MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

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AGRICULTURAL.

FALL MANURING FOR CORN.

It is sometimes a question with farmers whether they ought to apply manure to land in the autumn, which they intend to plant to corn or potatoes the following spring—letting it remain on the surface through the winter. Frequently it is convenient to do so. Spring is a hurrying season. Rains delay the work; mud hinders the drawing of manure. If they can keep it without waste through the summer and fall, adding meanwhile ingredients to swell the bulk, and increase the richness, they can draw and spread it in the winter even, when there is more leisure.

But does it waste by being exposed to the elements through the winter? We think not, chemically at least. It may be washed or floated off from steep hill-sides, or flats liable to overflow. But on level or moderately rolling land, there is probably not only no waste in applying the manure in the autumn or winter, but it will benefit the crop grown the next season, much more than if put on in the spring. Some of our best farmers have adopted this practice, and they find it to work well. How can the manure waste? Will any one tell us? As fermentation takes place, consequently no gases are evolved to pass off. But it dries, says one, when there is no snow on the ground, by the wind and frosts. Draw out a load of manure, and spread it, and in a day it will not weigh more than a quarter as much as when put on the wagon. True, but what dries out of it? Water—nothing else of value. Dry straw is just as enriching as wet straw. It is questionable even whether barnyard manure will lose any of its fertilizing qualities if spread on the surface of the ground in mid summer, and exposed to the sun and winds till completely dried. The gases that are given off, and taint the air, are of little value to the crop. They will return in sufficient quantities to the plant, by absorption through its leaves.

The advantages of manuring on the surface in the fall are great. Much of the soluble part of the manure is taken up by the water, and carried into the soil, where it is ready for immediate use by the following crop. If the ensuing summer be very dry, a coat of ordinary barnyard manure may not materially benefit corn, if put on in the spring just before plowing, from the fact that it will not decompose, and become available plant food, from want of moisture, early in the season. At any rate if applied in the fall the manure would stimulate the corn quicker than if put on late in the spring. If it be wet ground to which the manure is applied, it will cause the grass to sprout earlier and ranker, thus furnishing considerable pasture for sheep in the spring, as the grass will be so much gained in green manure if turned under. We believe in manuring in the fall. Clean the hog pens, scrape the barn-yards, draw some muck, empty the sinks, and withal prepare for making and saving manure during the winter, so that next autumn will find you with a more ample supply than ever before.

BUTTER MAKING IN ORANGE CO.

THE Editor of the Utica Morning Herald has made a tour among the butter factories of Orange Co., and we condense below some of his observations.

The establishment of butter factories has been a great success, because they have been enabled to turn out a very superior article, uniform, and one that can be relied on in the market. The butter factories are now offered 70 cents per pound for all they can make, because there are those in the cities who will have the *best butter* let the price we what it may, in preference to taking an ordinary article at ordinary prices. The butter manufactured here is of that peculiar flavor which once having tasted one will not soon forget.

In connection with the making of butter, cheese is manufactured from the milk after the cream is skimmed off. This cheese is of course inferior to that made from pure milk, but it seems well adapted for shipment to warm climates, and better suits the taste of people living under a burning sun, where much fat is not desired in the food. Many of these cheeses are sent to China in exchange for tea, and they have sold this year for prices equal to those of pure milk cheeses.

For making butter a house is erected over a spring, furnishing a large supply of water, the temperature of which does not rise above 56°. Vats are made in the room around the spring, level with the floor, and with racks in the bottom which permit the water to flow up through constantly, and fill them to the depth of 17 or more inches. The milk is put in pails 22 inches long and eight inches in diameter, looking something like a section of stove pipe, and these are placed in the vats to cool. The pails are not full, care being taken that the water shall rise higher on the outside of the pail than the milk on the inside. It is desirable that the animal heat be taken from the milk in less than an hour. It is thought more cream, and that of better quality, can be obtained by this method than if the milk were set in shallow pans. It is desirable to expose the milk to the air as little as possible, and to prevent the top of the cream from getting dry, which has a tendency to fleck the butter. The milk of one day is left in the spring until next morning, when it is taken out and the cream dipped off with a tunnel-shaped cup, having a long handle. The churning is done by horse-power, in ordinary barrel churns. In summer the cream is kept in pails until soured, but at this season it is churned sweet. Some of the butter makers, however, estimate the amount of butter lost by churning sweet cream, instead of letting it sour, to be one-tenth of the whole. When the cream is put into the churns water is added, either cold or warm, as may be required to dilute the cream and to bring it to the proper temperature. This is 60° to 62°. While churning the temperature should be kept below 65°, for if at the close the temperature of the buttermilk should be above 64°, the flavor and color of the butter are injured. When the butter begins to come the churn is rinsed down with cold water. After it is taken from the churn it is not touched with the hands only as little as possible. For salting and working over a butter-worker is used. This is a simple and cheap instrument, which should be in every house where one hundred pounds of butter are made yearly. There is no household work harder than the working of large masses of hard butter with only the bowl and ladle. This butter-worker is a triangular slab, with beveled edges about three inches high. It should be of a size suitable to the amount of butter to be worked. That described for a large dairy is four feet long, twenty-five inches wide at one end, and five at the other. It is supported on legs so as to incline from the wide to the narrow end. At the latter point there is an opening for the escape of buttermilk into a pail below. The butter is worked with a diamond-shaped lever, hinged to the board at the lower end, and somewhat longer than the board, so as to leave a good handle to grasp.

The profits of this system are great, as the milk is thoroughly worked up, making both butter and cheese. The butter is so uniformly good that it commands a much higher price than the ordinary article; and the cheese finds ready market in warm countries.

AIR slacked lime sprinkled among potatoes, when put in the cellar in the fall, will prevent their rotting.

A NEAT POULTRY HOUSE.

WE illustrate herewith a very pretty and convenient Poultry House, built by Mr. C. N. BEMENT, at Springside, near Poughkeepsie. Mr. B. gives the following description:

In a sequestered nook, and cluster of trees, on the sunny side of a high bank, surmounted by rocks covered with shrubbery, may be seen the new fowl-house, lately erected by the writer. This location was selected for the purpose of protection from the cold northern blasts, and receiving the warmth and benefit of the winter's sun. The deciduous trees in front being deprived of their foliage in winter, admit the full influence of the sun, and when in full leaf, shade and ward off his searching rays in summer.

Description.—The elevation, as will be seen in the figure accompanying this article, is a rather pretty affair. The center building, with the gable to the front, is twelve feet square; eight feet posts. The roof is very steep and surmounted with a kind of cupola, for the purpose of ventilation and ornament; in the bottom of this are two small swing doors, to close up when necessary. The roof is of one-and-a-quarter inch plank, tongued and grooved, the joints painted with white lead and battened. The entire front is of glass, extending to the very point at the top.

The left wing is a lower edifice, twenty-two feet long and ten wide. The floor, which is of broken stone covered with fine gravel, is sunk below the surface, two feet in front and eight feet in the rear. The back wall resting against the bank, is of stone, twenty inches thick, faced with brick. The front wall and ends are also of brick. The roof has a gentle pitch to the rear, and made of one-and-a-quarter inch plank, tongued and grooved, joints painted with white lead before being laid. The under sides of the rafters are lined with hemlock boards, the spaces between the rafters filled with tan, rendering it frost-proof. The front wall is of brick, and two feet high, on which the wood and sash rest. In the base are gratings to admit air; also above the glass, and just under the eaves, are open spaces for ventilation. In very cold weather these spaces may be closed with shutters. On the right is a door for entrance, and on the left is a small one for the egress and ingress of the fowls.

Internal Arrangement.—In the rear and running the whole length of the room, are two tiers of boxes or nests, which are eighteen inches square, and the same in height. Adjoining the nest is an apartment of the same size, where the hen enters to go to her nest, which is latticed in front, giving air and apparent secresy, with which she seems much pleased. The under tier is about two feet above the ground floor. The range of tiers is set out from the back wall ten inches. These nests are covered with boards sloping down like the roof of a house to catch and carry down the droppings of the fowls from the perches immediately over, to a trough in the rear. By this arrangement the manure is all saved, and out of the way of the fowls. We kept our Spanish fowls in this house last winter, without injury by frost, to their wattles or large combs.

HOPS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

HAVING spent three months among the hop-growers of England, introducing what is there known as the American System of growing hops, but which is here known as COLLINS' Patent Process, I am able to present some facts important to farmers generally in this country, and especially those engaged in raising hops.

The hop gardens in England are confined to certain limited locations, the eastern and central parts of the Island, while here the whole country is adapted to their production; and as the duty on foreign hops is now removed in England, and for four years past neither excise nor import duty has been collected, and as the American farmer is a competitor of the English farmer, at home and abroad, it may be interesting to compare the result of our crop with that of the English farmers. There the yield per acre, as shown by official returns for the last twenty-three years that the excise duty was collected, was an average of 6 cwt. 3 qrs. per acre, each year. The highest average was 11 cwt., and the lowest 1 cwt. 2 qrs.; and on this small yield they call hop growing the most paying crop in England. Their crop is very uncertain and the price fluctuating. The cost to start a new yard of hops has been very considerable, so that the wealthy alone could engage in it, but now one-quarter the outlay formerly required is sufficient to commence growing the crop, and the yield and the quality of the hop produced is improved by the new process. I found this system in use in several districts in England. SIMMONS & HUNT used it this season on thirty-five acres. They said to me, "We last year set six acres with stakes and twine and the yield in bushels of green hops was greater, and the color and quality were better than on any of our pole gardens." (They have 130 acres of hops on their estates in Maidstone, Kent.) "We shall continue the use of your system."

I do not find in our census report for 1860 the average put down, or the yield per acre. It is believed to be from 8 to 10 cwt. per acre, and some years it goes to fifteen hundred in this country. The product of hops in this country is increasing rapidly. In 1850 there were less than 3,000,000 of lbs.; in 1860 there were over 11,000,000, and last year the crop must have reached 18,000,000. This year is the nearest to a failure in the hop crop that has ever occured; probably not over three or four hundred per acre, about half what is needed to supply the demand. The crop in England is very good, and is selling at from £5 to £10 per hundred. Here the price is from 40 cents to 60 cents per pound.

F. W. COLLINS.

REMEDY FOR CRACKED HOOFS.—Take a piece of copper four inches long and two inches wide, and drill eight holes, four in each end, so as not to interfere with the crack, and screw it fast to the hoof, crosswise of the crack; then take a hot iron with a sharp edge, and burn the crack at the edge of the hair till it goes through to the quick. After this let the horse run on pasture, and it will begin to heal up in a few weeks. Care should be taken to close the crack tight before the plate is fastened on. So says a practical farmer of Pleasant Valley, O.

SHEEP AND CATTLE DISEASE.—One gentleman near Edinburgh has exposed a few sheep to plague-stricken cattle in all stages of the disease, but none have shown signs of being at all affected thereby. The last number of the London Agricultural Gazette, says, it is satisfactory that we hear nothing more of the liability of sheep to take the disease from cattle.

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.

"WASHED OR UNWASHED WOOL."

ARTICLE ONE.

[THE subjoined article is part of a communication which we have received from H. D. TELLKAMPF, Esq., senior partner of the firm of TELLKAMPF & KITCHING, New York, who are among the largest wool merchants of the United States, or, indeed, of the world. The remainder of the communication will be published next week.—ED.]

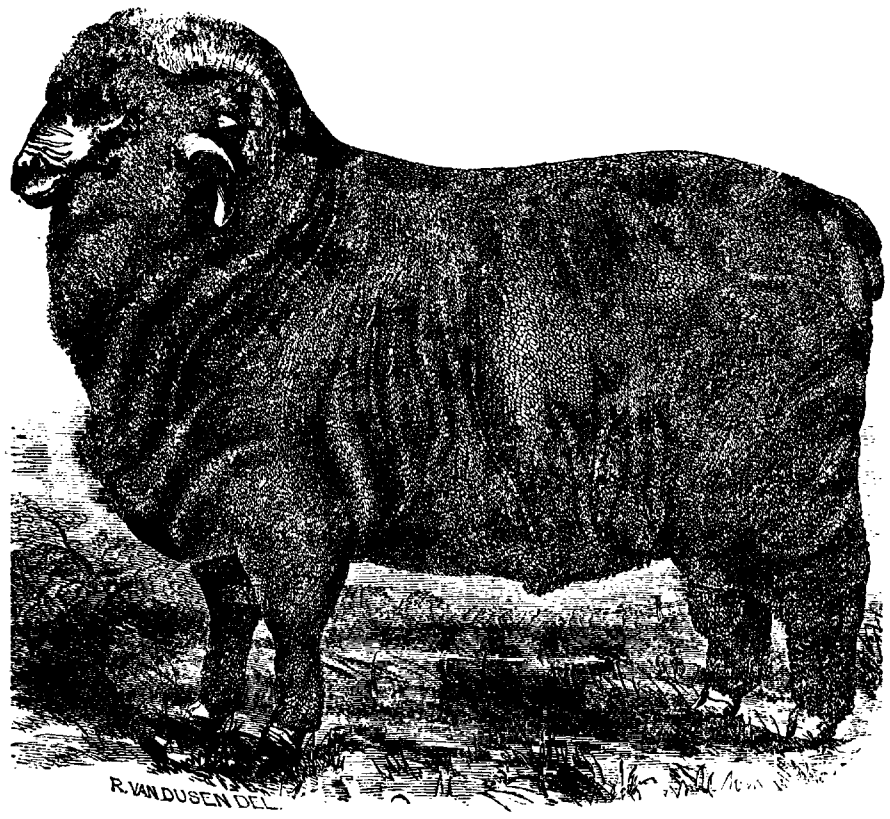
THIS question has been submitted to the Wool Growers' Association, and likewise to the wool manufacturers, and is deserving of due attention, as it involves both interests alike. To be able to form an opinion on a subject of such great importance, it will be well to lay before them all that can be said in favor of or against each method, after describing the present custom of washing, shearing the sheep, and handling and packing the wool, etc. It is well known that the washing of sheep is mostly done in rivers and lakes every spring when the water has become warmer and night frosts are no longer expected. The process of washing depends upon the soil on which the flocks have been located, also the peculiarities of the water and likewise even the particular breed of the sheep. Not being called upon, however, to give a description of the various methods of washing, nor to indicate the most practicable one, we will suppose that every farmer has endeavored to wash his sheep properly. After this process the wool has to dry on the sheep's back; and it is here, where the great mistakes, if not speculations, have occurred, every year, to the disadvantage of the careful as well as honest farmer and manufacturer.

Many farmers who are desirous of bringing their wool into the market, in a good, light condition, will shear their sheep as soon as they are dry, and this can easily be ascertained by feeling the wool at the breast of the sheep. It takes, when the weather is favorable, three days for drying, and the shearing should be done on the fourth day after the washing. There are, however, many farmers who let the sheep run a longer time—sometimes a fortnight, if not even longer—in order to make the wool weigh heavier by the grease it is gaining, and this bad practice has increased since the agents who have been in the habit of buying wool in the country have made comparatively no difference in price for light or heavy wool. Another bad practice has been adopted more and more for the above stated reasons, and this is that the fleeces have been rolled up with all the dirt upon them, and frequently the unwashed wool of dead sheep is packed inside. All this is detrimental to the interests of the careful and conscientious wool growers or those who have been accustomed to clean every fleece of all its impurities and to pack by itself the wool of the dead sheep.

We beg leave to refer also to the tying of the fleeces, which of late has become a perfect annoyance. Thick, rough and miserable twine or strings have been used in such quantities, that often whole flocks were found with each fleece tied by 3⅛ ounces of that common twine, and which amounted to nearly 5 per cent. of the whole weight. Besides this loss of weight, there is the damage done by the fibers of the twine getting mixed with the wool and being spun and woven in the goods, the extracting of which is not only expensive but injurious to the fabrics.

The packing of the wool in the interior is mostly done by the Agents or Commission houses, and the farmers are not to be blamed for the way in which it is done. Experience has, however, shown that it is necessary for any dealer or Commission house in the Eastern market (and even among careful manufacturers who may want to find out what wool their agents may have selected, and what the actual cost of it will be,) to empty the sacks—classify the wool—reject the unwashed, the dead wool and heavy bucks, though poorly washed and subject to an allowance of one-third off; and then see what there is of light and heavy fleeces in the quantities they are receiving.

In Silesia and Saxony, the wool growers take from the fleeces the bellies, breeches and the head wool, (generally called the locks,) as they



MR. ROCKWELL'S INFANTADO RAM "EUREKA."

shear and pack them separately. By this process the fleeces are made to show to better advantage, and are rendered more salable, as they keep cleaner, not being liable to become stained by the yellow bellies and breeches, nor moity * by the head wool.

Custom has fixed for these locks the rate of 10 per cent., and they are always sold with the fleeces at half price. This rate being universally adopted, renders it immaterial whether the wool growers take 9 or 15 per cent. from the fleeces. In fact, general usage is to separate more than 10 per cent., but the manufacturer does not object to this practice, as the fleece is, on the whole, in better condition, and facilitates the assorting in the mills. This method produces the same result as if the wool were sold at the full price of the fleeces, less an allowance of 5 per cent. discount for the locks, and this rule has been long established in the aforesaid countries, and will doubtless be adhered to because of the justice it does to both the seller and the buyer. The freight on our domestic wool is charged on all as washed wool, not considering the unwashed with it.

Having given the striking points only of the present customs and referred in part to the nuisances of our clip in the so-called washed state, we will endeavor to describe how it would be in the grease or in the unwashed condition. The sheep will suffer less this way than after being washed and under the influence of the wet wool. The wool can be quite as well cleaned of dung locks and impurities and the heavy bucks packed by themseves to show what proportion of it there is, and not to depreciate all the wool, the value of which depends as much upon its condition, and often more so, than its quality.

Wool of dead sheep should always be packed by itself. It would be advisable to tear off the heads, bellies and legs, which pieces ought to be packed separately, or in a sack with either dead wool or bucks. By this method of carefully separating the inferior portions of the wool, the fleece will be protected against being stained yellow if kept for years, and it would greatly assist also the grading in the mills, as well as the assorting in the market. It would likewise contribute to the higher prices for the wool, which the wool growers would obtain.

The fleeces ought to be tied by a *very smooth, thin thread*, only once, cross-wise. About fifty fleeces packed in each sack, the size of which would scarcely be two-thirds of what they are now, and the railway companies or transportation lines would probably take it at one-half the rate they are now charging for washed wool.

It is well known that the lighter or heavier condition of the wool in the grease depends upon many influences, but principally that of the soil, climate, feeding and keeping the sheep well housed in bad or inclement weather; likewise a peculiar breed. But these are no new signs or impediments, as there are many more to be considered, when valuing washed fleece, than unwashed wool, for it is considered as pretty correct that there is the following difference in the shrinkage of our domestic washed fleece wool, viz.:

	per cent.
Virginia on an average about	40
Pennsylvania, " fine	44
Ohio, " "	44
Wisconsin, " medium and fine about	48
Illinois, medium and fine about	48
New York, " " "	49
Vermont, " " "	50
Michigan, " " "	46
Georgia, unwashed medium,	42

* *Moity* is a word used in England for the wool of the head and neck of the sheep, containing hay or fodder.

MR. ROCKWELL'S INFANTADO RAM "EUREKA."

S. S. ROCKWELL of West Cornwall, Vt., writes to us:—"'Eureka' was got by the VICTOR WRIGHT ram bred by VICTOR WRIGHT, now of Middlebury, Vt., he by HAMMOND'S 'Long Wool.' The dam of said ram was got by the 'Wooster Ram' bred by Mr. HAMMOND, grand dam a thoroughbred ewe purchased by HAMMOND & HALL of STEPHEN ATWOOD of Conn. The dam of 'Eureka' is a thoroughbred Infantado ewe bred by WILLIAM R. SANFORD of Orwell, Vt. 'Eureka' won the first prize in his class at the Addison Co. Fair in 1863, and at the Vermont State Fair in 1864."

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

COMPLAINTS.—An obviously very ignorant, but we for a time *hoped* honest-meaning man, residing in Cass Co., Mich., wrote us some months since claiming that a scoured fleece of one of his Merino sheep weighed *nine pounds*, and he also told a marvelous story about the weight of a ram's fleece. We called for *proofs* before publication. A rigmarole of irrelevant statements was sent to us. We lost a part of it and wrote again for it, instructing our correspondent how to make his proofs applicable to the case in hand. He thought on the whole he would not take the trouble! We bade him good-bye and told him to have *witnesses present* the next time his sheep were to perform or exhibit a miracle. After a few weeks reflection, he returns to the subject, in a most amusing specimen of what EDIE OCHILTREE would term "yepistolary correspondensh." The gist of it is that we have taken TAFT & POTTER'S big story (about the 30½ lb. fleece) but declined to take his, and some other men's whom he names. Well, that is so. In the first place, we *know* TAFT & POTTER. Secondly, their ram was sheared publicly before more than 50 witnesses.—Thirdly, they ask us to believe that their ram produced only *eight pounds* of cleansed wool, and they do not ask us to believe that without the certificate of the manufacturer who cleansed it.

We have alluded to this *nine-pound* correspondent merely for the purpose of making a remark to all others who communicate to us extraordinary statements in respect to weights of fleeces, whether scoured or unscoured. No man of sense ought ever to ask an utter stranger to believe any miracles, *especially if they concern the value of his own property*, without distinct and positive proof. And we give notice that we shall expect all correspondents of this department to act under this rule—that we will publish (unchallenged) no statements which, in our opinion, trench decidedly on the marvellous, without proof. Men of high and well known veracity in their respective localities, will be the foremost to furnish this when they know the necessity of its being required to keep mendacious knaves, who own second or third rate stock, from beating the world—*on paper!*

GOITRE.—L. C. MEAD, Cornwall, Vt., writes:—"I would like to know how JOSHUA HEALY would account for the fact that in the same flock and the same shed room, the same amount of exercise and the same kind of feed, one half the lambs died with goitre eight years ago, and none since, until last spring when again half the lambs died. I have reliable information that such was the case with a flock in this county." In the mean time, will Mr. MEAD, or some one for him, explain an analagous circumstance. It is agreed on all sides, by physicians, that impure air generates certain human diseases. Yet some of these, like typhus fever, will be mostly absent from localities where such air is known to abound, for several years—but eventually, when the exciting causes are apparently no greater, the fell destroyer comes and falls with desolating severity on those localities. When Mr. MEAD explains these facts, we think, he will answer his own question.

BLACK SPOT.—A very intelligent correspondent residing in Starke Co., Ohio, writes us that he has a ram teg got by one of the most celebrated rams in Ohio, and out of a choice ewe, which possesses excellent qualities of all kinds, "but there is a *black spot* about the size of a silver half dollar on one of the wrinkles of his neck"—and he asks if this ought to be a sufficient reason for discarding him." We certainly would *very much* prefer a ram having no such spot, and would not, if we could conveniently avoid it, use him. But it proves nothing against the purity of his blood. He may get lambs all his life without getting one black or spotted one, and he *may* not transmit to his posterity any predisposition to breed such lambs. We have often heard of a quite distinguished sire ram in Vt. which has a black spot of the size of a dollar, on one hip, we believe.

SCOURED FLEECE.—The fleece of Messrs. PERCY & BURGESS' ram "Gold Mine," which received the sweepstakes prize at the State Sheep Fair at Canandaigua, last May, has been cleansed, we learn, by Messrs. SPAULDING, and yielded 7 lbs. 2 oz. of pure wool. A sample of it is sent to us. It appears to have been very thoroughly scoured, and is of beautiful quality for a ram's fleece. We shall publish a portrait of "Gold Mine" within two or three weeks.

LARGE CORN.—A correspondent of the Lexington Gazette, Va., says:—"I gathered in my corn field an ear of the Gourd Seed variety, which shelled 1,008 grains, and measured nearly a quart of shelled corn. It had 18 rows of 56 grains each. Forty such ears would make a bushel; and an acre, if planted thick, would yield upwards of 200 bushels. I have this year many ears that will shell from 300 to 900 grains, but the big ear above described is the largest I have ever raised."

Communications, Etc.

CARE OF STOCK—FALL WORK.

AT no season of the year is the time of the careful and thrifty farmer more busily occupied than the present. His eye is single to no one thing; he looketh to the good and comfort of his cattle, horses, sheep and swine in more ways than one. He is careful to see that the stable floors are all sound, lest a foot of some animal might get lame for the season if not for life. The mangers, racks and feeding troughs are carefully looked to, and in fact every thing that adds to the comfort of stock receives his daily attention. Perhaps a bullock goes to the stanchion to be fed for a few weeks, preparatory to the shambles; if so care is used that he be not overfed and clied, thereby rendering his future thrift an uncertain thing. Those fine hogs that have received the milk or whey from the dairy, have already been marketed, or are securely confined in the sty and are receiving a liberal supply of corn or barley meal well-cooked to harden up the pork for home consumption; a few weeks careful feed and they exceed your most sanguine expectations. The watering troughs, or may be the cisterns, have been looked to lest a failure of water occur at a very critical season. There is perhaps no one thing that will add more to the thrift and comfort of a herd of cattle, than pure, soft water. Sheep especially require it, for the idea that snow affords sufficient liquid for sheep in winter exploded long since, and is numbered with antiquated notions.

The stalk and straw-cutter is examined lest a nut may be loose and its repair hinder at some hurried moment. In fact the farmer's busy and careful eye is ever watchful of the various odds and ends that make up the sum total of a well regulated farm. Those young trees have not escaped his notice. The rabbits last winter taught him a long to be remembered lesson, and before snow falls the body of each tree is carefully wound with paper and permanently secured, which will prove a very cheap and perfect prevention of all future depradations of the midnight pests. The grapery has received the required pruning and the remaining canes are protected from the frosts. The asparagus bed has a warm coating of well rotted manure; the strawberry bed and the lesser fruits have all come under his inspection and supervision, and the little care they have received will double if not triple the crop of the next season. The ditches are examined to see if there is a free passage for water, lest it remain upon the meadow or wheat field, thereby destroying the young and tender plants. No time runs to waste. The days are occupied in out-door exercises, while the evenings are usefully spent with the family in reading or study. Farm life is one of constant and unceasing thought, study and observation. No farmer can be idle and prosper. A FARMER.

Fluvanna, N. Y., Nov. 18th, 1865.

FARMERS AND THE MARKETS.

FRIEND MOORE:—I would not deprive "Minnesota Girl" and "Kansas Boy" (see Nos. 41 and 44 of RURAL) of their mutual sympathy. But let us suppose that they, being tired of the much-abused profession of farming, should turn merchants, buy produce of all kinds and sell dry-goods, groceries, &c.; and suppose they should chance to locate in the same city or village. They would go East to buy their goods—to the manufacturers, if they could not deal to suit themselves with wholesale dealers—would buy where they could get the best goods for the least money; then they would sell as low as they could afford to in order to secure trade. So, in buying produce, they would pay all the market would warrant, for if one did not do that the other would buy all the produce and secure the trade.

Now, if all this should happen, where would be the chance for the farmers of that favored locality to be wronged in selling their produce or exchanging it for such articles as they might need, even though *they* should not *fix the price* of either article of exchange? Just such a state of things as we have supposed does really exist at most of the markets to which we take our produce, except that in most cases the competition is between a dozen or more traders instead of two.

There is no reason for farmers to conclude they are the most abused and unfortunate class in the world. Those who do will always find something to complain of, though it may be only an imaginary evil, and one which they see no way to remedy. Let us be whole men at our business; let us "magnify our office" by producing the *best*, using the most approved means, and we shall not fail of our reward.

In regard to marketing produce, I have this advice to give:—Never tell buyer No. 2 what buyer No. 1 has offered. That is your business, not his; let him bid upon his own judgment, and then your course is clear. J. T. G.

Muscatine, Iowa, Nov., 1865.

MEASUREMENT OF CORN IN THE CRIB.—After leveling the corn, multiply the length and breadth of the house together, and the product by the depth, which will give the cubic feet of the bulk of corn; then divide this last product by 12, and the quotient will be the number of barrels of shelled corn in the house or crib. If there be a remainder after the division, it will be so many twelfths of a barrel of shelled corn over.

Example—12 feet long,
11 feet broad,
132
6 feet deep,
12)792 cubic feet,
66 barrels of shelled corn,
5 bushels in a barrel,
330 bushels of shelled corn.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Regularity in Feeding.

EVERY good farmer knows that any domestic animal is a good clock—that it knows almost to a minute, when the feeding time has arrived. If it has been accustomed to be fed with accuracy at the appointed period, it will not fret till that period arrives; after which it becomes very restless and uneasy till its food comes. If it has been fed irregularly, it will begin to fret when the earliest period arrives; after which it becomes very restless and uneasy till its food comes. Hence, this fretting may be entirely avoided, by strict punctuality; but it cannot be otherwise. The very moment the animal begins to worry, that moment it begins to lose its flesh; but the rate of this loss has never been ascertained—it is certainly worthy an investigation—and can only be determined by trying the two modes, punctuality and irregularity, side by side, under similar circumstances, and with the same amount of food, for some weeks or months together.

There is one precaution to be observed in connection with regular feeding, where some judgment is needed. Animals eat more in sharp or frosty, than in damp and warm weather. Hence, if the same amount by weight is given at every feeding, they will not have enough when the weather is cold, and will be surfeited when it is warm and damp. Both of these evils must be avoided, while a little attention and observation will enable the farmer to do it.—*Rural Affairs.*

To Prepare Poultry for Market.

IN order to have any kind of poultry—ducks, geese, gallinaceous fowls, or partridges—keep fresh and sweet the greatest length of time, cut off the heads, that they may bleed much better than when they are killed by "Sticking." Draw them, stretch the skin over the end of the neck-bone and tie it, and put the carcasses in a cool place, where the animal heat will soon be dissipated, and the flesh become as cool as possible without freezing. A convenient way is to spread them on a table where they will be exposed to a current of cold air for six or eight hours.

The next step will be to pack them in boxes for transportation. Procure clean rye straw, and spread a layer of two inches thick on the sides of the box, and put in a layer of poultry. Cover this layer with a sheet or two of coarse paper, and a thin layer of straw, packing them closely, until the box is full. Spread on about two inches of straw, and nail on the cover.

Poultry prepared in this manner, if the weather be cool, will keep fresh and sweet from ten to twenty days. In cold weather it will keep no longer than this time.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Difference in Feeding Horses.

WE have reference now to the capacity of the horse to digest and dispose of the nutritive properties of his food for the benefit of the system. Some horses—those of a tough, hardy habit, sound, healthy viscera—will do this. Others dispose of but part of their food—the rest passes off with the excrements. These are weak, or loosely-built horses—"raw-boned," as they are called—and they will consume a large amount of food, with but little benefit to the animal. In such cases, horses lacking the digestive and assimilative energy, should have their feed selected, culled—such as, upon trial, is found most beneficial. Appetite is no criterion. Such horses, in general, are as greedy as any. There is, in their case, often a morbid appetite, which may, and may not, be corrected. Give such food as, upon trial, is found to be best for them—and continue that. What this is, can only be determined by trial.—*Rural World.*

NO FENCES IN GERMANY.—The Secretary of the Ohio Agricultural Society, who has been traveling in Germany, speaking of the country near Dresden, says:—"Every foot of land not in the forest is cultivated. There are no fences; the field is plowed up to the roadside, and fruits and flowers are grown by every roadside that I traveled; no one disturbs them. The cattle, sheep and swine are kept in stables, or, if taken out, are under the charge of a shepherd or herdsman. Here and there, dotted over the landscape, we saw sheep in pasture but have seen no cattle or swine 'running about loose.' The *genus* 'loafer' is unknown here."

HOW A MIDDLE-MAN WAS "HEADED."—A Philadelphia paper tells a pleasing story of a dealer in butter in the Girard avenue market, who disgusted everybody by demanding one dollar a pound for his lumps of butter. A lady offered to give him ninety-five cents, but the dealer refused, and while the lady was talking with him the clerk of the market came up and commenced to examine the lumps offered for sale. Each lump, to the number of forty, were found to be under weight. A more delighted crowd was never seen than when the clerk marched off with the entire lot in his basket.

CALIFORNIA FARMING.—General Bidwell in an address before the agricultural association of the northern district of California, at their late fair, says that on his farm in Chico, Butte County, "In thirty-six and a quarter days, forty thousand six hundred and eighteen bushels of wheat were thrashed and cleaned, being over eleven hundred bushels per day." In addition to this the General raised large crops of other grains, and has an extensive and valuable orchard and vineyard.

HEMP GROWING IN KANSAS.—The Lawrence, Kansas, papers state that large quantities have been raised in Douglass Co., this season, of a quality equal to any grown in Missouri. It is being shipped to St. Louis, and commands good prices in that market, The soil and climate of Kansas are capable of producing as good hemp and tobacco as can be raised in Missouri.

Rural Notes and Items.

OUR NEXT VOLUME.—In consequence of severe illness, confining us to house and limited labor a great portion of the time for months past, we have not published as much, either in bills or the paper, as we intended relative to the ensuing volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We are, however, making such arrangements as will render the forthcoming volume not only equal, but we think greatly superior, to the present in all respects—Contents, Typography, Illustrations, &c. The paper will be printed upon entirely new and clear type, and all the other material will be new and of the most approved style—so that the RURAL will present an attractive appearance. But we regard its CONTENTS of the most importance, and these will command our greatest attention, labor and expenditure. We have recently engaged able assistance in the management of the paper, and are making arrangements to secure such contributions to the leading departments as will greatly enhance their value and usefulness. Our aim is to add interest to each department and thereby make the whole paper more acceptable and valuable, especially to the Producing Classes. While we shall strive to add to the intrinsic value of the pages devoted to the interests of the Farmer, Wool Grower, Stock Breeder, Fruit Grower, Gardener, Housewife, &c., &c., the Literary, Educational, Scientific and News Departments will be so carefully conducted that they cannot fail to Interest, Instruct and Benefit the various members of the FAMILY. To accomplish this—and to make THE RURAL not only the favorite, but best Farm and Fireside Journal in America—will certainly be the great incentive of our efforts, expenditures and ambition during the publication of the ensuing volume.

The agents and other kind and influential working friends of this journal—and especially those who have generously and nobly aided it for years past—are entitled to and again tendered our grateful acknowledgments. We trust they will kindly increase our indebtedness now, by efforts to fully maintain if not augment the circulation of the RURAL in their respective localities. And they can rest assured that any and every effort in that direction will be gratefully appreciated, and rewarded in a proper manner.

TAXING TOBACCO.—A Convention of tobacco manufacturers has been held in New York, under the auspices of the Tobacconists' National Association. Delegates were present from nearly all the States. The object of the Convention was to concert measures to induce Congress to remove the tax from manufactured tobacco and place it on the leaf. Evidently there will be a struggle in Congress during the next session over the question of taxing "the weed." Tobacco growers have held a Convention in St. Louis, and they are resolved, if possible, to keep the tax where it now is. Mr. NEWTON, the Commissioner of Agriculture, takes sides with the tobacco growers, and thinks if the tax is placed on the leaf it will materially lessen the production of this great staple. The manufacturers urge that if the tax is on the leaf the Government will receive more revenue than can now possibly be collected.

Meantime we will speak a word for the growers—and it is this. The low price offered for last year's crop, has kept most of the article in the producers' hands. It is perfectly safe to hold on longer, for there is no prospect that the price will go lower. Tobacco will keep, and grow better; and if Congress changes the tax to the leaf, it may come to pass, as it did with whisky, that the crop on hand will go free, and its increased value thereby be pocketed by the holder.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE HEIFER?—I have a two year old heifer now sick—cause unknown. Some of my neighbors give it as their opinion that she has lost her "cud." What I wish to know is whether the said opinion now prevalent in these parts that loss of "cud" is a disease is correct? And if so is there any remedy?—A. B., *Arlington, Vt.*

Cessation of rumination, or "loss of cud" as our correspondent terms it, is not of itself a disease, but is the symptom or result of disease. It accompanies many inflammatory complaints, worms in the head, or a general debility of the system. If no special disease can be traced, it would be well to give the animal a dose of Eposom Salts, sufficient to physic, followed on several successive days with a dose composed of 4 ounces of salts, 2 of pulverized gentian and half an ounce of ginger.

MINOR RURAL ITEMS.—*The Weather* of last week was quite the reverse of the pleasant Indian-summer "style" of the week preceding. We had an abundance of snow, slosh and mud, and from present indications the same is evidently, like the Ledger's stories, "to be continued."

Camels in Texas.—A letter from San Antonio, Texas, says the government camels, the descendants of the herd imported some fifteen years ago from Egypt, excite the curiosity of strangers. They number about seventy, are of all sizes and ages, some still unweaned. Only seven of the original lot are alive.

Chester County Hogs.—"New Subscriber" is informed that we know of no one who has Chester Whites for sale in his region—Jefferson. See advertisement in this or recent numbers of RURAL for address of distant breeders.

Pea Straw is richer in oil and albuminous or flesh-forming matters than the straw of cereals, and its woody fiber is more digestible. Hence its great repute as fodder for sheep and cattle.

Queer Colt.—They have a colt in Portland, Maine, six months old, that was foaled in New Brunswick, and had but three legs when it was born. It is conveyed in a carriage.

The Weather in England, in October, was so spring-like that a second crop of strawberries was gathered from the vines, and lime and chestnut trees came out in full bloom.

Precocious Chicken.—A writer in the Agriculturist avers that a chicken twelve weeks and one day old laid an egg, and challenges the world for a parallel.

Don't Paint Bee-Hives, says the Gardeners' Chronicle, (England,) as moisture is more liable to collect inside—and the bees never do as well as in unpainted.

Large Crops in the Valleys of Virginia, with money more plenty than ever before, render the people more comfortable than those in other parts of the South.

The Peach-Blow Potato was originated by CALEB SHEPHERD of Old Saratoga, about 1850, says a writer in the Country Gentleman.

Successful Exhibitors of Stock.—Messrs. JAMES N. BROWN & Co. were awarded $790 on Short-Horns shown at the late Illinois State Fair.

Sorghum Culture has been extensive and successful in the West the past season. The weather has been favorable and the yield large.

The Apple Trade this season has put into the pockets of the farmers of Michigan not less than a million and a half of dollars.

HORTICULTURAL.

SOME HINTS ON ORCHARDS.

Every farm that is made the home of a family should have on it a good orchard. If in a favored fruit growing district it will become one of the chief sources of profit. The incomes derived from good orchards during the past few years, will be sufficient stimulus to future planting, where there is a reasonable hope of success. Many will determine this winter to plant in the spring, but before a tree is set out they should consider well some of the chief points which will materially affect their future profits.

The space between the trees should be determined by the system chosen for future cultivation—whether the planter resolves to devote the ground wholly to the orchard, or intends to include the field in the ordinary farm rotation, and grow therein grains, grasses, roots, &c. If the land is to be given up wholly to the orchard, twenty-five to thirty feet apart each way will be enough for apple trees; if it is to be cultivated with other crops, forty to fifty feet space between the trees should be given.

Devoting the land wholly to the orchard seems to be the best method for the following reasons. If included in the ordinary farm rotations the soil will be subjected to the double burden imposed by the crops and trees. To keep up its fertility will require more manure than can be spared from the rest of the farm. In the future, orchards will be mostly planted on fields long cultivated and exhausted of the original fertility. Old orchards have been prolific, without much manuring, because they were planted and grown on land that had not been previously cropped to much extent. Hereafter the fruit growers must use more manure.

Cultivation is essential to the rapid and thrifty growth of an apple tree. But it is not necessary to plow and hoe the entire area of the field in which the young trees are planted. The fruit books say that for the first five years the ground should be planted with potatoes, beans, or some low crop that may be hoed; and not laid down to grass. The difference between the size of trees thus cultivated, at the end of five years, and of those allowed to stand in grass, will be greatly in favor of the former. True; but it is not the land we wish to cultivate, but the tree; it is not potatoes and beans we desire to raise, but to fit the soil in such manner that hereafter it will give food enough to the tree to enable it to raise large crops of apples. The fruit books say, likewise, that on a space around the trunk of the young tree equal to the spread of the top, nothing should be grown; the ground should only be hoed, and weeds and grass kept down. This, too, is sound doctrine. But if the surface of the soil through which the roots extend is all that the well-being of the tree requires to be cultivated, what harm to the orchard if the rest of the land is in grass? Instead of cropping it and exhausting the fertility, is it not more reasonable to lay it down to grass and feed the growth off with stock or let it rot on the ground, so as to enrich it and accumulate food for the future wants of the trees? Each tree should be tilled like a hill of corn. Yearly, as the roots extend, a wider space around the trunk should be cultivated. It should be spaded and hoed; mulched and manured.

Meanwhile the area in grass would accumulate fertility without the use of manure drawn from other sources than the field itself. Following this method the whole field would be brought under cultivation when the trees attained to proper size, and as good results obtained as though more labor and money were expended in tilling ground and growing crops that did not favor the thrift of the orchard.

SUCCESSFUL GRAPE GROWING IN WISCONSIN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker: — Seeing that you invite contributions upon Horticulture and kindred subjects, I send you the following hastily written description of what I saw in the vineyard of Mr. Isaac Atwood, Lake Mills, Jeff. Co., Wis., and in doing so I will include that portion of Mr. Atwood's history, which has been connected with the business of grape culture, for the purpose of showing what may be accomplished in the way of profitable fruit growing by the use of intelligent labor and perseverance.

Some twelve years ago Mr. Atwood, then a man of very limited means, conceived the idea that, notwithstanding the severity of this climate, grapes could be grown here profitably and successfully. He accordingly secured a piece of hilly, barren ground, lying contiguous to the shore of one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the West, known as Rock Lake. He commenced under very discouraging circumstances. The soil was covered with a dense growth of young oaks and hickory, and altogether presented an uninviting aspect. After grubbing a small space he invested 50 cents in an Isabella vine and commenced his career as a vineyardist. All of his neighbors regarded him as half-insane, but believing like Crockett, that he was right, he was bound to "go ahead." His success has astonished all who knew him, and the influence of his example can to-day be seen in the thousands of dollars which are being invested in vineyards all over the State.

The amount of land under cultivation is about six acres, all of which has been trenched to the depth of three feet. I visited the vineyard in September, and although I had just passed through some of the finest vineyards in the East, the amount of fruit here shown exceeded anything I had ever seen in that line. I noticed that in addition to the burden of fruit, all the vines were supporting from six to twelve layers a piece. About a week ago I paid another visit to Mr. A.'s vineyard, and observed the character of the layers produced by these vines. I saw one-year old Delaware layers from bearing wood, which were then being dug, and which completely reversed my previous ideas concerning this grape. I had always been prejudiced against the Delaware on account of its slow growth and somewhat cramped habit, but here I saw layers which were laid the present season, and which had attained a surprising growth with roots three feet long, while near by were two-year old Delawares which had made during the past summer a growth of fifteen feet of vine. I thought such a growth as that would do very well for a Concord or an Isabella of the same age.

Having seen the superior character of the fruit produced both in quantity and quality and noticed that the same degree of excellence characterized the layers which were being dug for sale, I persuaded Mr. Atwood to give me some of the distinguishing points of his system of culture. He said that he commenced with the common idea that grapes needed to be highly fertilized, but experience had taught him that this was a great mistake, and for years he had dispensed with the use of manures entirely, except a light top-dressing, once a year, of barn-yard manure. Too much manure, he claimed, produced an unnatural and spongy-like growth of vine and root. In regard to trimming he said he got along with just as little as he possibly could, believing that leaf pruning especially, was more damaging than beneficial.

The exhibition of fruit and vines goes far to justify Mr. Atwood's conclusion. His motto, he said, was "deep tillage and clean culture." There is something peculiar about the growth of grapes in this region. Mr. Atwood informs me that he has never failed of a crop but once, and that was occasioned by the long-to-be-remembered frost of June, 1860. Mildew and rot are entirely unknown. This Mr. A. attributes to thorough trenching and cultivation of the soil, and the dry state of the atmosphere peculiar to Wisconsin, or at least this portion of it. Judging from the number of roots already disposed of for fall planting by Mr. Atwood, and which, of course, is but a tithe of the number bought, there must be an immense increase in a few years in this branch of Horticulture; and Wisconsin presents peculiar advantages in this respect. All of the standard varieties of grape do well here, while the usual length of the season is sufficient to well ripen the Isabella. I saw something here which is not of usual occurrence, and that was, that Catawbas this year had ripened before the Isabella. Thousands of superior locations for grape growing are to be found in Wisconsin, and some large vineyards are being planted.

Columbus, Wis, Nov. 13, 1865. W. D. Hoard.

NEW FRENCH MARIGOLD.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In the Rural of Oct. 28th I met the face of an old acquaintance in the shape of a new French Marigold, illustrated. Originated with Vilman in 1863, &c. I send you some specimens of the flower which the frost has still spared. The foliage is killed or I would send some of it. It answers exactly the description of the new Marigold.

This flower originated in my garden by accident about ten years ago, also in the garden of a neighbor the same year. Both of us had previously raised the old French and African Marigold. It is undoubtedly a hybrid.

They were much finer the first season than ever before, many of them being double and of great variety of markings, though all either pure yellow, or yellow and velvety brown.

I have another hybrid which originated in the same way and about the same time, this is between a Sweet-William and a China Pink and is mere beautiful and hardy than either. I have one of the original plants now which has blossomed from the same root 10 years in succession, but yields no seed.

Any one can have them by sowing seed from Sweet-Williams grown in a bed with China Pinks. Wm. Basset.

Birmingham, Mich. Oct. 3d 1865.

The specimen sent us by our correspondent is not the new French Marigold, *Tagete Sigrata Pumila*, but a variety much more like the *Dwarf Striped*. It is a larger flower, and we have no doubt by appearance, of stronger growth than the one we described in the Rural, which is never double. Hybridization in the Dianthus family is quite common. There is a class of hybrids between the China Pink and Sweet-William, known as *Dianthus Hybridus*, fine plants, coming pretty true from seed, of many desirable and showy colors.

KEEPING APPLES.

At the recent State Fair in Utica, Delos Rundall had on exibition some Russet apples grown a year ago. These apples were plump, fresh, and of good flavor, quite as good as the same kind of apples are ordinarily on the approach of spring. We inquired as to the manner of keeping, and were informed that the apples were put up in refuse boxes obtained at the groceries, and in the following manner:—A layer of dry saw-dust was sprinkled at the bottom of the box, and then a layer of apples placed in it so that they did not touch each other. Upon these were placed a layer of saw-dust, and so on until the box was filled. The boxes, after being packed in this way, were placed on the wall of the cellar, up from the ground, where they kept, perfectly retaining their freshness and flavor, until brought out and exhibited at the Fair. He says he has kept apples in this way some months later than the time named.

From experiments made with dry sand, packing the apples the same way, he finds that saw-dust is much superior to sand, the latter he thinks, being too heavy a material, and pressing the apples too much, causing them to decay more rapidly than with the saw-dust. The above experiment, perhaps, may be suggestive to those desiring to preserve apples late into the season of next year.

It will be needless to remark, perhaps, that no apple will keep late, by any process of packing, that has been bruised or injured in picking. Apples should be handled carefully, and the less moving about, after having been picked, the better. A large part of the fruit grown and sold in market, has been so injured by careless gathering, pouring into barrels and rough handling while being driven to market, that it soon decays, under whatever treatment it may be subjected for the purpose of keeping. — *Utica Herald.*

OIL FOR FRUIT TREES.

A writer in the Country Gentleman, (P., Waterville, N. Y.,) thus gives his experience in regard to the effects of oil on fruit trees:

I applied common neats-foot oil to a couple of espalier fruit trees, the past spring, which had become very badly infested with lice, and with the best results. I used an ordinary paint brush in applying it, and the oil in moderate quantity. Passing the trees a day or two subsequently, I found the pests all dead, and the trees soon resumed a healthy appearance, and have grown finely through the summer, and with no further trouble from them.

The trees occupied somewhat shady and rather damp positions, peculiarly fitted, I imagine, for their propagation—for every portion of them was literally covered with lice. Whether, in a different exposure or upon apple trees, the effect would have been different, I have no means of knowing, but I can see no reason why it should not be as effective in any other as this, and as harmless to the trees as it proved here.

QUALITIES OF THE ONION.

The onion deserves notice as an article of consumption in this country, and it rises in importance when we consider that in some countries, like Spain and Portugal, it forms one of the common and universal supports of life. It is interesting, therefore, to know that, in addition to the peculiar flavor which first recommends it, the onion is remarkably nutritious. According to analysis, the dried onion root contains 25 to 30 per cent. of gluten. It ranks, in this respect, with the nutritious pea and grain of the East. It is not merely a relish, therefore, that the wayfaring Spaniard eats his onion with his humble crust of bread, as he sits by the refreshing spring; it is because experience has long proved that, like the cheese of the English laborer, it helps to sustain his strength, also, and adds—beyond what its bulk would suggest—to the amount of nourishment which his simple meal supplies.—*Exchange.*

RAISING TREES ON THE PRAIRIES.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune says: — "When it snows or blows on the prairies it is bitter cold. For miles there is no shelter. Barns are few, shelter for cattle fewer. Stables are made of straw. They want trees. They will grow well. In seven years, Dunlap, at Campaign, has raised a nice little forest of silver-maples. Many of them are twenty-five feet high. Phœnix says if he were going to commence life again, he would plant pines for saw logs. Indeed, he has commenced a pine forest of several acres. Let one look at Samuel Edwards' evergreens, and he will see how they grow. Mr. Galusha also is successful; so is every one who plants and properly cultivates. Walnut trees grow finely, as do most trees. Farmers should plant trees. If there were no other way, they should get up at midnight to do so."

The Effect of Trees on Climate.—The Canary Isles, when first discovered were clothed with thick forests. A great part of these woods, were destroyed by the first settlers, and the result has been the lessening of the rains and the dwindling away of the springs and brooks. The aridity of the interior of Spain is owing to the hatred of the Spaniards to trees. Many districts in France have been injured in respect to climate by denudation. The maritime regions of Algeria are remarkably dry, owing to the native husbandman cutting down all the arborescent productions. On the other hand, rain has become more frequent in Egypt since the vigorous cultivation of palm trees.

Horticultural Notes and Queries.

Sweet Potato Seed.—H. of Orleans Co., N. Y., asks how to keep or get sweet potato seed. Sweet potatoes are raised from sets. These are either small potatoes raised for this purpose from summer cuttings of the vines in the previous year, or the young shoots of large or small tubers, wintered in dry sand, and started in the spring in a hot bed to furnish sets. When four or five inches long they are taken off and set out.

Vineyards in the Tonawanda Valley.—The Attica Atlas says:—The few acres of Messrs. Quale and Capwell on the Little Tonawanda, we believe comprise all that may with propriety be termed vineyards in all this valley. But these experiments have established their practicability and their profitable success. We are gratified to learn that Mr. Capwell is about to add some seven acres to his small patch of vines; and that a farmer in the adjoining town of Alexander is putting out a ten acre vineyard. Moreover, "his own vine," with a plural to comprehend such choice varieties as will ripen, is fast becoming a home institution in the village and on the farm throughout the land. Plant out the vines.

Dahlia Roots.—Please inform me through the Rural how to keep Dahlia roots through the winter. Shall I dry them before putting in the cellar?—s.

Dry the roots for a day or two before putting them in the cellar. Have a pile of sand or sandy mold ready in the cellar. Let them remain uncovered the first part of the winter, and until they begin to wilt considerable, then cover with sand. This is our plan.

How to Extract Osage Orange Seed.—I wish to inquire through the Rural what is the best way to get the seed out of the Osage Orange. Should they be allowed to freeze or not?—J. T. G., *Iowa.*

F. M. McCutchen of Illinois, gives the following process, which was published in our last volume: "Gather the oranges as soon as hard frosts come, put them in the cellar, and let the seed remain in the orange until the 15th or 20th of April; by this time many will be rotten, which separate from the sound, put in a tight barrel, pound lightly until the pulp is made fine, then put in water sufficient to soak thoroughly for a few days, stirring several times a day. When the pulp is well softened, wash out as apple seed, and when washed out, put in process of sprouting without drying. Then bruise the sound oranges, which will cause them to rot, and proceed as before. I think it is best to keep them from freezing, as the seed is not fully matured at gathering; but there is nutrition enough in the pulp of the orange to perfect the seed, if you will assist nature by keeping them from freezing.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES.

How to Settle Coffee.—A common method of clearing coffee is by the addition of an egg. The white is the only valuable part for the purpose and only a small portion of one is needed for an ordinary family. It should be mixed with the ground coffee before the water is added. Clean egg shells will do very well. When eggs are 50 cents a dozen they are not always at hand; a bit of codfish, or even a pinch of salt is a very good substitute—and if the coffee is put to soaking in a little cold water over night it will settle clear without the the addition of anything. s. w. a.

Wine Jelly.—Some time since Mrs. Marion Ward inquired, "does any one know how to make good wine jelly?" As I have seen no answer, please tell her I do, and here is my recipe: — One and a half ounces of gelatin dissolved in a pint of boiling water; when dissolved, add another pint of boiling water, one pint currant wine, one pint white granulated sugar; stir together and strain twice through a flannel cloth, into any shaped mold you wish; the juice of a lemon improves it.— E. S. Langworthy, *Alexander, N. Y.*, 1865.

Raspberry Vinegar.—A very sharp and delicate flavored vinegar may be made in this way. Take two quarts of raspberries and wash them thoroughly in four quarts of warm rain water. Strain through a coarse cloth. Add one pound of sugar, and let the mixture ferment in a vessel to which the air has access. You can make vinegar of raspberry wine by adding water to reduce it, a little sugar to excite fermentation and expose it to the air. It is splendid for the table.

Blanc Mange.—Take one quart of new milk and put in a spider, and wet one cup of flour and stir in. Keep constantly stirring until it boils and then pour in buttered moulds of any shape you wish. Eat when cold with a rich cream, nutmeg &c.

Gingerbread.—Please tell me how to make good gingerbread without sour milk or buttermilk or eggs. Also puddings, baked or steamed. —J. E. W., *Neenah.*

OUR RECIPE FOR CURING MEAT.

To one gallon of water, take 1½ lbs. of salt, half lb. of sugar, half oz. of saltpetre, half oz. of potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when *cold* pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean.

Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

If this recipe is properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if so good.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Potted Meats.—It sometimes happens to the ladies, from some unforseen circumstances, that large quantities of cooked meats, prepared for a party which did not come off, perhaps, remain on hand, which are measurably lost. Such should be potted. Cut the meat from the bone and chop fine, and season high with salt and pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Moisten with vinegar, wine, brandy, cider and Worcestershire sauce, or melted butter, according to the kind of meat or to suit your own taste. Then pack it tight into a stone jar, and cover with about a quarter of an inch of melted butter, It will keep months and always afford a ready and excellent dish for the table.

Brown's Bronchial Troches, for Pulmonary and Asthmatic disorders, have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try "*The Troches*," a simple remedy which is in almost every case effectual.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A RESPONSE,—TO CLIO STANLEY.

BY ENOLA.

Our dreams are the visions that Fancy weaves
With busiest skill in our idle hours,
From the odds and the ends that Reason leaves,
When she colors and forms her perfect flow'rs.
A whisper gave Fancy the plan, I know,
For a beautiful picture, rare and fine,
Which hangs brightly bathed in the summer's glow,—
My words were the whisper; the picture is thine;

There's a princely hall in the palace of Thought,
Where wonderful treasures lay all unknown;
There were gems and pearls, and forms that were wrought
With infinite skill from the roughest stone;
And a plain little key unlocked the door,
That led where the sunlight of morning shone
O'er the wonders heaped on the golden floor,—
My words were the key; the treasures thine own.

There's a graceful harp with so delicate strings,
That the gentlest zephyr wakes sweetest notes,
And the wandering wind grand music flings
On the restless air, where it swings and floats.
In restful pauses of work or of pain,
To thine ear may sweetest melodies roll;
But think as you list to the soft refrain,—
My words are the wind, the harp is thy soul.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A LETTER TO GIRLS.

My Young Friends:—You must be aware that there is a growing tendency on the part of the young people of the present day, to despise the counsels of their elders. "Young America" is so wise in its own conceit, so self-sufficient and confident, that instead of paying deference to the views and experience of Age, it holds them in utter contempt, and has no term so apt to express that feeling, as "old-fogyish!"

As an evidence of this almost universal fact, young ladies when they reach a certain age think that Mother's advice is of no account! How often I have shuddered, when I have heard girls say:—"Mother said I should not do so and so, but I was bound I would, and I did." Ah! if girls only knew how often that mother's quiet influence had turned aside their feet from treading in the paths of danger and temptation; if they could only appreciate the sleepless anxiety of that affection which uncomplainingly endures for their sake so many labors and trials; if they could only witness the secret tears which are shed over their follies, and the triumphant joy which greets their success and well-doing, perhaps they would examine a little closer into her claims upon their respect, their reverence, and their undying love and solicitude.

If, girls, such a remark as the one quoted above ever rises to your lips, or such a feeling ever creeps into your heart, beware, for imminent dangers threaten you. Because we seem to be better educated than our elders, should we plume ourselves upon our special advantages, and take no account of theirs? Undoubtedly you possess accomplishments which, in your mother's day, were not easily obtained; perhaps in scholastic education you may be far superior to her. Well, place your attainments in one scale, and then put in the other your mother's experience, "the years that bring the philosophic mind," and above all, that great, ineffable love for you which makes her so watchful of your best interests—and which scale will "kick the beam?" You see things as you wish them to be, she sees them as they are. You know books, she knows the world. You bring to the solution of your difficulties the best of intentions, let us hope, but only a limited experience; she steps in with a judgment matured by long years of trial and suffering, with experimental knowledge of human nature, and with her quick insight sharpened by maternal anxiety—and forsooth, you prefer your own opinions!

I imagine I see some young lady curl her ruby lip in disdain, and perhaps say with scornful accent:—"Written by some old fogy!" Another throws the paper impatiently aside, to seek more congenial reading matter. But wait a moment, while I assure you that I am not an old fogy, but one who is still young enough to need Mother's advice.

Three years ago, while attending school, I became well acquainted with a young lady whom we will call Mattie Miller. She was an excellent scholar and a well appearing girl; but alas! she believed she knew more than her mother. A short time after she left school, I was surprised by the intelligence that Mattie was married, and against her mother's wish. I am not much in the habit of speculating upon such matters, but still I felt that Mattie would live to be sorry for that step. Before many months had passed we heard rumors that Mattie did not live happily; soon after, that her husband was very unkind to her; and before a year had passed she dragged herself back to her mother's home as her only place of refuge,—for she was worse than a widow. Oh! how often she sighed in the bitterness of her affliction, "If I had but followed my mother's advice!" Yes, in her deep sorrow, she learned to realize fully that "Mother knows best."

I presume you might each one of you take a page from your own history, to prove the truth of these words. No doubt each one of you has very frequently had to admit that "Mother knows best."

I have often heard girls say, "If I loved a man well enough, I would marry him, if my parents did forbid." They have said this too when they must have known that their parents would not, for the world, do anything which was not for their best good.

Moreover, many girls have secrets which they keep from their parents and confide only to some chosen confidante of their own. I have heard that a secret kept from a mother is a dangerous secret, and I believe the statement is true. When chosing a confidante, (for all girls must have one,) you can find no one more competent to advise, no one who will listen to you more kindly than your mother; and if you have a secret which you are ashamed to tell your mother, you may be sure that it is a secret which you should be ashamed to know.

Again, in your association with young gentlemen, do not say that your mother is "old fogyish," if she sees something in the conduct of one of your acquaintance which she does not approve, but rather follow her advice, and avoid him if need be; for she reads character better than you can, and she knows best.

Now, girls, do not think I am giving you a lecture, but accept the advice contained in this letter as kindly as it is given.

I am your friend, Maude May.

THE NEW STYLE OF BONNETS.

The winter fashion of bonnets is causing some remark in the papers and out—even among the ladies themselves, some of whom protest that they will not follow the fashion. They will however come to it sooner or later. Fashion is a tyrant and will be obeyed.

One exchange says the principal of a wholesale millinery house states that his customers never purchased bonnet-frames with equal reluctance. The buggy-top pattern requires a large amount of material, and makes a very small show for it. Moreover the show when it is made, is anything but graceful. To construct a bonnet over a gig-top frame requires three-fourths of a yard of material, with ribbons, lace and flowers *ad infinitum*. The small bonnets of last summer, that made quite as much display, and were ten-fold more graceful, required less than half a yard of material. The consequence is that the fashion dictated to the ladies is not accepted as fashions generally are, and that a good many dames and demoiselles are in open rebellion, and refuse to accept the dispensation of the Empress Eugenie for the winter of our Lord 1865. This very unacceptable mode makes the millinery business comparatively dull; and many a discarded bonnet will be revamped this winter, that, were the fashion more acceptable, would find its way into the rag-bag.

Another editor takes quite a different view of the bonnets. He says we like the winter style of bonnet. If they are not of the "come and kiss me" order, then we are no judge. We do not know what to call them, or what to liken them to, but "*butes*" they are, and *no* mistake. A certain class of countenance shows off to amazing advantage in them—like a sage cheese in a flower patch, or a new moon set in marigolds. They *do* bring out the face hugely, and you take one of these large, shoemaker's apron faces, and they do bloom immensely. The style differs very much from the old "coal scuttle," but between the two it is hard to choose. But they are the fashion, and what's fashion is right of course.—*Exchange.*

How to Loop up Dresses.—The looping up is managed thus:—Six stripes of broad, black braid is sewn at equal distances and in straight lines, down the skirt; each is sewn down to within fourteen inches of the edge of the skirt; a hook is attached to the end of the braid, and an eye is added *inside* the skirt, eighteen inches from the bottom of it. When it is desired to shorten the dress, the braid is looped over and fastened to the eye inside; but when the skirt is to hang down, the braid can be fastened to a small loop which is sewn outside the skirt, and at the extreme edge of it; the braid will then form straight lines all around it. Buttons and loops may be used, if preferred, instead of hooks and eyes. The braid should be two inches wide.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

Man and Wife.—The theory of man and wife, that special theory in accordance with which the wife is to bend herself in loving submission before her husband, is very beautiful; and it would be good altogether if it could be arranged that the husband should be the stronger and greater of the two. The theory is based upon the hypothesis; and the hypothesis sometimes fails of confirmation. In ordinary marriages the vessel rights itself, and the stronger and the greater takes the lead, whether clothed in petticoats, or in coat, waistcoat, and trousers; but there sometimes comes a terrible shipwreck, when the woman before marriage has filled herself full with ideas of submission, and then finds that her golden-headed god has got an iron body and feet of clay.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Mrs. Moore, the widow of the late Thomas Moore, the poet, died at Sloperton cottage on Monday, September 4th, at the age of sixty-eight years. "Bessy" Moore does not appear to occupy a great place in her husband's poetry, but rarely was a great poet more attached to his wife. Through all his letters and journals he is never tired of referring to her—quoting what she said, telling what she did, describing how she looked, and recording how she was admired. He married her in 1811, and her history is summed up in one phrase—that she was the delight of his life. Mrs. Moore was the last that remained of the present generation of the Moore family.

"Do let me have your carte de visite," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. Of course the gentleman was delighted, thinking he had made an impression on the lady's heart, and in a short time the picture was sent. She gave it to the servant, with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE FEET.

BY NETTIE.

Little feet, so glad and gay,
Making music all the day;
Tripping merrily along,
Filling all my heart with song;
Well I love your music sweet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

Sometimes anxious, I would know
Just what way these feet must go;
Praying oft that all be fair,
No thorns, no roughness anywhere;
That flow'rs may spring their steps to greet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod
Through thorns and briers the nearer God;
Though weak in faith, still I would dare
To offer up the earnest prayer
That Christ would choose whate'er is meet;
Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands to-night,
And kiss them with a new delight,
Believing that where'er they go,
My tender Lord will lead them so,
They'll walk, at length, the golden street;
Patter, patter, little feet.

Rochester, Nov. 12, 1865.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL ÆSTHETICS.

BY W. H. C.

"Blackfriars' Bridge," which has recently been completed in London, is a structure remarkable for its size, but entirely devoid of ornament. Ruskin, the art critic, in commenting upon the work, says that if it had been designed by a Greek, an Egyptian, or a Gothic architect, "he would have looked upon the main conditions of its structure and dwelt on them in the light of imagination; he would have put some life into the iron tenons which secure the work, and that thousands of grotesque or lovely thoughts would have arisen before him, for his choice, which might be gracefully adapted to the purpose." The only object of the actual builders, however, was stability; and they were so bent upon this aim, that no suspicion ever arose in their minds that it was possible to add a little ornament without injury to the main design.

Society, as at present constituted, is very much like the "Blackfriars' Bridge." It throws its wide arches across the gulf which separates man from man, spanning individual aims and prejudices with a broad highway of mutual duties and common interests; and no effort is spared to lay its foundations deep and sure, and to make the superstructure solid and permanent. Men hurry by, pass and repass each other on their way to places of business and pleasure, with a feeling of perfect confidence; but no symmetry of proportion or beauty of detail arrests their steps and tempts them to linger. From buttress to turret it is only a solid and substantial structure.

We need, in order to derive that benefit and satisfaction from life which our Creator evidently designed it to furnish, to cultivate a taste for the beautiful in Nature and Art, and to employ that taste to adorn and dignify our domestic and social intercourse. It is difficult to tell, however, where this effort should begin and where it should leave off. Just what relation culture bears to what we call education, is not well decided; nor is it any better determined to what extent, in a society like our own, special preparation should be made to fit a man merely to discharge well his social duties. In our country, where every man however situated expects to do some hard work in life, and where utter idleness, however disguised by the epithets of "elegant leisure" or "cultivated retirement," is decried as ignoble and contemptible, there is great danger that our education, leaning too much toward the practical, will be stern and forbidding; that accomplishments, as such, will grow into disrepute; that those faculties of the human soul which awaken at the perception of beauty, which develop taste, a sense of propriety and a knowledge of the fitness of things, will be too much disregarded. It ought not to be so. We boast of our progress, our enlightenment, our skill in the mechanic arts, the perfection of our political system, and wonder why all the world does not follow our example; while, in fact, to one who has been bred in refinement abroad, there is very little in the phases of our civilization which is at all attractive. Large cities are entirely destitute of works of art, and society, wanting that æsthetical cultivation which alone can make social intercourse elevating in its tendencies, expends its taste and energy upon fashion in dress and similar frivolities. So little are the laws of taste understood, that we cannot even trust ourselves to choose the furniture of our dwellings. We depend upon the cabinent-maker and the upholsterer in such an emergency; and they, together with the tailor, the milliner and the barber, are the only *artists* we have among us.

The Greeks, who carried the social science to perfection, employed all the resources of Art to cultivate refinment of taste, and to grace and dignify social intercourse. The people of Athens constituted one vast society, which met for the interchange of friendly sentiments, out of doors, in the temples and public places, surrounded by all that Art could achieve to make life pleasant and delightful. The State reserved the right to purchase all the works of art, and placed them in the temples, halls, market-places, gymnasia and theatres, that they might be studied and enjoyed by the populace. They were not allowed to be purchased by private individuals; and so rigidly was this law maintained, that Heeren, in his Researches on Ancient Greece says, "I know of no one instance of a statue that belonged to a private man." Now, of course, Greek life was not the highest life, and our own, naked as it is in respect of mere grace and beauty, is yet incomparably superior to it in a thousand more important matters. But such influences are not to be despised. Our homes would not be the less homes because they were suitably adorned, nor would a man be the less a Christian because he had the tact and address of a gentleman. Nor would either fact be unbecoming to Republican simplicity. Thomas Jefferson, the red-hot democrat, the man of home-spun clothes and unassuming manners, could at one time frame the Declaration of American Independence, and at another study a new order of architecture.

We should remember that there is a natural affinity between the beautiful and the good, and that, in the economy of God, there are in Nature many objects calculated merely to please the senses. We who read so clearly the lesson of waving crops of grain, should not overlook the teachings of the lilies of the field. Culture is many-sided, and develops equally. It does not propose to make us like the dancing-master, strong in the muscles of the legs and weak in the arms,—but to bring out all our faculties in their proper relations, and to make the most of them. It knocks off the sharp angles of individuality, that we may fit into the grooves of society without unnecessary friction. It tones down our hobbies, that we may be acted upon as well as act. It gives us weapons with which, in the cause of truth, to disarm suspicion and opposition. In a single word, and in the old Roman phraseology, it makes a man "*teres atque rotundus.*"

THE INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

Occasionally an individual says to us, "times are so hard with me, I must stop my paper," or, as in some instances, "my wife thinks we can dispense with the paper now, and I must stop." Thus it is, they stop the paper the first thing as a useless expense, without thinking of the actual waste of money for things drank, eat, smoked or chewed, which can do the system no good, but rather harm.

The newspaper can or should be regarded as a benefit to every household; it imparts useful information; it furnishes subjects for thought and conversation; it adds a charm to social intercourse; it makes agreeable members of society. To be without a newspaper one might as well be out of the world; he becomes a perfect nobody; when he goes into society and hears others talk about current events and discuss questions of local or general interest, he can take no part in these things because he is not posted up, not having read the papers. And in the family circle what an influence the newspaper has—the children read it, and gain in knowledge; it serves to occupy their leisure hours, to keep them from frivolous amusements, and gives an attraction to home. Surely, then, no wise parent would consent to go without a newspaper in his family—and a local home newspaper, too. He may think he can get along without it, because he is out in the world, and can have the reading of the paper from his neighbor's shop or store, or can learn what is going on from others. But this is rather a mean way. Men ought to be independent. They ought to read for themselves. If, however, they think they do not need the paper themselves, they may rest assured that their family does. Considerations like these should have weight, and should induce those who have had thoughts of stopping their newspapers not to do so, and for those who have not taken a paper, to subscribe at once.—*Exchange.*

SUPERIORITY OF THE EDUCATED.

The hand is found to be another hand when guided by an intelligent mind. Individuals who, without the aid of knowledge, would have been condemned to perpetual inferiority of condition, and subjected to all the evils of want and poverty, rise to competence and independence by the uplifting power of education. In great establishments, and among large bodies of laboring men, where all services are rated according to their pecuniary value—where there are no extrinsic circumstances to bind a man down to a fixed position, after he has shown a capacity to rise above it—where, indeed, men pass by each other, ascending or descending in their grades of labor just as easily and as certainly as particles of water of different degrees of temperature glide by each other—under such circumstances it is found, as an almost invariable fact, other things being equal, that those who have been blessed with a good common school education rise to a higher and a higher point in the kinds of labor performed, and also in the rate of wages received, while the ignorant sink like dregs, and are always found at the bottom.—*Prof. Mayhew.*

A Beautiful Illustration.—If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles, by the mere power of attraction. The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*O. W. Holmes.*

A troublesome thing—Tee-thing. A frightful phantom—Cholera-infantum. An unwholesome cake—Stomach-ache. An unnatural ma—Marasmus. An unnatural pa—Pa-regoric. The besetting sin—Medi-cine. The best system of medicine—Home-opathy.

Sabbath Musings.

"BLESSED TO GIVE."

The kingly sun gives forth his rays;
Asks no return, demands no praise;
But wraps us in strong arms of life,
And says distinct, through human strife,
"If thou wouldst truly, nobly live,
Give—ever give."

The rustic flower, upspringing bright,
And answering back their regal light,
Fills all the air with fragrant breath,
And writes in myriad hues beneath,
"If thou wouldst gladly, gladly live,
Give—ever give."

The merchant rain, which carries on
Rich commerce 'twixt the earth and sun;
The Autumn mist, the Springtide shower;
All whisper soft to seed and flower,
"We know no other life to live,
But this—we give."

Suggestive warnings crowd the earth;
Glad sounds of labor, songs of mirth,—
From creatures both of earth and air;
Who, whilst they take their rightful share,
Still truly chant, "We chiefly live
To give—to give."

O man, the gem and crown of all,
Take thou this lesson. Heed the call
Of these less gifted creatures near;
The rather, that Christ's voice most dear
Once said, whilst here he deigned to live,
"Blessed to give."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

G. M. E.

"Thou hast made my days, as it were, but a span long."

There is perhaps no fact of human existence, that is grasped with so much difficulty, and is so lightly appreciated and but partially realized, as that of the exceeding brevity of our sojourn here on earth. Not a day nay, not an hour passes, but we are reminded of this truth by the final exit of some soul from this sphere of human activity.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;"

and there are few of us indeed to whom at some time it has not whispered in solemn tones that came near to our hearts, and bowed our heads in grief. Beside the open grave of a dear friend we have for a brief space of time, at least, realized the uncertainty of life and its short duration.

The longest life is but a span. Our ship has but a little time at best to ride life's troubled tide, beaten and drifted about among the shoals and breakers of sin and temptation by tempests of sorrow, adversity and disappointment. A little while and all is over. A little while, and then, if Faith has held the helm and guided us safely through the encompassing dangers, if we have had ever in view that Beacon Light that is never dim to those who seek it, we may anchor in that Harbor of Promise, our voyage ended, our warfare over.

This life is but a preface to the great book of our existence, is but "a suberb to the life Elysian, whose portal we call Death." Is it not worth while then, in the brief time we tarry here, so to live that we may joyously enter upon the glories of the great Hereafter? Let each reminder that is sent to us of the shortness of life, teach us the importance of preparing ourselves for the coming of that time, when we too must "shuffle off this mortal coil," and go unto that "bourne from whence no traveler returns."

"So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm may'st thou die, when all around thee weep."

Let us so perform our allotted tasks, that when the Bridegroom cometh, and we kneel before the Eternal Throne, the record of our lives may receive the response, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

GRAVE THOUGHTS FOR SUNDAY.

Run not after blessings; only walk in the commandments of God, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you.

I do not wish for any heaven on earth beside that of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ to immortal souls.—*Henry Martyn.*

We should give as we receive, cheerfully quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Saints are not so much afraid of suffering as they are of sinning; in suffering the offense is done to us, but in sinning the offense is done to God.

I am no more surprised that some revealed truths should amaze my understanding, than that the blazing sun should dazzle my eyes.—*Hervey.*

How long may it take a man to embrace Christ as his Saviour? As long as it takes a drowning man to let go a straw and lay hold of an offered rope.

Never despise counsels from whatever quarter they reach you. Remember that the pearl is keenly sought for in spite of the coarse shell which envelopes it.

A daily conversation in heaven is the surest forerunner of a constant abode there. The Spirit of God first brings heaven into the soul, and then conducts the soul to heaven.

The spirit of Christ sweetly calms the soul of the suffering believer, not by taking away all sense of pain, but by overcoming it by a sense of his love.

"Are you still in the land of the living?" inquired a man of an aged friend. "No, but I am going there." This world is the shadow; heaven is the reality.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

NEW PEAT MACHINE.

Mr. M. S. Roberts is the inventor of a new Peat Condensing Machine, which in several important particulars surpasses anything yet devised for working peat and preparing it for fuel. A trial was made of the capabilities of this machine on the 16th inst., at the village of Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y. The locality of the trial was an excellent one, as it contains nearly 500 acres of peat beds of an average depth of four feet. The machine consists of a steam engine of thirteen horse-power, a condenser, a revolving elevator, and a conveyor, the whole being so constructed as to run on wheels, and be readily moved from place to place. The elevator is seventy-five feet long, and runs from the top of the machine to the ground, where the peat is dug out, placed upon it and carried up and dropped into a revolving wheel, which cuts it up and separates it from the coarse particles, bits of sticks, stones, &c., and throws them to one side. The peat then falls into a box below, and sufficient water is mixed with it to render it of the consistency of mortar, after which, by means of a slide under the control of the engineer, it is sent to the rear of the machine. Here the conveyor, 100 feet long, takes it and carries it to within two rods of the end, at which point the peat begins to drop through to the ground to the depth of about four inches. When sufficient has passed through to cover the ground to the end of the conveyor, the conveyor is then swung around about two feet, and the same process is repeated. Eighteen rods can be so covered without moving the machine. At each swing of the elevator the peat spread out is cut into blocks by means of knives attached to the elevator. The peat lies in this state for a week, at which time the blocks are turned over to facilitate the process of drying. After remaining upon the ground for two weeks, it is carted off and packed under cover, and in a short time thereafter is ready for use as fuel. The novel features of this invention are the elevator and conveyor; and the advantage claimed by this machine over those now in use in some parts of the Eastern States, is that it will do far more work in a day with a less number of hands. Four men can run and supply this machine, and turn out 30 or 40 tuns of peat daily, while it is alleged that other machines require from eight to eleven hands, and turn out only 20 tuns. Mr. Roberts expects to produce peat by his process at a much lower cost than it has ever yet been obtained. I have by me now a specimen of the Pekin peat. It is very black and fine, and is capable of almost as brilliant a polish as cannel-coal.

A NEW STEAM MOTOR.

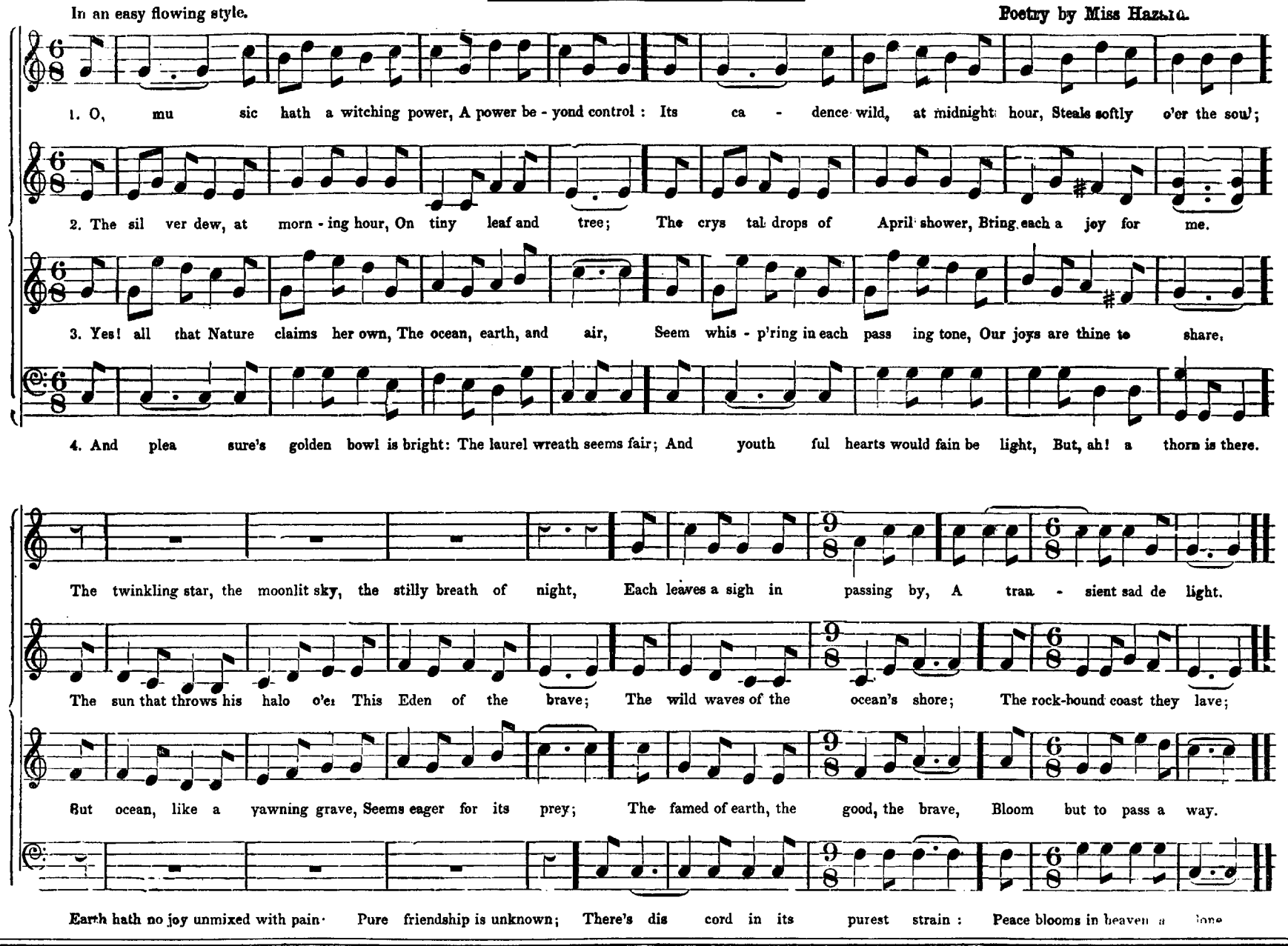
The invention of a new steam motor is announced in Chicago, and in the opinion of many who have examined its operations, it bids fair to over-throw all preconceived notions of the *necessary* dangers of steam. It proposes to do away with boiler explosions, by the simple expedient of discarding the boiler. The invention has been patented, and its principle is stated as follows:—"Let the reader imagine a hollow iron sphere two and half inches thick, and having a diameter of thirty by twenty-two inches—flattened at the top and bottom for convenience in putting it into its place over a small stove or grate. Inside of this globe, which is not much larger than a farmer's dinner-pot, is a common three-quarter inch gas pipe running to within a few inches of the bottom, and terminating in a small ball or sprinkler, perforated with forty diminutive holes. The fire is built under the globe, and in the sprinkler is a tablespoonful of water. Now, most people would suppose that in order to generate steam all that would be necessary is to discharge the water in the pipe against the hot iron. Not so. The air in the sphere is at a temperature of from five hundred to six hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The water in the sprinkler is hot, and the sprinkler soon becomes surrounded by a superheated vapor, into which the water is spurted, becoming heated steam before it can reach the surrounding sphere. This spurting or ejectment of water from the pipe is repeated as soon as a revolution of the engine attached has consumed the steam just made, and the engine itself—a five horse-power, with a cylinder of five inches bore and a piston eight inches long—is propelled with the force of an engine of fifteen horse power, with a pressure of 130 pounds, running two corn mills, and turning out feed at the rate of forty bushels an hour." Thus it will be seen that there is actually no danger, for there is no boiler and only a very small quantity of warm water, and the steam as it is generated passes instantly into the steam chest of the engine, does its work and exhausts itself in the outer atmosphere. While ordinary locomotive boilers are usually subjected to a pressure of 105 pounds to the Square inch, the thickness of the iron globe of this invention will bear a pressure of 5,000 pounds to the square inch. The estimate contemplates the saving of forty per cent. in fuel by the use of this motor.

THAT "CURIOUS FACT" AGAIN.

I had hardly hoped to be able to elicit anything from so renowned an authority as the venerable C. D., by any question which my ignorance might compel me to ask through your columns; but I am very happy to see a reply from him—in the Rural of the 11th inst.,—to a query put in one of my former contributions. I would, however, with your permission, like to ask him one more question. Am I right, Doctor, in supposing you to assert that molten is more dense than solid iron? In making iron castings I always understood that an allowance had to be made for shrinkage. W. M.

EARTH HATH NO JOY THAT'S PURE.

In an easy flowing style. Poetry by Miss Hazlo.



Various Topics.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORIES.

Morphy and other eminent chess-players have recently given instances of their extraordinary memories. Dr. Willis tells us that he could by mere effort of memory perform arithmetical calculations, as multiplication, division, extraction of roots, &c., up to forty places. Zerah Colburn, George Bidder, and Jedediah Buxton were also wonderful mental arithmeticians. The last named once mentally calculated how much a farthing doubled 140 times would come to, and the answer was set down from his lips in 39 places of pounds and an odd 2s, 6d.; and being once asked how many barleycorns would reach eight miles, answered in 1½ minutes 1,520,640. Sir Walter Scott had a remarkably retentive memory; so had Macaulay, who it is said from memory could repeat the whole of *Paradise Lost*. In the stirring days of Athenian political greatness, men could be found who could repeat the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and we have heard of a man in Naples who could repeat the whole of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and not only recite it consecutively, but repeat any stanzas in any given book, repeat those stanzas in utter defiance of the sense either backwards or forwards, or from the 8th to the 1st line alternately. We have heard of several persons (notably the late blind Jamie of Stirling) who could repeat the whole of the Bible, or any required chapter or verse of it. There are besides dozens of living persons with most marvelous memories, the chief of whom is perhaps Mr. Elihu Burritt, the Mezzofanti of the present day.

FUNERAL OF A BEE.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald transmits the following:—"On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. Whilst walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless "in memoriam." Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away to the hive."

Our Losses in Generals.—From some statistics made up at the War Department of the casualties to our general officers during the war, it appears that we had eight Major-Generals and seventeen Brigadier-Generals killed outright in battle, while two Major-Generals and nine Brigadier-Generals died of wounds received in action, and seventeen Generals of the two ranks died of disease. In the year 1862, our losses of general officers in battle were very heavy, numbering no less than fifteen, while during the present year, or from the end of 1864 to the close of the war, we lost but one General, though the fighting was great and decisive. There is abundant material for reflection in these facts.—*N. Y. Times.*

A FRENCH SENTINEL.

During one of Napoleon's remarkable campaigns, a detachment of a corps commanded by Davoust occupied the Isle of Rugen, which they were ordered to evacuate. They embarked with such precipitation that they forgot one of their sentinels posted in a retired spot, and who was so deeply absorbed in the perusal of a newspaper containing an account of one of the emperor's splendid victories, as to be totally unconscious of their departure. After pacing to and fro for many hours upon his post, he lost patience, and returned to the guard room, which he found empty. On inquiry he learned with despair what had happened, and cried—

"Alas! alas! I shall be looked upon as a deserter—dishonored; lost, unhappy wretch that I am!"

His lamentations excited the compassion of a worthy tradesman, who took him to his house, did all in his power to console him, taught him to make bread, for he was a baker, and after some months, gave him his only daughter, Justine, in marriage.

Five years afterwards, a strange sail was seen to approach the Island. The inhabitants flocked to the beach, and soon discovered in the advancing ship a number of soldiers we thearing uniform of the French army.

"I'm done for now!" cried the dismayed husband of Justine. "My bread is baked."

An idea, however, suddenly occurred to him, and revived his courage. He ran to the house, slipped into his uniform, and, seizing his faithful fire-lock, returned to the beach, and posted himself on sentry at the moment the French were landing.

"Who goes there?" he shouted in a voice like thunder.

"Who goes there, yourself?" replied one in a boat. "Who are you?"

"A sentinel."

"How long have you been on guard?"

"Five years."

Davoust, for he it was, laughed at the quaint reply, and gave a discharge in due form to his involuntary deserter.

The San Francisco Morning Press June 17th says:—"We have received a call during the past week from Mr. George E. Willete of El Dorado Canon, Arizona, who visits this city for the purpose of procuring supplies. Mr. Willete brings favorable reports from that region. He also brings us samples of rock salt from the salt mountains, located some sixty miles above El Dorado Canon, up the Colorado. The salt is in large, beautifully transparent crystals, and is probably of the finest quality attainable on this coast. Just previous to the time at which Mr. Willete left the Canon, a pack train arrived from the Salt mountains with a load of salt from the mill. These mountains are said to be a perfect mass of beautfully crystallized salt, and are a great curiosity and wonder to all travellers who have visited them. One of them is within six miles of the river and the other is about twenty miles distant. The packers chop it out of the mass with axes."

"A PERFECT GEM."

The new Children's Paper, The Little Corporal, published by Alfred L. Sewell, in Chicago, Ill., is captivating all hearts. The price is only one dollar a year; sample copy ten cents.

WILL OF JOSEPH E. WORCESTER.

The Boston Advertiser says:—"The will of the late Joseph E. Worcester, the celebrated lexicographer, has been presented for probate in Middlesex county. It is dated December 24, 1862, and contains the following provision:

"He disposes of his library, and all books, pamphlets, maps and prints not given to his wife, in the following manner:—He gives to the library of Harvard University all such dictionaries and glossaries of the English language as are found in his library, but are not found in that library; also his dictionaries of any other language than English, and of which said University does not possess copies, in case either of his brothers do not want them.

"He gives to the American Bible Society, formed in New York in 1816, and to the American Peace Society, incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, the copyright of his Quarto Dictionary of the English language, each to have one-half of the annual income thereof, subject to any incumbrances, charges or contracts existing at his death, said devise to take effect after his death."

ONE OF LAMB'S BEST.

Lamb once convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and in spite of my assuring him that time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the button of my coat, and closing his eyes commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken strain from his lips. I listened, entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break away; so, taking advantage of his absorption in his subject, and, with my penknife quietly severing my button from my coat, I decamped. Five hours afterwards, in passing the same garden, on my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and, on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left. He had never missed me."

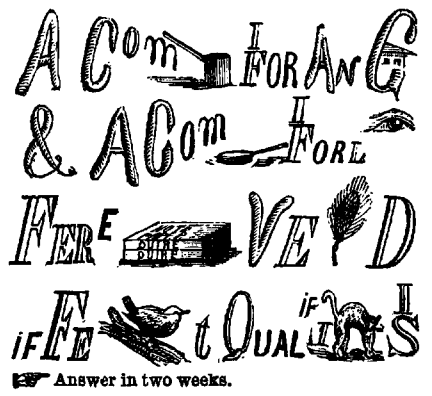
Girard's Secret.—Stephen Girard, than whom no shrewder business man ever lived, used to say in his old age:—"I have always considered advertising liberally and long to be the great medium of success in business, and the prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the dullest times, as well as the busiest, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out; as by keeping my business continually before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost."

An Insect Landscape.—At the Parisian *Palais d' Industrie* is a landscape, executed not in oils, pastels, or water colors, but in European and foreign insects. The foreground is composed of 45,000 coleopteres, the remainder of the picture being formed of almost as great a number of four thousand varieties of the insect tribe, which supply every tone requisite for the landscape. The completion of the work occupied the artist four years.

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 26 letters.
My 5, 2, 18, 15, 24, 2, 8 is a river in Virginia.
My 13, 20, 17, 12, 23, 18 is a boy's name.
My 1, 11, 24, 15, 19, 4, 26 is the capital of one of the Western States.
My 3, 25, 8, 21 is a girl's name.
My 6, 9, 26, 7, 22, 2, 16 is a title.
My 14, 10 is found among the abbreviations.
My 16 represents a number.
My whole is the name of an officer of the Union army. F. M.
Erie Co., N. Y.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

Nops het tmseanec, nad pu htwi eth nus!
Shi tagnall renujoy si stuj genub;
Revo teh shill ish taricho si 'droll,
D'rennab hitw logyr, dan shinrubed whit dolg,
Evro eht silhl eh somec milebus,
Broomridge fo herat, nad hotberr fo mite!
Ripon, Wis. Hattie & Carrie.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first is in Town, in County and State;
My second in you will appear;
My third is an insect that lights on your pate,
And creates a sensation of fear.

My whole had existence in most ancient days;
Was by a philosopher kept;
He lugged it about 'neath the sun's burning rays,
And often at night in it slept.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 826.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Many a warm heart beats under a ragged coat.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Charity and Pride have different aims, yet both feed the poor.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Francis Marion.

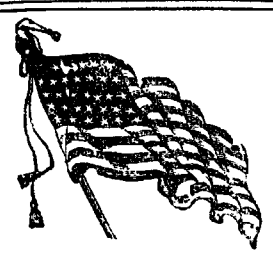
Answer to Anagram:

Sooner or later the storm shall beat
Over my slumber from head to feet;
Sooner or later the winds shall rave
In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
Nothing their sound shall signify,
Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Of all the flags that float aloft
O'er Neptune's gallant tars,
That wave on high, in victory,
Above the sons of Mars,
Give us *the* Flag—Columbia's Flag—
The emblem of the Free,
Whose flashing stars blazed thro' our wars,
For Truth and Liberty.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 2, 1865.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Affairs at Washington.

The appointment of a Collector for the Port of New York, is not likely to be made before the meeting of Congress.

The War Department has disposed of all its sea-going transports, and is now unable to furnish transportation to refugees and others, which it has heretofore furnished.

The Directors of the Board of Trade have taken action with a view to the consolidation of the cities of Washington and Georgetown and the remainder of the county of Washington.

The Times' Washington dispatch of the 24th ult., says:—The Stonewall arrived here late last evening and anchored off Alexandria. She will come up to the city to-day. The total amount paid to the Cuban authorities for the custody of the ram, ordnance stores and provisions was $18,064.

The Auditor of the Treasury has issued a circular requiring Southern Postmasters to pay up all balances due the Government at the breaking out of the war. Twelve thousand dollars were recently received from the postoffice at Mobile.

It has been decided by the Comptroller of the Currency that Pacific Railroad bonds issued by the United States, will be received as security for circulating notes of National Banks, and circulation will be issued on deposit of such bonds at the rate of 80 per cent. of their value.

The War Department has decided that no claims for veteran bounty will be entertained unless the claimant has heretofore been recognized and entertained on his company's rolls as such veteran. The colored soldiers applying for bounty should state whether they were mustered as free on or before April 18th, 1861.

There is scarcely any doubt but that Congress will pass a bill providing that the heirs of soldiers who died in rebel prisons be privileged to collect commutation and Government rations from the time the deceased were made prisoners of war.

The estimate for maintaining the army for the ensuing year, on its present peace footing, is $33,000,000. Enough war material is on hand to equip a million of men, or to maintain the present force for a year on a war footing.

Orders are going out from the Navy Department to reduce the working force in all the yards, and in many cases to reduce the wages. it will result in the discharge of two-thirds of the employees in the yards.

The Tribune's dispatch of the 24th ult., says a novel official document was received at the Indian Bureau to day. It is a fabular analysis of the cost per head to the Government of killing Indians and squaws on the western plains. The average cost of killing an Indian has been about half a million of dollars, while for a squaw the cost has been nearly two millions.

The Secretary of War on the 24th ult., issued the following document:

Ordered First—That all persons claiming reward for the apprehension of John Wilkes Booth, Lewis Payne, G. A. Atzerott, David C. Herold and Jefferson Davis, or either of them, are notified to file their claims and proof with the Adjutant General for final adjudication by the special commission appointed to award and determine upon the validity of such claims, before the first of January next, after which time no claims will be received.

Second—The rewards offered for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, Beverly Tucker, Geo. N. Sanders, Wm. G. Cleary and John H. Surratt are revoked.

The Department of State on the 24th ult., received from the United States Consul at Gibralter, a communication stating that the Sanitary Board at that point had declared the place free from cholera, and that clean bills of health are issued by the authorities.

News Summary.

Marshall O. Roberts has received the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York.

Worth is elected Governor of North Carolina by about ten thousand majority over Holden.

The captain and crew of the Shenandoah have been released on parole. It is believed the matter will cause no serious difficulty.

The people in and around Nashville are organizing for defense against the robbers and outlaws that infest that region.

It is reported that people in the valleys of Virginia are very comfortably situated—crops large, and money more plenty than ever before.

The Louisiana Legislature has been fully organized, and Governor Wells informed that it is ready to proceed with business.

Frauds in the Quarter Master's Department, at Louisville, Kentucky, amounting to over $100,000, have been discovered, and it is supposed that they will greatly exceed that amount.

Reports from the Russian Telegraph Expedition down to October 16th, have been received. All was going well, with every prospect of success. The natives seemed friendly and glad to be employed.

A New York correspondent in describing Gen. Scott, says he is very feeble and gouty, and walks with a shambling gait that is painful to look upon. It is stated that Gen. Scott intends to pass the winter in New Orleans, preferring a Southern climate on account of his health.

Gold closed in New York on Saturday, the 25th ult., at 147⅛.

Mexican Matters.

We have Mexican advices to the 15th of November. The Liberal army is encamped about nine miles from Matamoras, fully confident of the speedy capture of that city and Bagdad.

Highly important communications had passed between the Imperial commander of the fleet and the Federal commander at Brownsville, which will cause considerable interest in official circles.

An official order was issued by Mejia on the 14th, prohibiting any one from crossing from the American side to Matamoras, or vice versa.

Upon the receipt of information that forces were upon the Antonio from the Texas side, the French Commodore dispatched a vessel to Vera Cruz with the particulars of the occurrence.

It is reported that a swift vessel will be dispatched to France for immediate re-enforcements.

The Galveston Bulletin of the 21st, says that a gentleman lately from Matamoras says the Liberal force is much increased and the streets of the city have been fortified with earth-works.

He also states that two flat-boats came down on the night of the 14th and attacked the Imperialists' gunboats, which succeeded in sinking both. Many Liberals were killed and drowned, and some captured.

Private letters received in New York from a commercial firm at Mazatlan and other Mexican ports, represent the feeling against the French as growing stronger and stronger every day. Large purchases of wine and other commodities made at San Francisco during the summer on French account, have been rejected by resorting to the subterfuge of short weights and inferior quality to the detriment of merchants who operated largely on the presumed good faith of the French.

Commissariat goods to the amount of $200,000, imported from Valparaiso on account of the French in Mexico, are also repudiated, to the great disgust of parties interested.

The general condition of the country is represented as being deplorable, and under no other government had things been in such a state of chaos. Most of the French troops have gone to the Northern frontier. It is said there would be general rejoicing if the few hundred remaining at Mazatlan would follow. But for the action of the French authorities, it is believed there would have been a good trade with the western Mexican ports all through the winter; whereas now everything is depressed.

The Legislature of Lower California has passed an act recognizing the Empire, but the Governor refuses to sign it, because the people threaten to revolt. The French have almost entirely abandoned Sinaloa. The Mexican forces have cut off communication between Mazatlan and the interior, and threaten the city. The Republicans have also entered Hermosilla, and levied a forced loan upon the inhabitants.

Mississippi.—Gov. Humphreys sent a Message to the State Legislature on the 20th ult., recommending that negro testimony be admitted into the courts; that the freedmen be encouraged so that they can support their families and educate their children; that the freedmen be assured of protection from the State in working for the support of themselves and families; that a tax be imposed upon freedmen in good circumstances for the support of helpless freedmen; that the vagrants be forced to engage in some profitable employment to support themselves, and that a militia law be passed enabling the militia to protect the people of the State against vagrant negroes and white men. He deems the passage of these measures of vital importance.

Gen. Grant and Mexico.—The New York correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser, in mentioning the departure of General Grant for Washington, throws out the following mysterious allusions to the state of our relations with Mexico:—"It is understood that the destination of General Grant is Texas. His outspoken declarations in favor of the Republicans of Mexico, the presence of a large force on our side of the Rio Grande, the peculiar sensitiveness of Government securities on Wall street, mysterious hints conveyed here and there, all point to a significant demonstration of our authorities. There are important movements to be expected, and General Grant can make them as effective as may be desired."

Alabama.—Gov. Parsons, in his recent Message to the Legislature, urges the adoption of the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery, and the passage of laws protecting the persons and property of negroes. This course, he says, will secure the admission of Representatives in Congress, and restore to the State all political rights in the Union. He opposes the special code for the government of negroes, and recommends the adoption of a vagrant law bearing upon the whites and blacks alike.

Congress.—The first session of the next Congress will commence on Monday, the 4th of December. The New York Tribune politically classifies the two Houses as follows, not counting any members from the late rebellious States: *Senate*—Republicans, 38; Democrats, 11. *House of Representatives*—Republicans, 143; Democrats, 41. It is not expected that any Senators or Representatives from the eleven seceding States will be admitted to seats at the opening of the session.

Regular Army Officers.—A Board of Officers is to assemble in a few days, to examine and report upon applications for appointments in the regular army. The following is a statement of the vacancies to be filled:—In the cavalry, 2d Lieutenants, 54; in the artillery arm, 2d Lieutenants, 407; in the infantry arm, 1st Lieutenants, 60; total number of vacancies, 521. The candidates selected will be apportioned to the States and Territories upon the same basis as the cadetships at West Point.

Steamboat Collision.—A collision occurred on the night of the 24th ult. between the Niagara and Postboy on the Mississippi, seven miles above Helena. The Niagara sunk in twenty feet of water. One hundred deck passengers, mostly discharged colored soldiers, were drowned. The cabin passengers and crew were all saved. The Niagara was valued at $120,000, and was not insured. She had 200 tuns of freight on board.

The Rebel Piracies.—A New Bedford paper says that no port, in proportion to the shipping owned, has suffered so severely as that one has by the destruction of whalers by pirates. It publishes a list of forty-six vessels destroyed, of which twenty-five belonged to New Bedford. It estimates the value of these vessels destroyed, with their cargoes, at $1,650,000.

The Evening Post.—An advertisement of this able journal conducted by the veteran editor and poet, William Cullen Bryant, appears in our advertising department. The Post has long been an influential paper, admired by men of all parties for its ability, candor and independence.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The cholera has entirely disappeared from Marseilles, France. Passengers going east now have unobstructed transit through that city to Paris.

Dr. Tyng's congregation in New York have determined to rebuild their church immediately on the old site, at an expense of about $120,000.

Secretary Stanton has ordered the steamer Illinois to be placed at the disposal of the health authorities of New York city as a cholera hospital ship.

The old American line steamers between the city of New York and Havre, which was suspended during the rebellion, has been re-established.

Major General Steele, just returned from his command on the Rio Grande, is assigned to the place of Gen. Wright, lost on the steamer Brother Jonathan.

Hon. Luke Polland, of Vermont, has been appointed by Gov. Dillingham to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the death of Senator Collamer.

General Sickles has been ordered to take command of the Department of South Carolina, with headquarters at Charleston, relieving General Gilmore.

The city of Chicago has been mulcted in fourteen thousand dollars, on complaint of E. R. Beckley, who fell into a pit on one of its streets, and was crippled for life.

Gen. Burnside is building a railroad in the oil regions, ten miles and a half long, which is to be completed in ninety days. Seven hundred men are employed in the construction.

One of the best things of the season is from Bishop Simpson, who has declared in favor of paying the rebel war debt when it becomes due, viz:—After "the independence of the Confederate States shall have been secured."

The best executed counterfeit yet issued has just been received at the Treasury Department. It is an imitation of the latest 50 cent note, and may be detected by the signature of General Spinner, in which the last "e" is omitted.

The attempt to induce Congress to abolish or reduce the duty on foreign paper will be renewed at the coming session, and the indications are that the proposition will be received with greater favor than was accorded to it last year.

It is said that Maximilian has determined and ordered that all his forces be withdrawn from the outposts and concentrated at Vera Cruz, the City of Mexico and San Luis Potosi. The Empress—that is, Maximilian's wife—is preparing to return to Europe.

It is a noticeable and important fact that, with cholera deaths at nearly a hundred a day in Paris, the total bill of mortality was not increased, the reason being that people took greater care of themselves, so that the other maladies which flesh is heir to were not so fully developed.

A grand commercial banquet is shortly to be held in Toronto, at which leading business men in the United States are expected to be present. The topics to be discussed are the Reciprocity Treaty, the enlargement of the canals, and the building of the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal.

The steamer Atlanta still remains at quarantine, below New York, and the passengers have not been able to land. Though the cholera was confined to the steerage passengers, who are still on board, no case has occurred among the cabin passengers, who have been removed to a smallar steamboat.

The Fenian Sisterhood gave a ball in Buffalo on Tuesday night, at which they manifested their contempt for the "meteor flag" by turning it cross downwards, covering up the red and displaying above it the Irish flag with this motto, "The red cross of England beneath the eagle and the harp."

Unfinished counterfeit 50 cent fractional currency notes to the amount of about $80,000, together with a quantity of paper, tools, &c., for counterfeiting, have recently been found in a house in Philadelphia by the Treasury Department Detectives. The chief counterfeiter has been arrested in Brooklyn.

Intelligence in reference to the Russian overland expedition, shows that everything is working splendidly well. The surveying parties, wherever they go, receive cordial assistance. Even the tribes of Northern Siberia, from whom dangerous opposition was feared, seem desirous of giving help. Great results are expected to be achieved by next year.

A few weeks ago, a gentleman in Petersburg, employed for the purpose by the military authorities, canvassed the city to ascertain the number of houses struck by Federal shells during the recent siege. His investigations developed the fact that there were over eight hundred houses struck by whole shells, besides large numbers of others which received rude touches from fragments.

The Comptroller of this State has issued a circular to the Supervisors of the several counties, stating that the information received, although not official, leaves no doubt that the people have voted in favor of the debt for the payment of bounties; and authorizing the omission of the tax of 1¾ per cent. levied for that purpose. The State tax will, therefore, be only 4 54-80 mills on the dollar, instead of 22 13-80.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, Nov. 1st, 1865, by the Rev. A. R. Palmer, Mr. William M. Gage and Miss Loretta Blanchard, all of La Fayette, Onondaga Co, N. Y.

At the residence of the bride's mother, on the same day, and by the same, Mr. Albert T. Scammell and Miss Carrie H. Gage, all of La Fayette, Onondaga County, N. Y.

At Seneca Castle, on the 18th ult., by the Rev. B. B. Gray, Mr. Francis M. Carr, of Detroit, and Miss Frankie M. Whitney, of Seneca Castle, N. Y.

DIED.

In this city, on the 18th ult., of typhoid fever, J. Hallet Carpenter, youngest son of Cyril and Nancy Carpenter, aged 16 years and 8 months.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, Nov. 28, 1865.

There is little change in the market this week. Meats are a trifle lower. There is no clover or timothy seed for sale consequently no prices quoted. The seed market is expected to open about the middle of December.

Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.		Straw	7,00@ 9,00
Flour, w't wh't,	$11,50@14,50	**Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.**	
Do. red wheat,	$9,75@11,00	Apples, green	$1,00@ 1,25
Do. extra State,	7,50@ 8,00	Do. dried, ₩ lb.	12@ 15c
Do. buckwheat,	4,50@ 5,00	Peaches	30@ 35c
Millfeed, coarse,	16,00@00,00	Cherries	30@ 35c
Do. fine	30,00@30,00	Plums	20@ 00c
Meal, corn, cwt	1,75@ 2,00	Potatoes, ₩ bu	50@ 50c
Wheat, red	2,00@ 2,51	Onions	0,75@ 0,00
Best white	2,10@ 2,50	Carrots	00@ 40c
Corn, old, ₩ bu	90@ 00c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Do. new	80@ 90c	Green hides trim'd	7½@8 c
Rye	85@ 90c	Do. untrimmed	6½@ 7c
Oats	45@ 50c	Green calfskins	14 @ 15c
Barley	0,95@ 1,00	Sheep pelts, each,	$0,75@1,25
Beans	1,00@ 2,00	Lamb pelts	80@ 75c
Meats.		**Seeds.**	
Pork, old mess	$36,00@37,00	Timothy, ₩ bu	$0,00@ 0,00
Do. new mess	38,00@39,00	Clover, medium	00,00@00,00
Do. clear, ₩ lb	18@ 19c	Do. large	00,00@00,00
Dressed hogs, cwt	14,00@16,00	Peas	1,50@ 2,50
Beef	8,00@12,00	Flax	1,50@ 2,00
Spring lambs,	0,00@ 0,00	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, ₩ lb	7@ 8c	Wood, hard	$11,00@12,00
Hams	24@ 26c	Do. soft	8,00@ 9,00
Shoulders	16@ 18c	Coal, lump, ₩ tun	12,40@00,00
Chickens	14@ 18c	Do. large egg	12,50@00,00
Turkeys	16@ 20c	Do. small egg	12,85@00,00
Geese, ₩ lb	14@ 15c	Do. stove	12,95@00,00
Dairy, Etc.		Do. chestnut	12,15@00,00
Butter, choice roll	38@ 40c	Do. soft	0,00@12,50
Do. packed	38@ 40c	Do. Char ₩ bu	15@ 16c
Cheese, new	14@ 18c	Salt, ₩ bbl	2,70@ 2,90
Do. old	00@ 00c	Wool, ₩ lb	44@ 50c
Lard, tried	28@ 30c	Hops	40@ 50c
Do. rough	28@ 30c	Whitefish, ½ bbl	8,50@ 9,00
Tallow, tried	12@ 13c	Codfish, ₩ 100 lbs	8,75@ 9,75
Do. rough	0@ 8½c	Honey, box, ₩ lb	20@ 25c
Eggs, dozen	33@ 35c	Candles, box	17@18½c
Forage.		Do. extra	20@ 00c
Hay ₩ tun	10,00@16,00	Barrels	40@ 45c

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Cotton, 52@53c for middlings.

Flour.—Superfine State $7,30@8,25; extra State, $8,45@8,55; choice State, $8,60@8,75; superfine Western, $7 80@8,25; common to medium extra do $8,50@8,90; common to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, $9,20@9,80; trade brands, $9,35@11,80. Canadian flour, sales at $8,50@11,90.

Grain.—Wheat, Chicago spring, $1,78@1,89; Milwaukee club, $1,76@1,80; new do. $1,90; amber Milwaukee, $1 85@1,85; new amber State, $2,45. Rye, $1,15@1,20. Barley $1,09@1,28. Corn, sales at 92@95c. Oats 49@65c.

Provisions—Pork, $30,50@30,75 for new mess; $28,00@2 50 for mess; $26@26,50 for prime. Shoulders 14@16 cts. Hams, 18½@22c. Lard, 22@26 cents. Butter, 30@40c. for Ohio, and 36@48c for State. Cheese, 14@19c. Hops 10@60 for common to prime.

ALBANY, Nov. 25.—Flour, no sales. Corn meal, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,87@2,00. Wheat, $1,35@1,40. Rye, $1,10@1,12. Corn, 86@95c. Barley, $1@1,23. Oats, 62@64c. Pork, $34@44.—Hams, 25@27c.; shoulders, 17@19c. Butter, 40@48c. Lard, 29@30c. Cheese, 17@19c. Eggs 40c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 25—Flour, sales at $8@12,50. Wheat, $1,59@2,20. Corn, 75@78c. Oats, 38@45c. Barley, $1,10@1,09. Rye, 75@75. Peas $1,00. Beans $1,12@1,12½. Pork, $32,00@33,00 for light and mess. Butter 32@42c. Cheese 19@21c. Eggs 35c. Salt $2,25@2,55. Lard 23½c. Hams 24c. Shoulders 16½c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Flour, $5,00@13,25; Wheat $1,15@1,18; Corn 44½@53c; Oats 22@30c; Barley 52c@$1,40; Rye 49@62. Pork, mess, $33; prime 26. Butter 30@40c; Cheese 18@23c. Lard, 26@27½c. Eggs, 30@40c.—*Rep.*

TORONTO, Nov. 24.—Flour, sales at $6@8,00. Fall wheat, $1,40@1,55. Spring wheat, $1,16@1,20. Barley, 60@65c. Rye, 53@56c. Oats, 30@34c. Peas, 60@60c. Hay, $10@14,50. Butter, 22@30c. Cheese, 12½@14c. Eggs, 20@26c. Apples, $2@4 ₩ bbl. Beef, 10@12½c. Mutton, 7@10c.—Hogs, dressed, $8,50@9,75 ₩ cwt. Pork, mess, $24@25; prime, $21@22. Hams, 18@18c; shoulders, none. Lard 18@20c. Hides, trimmed, $6,25@6,50; untrimmed, $4,50.

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Beeves received, 6,372 against 6,024 last week. Sales range at 9½@18c. Cows, received 77 against 82 last week. Sales, at $30@120 each. Veal calves, received, 632 against 940 last week. Sales range at 9@14c. Sheep and Lambs, received, 29,157 against 26,452 last week. Sales at 8@8. Swine, received, 22,965 against 17,500 last week. Sales at $11,00@13,00 ₩ cwt.

ALBANY, Nov. 24.—Beeves range at $8,50@11,00. Sheep sales at 5½@7c. Lambs, 0@0c. Hogs, 11½@12½c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 23.—Beeves, range at $8@15. Oxen, $125@300 ₩ pair. Milch Cows, $55@115. Handy Steers, $90@150. Yearlings, at $17@22; Two-year olds $25@45. Three-year olds $45@80. Sheep and Lambs, 8½@8½c ₩ lb. Shoats—Wholesale —@—c; Spring pigs, wholesale 14½@16½c; retail 15@18c; small pigs or suckers—@—c ₩ lb; fat hogs 13½@14c, live weight. Hides 9@9½c ₩ lb; country lots 8@8½c. Tallow 8@10c. Calfskins 20c. Pelts $1,50@1,75.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Beef Cattle, sales at $3,50@6,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep $5,00@6,50. Hogs, sales at $9,00@12,00 ₩ 100 lbs.—*Rep.*

TORONTO, Nov. 24.—First class cattle, from $7,00@7,00 ₩ 100 lbs, dressed weight; 2d do, $6,00@6,00; inferior, $5 00@5,50. Sheep $5@5 0; extra; $4@4,50 common. Lambs, $2,50@3,00. Calves, $5@6.—*Globe.*

WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24—The market is dull for both domestic and foreign wools. We quote prices as follows:—60@62c for Native and ¼ Merinos; 63@65c for ½ and ¾ do; 70@72c for full-blood do; 75@77c for Saxony; 60@62c for No. 1 pulled; 55@57c for superfine; 65@67c for extra do; 25@27c for common unwashed California, and 40@42c for fine *Foreign*—Chilian unwashed 30@32c; Entre Rios washed 40@42c; Cordova 45@47c; East India 35@45c; African 32@45c; Mexican 30@35c; Smyrna 25@45—*N. Y. Post.*

BOSTON, Nov. 23.—The following are the Advertiser's quotations:—Saxony choice, 80@85c; Saxony fleece, 75@78c; full-blood Merino, 72@75c; three-quarters do, 70@72; half do, 68@70c; common, 60@67; Western mixed, 58@65c; California, 25@55c; Canada, 60@73c; pulled extra, 80@80c; superfine, 75@80c; No. 1, 55@65c.—Smyrna, 23@35c; Buenos Ayres, 30@42c; Cape Good Hope 37@44½c; Chilian, 25@55c; Peruvian, 35@38c; African, 20@50c; East India, 27@60c.

List of New Advertisements.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The News Condenser.

— Boston has 1 922 whisky shops.

— The President is engaged upon his message.

— The Choctaw Indians are murdering the negroes.

— A Board of Trade has lately been organized at Titusville, Pa.

— Alfred Burnett of Cincinnati, is the author of the "Nasby Papers."

— Two men in Tiffin, Ohio, were recently chloroformed out of $14,000.

— All fractional currency hereafter issued will be uniformly greenbacks.

— A whale fifty feet long appeared in Hampton Roads, Va., Sunday week.

— Senator Nye of Nevada left San Francisco for Washington on the 13th ult.

— Highwaymen, dressed in soldiers' uniforms, are quite numerous in Tennessee.

— Counterfeit notes on the "People's Bank," Roxbury, Mass., are in circulation.

— A second daily paper is to be started at Pithole, Pa., by Messrs. Keenan & Co.

— Charles Dickens' son has been lately appointed a Juudge at Melbourne, Australia.

— Spurious 5s, altered from 1s, on the Mechanic's Bank of Boston are in circulation.

— The Republicans will have a majority of 50 on joint ballot in the Ohio legislature.

— There were 51 ship and steamboat disasters, and 14 railroad "accidents" during October.

— Eighteen hundred live turkeys were brought over from Prescott, Canada, one day last week.

— The Unitarians of Providence, R. I., have given $29,000 to the endowment of Antioch College.

— A new hall for concert and other purposes has been erected in Kalamazoo, Mich., at a cost of $35,000.

— Indiana is the only State in the North that refuses to receive negro testimony in causes against white men.

— The wool dealers and brokers of New York propose to have daily meetings to consider their interests.

— There are now less than 5,000 sick in Government hospitals. Eight months ago there were over 100,000.

— Fine specimens of gold have been found among the borings of several oil wells in the region of Dunkard, Pa.

— Barney Tieman, living in Hartford, Ct., while drunk Sunday week, kicked at his wife and killed his little child.

— The U. S. Consul at Barcelona informs the State Department that the cholera in that city has entirely disappeared.

— The Centerville woolen mill at Woonsocket, R. I., has reduced its time to eleven hours, and raised wages ten per cent.

— The Southern papers are in ecstacies over the traveling circuses in their country—the first they have seen for five years.

— A passenger left $13,000 in a sleeping car at Cleveland, and the money was found and restored to him by the colored porter.

— The mercury was at zero at Bangor, Me., Sunday morning week, and the Kenduskeag river was covered with ice to its mouth.

— Three men arrived at St. Louis last week from a voyage of twenty-seven hundred miles down the Mississippi river in a skiff.

— A child three months old, in the county of Essex, Canada West, was lately smothered to death by a cat lying across its mouth.

— The Chicago Postmaster has placed girls instead of young men for clerks at the ladies' window, to save time and stop flirtation.

— Gen. McDowell has been sued by John McCan of San Francisco, for $100,000, for putting him in Alcatraz for treasonable practices.

Special Notices.

New Advertisements.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SONG.

BY JOHN MC INTOSH.

A BARE old fellow is neighbor G.,
A worker in iron and steel is he;
Clinky, clink clank, with vigorous bang,
Echoes his anvil with lusty clang;
All the day long
His *tol de rol* song
Blends with the hum of the mill beyond.
Brawny and brown is his strong right arm;
His honest heart is as void of harm
As the bird that yesterday sweetly sang,
Measuring notes with his clink, clink, clang,
Trilling his best,
So close by the nest,
High on the pear tree bough by the pond.

Up with the dawn is my neighbor G.,—
The sun never finds him asleep, not he;
Never a stave has the robin sang
Ere has resounded his clink, clink clang:
The gayest chime
That ever old Time
Gave to the winds in our valley fair.
In the wheezy voice of his old gray forge,
High up in the chimney's dusty gorge,
Set to the music that ever has rang
From his simple heart, and clink, clink, clang,
Again, again,
Like a soft refrain,
I'm hearing a chorus rich and rare.

Wyoming, N. Y.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LOST JEWELS.

BY ELIZA A. SANDFORD.

AT approaching twilight of a fine spring day I was called to my mother's room. I was not allowed to spend much time with her now, and this afternoon was so bright, and the air so balmy, that, basking in the sunshine, I had neglected to ask admission. I was glad of this summons, and answered it immediately.

My mother was half reclining—supported by pillows. She looked brighter and more cheerful than I had seen her for weeks. I had often heard her called beautiful. She was, at this moment, surpassingly so. Her countenance was radiant with an inward light that spoke of peace, and hope, and joy. Clustering curls of fair hair fell about her brow, pure as the drapery of the couch on which she rested. Her cheeks were faintly flushed. Her eyes, of the clearest blue, seemed to have caught a beam from the world toward which her feet were hastening.

I sprang towards her with that impulsiveness of manner with which childhood always approaches what is pleasing—my affection adding to my *empressement*.

"Ah!" said my mother extending her arms to enfold me, "my little daughter is happy—her countenance is suggestive of bird-song, and sunshine, and spring flowers. May her life always be as bright as these spring days."

Releasing me, and holding me off a little, she regarded me with something of the same feeling, I think, that I did her—a sorrowful and affectionate admiration. With both her hands she smoothed my hair; then, dropping them, they tenderly imprisoned both of mine, while I as fondly kissed her lips.

"Will you bring me a box, darling," said she, "which you will find on my dressing-bureau?"

It was brought—a rosewood box, inlaid with silver, marked with her name and mine—our pet name—"KITTIE." I unlocked the box and placed it near her. It had several apartments and cunning little cases, lined with velvet and satin of various shades, soft as down. She opened these cases and displayed their treasures. Then, taking a small, delicately enameled watch from beneath her pillow, she added it to the contents of the casket.

"These jewels, my daughter," said she, "I give to you. Some of them are heir-looms, which have long been in the family. Some have been given to me by my friends at different time, many of them on my marriage. These," (pointing to a magnificent set of diamonds,) "belonged to your father's sister, left, by her request, to me. I have never worn them. Keep these jewels, my dear, all of them. They will be a treasure to you, both because they were mine, and because they are pure and valuable."

She raised a lid at one end of the box and took out a book. This apartment was lined with delicate blue velvet. The book was bound in drab turkey morocco, richly embossed.

"This case," said she, "contains jewels far more valuable than those—jewels of eternal truth, which shall exist when those are dust. Receive them. Make them your own. Wear them. They will always be fitting and becoming. Accept this Bible as a sacred bequest from the Father of us all.

"There are other jewels, my dear, which I would have you preserve. They are contained in the casket of your child-heart,—jewels of simplicity, meekness, love, trust, purity, innocence and truth—of all that the SAVIOUR blessed when he said 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' Guard them! Do not permit the Tempter to steal them away. Do not allow them to be displaced by any bad passions or principles. May time and intercourse with the world only serve to polish and refine this soul-wealth. May you be kept pure in heart and right in life, and be found 'without spot or blemish, when CHRIST shall come to make up his jewels.'"

All this I distinctly remember; and I afterwards found it traced in pencil lines, very faintly—as faintly as it had been spoken—in a note, placed in a little pocket formed by the double lining of one side of the case containing the Bible.

I did not see my mother again until "the golden bowl was broken." With the next day's sun her spirit departed. She was still beautiful. The casket was fair as in life—the jewel, prepared and polished by the great Lapidary above, had been taken to adorn His courts.

It was soon arranged that I should remain with my grandparents, where my mother had first open her eyes on earth, and from whence she had gone to Heaven.

"We gave you our daughter," they said to my father. "You kept her twelve years. Lend us yours for half that time, and we will be satisfied."

"She is yours," said my father, "for the time you specify. Only make her just such a woman as her mother."

There were tears in his voice; but, with a firm pressure of the hand, and a kiss dropped on my forehead, he left me.

My grandparents lived in a venerable looking house, on a fine old farm, by the sea shore. Without seeming to possess much worldly wisdom, they had great success. Though open-handed and munificent, their store constantly increased. They had much treasure put out at usury—lent to the LORD—and they evidently received four-fold.

Though I was the only child in the house, I was not without companions. My grandparents' hearts were young—as young as mine; and their son, GILMAN, was also young, though he had seen forty years of life's rich experience. I was fond of him, and he loved me as a bachelor uncle sometimes will love a roguish little niece. He would often take me on his knee—look at me tenderly—twine my curls about his pale, slim fingers, and, kissing me gently, would say, "You are so exactly like your mother, you must be very good."

This uncle had charge of my education. Few could have been found better qualified. He was a ripe Christian scholar. He had traveled extensively, seeking health, which he had not found. But he had found mind-treasures in abundance. Like the bee, he seemed only to have sought the flowers in earth's parterres, and to have extracted the honey. Of the sin, and crime, and wrong which he had witnessed, he never spoke; the storms which he had encountered he touched lightly upon; but he never tired with dwelling on the treasures of nature and art which he had seen in many lands, and by study made his own. No wonder I loved him—this bachelor uncle! He was formed to be loved, and to be happy. His occupation was literature, his recreation music. He always spent the morning hours in study or writing. He then heard my lessons, and walked or rode with me until supper. The evening was given to reading and music.

I soon learned there was another member of this family—an orphan ward—left to them, like myself. He was in the university, and near the close of his Freshman year. As vacation approached, they talked of HARRY constantly. I thought I should be jealous of him, as he was evidently a pet. But I found my apprehensions groundless. He came home—a manly lad, ready to give place to me at once, and to pet and humor me quite as much as any member of the household, though more delicate and indirect in his demonstrations. I was always sorry when he left, and glad of his return. I was only jealous of the pictures on which he constantly employed his leasure. I once told him so. He looked at me with a queer smile, and said he was passionately fond of pictures; to which I petulantly answered,

"I wish I was a picture!"

"You shall have your wish," he quickly replied, "if you can sit still long enough."

So, adjusting my curls and drapery a little, he proceeded at once to make a sketch. The picture was soon finished—an almost speaking likeness. He seemed to appreciate his own production greatly; for I often saw him take it from his portfolio and study it as though it were a master work of art! He taught me to sketch and draw from nature. I readily learned the mechanical execution, but I had none of his enthusiasm for the art. My pieces were fair, and he commended them; but they were not excellent. He could not teach me to compose pictures like himself; I could only copy, he delighted in originating.

Time passed. The girl was developing into the woman—"a perfect little piece of cultivated rusticity," my uncle said, "healthy, happy and beloved."

It is true, I was beloved. With the first awakening of my woman's heart, the first suggestion of another want than the love of my good uncle, and of my dear, kind, more-than-parents, that love was satisfied. Had not I always liked HARRY? Did not he like me? I felt that I did a wrong when my heart told me that I loved him more than any one else on earth—more than my grandparents, my uncle or my father! But HARRY said that he had their consent to win my regard, and they told me he was good and noble, and would doubtless make me very happy.

Six years had passed, and I was now sixteen. HARRY, since finishing his college course, had spent much of his time on the farm, recruiting his somewhat wasted energies, and practicing his still favorite pursuit—picture-making. He produced a great variety of pieces, but they all seemed to possess a unity of tone. Whether he represented scenes from scripture or mythology—painted a DORCAS or a DIANA, one pervading character might, somehow, be recognized in all his female figures. Even with my unpracticed eye it was easy to discern from whence he drew his inspiration. Something about the eye, lip, brow or hand, would be familiar. They were not portraits; but they evidently belonged to one family, and possessed a perceptible family resemblance.

One evening, in early winter, we were surprised by a visit from my father. He had been traveling in Europe, and had now brought home his bride. He expressed himself greatly satisfied with my unchanged appearance—my girlish womanhood, and presented me, with evident pride, to my new mother. She seemed pleased, much pleased with her "dear little daughter," as she at once called me. She kept near me, constantly regarding me with a look of satisfaction, as though she found rest and refreshment in my presence.

As for myself, I was charmed, delighted, intoxicated with her. She was a magnificent woman. Her presence was imposing and her manner highly cultivated. She was tall and full-formed, stately and dignified; but evidently possessing an abundance of life and spirit. Her features, though not classically regular, were pleasing. Her complexion was deep colored, healthful in its tints, and of singular richness. Her large black eyes were radiant with intelligence. She had a wealth of hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing. Her lips were full, and expressive of kindliness and warmth of heart. Indeed, it seemed that nature had formed her out of her richest materials, and had been lavish in their use. She was dressed simply enough; but there was an expression of elaborateness. One instinctively felt she borrowed something from some extrinsic advantage.

My admiration for my mother was so absorbing, that, for some time, I was not alive to anything else. My first thought, on arousing, was of HARRY. What did he think of her? He must admire her. Looking at him, I saw that he was deeply interested. He seemed in wrapt attention, as though studying a new phase of art, while his countenance had an impassioned glow quite unusual. I said to him, aside,

"Is not my new mother magnificent?"

"Perfect!" he replied, without raising his eyes, as though afraid to break the spell by which he was bound.

The next day a family council was held to discuss plans for the future. It was decided that I should accompany my parents to Boston. We would occupy the house where I was born and spent the first years of my childhood. I was pleased with this arrangement, being seized with a desire to see more of life—to make the acquaintance of that capricious dame called "society." Though I liked my country home, its surroundings and associations, I longed to step beyond its boundary forth into the great world—without one thought of its inevitable temptations.

HARRY was to spend two years in Europe, traveling, studying the works of the old masters, and receiving such instructions and inspiration as Italy could give.

"Your pieces have promise, excellent promise," said my mother to HARRY, "but they lack something. You need to see more of life—to experience more of emotion. Life, with you, has been too serene, too calmly happy. Your pieces are too tame, too pastoral. Your women are all EVES"—glancing at me. "One can look at your Devils, even, almost with complacency."

HARRY colored.

"Pardon my freedom," she continued, "I am not a disinterested stranger. You pictures have much merit in composition and execution of form. But you often fail to bring out an idea of which one gets a glimmering. Your pieces lack intensity—depth of expression and of coloring. Many of your figures are delicate to meagreness. They need more fullness and richness of life. Life seems too pale to you. No matter. You will learn. You will soon enough find many chapters in it—rich, glowing, fervent; others, cold, barren, desolate. You will, by turns, be scorched and frozen. Do not restrain your emotions—study the play of the passions. A rich world lies before you. Go and see it, and *live* in it."

HARRY's eye swam, and his cheek was flushed. That very day, in retouching some of his pictures, he was so prodigal of his coloring that he made a Venus a Hebe, quite formidable to behold; but, more fortunately, he gave to a Madonna a fullness of life much more satisfying than the pale figure which he had represented as the mother of CHRIST. A resemblance was there still—not to the fair face he had studied for years, but to the one that had possessed and filled his imagination in one day. I was jealous.

[Concluded next week.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

WHAT is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? Noah's ark was a very high ark, but an archbishop is a hierarch, (higher ark.)

A SOUTHERN paper thinks that "something is on foot in South Carolina." She herself is on foot. She used to ride "the high horse, but can't now.

"SIRE, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled, and signed.

EDWARD EVERETT and Judge Story went to a public dinner. The ordinary toasts were given, when Judge Story arose and said:—"Fame follows wherever it (Everett) goes." Everett replied:—"Here's to the legal profession. It has never got above the first story (Story.")

"WE think a man who goes out of church because he cannot swallow the sermon, affords a spectacle of entertainment to his fellow-creatures. He who can at all cheer the public mind in these somber hours should be considered a social benefactor; and to our minds there is something exquisitely grotesque in that impassioned procession of one down the aisle and out at the door."

FASHION'S PLATFORM.—One perfume, pure, refreshing and imperishable, and that perfume, Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus." This is the platform of Fashion on this side of the Atlantic, and all the people say amen! Sold everywhere.

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