

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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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.

FIELD LESSONS.

This is a grand old winter!—one promising a grand harvest the coming season. For snow is a fertilizer as well as a blanket, keeping the earth warm and the plants ready to grow as soon as their covering is removed. Such winters are called "hard winters"—we do not know why, for they are blessed to the husbandman. If the cattle eat more food, such seasons, they are in better condition in spring. And the grass springs up quicker, and is sweeter in the spring for the warmth of the winter robe and the atmospheric fertilizers transmitted to its roots by the melting snows. The soil is replenished with ammonia, by which the plant is supplied with nitrogen, through the agency of snow. But the amount of good derived from the snow, or by its agency, depends upon the mechanical condition of the soil. And, although foreign to our intention when we commenced this article, we must say a word on this point, for it is an important one. The farmer whose lands are well drained will reap greater benefit from this winter covering than he whose soil is stiff and undrained. The temperature of the drained soil is higher, and it will be less affected by evaporation; for the melting snow will go down through it, instead of lying still on the surface to evaporate. And as the water passes through it, it leaves its ammonia and other fertilizers, gathered from the atmosphere, in the soil, to be taken up and used by the plant. If the water evaporate on the surface the ammonia is liberated in the atmosphere and is lost to the plant for the time, and, perhaps, when it most needs it.

But if the soil is drained, or is porous naturally, it does not follow that it will retain and use all these atmospheric fertilizers which may descend into it with the snow water. Clay soils will not allow them to escape. Soils rich in vegetable matter will retain ammonia. But the most porous of all soils, sand, without preparation, will retain less of these fertilizers. Sand is not an absorbent. Hence, with the sandy soils must be mixed inorganic matter—muck, charcoal and other vegetable substances—something to take up the gases and retain them for use. We have often seen the good results which follow this preparation of sandy soils in the fall, for the winter gathering of strength. A friend of ours drew muck upon his sand in September and plowed it in on one field. He drew it on another field later and did not plow it in until spring. There was full one-fourth difference in results at the harvest time, in favor of the fall covered muck. This we regard mainly due to the absorbing power of the muck, which took up the richness from the water percolating through the soil. Perhaps there are among our readers some who are watching for effects of this character.

Some of our readers, perhaps, failed to top-dress their meadows, pastures and winter grain with gypsum last fall. Those who did not so fall will receive their reward; those who did should not neglect the application of it at an early date. We would put it on before the snow is all gone or very soon thereafter. The effect is to increase (we think) the amount of

ammonia the plant will receive. No man who has witnessed the reviving effects of such an application to winter wheat in early spring, even when apparently half dead, will ever neglect to use it if it can be obtained.

There is another item, which occurs to us as we write, which it may be timely to suggest. If any farmer has manure which he designs to apply to soil this spring, let him not wait until the snow is off to draw it, unless he intends to plow it in late on grass lands for corn or potatoes. And even then, we would not wait, but draw out in heaps on the snow and spread as soon as the snow disappears. It may be said that the snow is too deep. Perhaps it is in places, to use sleds. We would not use sleds. Use the drag or "stone-boat." With the aid of stakes and boards a large load may be easily drawn—a team managing it in deep snow with very little effort comparatively.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

I HAVE long been a reader of the RURAL, and have often observed your commendation of practical articles, bearing upon any of the great productive interests of our widely extended and vastly productive country. I propose to give you a brief sketch of my method of making maple sugar.

Sugar is an article which, although its production is confined to a limited portion of the country, is nevertheless essential to the welfare and comfort of every individual in the land; and consequently, its production, a matter of general interest. The production of maple sugar is extensively neglected in very large portions of the country, and thoroughly ill-conducted in others, where it might be made a source of profitable income; and not that only; it would add largely to domestic comfort and enjoyment; for, being the production of one's own industry, the free use of it is not felt as a drain from the purse, while it is enjoyed with a degree of relish, which no purchased commodity can impart.

I may as well confess, what you will not fail to perceive, that I am a thorough Ruralist, and that I write for Ruralists. I do not offer my method of making sugar because I suppose it to be the best that is practiced, but I do it with the hope that it may furnish to some who practice an inferior method, some suggestions by which they may make improvement, and of drawing out from others who may practice a better method, suggestions for my own and the public benefit. It is not too early, and I hope not too late, for a timely discussion of the subject.

Spouts.—I use cast iron spouts, and consider them best. If properly cared for when stored, they are always ready for use,—not requiring to be examined for stoppages which might prevent the flow of sap, nor for bruises which might cause leakage, as is necessary with wooden ones frequently. They run earlier in the morning, many times, than wooden ones, because the iron, being a good conductor of heat, assists to thaw the ice withip, and the wood around them. They run later at night, because the orifice is large and not so soon closed by freezing sap. They remain sweet when wooden ones become soured, because, in a warm day, with a slight flow of sap, the warmth of the spout evaporates the sap, and the spout remains sweet, while a wooden spout absorbs it and becomes soured. If they ever become soured, they are perfectly restored by scalding, while wooden ones cannot be restored so that they will not sour more readily than new ones.

If wooden spouts are to be used, the best only should be made; and the best I know of are made in this way:—Get out pieces of hard maple, any convenient length, seven-eighths inch square, as nicely as your fancy dictates. Place in a lathe and turn the points, two together taking about two inches, leaving the shoulder square, and tapering nicely to about one-sixteenth inch less than the size of bit to be used in tapping. Saw apart and bore through, from the point, with a five-sixteenth or three-eighth bit, (curved lip.) About four inches is a good length for spouts.

Buckets.—I use tin buckets, and consider them far superior to wood, for various reasons. They occupy but little space. Mine are made nine inches deep,—bottom diameter nine, and top eleven inches, with a ring, one and three-eighths inch inside diameter, put on with a hinge. They hold twelve quarts, and when nested together, each bucket occupies about three-fourths of an inch in height. They are ready for use at a moment's notice,—500 or 1,000 of them can be placed on a common sleigh in a few minutes,

and 40 or 50 can be taken conveniently on a hand-sled, to go about tapping. They have all the advantages, with regard to keeping sweet, that iron spouts have over wooden ones. They need no overhauling, for the purpose of tightening or replacing hoops, or soaking, to make them tight. No freezing of sap in the buckets will injure them, and the ice is always loose and easily removed, before the sap will start. No worm or dry weather will cause them to leak. If, as often happens, there is a run of sap after a long term of warm weather, during which a little sap in the buckets has become soured, they are made decently clean by rubbing a large handful of snow, which is always at hand at such times, around the inside; but, if it is desired to make them thoroughly clean and sweet, they are very easily collected, cleaned and re-distributed.

And here, let me remark, though out of place, lies much of the secret of making good sugar when many people make only "wax."

At the close of the season they should be thoroughly washed, scalded and dried, so as to expel all moisture from seams, and stored in a perfectly dry place, as any good housewife knows tinware should be cared for. No paint or grease can improve them, either when stored or in use.

I have 350 of them that have been used from one to six seasons, and they show no perceptible wear, and many of the oldest ones still have the appearance of new tin. Two or three of them have slight bruises from the tree with sap or ice in them, (a rare occurrence,) and one has been jammed flat by carelessly felling a tree upon it. When righted up, it proved sound, and does duty with the others. I mention this to show that they can endure grief. I have no hesitation in recommending those who are about to procure buckets, to procure tin in preference to wood at half price, or at any price. Buckets should not be made with smaller rings than I have mentioned; nor with holes punched under the wire in the top.

Tapping.—For tapping, I use a nine-sixteenth inch bit, bore one to one and a half inches deep, and put one spout in a tree. I tap as early as the sap will flow, and when I find that the flow of sap can be increased by it, I remove the spout and rim out the hole, using a bit, (curved lip,) one-sixteenth inch larger than was used before, thus making the cut fresh on all sides, and one or two turns deeper. This operation I repeat, whenever required, to produce the best flow of sap.

If, as often happens, the weather becomes favorable for a late run of sap, I sometimes insert a second spout; or, if the first has very nearly ceased to flow, remove it to some other side of the tree. I set my spouts in the most thrifty and straight-grained place I can find, early in the season, on the eastern or southern side of the tree; later in the season on the western or northern side. Very large trees I tap on two sides, and think they fill two buckets just as quickly as one.

Hanging Buckets.—I hang my buckets on the spouts, and detect spikes for that purpose. Many men are slow to believe that a sap spout will hold a bucket of sap, unless driven so tight as to close the pores of the wood, thus preventing, in a measure, the flow of sap. I, and many others know, that a spout, driven tight enough to be secure against leakage, will hold a much greater weight than a bucket of sap; and that, too, if the bark has a fair thickness, without touching the wood. If any one is still incredulous, he can try it to his entire satisfaction, and then, if he is wise, he will discard spikes, with the waste of time in inserting and removing them, and the waste of sap from leakage, and hang his buckets on his spouts. If he has not suitable spouts, that is, iron spouts with a horn, or wooden spouts with a shoulder, for holding the ring of the bucket, he will replace them with those that are suitable; and, if his buckets are not furnished with suitable rings, (or if wooden buckets with cord or wire,) he will furnish them, and no longer commit the folly of driving spikes into his trees.

By the means and method which I have attempted to describe, I believe that a better flow of sap can be obtained, with less loss by leakage, falling outside the buckets, and other causes, than can be obtained by any other method practiced in this section of country; and this is my reason for offering it to the public.

I intended, when I commenced this article, to give, in less space than I have already occupied, a sketch of the whole process of obtaining sap,

and reducing it to sugar; but, before I had proceeded far, my eye fell upon some remarks in your issue, Jan. 21, addressed to the man who prefers a left-hand plow; and I was induced to pay less attention to brevity and more to the reason of things. Therefore, if you think my remarks too long drawn, you will please divide the responsibility with me; and I will defer the remainder of the subject until I see whether this meets with your entire disapproval. Lewis County, N. Y., Feb., 1865. c. s.

REMARKS.—Our correspondent is assured that we like just such articles. Details and reasons, told concisely, are precisely what we want.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—A correspondent wishes to have the profit on making maple sugar. I tap the trees with the ax and gouge and catch the sap in tin pails made for that purpose without balls. I have three 45-gallon kettles in one arch, built of common rough stone, with a chimney eight feet high. I burn any kind of rough wood. If wood is too dear, take any old logs, cut and pile them up the fall or summer before. They make as good wood for an arch as hard wood.

It takes no more wood to drive three kettles than one. I have a shed built over the kettles. I store the sap in sugar hogsheads; draw it with a team. I run a small stream of cold sap into each kettle, boil enough to make 150 pounds of sugar, and then "sirup down" to very thin molasses, strain through a thick cloth while hot, let it settle over night, and then "sugar off" so soft you can push your finger in the cake when cold. I put these soft cakes in a flour barrel, with holes bored in the latter, to drain.

"Sugar off" 150 pounds at one batch, in one of the kettles, by letting the arch cool down a little. I make from three to six pounds to the tree.

One man can boil 100 pounds per day, and cut his wood. In 1853 it cost me three cents per pound; last spring it cost six cents, which left a profit of fourteen cents per pound. I make from 500 to 1,000 pounds each year and attend to my stock, with the help of one man. Toga Co., Pa. WILLIAM FRANCIS.

GLEANINGS FROM LETTERS AND PAPERS.

Training Hops on Wire.—We see that it was asserted at the Farmer's Club, N. Y. City, that a field of six acres of hops, trained on wires, was all killed by a single flash of lightning. We do not know the authority for this statement.

Storing Hay.—On page 205, last volume RURAL, we published an article recommending lime in storing hay. An Ohio correspondent says he has tried it thoroughly the past season, saying hay sweet by its use that he is sure would have been musty if stored in the ordinary manner. Has any one else been benefited by the suggestion? Now is the time to tell of the effects of its use.

To keep a horse's tongue in his head.—BACKWOODSMAN, Crawford, Pa., writes the RURAL: "Cover your bit with leather or cloth, make it large,—say an inch in diameter if the horse is bad—let out the cheek straps so that the bit will drop about to the bridle tooth, or so that it will almost fall from the mouth. A constant exertion of the tongue to recover the bit to its proper place has effectually cured every case I have ever tried in a young horse."

Western Corn Cultivators.—R. W. F., Niagara Co., N. Y., asks if we can give the address of some of the manufacturers of the two-horse corn cultivators used in the West. Yes, and if they were wise, they would advertise in the RURAL, on Western as well as on Eastern account:—Hawkeye Corn Cultivator, manufactured by DEERE & CO., Moline, Ill.; DOAK'S Cultivator, manufactured by H. A. PITTS & CO., Chicago.; STAFFORD'S Cultivator, manufactured by BARBER & HAWLEY, Decatur, Ill.

Profits of Maple Sugar Making.—D. L. C., Ing-ham Co., Mich., gives the RURAL the results, in figures, of his efforts to make sugar, which we condense:—Tapped 300 trees with an ax or gouge; used sheet-iron spiles driven not quite through the bark; caught sap in patent pails hung on nails driven into the tree so that the top of the pail was four inches below the spile or spout. Boiled sap in two pans, each 3 by 5½ feet, 5 inches deep, on an arch; the pan nearest the mouth of arch being 5 inches lower than the one next the chimney. Made 560 lbs sugar; most of it sold at 10c, some at 20c per lb. Expenses of manufacturing, \$50. Not much profit.

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.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE Editor of this print (Feb. 9,) retracts his statement, that at the Rochester State Fair we advocated a classification of Merinos in prize lists, which we had denied having advocated in the same article on which he was commenting. It seems that "the RURAL" was "not at hand as" he "wrote, and the bearing of the article it contained, in this particular," had "been overlooked at the time it appeared!"

The Editor says:—"Dr. RANDALL, in his remarks on the pedigree question, invites a controversy into which we do not propose to enter." Since the beginning of 1854, the Country Gentleman has, we think, contained more direct and indirect attacks on the improved American Merinos and their breeders, than all the other Agricultural Journals on our exchange list, put together. Recently (Jan. 12,) one of the editors of that paper, in language of studied contumely, assailed the reputation of these sheep. Speaking of our proposed establishment of a class of "American Merinos" in prize lists, he declared that "careful breeders might dislike exceedingly to see their sheep thrown out by a Committee from the 'broodstock Merinos' and put among the heterogeneous lots of coarser-grade 'Americans,' and still more, voluntarily to enter them with the latter!" We could not believe that these words were intended to mean what they so distinctly imply. Was it to be supposed that an agricultural editor, bound by every proper consideration to foster the wool growing interest of our country, would, if he understood the character of American Merinos—if he knew that they were the same sheep representatives of which, not supposed, to be the best in their owner's flock, and certainly not the best in the country, had easily beaten the Merinos of the world at Hamburg—would venture to convey the idea that "careful breeders" would be ashamed to show sheep, in the same class with them? We gave our contemporary the benefit of the mildest explanation which his extraordinary declarations admitted of, viz., that he misunderstood "the character of the sheep." He rejects this sheltering plea. He prefers to stand forth as the insulting donator of a breed of sheep which are the pride of the great body of wool growers in the United States—and which are this day selling for vastly higher prices than any other breed in the United States, or in any other country in the world.

The Editor of the Country Gentleman also (Jan. 12,) attacked the authenticity of the pedigrees of the leading families of American Merinos as given by their breeders; and he made statements which if true would convict those breeders of intentional falsehood. As this appeared in an article which commented on, and made direct and sneering allusions to, our own counter statements, we had a right to assume, and did assume, that it was intended for a public contradiction of and attack on the opinions we had expressed on the subject. Our contemporary does not in reply (Feb. 9,) attempt to deny that we put a perfectly correct construction on his expressions and meaning and intentions in all the above particulars. He does not claim that we ever named him or his journal in connection with these pedigrees, before those aggressive statements were published. He "cheerfully bears witness to the good will and respect" with which we have uniformly treated him. But when called upon to make good his gratuitous and injurious assertions by facts, he suddenly becomes most peacefully amiable, and gently declines to enter into the controversy to which we invite him! We scarcely recollect each a case of pacific amiability since Mr. DOWLER and Mr. WINKLE so unexpectedly encountered each other in the coffee-room of The Bush Tavern at Bristol. Neither of those gentlemen—say, both of them put together—were not more agreeable to an encounter!

Under these circumstances, we feel compelled reluctantly to say that the opinions or statements on the topics under consideration, of a gentleman who has not had a particle of experience in Merino sheep husbandry—who has, we will venture to say, never bred and probably never owned a single Merino sheep—who a few months since, if we remember aright, disavowed all knowledge of the pedigrees of our American Merinos—who in his remarks of Jan. 12, gave convincing proof that he was not even acquainted with the standards of excellence recognized by their breeders in respect to one of the most important characteristics of the animal (viz., the proper fineness of its fleece)—and who has the courage to attack people and their property, but is too amiable to annihilate them by showing his proofs—ought to derive no weight, and will not where these facts are known, derive any weight from the fact that he is one of the Editors of a highly respectable agricultural journal.

The attempt of our contemporary to shelter himself under our example is unfortunate. If, without proof or knowledge of the subject, we had made an attack on the veracity and property of a large class of American

A disavowal of this kind appeared, ostensibly in our issue, in answer to the inquiries of a correspondent. We did not preserve the paper containing it.

HORTICULTURAL.

WESTERN N. Y. FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY.

Tenth Annual Meeting, Jan. 24, 1865.

[Continued from page 68, last number.]

Fruits Under Glass.

Topic.—"What is the best method of growing and ripening fruits under glass?"

Mr. H. E. HOOKER read a paper in which he discussed, in a general manner, the advantages and importance of attention to this branch of horticulture.

FISHER.—I have devoted some time and attention to the growing of grapes, peaches, &c., under glass, and have had a measure of success.

HOOKER.—I have been more interested in the propagation of plants and forcing vegetables under glass than in the forcing of fruits.

SALTER.—I have suspended a thermometer in an outside chimney, where hot water is used, and have found the mercury to rise 200 deg.

THOMAS.—I visited ISAAC PULLEN'S peach house last spring. The house was over 100 feet long, and contained over 100 peach trees in boxes.

OLMSTEAD.—Can peaches be grown under a glass roof without artificial heat?

FISHER.—I have trees in my cold graperie, planted with the vines. They bear regularly.

They do not ripen so well—that is, the flavor is not so good as when grown out of doors.

BARRY.—Peaches can be grown in houses without heat very successfully. We grow them in wooden boxes fifteen inches square, in vinery, and just as they begin to ripen we take them out, plunge them in the border, mulch them, and ripen them there.

This is a subject that ought to be agitated. There are hundreds of our people who might have this pleasure of growing fruit, who do not pay any attention whatever to it.

A CHEAP HAND GLASS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I herewith transmit you drawings and explanations of a new garden hand-glass of my own invention, which is free to the public, if you think it worth engraving for your columns.

If made as described, the glass can readily be taken out by sliding them a little upward. This is very convenient when plants are to be hardened up, or when, out of use, they are to be stored away.

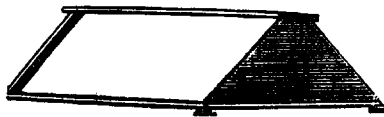


FIG. 1.

Tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, squashes and many other early fruits and vegetables, can be had several weeks earlier, when protected from the cold winds and frosts of early summer.



FIG. 2.

The hand-glass (Fig. 1), is composed of five pieces of wood, and two common window glass, resting in rabbets in the triangular ends and in the bottom strips.

Common inch pine boards are used for the ends, of such width as will be adapted to the size of the glass used. Strip lath 1/2 by 1 1/2 inches answers for top and bottom strips.

FIG. 3. very cheaply, indeed, at a wood machine shop, when got up in quantity. Seven by nine glass will answer for small plants, but 10 by 14 glass makes a plant-protector adapted to general garden use.

"WHY ORCHARDS DIE EARLY."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I take a deep interest in all I see published in your paper about orchards, and have carefully read Mr. B's reasons why orchards die early.

Mr. B. says that variety the nurserymen have had a hardy variety a few years it becomes worthless. How is it then with the Rhode Island Greenings, Baldwins, Spitzenbergs and Russets of the East, and the Winesaps, Janets, Carthouses, and many others of the West?

Again, if the fault is in our propagating, why is it that two orchards, got from the same nursery, and both planted in the same locality, are so unlike in their growth and appearance?

and hide-bound, the prey of worms and vermin of every kind, and in a few years is gone, while the other makes a vigorous, hearty growth, shows clean, smooth trunks, soon comes into bearing and is in every respect a perfect orchard.

I cannot believe that because a tree is young it is necessarily weakly and deformed, nor that it must be ten years old before it is mature. I think trees and animals differ in that respect.

I suppose that one reason why trees are more injured now than they were years ago by insects is because there are more insects now than there was then. Wheat does not degenerate, yet it has more enemies now than it had years ago.

SETTING OUT FRUIT TREES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Thinking that there are many who may be setting out their first fruit trees the coming spring, a hint or two may tend to promote their pleasure and profit.

Assuming that no one will attempt to set out trees upon poor or wet soil, I advise getting the trees ready by trimming off the limbs one-third their length with a sharp knife, and the long roots the same, if in the way, and the tap root one-half.

Having covered the bottom with the sods, turf down, set in the trees with the roots well spread, and commence filling up with the fine top soil, and as it progresses pour on water; raise the tree up and back in order to get the earth well under the center of the tree.

With the trees properly stayed by a single stake, set so as to hold both ways, and some mulch or manure to cover the ground, but not in contact with the tree, like Canada thistles and Yankees, I shall expect every one to grow.

Syracuse, N. Y. S. N. HOLMES.

Horticultural Notes and Queries.

BEST SWEET APPLE FOR MICHIGAN.—What is the best sweet apple for winter use in Western Michigan? The Tallman Sweet is a shy bearer in this vicinity.—L. D. S., Lamont, Mich.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED.—We have frequent inquiries for this seed. We notice by a late Rockford Register, that HASKELL & KIMBALL, Rockford Ill. have it for sale. This will answer several Western correspondents.

CIRCULATION OF SAP.—To illustrate how rapidly sap circulates in a tree, a member of the Winnebago Co. (Ill.) Farmers' Club, said he hacked a tree twenty inches above ground and cut a notch in it eight inches higher up, poured ink in the lower wound, and before a man could turn around, the ink could be seen in the upper notch.

B. K. BLISS' CATALOGUE.—In another column is an advertisement of this admirable Amateur's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden, &c. It is the most complete and admirably arranged publication of the character we have ever seen—being well worth the money asked, to any person who has a garden or flower parterre.

CHINESE YAM.—"A Subscriber," Mendon Center, N. Y., asks if we think the Chinese Yam worthy of culture here. Were we going to choose, we should much prefer the Jerusalem Artichoke as a profitable crop.

DESTROYING RABBITS.—Correspondents of the Prairie Farmer give two modes. 1. Dig a pit 3 or 4 feet deep, largest at the bottom, cover with a very light sprinkling of straw, over which place two boards at right angles like an inverted V.

THE BLACK CHERRY ON THE PRAIRIES.—An Iowa correspondent asks if we know any thing about the growth of the Black Cherry on the Prairies. We do not remember to have seen it growing there, though LAPHAM gives it as indigenous in Illinois.

WHITE WILLOW PEDDLERS.—EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Do you know any thing about GEORGE A. BAKER, or his White Willow Nursery at Rochester? My reason for inquiring is this: Last fall a man (with two of his agents) passed through our neighborhood selling White Willow Cuttings for fencing, at ten dollars per M., to be delivered in the Spring.

We do not know any such person here, nor any White Willow Nursery.

Domestic Economy.

COVERING OLD BEDQUILTS.

Now that cotton is scarce and high, it seems more than ever necessary that old bed-quilts should be saved to cover, line and quilt over again. After being well cleansed in two or three warm suds in a pounding barrel and rinsed, hang up to dry till ready to iron smoothly.

COUGH MEDICINE.—One pint of vinegar, one of molasses, one-fourth ounce Antimonial wine, one-fourth ounce laudanum, one-half gill of whiskey. Dose, two teaspoonfuls after eating.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare, quarter and core some apples—Greenings are best—and put them in a two quart basin, half full of apples with a little water; cover the basin with a crust made of butter-milk and cream, a little salt, a teaspoonful of soda. Cover it with a tin cover, set it on the stove and let it steam one half hour, then set it in the oven and let it dry for a minute or two.

TEA CAKES.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of butter, beat them well together. Add one cup of butter-milk, one teaspoonful of soda, mix soft, spice &c.—A FARMER'S WIFE.

BAR CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, half a cup of sweet cream, the whites of four eggs, one-half a teaspoonful of cream tartar, one quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of flour.—LADY JANE.

TO CLEAN SILVER SPOONS.—Put them into strong soap-suds and boil for a few minutes, rinse and wipe very hard, and they will be bright.—EUGENIA.

How to MAKE HARD SOAP.—To three pails good soft soap, boiled six hours, add 1/2 pound of rosin and boil 15 minutes. Then turn it with 1 quart salt and let it get cold, after which cut off the soap, put it in a clean kettle with 1/2 pail of weak lye, heat slowly and when boiling hot, add 1/2 pound borax, a little salt, and one gill spirits turpentine. When cold cut it in any shape you please.—MRS. A. VAN O., Abbot, Mich.

GENUINE CONNECTICUT SEED LEAF TOBACCO SEED.—Post-paid, 1 oz 40 cts; 4 oz \$1.50; per pound \$5.—J. L. CADY, Watertown, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.—Most of the new and promising varieties, including the noted French's Seedling, Triomphe de Gand, &c., &c. Send for a Catalogue free to all applicants. SAMUEL L. ALLEN, Cinncinnation, P. O., Burlington Co., N. J.

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EVERGREENS! EVERGREENS!—We have an immense stock of Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch and Austrian Pines, American Arbor Vitae, (White Cedar,) Siberian Arbor Vitae, &c., from small to large sizes. All have been transplanted once, and the larger sizes are two to three times in the Nursery, so that success is insured in planting. They are offered at low rates per doz., per 100, and per 1,000, and prices will be given packed in a superior manner, delivered at depot in Rochester, or otherwise. 789-24 FROST & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

B. K. BLISS' Seed Catalogue and Guide TO THE FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDEN. THE ELEVENTH EDITION, enlarged and improved, just published, contains ONE HUNDRED PAGES of closely printed matter, with many BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS, and a descriptive list of upwards of TWO THOUSAND VARIETIES OF FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, including many CHARMING NOVELTIES, now offered for the first time in this country, with explicit directions for their culture, also a list of upwards of ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES OF FRENCH HYBRID GLADIOLUS, and other SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS—to which is added a list of a few of the choicest varieties of GRAPES, STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, and other SMALL FRUITS, BEDDING PLANTS, &c., &c., cultivated at his gardens; with much other useful information upon the subject of gardening generally, which will be found useful to the amateur as well as those who are about to commence the delightful occupation of gardening. In consequence of the great advance in the cost of paper, printing, &c., we cannot offer it gratuitously (as we have heretofore done), excepting to our regular customers. It will be mailed, post-paid, to all applicants upon receipt of 25 cents. Address 789-24 B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

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Red Cedars, 4 to 12 inches, \$4 per 1,000. Honey Locust, do. 1 year plants, \$10 per 1,000. Flyce, 1 1/2 to 2 feet. Red Dutch, Red Grape, and Black Naples Currants, strong plants, at low rates. Hale's Early Peach, the best very early Peach, also a full assortment of leading market varieties. New American and Rosemary-leaved Willows, very fine trees. A large stock of Norway Spruce, 1 1/2 to 3 feet, very fine. Spring Catalogue of Bedding Plants, &c., now ready, and Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits, &c., can be had on application.

Ladies' Department.

NEARER TO LIFE'S WINTER.

NEARER to life's winter, wife,
We are drawing nearer—
Memories of the blessed spring
Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the summer heats we've toiled,
Through the autumn weather
We have also passed, sweet wife,
Hand in hand together.

Time was hearts were, well as feet,
Lighter, I remember;
April's locks of gold are turned
To silver this November.

Flowers are fewer than at first,
And the way grows drearer;
For unto life's winter, wife,
We are drawing nearer.

Nearer to life's end, sweet wife,
We are drawing nearer;
The last milestone on the way
To our sight grows clearer.

Some whose hands we held quite faint
And laid down to slumber;
Looking backward, we to-day
All their graves may number.

Heights we've sought we failed to climb,
Fruits we've failed to gather;
But what matter since we've still
Jesus and each other.

THE DESTINY OF JOSEPHINE.

JOSEPHINE interests everybody, and we gladly give our readers the following from a correspondent of the Knickerbocker Magazine:

The history of Napoleon is yet to be written, and by an American. The world has been amused with fables of this man of destiny; which have been transmitted as heir-looms until they have reached him who now sits upon the throne of France, and is pleased with the title, "the man of destiny."

This though a favorite idea with every class of Frenchmen, undoubtedly arose from the story of Josephine, and through her attachment of Napoleon. Though her simple story is smothered in the more brilliant one of her husband, yet it was well known that long before Napoleon's admirers claimed for him the great destiny he finally accomplished, it was a common story in Paris which we are about to tell.

It was while almost a child that Josephine, in some of her wanderings with her school-fellows, came across a vagrant gypsy or fortune teller. The woman, attracted in some way towards the beautiful child, insisted upon telling her fortune, even against her will and without reward. She told her that she would very soon be a wife, a widow, and afterwards Queen of France. The prediction in itself was common enough, but as simple as it was, it had its effect upon Josephine, who immediately embraced it as a fact, and could for a long time think of nothing else.

When the fulfillment came to the first part of the prediction, it of course strengthened her in the belief of the rest; and even when in prison under sentence of death, and her bed was taken from her at night because she was to die in the morning, she bade her friends have courage, that it would not be so, and that she would sit upon that throne then in ruins beneath the bloody feet of Robespierre; and when the jailors, in decision, called upon her to name her maids of honor, that they might be ready when she was queen, she did so, and her nomination was finally fulfilled to a letter.

On that very night Robespierre fell. Had his downfall occurred one week earlier, Josephine's husband would not have been one of his victims; had he lived one day longer she would have been another of them.

There was but little lapse of time between her liberation from prison and her marriage to Napoleon, and it was by the influence that she exerted that he was appointed to the command of the army of Italy, after which the path that led them upward was clear and open, until the destiny she insisted upon was accomplished and the crown of France was placed upon her head.

But there was one thing more that Josephine had foretold for herself which was the utter loss of power and rank to which she had been so wonderfully elevated, and still while she brooded over this, Napoleon, who was her lord, gathering new power and yielding to new ambitions, she tried to crush it, and to point out what should be his true aims; but he was an Emperor, and desired to be the founder of a new empire.

How well her instincts told her that the time was rapidly approaching when that ambition would make him put her away! Then came the close of the campaign of 1809, and she saw that the hour was approaching still nearer that was to seal both their fates. There was no longer the confidence of the past between them; no longer the seeking of sympathy and advice.

It was on the 20th of November, 1809, and the court was especially gay in honor of the visit of the King of Saxony. Josephine sat at the window of her boudoir, looking out upon the river, when she heard a step at the door, and rose to receive Napoleon who caught her in his arms, with more of the olden time embrace than she had known for months. She led him to the sofa on which she had been sitting, and seated herself by his side. For a few moments there was silence, and he spoke.

"Josephine, you have been weeping. Are you unhappy?"

"No, Sir! Not with you."

"Nonsense! Josephine, who do you call Sir? Of late you are making these forms overshadow all our happiness."

"Then, why should they not be forgotten by both? You have now reached that point of ambition that should content you. Will you turn the unquiet god from your bosom and own our own happiness?"

"You misunderstand me, lady," he said, quickly rising from his seat and leaning against the window; "I'm seeking nothing for myself, but everything for France."

"It is for France, Napoleon," she said, drawing close to his side and taking his hand in hers, "that you would put away from you, not only a true wife but a true friend! Think not that I have been blind, Sir, to this. My alarmed heart has told me all, and believe me that I am offering no protest to your will, but oh, Sir! examine well your heart before you act."

He stood silent while she was speaking, and then, with face turned full upon the streaming moonlight, he drew away his hands. She went on: "And, oh, Sir! believe me, that though I am to leave your throne and your side, I shall never cease to love you too deeply for my peace. Therefore it is that I plead that you will look well into your heart before you yield your future to bad counsels."

He drew quickly from the window and walked forward to the center of the room.

"You cannot sympathize with me Madame, I act only with reason. The good of the individual must yield to the good of France. Farewell!"

"Stop!" said she, and Josephine stepped quickly across the room and caught his arm, drawing him as she did so again to the window.

"Do you see that star?" and she pointed at one that shone with marked brightness. "That is my destiny. By it you have risen. To it was promised a throne. Through me you have accomplished it; part from me and you fall. Yes, fall to die in sorrow, neglect and exile! Remember this, Napoleon, and remember these words when it is too late to recall the act that no words of mine can prevent."

Napoleon gazed almost in terror at her who stood like a prophetic gazette with eyes of fire upon the heavens, and then with a heart clouded almost to sickness, he turned away and left the room without a word.

Ten days passed before he had nerve to strike the blow that broke the golden chain that bound them, and from that moment, as he afterward confessed at St. Helena, the fall of Napoleon began, till he died a broken-hearted exile upon an island in mid-ocean.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SOCIAL SKETCHES—No. 2.

MISS GADDE.

MISS GADDE is cousin-german to Miss GADDE. What is wanted in Miss GADDE is found in Miss GADDE. Miss GADDE has a "world of relations." She can trace her ancestral thread where only she can see it, and prove, to a mathematical certainty, that she is nearly connected with all the "first folks" in the village. Miss GADDE is never at home. If you wish to see her, go anywhere else than there, to find her. Should you chance to meet her in the street, she rushes up to you, all out of breath, and, after a pump-handle hand-shake, manages to articulate that "she had just been to see Cousin SMITH's folks, —hadn't seen them for an age,—shameful neglect, but her relations were so exacting." Miss GADDE is a lady of limited means, in fact she has no visible means of support. Examine her wardrobe, and you will find a motley array of articles, to which every relative and friend has paid a forced contribution. Hide your *new things* when you hear her coming, or her first remark will be,—"I thought you had worn that unbecoming garment about long enough. By the way, I want just such an old thing to throw on of a morning when it rains, and as you don't value it, I'll take it out of your sight." Off is Miss GADDE, in the twinkling of an eye, with the coveted article, to tell some neighbor how generous you are, and to hint that something of hers was required to complete the suit. Miss GADDE is not suffered to be wholly useless. The village people make a sort of social telegraph of her, hence a better "posted up" town than ours it would be difficult to find. But Miss GADDE is a bore. I'm sorry to confess it, yet I'm constrained to add that if a female missionary to the Feejee Islands were called for, our village would cast a unanimous vote for Miss GADDE to go. Poor Miss GADDE!

AUNT KATURAH.

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.

THE active habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed necessity, and if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage, that "Idleness, is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged, or if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing. They should keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of the fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.—*Selected.*

AUSTRIAN VENGEANCE.—A Vienna journal relates a droll story. A young man who was paying assiduous court to the wife of a dyer, had the misfortune to be caught by the enraged husband, who called his workmen about him, and without any ceremony, the gallant was plunged into a cauldron prepared for imparting a true blue color to various fabrics. In a second the unfortunate youth had acquired such a tint he dared not appear in public. His friends implored the dyer to restore the poor fellow to his natural hue; but the pitiless answer was, "It is impossible. He is a beautiful color, and all I can do for him is to change him to a green or violet?"

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
SLIDING DOWN HILL.

BY GENE FRATT.

As I sit looking out of my window to-day,
At the boys on the hill-side so busy at play,
And hear their wild laugh, and the whistle and song,
Mingled ever with shouts as each sled glides along,
The phantom of care leaves my spirit awhile,
And I feel my mouth-corners relax for a smile.

There's the spirit of life, action, energy, joy,
Carried down on each sled in the shape of a boy;
And it quickens my pulses, as downward they glide
Mid clamor and tussle to get the best ride.
With sudden leap backward, fond mem'ry stands still,
When I am a child again, riding down hill.

"Hurrah! for the fellow that gets down hill first,—
Clear the track there, young Slow-poke, your snail-trap I'll burst."

Get on here who wants to; come BILLY or ED,
We'll go the cigars on my bully old sled!"
"You will eh? Look here boys," says wide-awake
JIM,

"I'll pass him so quick it will make his head swim."

And on with a banter, a shout, and a bound,
The sleds, side by side, whizzing over the ground,
Come bump on a fence-rail, laid square on the track,
By sly little "Slow-poke," just on his way back.
"Look out there young man, or we'll tan your shoe-leather."

And over they tangle like fish-worms together;—
Forgetting the banter they had with each other,
So eagerly chasing up hill for another.

And so they seem willing to spend the whole day,
With zeal unabated, and spirits as gay.
Only one or two timid ones, coming to grief,
Go home with the *boo-hoo* of ready relief—
Go home to escape the rude taunts of the stronger,
Whose fingers and toes can bear the cold longer.

I wonder if night, with its still hours so blest,
Will not find them weary, and willing to rest?
It may be, yet doubtless they'll say "It's too bad to;"
For boys never yet went to bed 'till they had to.

Well boys, glide away in your unconscious gladness;
I'll not chill your joy with my visions of sadness,
But leave you still striving to fill to the brim
The gold-cup of happiness ere it grow dim.

As I turn from the window to face life again,
I still see the boy in each effort of men.
There's as much noise and banter, and struggle each day;—

There's the race started fair,—and the *rail in the way*;
Then the tumble together of friend, foe, and brother,
The long pull up hill in fond hopes of—another.

There's the timid and weak, early weary of strife,
Turning tearful away from "first lessons" of life.
There's the same reckless zeal till the day is full past;
And foolish reluctance to leave it at last.

O! children of men, why not pause in our play,
Ere the sun has gone down on our life's winter day;
Ere the vigor and pride of our spirit is wasted,
In striving for that which brings fever when tasted?
For Earth's fairest hopes disappear when we clasp—
Like apples of Sodom—but dust in the grasp.

"Quaker City," Ind.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

STUDIES FROM NATURE.

It is surprising, considering the number of people yearly born into life upon this planet, how very few of the myriads are really furnished with eyes and ears. They have the outward appendages, but not the inward sense. "Seeing they do not perceive, and hearing they do not understand."

No half dozen persons in any community note the different aspects of the sky at different seasons, or could say whether the sunrises are similar in appearance during summer and winter, or at which season they are most beautiful. Few people know that the varieties of clouds have particular names, or that any hint of the weather can be gained from the prevalence of either variety, except certain unmistakable blacks, which the veriest child comprehends as types of storm.

Farmers walk over the same plant daily in summer, and unless they find it growing troublesome to their husbandry, never examine its structure, or even know its name; thousands of farmers' wives and daughters, who have spent their lives surrounded by forests, scarcely know the common trees and wild shrubs, and are quite as ignorant of the names of the wild flowers; have never noticed the peculiar growth of the ferns, or the beauty of mosses and lichens.

It is a prevalent opinion that winter is an altogether unlovely season, only endurable because of the amusements and holidays which accompany it; yet, some of the most beautiful sights that Nature affords are presented by the aid of snow and ice. A year this past winter I saw in the Empire State two landscapes, or more properly snowscapes, that surpassed all summer sights. One was caused by the first snow, which fell while yet the gorgeous-hued leaves of early autumn decked the boughs. ALADDIN'S wondrous lamp could not have conjured up a scene to vie in magnificence with that which met the eye when the sun shone down upon the night's work. The branches of the trees were bent in the most graceful curves by the weight of the pure whiteness, here and there gleamed out single leaves or small boughs of mingled red and yellow, protruding blades of grass and fallen leaves broke up the uniformity of the white upon the ground, and the rays of the sun, and the almost cloudless blue of the sky, bending dome-like over all, finished the matchless picture.

Another charming scene was made by the sudden congelation of falling rain upon every object it had touched, every twig to the most minute, the weeds and brambles of the fields, stray stalks of Indian corn, long bending blades of wild grass, were glistening with radiance surpassing the diamonds. From every fence and house-cornice depended long, gleaming spears of crystal, and as the glorious sunlight here and there gleamed them into rubies and amethyst,

the very angels might have turned from the glories of heaven to behold the glories of earth.

Trees in winter are thought by most people unsightly objects, only esteemed because of the cooling shade expected of them; but even the bare, brown boughs are beautiful to those whose eyes and senses are educated to perceive the beauty of form. Look at any tree undeformed by the art or abuse of man or ravages of animals, note the symmetrical arrangement of the limbs arising from the main stem and the regularity, without stiffness, of the balancing branches, view a fine oak or maple as the boughs stand out against the blue of the sky; and if you see, no beauty there, and receive no pleasure from the contemplation, be sure your eye is not educated thoroughly to appreciate Nature.

It is true, winter is the foil to bring out in deeper relief the beauty of summer and autumn; yet, though the glorious radiance of the gem be wanting, the exquisite workmanship of the setting should win admiration. I believe there is no beauty of Nature so constantly ignored and so slightly appreciated as the sky—though it combines the dome-form (a favorite in Nature as in the spreading tree and shrub or invested in lily-bells and various flowers,) with a soft but gorgeous color, lighted up by the peerless brilliancy of the sun, and the milder rays of moon and stars, varied continually by cloud-forms, which the most exuberant earthly imagination could not contrive. Yet how few are they who delight and rejoice in the splendor of the "Upper Deep." The world is full of beauty, but our eyes are sealed; if we would but turn from the "dim paths of life" to Nature and "consider the lilies," how much more of the joyousness and innocence of youth we should retain to lighten us over the rugged paths that lead to the Beyond.

AMILIE P.

MEN FOR THE AGE.

PERSONAL purity, inner cleanness and sanctity of life are matters not to be dispensed with in a reformer. The eye with the beam is not of sufficient cleanness to detect the mote. The lip of the impure is too feeble to be effective in the cause of virtue. The mote and offensive hand will be claimed by those who have larger blemishes, as evils of no consequence. Although there may be something in the adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief," the thief would be but a sorry teacher of the man after he was caught. He would be too likely to recognize him as a persecuted brother of his own order. With such aid alone one might pray for the unlimited reign of goodness in the subjection of evil forever, and be no nearer to the answer of the desires of the righteous. We want whole-souled men to help us—those who have wills to work, and hands swift to relieve the wants of the poor and needy—men with minds to devise and strength to do. None of your dead lions. We have had enough of them in those literary, religious boasters who have been strong and scholarlike in language, but very feeble in what is far better, a whole heart for the true and the right. Those who have made fewer professions, and lived uprightly, have done infinitely more for us. Indeed, our lion labor has been invariably against us, for, notwithstanding some have been convinced by it of the unsoundness of an *ism*, more have been frozen up in its want of the life and love of the good and holy. The confession of error is but the beginning of repentance. It is not only our duty to convince of wrong, (in doing this the work is only half done) we want to initiate the convinced into the right. A smart man in argument can do the first, but it takes a good man to do the last.—*Rev. T. J. Tenney.*

CHANGE CHIPS.

At a young ladies' seminary a few days since, during an examination in history, one of the most promising pupils was interrogated:—"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the prompt reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull."

CHARLES LAMB, sitting next a chattering woman at dinner, observing he didn't attend to her, "You don't seem," said the lady, "to be at all the better for what I am saying to you!" "No, ma'am," he answered, "but this gentleman on the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear and went out at the other!"

"Oh, kiss me and go," said the maid of my heart,
And proffered her lips as my pay to depart;
"The morn is approaching, my mother will know,
My kindest and dearest, oh, kiss me and go!"
She gave me the blessing in such a sweet way,
That the thrill of its pleasure enticed me to stay;
So we kissed till the morning came in with its glow,
For she said every moment, "Oh, kiss me and go!"

In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with his pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard; yet it is never so delicious, so tranquil, as after a day on which one has performed some good act, or where one is conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

DIogenes, being asked which beast's bite was the most dangerous, replied:—"If you mean wild beasts, 'tis the slanderer's; if tame ones, the flatterer's."

On a pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I'm very sad, you see," he replied, "Oh, no, you belong to the other Jewish sect—you are very fair, I see."

LET us love little children; they are the delicate flower-gods of a soon fading Eden.

"LORD BYRON, in reference to a lady he tho't ill of, writes:—"Lady—has been dangerously ill; but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again."

A GOOD way to "kill time,"—sleigh it. Yes, sleigh without distinction of age or sex.

INDEMNITY for the past—pay up. Security for the future—pay down.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
INVOCATION.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

SPRIT of Purity,
Oh, tarry thou with me
And mould each act, each word and tho't inspire;
Consume with flaming breath,
Where'er it lingereth,
What is not thine, and dwell in each desire.

And tarry thou with me,
Oh, Christian Charity,
That judgeth not but thinketh always well;
Art kind; dost suffer long
Hoping what seemeth wrong
May yet be right:—forever in me dwell.

And thou, Humility!
Oh, tarry too with me,
Make thine abode forever in my breast,
Fling to the wind each thought
That comes not, as it ought,
From thee alone:—so shall this life be blest.

Oh, Spirit all Divine!
Wilt thou be also mine
And fill my being with thy holy light?
Give me that panoply
Which conquers victory,
And plume my spirit for its upward flight.

Earnest of Heavenly Rest:
Oh! tarry in my breast,
While round my bark the billows break and foam
Till, in the dawning light
Faith shall be lost in sight,
And hope be realized in yon bright home.

Spirits on whom I call!
Then will I claim ye all.
Not then, as now, will claim you for my guests,
But when from prison freed,
Ye shall be mine indeed,
And naught shall lure or drive you from my breast.
Stephen's Mills, Stenben Co., N. Y.

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

We are to witness to the truth, power, and sweetness of religion; to the goodness, holiness, and faithfulness of God. We are to witness to the world by our spirit, testimony and conduct. We are to witness to poor, doubting, fearful souls. Our witness should be borne with courage, constancy, and love. Our testimony should be from experience. Do we know the Lord? Do we daily experience the power of truth in our hearts? Does it free us from slavish fear, the love of the world, and the dominion of sin? Can we say, We have known and believed the love which God hath to us—God is love? Are we saying to those around us, "O, taste and see that the Lord is good; there is no want to them that fear him?" Suppose we should be called to bear witness before judges or kings, in the prison or at the stake, how would it be with us then? Could we witness that God is good and gracious; that he is enough to make us happy if he were to stripe us as he did Job, or try us as he did Paul? He says, "Ye are my witnesses." Isaiah xliii. 12.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day!
I would Thy daily witness be,
And prove that I am one with Thee.
—*Smith's Daily Remembrancer.*

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

THE Church of Christ was designed to represent him on earth, and to minister to all the moral needs of the human race. Her work, then, is not done when she sends out preachers and teachers; when she exhibits sacraments and liturgies; when she sets up churches at home and mission stations abroad. She must grope her way into the alleys and courts and purlieus of the city, and up the broken stair-case, and into the bare room, and beside the loathsome sufferer. She must go down into the pit with the miner, into the forecastle with the sailor, into the tent with the soldier, into the shop with the mechanic, in the factory with the operative, into the field with the farmer, into the counting-room with the merchant. Like the air, the Church must press equally on all the surfaces of society; like the sea, flow into every nook of the shore-line of humanity; and like the sun, shine on things foul and low as well as fair and high, for she was organized, commissioned, and equipped for the moral renovation of the world.—*Bishop Simpson.*

BUSINESS MEANS OF GRACE.

INSTEAD of business becoming a feeder to covetousness, under the promptings of nature, it must become a stimulus to benevolence, under the promptings of grace. Dr. Hawes, in his biography of Normand Smith, a merchant in his congregation, says he never grew in grace more rapidly, or shone brighter as a Christian, than during the last six or seven years of his life, when he had the greatest amount of business on his hands. From the time when he devoted all to God, and resolved to pursue his business as a part of his religion, he found no tendency in his worldly engagements to chill his piety or enchain his affections to earth. His business became to him a means of grace, and helped him forward in the divine life, just as truly as reading the Scriptures and prayer. He was a shining example of one who is "diligent in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord."

THE fireside is a school of importance; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

Various Topics.

DANCING AND WHIST PLAYING.

LOOK at dancing—one of the most healthful, the most civil, the most delightful, and the most beautiful of amusements—singularly adapted to the vitality, activity, and high spirits of the young, and greatly conducive to ease of manner, grace of carriage, and suavity of address yet put under ban by whole communities, on the most frivolous pretexts. Some honestly think it wrong. Why? Not in its essence—nobody thinks it is wrong in itself—but “because it leads to dissipation.” But it does not lead to dissipation. It leads away from dissipation. There is whist—a game that can find employment for the closest attention, the minutest observation, the strongest memory, and the soundest reasoning, yet of so wide a sweep that it can interest and delight a child of ten. Whole communities look upon this, too, as a snare of the devil to entrap souls. Why? Not because it is wrong of itself, “but it leads to gambling.” It leads away from gambling.

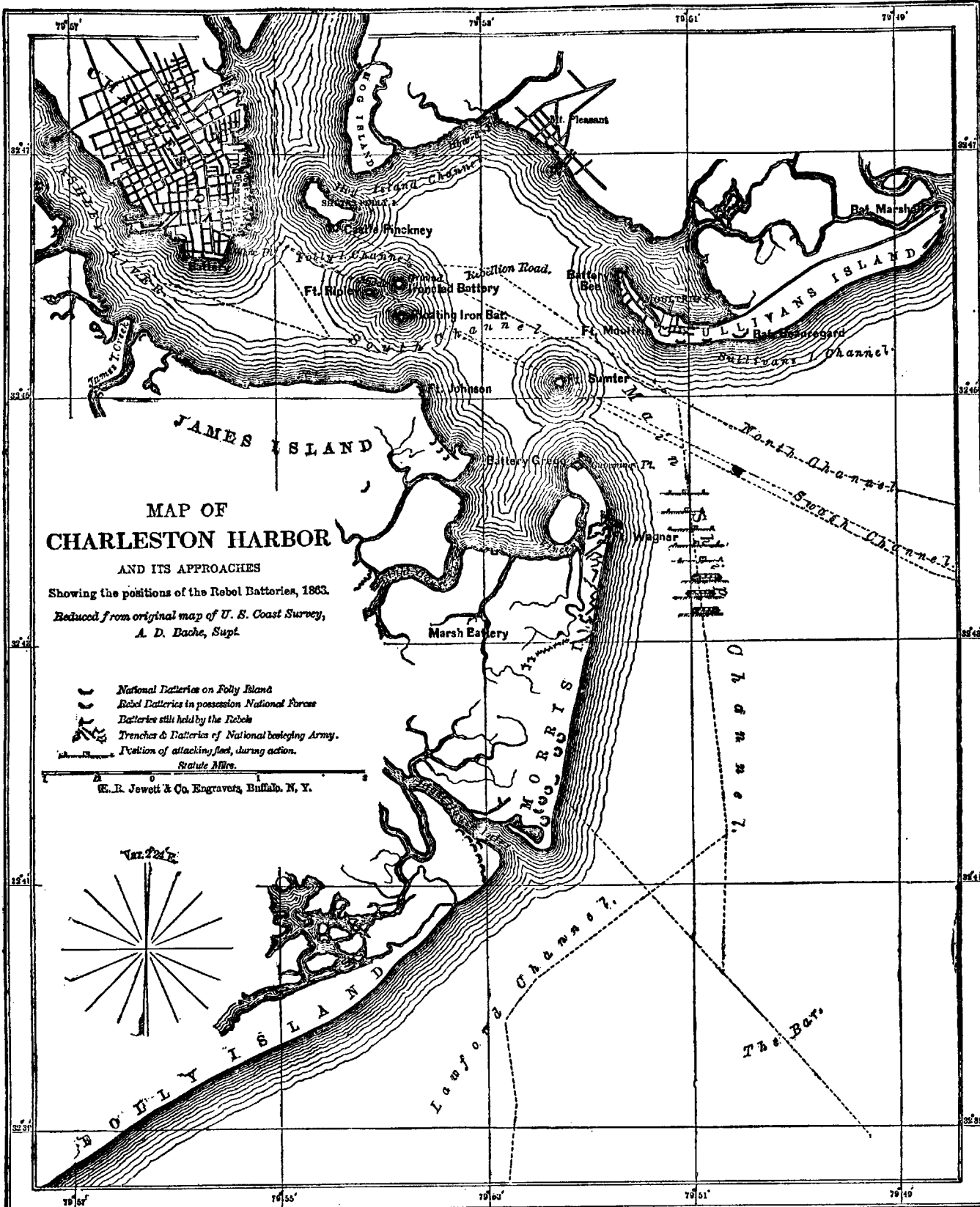
Christians are verily guilty in this matter. Multitudes believe and avow that dancing is not wrong, but they will not countenance it because many do think it wrong, and the many who do, think it not wrong in itself, but dangerous in its associations and tendencies. It is an amusement in which the World indulges, and therefore the church must give it up. Absurd! Let Christian families adopt it, not covertly, apologetically, as many do, but honestly and openly, and its associations will very soon come round right. An innocent thing will not long be held disreputable after reputable people have taken it up. No matter if the World does talk about a “dancing Church” and a “card-playing Christian.” The world monopolizes the best of everything. Let them understand that the Church is not to be fended from any occupation or amusement that she judges wholesome because the world chooses to hoist the red flag of disease. Let the Church do a thing because it is right, not because the world will pat it on the shoulder and say, “Good child, good child.” Let the child abstain from an act because it is wrong, not because if she does it, the World will say, “Behold thou art become as one of us.” It is disgraceful bondage—an insult to Christ. His cause does not want the patronage of the World. If it cannot stand on its own intrinsic value, let it topple over. Moreover, the Christianity that can be distinguished from worldliness only by its acceptance or rejection of dancing is a very insignificant article. Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven. Be so humble, so devout, so sincere, so honest, so hopeful, so faithful a Christian, that the World, the flesh and the Devil shall say, “Dancing cannot be wrong, for he dances.” You can hardly read your title clear to mansions in the skies, you can hardly begin to live the Divine life, if men say, “He cannot be much of a Christian, for he dances.”—Gail Hamilton.

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP.

THE great point to be gained in order to secure sleep is escape from thought, especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought which in most cases of wakefulness has possession of the mind. I always effect this by the following simple process:—“I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or left, or downwards, as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision around in their sockets, and continue doing thus until I fall asleep, which occurs generally within three minutes—always within five at the most. The immediately effect of this procedure differs from that of any other I have ever heard to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this I have endeavored, innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around my mind was blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would; let him pause just here and make it. I venture to assure him that, if he makes it in good faith in the manner described, the promise of “a penny for his thoughts,” or for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effects, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties is removed; it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields.—Selected.

LEARNING AS A BREAD-WINNER.

MEN have wondered how, in a country such as China, where the tone of morality is low and the government is corrupt, education should have such honors and privileges attached to it, that it forms the sole means of rising into place and affluence. The true secret of the matter is to be read in the fact that China, with its three hundred millions of inhabitants, is the most populous country on the face of the earth. Ignorance, therefore, cannot be tolerated in China; and knowledge, including, as a matter of course a thorough acquaintance with the arts by which men live, is at a premium there. However unacquainted with what most nobles man, the Chinese cannot be left ignorant of how—to use their own homely phrase—“men are to get their rice.” Were the case otherwise, they



MAP OF CHARLESTON HARBOR AND ITS APPROACHES

Showing the positions of the Rebel Batteries, 1863. Reduced from original map of U. S. Coast Survey, A. D. Bauche, Supt.

National Batteries on Folly Island. Rebel Batteries in possession National Forces. Batteries still held by the Rebels. Trenches & Batteries of National Army. Position of attacking fleet, during action. Statue Office.

E. L. Jewett & Co. Engravers, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHARLESTON HARBOR AND ITS APPROACHES.

CHARLESTON has fallen! The same grand old flag which ANDERSON refused to surrender to rebels floats over Fort Sumter—the same flag upon which the first gun of Secession was fired. The authority of the United States is re-established over the birth-place of Secession and Rebellion. And, behold! the vaunting hotspots of South Carolina did not make it their Last Ditch! Hurray for SHERMAN and his glorious army of Brave Boys in Blue!

Almost directly north of Savannah, Georgia, and north-west of Charleston sixty or seventy miles, on the South Carolina Railroad connecting Charleston with Augusta, Ga., and at the junction of another road connecting these two cities with the Capital of South Carolina, Columbia, is Branchville. Here it was supposed Gen. BEAUREGARD would dispute the progress of Gen. SHERMAN. But Branchville fell without a fight, thus destroying one of Charleston's connections with the outer world. Still further north, and a little west, is Columbia, and a little east of it is Kingsville Junction on the Santa River. SHERMAN seems to have taken both these places without opposition. North-east of Kingsville, and nearly north of Charleston, is Florence, another railway center, for which it is apparent SHERMAN is marching, and which,

when reached, cuts off Charleston from railroad communication north with Wilmington. It is apparent that the certainty that SHERMAN was marching toward Florence, induced the evacuation of Charleston, and insures to us South Carolina without a fight—gives to the haughty Southrons proof of their own impotency. It is probable our readers, during the four years gone, have studied well Charleston and its approaches; but it will be gratifying to look at what SHERMAN's army have given us to rejoice over this 133d Anniversary of the Birth of WASHINGTON, on which day this paragraph is written.

If investors are in doubt as to what form of investment will ultimately bring the largest return, a sufficient reason for taking the 7-30 Notes will be found in the fact that Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, and the other Agents of the Government, as well as the various Banks and Bankers throughout the country, are selling these notes for the Government, and that the money so invested is not only securely and profitably invested, but goes immediately into the National Treasury to assist the Government in promptly paying our brave boys in the field, and putting the finishing blows into the hateful rebellion. All patriotic Banks and Bankers in this vicinity have the notes on hand for sale, or will order them from Messrs. Fisk & Hatch, for such of our readers as may desire to avoid the trouble of direct correspondence.

LIBERALITY IS THE ECONOMY OF STATES.

The following eloquent and truthful passage from Gov. Andrews' message, commends itself to the attention of legislators:

“Liberality toward all institutions of science and art which develop the mind and foster civilization is our highest interest and must be our welcome duty. A Commonwealth which spends freely, if wisely, in unfolding its material resources by artificial improvements, by cultivating the intellectual capacities of its people, by encouraging the ingenious to experiment, the aspiring to try their wings, and the studious to divine the mysteries of knowledge, must, of necessity, be prosperous and great. In such things to be mean is to be poor, to be generous is to be rich. That which is only economy when applied to an individual, whose enterprise must be bounded by the opportunities of a single lifetime and a limited fortune, becomes narrow and short-sighted when applied to States having all the combined opportunities and powers of millions of people, of all their possessions, and of unlimited duration of time.”

THE POPULAR SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

Messrs. FISK & HATCH, the well-known Bankers and Government Loan Agents, at 38 Wall Street, New York, advertise to receive orders for the popular 7-30 loan. This is emphatically the “People's Loan,” and should attract the attention of Banks, Bankers and Capitalists, and of every man or woman who has Fifty Dollars or more to invest throughout the country. The convenient form in which these notes are issued; the ease with which the interest may be calculated—being one cent a day on each \$50; the facility with which it may be collected—the notes having semi-annual coupons attached, which may be cut off when due and sold at little or no discount to any bank or banker; the convertibility of the notes, at the option of the holder, after August 15th, 1867, in Gold-bearing Five-Twenty Bonds, all combine to render the 7-30 Notes a most desirable investment.

The Reviewer.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE CALIFORNIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY during the year 1863.

THIS is the first report of the Society since it was put under the control of the State Board of Agriculture. This report in addition to interesting details of the transactions of the Society, contains valuable papers, among which we notice one on Sheep Husbandry in California by JAMES E. PERKINS, Secretary of California Wool Growers' Association; The Fence Question, by WILSON FLINT, in which the policy of requiring stock to be fenced, instead of fenced against, is urged; an Essay on the Culture of the Vine, by WM. DANIELS, which is apparently one of the most practical papers in the report; another on the same subject by Dr. J. STEINWITZ, nearly or quite as good; on the Culture and Curing of Tobacco in California, by THOMAS EDWARDS; Essay on Mildew, by Judge WM. DANIELS; Mining Review for 1863, &c., &c. We value this report highly. It contains much that will interest all who desire to know more of the Golden State.

MYSTERIES OF BEE-KEEPING EXPLAINED: Being a complete analysis of the whole subject, consisting of the Natural History of Bees, Directions for obtaining the greatest amount of surplus honey with the least possible expense, remedies for losses given, and the science of “Lack” fully illustrated—the result of more than thirty years' experience in extensive apiaries. Ninth edition, containing directions for using the movable combs of L. L. LANGSTROTH. By M. QUINBY. Practical Bee-keeper. New York: William Wood & Co.

We have great respect for the opinions of Mr. QUINBY on any subject connected with bee-keeping; and this work before us contains a large amount of information which must be of great practical value to the bee-keeper—especially the inexperienced. Mr. Q.'s thirty year's experience and observation is most valuable as recorded here. Would that every practical man, in the different departments of industry, would record the results of his observation and experience in his business as concisely and completely for the benefit of those who follow him in it. His life would not have been spent in vain then, and his successors would lose less time in acquiring what he could have given them. All men, engaged in specialties, ought to remember this. The world would better if they acted upon it.

Reading for the Young.

CALLING THE CHILDREN.

CALLING them “Freddy,” and “John,” and “Paul” As only a mother her children can call; Musical cadences all through her speech, That a love so tender alone can teach, Something so loving, and lingering too, In the “John,” and “Freddy,” and “Paul, come, do.” As to her bidding for dinner or rest, Each one is gathered in turn to her breast.

Then looking them over, as divers do pearls, Smoothing one's cheeks and another one's curls, Taking the brown, soiled hands in her own, A whip out of this palm, from that one a stone, Drawing from pockets of corpulent girth, With outward remonstrance, with inward mirth, Potatoes for pop-guns—a bottle of flies— Twine, balls and whistles, and two dirt-pies.

Redeemed from the soil of the street, and anew Clothed in fresh aprons, and trowsers, too! Tangles brushed out of the silken floss, That rings and ripples in golden gloss; Striving with eager and innocent heed For mother's approving “Well done, indeed!” Mother, and Freddy, and Paul, and John, Make the sweetest picture to look upon.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. YOUNG “GENTLEMEN.”

Isn't it surprising how many “gentlemen” we see now-a-days. I saw a young man going to church last Sunday; he was neatly dressed, his hands were well gloved, but I knew at a glance that he was not a “gentleman.” Do you want to know why? He had no cigar. A little while afterward I saw two young men walking along; they were dressed in nice black broadcloth, their hair frizzled in the latest and most approved style, and their hats put on one side of their head. I knew at once that they were “gentlemen.” What if they did take the inside of the walk, and thereby nearly crowd a lady off?—they each had a cigar, so they were surely “gentlemen.”

I know that some one has said that no true gentleman will smoke; but that is an old-fashioned idea, for every one of sound judgement, in this enlightened day of the world, knows that no true “gentleman” will be without a cigar, or what is still better, a pipe.

Some one else has said that the reason young ladies don't cook, is because they are afraid of soiling their hands. Of course, we all know that. It is just as important for young ladies to have white hands, (especially if they own a piano,) as it is for young gentlemen to have cigars.

Go down town almost any day and you may see plenty of “gentlemen.” Perhaps their collars may be soiled and their faces flushed, and may be, if you pass quite near them, their breath may smell rather suspiciously; yet do not for a moment doubt that they are gentlemen if they have cigars. And then you often see them seated on a comfortable seat at a concert, with a lady standing near them. And when the curtain drops they begin to whistle. What if there are ladies near, that don't make any difference; if they don't like the noise they can go some where else.

In fact, girls, how thankful we ought to be, that we live in these days of true politeness and of true “gentlemen.” MAUDE MAT.

THE OWL THAT WROTE A BOOK.

THE owl wrote a book to prove that the sun was not full of light; that the moon was in reality much more luminous; that people had been in a mistake about it, and the world was quite in the dark on the subject.

“What a wonderful book!” cried all the night-birds, and it must be right; our lady the owl having such very large eyes; of course she can see through all the mists of ignorance.

“Very true,” cried the bats; “she is right, no doubt. As for us we cannot see a blink, the moon and the sun are alike to us, and for anything we know there is no light in either; so we go over in a body to her opinion.”

And the matter was buzzed about till the eagle heard of it. He called the birds around him, and looking down on them from his rocky throne, spoke thus:

“Children of the light and of the day, beware of night-birds! Their eyes may be large but they are so formed they cannot receive the light, and what they cannot see they deny the existence of. Let them praise moon-light in their haunts; they have never known anything better; but let us who love the light, because our eyes can bear it, give glory to the great fountain of it, and make our boast of the sun while we pity the ignorance of the poor moon worshippers, and the sad lot of those who live in darkness.”

“PRAISE is not worth much,” says a German writer, “and I always take care when I am its object to receive it as a pleasant sensation, as metal which has not been assayed, and, if I do not use caution, as very probably a source of injury. Praise should always be considered a free-will offering, rather than as a deserved reward.”

IGNORANCE.—Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, inasmuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know everything.

If a teacher makes an assertion to you on any topic suggested by your studies, ask him why it is so—how he knows it to be so. If he cannot give a reason that satisfies your mind of his correctness, do not believe him because he asserts it and is your teacher. Think for yourselves.

