ominously, as little Nellie came in with great delight, her small apron gathered up in her hands, and four blind kittens mewling in it. Jake understood that to mean that they were to be treated to a cold bath in the river; but nothing was said to tender-hearted little Nelly on the subject. I do not know what she would have thought of her kind mother, if she had known that she was a party to any such transaction. So it came to pass that there was a mysterious disappearance of the young cats that very night. Pussy was disconsolate over her loss, and Mrs. Keene herself felt very unhappy when she heard her calling them up stairs and down.

"She will get over it in two or three days," thought she; "cats never cry for their kittens longer than that, and I am thankful they can forget their sorrows so well. I would not have one killed for anything, if she went on this way a week."

"Where can those kittens have gone to?" said little Nellie, as she searched in company with old pussy, "up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." But no kittens could they find, and little Nellie comforted old Heppy as best she could, telling her that they would likely creep out of some corner before long, glad enough to see their mother.

As Jake, the enterprising farmer's lad, was prowling around the grove, according to his custom when off duty, he came upon a little rabbit's nest. There were two tiny rabbits in it, and their mother thought she had hid them ever so nice, but I think Jake's dog scented them out.

"Hallo!" said Jake; "now I'll give old Heppy a good dinner. Maybe it will take her mind off from them kits." His own mind had been rather ill at ease on the share he had taken in the matter, particularly since superstitious Aunt Chloe, in the kitchen, had told him he would have nine misfortunes for every cat he killed.

So Jake brought home the rabbits, and gave them to Heppy as a peace-offering. She took them up in her mouth and carried them off to her old basket, one by one, and then what do you think that cat did? She snuggled down on her old carpet with those rabbits, and kissed their faces and smoothed their ruffled coats, and made them just as much at home as if she were their own mother. She brought them up just as if they were her own children, only she could never teach them to catch mice. The little happy family was the curiosity of the neighborhood.

THE KATYDID.

THE Katydid is a grasshopper—that is, it belongs to the grasshopper tribe. Its shape is quite curious: this is in consequence of its wings, which take the form of a sharp ridge somewhat like a pod, the wings incasing almost the whole body, which is rather blunt and thick in comparison with the wings which extend beyond the insect nearly double its length. It is of a pale grass color, wings and all. Instead of hopping in the grass, it lives in the trees, generally in the tops. Night is its gala time. All night it is busy, calling to its mate; the male does this. And this call is the "katydid" note about which so much is said and sung. The imitation is not a good one. Instead of three notes, there are often four or five; and when a number of these insects are together they make night hideous.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.—The Pittsburg Christian Advocate says:—"The best paper for children, published in this great country of ours, is The Little Corporal. It is a gem in the catalogue of monthlies." Published monthly in Chicago, Ill., by Alfred L. Sewall. Terms, \$1 a year; 10 cents for a specimen number.

LET a man live as long as he will, the first thirty years of his life will always seem the longest; and the daily routine of after years passes like the rounds of a clock, while the hands on the outside and the movements within mark the passing of time to others, till the weights have run down and the pendulum stands still.

BOB FLETCHER.

BY TOWNSEND HAINES.

I ONCE knew a plowman, Bob Fletcher his name, Who was old and was ugly, and so was his dame; Yet they lived quite contented, and free from all strife, Bob Fletcher, the plowman, and Judy, his wife.

The Story Teller.

MARRYING A FARMER.

"AND to-morrow you leave us? Oh, Amy, little did I think, when I saw you wedded to Henry Kingsley, Representative from — district, New York, that he would ever take you to such a home!"

"There! Did not I tell you so? This comes of marrying a farmer! Poor aunt Rachel! When I used to pity her so, I did not think my sister would have to drudge in the same manner."

becoming pets. She went with her sister to visit all the tenant houses; conversed with the parents, and told the children stories, until all united in declaring that "the beautiful city lady was not one bit proud."

As they stood in the hall, Nelly whispered, "Don't tell Henry and Amy now; for they will tease me."

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"PA," said a lad to his father, "I often hear of people poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say rich but honest?"

The imagination is stimulated by the incense of flowers, and if ever there was poetry in perfume, it is breathed silently and soothingly from Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus,"

Corner for the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 61 letters. My 14, 33, 18, 28, 45 is not ours. My 9, 42, 40, 12, 47, 39 is what all hope to obtain.

CHARADE.

WITHOUT my first, there's no charade Can ever possibly be made; Without my next no pretty lass E'er saw her features in the glass;

AN ANAGRAM.

LAL olgan, het vceerbsh grepnle, Rhothgu het vceerbsh eolajg ppeegin, Tille tnaha tufre, ew eese, Sinurgn taid uxurly.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A MAN bought a flock of geese and also a flock of ducks, (containing in all 128,) for which he paid \$45.00.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 821.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—The more haste the less speed. Answer to Anagram: Conquest is ours—

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