

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



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[WHOLE NO. 327.

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

### ABOUT PRICES OF FARM PRODUCTS.

WHEN prices rule high for produce there is a general disposition to sell. It is true there is a class of farmers who seem to become excited, or frightened it may be, when prices advance to high figures, and thus at the critical moment when they should hasten to dispose of their produce, they utterly refuse to sell. Because prices are unusually high, they imagine there is some mystery concealed from them, and that somebody—speculators especially—will make extraordinary profits if they deal with them. Therefore they hold on. If wheat is two dollars and a half, their price is three, with a chance reserved for backing down if offered that. If wool is one dollar per pound, theirs is dollar and a quarter wool, which price they assert they will get or else store it till doomsday. If meat runs up to ten cents per pound on foot in the early spring, then their cattle and sheep have eaten so much good corn and hay, and had so much care, that no speculators shall make two or three cents per pound clear by handling their stock. And they feed on, hoping the rising tide will reach their high-set stakes. But what is the result generally? High prices stimulate many to sell. Stock and grain that would be held much longer on a low market, are pushed forward by those in debt, who see in such times good chances of clearing away their incumbrances. Sharp men likewise sell off close, knowing that in a little while they can buy again at cheaper rates. Prices tumble under the pressure, and the holders get sick. Commonly they have not the pluck to sell on a falling market, so they wait till the very bottom is reached, and then take what they can get. So, when there is a revulsion of prices, in every neighborhood there may be found some "sick men" selling wheat, wool and stock for half the sum they might have obtained a few months before.

Farmers should remember that it is impossible for one always to get the highest prices for all produce sold. The knowledge that would secure such a result is beyond the grasp of the human mind. It is also entirely unnecessary to sell for the lowest prices, unless one is cramped by debt, or some other unfavorable circumstance. If we were going to make a rule by which to be governed ourselves, we should say, when prices are high, sell; when low, hold on. There is always safety in this course. It is not so necessary to success sometimes to obtain the highest price, as it is to receive always one approximating to it. When the market is rising it should be closely watched, and if one holds till the downward course begins, it is better to sell than to wait longer. It is related of a celebrated broker who acquired a fortune on the Stock Exchange, that, in reply to the questions by what rule he was governed in his transactions, he said he always bought in a rising market and sold in a falling one. He did not aim to sell for the very highest, nor buy at the very lowest price, but when these were indicated he promptly seized the next best chance.

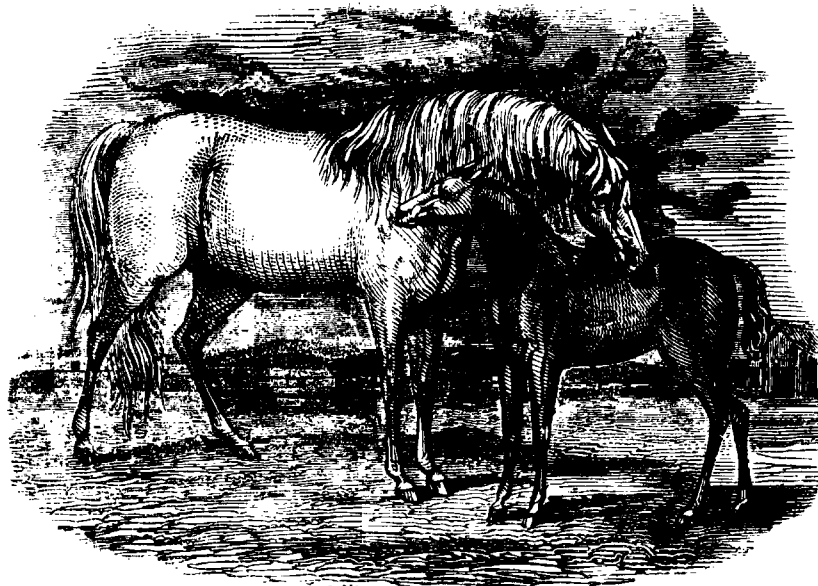
When produce cannot be sold for a sufficient sum to cover the cost of raising it, and leave besides a fair profit, there is no risk in holding, providing it will not deteriorate by keeping. The temporary abundance will be followed by waste, and a falling off in the immediate production, thus creating a scarcity and an advance in price which will more than compensate for the use of the capital invested. Likewise, when prices are high and the profits large, there exists a strong stimulus to save carefully what is already on hand, and to produce as much more as possible. These causes, of course, will in due time bring down the prices.

As the markets in which the farmer sells his produce are world wide, and the causes that operate to make a scarcity or an abundance various, it is necessary for him to be well informed in order to act with judgment. He should take the widest survey, and keep well posted in regard to those great centers that rule the world. All the circumstances that tend to affect the average yield of a crop should be considered. In England the market is so sensitive that a week of wet weather in harvest time will send up the price of wheat all over the Kingdom. The Department of Agriculture has inaugurated a system for obtaining information respecting the state and yield of crops by reports from correspondents in every county in the Union, which are summed up and published in the monthly reports of the Commissioner. If this plan is faithfully carried out it should place such information before the American farmer as will enable him to judge with considerable accuracy regarding the supply of various kinds of produce, and the consequent state of market likely to ensue. In the report for October a general summing up of the amount and quality of the crops for the past season is given. From this it appears that of wheat the falling off from last year's yield is over twelve millions of bushels, while the deficiency in quality amounts to much more than in quantity. The present condition of the market justifies this statement. The best grades of wheat have advanced most, and are now held with the greatest firmness. The yield of this year's crop of barley was slightly in excess of last year's. Oats are said to be the largest crop ever raised. Corn is very sound and yields most abundantly. There are likewise several millions of tons of hay more than last year. Thus it appears that of coarse grain and fodder there is an excess over the product of last year. But the number of cattle and hogs has decreased. There are not enough of these to consume the vast corn crop of the West, and probably not enough to effect a decline in the prices of meat for some time to come. Consequently corn is low in comparison with the price of beef and pork, and there probably never has been a season where it was more profitable to feed corn to cattle and hogs, than the present one.

### FALL PLOWING FOR CORN.

A CORRESPONDENT in Erie Co., Ohio, wishes to know if we think it a good plan to plow sod ground in the fall, with the view of planting corn on it in the spring. He remarks in his letter that "the cut worms generally bother if sod ground is left until spring before it is plowed." The query with us is, would they not likewise work at the corn if the land is plowed in the fall? Is that a remedy in Ohio to prevent the ravages of the cut worm? If it is found to be one we should by all means fall plow corn land which they infested. We doubt, however, its efficacy. Certainly we have known the cut worm to work in fall plowed land. Late fall plowing, by exposing the soil to the winter weather, might destroy some of the grubs, but it could hardly be depended on for a certain remedy.

Much depends on circumstances, whether it is better to fall plow sod land for corn or not. If the turf be very old and thick, fall plowing would hasten its decomposition, and it would thereby sooner furnish nutriment to the crop next year. In this case it should be plowed early in the fall, for during cold weather the inverted sod will not change at all. If turned under now it will remain inert until the frosts leave the ground and warm weather comes on next spring. Unless the frosts and snows and exposure to the weather during the winter, would have a beneficial effect on the soil, no advantage would be gained by plowing. We do not think such exposure for the corn crop would be profitable. It would require more work to keep down the weeds and till the crop,



MESSENGER MARE AND COLT.

than if plowed just before planting. Generally we like best to plant as soon as possible after the plowing is finished. Plow well. Make no balks. Turn every green thing under. Harrow thoroughly and mark straight, and your tilling for the rest of the season is half done. It is also no detriment to let the grass shoot a little to turn under. It will ferment quicker, and furnish better nutriment to the corn than dry stubble. Corn likes fresh, mellow and moderately dry earth, frequently stirred.

### THE MESSENGER HORSE.

Our engraving represents two fine specimens of the celebrated Messenger breed of horses—"Lady Messenger," and her colt "Morgan Messenger," bred by S. W. JEWETT of Vermont. The colt was sired by the famous Morgan horse Black Hawk.

The Messenger horse from which the American stock of that name is derived was foaled in England in 1780. He ran several successful races, and won the King's plate in 1785. Messenger was imported into New York by a Mr. BENDER—was kept the first two seasons near Bristol, Pa., then two years on Long Island, and for most of the remainder of his life (he died Jan. 28, 1808,) in various parts of this State, with the exception of one year at COOPER'S Ferry, opposite Philadelphia. His stock were distinguished as roadsters rather than racers or fast trotters, though he was the sire of MILLER'S Damsel and some other noted fast horses.

The Messenger stallion imported by Mr. BENDER, as above stated, was a gray, fifteen and three-quarters hands high, and stoutly built. He was got by Mambrino, he by Engineer, and he by Sampson, dam by Turf, his grand-dam by Regulus. Mr. CHARLES L. FLINT, the well-informed Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, says of him:—"He was the most excellent stock-getter, probably, of all the thorough-breds that ever left their mark upon the common stock of the country. Take away the improvements which Hambletonian, a son of imported Messenger, left on the stock of Vermont, and indeed, on that of all parts of New England, and it would be difficult to see how the loss could be made good. His stock, and also that of the many other descendants of old Messenger, are to this day held in the highest esteem, and most deservedly so, for their speed, their great powers of endurance, and for their large size and excellent style as carriage and draught horses, or horses for general utility. Satisfactory evidence that a horse is a Messenger—that is, a direct descendant of the old Messenger—is generally regarded as a sufficient certificate of his goodness."

The Messenger horses have been reared somewhat extensively in this State and New England. Compared with the Morgan, the Messenger horse is much larger in size—more rangy, but does not mature as young; yet when matured, capable of great endurance and usually of good disposition—an important matter in the opinion of many sensible people.

The New England Farmer states that the Messenger horses have been reared quite extensively in Maine, with great profit to many farmers.

### DON'T SELL LEAN STOCK.

In an article elsewhere given we have remarked that there never has been a more favorable season for feeding grain to fattening animals than the present one. With corn at ninety cents per bushel and beef and pork sixteen to seventeen cents per pound in New York, it is easy to see that, with skillful feeding and good care, the grain will bring more when turned into meat than if sold in the bushel. We need not look to the manure heap to make the balance turn to the side of profit in this year's operations. There is evidently an abundance of coarse grain, and a scarcity of fattening stock in the country. But the high price of meat, we are sorry to see, has brought a rush of coarse, half-fed cattle and "scallaws" to the Eastern markets. Under the pressure of numbers, prices have given way somewhat on this class of stock, while those of first rate, well fattened animals are firmly maintained. As the case now stands it is very bad management for a farmer to dispose of his stock until it is thoroughly fat. Our Western friends especially should perceive that they are only putting money in the pockets of Eastern feeders who buy up this half fed stock and finish them off with a round profit. In another point of view this premature selling seems worse, for it will shorten the supply and tend to force up the price of meat later in the season, and speculators will have a better opportunity to control the markets and fill their pockets. By all means keep the stock you intend for the butcher until it is well fattened. You will thus sell your grain and fodder for high prices, without drawing them to a distant market; you will make manure to grow large crops with another year, and you will pocket that advance in the price of meat, in addition to the increased weight, which may confidently be expected before the first of March.

### CHARRING FENCE POSTS.

E. S., Coldwater, Mich., writes us that when constructing a fence some years since, in which the posts were oak, he charred several of them thoroughly in order to test their durability. The result was they decayed as soon as those set without any means used to preserve them.

Without doubt they rotted as soon as the others, and here is the reason. Charcoal is, practically, indestructible when buried in the earth. If we can envelop a post perfectly in this material its durability will be very great. But burning the posts in a fire ordinarily will not have this desired effect. The wood shrinks and dies while it burns, and consequently gaps and seams are made on the surface. Through these the water finds its way to the wood inside, which from being overheated is more liable to bad effects from it. If the post was plunged into a bath of coal tar when taken from the fire, it would penetrate and fill these interstices, and probably secure the end desired.

The soil, by its weight, is constantly trying to form rock under it in the subsoil. It is the farmer's business to see that it don't do it. His plow and spade are the means to prevent it, but especially the subsoil plow.

## Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

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

### UNITED STATES WOOL GROWERS' AND MANUFACTURERS' CONVENTION.

We published, last week, a resolution passed by the "Government of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers," at a meeting held at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in New York City, Nov. 8, inviting the different State Wool Growers' Associations to meet them in a convention or conference to be held at Syracuse, N. Y., on the second Wednesday of December, for the purpose of conferring in regard to the representations which should be mutually made to the "U. S. Revenue Commission" concerning the effect of the present tariff on the wool growing and manufacturing interests of the country. Such at least is the intent and spirit of the resolution—we write without a copy of it before us.

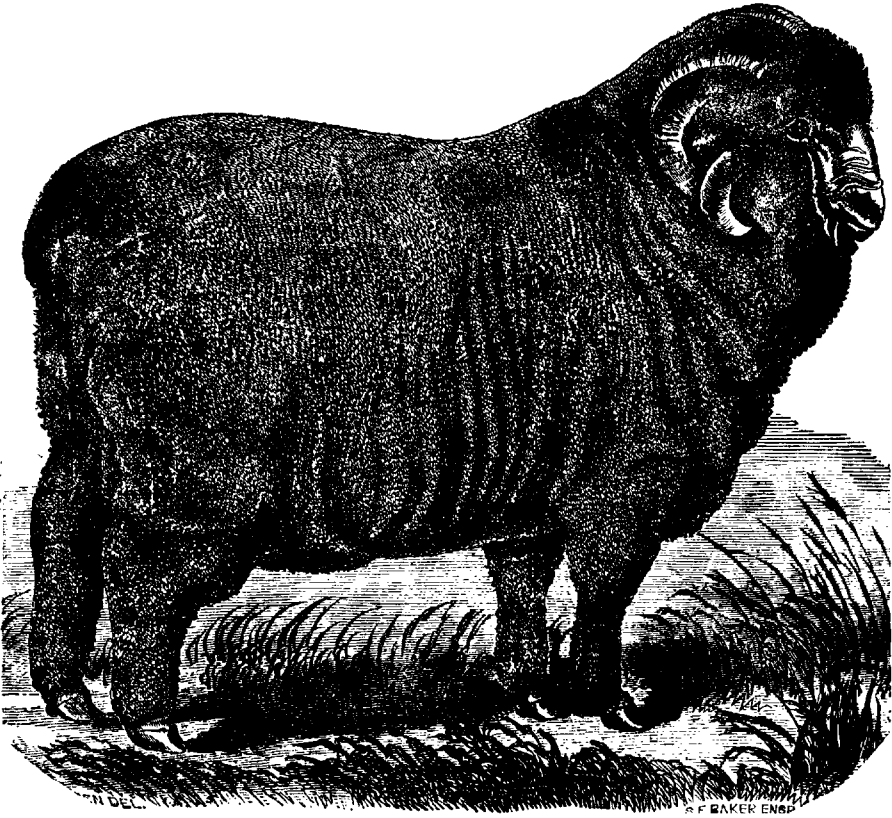
As we have before stated, the understanding at the above meeting was that the convention should be composed of accredited delegates from the several represented bodies. The number of delegates was not prescribed, as the important questions to come before the body could not be settled by a general per capita vote. The wish was informally expressed that each of the State Wool Growers' Associations should be represented by as many as three delegates. There are, however, so many such organizations that a large delegation from each would embarrass, without giving any additional effectiveness to the proceedings of a meeting called purely for business purposes.

We were present at the St. Nicholas Hotel meeting, and may be expected therefore, by our brother wool growers, whose interests we there attempted to represent, to give some account of the proceedings and state our impressions of the spirit which actuated them. We took no notes and may not give things in their order, or precise form, but we cannot be mistaken in any essential fact.

The principal object of this meeting was to take the necessary steps to place before the "United States Revenue Commission" the information called for, and to be called for, concerning the woolen interests of the country. This Commission, most of our readers probably understand, is an official body acting under the authority of Congress to collect the facts and statistics which illustrate the workings of our revenue laws, to the end that they may be revised where they are found defective.

When this business was reached, in the St. Nicholas Hotel meeting, we were requested by the presiding officer to express the views of the wool producers on this and any other subjects of common interest. Believing that no permanent good understanding can subsist between the producers and manufacturers without frank explanations and the mutual removal of causes of complaint, and believing that such good understanding is highly desirable for the interests of both parties, we resolved to speak plainly. We were the more encouraged to take this course by finding ourselves surrounded by a body of experienced and very able men—many of them, the chiefs and leaders of the wool manufacturing interests in the United States—instead of a tribe of petty debaters.

We stated that a very considerable portion of the wool growers believe that the manufacturers as a body habitually and systematically labored to depress their (the growers') interests in order unduly to advance their own; that they had been accustomed to enter into combinations to affect the tariff legislation of the country and control the prices of wool; that their small numbers and command of great capital, had enabled them to act with unity and success in these directions; and that now the organization we were addressing had been established mainly for the purpose of accomplishing the same objects more readily and thoroughly. We declared that any basis of future co-operation between the manufacturing and producing interests, must include a distinct recognition of the idea that so long as the revenues of the government are raised in part by duties on foreign products, the wool grower shall receive his full share of the



MR. JONES' INFANTADO RAM "SEVILLE."

protection thence inuring to domestic industry—as a sample as that granted to the manufacturer. We remarked that State Wool Growers' Associations were already organized in a number of instances; that others would probably soon be organized; that county and local associations were spreading throughout the country; that these bodies were the organs of the producers; that if the National Wool Manufacturers' Association sought their co-operation, disposed to make equitable arrangements for the benefit of both the industries represented, we could not doubt their overtures would be properly met. And for the purpose of ascertaining how far such co-operation had already been forestalled on a very important subject of common concern, we put the following questions directly to the meeting:—1. Has the National Association of Manufacturers taken any steps to procure a change in the existing U. S. tariff on wool and woolsens? 2. Are any such steps now in contemplation? 3. What are the changes sought after?

The President and several leading members of the Government of the Association promptly and positively answered the two first questions in the negative. To the third, they replied that no changes were now sought after—that they were content to wait until the facts and statistics applicable to the subject had been collected and sifted by the U. S. Revenue Commission, and then to be guided in their action by the developments which should be made. A member here put the counter interrogatory whether the wool growers desired or would seek alterations in the tariff. We stated that we were not prepared to answer, but presumed that they, too, would await the action of the Revenue Commission.

Several of the leading members, speaking for the whole body, earnestly repudiated the idea that they sought to depress the producing interest. They avowed, on the contrary, that they regarded its flourishing state—so that it could abundantly and steadily supply them with raw material—as not only conducive to their interests, but positively necessary to their continued success. They denied in emphatic terms that they had any disposition to band together to control legislation and prices, or that the National Association was formed to accomplish, or would ever seek to accomplish, any such objects. They declared their assent to the principle that the wool grower is entitled to an adequate governmental protection—and that they were willing that he should be as well protected as themselves. They expressed a wish to confer and co-operate with the Wool Growers' Association on every subject affecting their common interests and avowed their willingness to make immediate friendly overtures for that object.

After some informal consultation to ascertain the views of the wool growers, Hon. JOHN COVODE of Pa., offered a resolution, in substance, that the U. S. Revenue Commission be requested to refer all its interrogatories touching the production of wool to the wool growers themselves; and then, on motion of Mr. BURMAN of Me., the resolution was passed calling the Convention of Producers and Manufacturers at Syracuse for the objects already stated. Both resolutions passed unanimously, and apparently with the hearty concurrence of every member present.

We have forgotten to say that among the subjects of complaint among wool growers, enumerated by us, was the indiscriminate one-third shrinkage rule, enforced by manufacturers in respect to unwashed wool, irrespective of its actual condition; and after giving the usual reasons assigned against it, we claimed that the practical effect of the rule was merely to pay a bonus on fraud, and that there could be no sound reason for its continuance. These views were promptly endorsed by several leading manufacturers and wool merchants present, and, so far as we heard, were directly dissented from by none. We understood Mr. TELLEKAMPF of the great wool house of TELLEKAMPF & KITCHING, New York, to remark that much the greatest portion of the wool of other countries was brought to market without washing, and was sold purely in reference to quality and actual condition without any such rule. Mr. R. G. HAZARD of Rhode Island, one of the leading manufacturers of the United States, remarked that

wool kept on hand for a long period, was believed to preserve its condition, and to receive dyes better when used, if kept "in the grease." The Secretary mentioned that a former letter from us to the Association, on the same subject, had been referred to a Committee who had the subject under advisement, and that it would probably not be long before it was acted on by the Association. It appears that discussions have already occurred in that body on the question, but from the tenor of all we heard and observed, we judge that there is very little doubt that the Association will recommend the disuse of the obnoxious one-third rule, and as free a purchase of unwashed as washed wools in the market. If this occurs, a long and fruitful source of irritation will be happily removed.

Should the manufacturers set up to the liberal and equitable principles avowed throughout this meeting, it will only require equally liberal and equitable action on the side of the producers, to ensure that harmonious co-operation between the parties in future which will so greatly redound to the substantial advantages of both. It cannot be denied that the National Manufacturers' Association has placed itself in a lofty and magnanimous attitude toward the wool growing interest of the country. Ostensibly, never was the olive branch more frankly held out. Are we asked if we believe these overtures are sincere? To suppose the contrary, to suppose that the officers and heads of many of the leading manufacturing firms of the United States, acting, too, as the official organs of an Association which embraces a large preponderance of the wool manufacturing capital of our country, would deliberately condescend to hold out the proffers we have recorded, without intending to act up to them, is to suppose them guilty of even greater imbecility than insincerity. In that case, the olive branch they have held out, would prove a *Upas* branch in its fruits! Can we attribute such gratuitous and inconceivable folly to a body of grave, able, experienced men, standing as high in business and social circles as any in the nation?

Before we harbor any such suspicions, let us test these men's motives by meeting them in the Convention they have proposed. And let us, as wool growers, take good care that we send to that Convention men of equal sagacity and liberality, so that if it falls in its objects the onus of the failure shall not rest upon us.

We attribute the course of the manufacturers to the advance of more just and enlarged ideas in political economy, and in respect to the relations and dependencies of industrial pursuits with and upon each other—aided by the individual spirit and temper of those who compose the Government of the Association. We had a long preliminary interview with the President and Secretary, and gentlemen more utterly above any narrow class prejudices or traditions we never met with. The former, Mr. BIGELOW of Massachusetts—who ranks among the greatest inventors in woolen machinery in the world—is a man of profound and philosophic mind and the ripest culture. The latter, Mr. HAYES of the same State, is an able and brilliant writer, an experienced statistician, and an indefatigable investigator and explorer in the history of those arts and avocations which promote material civilization. We regret that it did not occur to us to bring away a list of the other officers present for publication, as the limits of a single session, devoted to important discussions, left us little time to form acquaintances or store up names in a memory not prone to retain them. But our friends may take the few names which we do now chance to recollect as samples of the *texture* of the meeting. These are those of MESSRS. J. COVODE, ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL and S. W. CATTELL of Pa., THEODORE POMEROY of Massachusetts, R. G. HAZARD of Rhode Island, N. KINGSBURY and H. BLANCHARD of Connecticut, J. H. BURLINGHAM of Maine, T. S. FAXTON, H. D. TELLEKAMPF and C. STOTT of New York, and D. H. WARD of New Hampshire.

## MR. JONES' SHEEP.

R. J. JONES, West Cornwall, Vt., writes to us:—"My ram 'Seville' is by 'Comet,' by 'California,' by 'Long Wool,' by 'Old Greasy,' by 'Wooster' by 'Old Black.' His dam was out of an Infantado ewe by the 'Cross

Ram." In 1856 I bought 40 ewe tegs of R. P. HALL, they being his entire lot of that age. These, with a few purchased two years after of C. B. COOK, were the beginning of my present flock. My rams—including the "Cross Ram," have been mainly from the flock of W. R. SANFORD.

## SCoured FLEECE OF MR. HOLMES' RAM.

MARCELLUS, Nov. 9, 1865.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL—Dear Sir: Some friend has sent me a copy of August number of the Genesee Farmer, containing report of Committee of New York State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association on scoured fleeces, in which Mr. GOFFE states the manner of scouring, by which I notice the wool underwent but one scouring. I wish to state that the fleece of Mr. HOLMES, scoured at the Marcellus Woolen Mill, reported by me, was treated more thoroughly. It was scoured in a tub of seventy-five gallons of similar prepared liquor, and scoured three times. The first process left over seven pounds, and the third left six pounds of wool.

I make this statement deeming it due to Mr. HOLMES, and to give more light on the subject will state as a reason for the over-thorough treatment of the fleece, that in almost all cases of scouring fine wool we scour twice, it being impossible to scour fine unwashed wool by one process immediately after shearing.

Respectfully Yours, CHESTER MOSES.

REMARKS.—The instructions given to Mr. GOFFE, by the New York State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, through its President, in regard to scouring the fleeces entered for the MOORE prize, were, that he should "scour them precisely as it should be done for manufacturing purposes—no less and no more." These were our exact words to Mr. GOFFE, and we have no doubt that they were complied with to the letter. That the fleeces might be rendered lighter by "over-thorough treatment" in cleansing, is very probable. We asked one of the leading manufacturers of the United States, within a few hours of this writing, whether in cleansing wool for manufacturing it was expected or was necessary to deprive it of every particle of its yolk. He replied in the negative.

Our own impressions are very decided that the test adopted by the Association was the true one. It met all the practical objects which either the wool producer or the wool manufacturer could have in view in resorting to any experiment of this kind. And the criterion which it established was a perfectly familiar one to all practical wool cleansers; so that, if good faith was observed, it was as likely to be a uniform one for different regions and different countries as any other. If from motives of curiosity, the producer and the cleanser see fit to resort to processes of scouring which Mr. MOSES concedes to be "over-thorough" ones—if they undertake to ascertain, not how much a given fleece will lose in weight in being fitted for manufacturing, but how much it can be made to lose—there is certainly no objection to their performing as many such experiments as they please. But in thus varying from the criterion established by the Association, they place the producer at a disadvantage, by making it appear to those not familiar with the circumstances that his sheep rank lower in weight of wool, compared with other sheep whose fleeces are cleansed, than actually accords with the truth.—[EDITOR.]

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

DEATH OF "COMPACT."—Messrs. MARSHALL and STICKNEY's celebrated ram "Compact," died on the 11th inst., from the rupture of a blood vessel.

STRINGHALT—WATTLES.—J. C. LEVERING of Levering, Ohio, asks if sheep have stringhalt, and how it is cured—also, if thorough-bred Merino sheep ever have wattles. We have seen a few cases of stringhalt in sheep, but are not aware that any remedies have been employed to cure it. We used to see wattles on sheep for which a pure blood pedigree was claimed, but they have become very rare, if not extinct, in the improved American family.

MERINO PURCHASE.—ISAAC V. BALLER, Jr., and E. W. HARRISON of Comstock's Landing, Washington Co., N. Y., recently purchased of EDWIN HAMMOND & SON of Middlebury, Vt., two very valuable ewes. One is a 7 year old ewe got by Sweepstakes, and dam of the wrinkly ewe "Dolly," now owned by Mr. HAMMOND. The other is a yearling ewe of great promise. One is with lamb by "Kearsarge," and the other by "Green Mountain."

CORRECTION.—In giving the pedigree of TAFT & POTTER's ram "Osceola," we stated our impression that the sire of the "Sprague Ram," therein named the "Birchard Ram," was the same we have published under the name of the "Tottenham Ram." ROLLIN BIRCHARD of Shoreham, Vt., writes to us:—"The Sprague Ram was bred by ALVIN CLARK of Shoreham. (The interest of PROSPER ELLIOTT in said ram was acquired by purchase when more than a year old.) He was got by the "Birchard Ram," known here as "Old Eban." He (Old Eban) was bred by E. A. BIRCHARD out of a Robinson ewe (Paula), by a ram bred by EDWIN HAMMOND. I bought of E. A. BIRCHARD a half interest in Old Eban when a yearling, and have kept him since. He is now six years old. He has sheared twenty pounds or more each fleece since I have owned him. He is the sire of more heavy woolled stock bucks than any other sheep in this vicinity."

MARKET FOR ANGORA GOATS' FLEECES.—Mr. Geo. W. OGDEN of Paris, Ky., writes the Ohio Farmer that a market has been found for Angora wool which we need not be ashamed to proclaim to the world. He says that the fleece of one great manufactured into various articles (such as fringes, tassels, etc.) sells at retail for five hundred dollars. Mr. O. gives an extract from a letter from Messrs. JAS. THORNTON & SON of Troy, N. Y., who have made some successful experiments in manufacturing Angora wool, and are now importing machinery that will comb 1,000 lbs. per day. They state that next year, if the wool can be produced by the farmers of the West or any other part of the country, they can use 100,000 to 200,000 lbs., and would be willing to give more than double what they are now paying for Canada combing wool. If true, this is important news for the breeders of the Angora or Cashmere goats in this country.

## Communications, Etc.

## ABOUT BEE-HIVES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I wish, through your paper, to say a word about bee-hives, and the profitableness of bees in several kinds of hives. I had in the winter of 1862-3, three swarms, hived in two kinds of hives. Two were in the Vermont State Hive, the other was in the Phelps' Ohio Combination Hive. In the spring I saw an advertisement of the "Farmer's Hive," patented by JASPER HASSEN of Albany, N. Y., and obtained the right to make and use one. On the 28th of June, 1863, I put a swarm into it. They filled the hive nearly full of comb and made a few pounds of surplus honey, and wintered in a fine condition. In the following spring they commenced working very early, but did not swarm, nor did any of the others.

The colony in the Farmer's Hive gave 61 lbs. surplus honey, while the colonies in the three other hives gave but a fraction over 25 lbs. Thus the Farmer's Hive gave double the surplus of the other three, and ten pounds over. This season they all gave swarms, and one of the Vermont State Hives gave two swarms. In addition to the swarm, the Farmer's Hive gave 29 lbs., and 4 oz. surplus; the other three, 12 lbs., and 18 oz. of surplus only.—the Farmer's Hive giving 3 lbs., 10 oz., more than double that of the three.

I know of no cause for the difference but the construction of the hives, and this sustains Mr. QUINBY's remark that, "the advantage of bee-keeping depends as much on the construction of hives as any one thing." I would not exchange the Farmer's Hive for any other that I have knowledge of. My bees are the common kind. LEMUEL P. WOLCOTT.

Southampton, Mass., Nov. 3d, 1865.

## Rural Spirit of the Press.

## Exporting Stock from Canada.

THE Canada Farmer of Nov. 1st says:—For some weeks past, herds of cattle have been making their way to various railroad depots throughout the country, and freight trains have largely consisted of cattle-trucks. There has been a regular bovine exodus from all parts of the land. Hogs, too, have been on the tramp. If our American neighbors were a muton-eating people, we should have to record the fact that the sheep also were fast leaving us; but they eat muton so sparingly that our flocks are not much affected by the present eager demand for meat in the United States market.

Some people are greatly alarmed at the wholesale exportation of cattle and hogs which is now going on. They think the country is being drained of live stock, and look with gloomy foreboding at the prospect of scarcity, with its attendant high price of meat. But this is a very superficial view of the matter. The live stock which is being sent out of the country, bears a very small proportion to the number of animals owned by our farming population. It requires a large annual sale of stock to work off the natural increase of the herds; and although there has been unusual demand for live produce this fall, there is no lack of young stock left.

## Basement Stables.

A WRITER in the Country Gentleman in reply to an inquiry in regard to the healthiness of basement stables, says:—"I have generally kept from fourteen to sixteen head of cattle in the basement of my barn, with from three to four horses, for twenty years past. The horses are kept up the year round; the cows I generally turn out in the yard in front of the barn, when the days are pleasant. The stables are regularly cleaned every day and well littered. A more healthy lot of stock I have never known, for I have not had a sick cow or horse since I have used these stables. I certainly like basement stables—they are warm and comfortable in winter, and cool and pleasant in summer."

WEEVIL IN BARNS.—I have been plagued with weevil, less or more, for fifteen years, in my grain bins, and have tried every remedy I could hear of—lime, whitewash, elderberries, &c., but all to no purpose; so I determined to try something else.—In July, 1864, my barn being empty of grain, &c., but occupied by millions of weevils, I took a bucket full of salt and sowed it in the barn as a farmer would sow grain broadcast, about the granaries, mows, and every nook and corner which had grain in it. Ever since thrashing time last year, I have had grain in the barn, and not one weevil to be seen.—J. H., in Ohio Farmer.

LIMA BEANS INJURIOUS TO SWINE.—Two or three correspondents have written that the pods of Lima beans would kill hogs. We supposed that there must be some mistake, as it can hardly be possible that the pod of this delicious bean contains anything poisonous. Mr. J. K. EBY, Harrisburg, Penn., has explained the matter. Mr. E. lost two hogs, and a neighbor of his had seven die after eating the pods. A careful examination was made and it was found that the sharp, hard point of the shell stuck in the throat of the animal, causing an irritation which resulted in death.—Agriculturist.

NEST EGGS.—To have a supply of nest eggs indestructible to heat or cold, just empty some eggs as you need them, through as small an aperture as possible; mix up with water, to the consistence of cream, some pulverized plaster; fill up the shells brimming full; when they have hardened, if you choose to peel them, you will find them perfect; and if you think your Brahmas will be fastidious about color, a little annatto mixed in will render the illusion perfect, so saith an exchange.

## Rural Notes and Items.

WEEKLIES vs. MONTHLIES.—*Sour Grapes for the Slow Coach.*—The person who "runs" (or walks) a very slow agricultural monthly in this region (widely known as the Genesee Farmer from fifteen to twenty years ago, when it was a live, progressive and popular journal) has come to grief, for that whereas THE PEOPLE are so ignorant and stupid as to prefer the RURAL NEW-YORKER and other Agricultural and Family Weeklies to such a coach as he drives! Our attention has been called to an article in his last number, wherein this superlative sage, who (in his own conceit) surpasses Solomon in wisdom, thus compliments the farmers of the land of his adoption:—"But the truth is that too many [alas and alas!] farmers care more for a miscellaneous, story-telling paper, than they do for one strictly devoted to their interests. Or rather, perhaps, the farmers themselves care little for an agricultural paper, but think 'It respectable to take one, and the less agricultural matter it contains the better it suits them. They will take one of these miscellaneous family papers 'in preference,' &c. &c. Ah, yes, 'that's what the matter'—the preference of the people for 'miscellaneous FAMILY papers,' which recognize the whole family and seek to interest and instruct all its members, instead of one only! Of course the stupid people all over the country who are taking the RURAL NEW-YORKER, New England Farmer, Massachusetts Ploughman, Boston Cultivator, Maine Farmer, Ohio Farmer, Rural World, and other Agricultural and Family Weeklies, will at once heed the sage advice and powerful admonition, and stop the aforesaid papers and subscribe for such only as are 'strictly devoted to their interests'—for of course the welfare of their wives, sons and daughters is of no account! Perhaps it might be the path of safety for us (and our contemporaries above named) to sell out or assign immediately—yet, inasmuch as this journal has at least ten subscribers to the aforesaid monthly one in Western New York, (with a fair prospect of a much greater difference), we don't propose to give up yet awhile, and therefore shall endeavor to furnish Fifty-Two Numbers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, during the ensuing year, to each and all who comply with our published rates of subscription.

—Far be it from us to condemn all monthlies. Many of them are most useful and worthy; and one conducted with ability and enterprise—like the American Agriculturist, for instance—is worth a dozen managed by narrow-minded, selfish, jealous bodies, who, lacking the brains and tact which achieve success, decry and slander others in the vain hope of thereby securing popular favor and support.

THE DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE ON CROPS, &c.—The October Report of the Department of Agriculture forms a pamphlet of forty-six pages, and contains, besides the tables, several articles of considerable interest to the farmer. An article on Tobacco takes decided ground against the imposition of a tax on the leaf. It appears from the tables that Wheat the deficit in quantity of the last crop, as compared with that of 1864, is 13,173,994 bushels, and that in quality it falls far enough short to make the actual deficit more than double this amount. The decrease in the product of Rye from last year is 229,070 bushels. Barley gains 759,108 bushels. There is a large increase in the Oat crop, it being the largest ever produced. The gain over last year is 48,562,231 bushels. The yield of Hay is 5,421,939 tons greater than in 1864. Throughout the entire country the Corn crop has never been equalled, but of fattening cattle there is a very material decrease in numbers in all the States.

ANOTHER MONTHLY GOING.—The Cultivator—so long published at Albany, by Judge BURL and LUTHER TUCKER, and latterly by TUCKER & SON—is to be merged in the Messrs. TUCKER's weekly at the close of this year. For many years The Cultivator was the most famous and widely-circulated journal of its class in this country, but is now discontinued (as other monthlies have been) for the reason that the people have progressed with the age and country and require a more frequent visitor.

MINOR RURAL ITEMS.—The weather of last week was mild and pleasant—of the genuine Indian Summer type—and of course extremely favorable for outdoor operations. Hereabouts the farmers and gardeners well improved the sunshine and genial atmosphere, and did much toward completing their fall work. The people have also been favored with

Fine Weather both East and West.—The New England Farmer of Nov. 15th speaks of some quite cold weather the previous week, but adds that "since Sunday (the 12th) it has been quite moderate—real Indian summer weather." And the Prairie Farmer, (Chicago,) of the same date says:—"We are in the midst of the mildest and pleasantest Indian summer that we yet remember in the West; scarcely a cloud visible day or night for nearly two weeks."

Prayer for Relief from the Cattle Plague in England.—Queen VICTORIA has ordered that a certain form of Prayer, for relief from the Plague now existing among Cattle, and for protection against the Cholera, be read every Sunday until further orders, in all the churches and chapels of England and Wales.

Thanksgiving in Ireland for a Bountiful Harvest and Exemption from the Cattle Plague.—The Bishop of Meath has addressed a letter to his clergy, suggesting a Sunday of special thanksgiving, with appropriate sermons, for the bountiful harvest and the exemption of Ireland from the cattle plague and pestilence.

To Aid the Planters.—A Richmond paper says a company is organizing which has a capital of \$5,000, for the purpose of making loans to Southern planters who need capital to re-commence operations.

Texas Crops and Prices.—The crops are splendid in Northern Texas. Corn sells at 39 to 40 cents per bushel, wheat 50 cents, butter 17 cents per pound, eggs 12½ cts. per dozen, and chickens the same, each.

Industrial College.—It is announced that a convention of delegates from the County Ag. Societies of Illinois, is to be held at Bloomington, Dec. 14th, to consider Industrial College matters.

The Regulations against the Cattle Plague are so stringent in Germany, that recently a stuffed wolf was prevented from crossing the frontier for fear of spreading the infection!

Receipts at California Fairs.—The receipts at the late California State Ag'l Fair, were \$17,000—and at the Mechanics' Fair, San Francisco, \$28,000.

Dogs vs. Sheep.—In Iowa there are 89,000 dogs, and last year there were destroyed by the dogs and the wolves \$126,148 worth of sheep.

A Poultry Pestilence is raging in the suburban hen coops of Paris. Fowls die in large numbers without any perceptible cause.

Animal Fats are much better than vegetable oil for all kinds of agricultural machinery, according to the Scientific American.

HORTICULTURAL.

CIDER AND CIDER MAKING.

WINE is the royal beverage of the world and cider may be said to rank next in succession. Expressed from a fruit that is esteemed second only to the kingly and ancient grape, as a pleasant, healthful, and harmless drink, it is indeed inferior only to wine. Its manufacture and use are ancient and extensive. The early settlers of this country consumed great quantities of it. New England cider was famous. Throughout the world where apples are grown, it is universally drunk. In wine producing France, Normandy makes millions of gallons of cider yearly, which are mostly used within the limits of that province. Along the Rhine they mash the apples in a wooden trough by rolling a heavy circular stone, attached to the end of a lever, over them. In the British Islands it is made with care and skill, and the amount produced is the only limit to its use. The Russians are willing to pay a liberal price for a prime article in bottles, and in this country it is successfully made to imitate champagne. When properly manufactured and kept it is healthy and pleasant. It is said to be a remedy for indigestion and some chronic diseases.

TO MAKE THE BEST CIDER

A proper use of the best material is required. The quality of long keeping, without turning to vinegar, depends in a great degree, on the amount of alcohol it contains. This is produced by a chemical process in fermentation from the sugar in the apple. Hence the richer the apple in saccharine matter, other things being equal, the better the cider. The sweetest apple to the taste may not, however, contain the most sugar, any more than a tumbler of sap from a sugar maple holds more sweetening in solution than a glass of lemonade. The characteristics of a good cider apple are a yellow, and often tough, fibrous flesh, astringency, dryness, and ripeness at the cider-making season. Mr. KNIGHT asserts that when the rind and pulp are green, the cider will always be thin, weak, and colorless; but when these are deeply tinged with yellow it will almost always possess color, and either strength or richness. The most celebrated cider in this country is made in New Jersey, chiefly from the Harrison and Campfield varieties of apple. The Harrison is held in the highest estimation and is thus described by Downing:—"Fruit medium size, ovate, or roundish oblong. Skin yellow, with roughish, distinct black specks. Stem one inch or more long. Flesh yellow, rather dry and tough, but with a rich flavor, producing a high colored cider, of great body. The fruit is very free from rot, falls easily from the tree about the first of November, and keeps well. The tree grows thrifty and is a great bearer." Undoubtedly the soil and location where it is grown have considerable effect on the qualities of a cider apple, as they would on the grape, but where good wheat and clover are raised the cider apple will be successful. The apple should not be bruised in gathering, nor left for any length of time on the ground, for when long in direct contact with the earth, they become insipid, and decay begins. Of course all rotten, unclean, and prematurely ripe fruit should be rejected and they should be allowed to ripen on boards or in bins under cover for a time before grinding, by which process they will throw off from six to eight per cent of water, and the juice will thereby be richer. In short when a strictly first class cider is wanted all means should be used to have each apple of prime quality, and in the best condition when ground. It is not practicable always to make cider from the most suitable varieties of apples, but it is always possible to have the fruit clean, ripe, and sound.

EXPRESSING THE JUICE.

Authorities differ in regard to the length of time the juice should remain with the pomace after being ground. If they are kept together a few hours, and allowed to ferment in a vat, the cider will assume a rich, brown color; but it is claimed that from the oxygen taken up, the quality of the liquor will deteriorate. Cider taken directly from unground apples by means of powerful presses, is colorless, pure, and of the most delicate flavor. If bottled and made to ferment under a cork very few cider drinkers, when it becomes a year old, will recognize their favorite beverage. Cleanliness in all the implements about the press, and the vats and casks, is an important point. Any wood or cloth that comes in contact with the cider, should be perfectly sweet. If the press or vats get soaked with juice, by standing unused for a time, the wood becomes sour and then musty, and it will act as a leaven to the cider, and excite an acetous fermentation that is difficult to check. One should be careful not to use musty straw in the press, or put the cider into musty barrels.

HOW TO MANAGE THE CIDER.

If the proper kind of juice is got, and there are suitable casks and cellars to store it, one can make sure and easy work in manufacturing prime cider. If using barrels the best are those that have held whisky; next are rum, brandy and gin casks. New casks should be soaked with water and a little saleratus thrown in to sweeten them. Beware of using sour whisky or vinegar casks. It is impossible to make and keep good cider either in such, or in rusty casks. The larger the quantity fermented in a body the better and more uniform will be its quality, hence large casks holding two or three or five hundred gallons are best. They should be placed in a dry cellar that maintains a temperature of from 50° to 60° throughout the year. Cider should be treated almost precisely as we would make good wine from grapes grown in the latitudes where the apple tree flourishes. The chief point to be gained is to get the cider perfectly clear, and give it ripeness and age,

without letting the acetous fermentation begin. The first or vinous fermentation must take place before the apple juice can claim the name of cider. After that is finished every effort should be directed to the prevention of further fermentation. The richer the must in sugar the less liable this vinegar fermentation is to take place, for the sugar is changed into alcohol which gives body to the cider. It is exactly so with wine. Those made from the sweet, rich grapes of Spain and Italy never turn to vinegar, but the light Rhenish wines will do so readily.

We will warn our readers against the use of the specifics that are so freely recommended. Among these are fresh beef, horse radish, sassafras, raisins, charcoal, sulphite of lime, and mustard. We never drank a prime cider medicated with any of these articles, and the good qualities it did possess were not attributable to, but in spite of, the effect of these nostrums.

Remember the object in view is to get the cider fine and clear, with as little exposure to the air as possible, and without its taking on the vinegar fermentation. Let it ferment with a syphon to pass off the gas through water, and exclude the air. When the liquor becomes bright, and clearer, and the ebullition declines, rack the cider into a fresh cask, or put it into the original one after it is thoroughly cleaned. Before the cider is put in, the cask should be fumigated by burning in it a rag dipped in melted brimstone, attached to the end of a wire and inserted through the bung. Pour the cider into the cask while it is filled with the fumes of the brimstone, taking care to fill it perfectly full, and then bung it tight. The brimstone fumes will check further fermentation, and the cider will gradually ripen and fine. In about four weeks the cider should be racked again, the lees withdrawn, the cask cleaned, filled full and bunged tight. A third racking should be given in early spring. This will generally put the cider in condition to bottle, or to keep an indefinite time, in well filled, tightly bunged casks in a cool cellar.

Instead of racking frequently, cider makers sometimes stir in lesglass, fish sounds macerated in cider, or whites of eggs, albuminous substances which coagulate with the lees floating in the cider, and then strain through flannel to separate them. This course however exposes the cider much to the air, and is not necessary if three or more rackings are given. In bottling use only the close grained velvety corks, soaked in warm water, well driven home, and wired down. Lay the bottles on their side to keep the corks always wet.

THE CROCUS.

As one of the earliest ornaments of the flower garden, it is a universal favorite, being neat, dwarf, and compact in growth, and varied in all the essential shades of color for producing harmony of effect, either separately or blended together. The principal adaptation of this bulb consists in its suitability for planting sufficiently near to the margin or edge of flower-borders, beds, &c., as not to require removal, or in forming lines or edges entirely of such, in their relative colors, which, after blooming, may be removed as the leaves show maturity of growth by fading in color (the bulbs being stowed away dry and cool until the following autumn,) and the same spaces being again occupied by summer flowering plants.

The principal months for planting are October, November and December, in ordinary rich garden soil, placing the bulbs about two inches deep, and four to six inches from the margin or edge each group of six to eight or more bulbs being planted in its own relative color, or otherwise in blended varieties, as taste may prefer. These all improve in beauty for some years, if not disturbed.

To secure a succession of blooms in pots commence early in the first-named month, with six or eight bulbs in each well-drained pot, using the same rich soil about an inch deep; and thus planted, place the pots upon a surface of ashes, covering them over one inch deep with soil, tan, dry leaf-mould, or sand, until the leaves appear through the soil, when they may be removed to the house.—H. A. Dreer, Philadelphia.

PLANTING TREES.

PIIONEER in the Prairie Farmer says on this subject:—"I have transplanted many hundred forest trees in the last ten years, and I have rarely lost a tree, and most of them set in the fall. One of the most important rules to be observed is, before taking up a tree, mark it in some manner, so that you will know which is the north side, so as to be able to re-set it in exactly the position it grew in the woods. This may seem to many of no importance, but to those who know that there is in the bark and wood of all trees a radical difference between the north and south sides, the north side being close grained and tough, while the south side is invariably more open grained and brash, or soft, the importance will be seen. If this is done, your tree does not have to undergo a complete change in all the parts, and is ready to start off and grow at the proper time as readily as though it had not been moved."

MANURING TREES.—Some people, in setting fruit and other trees, have made the mistake of applying manure directly upon the roots. That is a ruinous practice, as the fibres of roots of trees can only derive sustenance by direct contact with the earth.

When trees of any kind are set out, the roots should first be covered with a rich loam, well trodden down, and upon this loam a little manure of any kind may be safely placed; but it is better to spread upon the surface of the ground, where it acts as a mulch, and prevents any injury to trees from drouth, unless very severe and long protracted.—Exchange.

THE LARKSPURS.

It may be a childish attachment, but really, Mr. Editor, I love the Larkspurs. I am far from being a child in years, yet ever since I watched my little bed of Larkspurs, and picked their bright blue blossoms in childish glee, I have been peculiarly drawn to these flowers. The time of which I am speaking was more than two-score of years ago, and the Larkspur seems to be a part of the pleasant past; a kind of connecting link with my childish days. But really among all our new and truly beautiful flowers we have very few that excel the Larkspurs when well grown, and perhaps a few hints respecting varieties and modes of treatment may not be uninteresting to many of your readers.

The Larkspur will grow almost anywhere, and under the most unfavorable circumstances, yet to produce fine flowers, a good, rich and well cultivated soil is necessary. The Larkspur is perfectly hardy, and seeds may be grown in the fall. When this is done the plants will be strong in the spring, and produce flowers early and in abundance. If the seeds are not sown in the autumn they should be in the ground as early as possible in the spring. If sown late when the weather is dry and the sun hot, a great portion will not come up. Take advantage, therefore, of the first open weather in the spring, and sow the seeds, and if there are hard frosts afterwards they will receive no injury. There are several other flowers that require the same treatment. The Sweet Pea, for instance, flowers much better if got in the ground early.



DWARF ROCKET LARKSPUR.

The Dwarf Rocket, as its name indicates, is a plant of dwarf habit, throwing up spikes six inches in height, covered with flowers. This variety is almost as showy as the Hyacinth. For a border there can be nothing finer. The plants should stand about five or six inches apart. The prevailing colors are blue of different shades and pink.

The Tall Rocket is a fine plant some eighteen inches in height with longer spikes of flowers, but the blossoms are not so closely set on the spikes. There are several Branching varieties growing about ten feet in height, rather loose in their habit, excellent for cutting, and furnishing abundance of flowers for this purpose.

Cardispetulum grows about eighteen inches in height, making a compact bush, and flowering through the whole season, until frost. For making a temporary hedge or low screen I know of nothing better than this new Larkspur. The flowers are light blue.

I do hope some of the readers of the RURAL will give the Larkspur a good chance this season, and if they are not well repaid for the labor, I shall be very much disappointed.

THE APPLE CROP.

No one seems to be able to account very satisfactorily for the short crop of apples this year. One says it was owing to a frost and a thunder storm at the time of blossoming, another says it was owing to the ravages of insects and so on. Now it is a fact that the apple crop is a failure over most parts of New England. If the frost cut off the crops in the blossoms in the inland towns, what cut it off along the seashore, where no frost occurred at that time? There is no theory that explains it, to our mind, so clearly

as that which ascribes it to the effects of the severe drouth of last year. We know it seriously affected many other plants, and it is probable that it injured the fruit and leaf buds of the apple.

It does not necessarily follow that the more severe drouth of this season will have the same effect on the crop of next year, because the drouth came considerably later. As to insects they have troubled the apples worse this year than we ever knew them to before. They ought to be looked after. The canker-worm is beginning to run up, and now is the time to prevent him, or her. Head her off by all means.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

NEW WATERMELON.

At the recent Chester County Agricultural Exhibition, held at West Chester, one of the judges on fruits advised us of a superior watermelon, brought to the attention of the committee, exhibited and grown by Bayard Taylor, on his farm in Chester Co. It has the remarkable property of keeping through the winter and preserving its delicious flavor unimpaired. It promised to be a great acquisition in this line.

Bayard Taylor informs us he obtained the seed himself on the Volga, in the interior of Russia, from a melon grown on the Persian shore of the Caspian Sea, not being aware at the time that it possessed the property of long keeping after being gathered, although he knew that there were such melons in Russia. It seems to retain the property here, as the melons raised this season have now been six weeks off the vines, fully ripe, and promise to keep for three months yet.—Morris' Rural Adv.

Horticultural Notes and Queries.

SULPHUR FOR MILDEW.—A correspondent informs us that last summer one of his neighbor's grape vines were attacked with mildew and rot, and that he immediately arrested the disease by sowing plaster and sulphur on them. Has any one else found these or other remedies efficient?

A NEW APPLE.—We have received from J. E. BAKER, Macedon, N. Y., specimens of a new apple called the "Forge," from the fact that it was found growing near an old forge, in the woods, in England. It is a fall apple, but will keep till the middle of January. Mr. BARRY says—"It is a tender, juicy, spicy fruit, and worthy of cultivation."

SALT ON A GRAPE VINE.—G. W., Pittsburg, Pa., says:—"I have a grape vine, planted close to my wood-shed, and trained on a horizontal trellis 20 feet square. The ground underneath the trellis is covered ten inches deep with stone and gravel. The roots of the vine extend partly under this. I wish to keep the weeds and grass down on this gravel by using salt. Will the salt injure my grape vine?"

THE PETERS PEAR.—Hovey's Magazine says this is a new pear, raised in 1848, from the White Doyenne, by Rev. ABRAHAM PETERS, of Williamstown, Mass. It is perfectly hardy, a vigorous grower, an abundant bearer, and gives crops every year. It bore, the present year, over a bushel of fruit. The pear ripens in Williamstown the first week in August, at the time of the Madeleine. It is, however, said to be a much better pear, about the size of the Tyson.

THE VINTAGE in Northern Italy is reported as very abundant this year, and wine will be plenty and cheap. During the last four or five years, the grape crop had been a failure, and drunkenness, a vice almost unknown to Italians, had greatly increased. In the absence of their healthful stimulant, wine, the people took to drinking villainous brandy, at first called "little champagne," but now jocosely known as "petroleum."

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO MAKE SOUP.

LIEBIG, in his "Researches on Food," says:—"When one pound of lean beef, free from fat, in the finely chopped state in which it is used for beef sausage or mince meat, is uniformly mixed with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated to boiling, and the liquid, after being boiled briskly a minute or two, is strained through a towel from the coagulated albumen and the fibrine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such strength as cannot be obtained, even by boiling for hours, from a piece of flesh. When mixed with salt and the other additions by which soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat darker by means of roasted onions or burnt sugar, it forms the very best soup which can in any way be prepared from one pound of flesh."

A FOOD FOR DELICATE STOMACHS.—Some persons cannot bear grease. To which I would recommend the following plan:—Melt about two ounces of lard, dripping, or "rendered fat," and, when liquid, rub it into about twice as much oatmeal, so as to make a paste. While you are doing this, boil four or five quarts of bran stock or barley broth, into which two or three onions have been sliced. Add a little of the hot stock to the paste to thin it—this should be done at first only a spoonful at a time—and, when thinned, put it into your boiler, add pepper, salt, a little spice if you have it, and any leavings of food you happen to have, whether bread, meat, or vegetables. In an hour you will have a good thick soup, with no grease, fragrant, and fit for the most delicate appetite.

HOMINY AND MILK.—Now is the time to have some hominy from the new corn, which, with some farmers' cows' milk, is an excellent dish. We sometimes think our fathers did actually have more really good things to live on than

the majority of people at the present day. At any rate, they had hominy, hulled corn, maple honey, fat mutton, wild pigeons and ducks, and now and then a haunch of venison and moose meat, which, with other good things, such as flour from newly ground wheat, from which such splendid cakes were baked before the fire, all served to give them good cheer. We do not think they were to be pitted very much.—Maine Farmer.

A GOOD COMMON CAKE.—1 cup of sugar, 1 do. sour cream, 2 eggs well beaten, half teaspoon soda, flour to make the consistency of butter. Season to taste.

Advertisements

WANTED—20,000 Concord Grape cuttings. Address P. BOWEN, East Aurora, N. Y.

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## Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
MAGGIE DARLING.

BY MERTLE CONO.

I.

THERE is storm in the cloud, MAGGIE darling,  
That threatens the heaven o'erhead,  
And the sunlight has gone, MAGGIE darling,  
The beautiful pleasures have fled;  
But we've stood by each other in sorrow,  
And we've stood by each other in joy,—  
The storm may break o'er us to-morrow,  
It cannot our spirits annoy.

II.

We have loved in the past, MAGGIE darling,  
But my love was stronger than thine;  
I would not reproach, MAGGIE darling,—  
The old oak loves more than the vine,  
And the heart that has plowed in trouble  
And laughed with thee gaily in glee,  
Will stand by thee still, lest a double,  
A deep weight come, darling, to thee.

III.

Do we not know that love, MAGGIE darling,  
That casteth out freely all fear?  
Then hold to my hand, MAGGIE darling,  
Until the dark heavens are clear;  
There are traces of storms that are vanished,  
And graves of dear hopes that are dead,  
And memories not to be banished  
Till memory's self, love, has fled.

IV.

Then trust to me still, MAGGIE darling;  
The oak will still shelter the vine;  
If lightning destroy, MAGGIE darling,  
I'd rather 'twere my head than thine.  
We'll cling to each other, nor sever,  
Till over Death's limitless sea,  
To love in the boundless Forever,  
Death's angel shall bear you and me.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
INDIAN SUMMER.

AMONG the Spirits of the Seasons, I always see  
a fifth. Unnoticed, save by a few, silently she  
follows in the train of the four, until her brief  
reign succeeds. Then her dusky form flits over  
the meadows and through the woods, sometimes  
fading slowly away in the blue haze, and again  
standing on the hills outlined against the sky,  
with a deep light in her dark eye. Her skin is  
of the tender, brown hue of the earth, and her  
lithe form is wrapped in the soft scarlet and  
gold of the leaves. Her moccasins are woven of  
the yellow grass-blades; her wampum is of purple  
grapes and blood red berries of the forest,  
and her flowing hair is crowned with the plumage  
of the wild-bird. Longingly she lingers  
around the still, deep pools, as the falling acorns  
dimple their surface and are buried below. The  
trees whisper at her touch, and drop their treasures  
at her feet, while she crowns them with  
sweet, sad glory. Then, ere the glory has van-  
ished, she flits slowly away, and when the blasts  
sweep over the northern hills, she is gone.

To-day, with something of her half-sad, half-  
savage spirit, I sprang through the dismantled  
garden and pushed through the half-open gate  
into the meadow. The soft yellow carpet was  
elastic under my feet, and the little brook silently  
led one away to where the misty grass quiv-  
ered along its banks, and the water tinkled over  
the stones—on farther, where the spring bub-  
bled softly up, and spread itself smoothly out to  
mirror the one spot of blue sky. The larches  
shook their yellow needles down, and the mint  
sent up its odor, strong, concentrated, as though  
all the fragrance of the last leaves and flowers  
was gathered there—spirit awaiting the resur-  
rection of the body.

Then, in my vagabond mood, I followed the  
squirrel with the polished, striped acorn in his  
mouth—sinking in the soft green moss on the  
sunny knolls, and almost buried under the  
leaves in the hollows, till, lo! I stood in a tem-  
ple. Under my feet, mosaics; all around me,  
columns; up above, arches and color,—nothing  
else; a soft, tender palpitating color, having form  
it is true, but no substance; while a golden light,  
separate from all, shone through all and bathed me  
where I stood. I saw and was thrilled through and  
through with a deep longing for something be-  
yond. I was in the temple, but not in the Holy  
of Holies. I seemed stayed just on the thresh-  
hold of infinite beauty, but there was a veil be-  
tween. How I longed for purer eyes to look  
within! How fallen I saw myself! how blinded  
my eyes and hardened my heart! Can I not  
penetrate earthly beauty, and will I ever be per-  
mitted to behold Heavenly glories? Would not  
an angel perceive, understand, and enjoy infi-  
nitely more of Nature than we,—and do not poor  
mortals "dwell in the heaven of the gods with-  
out knowing it?"

Sick with questioning, I turned away and went  
out under the bending sky. The little cottage  
was before me, with its thin wreath of smoke,  
its sheltering trees, hills sloping beside it and  
masses of foliage beyond; and I thought of one  
lying there, suffering yet trustful. Then the  
words passed through my mind, "If any man  
will do His will he shall know of the doctrine."  
If we do His will more perfectly, shall we not  
more perfectly perceive natural as well as spiri-  
tual truths?—shall not our eyes be opened to  
greater glories here as well as hereafter? Could  
we not then look below the surface and perceive  
hidden meanings, more blessed things than we  
have ever yet dreamed of? Do not these mean-  
ings, in some inspired moment, glance before us  
like white-winged doves through the sunlight,  
while we look after them longingly and try to  
beckon them back? But they are gone—let us  
trust, not forever.

ENOLA.

RELIGION comes from women more than from  
men—from mothers most of all, who carry the  
key of our souls in their bosoms.

## A PLEA FOR THE MARTHAS.

THERE are two classes of good women, the  
Marthas and Marys. The former represent the  
active, and the latter the passive voice of the  
feminine conjugation. Without by any means  
controversing the Scriptural idea, we borrow  
the names there used to illustrate facts in mod-  
ern social life. Both Marthas and Marys are  
affectionate, but the love of Mary is a sentimental  
dream, and evaporates in verbal homage and  
empty caresses. Mary will tie a bouquet for you,  
or possibly knit a purse, if she has abundant  
leisure. She will join you in a quiet stroll,  
especially when the calls of duty are urgent in  
the house, but even then she prefers a drive.  
She absorbs attentions without rendering many;  
she makes a luxury of friendship, and either  
wears it like a jewel, or drinks it like a julep.  
She sweetly assures you that "you are worth  
so much to her;" meantime, except that she  
charms your fancy, she is worth very little  
to you.

With Martha it is otherwise. Her love is  
untiring and practical. She gives where Mary  
receives. She prepares the entertainment which  
Mary only enjoys. She smooths your pillow  
while Mary is kissing you good night, and  
repairs your wardrobe in an ante-room while  
you are lost in slumber; meanwhile breathing  
a prayer for your welfare, of which you do not  
dream. She takes charge of the children while  
you go with Mary to the excursion; she packs  
the refreshments for the picnic, while Mary  
helps you to arrange the flowers. She takes  
cheerfully the roughest duties because her dress  
is generally of firm material, that will never  
tear nor soil; while Mary requires your aid to  
enable her to protect from injury her gossamer  
barege.

If there is an unpleasant or repulsive task,  
that must be done in solitude, that admits no  
assistance and elicits no praise, give yourself  
not a moment's uneasiness; Martha will attend  
to it. She has a positive genius for that kind of  
thing. Indeed, Martha is a very convenient  
person to have in the house. It is pleasant to  
think that she will do whatever she can for you,  
and that she does it because she loves you.  
You sometimes drop her a kind word when you  
think of it, just to see how she lights up in con-  
sequence. At such times she is almost pretty;  
you regret that she looks, ordinarily, so thin  
and anxious. You hear her cough of a morn-  
ing, and excuse an occasional neglect of some  
of your stated comforts. You are surprised  
and shocked when she dies, some; you blend  
your tears with Mary's, (Mary is beautiful in  
tears,) and you feel that sympathy is sweet. You  
plant a rose, not a thornless one, above Mar-  
tha's grave, and after a proper interval of sor-  
row—marry Mary.—*Springfield Republican.*

## FEMINE TOPICS.

A VERY excellent lady was desired by another  
to teach her what secrets she had to preserve  
her husband's favor. "It is," replied she, "by  
doing all that pleases him, and enduring patiently  
all that displeases me."

THE young men of Mobile are a cute set. One  
of their city papers says they find out how a  
young lady stands in solid charms by asking her,  
"has your father been pardoned?" finding out, of  
course, whether or not he comes under the  
\$20,000 clause.

A NASHUA girl, making a pair of soldier's  
drawers, tucked in a note expressing her devo-  
tion to the Union. It turns out that the Union  
she is now most devoted to, is composed of her-  
self and the soldier who got the drawers. How  
delightfully romantic!

STAYS were quite unknown in Russia until  
Peter the Great danced with some Hanoverian  
ladies on his journey to Pomerania. Quite as-  
tonished the monarch replied to his suite after  
the ball. "What confounded hard bones these  
German women have."

HARRIET MARTINEAU is in her sixty-fourth year.  
She was deaf from childhood, and now is almost  
blind, yet retains her mental powers, writes able  
editorials for the London Daily News, contrib-  
utes to various periodicals, and has just  
sent to press two volumes of elaborate history.

GENERAL HOOKER's new wife is very pretty as  
well as rich. Some years ago she visited Europe  
and was in London awhile. Of the impression  
she left there, one little incident tells the tale.  
An admirer of the Duke of Wellington sent him  
some cases of Longworth's Sparkling Catawba.  
He wished to know where so delicious a wine  
was made. "Cincinnati, my lord duke," was  
the reply. "Cincinnati!" rejoined the hero of  
Waterloo, "Ah! that is the place Miss Groes-  
beck came from!"

A MODEL WIFE is, all in all, gentle as a ring-  
dove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble be-  
low her deserving, yet deserving beyond the es-  
timate of panegyric; an exact economist in all  
superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all  
liberality; the chief regulator of her household,  
the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest  
flower of her bower—having in all opposite pro-  
posings sense to understand, judgment to wait,  
discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, dil-  
igence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish,  
and resolution to maintain.

A YOUNG but prudent mother, on the occasion  
of making her little boy his first pair of colored  
trousers, conceived the idea that it would be  
more economical to make them of the same  
dimensions behind as before, so that they might  
be changed about and wear evenly—and so she  
fashioned them. Their effect when donned by  
the little victim was ludicrous in the extreme.  
Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, "so  
fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a  
roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear,  
how could you have the heart to do it? Why,  
the poor little fellow won't know whether he's  
going to school or coming home!"

## Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
TO MY FRIENDS.

BY MIRA.

ACROSS my life's unclouded noon,  
There swept a foul destroying breath;  
'Twas like the wild and fierce Sirocco,  
Whose withering touch is blight and death.

From tones, for which I sadly yearn,  
I turn aside as if in shame;  
And friend and foe alike I spurn,  
Lest I should hear that dreaded name.

But One who sees my heart all way,  
And knows alone its ceaseless pain,  
He hears me, when I mutely pray  
That we may never meet again.

And thus I know, that, o'er my life,  
Peace, like a dove, will yet descend;  
When past will be this weary strife,  
This bitter sorrow have an end.

And so my friends, I pray you, keep  
For me affection warm and true,  
'Till through these waters rough and deep,  
My loving heart returns to you.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
AMERICAN COMIC JOURNALS.

BY OLOPPE VON KORTLANDT.

DOUBTLESS we all often indulge in very audible  
smiles over the extravagances of comicality,  
whether in the newspaper, on the stage, in the  
drawing-room, or between book-lids. When the  
cares of labor, either with the hands or brain, have  
ceased for one little while, at least, then we can  
smooth out the brow of wrinkles, twitch the set  
mouth, limber the stiffened joints,—in fact be-  
come, in a measure, physically regenerate by a  
well-regulated dose of fun. And I have imagin-  
ed that a few thoughts respecting the comic  
element in our Periodical Literature, presenting  
the subject in a conversational sort of way,  
might perhaps not fail of being, to a certain  
extent, interesting.

The attributes of comicality—wit, humor, bur-  
lesque,—are of course distinctive. The burlesque  
is always ludicrous, tending to excite our mirth  
by images utterly in contrast with their origi-  
nals. Wit, from its primary significance of in-  
tellect, hence sharpness, has come to signify the  
joining together of expressions by distant and  
fanciful relations, surprising because unexpect-  
ed. It is often sarcastic when directed against  
folly, and hence offensive; while humor, less  
poignant and brilliant, makes a man ashamed of  
his follies without exciting his resentment. We  
all can appreciate the broadness of burlesque,  
but the sallies of wit and humor are often underv-  
alued from a weakness of appreciation.

Our country can boast of any number of comic  
papers, called by all sorts of names, and devoted  
to the most extravagant illustrations and stories.  
And the question naturally arises, what are  
the elements constituting success in American  
comic journalism. Any one who thinks much  
on the subject will naturally come to the con-  
clusion that the American intellect, quick, ener-  
getic, as it generally is in its working, fails to  
estimate anything of this kind where the comic  
element is not at once apparent, and the greater  
the burlesque the more highly it is appreciated.  
In this it is unlike the more sluggish English  
mind, which waits to grasp an idea in its detail  
before passing judgment upon it. What makes  
"Punch" so popular in England is its being a  
representative, in that respect, of the brain of  
the people—not extravagant, often as serious as  
it is comic.

"Punch"—inaugurated so long ago, with the  
leading men of brain and pencil constantly gath-  
ered at its contribution-table, has grown to be a  
part of British literature, incorporating as it  
does the gayest and the gravest pictures of his-  
tory for a quarter of a century. It has had many  
a wicked fling at us during the past five years,  
yet who could read its magnificent lines on the  
death of the President, and not almost forget  
that it had never delighted to do him honor.  
But we all know what "Punch" is, with the hump-  
backed charivari and his dog who squint at us so  
wickedly from the cover.

I think that the Round Table is hardly cor-  
rect in saying that an American journal can  
never succeed while it takes for a model the  
English "Punch," because we are too purely  
American to stand any such copying; but I think  
rather that the reason stated above would tend,  
in a great measure, to prevent it from being an  
established fact.

Seventeen or eighteen years ago, "Yankee  
Doodle"—formed after the style of "Punch,"  
was ushered into the world in January,  
1860, starting under the guidance of CHARLES G.  
LELAND. Each number gave evidence that the  
best ability was employed both in the subject-  
matter and illustrations; and the many sharp  
flings on all sides, which never descended to  
the least thing coarse,—while very often it con-  
tained gems of the purest water,—made it con-  
sidered by its admirers as an established fact.  
One can look over its pictured history, and  
easily recall, one by one, what suggested this  
caricature, what called forth that biting sarcasm,  
—what was the occasion of some splendid poem.  
Even amid the terrible earnestness of war, there

"We were not many,—we who stood  
Beside the dead who fell that day,"

many of us have doubtless seen. Yet the "Doo-  
dle" was but meagerly supported, and ended its  
existence within a few months.

"Vanity Fair," the next attempt of the  
kind, was ushered into the world in January,  
1860, starting under the guidance of CHARLES G.  
LELAND. Each number gave evidence that the  
best ability was employed both in the subject-  
matter and illustrations; and the many sharp  
flings on all sides, which never descended to  
the least thing coarse,—while very often it con-  
tained gems of the purest water,—made it con-  
sidered by its admirers as an established fact.  
One can look over its pictured history, and  
easily recall, one by one, what suggested this  
caricature, what called forth that biting sarcasm,  
—what was the occasion of some splendid poem.  
Even amid the terrible earnestness of war, there

was a fertile field for humor and satire. And so  
"V. F." lived and flourished a little more than  
three years, and then the uncertainty of every-  
thing finally led to its discontinuance. Had af-  
fairs been more settled, no doubt in time it  
would have obtained as firm a foothold as could  
have been desired. As it was, and strange as it  
may seem to those who used to delight in its  
weekly appearance, it never paid a profit from  
the first number, and twenty-five thousand dol-  
lars were sunk in its publication. One of these  
days, let us hope for its advent again into a  
world which is not always cold or hard.

In July of this year, another attempt was made  
at an American "Punch," called "Mrs. Grundy,"  
which was very inferior to either of the two  
above mentioned, and the price was exorbitant  
for a concern of its poor nature. So the old  
lady soon made an untimely withdrawal from  
the course of weekly lectures she inaugurated  
with such apparent *éclat*. Her managers an-  
nounced at the fall of the curtain, that the full  
houses which were pictured each week as greet-  
ing her, were only legal fictions, although we in  
the side boxes could see but the imaged reflec-  
tion of the sea of faces on the background of  
the stage.

It would seem from these repeated failures  
that a first class humorous and satirical paper of  
the kind in question does not meet with deserved  
appreciation. Yet "Punch" has considerable  
of a circulation on this side of the water,—which  
by no means diminished among those who really  
like such literature, when gold was 285, and the  
subscription price in New York fourteen dollars  
a year.

When the land is older, and its intellect more  
highly cultivated, perhaps it may better appre-  
ciate literary "Punch"—es. Meanwhile Budgets  
of Fun, and Comic Monthlies, and papers of  
that class, seem to flourish like mushrooms.

## STORY READING.

At a certain age, children of both sexes de-  
light in stories. It is as natural as it is for them  
to skip, run and jump, instead of walking at the  
staid pace of grandparents. Now some parents  
think they do a very wise thing when they deny  
this most innocent craving and legitimate outlet.  
They wish to cultivate, they say, "a taste for  
solid reading." They might as well begin to  
feed a new born babe on meat, lest nursing  
should vitiate its desire for it. The taste for  
meat will come when the child has teeth to  
chew it; so will the taste for solid reading, as  
the mind matures—i. e., if it is not made to hate  
it by having it forced violently upon its atten-  
tion during the story-loving period. That there  
is a "time for all things" is truer of nothing  
more than this. Better far that parents should  
admit it, and wisely indulge it, than by a too  
severe repression, give occasion for stealthy  
reading.

## NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

HEINRICH HEINE, the German wit and poet,  
gave the following account of the different man-  
ner in which Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Ger-  
mans regard liberty:

"The Englishman loves liberty like his law-  
ful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mis-  
tress, the German loves her like his old grand-  
mother. And yet after all, no one can ever tell  
how things may turn out. The gumpy English-  
man, in an ill temper with his wife, is capable of  
some day putting a rope round her neck, and  
taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The incon-  
stant Frenchman may become unfaithful to his  
adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the  
Palais Royal after another. But the German will  
never quite abandon his old grandmother; he will  
always keep for her a nook by the chimney-cor-  
ner, where she can tell her fairy-stories to the  
listening children.

## CHANCE CHIPS.

PRaising people is like the great opiate—  
laudannum.

ALL right government of children begins in  
self-government.

THE noblest question in the world is, What  
good can I do in it?

THE man who does most has the least time to  
talk about what he does.

HAPPINESS can be made quite as well of cheap  
materials as of dear ones.

To teach early is to engrave on marble; to  
teach late is to write on sand.

HUMAN existence hinges upon trifles. What  
would beauty be without soap?

THE men who jump at conclusions seldom  
reach any that are worth having. These must  
be got by climbing.

WRITERS often multiply words in the vain  
attempt to make clear to others what is not  
clear to themselves.

INVINCIBLE fidelity, good humor, and compla-  
cency of temper, outlive all the charms of a  
fine face, and make the decay of it invisible.

A RICH man is provident of his gold, but a  
beggar is prodigal of his coppers. A wise man is  
provident of his thoughts, but a fool is prodigal  
of his words.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance  
your bosom friend, experience your wise coun-  
sellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your  
guardian genius.

NOTHING was so much dreaded in our school-  
boy days as to be punished by sitting between  
two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after  
years we learn to submit to such things without  
shedding a tear.

THERE are too many who reverse both the  
principle and the practice of the Apostles; they  
become all things to all men, not to serve oth-  
ers but themselves, and they try all things only  
to hold fast that which is bad.—*Colton.*

## Sabbath Musings.

## THE ANSWER.

"ALLAH, ALLAH!" cried the sick man, racked with  
pain the long night through;  
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips  
like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said, "Call loud-  
er, child of Pain!  
See if Allah ever hears or answers, 'Here am I,'  
again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and  
pulse went;  
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness  
sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child why  
thou'st dismayed?  
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer  
afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; never heard  
the 'Here am I,'  
And I thought, God will not pity; will not turn on  
me his eye."

Then the grave Elias answered:—"God said, 'Rise,  
Elias; go  
Speak to him, the sorely tempted: lift him from his  
gulf of woe."

Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering  
cry;  
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my an-  
swer, 'Here am I.'"

Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;  
And in every "O my father!" slumbers deep a "Here  
my child."  
[Hymns of the Ages.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

## "THE SAME WORDS."

It is a comforting reflection for the afflicted  
disciple, that CHRIST in His agony in the garden  
went repeatedly to the Throne of Grace with  
His burden. With no new plea to urge, no un-  
used petition to offer, He poured out His soul to  
His Father "the third time, saying the same  
words."

What encouragement is here to the human suf-  
ferer, who can think of no language in which to  
clothe his petition. His Heavenly Father will  
not turn away His ear, though he come often  
with the same sorrow, and tell it in the same  
words. Though a story of distress may awaken  
the sympathy of an earthly friend, upon its first  
recital, its repetition soon wearies, and ceases  
to create emotion. However heavily a burden  
may oppress us, if long continued we have  
little to hope from human sympathy. But He  
who went again and again to His Father, saying  
the same words, will not refuse to listen when  
we come to Him with our trials, because we  
have told them many times before. If the cross  
be heavy and the way be long, He will not be  
weary, or refuse to pity and help us; for He is  
the same yesterday, to-day and forever.  
Sherburne, N. Y., 1865. LINA LEE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

## I AM ALPHA AND OMEGA."

THESE words of the SAVIOUR, with their  
definition—"the beginning and the ending"—  
are full of rich meaning. In creation, CHRIST  
was the beginning; for "all things were made  
by Him, and without Him was not anything  
made that was made." And at the end, "He  
shall judge the world in righteousness." In the  
beginning of redemption, Jesus was the prom-  
ised "seed of the woman" which was to "bruise  
the serpent's head;" and He again was the sub-  
stance to which all the types and shadows of the  
law pointed. And everlasting thanks be His,  
that He said upon the cross, "It is finished!"

To every trembling sinner, He is the "Author  
of saving faith, and "He is the Finisher of  
Faith." To a saint in temptation, He is the  
beginning of hope, and the end of expectation.  
Each day we should begin with supplication,  
and end with thanksgiving to Him.

Before engaging in an undertaking, we should  
inquire "will it please Him;" and, at the com-  
pletion of it, give Him all the glory. Thus will  
CHRIST be to us "all in all."  
Thurston, N. Y., 1865. J. C.

## SOBER SABBATH THOUGHTS.

YOUTH, beauty, or wit may recommend you  
to men; but faith in Jesus can introduce you to  
God.

HUMILITY is the nurse of graces, preserver of  
our mercies, and the great fountain of holy  
duties.

WE should not forget that life is a flower,  
which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to  
wither.

PRAYER is an errand to God; it must be rever-  
ent, earnest, and definite. When you do  
errands of this kind for other people, forget  
yourself.

A RELIGIOUS life begins and grows just like any  
other, life into a fuller and more perfect state.  
We get our life from God. We must take care  
that it grows.

"DON'T" write there," said one to a lad who  
was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of  
glass in the window of a hotel. "Why?" said  
he. "Because you can't rub it out." There are  
other things which men should not do, because  
they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching  
for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps, a heartless  
word is spoken. The impression may be more  
durable than that of the diamond upon the glass.  
The inscription on the glass may be destroyed  
by the fracture of the glass, but the impression  
on the heart may last forever. On many a mind  
and many a heart, sad inscriptions are deeply  
engraved, which no effort can erase. We  
should be careful what we write on the minds of  
others.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
TO PRAIRIELAND  
BY DORE HAMILTON.

The rain falls through the leafless branches of the locust trees this morning, and trickles down the panes. The wind sighs and moans around the corners, and we shiver by the bright fire in the dining-room. Can it be only three months ago that a message came to us in our far away home? Only three months? It was August then, and summer was arrayed in all her glow and glory; a little thin letter somehow found its way into our retreat, and straightway disturbed our peace. We had visions of dear ones, from whom the cruel years had parted us; we listened again to voices from out the "lang syne," our feet stood amid the flowery billows of the west, and at last we were contented.

"Let us go," I said to CLAUDIA. We can send a letter to-morrow morning, and follow it ourselves the next day, and by Saturday we shall be a thousand miles nearer the sunset."

And so it came to pass that all needful arrangements were made, and we turned our faces westward. No obnoxious bandbox claimed our protection, no awkward umbrella insisted upon being carried; our lunch basket was well filled and the sun shone.

Is it not MADAME DE STAEL, who says that "Traveling is one of the saddest pleasures of life?" But there was no sadness for us that day, as we journeyed through an unknown land of brightness and beauty. We speculated upon our companions; we admired the landscape with its changes of field, and wood, and river; and then a treasured volume in azure and gold shared our thoughts till the evening fell.

Night came and still we were speeding on; ten o'clock and a lull in the interior of the car; passengers found the most comfortable positions possible, and a fitful slumber ensued, broken by abrupt haltings, and the occasional passage of the conductor with his lantern. The moon went down and only a few stars lighted up the summer sky. Still on we shot through leagues of night, with the dark forest looming out of the shadows, like the presence of a bannered host.

Morning dawned at last, and worked a strange transformation in the car. The snoring couple behind us, were changed into a respectable pair; the seven children before us made a raid upon cabbages; the little lady opposite smoothed her hair, in which the rats lay buried, re-tied the ribbon over her waterfall, folded the snowy cloud in her reticule, and replaced it with a jaunty blue bonnet which her escort seemed to admire particularly; a gray bundle near the door resolved itself into a benevolent looking Quaker, and a bright boy emerged from some concealment—and another day began.

We fell to the landscape again. Tall cardinal flowers, in vestments of scarlet, rose up from every wood, and on each pond the pure white lilies floated. But we wearied of them all at last, and longed for the night. It came after hours of weariness; but meantime we had discovered that a temporary sojourn might be made without deranging our connections. What bliss it was to set foot on the ground again! Even the rough jolting of the omnibus was a pleasure after the cars. It is wonderful how much we were refreshed by a good supper and a few hours rest. Time is an old tyrant, however, and the midnight express became a stubborn fact. But the air was clear and bracing, and the prospect of breakfast at Chicago, and seeing Illinois in the daytime, nerved us to endurance.

A sudden halt roused us from a brief nap, whistles were heard shrieking far ahead, a convulsive movement for a few moments—more whistling and another dead stop. What could it mean? CLAUDIA grasped my arm, and asked if we were going to collide! Everybody was aroused, and the truth began to be whispered about. An emigrant train had run off the track ahead of us, and we must quietly wait where we were. How long? Two hours. But the two hours lengthened into four, before our way was clear.

Chicago came in sight at last, and the baggage man was on board with his bundle of checks. The western train would certainly wait for us he said, and with this pleasant face upon matters we took tickets for the Wells St. depot, and smilingly inquired of the presiding official the time of the next train to Prairieland? "Eight o'clock this evening, ladies," was the bland reply. Consternation must have been plainly visible upon our countenances, for the official stroked his whiskers pensively, and counseled us to patience. We sojourned ourselves with sundry cups of coffee and slices of Boston brown bread, and then we voted unanimously to explore Chicago.

Forthwith we started, and if our traveling costumes were not immaculate after two days of service, so much the surer were we of exemption from pickpockets. We shopped some in Lake St., strolled up and down the Avenues, lingered before tempting displays in the windows, stopped occasionally for ices, and made the most of our temporary delay. Chicago is horrid, though; upon my word, it is perfectly horrid. Mud is universal; sidewalks so irregular that I date CLAUDIA'S side ache from that eventful day; population is an insufferable mixture, and with the exception of the official before referred to, Chicago has therossest set of R. R. men I ever saw.

Going over the bridge towards the depot, we became suddenly aware of a rush and tumult about us.

"Let's run," said CLAUDIA; "being in Rome let's do as the Romans do."

"No," said I, resolutely; "you do violence to your noble name, my dear, when you counsel

us to run. Leave running for the weak and timid."

I know not how much more I might have added, if at that moment our foundation had not trembled and groaned beneath us. The bridge swung about, and we were isolated from the world around us. Added to this, the sun had suddenly come out in full power, and we stood helplessly beneath its fiery rays. CLAUDIA covered her head with a square of blue barege, but my tiny masque veil was no protection at all; so I tied my handkerchief about my neck and sullenly gazed into the water. Two mortal hours were we the unwilling prisoners of that hateful bridge—the latter part of our bondage varied by a smart shower; and at last tired, dusty, and wet, we took shelter in the depot. Supper was dispatched, and with a new set of tickets and checks, we pursued our travels, shaking the mud from our feet against the dreadful city.

Again the terrible monotony began of trying to sleep and trying to wake, straining the eyes to catch glimpses of the Illinois prairie, and eating apples mechanically; till it was only by a strong effort that we could rouse ourselves to look at the Mississippi—a broad, dark, sluggish river, so unlike our dreams of the Father of Waters.

Another morning came, and with it our destination. A dull dreary morning it was, with clouds and mist abundant. Our friend stood on the platform, and an hour thereafter we sat down to our first breakfast in Prairieland.

Did I like the place? Yes and no. I liked the country extremely. The Iowa prairies are rolling, and along the river bottoms timber is abundant and of good quality. The soil is of various kinds, sometimes black clay, then gravel and sand; but everywhere I heard the same story of great fertility. They told us tales of pioneer life, and hearing it all I said they were worthy of the fair land that now smiled with its harvest of ripened grain. They had come from homes of plenty, and subdued the wilderness—men of energy and daring, women strong to love and endure. And yet I did not like western society. The tone of moral sentiment is too different from ours to suit us from the stern east. People here wear out their lives to gain great possessions, and instruct their children to glory in gain. As yet they lack the refinement and polish of older places, but still they are doing much to bring about a better state of things, in the establishment and liberal support of public schools. We went to hear Bishop SIMPSON one Sabbath; the house was crowded even to the aisles, and several hundred men were sitting, while I am sure at least fifty ladies stood through the long service, some of them with faces full of fatigue. Although a trifle, it affected me unpleasantly.

We took frequent rides and drives over the prairie found about, which looked like nothing so much as the great ocean, whereof the distant farm-houses answered to snowy sails. We attended fairs, differing but slightly from eastern fairs—most of the interest centering about the trotting matches, and 2.30 is no bad time wherever found. We gathered prairie flowers by the armful, and hazel nuts in abundance; went out after prairie chickens; hunted up gophers, and lay awake nights, listening to the howling of the wolves. Day after day we saw the emigrants in their covered wagons trailing on to the farther west. Day after day we watched the Indians passing on their stout ponies—true aborigines, with blankets, moccasins, and all complete. We learned to expect pie three times a day, accompanied with sorghum, which no young Hawkeye is willing to forego for even one meal. We warmed ourselves by fires made of corn, and finally became quite domesticated in Prairieland. The place is beautiful, and growing better continually. Railroads are running through the State in every direction, and Iowa bids fair to become one of the most thriving little daughters of the Union.

Various Topics.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.

THERE is a true story connected with Webster's intimacy with Branch Pierce, the Plymouth hunter, which has never been printed. It was Mr. Webster's custom, in the hunting season, to travel across from Marshfield to the Plymouth woods, and meet the other huntsmen at the cabin of "Uncle Branch." On one of these excursions he was overtaken by a storm which lasted all day. No other huntsmen appeared at the cabin, and solitary sport was out of the question. But Mr. Webster, who often made small occasions great by his wonderful genius, was not at a loss for entertainment. Adapting himself to the peculiar religious inclinations of his hosts, while they pursued their usual homely occupations, he read and repeated from memory a multitude of the psalms and hymns with which hour made him familiar. Hour after hour the great statesman paced the floor of that cabin kitchen, repeating with his magnificent voice the inspired Psalms of David, and Watts' undying hymns, with only Branch Pierce and his wife for listeners. No church or cathedral ever resounded to grander or sweeter music than that with which Daniel Webster that day filled the cabin of the hunter of the Plymouth woods; and no audience ever listened to his own triumphant eloquence with such delight as its humble tenants listened to the familiar psalms, which for them, received new inspiration as they rolled from his marvelous lips.—Worcester.

The late Archbishop of Dublin once inquired of a physician, "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" "Because," replied the physician, "inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh!" replied His Grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."



VIEW OF TAUGHANICK FALLS.

No scenery is so charming to the lover of nature, as that to which a water-fall lends its peculiar attractions. Unlike any other feature of a landscape, a sheet of falling water, with its accessories—the rippling, flashing stream and the fleecy veil of mist—are ever new and striking, and are gazed upon with constantly recurring wonder. The shifting aspects of a water-fall are so many and so varied, that we can never be said to grow familiar with them. From whatever point in the landscape a water-fall is surveyed, we catch new views; so that its multifarious expressions, in many cases, seem to be exhaustless. We clamber up the ledge of rocks over which the water tumbles, to gaze at it from above; we descend the steep declivity to enjoy the effect from below, and we risk drowning to get behind the curtain of rising spray. In fine, we scrutinize the features of a water-fall as we would those of a portrait. We strive to get full-face and profile views. We examine it in foreground, and then stand afar off to enjoy its effect in perspective. Moreover, unlike every other feature in a landscape, a water-fall's attractive powers do not depend upon its size and extent. A little rill trickling down a hill-side, and falling with a gentle sound upon the rocks below, has beauties which we recognize as readily as we do the sublimities of Niagara.

The State of New York abounds in water-falls. Niagara, Genesee, Trenton, Portage, and many others less widely celebrated, are the resorts of all who can justly claim an appreciation of the sublime and beautiful in nature. Among the number, and distinguished chiefly by its height and the picturesque character of its surroundings, is the fall an engraving of which we have given above.

Taughanick Fall (the name is written in several

ways,—such as Taughanic, Tagbanic and Taughanock,) is found on a small stream called Halsey Creek, near Trumansburgh, in Tompkins County, some ten miles from the head of Cayuga Lake, and about a mile from the lake shore. The fall, in receding from the lake, has worn a deep gorge in the yielding shales, with banks 380 feet high. The stream now falls in an unbroken sheet over a limestone terrace 210 feet in height.

We have just received the following pertinent lines, written for the RURAL, by H. E. M. of Trumansburgh, N. Y.:

TAUGHANICK.

Bright visions, thoughts of beauty and of song,  
Come to my mind unbidden, as I view  
Thy gentle flow, thy silvery spray, thy rocks  
Majestic, and thy far extending chaem  
Riven broad and deep by Nature's mighty hand.  
How many years have passed away since first  
Thy waters gave this steep majestic plunge,  
No tongue can tell, no history can show.  
Perhaps since first Creation's hand attired  
The dark and formless earth, and bade the streams,  
The rivulets to spring from mountain sides  
To wander thro' the valleys of the sea,  
These rocks and woods have echoed mournfully  
Thy ceaseless roar, thy spirit-stirring song.  
But let the hearts of those who, ages hence,  
Shall gaze upon thy wondrous sheeted form,  
Feel awe as deep and reverential love  
As did the wild, untutored forest child,  
When he beheld, with mingled love and fear,  
This beauty-clad, majestic cataract;  
And he loved well to watch thy ceaseless flow,  
And hear thy never silent thunder tones—  
Reclining 'neath the leafy forest's shade,  
And turning oft to view the pleasant shores  
Of bright Cayuga, which he loved to call  
His happy hunting grounds.

CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES.—The soft air which fans the cheek of beauty into rosy blushes, and bears to the invigorated sense the freshening perfume of summer flowers, is potent enough to press upon the earth at the rate of 15 pounds to every square inch. It is the pressure which keeps our pie crust down. A slight increase of the pressure would force it into the burning flood, for the globe is molten within and agitated as a huge furnace, and a trifling decrease of pressure would suffer the struggling forces to break through from below. Earthquakes invariably happen at the fall of the barometer—that is, when the air becomes slightly thinner, less heavy, and consequently less capable of treading down the crust upon the tops of the imprisoned flames. Over a hundred miles of country the removal of the atmospheric pressure will sometimes amount to nearly 2,000,000 tons, which is a sufficient relaxation of force to permit the out break of an earthquake.

STRANGE CUSTOM.—At the funeral of Prince Joseph Bonaparte, at Rome, after the ceremonies were concluded—that is, after the coffin of the Prince had been deposited in its appointed place in the family vault, the maître d'hotel of the defunct, walked up to the coffin and said in a grave tone, "What are your Highness's orders?" No reply lessing from the coffin the maître d'hotel backed out, and, on reaching the portico of the church, shouted to the coroneted carriage without, "Home! his Highness has given no orders." The custom dates from the fifteenth century.

TRANSPARENT HOUSES.—In the vicinity of Surprise Valley (Nevada), is an extensive quarry of gypsum, perfectly crystallized, and as transparent as a block of ice from the clearest pond. This rock naturally breaks in perfect squares, and without cutting can be used for building purposes. Several houses will soon be erected of this material, and it is thought that no windows will be required, as the blocks of gypsum will admit light. A building, constructed of this material, would certainly present a splendid and fairy-like appearance.

HUMAN thoughts are like the planetary system, where many are fixed and many wander, and many continue forever unintelligible; or rather, like meteors, which often lose their substance with their lustre.

Reading for the Young.

"WILD OATS."

When all the world is young, lad,  
And all the trees are green,  
And every goose a swan, lad,  
And every lass a queen,  
Then fly for boot and horse, lad,  
And round the world away,  
Young blood must have its course, lad,  
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,  
And all the trees are brown,  
And all the sport is stale, lad,  
And all the wheels run down,  
Creep home and take your place there,  
The spent and maimed among,  
God grant you find a face there  
You loved when you was young.

HELP YOUR FATHER.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen, said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to 'figure out' some accounts that were getting behind hand.

"Could I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crocheted work. "I should be glad to if I only knew what you wished written."

"Well I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"It would be a fine story if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a powerful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days; and it does not grow any easier, as I can see, since I put on specs."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long, dull lines of figures, leaving the gay wretched work to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy arm chair, enjoying his weekly paper as it can only be enjoyed in a country home, where news from the great world beyond comes seldom, and is eagerly sought for.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty, "Thank you daughter, a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, when a man can have an amanuensis," said the father. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if she were able," said Mr. Wilber which last was a truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening care and labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and an unwilling air which rob it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father, give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—Country Gentleman.

A WORD TO BOYS.

A WRITER in an educational journal, the title of which we have unfortunately lost, has the following pertinent and truthful remarks:

Boys, listen! The first thing you want to learn, to develop what force there is in you, is self-reliance; that is, as regards your relations to man. If I were going to give a formula for developing the most forcible set of men, I should say, turn them upon their own resources, with their minds well stored with moral and religious truth when they are boys, and teach them to "depend on self, and not on father." If a boy is thrown upon his own resources at fifteen, with the world all before him where to choose, and he fights the battle of life single handed up to manhood, and don't develop more than an average share of executive ability, then there is no stuff in him worth talking about. He may learn "to plow, and sow, and reap, and mow," but this can all be done with machines and horses, and a man wants to be something better than either of these. Wipe out of your vocabulary such a word as *fail*, give up wishing for improbable results, put your hand to the plow, or whatever tool you take to, and then drive on and never look back. Don't even sight your person to see if it is straight; "don't be consistent, but be simply true." If you go "to see a reed shaken by the wind," it is pretty likely you will never see anything of more consequence.—Phrenological Journal.

CAPITAL T's.—"Why do you look at me, instead of on your book?" said the teacher of a primary school for the second or third time to one of the youngest pupils. "You can't read letters in my face, can you?" "Yes." "What letters?" "T's," promptly answered the small one.

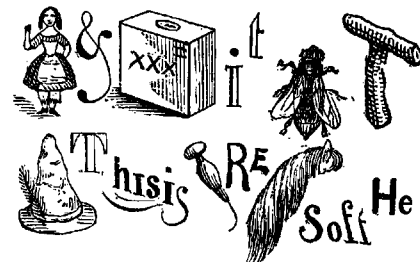
FORNEY'S Philadelphia Press says "The Little Corporal" is to be the great child's paper of America. It delights all ages.

The price is only one dollar a year; sample copy ten cents. It is published by ALFRED L. SEWELL, Chicago, Ill.

WHY are lawyers considered polite men. Because they "say pleas."

Corner for the Young.

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



Answer in two weeks.

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

- I AM composed of 52 letters.
- My 8, 26, 41, 17, 21, 44 is a county in Asia.
  - My 33, 31, 48, 4, 22, 98, 11, 52, 12 is a town in Russia.
  - My 29, 35, 9, 40, 2, 19, 37 is a river in California.
  - My 26, 1, 45, 14 is a mountain in Oregon.
  - My 46, 7, 51, 30, 32 is a strait on the coast of Greenland.
  - My 32, 5, 10, 14, 13, 50, 42, 4 is a group of islands in the Pacific.
  - My 34, 50, 10, 28, 30, 86, 24, 11 is a lake in North America.
  - My 20, 5, 31, 13, 15, 16, 12, 12 is a cape on the coast of Greenland.
  - My 20, 9, 12, 8, 41, 89, 4 is a bay on the coast of Africa.
  - My 32, 33, 12, 38, 25, 37, 27, 10, 39, 43 is a gulf on the coast of North America.
  - My 46, 22, 37, 81, 49, 28 is an isthmus in the western continent.
  - My 28, 1, 23, 5, 33, 48, 1, 6, 30, 7 is a peninsula in North America.
  - My 3, 26, 50, 6, 47 is a sea in Russia.
  - My whole is a true saying.
- RIGA, N. Y. ROCKLAND.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 825.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Answer to Anagram:

Friend after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts  
That finds not here an end.  
Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blessed.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—1982.



List of New Advertisements.

West Jersey-The Tribune. Great Prize Distribution. Dana's Patent Sheep Label-C. H. Dana. Desirable Farm for Sale. Maple Sugar-Blymeyer, Bates & Day. The Saturday Evening Post-H. Peterson & Co. \$1,000.00 Worth of Jewelry-A. H. Bowen & Co. Beadle's Monthly-Beadle & Co. Fairchild Seminary-Rev. I. B. Barker. The Hunters Secret-F. A. Ellis. Make Your Own Soap-T. B. Babbutt. Munson Musical Institute-K Cordelia Munson. Curl your Hair-B. H. Robb. A Valuable Book-Beadle & Co. Agents Wanted-Haskins & Co. Don't be Fooled-R. L. Wolcott. Field, Garden and Flower Seeds-Wm Hacker. Wanted-P. Brown. Delaware and Diana Wood-J. Keech. Grape Vines-A. W. Potter. Silent Sewing Machine-Wilcox & Gibbs. Virginia Lands for Sale-W. B. Robbins. Agents Wanted-Manson Laeg.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ayres' Medicines.

The News Condenser.

- Coal sells at Pithole for \$51 per ton. - Philadelphia has a population of 585,539. - Four carpenters get \$8 a day in New Orleans. - St. Louis is clearing its streets for the cholera. - Apples sell in Canada at \$1.25 per bbl. in gold. - Lord Palmerston's title becomes extinct by his death. - Indiana has 2,195 miles of railroad; cost, \$71,278,000. - The metropolitan police force of London consists of 5,779 men. - The Washington National Intelligencer is sixty-five years old. - Georgia has been re-divided into seven Congressional districts. - An association to prevent the slave trade is being formed in Cuba. - The California Geysers (boiling springs) are for sale; price \$60,000. - Two of the most prolific oil wells at Pithole, Pa., have ceased to flow. - In 1894 Massachusetts had 1,335 miles of railroad that cost \$59,051,000. - A highway robber named Poole was lately hung at Placerville, California. - Three young ladies were drowned the other day while sailing near Peoria, Ill. - The total value of foreign commerce in Portland, Me., last year, was \$4,866,814. - Hon. John M. Botts is to be one of the United States Senators from Virginia. - The oldest man in the world is Joe Crele of Wisconsin. He foots up 130 years. - The colored people of Alabama held a State Convention, at Mobile, the 20th inst. - Joshua Burnett, who recently died at Boston, left \$25,000 to the Washington Home. - Sorghum planting will be extensively carried on in Connecticut next year it is said. - Water impregnated with iron is said to have stopped the cattle plague in Poland. - Massachusetts has one representative in her state Legislature to every 1,025 legal voters. - The Hudson Bay Company recently brought 6,000 mink skins, worth \$50,000, into St. Paul. - Birds of every kind disappeared from Constantine while the cholera was raging there. - Blondin fell from his rope recently in Berlin, Prussia, and came near breaking his neck. - A hog was exhibited at a fair in Fountain Co., Indiana, recently, that weighed 1,118 pounds. - Sixty girls, recently arrived from Scotland, have become operatives in mills at Holyoke, Mass. - A great many enterprising Yankees are going into the tar and turpentine business in North Carolina. - Maine lumbermen are rejoicing over the fact that the snow is already 15 inches deep in the Aroostook woods. - A Colorado Gold and Silver Mining Company has been organized in Syracuse lately, with a capital of \$1,000,000. - There is excellent sleighing in many of the towns of Maine, and along the coast of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. - The waters of the river Seine, in consequence of the continued dry weather, have fallen to the lowest possible point. - Asa Baker of Thorndike, Me., lately knocked his father down with a club, beat him senseless, and robbed him of \$376. - The Aquidunk Bank of Newport, R. I., is a loser to the amount of \$50,000, in consequence of a defaulting bank officer. - Channcy Ross has recently given \$100,000 to the Home of the Friendless and other deserving charities in New York city. - The amount of copper produced by the Portage Lake Mining Company, for nine months, ending Sept. 30, was 3,652 tons. - It is estimated that there are thirty thousand hunters and trappers now living on or near the Red River of the North.

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THERE IS NO EXCUSE for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company when a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye muddy victims of bilious disease have some regard for your neighbors if not for yourselves.

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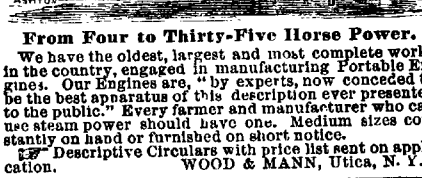
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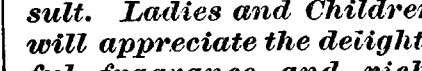
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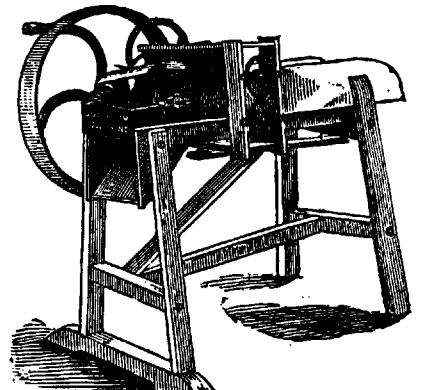
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The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GROWING STRONG.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

[Concluded from page 372 last number.]

THE days went by, as the first days of happiness do, like a golden panorama. The girl went about her home, brighter and lighter-hearted than ever, till it seemed that the sunlight of her own inner world overflowed the whole domestic sphere.

While NETTIE stood, half stupified by the superhuman exertion she had made to control herself, old aunt NANCY OSBOURNE called, and Mrs. JENNIFER showed her into the sitting-room, where her daughter was; the girl could not escape for fear of betraying herself, so she sat quietly down, and listened to the garrulous old lady's talk.

grow strong. FRANCIS ALBIN, I am a woman, but I see all this; I see, too, that you can still become a man,—in the best sense of that term and if you need love to help you in your work, you have all a woman's heart can pour out; for, having pledged my faith to you, I will be true till death, and to no other man will I ever give my hand.

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