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MOORE'S

RURAL NEW-YORKER

AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

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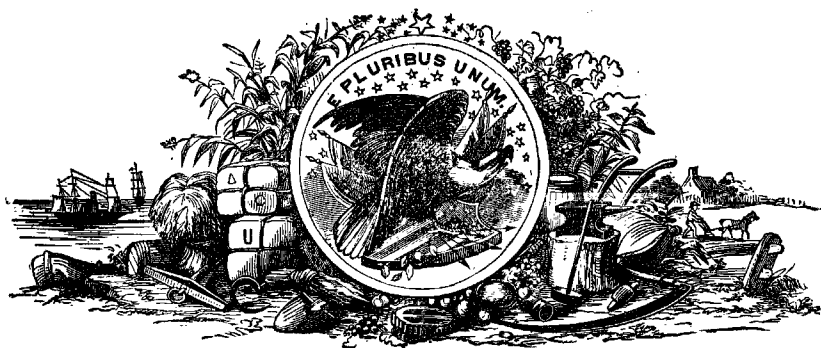
HOME INTERESTS OF BOTH COUNTRY AND TOWN RESIDENTS,

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AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS AND SCIENCES, DOMESTIC AND RURAL ECONOMY, LITERATURE,

EDUCATION. GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, &C., &C.

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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

VOLUME XII, 1861.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT ROCHESTER, NEW YORK,

BY D. D. T. MOORE, OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, BUFFALO STREET.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.]

VOL. XII. NO. 1.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

{WHOLE NO. 573.

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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently instructive and entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

FOR TERMS AND OTHER PARTICULARS, see last page.

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AGRICULTURAL.

VOLUME XII—INTRODUCTORY.

For the twelfth time it becomes our duty to invite an introductory article for a New Year and Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER—and the present one must be penned very hastily, amid the cares, labors and constant interruptions of the busiest season we have experienced in over twenty years of journalism. Hence, if we fall short of your expectations, reader—if we offer nothing original, striking, eloquent, or otherwise worthy the occasion—please bear in mind that what you now read is the crude production of one whose brain and physical energies have been overtaxed by constant labor, and the frequent and unavoidable demands attendant upon the enlargement and improvement of the Contents and Appearance of this Journal. Indeed, if you have ever demolished a long-cherished dwelling and constructed upon its site a new and modern edifice—being very particular to have the latter a decided improvement, internally and externally—you can perhaps, to some extent, appreciate the ordeal through which we have recently passed; though (having experienced both vexatious labors,) we think the rebuilding and enlargement of a house an easy task compared with the reconstruction and expansion of a newspaper, the entire material being new, and the time for the revolution limited to a few days instead of several months. In one case the skill and labor of masons, carpenters, painters, &c., are employed in succession, and if mistakes are made, days and weeks can be occupied, if necessary, in making amends;—but in the other, the science, handwork and power of type-founders, paper-makers, writers, engravers, printers, pressmen and steam-presses, must be brought into requisition nearly at the same time, while no day can be permitted in any department. And if there is a "failure to connect" here and there (and such things are unavoidable in a provincial town, even in the Metropolis of Western New York,) resort must frequently be had to the telegraph wires (the mails being too slow) to "hurry up" this and that indispensable article. A, no!—building a new house on the ruins of an old one—or even getting married, and going to house-keeping for the first time—is no "circumstance" to the (vulgar parlance) "course of sprouts" to which we of the RURAL Office have been subjected during the past two weeks. But we are saying too much before we fairly begin what was intended to be included in this article.

In presenting the initial number of a new year and volume, our first and bounden duty is to tender sincere acknowledgments to each and all who have in any wise contributed to the remarkable success and prosperity of the RURAL NEW-YORKER—to the tens of thousands whose confidence, encouragement and support have enabled us to thus materially enlarge its pages and render its Style and Contents correspondingly tasteful, entertaining and valuable. Those to whom we are under obligations are numerous, and widely-scattered throughout this broad Union, (including the would-be Southern Confederacy) the Canadas, &c.,—indeed, over every civilized portion of the Western Continent—and therefore our acknowledgments must be somewhat Cosmopolitan in aspiration.

All who are familiar with the past course of this journal are probably so familiar with the platform to which it has uniformly adhered, that any declaration of principles would be superfluous in this connection—yet the many thousands whom we now address for the first time are entitled to an announcement of our aims and objects, and these we will give as concisely as possible, by repeating what we have said aforesaid, and in such other remarks as seem pertinent to the occasion. As we remarked, substantially, in commencing its eleventh volume, the first number of the RURAL NEW-YORKER was issued with full faith in the intelligence and wisdom of the RURALISTS of this happy land. We then resolved, whether success or failure, prosperity or adversity crowned our efforts, to furnish a journal devoted to

the dissemination of light and truth and the destruction of their opposites, and never permit a line to appear in its pages calculated to do evil, or cause a blush on the cheek of purity. Each year has added thousands to its readers and supporters (the best evidence of its merit and sterling value,) until now we can truly affirm there is no Agricultural and Family Journal in the world with so many warm, working friends—none with so long an array of subscribers, and none that is exerting an influence so large, wide, and beneficial. Commensurate with the progress of the RURAL has been the advancement of the Agricultural, Horticultural, and kindred Industrial Interests of the Country. All conversant with the history of the past eleven years are, however, aware that no equal period has developed such "Progress and Improvement" in the Art that feeds and clothes the world, and we need not dilate upon the subject. During this period farmers and their families have made rapid strides, and hosts of those now engaged in cultivating farms, orchards, or gardens, or in breeding or caring for any of the various useful domestic animals, are reading, thinking, studying, and communicating on the branches with which they are familiar. And it is to such men that the Agricultural Press of America is, to a large extent, indebted for its present prosperity and usefulness—for a circulation and power which is doing more to make the fortune of the People and Country than any other influence of equal expense.

In regard to the future of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we can only say to all subscribers (old, as well as those now being enrolled on our list,) that we shall endeavor to render it in all respects worthy its motto, "Excelsior," and a valiant advocate and promoter of the objects it has long sought to advance—"Progress and Improvement." With more space, a vast increase of subscribers, and greater facilities than ever before, we enter upon a new year and volume with augmented confidence that we shall be enabled to render this journal eminently beneficial to individuals and communities, and highly promotive of the best interests of the country. Embracing many important Departments, each of which we strive to make, in the course of a year, as complete as any distinct paper or book on the subject, the labor and expense bestowed upon the RURAL can hardly be realized by one unacquainted with journalism,—yet we hope to make its merits and value so manifest as to be appreciated by every careful reader. To make the whole paper valuable and acceptable, while its various parts shall be useful and complete, we employ the best talent, and that best adapted to the several departments. Indeed, as we have said on a similar occasion, our object from the commencement of the RURAL NEW-YORKER has not been to furnish either an Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary or News Journal,—but rather to combine all these, and thus present a paper unequalled in Value, Variety, and Usefulness of Contents. Our earnest desire has ever been to make it an honest, independent, reliable and eminently useful RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER—correct in its teachings on Practical Subjects, instructive and entertaining to members of the Family Circle, of high moral tone, and entirely free from deception and quackery, even in its advertising department. Such was our platform before the RURAL paid expenses, and it is the same now, when receiving an average (as we have for the past week) of about two thousand subscribers per day.

Appreciating our indebtedness to the thousands who have thus far seconded our efforts, and the increasing thousands who are now subscribing for and extending the circulation of this journal—augmenting its sphere of usefulness in school districts, hamlets, villages and cities throughout the States, Territories, and British Provinces—we enter upon the arduous and responsible labors and duties of a New Year and Volume in the hope of being able to discharge them with such fidelity as to merit a continuance of the confidence and support already so largely and generously accorded to the enterprise in which we are engaged.

A. L. SOCIETIES—ANNUAL MEETINGS.

As the Annual Meetings of most of the State, County, and Local Agricultural Societies are to be held during the ensuing few weeks, we beg to call the attention of Farmers, Horticulturists, Mechanics, Manufacturers, and all others interested in the proper management of such associations, to the importance of attending and participating in the proceedings on such occasions. Members who feel an interest in the prosperity and perpetuity of these Societies—who desire to see their reputation and usefulness maintained and increased—are especially bound to be present at the annual meetings, and speak and vote for such measures, and men for officers, as will further their views of right and progress in future management. And they should scrutinize the past action of managers—know what has been done, and at how great an expense. All officers worthy of their positions prefer to have members take this course, instead of omitting their duty and ignorantly complaining, or insinuating suspicions, that some things are not right—that money has been foolishly expended during the year, that this or the other man just elected a member of the board is not fit for the position, or that some other screw is loose in the management of the Society, or action at the annual meeting.

"The best time to pay money is when it is due," is a remark sometimes heard in financial circles—and

the best time to find fault about or with the management of associations is at meetings where the officers are present to render an account of their stewardship, and the books and other documents are open to investigation. As we remarked some months ago—in an article discussing the causes of the late retrogression of Agricultural Exhibitions—"there is too much selfishness manifested by members of Agricultural Societies. Most of the 'high private' neglect to attend the annual meetings, at which the officers are elected, and then complain either of the persons chosen, or the manner in which their duties are discharged. They seem to make grumbling a special business, and some are apt to imitate a certain army in Flanders if things do not square exactly with their individual notions. They give little and exact much. If they don't get the best premiums, or all for which they compete, the committees are *blessed*, while the whole board of managers find themselves in a hornet's nest. No matter how much time and money the managers devote to the discharge of their duties, they get little help or sympathy from those who consider it their privilege and duty to find fault. We fear the millennium will never come to officers of Agricultural Societies—for the more they strive to do their duty the more unhappy may be their lot on this mundane sphere. No doubt there are errors in the management of many Societies, but if those who complain of the sins of omission and commission, would attend the annual meetings and use their efforts to elect good men and true, and stand by them after election—instead of compelling a few men to do all the work and receive all the abuse as well as glory—there would be far less cause of complaint."

—We wish this subject could be brought home to all our readers interested—so that they may not only think but act thereupon. Agricultural Societies are now numerous throughout the country, having largely increased in numbers, influence and usefulness during the past few years, and regarded as great auxiliaries to improvement in the Rural, Mechanical and kindred Arts. Their design and professed objects have ever been laudable and noble, and many of the most intelligent and public spirited citizens have aided in their formation and successful continuance. Let them be maintained, and their popularity and usefulness augmented everywhere. This can only be done by seeing that they are properly managed—and the best time to correct errors, or institute reforms, is at the annual meetings, as already suggested.

THE DAIRY.—No. I.

In the articles which I may from time to time write upon this subject, it is not proposed to go into an elaborate disquisition upon the breeds of cattle, and the best grasses and their cultivation. Most of the region in this State properly adapted to this branch of farm husbandry, is already occupied by intelligent farmers. They have their cows, and pastures, and meadows; and their annual experience, and, above all, accumulation of capital, is tending to improve, rather than stand still or retrograde. Hints and suggestions may be given which will be of service, for there are a great variety of opinions, and diversity of practice, in all sections. There are good, bad, and indifferent dairymen; so there are good, better, and best among their products, the result generally of causes which it is their power to control, so that all, if they choose, can be among the best.

Dairying may be divided into three branches: Butter, Cheese, and Milk, and in one division or the other, they form the leading business of the farmers upon upwards of twenty of the twenty-six millions of acres in this State. Its importance may be inferred from the facts disclosed by the Census of 1855, which shows the whole number of cows to have been 1,068,427. The products of the year previous were as follows:

Butter	91,293,073 lbs.
Cheese	33,944,249 lbs.
Milk, sold	20,966,861 gallons.

These totals, large though they appear, do not by any means represent the aggregate of the cow's value to the farmer.

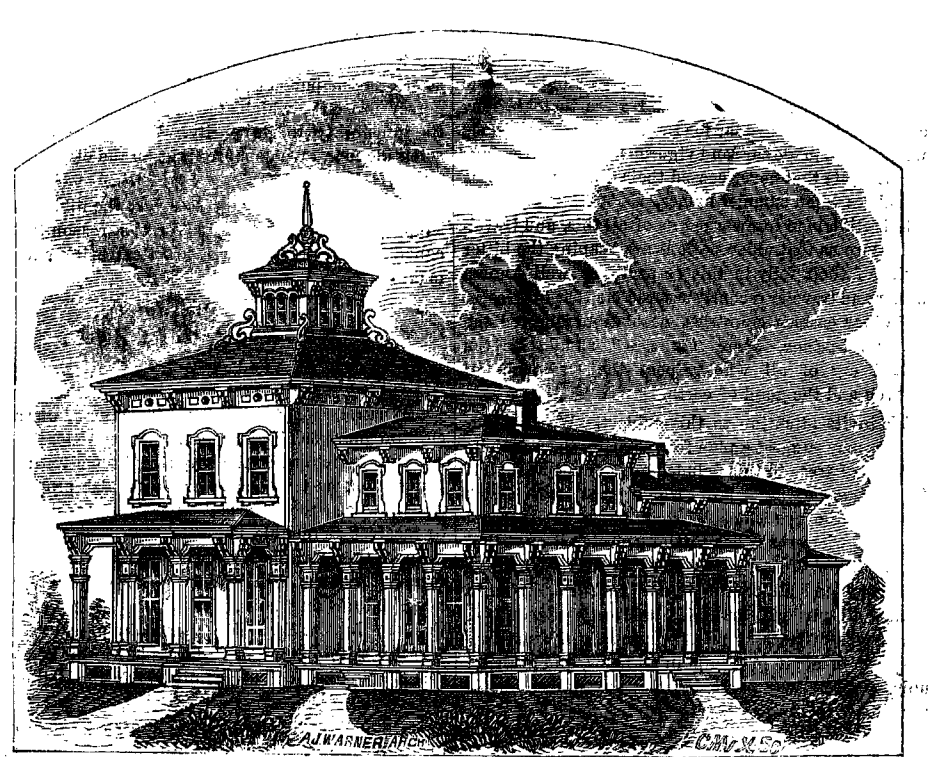
The experience of the best milk-men has shown that the average of cows will give 550 gallons of milk in a year; and 5 quarts of milk will make a pound of cured cheese, or 14 quarts will make a pound of butter. If we take cheese as the standard, and at 8 cents per pound,—the current rate for many years past,—then milk is worth to the farmer one and a half cents per quart at the lowest estimate, which would make the annual product from the cows \$35,268,091. In the best dairy regions, and among the best farmers, the cows produce over \$40 per head annually. The products of the dairy represented in the Census, therefore, do not convey the true value of the cow, because they merely refer to the amount sold, and not to that consumed in the family.

Compare it with other branches of farming, and we shall see how much more important the dairy is than all the grain grown in the State. Thus, in the same year there was raised:

	Bushels.	Value.
Indian corn	10,200,601	\$9,646,346
Winter wheat	7,069,049	8,828,511
Spring wheat	2,083,253	2,083,253

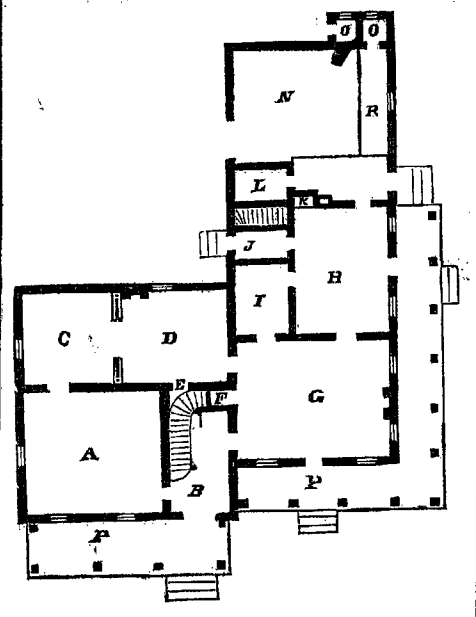
Total value of the three leading grain crops, \$20,558,110

In the further treatment of this subject I propose to consider the cow as a manufacturer of herbage into milk, and the various modes adopted to prepare the products of milk for market.



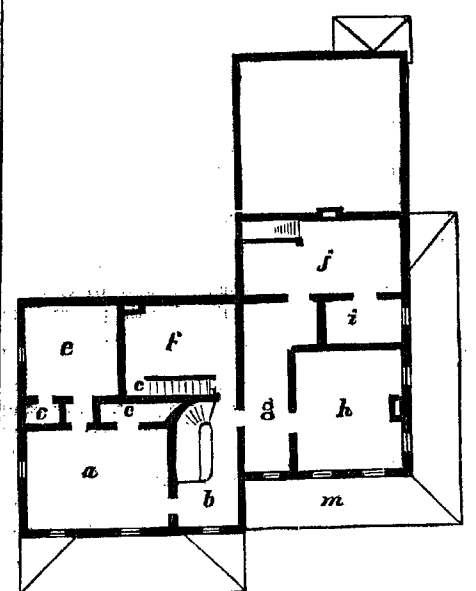
A WESTERN NEW YORK FARM HOUSE.

The accompanying engravings give a correct view of the elevation and the plans of a house just completed by EMMONS H. GIFFORD, Esq., of Ontario Co., N. Y., on his farm in Phelps. It was designed and the architectural drawings made by A. J. WARNER, Architect, of Rochester, N. Y., and built by RUEL TAYLOR, of Newark. The building is of wood with tin roof. The frame is filled in with brick, which renders it as warm as a brick building. The rooms are conveniently arranged, and sufficiently large. The house is well proportioned in every particular. The main building is 28 by 30 feet, with posts 25 feet high. The main wing is 20 by 23 feet, with posts 18 feet high. The other wing is 20 by 30 feet, with posts 13 feet high. The rooms on the principal floor of the main building and the sitting-room in the wing, are 10 feet in height. The kitchen and pantry 8½ feet. The rooms in the second story of the main building are 9 feet high, and those in the wing 7 feet. Nearly all the rooms are finished with butternut lumber, and varnished, giving the wood-work its natural appearance.



FIRST FLOOR.

A, Parlor—17½x17½ feet; B, Hall—9x14 feet; C, Bed Room—11x11 feet; D, Bed Room, or Nursery—11x15 feet; E, Closet; F, China Closet; G, Dining or Sitting Room—16x19½ feet; H, Kitchen—12½x16½ feet; I, Pantry—8½x10 feet; J, Hall; K, Sink; L, Meal Room; M, Platform; N, Wood House—14x19 feet; O, O, Water Closets; P, Piazzas; R, Walk, or passage way to Water Closets.



SECOND FLOOR.

a, Parlor Chamber—14x17½ feet; b, Hall—9x17½ feet; c, e, d, Closets; e, Bed Room—11x11 feet; f, Bath or Bed Room—9x15 feet; g, Hall—6½x22 feet; h, Library—12½x15 feet; i, Bed Room—8½x10 feet; j, Kitchen Chamber; m, m, Roofs of Piazzas.

The entrance to the attic and observatory is from the stairs in the bath-room. The slop drain from the house passes under the water-closets and from thence to the manure cellar. The parlor and front hall are heated by a furnace in the cellar. The entire cost of the building was three thousand dollars, and it is considered a very fine one for the money.

THE FORESTS.

MERCIFUL and munificent everywhere, and always, our Heavenly Father's goodness is conspicuous in the forests. With gorgeous tints, and ever varied forms of beauty, to please the eye and gratify the taste, they answer myriad purposes in the commerce and business of mankind.

The Oak, emblem of power, answers for strength and durability. The Cedar defies decay. The elastic Hickory yields and reconsider. The tall Ash of the lowlands, and the fruitful Chestnut, open to the wedge and make enduring fences. The Pine, a richer gift than emeralds,—strong light, durable, fit for the mast of a mighty ship, or the delicate mouldings of a ducal palace. Beech and Basswood, exact opposites; like diverse characters among men, fill their appointed places. The Walnut, Maple, Cherry, Rosewood, Mahogany, colored as exquisitely as RUBEN'S canvases, and bearing the diamond's polish, subserve the purposes of usefulness and ornament in the poor man's cottage and emperor's palace. Even the knotty excrescence is scooped into a bowl, or rounded into a maul.

In form, as in texture, the tree anticipates its uses. The bent ribs of the ship, and the tall flag-staff; the buttress of a vast edifice, and the willow of a ladies basket, were modeled for our convenience by Infinite Goodness and Wisdom.

Richer than the mines is the forest's wealth!—richer in other qualities than in those we have named. Furnishing, as it does, materials for our edifices, our ships, our implements and machinery, it performs a still higher office in the wondrous mechanism of our globe. This, however, will form the subject of another article. We will here only assert, in general terms, what science and experience have made evident, that forests exert a powerful influence upon climate, soil, productions, and, consequently, upon man himself.

It should have occurred to every one, long before this, that the fact that many trees were made, was proof that many trees were wanted. Where trees and shrubs were omitted by Nature's Architect, it was the symbol of desolation, the doom of barrenness, the disfranchisement of man,—a notice that the sin and the sword should reign there. Almost universally the favored portions of the earth,—the latitudes

where men love to dwell,—were bequeathed to them with a thick covering of trees. These are regarded by the majority of mankind as an innovation, a blunder, a mistake, a nuisance to be abated. The fact that they were put there by Him to whom all secrets are known, all causes and all consequences revealed, passes for nothing. We, who could never make a world, nor the smallest thing in it, feel competent to doctor one that is made! The original design, immaculate as the decree of God, is scarce inquired after,—and yet it is everything. There is Divine harmony when we have found out and followed that,—there is perpetual discord when we lose sight of "the ground plan" of God's universe.

Has our experiment of setting up for ourselves been so eminently successful as to encourage further experiments in that direction? Are we stronger, healthier, happier, than our progenitors when first created?

With a liberal belief in "progress," we are not going to make up faces at mankind. It can't be concealed, however, that human affairs are a good deal out of joint,—enough so to convince us that serious mistakes have been committed. Touching the subject in hand, we have hurricanes and tornadoes, extremes of heat and cold, withering drouths and desolating floods, directly traceable to the removal of the forests. All our old citizens know that where once the brook murmured through the year, and the ox feasted on luxuriant vegetation in winter months, the frosts, inexorable as doom, now hold in their iron grasp through successive months, the stream, the soil and its products. Where once furs and overcoats were never a necessity, the winds hold frequent carnival, and the driving storms are a terror and a plague to man and beast. Grains and grass that are now abandoned as too tender for the climate, when woods were plenty, made sure and vigorous growth. Springs and rivulets that never ceased their flow, are now dry as Sahara when summer comes.

Scientific men forewarned us of all this, and travelers assure us that older nations are reaping the bitter fruits of their folly in this respect. A well known writer and traveler recently assured me that in Greece, and other eastern countries, desolation followed the ax. "Woodman, spare that tree," should be the united cry of all who respect the Ordinance of Heaven and the good of earth.

We invite attention to this subject. We hope our friends may suggest a plan for restoring the requisite amount of trees to this deluded and denuded country. *Tree Associations*.—How would that do? *First*, Trees by the roadside. *Second*, Trees to intercept the wind wherever it has a "long stretch," or strikes hard. *Third*, Trees adjusted to prevent drift upon railroads, and all thoroughfares. *Fourth*, Trees to protect all gardens, grapevines, and orchards. *Fifth*, Barriercs of trees at regular intervals of from one-fourth to one-half of a mile in all fields, and prairies, unless specially protected by hills and mountain ranges. That's our motion,—who seconds it?—*W. T. S.*

RURAL NOTES BY S. W.

MY FRIEND, D. D. T. MOORE:—Who would have believed, a few short weeks ago, that even bellicose South Carolina would so soon succumb to our glorious Union, to suffer alone the penalty of so great a blunder? But, if generous treatment does not bring her back, and she commits no overt acts, she must, like Ephraim, be "let alone for a season," at least no man should "cast the first stone" who has indirectly participated in the profits of slave-grown cotton.

It is truly refreshing, at this time of panic and monetary derangement, to see, not only farmers, but their wives and daughters, and many villagers, coming into SMITH'S to renew their yearly subscriptions to the agricultural and city papers. It would do you good to see the rural females come in, and, without saying a word, walk up to the alphabetical pigeon-holes and take out their RURAL NEW-YORKER. The present mail will probably give you a material earnest that the new year's subscription to the RURAL will not be affected by hard times in fertile little Seneca. [Aye, friend SMITH has "reported progress"—sending over a hundred subscribers in his first letter.]

I well remember when, in the day of small things, almost every farmer who was asked to take an agricultural paper felt his infallibility insulted. But that day, like the dark ages, is past and gone I hope for ever and ever; and now every farmer (except him who believes that all he does not know is not worth learning, or ip the more comfortable doctrine, that "ignorance is bliss," not only takes the papers, but he feels that they are indispensable to his mental comfort and instruction.

Your reply to a correspondent who did not believe in composting manures was to the point. How can it be that any observant farmer has not discovered the very great benefit, both mechanical and chemical, of composting manure, as the true means of both increasing the quantity and adding to the value of the manure? I have often thought that farmers as a class were the most economical of men, and so they are in social expenditure; but in relation to the main chance, that which enriches the soil of their farms and gives them the remunerating crops, they are often more reckless and wasteful than almost any other class in community. I mean in the making, saving and application of manures. How often I have seen farmers hard at work hauling out barn-yard manure that had been both washed and fire-fanged until it did not contain one per cent. of nitrogen! A tithe of the labor now expended in loading and hauling such an inert mass, would have saved that manure with all its organic matter intact. No wonder so many farmers complain of the expense of feeding and fattening farm stock, when no systematic efforts are made to compost and make the most of the rich but wasting manure. I once asked a farmer what kind of farm stock he found most profitable. He replied, "My breeding sow. I sell her pigs at a few weeks old for roasters, at from \$2 to \$3 each, and the sow is so good a compost of dry peat and sea weed that she makes fifteen ox cart loads of manure in a year."

Waterloo, Xmas, 1890.

TILE FOR ROOFING.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I am not a practical writer, but am a practical brick and drain tile maker, and as such, by your leave, will give some ideas suggested to my mind by the communication of Wm. LYMAN, Esq., in a late number, on the subject of roofing tile. He says, "I am yet to believe that good sand and good clay well mixed, and brought to an incandescent or white heat," &c., "can admit, contain, or communicate moisture sooner than glass,"—and at a white heat, siliceous and alumina are fused, carbon is incorporated, and the compound is a vitrified mass, incapable of communicating moisture." All this is very true with regard to such materials as are commonly used in the manufacture of brick and tiles; but does not Mr. L. know that to heat a tile of the dimensions he proposes, viz., twenty-four by

eighteen inches, and five-eighths of an inch in thickness, to fusion—in other words to melt it—would certainly destroy its form? The comparison of the large platter is not a good one, for the reason that it is not sufficiently fused in baking to injure its form; and were it not for its glazing, would be as porous as a hard burned tile.

Raising the heat to just the right degree to make a tile impermeable to moisture, without at the same time warping or destroying its shape, or completely fusing it, is too difficult to be attempted by any of the present known methods of burning; and if we occasionally find a perfect one in this respect, it is merely accidental. The reason, then, why roofing tile are porous, is because the heat required to make them non-porous, or to vitrify them, will destroy their form; and as, when laid, they are exposed to complete saturation with water, its expansion by freezing will be likely to separate their particles during our severe winters.

Bricks being more compact in form, will bear more intense heat than a large, thin sheet of the same material, and still retain their shape sufficiently for practical purposes; but there is a limit even to brick, which cannot be passed without reducing them to a shapeless mass. Good judgment and much experience is required in burning brick or tile in order to reach the point of partial fusion, or of the necessary shrinkage to make them of the required hardness when cool.

ROBERT JAMESON, Mineralogist of Edinburgh, says alumina, (which I suppose to be pure clay,) is infusible. Mr. LYMAN says it is fusible at a white heat,—which is right? My own experience would incline me to agree with Mr. L.; but perhaps I have never seen or used pure clay, except, it may be, the New Jersey fire clay, which, for aught I know, may owe its infusibility to its purity. Will some practical scientific man give us more light on the clay subject? Clay, N. Y., Dec., 1890. J. A. CRAWFORD.

Our correspondent expresses just the difficulty we supposed to exist, and it was for this reason that we called for information from practical brick and tile-makers.

The Bee-Keeper

A Profitable Apiary.

We find, from time to time, in many of our agricultural journals, large, and sometimes incredulous accounts in regard to the profits of bee-culture; and hence it seems to be necessary to furnish proper testimony when such information is given, that it may be received as reliable.

To do this, I would say, without further preliminary remarks, that the apiary of which I am about to state a few astonishing facts, is in the town of Alabama, Genesee Co., N. Y., and is owned by CHAUNCEY S. HARRINGTON, whose P. O. address is Akron, Erie Co., this State, who will cheerfully verify the following statements, if necessary:

Mr. H. had in the spring of 1889 five stocks of bees in the Week's hive, which is provided with a surplus honey chamber holding two boxes, and will, when full, contain about 25 lbs. These stocks that season gave five swarms, which were saved; four put into the Langstroth movable cone hives, and the other into the Week's hive. All of these wintered well,—so that last spring, 1890, Mr. H. had ten good stocks. How much surplus honey Mr. H. had last season I am unable to say—he had quite a quantity however. The increase, it will be obvious, was quite ordinary.

The ten stocks this season, 1890, gave seventeen swarms, which were saved. All, with the exception of six, were put into the Langstroth hives. Mr. H. has this season taken off from the hives of the ten stocks and seventeen swarms, 836 lbs. of surplus honey, the most of which was disposed of by contract at 14 cents per pound.

836 lbs. surplus honey at 14 cents per lb. \$117 04
17 swarms, exclusive of hive, \$5 each. 85 00
Profits of the 10 old stocks. \$202 04

Or \$20-20-100 per stock! The Week's hives—8 in number—gave 213 lbs. of surplus honey,—27 lbs. each, nearly. The Langstroth hives—13 in number—gave 623 lbs. of surplus honey,—48 lbs. each, nearly. It will also be observed that only 21 colonies produced surplus honey; 21 colonies, 836 lbs. honey, 40 lbs. each, nearly.

I presume some one is now ready to inquire:—"Have the colonies honey enough to winter them with safety? Have these colonies been fed?" In reply to these inquiries, I would say that I visited Mr. H. and his apiary a few weeks since for the express purpose of ascertaining these points. Mr. H. and myself thoroughly examined each colony, and estimated that the colonies would average at least 30 lbs. of honey, nearly every frame being filled with comb and honey. As 25 lbs. is generally sufficient to winter a colony of bees, even in an exposed situation, there will be no danger of losing any bees for want of food. There seems to be but little difference in the weight of each colony in the Langstroth hives, as by the means of the frames Mr. L. has been enabled pretty nearly to equalize their contents. Mr. H. informs me that the fields in his vicinity were literally covered with white clover, which secreted an abundance of honey nearly the whole season, thereby affording his bees extraordinary facilities for laying up large and almost fabulous stores of honey. Mr. L. says that no honey nor liquid of any kind was fed to his bees. Were it not I apprehend that some of the foregoing statements may, by some, be discredited, I would give the profits of one or two of his best colonies. It may perhaps be the better way, all things considered, to let what has been said suffice.

In conclusion, let me remark, that the foregoing statements in reference to the honey, were condensed from a memorandum which Mr. H. keeps expressly for the purpose of knowing the exact profit of each colony.

M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, Niagara Co., N. Y., Dec. 4, 1890.

A New Queen from an Old Hive.

MR. EDITOR:—Having noticed in your paper of the 15th inst. some curious facts relating to the habits of bees, I am induced to state an occurrence which some years since fell under my own observation in Ohio, where I then resided. I have stated the facts to several gentlemen acquainted with the habits of bees, none of whom had ever heard of a similar occurrence. I have not in any other way made the case public for fear of its being regarded as a large story, but will now make a simple statement of what fell under my own observation, and you can make such use of it as you may deem proper.

A pretty large swarm left the parent hive quite early in the day and soon clustered near the top of a small locust tree, without any limbs, which had been set out a few days before near my apiary. It was simply a bare pole some eight or ten feet in height. As I did not like to saw off the top and thereby injure the tree I held a hive a little below the swarm, and a friend struck the opposite side of the tree with a mallet. This process jarred them into the hive very well,

which I immediately placed upon a table standing near. The bees were very quiet, but soon all descended from the hive and remained quietly under it upon the table till near the close of the day. Towards evening, suspecting that the queen bee might be either injured or killed, I passed a small stick slowly under the swarm two or three times, and thereby removed the queen bee, which was dead, probably killed by the blow upon the tree. The bees very soon went up into the hive, and were placed in the apiary three or four feet from the parent hive, another hive being between the two. There they quietly remained during the whole of the next day, and until between twelve and one o'clock on the day following, with no movement, except occasionally one would come out and either fly away or return to the hive without taking wing. And now comes what may be regarded by some as an almost or quite incredible part of the story. While I was standing within a few feet of the apiary, I noticed a commotion in the parent hive, and soon a small colony came out of it and passed by the intervening one and entered into the new hive, very few of the bees taking wing at all. In less than half an hour from that time the new swarm was lively and at work, and in a few days the hive was well filled.

How the new swarm communicated to the parent hive the loss of their queen, and induced them to furnish another, which the above facts would seem to indicate was done, I am unable to explain, but if similar occurrences are known to have taken place, I would like to see a statement of the circumstances attending them.

Wm. SLOCUMB.

Rochester, December 24th, 1890.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Quincy in Hogs.

A WRITER in the Baltimore Sun says that this disease, if not taken in hand at once on discovery, is very apt to prove fatal. Many hogs have been lost from want of proper care and proper remedies. He gives his experience as follows:—"I had two fine ones attacked with this disease, but I could find no one who could tell me what to do for them. The progress of the disease was very rapid. In one case, especially, I noticed in the morning, at feeding time, that he had no appetite; in a few hours I perceived his throat was swelling, but was at a loss to account for it; by night he seemed unable to stand, his throat and neck swelled to an enormous size, and his breathing became very difficult, and by the next morning he was dead; in a few days his death was followed by that of another, and another. On prosecuting my inquiries, I ascertained it to be the quincy, and was advised to mix four of sulphur in their feed, which I did, and have not lost any more, nor have they been troubled with the disease."

Dwarf Broom Corn.

S. BURNETT, of Vincennes, Ind., gives to the Ohio Farmer his experience with Dwarf Broom Corn last year, from which it would seem not to be "just the thing" for those who farm with an eye to profit. He says:

Dwarf Broom Corn has received some attention from cultivators, the past season. I procured seed and planted in May, on good, well-prepared corn land, two rows thirty rods long and cultivated well. It grew to the height of four or five feet, and headed much like the common variety, except the brush did not push entirely out of the last leaf sheath, but left three or four inches enveloped. At cutting time, it was found that the part of the brush thus involved, and the stalks attached, were mildewed, brown and red, whereas it should have been bright green, or white, in order to sell well in market. Besides, it was three times as much trouble to cut as the common, having to cut the stalk, then strip off the leaf; and it is too low to table for drying, so it must be laid on the table ground. I think I shall not raise any more dwarf broom corn; but if any one else wishes to try it, he is welcome to what seed I have.

Salting Wheat in the Mow.

W. P. COOPER, of Lancaster, Pa., in an essay on Cutting and Harvesting Grain, published in the Farmer and Gardener, says, in storing wheat in a mow, he commences on one side, places the sheaves in regular layers, with the butts outside, tramping heavily on the butt of each as it is laid down. The next layer is placed with the tops lapping about half way over the first, care being taken to keep the heads or tops uppermost. When the entire space of the mow is covered in this way, common ground salt is sprinkled all over the mow on the top of the layer, at the rate of four quarts to every twenty dozen sheaves of wheat—a larger proportion of salt if the sheaves are very large. During the sweating, the salt is dissolved and absorbed by the grain and straw. The effect of this practice has been to make the grain brighter, and bring two or three cents more per bushel than that which was not salted. Millers say the yield of flour is larger and whiter. Cattle eat the straw freely. It is a most effectual remedy against the barn weevil. Experience has proved this to be a fact.

Care of Grindstones.

THE American Agriculturist says perhaps there is no farm implement which is more useful and so little esteemed as the grindstone. If it was kept under shelter and otherwise properly taken care of, one of these instruments should last almost a man's lifetime, instead of wearing out in a few years.

No grindstone should be exposed to the weather, as it not only injures the wood work, but the sun's rays harden the stone so much as in time to render it useless; neither should it be run in water, as the part remaining in the water softens so much that it wears away faster than the other side, and many a "soft place" in a stone has arisen from this cause alone, and not from any inequality in the grit. The proper way is to allow the water to drop on the stone as it is needed, either from a cast-iron water cup, or (what answers very well) an old white lead keg, supported above the stone with a spile near the bottom, which can be driven in when not needed, and if kept filled with water will last a long time. Finally, the stone should not be allowed to get "out of round," as no tool can be properly ground unless the stone runs true; if it should become uneven, get some one to turn it, and with a nail rod race it down until it becomes perfectly round. Greasy or rusty tools should be well cleaned before grinding, or they will choke up the grit. If this should occur, a little sharp sand and water on a board kept against the stone while turning, will clean it off and sharpen up the grit.

Good Keeping vs. Sheep Ticks.

MANY remedies are resorted to for the purpose of ridding sheep of ticks, and it is not unfrequently the case that the remedy is worse than the evil to be removed. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives a remedy—or rather a preventive—which serves a double purpose; that is, keeping off the tick, and at the same time improving the condition

of the sheep. How seldom it is that we see a well-conditioned animal of the bovine race infested with lice in the spring, while animals poorly fed and cared for, seldom escape. We advise every farmer who has a flock of sheep to read the following, and take counsel therefrom:

"Some twelve years since I began a new flock of sheep, by the purchase of twenty head from a large flock that were in rather poor condition. I fitted a loose stable with boards and floor, in which they were kept nights and stormy days, having boards hung on hinges at the sides, that could be opened and shut at pleasure, for the purpose of ventilation. The result was, my sheep gained all winter without grain of any kind, or roots, and in the spring not a tick was seen on any of them. Such has been my practice from that time to the present, and some years have wintered eighty—commonly about forty or fifty—have never fed any oil meal, and have never seen a tick on either sheep or lamb during the whole of that time. I think the doctrine of protection from cold, wet storms in late fall, winter, and spring, with good care and keep, will eradicate all the ticks in America. An experience of twelve years is satisfactory to me at least. Now is the time for those that raise ticks and wish to get rid of them, to prepare a shelter for their sheep, and see that they are taken care of in our cold, wet storms, and all will be safe. Such at least is my experience."

Inquiries and Answers.

SCAN ON THE EYE-LIDS OF CATTLE.—Will some of the RURAL'S numerous correspondents inform me what is the matter with my cattle, and the remedy? They seem to be affected with a scab, commencing on the eye-lids, and spreading in a circle around the eyes, causing them to look very singular and feel very disagreeable, I presume, judging from their actions.—W. W. CHAPMAN, Brookfield, Eden Co., Michigan, 1890.

TANNING RAWHIDE.—Noticing an article commending the use of prepared rawhide for many little matters about the farm, and particularly for the same, any of your subscribers who will inform me as to the mode of fitting it up for work, will oblige.—A CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER, Hamilton, C. W., 1890.

The article referred to was taken from an agricultural exchange, and appeared in the RURAL of Dec. 8th. Its tenor is doubtless fresh in the memory of our readers, and we hope they will favor the writer of the above query by furnishing the desired information.

TO KILL SORREL.—In a recent number of the RURAL, T. E. BRIDGER wishes to know how to kill sorrel. I would inform him that it can be killed by once plowing in the month of July, August, or fore part of September, providing the ground is very dry at the time of plowing. About the 1st of September, 1889, I plowed several patches of sorrel (in all, near two acres), on my farm, and during the past season I have not been able to find a single plant. Plowing when the ground has much moisture in it, will be of no benefit.—ABRAHAM THOMAS, Ripon, Fon du Lac Co., Wis., 1890.

WHAT AILS THE OX?—Will you, or some of your numerous subscribers, tell me what ails my ox, or what I shall do for him? Early last spring he had the horn distemper, and was doctored accordingly. He works well, eats well, runs well, but still keeps poor.—W. L. S., Gaines, N. Y., 1890.

From so incomplete a description of the peculiar difficulty, or disease, to which your animal is subject, we cannot point out a remedy. It may be the result of the distemper—it may arise from improper medical treatment at the period of his sickness—or it may be the fruits of some other malady. Please to furnish us a more complete diagnosis, and we will be happy to respond. Meantime the patient and his case are in the hands of our agricultural readers, and some of them may unravel the enigma.

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.—As my sheep are troubled with the hoof ail, or rot, and I cannot find any remedy for it, I thought I would drop you a few lines to see if you had any recipe for curing. If you have any, by inserting it in the columns of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, you will much oblige.—CYRUS CALVIN, Abington, 1890.

We give the experience of two practical sheep-breeders upon this topic, one of whom represents "Down East," and the other the "Great West."

The representative of Yankeeedom says it can be cured effectually by the following method.—1st, Pare and scrape the hoof most thoroughly, ridding it of all offensive matter by means of a sharp knife. 2d, Then apply a strong decoction of tobacco, in which has been dissolved as much blue vitriol (pulverized) as will dissolve, to which is added a small portion spirits turpentine. The vitriol is a caustic—the tobacco is healing—and the turpentine is penetrating. In slight affections, two applications, five or six days apart, will effect a cure. In severe cases, it must be followed up for a few weeks. I have known sheep that walked on their fore-knees, not being able to touch their fore-feet to the ground, completely cured by this remedy. Remember that the knife performs an essential part in the cure; use it thoroughly. Butter of antimony, lime, alum, white lead, vitriol, and other caustics, have been used and failed. The tobacco is needed to heal.

Our Western friend says his remedy is simply nitric acid and copper. Take about ten ounces for a hundred sheep, and put ten coppers into it,—it will generally eat one copper to an ounce. It is to be put on with a feather, after the feet have been well pared down. I have tried spirits of turpentine and blue vitriol, and boiling tar, but saw no benefit until I tried the nitric acid and copper. I cured my flock of 200 with one application.

Doings of Agricultural Societies.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the U. S. Agricultural Society is to be held at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, on the second Wednesday, (9th) of January, 1891. The annual Ag. Societies are cordially invited to send delegates.—The Annual Meeting of the N. Y. State Ag. Society will be held at the Agricultural Rooms, Albany, on Wednesday, Feb. 13th, 1891.—That of the Vermont State Ag. Society, at Rutland, Jan. 10th, inst.—That of the Monroe Co. (N. Y.) Ag. Society, at the Court House, Rochester, Jan. 9th.

THE KENTUCKY STATE AG. SOCIETY held its annual meeting Dec. 6th. Reported balance of \$5,000 in Treasury. Officers elected: President—Col. L. J. BRADFORD, Bracken Co. Vice Presidents—Dr. Swigert, Franklin Co.; Dr. J. A. Tomlinson, Mercer Co.; Dr. David King, Logan Co. Directors—R. V. Scott, Franklin Co.; Abram Buford, Woodford Co.; O. H. Burbridge, Bourbon Co.; Wm. Warfield, Fayette Co.; George L. Forman, Mason Co.; Gibson Mallory, Jefferson Co.; W. A. Cooke, Mercer Co.; S. T. Drane, Shelby Co.; Geo. Henry, Garrard Co.; J. B. O'Bannon, Jefferson Co.; J. R. Barrick, Barren Co.; J. S. Phelps, Christian Co.; J. J. Toyes, Henderson Co.; R. C. Harrell, Union Co.; Willis B. Macon, Lyon Co.

THE N. H. STATE AG. SOCIETY'S annual meeting was held Dec. 26th. Reported financially prosperous. Officers elected for 1891: President—W. F. ESTES, Dover. Secretary—A. Young, Dover. Treasurer—F. Smith, Manchester. Directors—J. S. Walker, Claremont; Holt, Durham; J. Preston, New Ipswich; W. Harriman, Warner; N. S. Berry, Hebron.

CATUGA CO. (N. Y.) AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting, held at Auburn, the following officers were elected for 1891: President—ANDREW M. CLARK. Vice President—N. C. SIMONS, (and one for each town in the County.) Secretary—John G. Hooper. Treasurer—L. C. Mann. Directors (to fill vacancies)—John B. Cuykendall, Oswego; Robert Bell, Aurelius; Joseph L. Taylor, Mentz.

ORLEANS CO. (N. Y.) SOCIETY.—Meeting held on the 10th ult. Officers elected: President—DAVID N. HAYES, Murray. Vice President—Abner B. Bailey, Murray. Treasurer—William F. Warren, Albion. Secretary—Oscar F. Burns, Albion.

OSWEGO CO. (N. Y.) SOCIETY.—The Society having Fair Grounds at Oswego Falls held its meeting on the 6th ult., when the following officers were elected: President—AARON G. FISH, Fulton. Vice Presidents—Robert Oliver, Oswego City; Norman Rowe, New Haven. Treasurer—S. G. Merriam, New Haven. Executive Committee—John Reeves, E. Cathcart, L. A. Horey. The Society located at Mexico held its annual meeting on the 26th ult., but we have not received the proceedings. [Our readers will remember that Oswego has two County Ag. Societies.]

Rural Notes and Items.

"HAPPY NEW YEAR" TO ALL RURALISTS!—Aye, to Correspondents, Agents, Subscribers, and even borrowers and other outsiders. We would find address each of the first three classes at some length, but neither time or space admit of more than a brief paragraph to all. Correspondents who have written for our pages on practical subjects, have our thanks for their favors. We hope to frequently hear from them, and others, on useful topics with which they are familiar. But, though we have more space than hitherto, we must still enjoin brevity and conciseness. In writing for publication herein, please omit all circumlocution, or talk about the merits of the RURAL, and pick into your subject at once—giving the gist of the matter with the necessary facts and figures, in as few and expressive and comprehensive words and sentences as possible. Be as plain and practical as possible—that is, write just as you would talk to a friend, for it is not necessary to get on stilts and use large, dictionary words to be an instructive writer. Do this, friends, and thus not only "teach one another," but, by occupying little space, give others a hearing—remembering that we wish to give the views of many, and allow the discussion of various subjects, in each issue. Agent-Friends (those who are voluntarily aiding our circulation) are doing so nobly this season that we bend lower than ever before under the weight of obligation. But while we stoop they are enabling the RURAL to rise higher than ever before—for they are giving us the confidence and means to excel all former efforts. They not only see that there is no secession from our list, but are securing large accessions almost everywhere—in the East and West, North and South—as numerous remittances daily attest. Go on, good friends of the RURAL and its Objects! The enlarged paper will enable you to keep the ball moving, and we will cheerfully send you extra numbers for specimens, or duplicate those you lose or soil in procuring subscribers.—Subscribers can at this season greatly promote the circulation and usefulness of the paper by showing it to non-subscribers and saying a good word in its behalf. Many are quietly using their influence in aid of the RURAL (either by forming clubs or joining their efforts with others,) and we trust all its friends—new subscribers as well as those long registered on our books—are disposed to do likewise so far as convenient and consistent. For terms to clubs, inducements, and other particulars, see Publisher's Notices, &c., in appropriate departments of this number.

GOOD SAGE CHEESE.—Is a rare article in this market, but we know where it is (or was recently) obtainable. For instance, some weeks ago we received a sizeable box, with heavy contents—and on examination discovered a huge sage cheese from the Dairy of Hon. T. C. PETERS, of Darien, Genesee Co. Since then quite a number of friends whose pedal extremities have been placed beneath our cherry or black walnut (dining table), have voted that cheese to be prime, and it is but just that the decision be thus publicly recorded. [Judging from the quality of this product, we have no doubt Mr. P.'s series of articles on the Dairy, commenced in this number, will be both practical and instructive.]

—More recently, we have been favored with a fine sage cheese from Mr. CHAS. S. MACK, of Lockport—another friend who has discovered our good taste! Being already well supplied, Mr. M.'s favor was most kindly disposed of among our associates, who report favorably as to its quality, though it lacks that flavor and richness which age would impart. Fear it will not keep, or be kept, long enough to test those qualities.

DOG SHOW IN ENGLAND.—A late number of the London Field gives an interesting account of a Dog Show recently held in Birmingham, which attracted a good deal of attention from the lovers of the canine race. The pointers and setters were the most numerous, amounting to over one hundred, and representing the best blood of the three Kingdoms. The hounds were not numerous, though there were some good deer and greyhounds. Spaniels were well represented, and the curious were gratified by a sight of two deer hounds. The ladies were particularly attracted by the little fancy, or what the English call toy dogs, while their brothers and husbands showed more interest in the mastiffs, bulldogs, Newfoundland and sheep dogs. Among the foreign dogs shown were three Alpine mastiffs, one Cuban mastiff, one St. Bernard dog, a Russian terrier, an Indian terrier, and two Maltese dogs.

ABOUT ASHES.—Ash-Buyer.—Any ashes to sell to-day?

Farmer.—No, sir.
Ash-Buyer.—Give you eight cents, in cash, a bushel.
Farmer.—Can get twenty-five cents a bushel.
Ash-Buyer.—Guess you are mistaken.
Farmer.—Guess I ain't.
Ash-Buyer.—Who'll give it?
Farmer.—SMITH, at the Red Mill.
Ash-Buyer.—Swish don't buy ashes, nor never did.
Farmer.—Yes, but I put the ashes on my corn and wheat, and the ashes make grain, and then SMITH buys them at all that I said!

WISCONSIN AG. TRANSACTIONS.—We are indebted to Mr. Secretary HOTT for a copy of the "Transactions of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, with Reports of County Societies, and kindred Associations." This is the fifth volume issued by the Society, and comprises the Transactions of 1888-89. It is a handsome volume of 555 pages, ably illustrated with portraits of prize animals, a map of the Penokee Iron Range, &c. The reports, essays, &c., are well arranged and valuable—and quite interesting—as showing the progress of Rural Improvement in Wisconsin.

A SHORT ARTICLE ON MANURES.—If you must throw your manure out under the eaves, put it in a earthen trough to carry off the water. Never leave your horse manure for a single day in a pile where it will get dirt, or draw it out into the field, and put in very small piles. Examine your sheep sheds, and see that your sheep manure does not heat. Use next to no litter, and it will pack and not heat; or spread over it much liberally, or any sawdust and plaster.—H. T. S.

THE WEATHER during the holidays has been quite comfortable for the season—pleasant, but cloudy—the temperature being generally below the freezing point, and rarely rising above it. It is a remarkable fact that the temperature of 1890 exceeded the mean of the 24 years by nearly two degrees—the mean of the year just closed being 48.2 degrees. So reports our "Clerk of the Weather," who is good authority.

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES on Rural Subjects are in order at this season, and we would direct attention to the announcement of HENRY C. VAIL, Esq., who is a competent writer and speaker. Knowing the difficulty which officers of Ag. Societies, Clubs, &c., often experience in procuring speakers, we take pleasure in being able to refer to one so well qualified as is Mr. V. to promptly respond to invitations.

HORSES AND BUTTER.—A traveler in India relates that the horses of the Meer of Seinde are fed each morning, after being watered, a pound of coarse sugar and a pound of clarified butter, which are made into balls—that the horses eat greedily after being once used to it. The writer notes that it fattens the horses prodigiously.

THE MAINE FARMER commences its 29th volume in an entire new dress, figure head, &c., and a better arrangement of departments than heretofore. The Farmer is edited, as of yore, by Dr. E. HOLMES, who always renders it interesting and valuable. "Long may it wave." Published at Augusta, Me., by HOMAN & MANLEY, at \$2 per annum.

SECRETARIES OF AG. SOCIETIES will confer a favor by furnishing us the proceedings of their annual meetings, as we wish to publish lists of new officers, and note all important matters pertaining to such organizations. Please give us the facts and figures—names of officers, state of treasury, &c.—as concisely as convenient.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Many communications, inquiries, &c., sent us within the past few days (with business letters, and often on the same sheet), are yet unexamined. Friends will bear in mind that we are receiving several hundred letters per day at this season, and exercise patience. If those sending articles and business letters at the same time, will write the former on separate sheets, they will save us both time and labor, and their favors receive earlier attention.

HORTICULTURAL.

TREES FOR PROTECTION.

ACTION OF ILLINOIS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

No subject is more important to the Horticulturist at the present time than the best means of providing shelter for orchards and gardens. Formerly it was thought that shelter was only important for the prairies of the West, but of late we have ascertained that shelter, if not absolutely necessary, is of great advantage to fruit culture at the North, and many of our extensive fruit culturists are planting belts of trees for the protection of their grounds. Our Western friends are beginning to take hold of this matter in earnest, and a good portion of the last session of the Horticultural Society of Illinois was devoted to the discussion of the best trees for shelter. We give a report of this part of the proceedings.

Cottonwood.—Mr. OVERMAN opened the discussions on *Deciduous Trees* for economic purposes. In this list, *Cottonwood* took the lead, as being a rapid grower, easily propagated from cuttings, valuable for fuel and fencing purposes (though not of first quality for either), not liable to insects that do it damage, endures the tramping of cattle on the soil about it, also their rubbing against the trunk. The leaves of the Cottonwood are infested by a fly that deposits its larva when they are tender. They hatch out in June in great numbers, but are not of any permanent injury. They are also infested by a large green worm, which is repugnant to the sight, and unites them for shade trees near dwellings. The Cottonwood was recommended for planting in groves, for purposes of protection to farm buildings, and for shade for animals.

Golden Willow.—Mr. PHENIX introduced the *Golden Willow*. It is a desirable tree wherever it is hardy enough for culture; probably all through the State. It is easy of propagation, and the timber is valuable for posts, and even for rails; it will grow rapidly and of large size. Its rapid growth and its beauty recommend it. Mr. OVERMAN heartily endorsed the *Golden Willow*. Mr. WHITNEY had eight hundred *Golden Willows* in one grove, on dry ground; it does better in wet; it makes firewood as well as Cottonwood, and can be split; it is good for charcoal. It has a good effect upon wet land by absorbing its moisture; makes wet pastures better. Can hedge with it by driving stout limbs, five feet long, into the ground about fifteen inches. These should be set not far apart, and in wet ground, or along trenches; cattle eat the sprouts. The *Ozler Willow* does better on dry soil, but does not make large trunks. Mr. OVERMAN spoke of a *Grey Willow* from Pennsylvania, as most rapid in growth, and a valuable tree.

The Society voted to recommend the *Golden Willow* for the same purposes as the *Cottonwood*.

Silver-Leaf Poplar.—On the *Silver-leafed Poplar* a warm discussion arose. It was strongly advocated on account of its ease of propagation from cuttings, rapid growth, and the rare beauty of its foliage, but was strongly objected to on account of its tendency to sucker in cultivated grounds. It was recommended only for roadside cultivation.

Silver-Leaf Maple.—The *Maples* were considered by several as the most worthy of cultivation of all forest trees grown from seed. The *Silver-Leaf Maple* was admitted to be eminently useful for shade, protection, fuel, and for furniture, as well as beauty. Mr. GALUSHA, having had much experience with this tree, was called upon and said: The seeds ripen in May, varying according to the season; they should be gathered soon after they fall, for bugs eat out the kernel. He gathered them from the surface of streams, from eddies and bays in the shore; had taken up a bushel in fifteen minutes. The seed must be planted almost immediately; between layers of moss, they may keep for a week, but generally only three or four days. He planted in a line in well pulverized soil, thrusting them with the thumb and finger to the depth of the wing, from two to four inches apart; they may stand two years; they seldom form tap roots. In the first season they grow eighteen inches; had had them grow four feet. Mr. HUGGINS, of Macomb, said the seeds in his county drop in April; he could keep the seed two or three weeks; he had them gathered dry by boys. The ground is prepared as for corn, and the seed is dropped and covered one inch deep. Too little moisture will kill either before or after planting; the seed must never dry nor sprout before planting. The tree bears seed early, even in its fifth year; from five eight-years-old trees he had obtained two bushels; it grows fast, as fast as the locust, and gives shade earlier in the spring. Some of the five just named were ten inches in diameter.

Scarlet Maple and Sugar Maple.—The *Scarlet Maple* had also many friends. The *Sugar Maple* was warmly approved as a shade tree, though a slow grower. The rare beauty of the changing foliage of the maples at the approach of autumn entitle them to a place among the favorites for lawns and roadside cultivation. They are not liable, except in a few isolated cases, to the attacks of borers, or other insects.

Ash Maple.—The *Ash Maple* or *Box Elder* was spoken of as a desirable tree, both useful and ornamental, and easily cultivated. It may be raised from slips. Mr. CLARK, of Brighton, has cultivated it successfully; it is hardy, and grows well; he had trees of four feet in height from cuttings the first season.

The Elms.—The *White* and *Red Elm* were approved of as trees for shade and ornamental and economic purposes. Of all American trees the Elm has the decided preference. Its historic associations, the gracefulness of its drooping branches; its value for timber; rapid growth and ease of cultivation, all commend it to public favor. The *Red Elm* is most enduring when exposed to the weather. It splits freely, lasts well as fence posts, and makes good railroad ties, &c. Mr. FREEMAN said: The *Winged* or *Cork Elm* grows abundantly in the South, and was endorsed for ornamental purposes.

Tulip Tree.—The *Tulip Tree* received much notice. Mr. OVERMAN thought it the most magnificent tree, and has the first place as an ornamental tree, for yards. It is free from all objection. It is said to be hard to transplant, but this is because of delaying too long; when very young it may be easily taken up. Its roots spread far, had seen them one hundred feet from the trunk. He had known it injured by the severe frost. The seed is in a cone; if obtained from immature trees it is defective. The seeds must be sown very thick in the spring; in the fall of the first year they must be taken up and protected. It cannot be propagated by cuttings or layers. This is of the *Magnolia* family. Its flowers are like a tulip; a tree ten years old may flower, being thirty or forty feet high. It produces much honey. The wood is fine for inside work in house carpentry. The *Tulip* was recommended as an ornamental tree, and the *Linden* for general purposes, all through the State.



FLOWERS OF THE DIANTHUS HEDDEWIGI.

Chestnut, Black and White Walnut.—The *Chestnut*, *Black* and *White Walnut* were endorsed for economic uses. They make fair growth and are useful for fence posts, rails, timber in buildings, bridges and ties. The first pays for growing them. Farmers cannot plant too many for their own use on their estates.

Evergreens.—An interesting discussion on *Evergreens* was entered upon. A few contended for the *White Pine*, as the most valuable of that family, but were obliged to give way for the greater merits of the *Scotch* and *Austrian Pines*.

Mr. GALUSHA thought the difficulty of transplantation exaggerated; he would as soon transplant them as apple trees; the only trouble is that the roots must be well taken up, and kept moist; water thoroughly at planting, if the soil is dry, never afterward, then mulch thoroughly. Dr. KENNICOTT stated that they grew well throughout the State, as well as anywhere upon earth. Had transplanted 800 *Scotch* and *Austrian pines* last spring and lost not one; he puddled them both in digging and in setting. Dr. SCHROEDER had repeatedly taken up one for a Christmas tree in the winter and reset it; one has endured three transplantations.

The *Scotch* and *Austrian Pines* were recommended for general cultivation.

While the attractive features of the *Balsam Fir* were admitted, it was also allowed that they are most fine when young; with age the lower limbs drop off, and it becomes unsightly. The *Hemlock* is our most beautiful *Evergreen*, but the most difficult to raise. The *Red Cedar* is adapted to the temperate zone. It will never flourish well far to the North nor to the South. It is at home on our river bluffs; makes a good cheap screen, and is good in lawns. The *Arbor Vitae* is adapted to the same latitude nearly, and is recommended for low screens. A dwarf or prostrate *Juniper* growing along the banks of Lake Michigan and elsewhere at the North, was endorsed for lawns. But of all *Evergreens* named, the *Norway Spruce* was admitted to be the most valuable for shade, ornament, high screens and economic purposes. It is a cheap tree, is easily grown from the seed, and safely transplanted.

Early Spring and August and September were designated as the proper times for transplanting evergreens.

TWO FINE NEW JAPAN PINKS.

DIANTHUS HEDDEWIGI.

The lovers of flowers in England were much excited by the exhibition at the Royal Botanic Society's show in 1859, of a new and beautiful Japan Pink, which formed one of the principal attractions among the novelties, and obtained a medal in testimony of distinguished merit. It was obtained from Japan by M. HEDDEWIG, nurseryman of St. Petersburg, from whom it receives its name, *Dianthus Heddeiwigi*. Mr. H. sold seeds to some of the leading English nurserymen, and HENDERSON & SON raised the first plants which were shown as stated. The reputation of the flower had preceded it, and there was the greatest anxiety evinced to see the flowers.

The *Illustrated Bouquet* thus describes it—"In its growth, *Dianthus Heddeiwigi* forms a neat compact plant, growing from thirteen to sixteen inches high, and by good cultivation branching freely from the base. In some specimens the stems are of a uniform purple tint, while in others they are deep green; the leaves are linear oblong; the numerous flowers are terminal, borne singly on the branches of the stem, are single, and from two to three and a half inches in diameter, close, compact, five-petaled, and salver-like, with fringed margins. The predominant color is crimson, varying in the richest conceivable shades and varieties, some plants producing self-colored, others parti-colored flowers, the former being of the finest dark velvet and damask tints, and these seem gradually blending in others with rich carmine and violet crimson; the center of each flower is picturesquely marked with a broad radiating dark zone or ring, the rich velvety colors of which are exquisitely relieved by the central silvery gray others. It is easily cultivated; the plants thrive luxuriantly in any rich garden soil, or in a compost of friable loam and leaf mold, with little sand. Seeds sown in autumn, and wintered in a cool green-house or frame, will produce plants which will flower when turned out into the ground in summer; and seeds sown in spring will form a succession to bloom all the autumn and early part of winter in the house."

Seeds were obtained in this country in the winter of 1860, and the past summer proved equal to the representations as given in foreign engravings, and to the high expectations raised in regard to its beauty and value. Our engraving shows the form and general appearance of the flowers, but give no idea of the rich and delicate coloring.

of 1860, and the past summer proved equal to the representations as given in foreign engravings, and to the high expectations raised in regard to its beauty and value. Our engraving shows the form and general appearance of the flowers, but give no idea of the rich and delicate coloring.

DIANTHUS LASCINIATUS.

This is another new and magnificent Japan Pink, which we had in flower the past season. The *Illustrated Bouquet* says "this magnificent Japan Pink is derived from the same source as the *D. Heddeiwigi*, and distinguished from it by its taller growth, rather larger leaf joints, and its remarkably large and superb flowers, which are from three to four inches in diameter. It produces single and double-blossomed varieties. The petals have large lacerated tooth-like fringes at the margin, from a half inch to an inch in depth, which are very elegant, and produce a fine appearance. The colors vary from pure white and carmine rose to brilliant shades of dark crimson, with radiating zones or belts of richer hue toward the center. The seedling varieties also include rich self, crimson and maroon tints in higher and lower degrees of maturity. The light colored ones are at times finely stained with rose and violet crimson, while the dark ones are rendered very effective by mottled veins and streaks of white.

It is cultivated in the same way as *D. Heddeiwigi*. Seeds sown in autumn produce plants which will bloom in a cool green-house all the following spring; and sown in April, and the plants put out into the open ground, will bloom magnificently all the autumn; making with the former one of the most effective and gorgeous displays in the garden. In pot culture, the soil should be good loam and leaf mold, with an admixture of sand."

Horticultural Notes.

DEATH OF HON. SAMUEL WALKER, OF MASS.

It is with pain we announce to the readers of the RURAL the death of the Hon. SAMUEL WALKER, of Massachusetts. Although we have had reasons for some months to anticipate the sad event, its realization is none the less afflictive. Mr. WALKER was one of the most enthusiastic and intelligent horticulturists in the country. For more than thirty years he was an active member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and at one time its presiding officer. He was also one of the most efficient members and officers of the American Pomological Society, and for several years Chairman of its general Fruit Committee, in which position he labored most earnestly and successfully to lead on the Society to noble deeds for the advancement of pomology, the very boldness of which caused younger men to hesitate and pause. To him belongs the honor of first recommending and urging forward the revision of the general fruit catalogue, so as to recommend lists of fruits suited to the different States or localities; and as this favorite work, which had been delayed for two years, was about to be commenced, his spirit took its flight to a better land. Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER announced the death of Mr. WALKER before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in the following appropriate words:

"An inscrutable and all-wise Providence calls me to make known to this Society the afflictive dispensation which has removed from us another of our shining lights, and again thrown the mantle of sorrow around us. 'I allude, sir, to the demise of the Hon. Samuel Walker, who died at his residence in Roxbury, on the evening of Tuesday last, and whose precious remains were borne by us, yesterday, to his favorite Auburn, and there committed to the bosom of his mother earth—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—a spot which was ever dear to him, and which will forever be hallowed in our affections. 'Mr. Walker was one of the earliest and most influential members of this Society. For nearly thirty years he has been deeply interested in its objects, and ardently devoted to its welfare. Among the offices which he has held were those of Treasurer, Vice-President, and President—and during this long period his name has annually been associated with us in some official capacity. 'He was of foreign birth, but was truly American and national in his feelings. He was one of the founders of the National Pomological Society, for many years a Vice-President, and at the time of his death, the Chairman of the General Fruit Committee of that association. He also held offices of honor and trust in his own city and county, and in the Commonwealth. 'Mr. Walker was, in most respects, a model man. In perception, quick and accurate—in taste, intuitive and refined—in manners, unassuming, courteous, and polite—in duty, conscientious, faithful, judicious—in life, earnest, exemplary, and practical. As a friend and companion, he was genial, sympathetic, and confiding. His heart was full of love to others, and often have I heard him remark—'He that would have friends must prove himself friendly.' 'Few men have taken so lively an interest in the prosperity of our institution, and few have been more constant at our business meetings. Who does not remember his cordial greeting, his suavity of address, and his cheerful smile?

Metaphors I see his very form as he was wont to stand at this table, I hear his gentle and persuasive voice encouraging us to rise higher and higher in the scale of human excellence, and to make stronger and stronger the bonds of friendship and peace which unite us together. But no, Mr. President, he is dead! he is gone! We shall no more feel the warm grasp of his friendly hand! He will no more greet us with cordial salutation! We shall no more listen to his wise counsels and friendly teachings! His mortal has put on immortality! His pure spirit has ascended to those celestial fields where 'he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither.'"

"Time will not permit me to enumerate the many virtues of our deceased friend, or to speak of his public services in other departments of life. In a word, he was universally esteemed and respected. None knew him but to love him, and those who knew him best, loved him the most."

TREATMENT OF CATAWBA GRAPE VINES.—I noticed a communication in your paper of the 1st ult., over the signature of "C. C. Mercer Co., Pa., 1860," alleging that the writer had procured a *Catawba* grape vine, and set it out in the latter part of November, and asks you if he "did right," and whether "it will need protection during the coming winter." Having had considerable experience in the cultivation of the *Catawba* variety of grapes, allow me to answer his question. Assuming the climate in Mercer Co. to be as favorable for the ripening of this fruit as Genesee Co., N. Y., I would recommend "C. C." to bend over the end of his vine and tie it to a stake, so as to carry the main stem on a horizontal line. Then go to a carpenter's shop, or planing mill, and get a bushel of pine shavings, (any other light, combustible stuff will do as well), put them under the *Catawba* and set them on fire—it won't hurt it a mite. I have a number in fine bearing—one of them, only four years old, had about two bushels of beautiful grapes on last autumn, and would have ripened, if the season had been two months longer. The burning process I am sure will help mine, and they will get that, or some other equally effective treatment as soon as spring opens.—C. B. T., Le Roy, N. Y., 1860.

It is only once in a great number of seasons that the *Catawba* ripens here, and then only in favorable situations. The past autumn we saw better *Catawbases* than ever before, but it cannot be relied upon in this section.

A NEW TOMATO.—The *Gardener's Chronicle* of November 24 thus notices a new tomato, recently produced in France:—"It appears in a circular from Messrs. Vilmorin that they are offering seeds of a new upright tomato, which requires no support. This plant is said to be entirely different from the kinds previously known. Its stem is two feet high or more, quite upright, and so remarkably strong and stiff as to be strictly self-supporting—a highly commendable quality. It branches less than the common greatest tomato, is less leafy, and does not want so much pinching. The leaves are rather curled, much puckered, very firm, and closely placed on the sturdy branches. Their color is a remarkably deep shining green. It does not bear so freely as the common tomato, but its fruit, which is of the same color, is larger and more regularly formed. In earliness, it is intermediate between the *Early Red* (*rouge halve*), and the *Great Red* (*rouge grosse*). It was raised from seed by Grenier, the gardener of M. de Fleurioux, at a place called the *Chateau de Lays*, wherefore it is to be called the *Tomate de Lays*."

We cannot say that this will be a very great acquisition, but is worthy of trial, and we shall endeavor to obtain seeds for the purpose. A little brush placed around the plant when young, is all our common tomato needs, and if the earth is drawn well toward the stem, forming a mound, the branches may lay on this, where the fruit will ripen earlier than if more exposed. Shortening the tops, or cutting out a portion of the shoots, will prevent too much shade. Whether particularly valuable or not, this upright tomato will be curious.

ANNUAL RECORD OF HORTICULTURAL AND AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—We have on our table a pamphlet of about 150 pages, of which the above is a part of the title. It was compiled, with a good deal of labor, by WM. P. SHEPARD, of New York, who is agent for many of the nurserymen and seedsmen of Europe, and is designed to furnish his customers with a more complete description of European seeds and plants than can be obtained in ordinary catalogues. It contains a great amount of information of value to the gardener.

SHADE TREES IN PARIS.—It has been calculated that Paris, at present, covers a space of 78,000,000 yards. It contains 148,000 trees, occupying a space equal to 336,890 square yards. The trees consist of horse-chestnuts, elms, acacias, lime trees, and others. It is estimated that these trees cover, with their shade, a space of 220,200,000 yards, sufficient to protect 1,580,000 individuals from the rays of the sun.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held in the Court House of the city of Rochester, on the 9th instant. After the ordinary business, the Society will, as usual, discuss questions interesting to Fruit Growers. The Session will probably continue two days, as usual. An exhibition of winter fruit will be made. We learn that some of the best Pomologists in the country will be present.

Inquiries and Answers.

BEST PEARS FOR MICHIGAN.—Will you please publish a list of what are deemed the few most profitable pears for a market orchard of standard trees, embracing a succession from the earliest to the late keeping varieties, and the number of each you would advise planting for an orchard of four thousand trees?—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Kent Co., Mich., 1860.

We cannot better answer the question of our correspondent than by publishing an extract from the Report of the Chairman of the Fruit Committee of the State of Michigan, as presented to the Pomological Society, at its late meeting in Philadelphia:

Best Six Varieties of the pear, for family use, on the pear stock, for an orchard of one hundred trees:

Bloodgood	5	Swan's Orange	15
Bartlett	10	White Doyenne	20
Belle Lucrative	10	Winter Nellis	25

Best Twelve Varieties on the pear stock:

Madeleine	5	Flemish Beauty	5
Bloodgood	5	Swan's Orange	10
Bartlett	5	White Doyenne	20
Rosier	5	Oswego	5
Sterling	5	Lawrence	15
Belle Lucrative	5	Winter Nellis	15

Best Varieties on the quince stock:

Bloodgood	5	Swan's Orange	15
Bartlett	10	White Doyenne	20
Belle Lucrative	10	Winter Nellis	25

Best Varieties on the quince stock, for a pear orchard of one hundred trees—if for family use and market combined:

Madeleine	5	Flemish Beauty	5
Bloodgood	5	Swan's Orange	10
Bartlett	5	White Doyenne	20
Rosier	5	Oswego	5
Sterling	5	Lawrence	15
Belle Lucrative	5	Winter Nellis	15

If strictly for market:

Madeleine	5	Flemish Beauty	5
Bloodgood	5	Swan's Orange	10
Bartlett	10	White Doyenne	20
Rosier	5	Oswego	5
Sterling	5	Lawrence	15
Belle Lucrative	5	Winter Nellis	15

PRESERVING SUMMER FRUITS.—Is there any known method of preserving summer fruits fresh until winter—that is, in their natural state, and not subject to heat or other agents which change their qualities? An answer in your columns will be gratefully received.—E. R. D., Keeseville, N. Y.

No method is known that will do this. The best we can do is to place fruits in a temperature as low as possible, without freezing, and where there is no change. In this condition, they will keep a long time. But it is about as difficult to imprison the fragrance of the rose as the aroma and delicious flavor of our summer fruits.

TO MAKE A WINE CHILLAR.—Can you inform me of the best plan to build a wine cellar? I had a little rather have your judgment, but if you have no plan, perhaps some of your numerous readers can inform me through your valuable paper.—C. O. VALENTINE, Jackson, N. Y., 1860.

ALTHOUGH our space is greatly enlarged, we find several communications and many answers to inquiries in type which we are compelled to omit until the next number.

Domestic Economy.

HOP YEAST, PUDDING, INDIAN BREAD.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Noticing in a late issue of your journal an inquiry for a recipe for good hop yeast, I send mine, which I know to be excellent. Take about twenty-five good sized potatoes; pare and boil them soft; then mash and strain through the colander. To one handful of hops put one quart of water; let boil up; then strain and pour on the potatoes; add a teaspoon of sugar, a little salt, and when about milk warm put in a teaspoon of yeast. Let it stand in a warm place till light; then pour it into a jar; cover tight; set in a cool place, and it will keep from four to six weeks. Those who do not like the hop taste could use clear cold water instead of the hop water.

KNICKERBOCKER PUDDING.—One cup of suet, chopped fine; 2 cups of raisins; 2 of sweet milk; 4 of flour; 4 of molasses; 1 teaspoon of cream tartar; half as much soda; 1 teaspoon salt. Steam two hours. Serve with rich sauce.

INDIAN BREAD.—One quart of sour milk; 1 quart of meal; 1 pint of flour; 4 teaspoon of molasses; a heaping teaspoon of soda, also of salt. Pour into a two quart basin, previously greased. Set into a steamer; close tight and steam three hours. Try it, ladies. I am sure you will find it to be good. CLARA S. WHITNEY. Oswego, N. Y., 1860.

PANCAKES WITHOUT SALERATUS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In looking over a late issue of your journal I saw an inquiry how to prepare buckwheat without saleratus; and as I sympathize with DOROTHY, and any other ladies who may not know how to make buckwheat cakes without using the "detestable article," I will give you my mode, which I think good. I use a stone vessel. Take about two quarts of warm water, add a pint of sweet milk, a little salt, and a tea-cup full of good hop yeast; stir in flour until you have a good batter,—let it rise until quite light, then bake on a griddle. Leave about a pint of the batter, to raise the next batch, and you will have better cakes afterwards than at first. I generally set mine at night, just before I retire, and I have nice light cakes for breakfast.—Mrs. E. S. DE WITT, West Millgrove, Wood Co., O., 1860.

[In answer to the business inquiry of Mrs. E. S. D. W., we would say yes. The persons indicated can have the RURAL transferred when they have changed their place of residence.]

TAKE two quarts warm water, a little salt, one tea-cup of hop yeast, flour to make a stiff batter. Set in a warm place, and when light, thin with sweet milk. When baked brown you will call them extra.—Miss R. A. A., Phelps, N. Y., 1860.

COOKING THE APPLE-PIE MELON.—Having seen several inquiries in the RURAL NEW-YORKER as to how the Pie Melon should be used, I will give my experience in the preparation of it. When the melon is ripe, slice and pare it as you would a pumpkin, and having taken out all the seeds, stew it until it becomes soft, and easily mashed, then drain off all the water and season highly with sugar, lemon-juice and rind, grated nutmeg and butter. Bake on pastry as you would pumpkin pie. They can hardly be distinguished from green apple pie, if properly made. The melon will keep in a cellar till January or February, if not allowed to freeze. There may be other and more palatable ways of preparing the Pie Melon. If any one can give a better plan than the above, they will greatly oblige.—A VIRGINIA HOUSEKEEPER, King George Co., Va., 1860.

WATER-PROOF COATING FOR WALLS.—Take 1 part (by weight) of beeswax, and 4 parts of linseed oil, boiled for several hours with litharge (the drying oil of the painter), and 2 parts of rosin. These are heated to boiling, and thoroughly mixed; they are then applied with a brush to the walls. A portable furnace should be employed to dry it, and several coats, one over the other, should be put on. This composition is applicable to the walls of basements built of brick or stone, and any person can make and apply it. There are many damp and unhealthy houses which may be rendered far more comfortable and healthy by such an application to the walls of the lower apartments.

WEEPING SINEW.—A correspondent of the RURAL asks for a recipe to cure "Weeping Sinew." I obtained the following from an Indian doctor, and was cured by it. Have known, also, of other instances of its effecting a cure of that troublesome disease. Take 1 pint of boiling water; put into it about one gill of live angle worms; add a quantity of the green part (that next the wood), of elder bark, and thicken with corn meal sufficient to make a good poultice. Apply this poultice to the affected part, as warm as can be endured, for twenty-four hours, and a cure will result. IRA RICHARDSON, Albion, N. Y., 1860.

COOKING EGG-PLANT.—Seeing a call for a recipe for cooking Egg-Plant in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, I send you the following:—Peel and slice the plant, soak in salt and water 10 minutes, then steam 5 minutes. Make a batter of 1 pint of sweet milk, 4 cup of butter, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 4 do. of soda; mix with flour to the consistency of batter cakes; dip the slices and fry in butter to a light brown. We call them delicious.—Mrs. W. E. BARRY, Chicago, Ill., 1860.

CHARCOAL FOR BURNS.—The Gazette Medicale of France says that, by an accident, charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a piece of cold charcoal upon a burn, the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and deserves a trial.

HOW TO MAKE SAUSAGE.—Fifty pounds of meat; 1 lb. salt; 4 lb. pepper; 4 lb. of sage; 1 teaspoonful cayenne pepper. The above is mother's rule, and it can't be beat, in our estimation.—LIBERT M. K., Hopewell, N. Y., 1860.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL give us a recipe for making breakfast rolls.—LOUISE L. MACDON, N. Y., 1860.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]
IT IS A TRUTH-TELLING label that is upon Dr. LAND & Co's Saleratus, and it gives us great pleasure to say that this brand of Saleratus is making many friends among the intelligent housekeepers of this vicinity. Its perfect purity ought to recommend it, certainly. It can be procured from most grocers and storekeepers. Manufactured for sale at wholesale, at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
SUNSHINE.

BY LIBBIE M. KNAPP.

I don't believe this world of ours is such a gloomy place
As my Aunt KERRY oft declares, with melancholy face;
They're sunshine all along the way for those who choose to
spy it.

And happiness is cheap enough, if folks would only buy it.
They pluck the thistles and the thorns, but never see a flower,
Or stoop and pick up merry things to cheer the lonely hour;
They shut their eyes and call it right, a curse make every
blessing.

And scold at good old Mother Earth when they deserve the
dressing.

Proud Lady, does your silken robe cover an aching heart,
And all the sparkling gems you wear no ray of joy impart?
Thy neighbor toils in want and rage, go change her woe to
gladness;
The sunshine from a grateful heart shall drive away your
sadness.

Fair Maiden, did some treacherous youth your early hopes
deceive,

Steal out the sunshine from your heart and only darkness leave?
Cheer up a false, deceitful man, is never worth the getting—
Far better have no mate at all than one to keep you fretting.

Poor, lonely Bachelor, whose home is cold, and dark, and drear,
Just let me whisper what you need to fill it with good cheer,
A cozy, smiling, little wife, with love would soon unfold it,
And such a flood of sunshine bring the house would hardly
hold it.

Dear friends, if rich, rejoice, and strive a generous soul to keep;
If poor, the anxious dread of loss need never break your sleep;
If well, go on your way, and scorn the doctor's potions;
If sick, be thankful you're alive, and follow all his notions.

So shall you pick the sunshine up, and catch the cheering glow,
Till gloom depart when you appear, and young and old bestow
A blessing on your smiling face, nor yet forget to love you
When sunbeams linger on your grace, and wild flowers wave
above you.
Hopewell, N. Y., 1880.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
OVER-DRESSING.

"The over-dressing of American ladies in the streets, at
hotels, and in the churches, is a subject of general remark
among travelers from abroad, as well as sensible people at
home."—RURAL NEW-YORKER.

THERE is a foreign savor about your discourse, Mr.
COLUMBS. The true sons of "Uncle Sam" do not sit
in judgment against the wives and daughters of
their own country. Haven't you been taking a jaunt
in the Queen's dominions, and been accustomed to
the sight of those sombre-colored satin dresses that
last from one generation to another, and from
thence draw your conclusions? Doubtless you have
encased yourself in an armor of impenetrable reserve,
while the "conflict of" charms is viewed afar off,
and while good care is taken that your position is
beyond the reach of "Cupid's darts." Who are the
sensible people you speak of? Are there any who
do not make obeisance to keeping up appearances,
especially in dress? A few prodigies of excellence
and economy may exist; but the torch of DROGNESS
would evidently be required to find them. Suppose
the American ladies are somewhat in advance of
those on the other side of the "big pond," is there
any rule by which they can be judged? Is there any
judging in matters of dress? Surely nothing is more
capricious than taste.

But if fault exists in matters of dress, where does
it originate? For what purpose do they array their
dear little selves in the most becoming style? Is it
for their own gratification alone? On whom do gen-
tlemen lavish their unceasing attention at "the
Springs," at Newport, at the ball, and, if you please,
at the little private party in your own circle? To
whom do gentlemen solicit introductions? Is it the
plainly-dressed, unpretentious young lady—or is it
that little butterfly of a coquette, made radiantly
beautiful by silks and laces? If I am not mistaken,
men seldom value a jewel unless it be handsomely
set. Dress, or over-dress, has a semblance of wealth,
and husbands are not unfrequently bought with the
lustre of money alone, and the conclusion of the mat-
ter sometimes is, that they find themselves beauti-
fully "sold."

Personal beauty is worshiped next to mammon, but
is rarely appreciated except it be assisted with ele-
gance of dress, and often the chief attraction of the
handsome face is dependent on some peculiarity of
style, or shade of color in dress, which is made the
subject of study by those who know the secret of
their power in society. Indeed, the great wonder is
that so much attention is paid to mental culture and
general intelligence. Goodness and intelligence must
receive the homage that is due for their sakes alone,
before a reform in dress can be expected. News-
paperdom is not the path to this field of reform.
Honestly, Mr. COLUMBS, does not an American woman
possess more attractions for a better-half with her
great fault of over-dressing, or, rather, her fault of
trying to please, than any of those English ladies
who possess such a keen relish for roast beef and
porter? Would you like to be taken captive by any
of those German beauties whose liking for lager beer
is equal to that exhibited by ARTEMUS WARD's musci-
an—or would you prefer a French lass to serve up
frogs in your dish of fricasee, and keep you spending
half your life at a "café"?—instead of a neat little
American home, where the vine and shrubbery grow
undisturbed, and where the sunshine can play hide
and seek, and the dear wife, arrayed in the becoming
dress you so dearly love to see, is ever ready to wel-
come you.
LINDA BENNETT.
Hammondsport, N. Y., 1880.

WE wonder if LINDA is not indulging in a sly hit
at the occupants of the RURAL SANCTUM, adminis-
tering her castigation over the shoulders of the
devoted "COLUMBS." At all events, she comes to the
defence of American ladies with true spirit and cour-
age, genuine feminine grit, and while we must,
with the most profound respect, acknowledge the
ardor displayed, we beg leave to enter our protest at
being thus summarily read out of either the Union
Federal, or the Union Matrimonial. For the first,
and we include that naughty little sister, Miss S.
CAROLINA, we cherish a devotion that will last
while pulse beats or heart throbs, and the latter, bless
your dear heart, LINDA, we love with all our powers
of body and soul. We speak knowingly, too; for
instead of "keeping beyond the reach of CURRY's
arrows," one of the aforesaid weapons touched us de-
licious years ago, as those who compose "our own
circle" at home, the little ones who clamber upon
our knees and dally with locks where the frosts of
winter are somewhat thickly sown,—could testify.
In LINDA's remarks relative to the male race, there is,
unfortunately, too much of truth; we think, however,
that the cause of this *moral delinquency* is not rightly
judged. As to the question of dress, and the modes
and styles thereof, we do not consider ourselves com-

petent critics, and will take the advice of the witty
writer she mentions:—"Never don't do nothing" which
it isn't your Fort." Our correspondent has broached
the subject,—the ladies have the matter in charge,—
and we will be glad to have them discuss its influence
upon their sex, in a philosophical and hygienic point
of view, through the columns of the RURAL.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
BORROWERS.

THERE is a certain class of persons who seem to be
inveterate foes of decency, as far as the returning of
borrowed articles is concerned. Have you ever,
gentle reader, been blessed with one of these "bor-
rowers" for a neighbor? If you have, you doubtless
know what it is to measure out homeopathic doses of
tea, starch, sugar, and all the *ceteras* of house-
keeping. If "trials bring strength," your patience,
charity, and other Christian graces are undoubtedly
largely developed. Exercise has probably not been
neglected, as you have daily to step "just across the
way" after your wash-tub, smoothing iron, or most
vexatious of all, your newspaper. Sometimes one is
tempted to exclaim "blessed be nothing;" for then,
at least, one is free from all importunities to lend.

It seems to be an established rule with these bor-
rowers, that books and papers are purchased by their
friends "pro bono publico," instead of their indi-
vidual gratification. Perhaps from this misapprehen-
sion arises all those inconveniences wherewith
they so annoy the reading part of community. And
it certainly is an annoyance, just as you have settled
yourself for a quiet evening's looking over the paper,
to have your neighbor step in with his stereotyped
"Good evening, Mrs. WHITE—thought I'd just run
over and look at your last paper a few moments."

Well—there is no use in crying, so you hand him
the paper, inwardly hoping that his few minutes may
be few indeed. But no, he sits immovable, until
hastily glancing at the clock, he perceives it is rather
an unseasonable hour. Then comes the crowning
trial for you as he coolly says:—"I beg your pardon
for staying so late, but really this story was so inter-
esting I didn't mind how fast the evening was slip-
ping away; guess I'd better take it home and finish
it." Away he goes, paper in hand, and after it has
been read and re-read by the whole SMITH family—
after the news is old, the jokes stale, and the recipes
out—your paper comes home, if you choose to bring it.

This is about a fair specimen of newspaper lending;
and if my experience is any criterion to judge by,
lending books is not much better. Now and then
one is returned uninjured, but the majority come
home with broken backs, and leaves that suggest at
once the use of SPALDING'S glue. Others, like the
Dutchman's hens, "come home missing."
But it will not answer to be too severe upon this
army of borrowers. We must give "line upon line,
precept upon precept, here a little and there a little,"
and wait patiently for that "good time coming,"
when every man shall be the possessor of his own
Bible, his own tooth-brush, and his own newspaper.
Benson, Rut. Co., Vt., 1880. COUSIN S.

BLACK DAYS.

HAVE you ever known days that were black? Have
you ever known days in which everything went
wrong, as though some invisible hand turned your
life topsy-turvy? Did every sharp instrument you
handled pierce or cut you of its own accord? Did
some undiscoverable individual throw your neatly-
arranged work into confusion, and abstract the book
in which you were deeply interested? Did the cur-
rent of thoughts, which usually flowed with pleasant
freedom, suddenly become stagnant? Did the per-
sons you least wish to see force themselves into your
presence, and those you loved best remain absent?
Did you labor with more than wonted zeal, yet
accomplish nothing?

Such unbalanced days, when life seems all a game
of cross purposes, will come to most of us; and how
is their unholy spell to be broken? Very often the
presence of some being, gifted with a strong, pure
heart, genial temperament, and sympathetic nature,
will chase away all the shadows, restore serenity to
the ruffled temper, and evoke order out of confusion,
even as the voice, the look of one single angel can
put to flight a legion of evil spirits.

TO FAULT-FINDING PARENTS.—There are times
when it is necessary to censure and punish; but very
much more may be done by encouraging children
when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to
express your approbation of good conduct, than your
disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage
a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the
part of its parents; and hardly anything can exert a
more injurious influence upon the disposition, both
of the parent and child. There are two great motives
influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of
these are at times necessary. But who would not
prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct
by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of
offending? If a mother never expresses her gratifica-
tion when her children do well, and is always censur-
ing them when she sees anything amiss, they are
discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become
hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and,
at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they
are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts
to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

LOVE.—This is the great instrument and engine of
nature, the bond and cement of society, the spring
and spirit of the universe. It is of that active,
restless nature, that it must of necessity exert itself;
and like the fire to which it is often compared, is not
a free agent to choose whether it will heat or no, but
it streams forth by natural results, and unavoidable
emanations, so that it will fasten upon an inferior,
unsuitable object, rather than none at all. The soul
may sooner leave off to subsist than to love, and like
the vine, it withers and dies, if it has nothing to
embrace. Now this affection in the state of inno-
cence was happily pitched upon its right object; it
flamed up in direct fervors of devotion to God, and in
collateral emissions of charity to its neighbor. It
was a vestal and a virgin fire, and differed as much
from that which usually passes by this name now-a-
days as the vital heat from the burning of a fever.—
Dr. South.

WOMEN AS THINKERS.—"Trust the first thought of
woman, not the second," is an old proverb; and Mon-
taigne says that "any truth which may be attained at
one bound; woman will reach, but that which needs
patient climbing is the prize of man."

FEMALE SOCIETY.—"Without female society," it
has been justly said, "the beginning of men's lives
would be helpless—the middle without joy or plea-
sure—the end without comfort."

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

BY KATH CAMERON.

Oh, a welcome sight it will truly be
When my ship comes sailing over the sea!
The sea that divides the Present and the Past,
From the boundless Future and the vast Ideal.
The way is long, and 'tis many a day
Since the sails were spread in Hope's fair bay,
But through weary watchings my song hath been,
"I need only wait till my ship comes in!"

It is freighted with all my childhood's dreams,
With those half-forgotten, but golden schemes
That are based on a faith in fairy lore,
Which, once lost, naught can ever again restore.
Such visions of beauty and glimpses of bliss
May be found in the next world, but never in this!
Yet I turn with a sigh from life's busy din,
And say, "I will wait till my ship comes in!"

And Youth hath a venture on board, I ween,
The gold and the gems that might deck a queen,
The marvels of skill and the treasures of art
That hold such sway o'er the young dreamer's heart.
Old relics from many a far-off clime
Gilded by Memory,—darkened by Time.
I've longed for them all,—if that were a sin,
And I'm waiting still till my ship comes in!

Ah, rich shall I be when that hoarded store
Is safely landed within my door!
I can think what keen joy my heart will thrill,
And what thankful tears my eyes will fill;
And many dear friends will share it with me,
For my love, like my hope, is boundless and free,
And to more than one hath my promise been,
"I'll remember you when my ship comes in!"

Alas! that the Future so seldom yields
A harvest for what we sow in her fields;
That the hopes we planted in days gone-by,
Mouldering and dead in the furrows lie;
That year after year we must watch in vain
For the ripened fruit and the golden grain;
For it all has a part of the cargo been
Of that well-laden ship,—that never comes in!

Yet I do not despair,—for by-and-by
I shall see my ship at anchor lie
In that harbor for which the yearning heart
Will vainly search every earthly chart;
All safely moored by that shining strand
Which we vaguely call "The Better Land!"
While free from sorrow, from doubt, and from sin,
With joy I shall welcome that good ship in.

Oh, that spirit-ship, with its snowy sails,
So gently stirred by the soft, balmy gales!
Not alone will my vanished hopes be there,
But the loved and the lost, the young and fair;
And the longings which earth could not fulfill,
And the ties which death could not break or chill;
All these shall be mine,—and such prize to win,
I can wait God's time till my ship comes in!
Rochester, N. Y., 1880.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
WHY DO MEN WRITE?

ALL the world are either book-makers or book-
readers, and the number of authors increases so
rapidly that it will soon be difficult to tell which
constitutes the larger class. Historians and essayists,
novelists and poets, court the public favor; metro-
politan presses groan beneath their burdens, and
provincial shelves bend with the weight of their
constant accumulations. "Why do men write," thus
becomes a pertinent and profitable inquiry. It
would be an endless task to enumerate all the
motives which have prompted men to wield the pen,
for there is not a passion or an emotion which has
not moved some mind to publish its thoughts. But,
generally speaking, men write either for fame, for
pay, or for usefulness.

Ambition urges none more strongly than the
author. A niche in the temple of fame is to him a
bright ideal, which time will render real, and day-
dreams and night-thoughts cluster around the pleas-
ant fancy. As he hears the "silver trumpet" sound-
ing another's praise, he longs for the time when the
same tones shall for him wake the echoes. Full of
enthusiasm, he labors earnestly, and perhaps achieves
success, though often sighing with many another,
"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

He wishes to immortalize his name, but if the bauble
of present popularity is presented to him, it is
eagerly clutched as a sweet foretaste of what will
follow in the future. If thus deluded, the author's
productions are ephemeral, and he often finds that
he has not only failed of immortality, but has out-
lived his fame.

A much larger class write for the pecuniary
rewards now bestowed on literary efforts. We have
penny-a-liners in abundance, and a fine array of
talents attached to the daily and weekly press. But
we refer especially to that respectable profession,
whose wants are supplied, and whose debts are paid,
by the products of their pen. Nor should we call
them mercenary, for to them are we all indebted for
much of our highest pleasure. The time has been
when a sensitive genius shrank from transcribing his
best thoughts for public perusal, receiving therefor a
mere pittance, yet the wants of the body must be
supplied, and that pittance must be had. GOLD-
SMITH'S desire to pay the rent of his garret, gave to
the world the "Vicar of Wakefield," and "Rasselas,"
mournful of itself, is rendered still more touching by
its sacred association with the death of Dr. JOHNS-
ON'S mother, having been written to pay the
expenses of her funeral. None can read "Paradise
Lost," and learn, without emotion, that its first copy
was sold for six pounds. And though it was a pleasure
for his blind author thus to embody grand con-
ceptions, he was also by necessity bound to feed
hungry mouths and clothe naked limbs. Even SHAKS-
PEARE, whom all the world calls great, at first wrote
to obtain the means of subsistence, and then to
amass wealth. These men are known, and well
known, and it is a fact no less curious than true, that
many of those who in the past have written from
necessity, have obtained both wealth and lasting
fame, while the fame-seekers have obtained neither.

A third, and smaller class, wish to be useful.
Satiated have written to correct vices or follies, and
some novelists strive to inculcate virtue and morality.
Others, who have studied deeply, and gained exten-
sive knowledge, have written that mankind in gen-
eral might obtain the benefit of their labors. All
such authors claim to be philanthropists, but selfish
motives influence them more or less, and there are
few, indeed, who write solely to do good. We have
read of a man in the interior of India, who used to go
alone every morning, and fill with cold water a
trough standing by the roadside. Many a thirsty
traveler, who, pausing in his weary march over arid
sands, there drank refreshing draughts and "went on
his way rejoicing," longed to see and to thank his
unknown benefactor. But he, satisfied that some

weary pilgrims were blessed by his kindness, never
asked other reward. The authors of two religious
works which are read and prized by all Christians,
will ever remain unknown. Though many a weary
pilgrim on life's pathway, strengthened by copious
draughts from pure fountains of truth, would gladly
pay them a grateful tribute, it is sufficient for them
to know that some fainting soul has had its faith
renewed by glimpses of the heavenly land unfolded
in their books.

Occasionally an author has written only for useful-
ness, and, despising popular applause, has been fully
rewarded with the consciousness of having done
good. Such motives are the purest and noblest
of which we can conceive. An unmixed desire to
do good, causes them to write, and the same religion
which taught them that "it is more blessed to give
than to receive," also taught them to desire not
earthly fame or worldly wealth, but the approbation
of Him "who seeth in secret" but rewardeth openly.
Angelica, N. Y., 1880.

WHY DO YOU WORRY?

DON'T you know that multitudes of human beings
turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and
dwell and brood upon their worries? Don't you know
that multitudes persistently look away from the
numerous pleasant things they might contemplate,
and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful
and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend,
in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The
blast without is hardly heard through the drawn
curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown-
up daughters. You feel thankful that, after the bustle
of the day, you have this quiet retreat where you
may rest and rest yourself for another day, with its
bustle. But the conversation goes on. Nothing is
talked of but the failings of the servants, and the
idleness and impudence of your boys; unless, indeed,
it be the supercilious bow with which Mrs. Snooks
that afternoon passed your wife, and the fact that the
pleasant dinner party at which you assisted the
evening before at Mr. Smith's, has been ascertained
to have been one of a second-chop character, his
more honored guests having dined on the previous
day. Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short,
is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible
light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest
degree. The natural and necessary result follows.
An hour, or less, of this discipline, brings all parties
to a sulky and snappish frame of mind. And instead
of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you
were disposed to be when you sat down, you find
that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of
gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself,
pass into moody, sullen silence over your books—
books which you are not likely for this evening to
much appreciate or enjoy.

Now, I put it to every sensible reader, whether
there be not a great deal too much of this kind of
thing. Are there not families that never spend a
quiet evening together without embittering it by
raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and
history? There are folks who, both in their own
case and that of others, seem to find a strange satis-
faction in sticking the thorn in the hand further
in,—even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their
lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not
look at these. Let the view around in a hundred
directions be ever so charming, they cannot be got
to turn their mental view in one of these. They
persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pig-
sty.—Country Parson.

TRUE AND FALSE GOOD-BREEDING.—It is truly said
that a little gentility is a dangerous thing. There
are no such sticklers for etiquette as the would-be
fashionable, who have heard of good society, but
have never seen it. Having no innate good-breed-
ing, they hedge in their lives with conventionalities
and rules borrowed from the "Handbook of Polite-
ness." It is unsafe to do an original and spontane-
ous act in their presence, or let fall a remark that's
not correctly common-place, if you would beware of
offending their fastidiousness. On the other hand,
there's no such freedom anywhere as in really good
society. Truly well-bred persons never act by rule,
or fear giving offence by the freedom of their con-
duct and conversation. It is the high tone of their
behavior that preserves them from vulgarity, not the
observance of etiquette. Innate politeness and
nobility of character show themselves in every
gesture, in every accent of the voice and glance of
the eye; humble dress and occupation cannot con-
ceal them; neither can vulgarity put on those high
qualities, though it be clad in purple and gold, and
housed in a palace.

BEAUTIES OF SHADOWS.—The shadows all day long
play at silent games of beauty. Every thing is
double, if it stands in light. The tree sees an unre-
vealed and muffled self lying darkly along the
ground. The slender stems of flowers, golden rods,
wayside asters, meadow daisies, and rare lilies, (rare
and yet abundant in every nice, level meadow,) cast
forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies
long all the morning, shortening till noon, and
creeping out again from the root all the afternoon,
until the sun shoots it as far eastward in the evening
as the sun shot it westward in the morning. A
million shadowy arrows such as these spring from
Apollo's golden bow of light at every step. Flying
in every direction, they cross, interlacing each other
in a soft network of dim lines. Meanwhile, the
clouds drop shadow-like anchors, that reach the
ground, but will not hold; every browsing creature,
every flitting bird, every moving team, every unpo-
sessed traveler writes itself along the ground in dim
shadow.—Henry Ward Beecher.

WHAT IS A "SPURGE?"—Rev. Dr. Cox has
given the following, which, it strikes us, well defines
the term by illustration:—"The word 'spurge' is a
coinage, probably, not yet in any dictionary; yet
meaning, as if a great rock of the mountain, disin-
tegrated from its summit, should rush and bound,
portentous and avalanched, into a sylvan lake at its
foot, there making an uproarious splash, boring its
way through the parted and the frightened waves, and
after dashing the spray in all directions, burying
itself in forgotten repose under congenial mud at
the bottom; so gone forever from sight, from
thought, from upper air, and all the ways of men;
thus meaning,—the low aim of making a consider-
able sensation at least once in society."

DEPENDENCY.—The race of mankind would perish,
did they cease to aid each other. From the time the
mother binds the child's head, till the moment that
some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the
brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual
help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to
ask it of their fellow mortals. No one who has the
power of granting it can refuse it without guilt.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
WAITING FOR THE FERRYMAN.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

In the sweet Summer of the year,
Beneath life's noon-day glare,
I wait for one who draweth near,
My spirit home to bear.

Between me and "the silent land,"
A strange, deep streamlet rolls,
Which I must cross, led by Death's hand—
The Ferryman of Souls.

Sometimes, in the dim, solemn night,
I hear his dipping oar,
And feel that ere the morning light,
His bark will touch the shore.

But soon the midnight shadows flee,—
Away, like ghosts, they glide,—
And leave me waiting patiently
Beside the soundless tide.

Faith, Hope, and Love, "the holy three,"
My all of life remain;
They to the brink have come with me,
My spirit to sustain.

Faith leaves me not, on her true breast
I lean, and thus grow strong,
Became to more than mortal rest
By her celestial song.

On wings of light, Hope flies before
To realms of bliss afar,
And gleameth from "the shining shore,"
My soul's bright guiding star.

O, weeping Love! bid me not stay,
Since thou and I shall meet
So soon upon heavenly way
That leads to Jesus' feet.

Then hasten, boatman, why delay?
Behold the morning dawn,
And by its earliest crimson ray,
I'm waiting to be gone.
Dedham, Mass., 1880.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
OUR RANSOM.

For ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be
redeemed without money.—BIBLE.

How direct, simple, and beautiful, is this passage
from the Bible. Where, out of the Scriptures, shall
we look for one of equal truth and beauty? It con-
tains one of the saddest truths that ever forced itself
upon the heart, and a promise more precious than
gold to poor, sin-burdened humanity. Truly we have
sold ourselves for naught. We have forfeited our
future interests, fraught with the weight of an eternal
duration, for the trifling good of earth-born life. We
have sold them for earthly possessions. Houses and
lands, costly apparel and gay equipage, have looked
brighter to our blinded vision than the "incorruptible
inheritance."

The crown of honor, too, has attracted our gaze.
For the sake of gaining this how have we employed
our energies, and pushed our way on, dreaming that
there was no brightness or joy, out of the charmed
circle of the world's favor. Perhaps, for this we have
turned aside the principles of truth, and narrowed
down our minds to suit the customs and practices of
men, forgetting that it was written in the Book of
eternal Truth, "Man looketh upon the outward
appearance, but God looketh upon the heart."

Ease, too, allure many to her inglorious bowers,
and casts upon her victims such a fatal charm that
the realities of the future are insufficient to awaken
their dull perceptions. "O, let me sleep," says the
ensnared one,—"yonder path, that you say is the way
of duty, is rugged and unpleasant. Let me dream
on, for my dreams are very beautiful; this bower is
pleasant and sunny, and the music of this place is far
more agreeable than the scenes of strife and toil to
which you would call me." Thus the victim slum-
bers, dreaming to meet the responsibilities apportioned
to him, and thus he dies, with the problem of life
unsolved, the good that he might have done undone,
and the crown of life unwon.

Society, with its present associations, allures many
from the right way, and leads them to forfeit their
soul's best interests. It ruins the physical health, by
its foolish customs and exactions, develops envy,
vanity, and superficialness, in the heart, and fails to
give the soul that preparation it needs to fit for its
appearance before the tribunal of God. "And ye
shall be redeemed without money." The Bible says
not ye shall be redeemed without cost, but *without
money*. Something far more precious than gold was
given for the ransom of men, even the life of the Son
of God. Not only did He die for us, but He lived for
us. He came as a mortal, partook of our nature, our
hopes, sorrows, fears, temptations, privations, and
sufferings. He had sorrows over and beyond what
man suffered, and one source of his sorrows arose
from his knowledge of the hearts of men. Did grief
pierce the heart of any, even though they were the
most unworthy and unnoticed, His sympathy was
moved in their behalf. He knew the malice and
hatred that actuated the scribes and Pharisees as they
surrounded Him, apparently interested in His teach-
ing. He knew better than any could tell the preju-
diced and unbelief with which He had to contend.
Our Father often hides from us that knowledge which
would give us pain, and leads us in a path unknown
to ourselves; but everything was known to the eye
of Jesus, and though this knowledge added to His
sufferings, it prepared Him to make a more perfect
sacrifice for us. All through His life He was pre-
paring the way for our salvation by His words and acts;
and when He closed His eyes in death, it was as a
victim, upon whom rested the wrath of an offended
God. This was the price that was paid for us. We
cannot comprehend it. Ever since that sacrifice was
made on Calvary, men have repeated the story of his
life and death, yet the theme is new. Faith in the
merits of that death is the one bright star that leads
the Christian on through this vale of tears, and finally
brings him conqueror up to Throne of God. High
and low, old and young, rich and poor, must exercise
faith in that one name, in order to gain entrance to
the pure and glorious inheritance of the eternal world.
Butler, Wis., 1880. M. O.

THE SOLITUDE OF DEATH.—We must die alone. To
the very verge of the stream our friends may accom-
pany us; they may bend over us, they may cling to
us there, but that one long wave from the sea of
eternity washes up to the lips, sweeps us from the
shore, and we go forth alone! In that untried and
utter solitude, then, what can there be for us but the
pulsation of that assurance—"I am not alone, be-
cause the Father is with me!"

Good works will never save you, but you can never
be saved without them.

The Educator.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
HOME EDUCATION.

THERE has been much speculation among philosophers and learned men in regard to the real and ultimate designs of education. It is perfectly orthodox everywhere in community, in regard to the professional man or woman,—they must be educated. The dear and important interests of the people must not be placed in the hands of the unlearned and unskilled. And then, men and women must be well educated, who are called to meet the public demands of busy, active life.

No man can administer to the intellectual or moral demands of the public mind, destitute of the power of education. This sentiment is received as orthodox everywhere. Without the advantages which a good education affords, people cannot well meet and conquer the ills and stern necessities of human nature. Theology, medicine and law are sciences which it is popular to study. Quacks are a living terror to those who would see the machinery of life move on in undisturbed harmony and order. Hence, when a young man or woman, impelled by the higher instincts of nature, is seen pursuing, earnestly and assiduously, a course of study, the questions are heard, "What do they intend to become?" "What are they fitting themselves for?" "Surely they cannot be wasting so much of their precious time without some specific purpose?" An efficient and useful practice of medicine, theology, or law, requires much study and knowledge. It is a most glaring error to admit that an ignorant man can reach real eminence in any of the "learned professions." Common experience, however, proves that many who are called learned, seem to have very little success.

Another fact is very evident. Were there more careful, earnest study among the masses, there would be far less occasion for the practice of the "learned professions." The real enlightenment and elevation of society looks toward a time when there shall be far less incumbents of the "learned professions." But all education that does look to the elevation and purifying of the home circle, is most sadly deficient. In the light of the home circle must arise all true reforms. Were I able, in the zeal and strength of hope, to rear a superstructure of intellectual and moral purity in our land, I would begin at the domestic hearth. I would not commence in the public throng. Were the mighty ocean to be emptied of its flood, it would be folly to chain its giant surges as they go dashing over its dark bosom. Just arrest the raindrop before it falls to the earth, cut off the course of the merry streamlet as it goes singing to the sea, and how soon would the "vast deep" reveal its world of mysterious life and death.

Step into the homes of our country and sit down by the hearthstone. Over many is gleaming the light of intelligence and beauty,—in many you may discover the refining light of home education,—you will find the mother and wife amply fitted to fill her station. She is qualified to instruct and guide her sons and daughters. They feel her controlling influence. Her feelings and emotions have been trained and disciplined, her affections are strong, genial and resolute. She was not educated for some ideal mission. She did not squander her younger years away upon the fooleries and frivolities of pride and fashion. There was more importance attached to the real pressing demands of life, than to the width or number of the flounces upon her dress. When Miss Brown,—who had the most ample means of administering to every passion and vain desire,—was spending her life in positive idleness, she was endeavoring to discipline and strengthen her mind by self-denial. She was engaged in teaching, impelled by her thirst for real knowledge, and by the strong power of maternal love. She has contended nobly with the ills and misfortunes of life, and has conquered. And now she is prepared, by a course of seasonable discipline, to adorn the noblest station of life.

There are some such homes. There are homes in which the beautiful machinery of domestic government seems to move with regularity and order. Every member of the household understands and maintains his relative duties, and from such homes radiate those cheering influences which honor God and bless mankind. But there are very many sadder pictures of domestic education. There are many homes in which the refining power of discipline and education is not felt. The domestic hearthstone, instead of being a nucleus around which cluster love, virtue and refinement, seems a repelling power, and an object of necessity rather than of love and beauty.

The mother and wife has been most sadly disappointed in regard to her real mission. She finds herself almost entirely destitute of that education requisite to adorn her station. Instead of meeting her duties with a cheerful and resolute will, her spirit complains that life's burden rests so heavily upon her. A shadow darkens that household,—there is no music there,—the hours pass heavily on,—there is jargon in the motions of domestic life. This is all the result of home education.

Were I asked for a panacea for all the moral ills which infest the world,—were I to give a remedy, effectual and efficient for moral disease,—were I asked what would arrest the mighty tide of sensuality and licentiousness pouring over our land, I would say, *purify and educate the home circle.* Educate your daughters to become competent and efficient wives and mothers, and educate your sons to become the worthy husbands of such daughters. This will do more than all the statute enactments or police arrangements in our land. J. W. BARKER.
Buffalo, N. Y., 1880.

FALSE EDUCATION.

Shame upon historians and schoolmasters for exciting the worst passions of youth by the display of false glories! If your religion hath any truth or influence, her professors will extinguish the promontory lights, which only allure to breakers. They will be assiduous in teaching the young and ardent that great abilities do not constitute great men, without the right and unremitting application of them; and that, in the sight of humanity and wisdom, it is better to erect one cottage than demolish a hundred cities. Down to the present day we have been taught little else than falsehood. We have been told to do this thing and that; we have been told we shall be punished unless we do; but at the same time we are shown by the finger that prosperity and glory, and the esteem of all about us, rest upon other and very different foundations. Now, do the ears or the eyes seduce the most easily, and lead the most directly to the heart? But both ears and eyes are won over, and alike are persuaded to corrupt us.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

He that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]
WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE.

As the winter term of our district schools has begun, let me ask you, parents and pupils, to take a glance at the schools of a year ago in your vicinity, some of which were good, others bad, and tell me what made the difference. Doubtless your ready answer is,—why, some were fortunate enough to secure good teachers, while others were not, either because they were afraid to open their purse strings far enough, or could not spend time to look up one. Are you, my friends, very sure that your answer is the correct one? Have you studied the matter carefully, and sifted it thoroughly? If you are right in believing that the teacher only is responsible for the reputation of your schools, will you tell me why we heard so many remarks like the following:—"I don't see why Jones can't teach just as good a school as Smith." "I should think Jones would keep first-rate order, he is so stern and unflinching in other places." "I haven't been in to see, but they say the scholars do just as they please. I wish I had hired Smith, for they say 'that their school beats anything else in town.' I would, but I didn't suppose Jones would fall here, though he hasn't had the name of keeping first-rate order."

As you don't seem to find the exact difficulty in Jones, let us look at the circumstances of the two, a little. You all consider Jones equal to Smith at anything out of the line of teaching. Each taught his first term in some out-of-the-way place, and we never heard much about it. The second term, Smith was engaged in a well regulated school, with a large number of earnest, intelligent scholars, and parents who were determined to have their children *know something*, and their school a *good one*. Jones taught in a tumble-down house, belonging to a district where education was below par, and school taxes a grudging investment, and, as a natural consequence, a lot of scholars that knew but little, and cared less about learning any more. That he failed to acquire the name of being a good teacher in such a place need not surprise any one. That Smith would have done any better in the same place remains to be proved.

The third term, Smith enters No. 4 with the reputation of being a good teacher, and keeping first-rate order, which his school of the previous winter, united with his own energy and perseverance, gave him, and a successful course is confidently expected by all concerned. And a successful course they have, not so much because Smith is a better teacher than Jones, as because all the component parts are expecting and therefore doing all in their power to make it a good one, and putting down the few fault-finding remarks of the dissatisfied ones until they, too, give it up, and go with the rest in saying Smith "can't be beat, nor equaled even." Jones, just as earnest and efficient, but with the reputation which his school of the preceding winter gave him still clinging to his name, enters your school amid shakes of the head, doubts expressed and unexpressed, and eyes opened wide to see if there should be the least bit of disorder. Some of the scholars are for fun; others stand outside and wait to see if the school is to be a good one or not; others go inside, but instead of devoting their time to study, sit, watch the rest, and go away saying, "it was so noisy they couldn't learn anything, and the school was a miserable one."

Why was it a miserable one, I ask? You say, "Jones is a fine young man, a first-rate fellow, but he hasn't the faculty to get along in the schoolroom." I say it is because he is almost the only one in the district ready to work,—the rest of you are carefully watching for the failure that must inevitably come, if the teacher has no one to help him. You might as well expect the sculptor (with whom the teacher is so often compared,) to embody the beautiful designs which his soul creates, with his block of marble set up by the wayside, and every passer-by permitted to hack it as he pleased, as to expect even the most perfect of teachers to mold a character of beauty and symmetry during the short time the scholars are under his supervision, unaided by their own efforts and the hearty co-operation of their parents.

But you, scholars, are not blocks of inanimate marble,—you are immortal beings, like your teacher, and like him, responsible to yourselves, your country, and your Creator, for the use and improvement of those powers which He has given to your keeping. If you would have a good school the present winter, be ready to do your part, and believe me it is no small part you have to do, for you are just as much a factor of the school as your teacher,—it is just as necessary that your part should be well done as that his should be. And if you cannot each do quite as much toward forming the character of your school, you can do infinitely more towards forming your own. It is upon your own exertions that your advancement mostly depends. I do not wish to take one iota from the responsibility resting upon the teachers' efforts, but I do say that you can learn in almost any school if you will and if you do. I want it to be understood that I have reference to the large scholars, or first classes, in these remarks, the smaller ones seldom trouble any teacher.

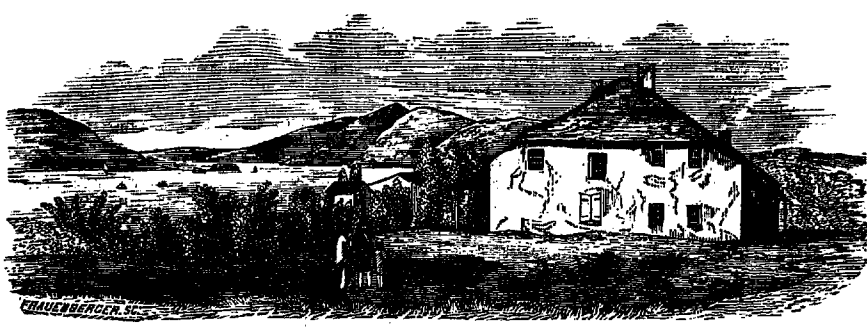
To the parents I would say, when you catch yourselves in the act of finding fault with your teacher, pause and go to the schoolroom and compare his discipline with your own, and if he is not overruled any worse than you are, go away and hold your peace, leaving him to manage the school unmolested by your opposing influence, if you will not give him your support. MAY MYSTLE.
Albion, N. Y., 1880.

EDUCATION IN VERMONT.—The State Teachers' Association, adopted, during the last session, the following resolution:

Resolved, That when qualifications are equal, and equal services are rendered, male and female Teachers should receive equal compensation.

From a report on the progress of Common Schools in the State, we learn that the whole number of children in the State is 89,900; of schools, 2,754; of teachers, 4,885. Average attendance, 47,000, or about 50 per cent. More than 17,000 have attended no school at all. Instances of tardiness, 890,000; cases of corporal punishment, 9,882. Only 126 districts have a dictionary of any kind; 115 have globes; 310 have outline maps. Whole expense during the year, \$406,000.

EDUCATION IN WISCONSIN.—The annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wisconsin, gives the number of school districts in that State as 4,110; number of male attendants, 194,834,—being about two-thirds of the children of school age in the State; average monthly wages of male teachers, \$24 20; ditto female teachers, \$14 84; total receipts for school purposes during the last year, \$574,183 97. There are 1,176 district libraries in the State, containing an aggregate of 36,939 volumes. The amount of money raised for the libraries was \$2,003 91. There are also 161 select and private schools in the State, exclusive of incorporated academies, attended by 7,326 scholars.



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.

PROMINENT among the places made memorable by Revolutionary events, are the Highlands upon the Hudson, from Haverstraw to Newburgh. Here we find the scenes of councils, battles, sieges, triumphs, and treason, giving an interest in the locality to every lover of freedom, and especially claiming the homage of the American heart. Newburgh, and New Windsor, then a small village two miles below the former town, were the chosen quarters of Washington at different times, from December, 1780, until the conclusion of the war in 1783, and a portion of that time was the cantonment of the American army, thus making Newburgh a conspicuous point in the history of the war. At the close of 1780 the army was cantoned at three points, Morristown and Pompton, in New Jersey, and at Phillipsburg, in the Hudson Highlands. Washington established his head-quarters at New Windsor in December, 1780, where he remained until June, 1781, when the French, who had quartered during the winter at Newport and Lebanon, formed a junction with the Americans on the Hudson. In April, 1782, he established his head-quarters at Newburgh, two miles above the village of New Windsor, occupying the stone house, a view of which we present to our readers, as an interesting relic of revolutionary times, where he continued most of the time until November, 1783, when the Continental army was disbanded. The house is substantially built, of stone, and the

main part is over one hundred years old, though an addition was made to it as late as 1770. It was in possession of the Hasbrouck family from the time of its erection until within about ten years, when it was purchased by the State of New York for the purpose of securing its preservation as a relic of the Revolution. It was placed in charge of the trustees of Newburgh, who were required to spend a certain amount in repairs, ornamenting the grounds, &c. The house has accordingly been thoroughly repaired, some of the modern alterations within have been changed, and the whole appearance of the edifice is as much like that of the era of the Revolution as it is possible to make it. A family resides in the mansion for the purpose of receiving and attending visitors. Properly preserved, this relic of the Revolution will doubtless withstand the destruction of time for another century. The timbers are sound, the walls massive, the roof and the weather-boards on the gables well preserved.

Lady WASHINGTON was a resident of "Hasbrouck House" during the summer of 1783, and in gratification of her taste for gardening, cultivated a large space in front of the house. Mr. EAGER, the historian of Orange County, says that within his remembrance, the brick borders of her flower-beds remained. For the above facts we are indebted mainly to LOSSING'S *Field Book of the Revolution*.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

THE MICROSCOPE.

With the help of his microscope, man can enter into a world unknown to the ignorant, and altogether invisible to the unassisted eye. In every plant and flower which adorns the field, in every leaf of the forest, in the seeds, prickles, and down of all vegetables, he perceives beauties and harmonies, and exquisite contrivances, of which, without this instrument, he could have formed no conception. In every scale of a haddock he perceives a beautiful piece of net-work, admirably contrived and arranged, and in the scale of a sole, a still more diversified structure, which no art could imitate, terminated with pointed spikes, and formed with admirable regularity. Where nothing but a speck of moldiness appears to the naked eye, he beholds a forest of mushrooms with long stalks, and with leaves and blossoms distinctly visible. In the eyes of a common fly, where others can see only two small protuberances, he perceives several thousands of beautiful transparent globes, exquisitely rounded and polished, placed with the utmost regularity in rows, crossing each other like a kind of lattice-work, and forming the most admirable piece of mechanism which the eye can contemplate. The small dust that covers the wings of moths and butterflies he perceives to consist of an infinite multitude of feathers of various forms, not much unlike the feathers of birds, and adorned with the most bright and vivid colors. In an animal so small that the naked eye can scarcely distinguish it as a visible point, he perceives a head, mouth, eyes, legs, joints, bristles, hair, and other animal parts and functions, as nicely formed and adjusted, and endowed with as much vivacity, agility, and intelligence, as the larger animals. In the tail of a small fish or the foot of a frog, he can perceive the variegated branchings of the veins and arteries, and the blood circulating through them with amazing velocity. In a drop of stagnant water he perceives thousands of living beings of various shapes and sizes, beautifully formed, and swimming with wanton vivacity, like fishes in the midst of the ocean. In short, by this instrument he perceives that the whole earth is full of animation, and that there is not a single tree, plant, or flower, and scarcely a drop of water, that is not teeming with life and peopled with its peculiar inhabitants. He thus enters, as it were, into a new world, invisible to other eyes, where every object in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms presents a new and interesting aspect, and unfolds beauties, harmonies, contrasts, and exquisite contrivances, altogether inconceivable by the ignorant and unreflecting mind.—*Dick.*

SECURE SLEEP, REGULAR SLEEP.

DR. CORNWELL, of Philadelphia, contributes to the November number of the *Educator* an article on sleep, from which we make the following brief extract:

No one who wishes to accomplish great things should deny himself the advantages of sleep or exercise. Any student will accomplish more, year by year, if he allows himself seven or eight hours to sleep, and three or four for meals and amusements, than if he labors at his books, or with his pen, ten or twelve hours a day. It is true that some few persons are able to perform much mental labor; and to study late at night, and yet sleep well. Some require but little sleep. But such individuals are very rare. Gen. Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane that, during a whole year's campaign, he did not sleep more than one hour in twenty-four. Sleep seemed to be at the command of Napoleon, as he could sleep and awake apparently at will. M. Guizot, a minister of France under Louis Philippe, was a good sleeper. A late writer observed that this facility for going to sleep after extreme excitement and mental exertion was prodigious, and it was fortunate for him that he was so constituted, otherwise his health would have materially suffered. A minister in France ought not to be a nervous man; it is a fate to him if he is. After the most boisterous and tumultuous sittings at the Chamber, after being baited by the opposition in the most savage manner—there is no milder expression for their excessive violence—he arrives home, throws himself upon his couch and sinks immediately into a profound sleep, from which he is undisturbed till midnight, when the proofs of the *Moniteur* are brought to him for inspection.

The most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one of the most important to guard against, is the want of sleep. Indeed, so rarely do we see a recent case of insanity, that is not preceded by want of sleep, that is regarded as almost a sure precursor of mental derangement. Notwithstanding strong

hereditary predisposition, ill health, loss of kindred or property, insanity rarely results, unless the existing causes are such as to produce a loss of sleep. A mother loses her only child, the merchant his fortune, the politician, the scholar, the enthusiast, may have their minds powerfully excited and disturbed,—yet, if they sleep well, they will not become insane. No advice is so good, therefore, to those who have recovered from an attack, or to those who are in delicate health, as that of securing, by all means, sound, regular, and refreshing sleep.

ORRIS.—Place on a sheet of white paper a piece of blue silk about four inches in diameter, in the sunshine; cover the center of this with a piece of yellow silk about three inches in diameter; and the center of this with a piece of pink silk about two inches in diameter; and the center of the pink silk again cover with another circle of green silk about one inch in diameter; then cover the center of the green silk with a circle of indigo about half an inch in diameter; in the center of the whole make a black dot with a pen. Then look steady for a minute, on this central spot, and closing your eyes, hold your hand about an inch distant before them, and you will appear to see the most beautiful circle of colors that imagination can conceive, which colors will appear not only different from the colors of the silk, but will keep perpetually changing.

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.—The beech tree is said to be a non-conductor of lightning. So notorious is the fact, that the Indians, whenever the sky wears the appearance of a thunder storm, leave their pursuits and take refuge under the nearest beech tree. In Tennessee the people consider it a complete protection. Dr. Becton, in a letter to Dr. Mitchell, states that the beech tree is never known to be struck by atmospheric electricity, while other trees are often shattered into splinters. May not a knowledge of this afford protection to many when exposed?

The Young Ruralist.

STAMENS AND PISTILS OF FLOWERS.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you please give a very young farmer a little information about the Stamens and Pistils of flowers, so that I can understand in what way our squashes and other things become mixed when several kinds are grown together, as this subject has been talked over a good deal here? Also, does the mixing affect the vegetable the first year, or only the seed, so that they show the mixture when planted and grown the next season?—G. F. S., Grand Prairie, Illinois, 1880.

It will be remembered by some of the readers of this department, that in the early numbers of last year we published some very sensible and instructive articles of others, which promise the old gentleman did not fulfill. The reason assigned for this neglect was the charms and labors of the garden. Spring came, and the pen was dropped for the spade and the transplanting trowel. But the obligation is still acknowledged, and for the purpose of securing its fulfillment we handed the above to our old friend, who responds in his usual style.

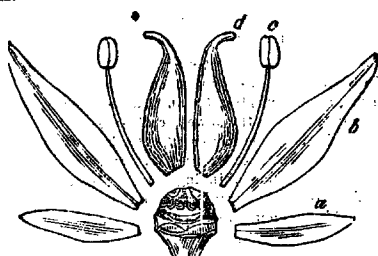
REMARKS OF THE OLD GARDENER.

EDITORS OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I fear that by my neglect I have forfeited your good esteem, and perhaps a complimentary copy of the *RURAL*. The latter money would purchase, the loss of the former I should very much regret, and the more so because I feel it would not be without cause. It is pleasant for an old man to talk and relate the experience and observation of over fifty years spent in the garden, but writing is a different thing. The fingers lose their suppleness long before the tongue. That proverbially unruly member holds out to the last. But industry and perseverance have been my motto for many years. I have taught it to many youth that have been under my care and instruction, and I must not prove false to my principles at this late day. So, I will take courage, and reply to the young correspondent of Illinois. I like to instruct the young best, because they are willing to receive instruction; but it is hard to instruct one who has grown up in ignorance. An ignorant man is wiser in his own conceit than ten intelligent men. I am glad sometimes that men don't live always, and that their ignorance and pride die with them. The next generation I think will be more intelligent, and consequently more modest than the present. But, I must restrain my disposition to ramble, which is well enough in talking, for words are cheap, but printers' ink and paper costs money, and every line and word should be of value. The mixture of varieties of fruits, flowers, vegeta-

bles, &c., is produced through the flower and the seed. As a general rule, the mixture only affects the seed and not the fruit. A Greening and a Spitzenburgh apple tree may be grown together for any number of years, and each tree will produce its kind true and pure; but if the seed should be sown and trees grown from them, the fruit produced by the young trees would be not true, but be new varieties, perhaps resembling the old kinds, but of this there is no certainty. Seed of a yellow and a green squash may be planted near together, even in the same hill, and no mixture will be seen if the seed is pure; but plant seeds saved from these squashes, and nearly all, and perhaps every one, will be mixed and spotted, and striped with yellow and green.

If we plant a red and white perennial flower together, say peonies, they will remain true for any number of years, but plants grown from their seeds will show mixture. There are some people who think the mixture affects the fruit as well as the seed, and some very wise persons argue that a mixture may be produced in plants without either flowers or seeds; but this is very unreasonable; and when such inquiring young readers as your friend of Illinois become men, such notions will be scarce.

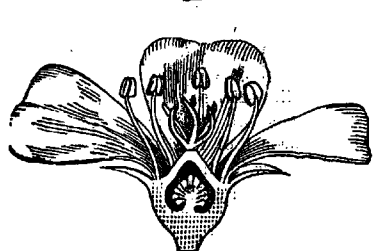
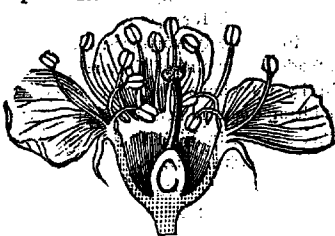
A flower is made up of several parts, each having a particular office to perform. First, the calyx, which is the outer circle of green leaves seen in almost all flowers; second, the corolla or inner circle of leaves of bright colors, which gives the flower its beauty; third, a set of stamens, each looking like a cap on a slender stem; and in the center of the flower, the pistils. I give a drawing of a flower dissected so that its parts may be more plainly seen—a is a part of the calyx, b part of corolla, c stamens, d pistils.



It must be remembered that nature works for an object, and the object of the flower is the production of seed. The flower, therefore, is made up of those parts which are useful in accomplishing this end. Some of the parts are essential to the production of seed, as no seed can be produced without them, while others are only of use to protect and support these essential parts. From this fact botanists divide the flower into two parts, or the organs into two classes, the Essential and the Protecting.

The Protecting Organs are the calyx and corolla. The calyx is the circle of green leaves at the base of the flower, or the union of the flower with the stem. This in some flowers is composed of several leaves, and each one is called a sepal. In the engraving above, a is one of the sepals forming the calyx. The corolla is the colored leaves of the flower, which give it its principal beauty. Each one of these colored leaves is called a petal, the corolla being, therefore, formed of a number of petals. Thus far I have no doubt every young reader can understand; but if not, read again carefully until the facts stated are well fixed in the mind.

The Essential organs of the flower are the stamens and pistils. The stamens are the fertilizing organs, and the pistils are fertilized by them, and bear the seeds. In the engraving above, c is the stamens and d the pistils. To make the matter more plain, I give engravings of two flowers cut in halves lengthwise; the first the flower of the cherry, and the latter the common purslane.



These show the stamens and pistils as they grow, and the connection of the pistils with the seeds below.

A stamen consists of two parts, the stalk, which is called the filament, and seen in the small engraving at a, and the anther, b. The anther is a little cap, and generally has two cells filled with a yellowish dust which botanists call pollen. At the proper time the anther opens and the yellow dust falls on the pistils, fertilizing them and causing them to bear seeds. If the anthers were cut off before the dust falls, the flower would never have any seed, unless some of the pollen should fall on the pistils from other flowers.

The pistil is divided into three parts—the ovary, style, and stigma. The ovary is the hollow case or pod which contains the half formed seeds waiting to be fertilized by the pollen of the stamen. The engraving shows the ovary cut across and separated a little so that the seeds may be seen. The style is the long point, three of which are shown in the engraving. In some flowers there is but one, and in others more. The cherry flower given above, has but one, while the purslane has many. In some flowers the style is quite short, while in others it is very long. The stigma is the point seen at the top of the style in the engraving, and very distinctly seen in the flower of the cherry. It is soft and open, and upon this the pollen falls and is conveyed to the ovary, forming seeds.

I have endeavored to make this matter very plain to young readers, and if I have succeeded in giving the information desired by your correspondent, and needed by many others, I will continue the subject. But those who wish to thoroughly study the subjects should obtain GRAY'S *Lessons in Botany*.

These show the stamens and pistils as they grow, and the connection of the pistils with the seeds below.

OUR NEW DRESS AND ENLARGEMENT.

THE NEW DRESS in which the RURAL appears was furnished by NATHAN LYMAN, of the Buffalo Type Foundry, than whom, as we have said before, there is no more prompt or honorable dealer in printing materials. The type, rules, etc., were all manufactured expressly for us, and are of the best quality and styles obtainable. But we hope the new suit will speak (or read) for itself, and need no commendation. Our new vignette heading was designed and engraved by Mr. GEORGE FRAUNBERGER, of this city. Good judges pronounce it the most beautiful and appropriate vignette for a Rural Newspaper yet produced, and we think it will be greatly admired.

The enlargement and improvement of the present over former volumes of the RURAL, will at once be apparent to the critical reader—especially on comparing this with any former number. The change is greater than we anticipated, both in the improved appearance of the sheet, and the additional amount of reading we are enabled to give. We shall strive to make the paper as rich in matter as it will be neat in manner—though neither quality may be prominent this week, as we have not been able to attend properly to the former, while it is proverbial that new type never makes its best impression when first introduced to the public.

REMITTANCES—EXCHANGE—DISCOUNT.

THE CURRENCY of several of the Western States is greatly depreciated, just now, while exchange on the East is exorbitant in many localities. In answer to inquiries from Western Agents, we would say that we will abide by our announcement as to "The Money we Receive," (see next page), yet hope they will do the best they can in remitting. Our first choice is drafts on New York, &c., (less reasonable exchange,) or New York or New England money; next, Canada, Ohio and Michigan bills; and last (if our friends can do no better), bills on the best solvent banks of other States. Postage stamps are good for fractional or any amounts.

By the way, some of our Western friends remit too much. Several Agents have recently paid the exchange on drafts, whereas, the cost of exchange should be deducted from the amount to be remitted. A gentleman in Missouri sends us \$2 in Illinois money and 20 cents in stamps to pay discount.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 5, 1861.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

PROMINENT among the subjects of interest is the abstraction of State bonds from the office of the Secretary of the Interior, and which we briefly noticed in the last RURAL. The telegraph on the twenty-seventh ult., gave us the following:

The developments concerning the immense robbery in the Interior Department, have produced a profound impression, without exciting any extraordinary surprise, as all the parties known to be, or suspected of being implicated, have long been under suspicion. Mr. Godard Bailey, the clerk who abstracted the bonds, is from Charleston, South Carolina, though his appointment is nominally charged to Alabama in the Blue Book. His relations toward the Secretary of the Interior have been most confidential. Among his familiars he has been regarded as a man of reckless and dissipated habits. It is now ascertained that the amount purloined is exactly \$870,000; for, while there are drafts on the War Department, made by Messrs. Russell, Majors & Co., and accepted by Secretary Floyd, deposited for a corresponding amount, and believed to be utterly worthless, these drafts were ostensibly made on account of the transportation contracts held by the above firm, not really rendered. They were kiting operations, intended to raise money, and have been adroit in Wall street and other marts for the last six months. Mr. Bailey's reason for confessing his abstraction was, that he expected Mr. Thompson would retire from the Cabinet, and might not be able to clear himself from complicity when the discovery came to be made, as it eventually must be. It was to save him from suspicion when he was not guilty. All the coupons of the bonds were cut off and retained in the safe, so that the robbery might not have been detected but for the circumstances stated. The bondsmen of Mr. Bailey surrendered him to-day, and he is now in jail.

On the 27th, the President received notice that Major Anderson had evacuated Fort Moultrie; the Major giving as reasons therefor a desire to allay the dissension about the post, and at the same time strengthen his own position. General Scott declares that Major Anderson's movements had been made without consulting with him, and whether in accordance with instructions from the President, he could not say. He considered that in a strategic point of view, Major Anderson had done perfectly right, as he is now in a strong position which was not the case at Fort Moultrie, where his small force could have been overcome in a short time. The act of the Major is generally commended, for this among other reasons, that while Fort Moultrie was comparatively weak, and might provoke an assault by the mob, the impregnable defenses of Fort Sumter place it beyond such contingency, as it could be reduced only by regular and protracted siege, thus avoiding an immediate collision.

The Postoffice Department continues to receive resignations of postmasters in South Carolina, who give as their reason that they are out of the Union.

The Commissioners from South Carolina had a session with the Cabinet on the 28th ult. The Commissioners, in view of the alleged stipulation on the part of the President, that the garrisons at Charleston harbor, should not be augmented, nor the military status of the posts changed, requested the President to inform them whether Major Anderson's movements were in consequence of any order issued by him or from the War Department. The President responded negatively, and said that Major Anderson had acted on his own responsibility. The Commissioners then requested the President to remand Major Anderson to Fort Moultrie. They demand that the troops be withdrawn immediately or this shall be their last interview, and they will return to South Carolina and prepare for the worst.

The proposals for the \$5,000,000 loan in Treasury notes, under the recent act of Congress, were opened on the 28th ult., at the Treasury Department. The bids were for less than \$2,500,000 at an average of 12 per centum interest.

The Senate crisis committee of thirteen had before them on the 29th ult., Mr. Douglas's proposition, as presented to that body on the 24th. Also one by Mr. Bigler, viz: The establishment, by the Constitution, of the line of 26 degrees 30 min.; eight Senatorial Governments to be established north, and four south of that line, the geographical area being greater in

the former than in the latter. When each Territory has population sufficient for one Representative in Congress, it is to be admitted as a State by proclamation of the President, thus removing the question from Congress; Slavery to be interdicted north and tolerated south of that line. The Committee also considered the proposition of Mr. Rice for the establishment of a similar line, to admit all the territory north of this line as one State, to be called Washington, and all the territory south of this line as one State, to be called Jefferson, and admitted with slavery. All these were rejected. The Committee finding they cannot agree on any recommendation, will report to the Senate at an early day.

The House Select Committee considered the proposition of Mr. Adams, of Mass. An amendment to the Constitution prohibiting Congress from passing a law interfering with slavery in the States where it exists, was agreed to by nearly a unanimous vote, the several dissenters considering that the Constitution gives that security already.

An address or recommendation has been prepared by authority, to submit to the members of the border Slave States for their signatures, requesting their respective States, by enactment or otherwise, to appoint commissioners to meet at Baltimore on the 10th of February, for conference relative to the secession of all the Cotton States, and devise a programme of action for the border States in case of such an emergency. It is thought, however, that not all the members will sign it, but still there will be enough from each delegation to induce a favorable response from their respective States.

Mr. Holt, the Postmaster General, has sent orders to the Sub-Treasurer at Charleston to remit all the balance, \$55,000, on the Post Office account in his possession immediately to the credit of that Department. If this order is not complied with at once, he will demand of the federal government to enforce his orders. He is also determined, as before suggested, to suppress mail matter to and from South Carolina, if the mails are interfered with in that State.

The telegraph this (Monday), morning provides us with the following highly interesting intelligence:

The Cabinet has just adjourned, after a protracted session of six hours. The affairs at Charleston were the subject under consideration. Secretary Floyd stated to the President in writing that unless Major Anderson was withdrawn from Fort Sumter he would not remain in the Cabinet. Secretaries Thompson and Thomas were understood to entertain the same view, but the events of the day changed their minds somewhat. The President determined, after full deliberation, not to withdraw Major Anderson, and Mr. Floyd's resignation was therefore accepted.

Among the persons named as Mr. Floyd's successor is Benj. F. Butler, of Mass., who has been in confidential consultation with the President for several days. A serious division occurs in the Cabinet, and a break up may at any hour be anticipated. Recent and highly important intelligence from the South, received by the Government, may precipitate the event. The Secretary of the Treasury has just received a dispatch from Charleston, stating that the revenue cutter in the port of Charleston had been seized by the authorities, and that the captain, who is a native of Charleston, has resigned. This intelligence was immediately communicated to the Cabinet. The Navy Department at 2 o'clock received a dispatch from Lieut. James P. Foster, commanding the slave Bonita, which was carried into Charleston, stating that his prisoner, the Captain of the slave, had been taken before a State Judge, by a writ of habeas corpus; that the Judge remanded the prisoner to his custody on the ground that he had no jurisdiction, and that on his way to the Bonita with his prisoner, he had been taken by force from his custody by a mob.

The Secession Movement.

The latest advices from Texas state that Gov. Houston will convene an extra session of the Texas Legislature on the 21st of January, to consider the present crisis. The Convention of the people will be held on the 28th of January. The secession feeling is in the ascendant.

Advices from Jacksonville, Florida, dated 24th ult., show that four-fifths of the delegates elected to the State Convention will go for immediate secession.

Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, has called an extra session of the legislature for the 17th of this month, to consider the distracted condition of the country.

All is quiet in North Carolina. Most of the members of the legislature have gone home. Meetings are being held in the various counties, at which Union sentiments are prevalent, but hope is thought well nigh gone.

The Alabama Convention will have a large majority in favor of secession.

Our latest advices from Charleston left the Convention still in session. An ordinance entitled "An Ordinance to Amend the Constitution of South Carolina in respect to the Executive Department," was passed in the Secret Session of the Committee on the 27th ult. It provides as follows:

First—That the Governor have power to receive Ambassadors, Ministers, Consuls and Agents of Foreign Powers, to conduct negotiations with foreign powers, to make treaties by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to nominate all officers by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint Ambassadors, Public Ministers, and Consuls, as the General Assembly may previously direct, and also all other officers whose appointment has not otherwise been provided for by law, to fill vacancies during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which expire the end of the next session of the Senate, to convene the Senate whenever he thinks it necessary, provided nevertheless during the existence of the Convention that all treaties, directions for the appointment of Ambassadors, Ministers, Consuls, &c., be subject to the advice and consent of the Convention.

Second—That the Governor immediately appoint four persons, with the advice and consent of the Convention, who, with the Lieut. Governor, shall form a council, to be called the Executive Council, whose duty it shall be to advise with him.

All obligations of secrecy in regard to the above ordinance were withdrawn.

The Convention also passed an ordinance, which reads as follows:

Whereas, It is due to our late confederates in the political Union, known as the United States of America, as also the citizens of South Carolina engaged in commerce, that no abrupt or sudden change be made in the rate of duties on imports into the State; and

Whereas, It is not desired by this State to secure advantages in trade to her own ports above those of any other of the slave holding States, her late confederates in the said Union;

Whereas, This ordinance, for considerations indicated, is designed to be provisional; therefore we, the people of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare, ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained,

First, That all citizens of this State who at the date of the ordinance of secession were holding office connected with the Customs under the General Government of the United States within the limits of South Carolina, be and they are hereby appointed, to hold under the government of this State exclusively, without any further connection whatever with the Federal Government of the United States, the same offices they now fill until otherwise directed, and that they receive the same pay and emoluments for their service.

Second, That until this Convention, or General As-

sembly, shall otherwise provide, the Governor shall appoint to all vacancies which may occur in such offices.

Third, That until it is otherwise provided by this Convention, or General Assembly, the revenue collection and navigation laws of the United States as far as may be practicable, be, and they are hereby adopted and made laws of this State, saving that no duties shall be collected upon imports from the States known as the United States of America, nor upon the tonnage of vessels owned in whole or in part by the citizens of the said State, saving and excepting the act of Congress, adopted on the 3d of March, 1857, entitled an act authorizing the deposit of the papers of foreign vessels with the consuls of their respective nations, which said act is hereby declared to be of no force within the limits of this State.

Fourth, All vessels built in South Carolina or elsewhere, and owned to the amount of one-third by a citizen or citizens of South Carolina or any other slave holding Commonwealth of North America, and commanded by citizens thereof, and no other, shall be registered as vessels of South Carolina, under the authority of the collector and Naval Officer.

Fifth, All official acts of the officers aforesaid, in which it is usual and proper to set forth the authority under which they act, or style of document issued by them or any of them, shall be in the name of the State of South Carolina.

Sixth, All moneys hereafter collected by any officer aforesaid, shall, after deducting the sum necessary for the compensation of the officers and other expenses, be paid into the Treasury of the State of South Carolina for the use of said State, subject to the order of this Convention, or of the General Assembly.

Seventh, The officers aforesaid shall retain, in their hands all property of the United States in their possession, custody or control, subject to the disposal of the State, who will account for the same upon a final settlement with the government of the United States.

A dispatch from Charleston states that the proposed State loan of \$400,000 is already paroled out among the wealthiest men of the State, mostly at Charleston, and each one is expected to furnish his share, under the penalty of being considered disaffected.

Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney were taken possession of by the South Carolina Militia on the night of the 27th. Capt. Humphries holds possession of the arsenal. Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie are occupied by State troops, under instructions of the Governor of the State to hold peaceable possession of these forts, and for the purpose of protecting the government property. Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie were held by about twelve men, who peacefully surrendered. There was no collision and none was anticipated when the troops left the city to garrison these forts.

The following statement of the evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson is from the Charleston Courier:

The evacuation of Fort Moultrie commenced a little after sundown on Wednesday. The men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness with knapsacks packed, but up to the moment of leaving had no idea of abandoning the fort. They were reviewed on parade and were then ordered to two schooners lying in the vicinity, when they embarked, taking with them all necessary stores, &c. Several trips were made during the night under cover of which a great portion of the provisions and camp furniture were transported. A great portion of the labor expended on Fort Moultrie was upon the citadel or highest position. This citadel Major Anderson had strengthened in every way—loopholes were cut and everything so arranged that in case a well concerted attack was made, he would have retired from the outer bastions to the citadel and afterwards blown it up. In other portions of the fort, for this purpose, mines had already been sprung and trains laid ready for the application of the match.

The barracks rooms and every other part of the fort that was indefensible would have been blown up at a touch. Under the ramparts of the fort fronting Fort Sumter were nine 8-inch columbiads mounted on wooden carriages, and as soon as the evacuation was complete, these carriages were burned and the guns thereby dismounted. These guns, as well as those constituting the entire armament, were spiked before the fort was abandoned. This is the only damage done to the fortifications, further than cutting down a flag staff and breaking up of ammunition wagons to form ramparts on the walls of the fort. Confusion could not have been more complete had the late occupants retired in the face of a besieging force. The entire place was littered with odds and ends and fragments of war declarations. The spiked guns, and those dismounted by the burning of the carriages, will soon be in position to respond to any hostile demonstration against the place.

From the Pacific Side.

CALIFORNIA.—As often as two or three times per week, some company with a nominal capital stock, ranging all the way from \$500,000 up to several millions, files articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State, elects officers, and appears to be earnestly preparing to commence silver mining. Some of them comprise men of wealth and character, while many are doubtless stock jobbing speculators.

Some fine specimens of coal, resembling in appearance the West Hartly coal, are on exhibition at San Francisco, and purport to have been brought from the newly discovered mines about 80 miles from Carson Valley, where a company have claimed 3,000 acres of land, covering the mine, and are prepared to commence developing. The coal is very much needed in the Washoe silver mines, as other kinds of fuel for smelting purposes are scarce and difficult of access.

The Keystone Co., who have been some months engaged in opening the new copper mine in Calaveras Co., claim to have struck, during the past week, the richest vein ever discovered on the Pacific coast, being nearly as fine as the best copper of Lake Superior. The vein was struck 35 feet below the surface, and appears to be inexhaustible. Arrangements are making to ship the ore to Baltimore, and it is believed that it can be put in eastern markets cheaper than the Lake Superior article.

The Fremont mines at Mariposa are regularly reported as yielding at the rate of \$70,000 per month, but the expenses are not given, so that the actual profit cannot be calculated.

The Republican papers charge that a secret organization is concerning measures for the establishment of an independent Republic on the Pacific coast, in case of the dissolution of the Union. The charge does not seem to be sustained by evidence.

OREGON.—Reports are published that members of Lieutenant Mullen's Wagon Road Expedition have discovered gold at the head waters of the Columbia River, and also on the tributaries of the Missouri, while making the passage through the country this year.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—There is nothing of interest from British Columbia.

The steamer Otter had arrived at Victoria from Fraser River, with \$20,000 in gold.

The Americans in Victoria generally observed the 29th Nov. as Thanksgiving day.

Trade at Ports Hope and Yale is represented as lively, the merchants being busily employed in packing goods for the upper country. The prospects for the spring trade were flattering.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Honolulu dates of Nov. 1st

have reached San Francisco via Victoria. The news is four days later. A complete change in the American Consulate office was made at Honolulu on the 27th of October. G. W. Eardon, Consul, and T. T. Dougherty, Deputy Consul, were removed pursuant to order from Washington, and K. L. Hawks appointed to the latter position. The latter appointment was followed by the removal of the physician and surgeon of the hospital.

News Paragraphs.

THE Mobile Tribune says that Captain S. S. Taylor, has rigged out a schooner, mounted two heavy guns, and taken on board fifty hardy, active, well drilled sea-rovers, with which he intends to defend the Alabama coast.

In October, at Pesth, Hungary, an old man made his appearance who was supposed to have been killed in battle thirty years before. All his relatives but one were in the grave.

BRITISH capitalists hope to make money out of the deranged state of our affairs. It is said that one English banking house has a million of dollars now on its way to this country for investment in property which has been depreciated by the panic.

A NUMBER of young men at Bridgeton, Pennsylvania, have associated themselves under the name of "Zouave Oddities," for the purpose of saving and splitting wood for destitute families. They work with a will, and the results of their labor have thus far been very beneficial.

It is feared that some cases of actual starvation among the families of laborers working in the Brooklyn Navy Yard really exist. No money having been received from the Treasury lately, payment could not, of course be made, and from the provision dealer to the landlord, all refuse any longer to trust the poor workmen.

CAPREIRA, the island home of Garibaldi, is a small island just off the northeast coast of the island of Sardinia, and is nearly due west from Naples. It measures about five miles from east to west, and is less than that distance across. The island affords good pasturage, and until its occupancy by Garibaldi, had no permanent inhabitants.

A VERY old craft has come to her end recently on the English coast—the Flying Fish, wrecked off Fife. She was built at Whitby, in 1783, and was consequently seventy-seven years old. Mr. Edmund Woolverton, the master and owner, has weathered the storms of seventy-one winters, having spent sixty of them at sea, and fifty on board the Flying Fish.

HOW THE FRENCH VIEW DISUNION.—The Presse of December 4th, has a strong article on the subject of a Southern Confederacy, which may seek "moral support" from European powers. That paper says that "France, who abolished slavery herself, cannot even seem to protect it in other countries," and closes its article in the following terms:—"For the American Union, separation is suicide; it is the murder of a great nation and a great principle. France cannot lend a hand to this suicide and this murder. She has helped to make this people—she will never help to destroy them. Such are, we are convinced, the sentiments of our Government."

DISCOVERY OF COAL IN UTAH.—According to the Salt Lake correspondent of the New York Times, there is no doubt that coal exists in large quantities in the Great Basin of Utah. On the Weber river, a tributary of Great Salt Lake, from the western slope of the Wahsatch range, coal is now regularly mined, and selling at the pits for \$5 per ton; though the price in Salt Lake city is \$25, on account of the expense of transportation. The discovery is one of the utmost importance, as it will remove the chief obstacle to the construction of the Pacific Railroad, that of a supply of fuel for locomotives.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It is again reported that the passport system between England and France is to be abolished.

The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £2,000,000 during the month.

The London Times says the President's Message is an evasion of all responsibility, and contrasts Buchanan's timid policy with the bold action of Jackson. The Globe characterizes the message as an appeal to the North to make concessions to the South. It is reported that 40,000 weavers are actually starving at Coventry, England.

The London Times calls attention to the new article of commerce from America, viz: Oil from Union wells in Western Pennsylvania.

FRANCE.—The monthly returns of the Bank of France shows a decrease in cash of two and three-fifths millions of francs.

The Empress of France had arrived home.

The Archbishop of Lyons has published a lengthy pamphlet against stamp imposition on pastoral letters treating of political matters. He denounces the imposition as humiliating and not to be submitted to.

AUSTRIA.—The Hungarian conference opened at Grau the 19th, and promptly adopted the electoral vote of the fourth.

ITALY.—An attempt had been made to assassinate Colonel Dunn, of the Sicilian army, which gave rise to a rumor of Garibaldi's assassination.

The bombardment of Gaeta had recommenced. Francis II. calls upon the garrison at Gaeta to defend it to the last. The French fleet would leave soon.

The Province Ritero continued insurrectionary. It is reported that the French were preparing to evacuate it.

The Bavarian Minister at Turin having been recalled, the Sardinian Minister at Turin was also recalled.

The Pontifical troops are about to march against the town of Potomertino, to overthrow the Provisional Government established there.

CHINA.—Intelligence was received at the Foreign office through St. Petersburg, dated Pekin, Nov. 19. It states that a peace was concluded with China on the 26th of October, and the ratifications of it were exchanged on the 5th of November. The French and English troops had evacuated Pekin, and the Emperor was expected to return to the Capital immediately.

The allied army commenced their advance on the same day that Pekin was taken. The summer palace of the Emperor was taken and completely sacked, affording an immense amount of spoils. The chief share of the plunder appears to have fallen to the French. A quantity of the treasure taken is to be divided between the French and English. Some prizes are said to have sold their shares for 30,000 francs. The entire British share, including both treasure and private property, is estimated at about \$300,000. The Tartar army is still in the field, though the Emperor has fled.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The Liverpool breadstuff market had an advancing tendency. All qualities had slightly advanced.

Breadstuffs.—Flour firm at an advance of 6d; wheat advanced 2d; corn firm at an advance of 6d@1s. Provisions dull; pork quiet; lard quiet at 70s. London breadstuffs firm at an advance of 1@2s for both wheat and flour.

The News Condenser.

—The Earl of Aberdeen is dead.
—Women exceed men in England by 500,000.
—Garibaldi has retired on an income of \$250.
—A Garibaldi Club has been organized in Chattanooga, Tenn.
—A large deputation are to invite Garibaldi to visit England.
—A copy-right treaty has been concluded between England and Sardinia.

—The total loss of life on the lakes, during the past season, is stated at 560.

—With the exception of Queen Isabella, no Bourbon now reigns in Europe.

—It is said that \$325,000 of "Peter's pence" had arrived at Rome from America.

—The New York restaurants sell, on an average, 63,126½ square feet of pies daily.

—The total taxable property of Texas, for the year 1860, amounts to \$201,827,584.

—Glass was broken in 2,300 houses, in Leipzig, by the hail on the 27th of November.

—Mr. Pickens, the new Governor of South Carolina, was the late Minister to Russia.

—The total amount of the State debt of Pennsylvania, Dec. 1st, 1860, was \$37,909,000.

—Calcium lights have been tried on the New York skating pond, and are found to succeed.

—The Library of the Mechanics' Institute at Quebec, has been sold to pay for rent and gas.

—The receipts of grain of all kinds in Chicago, since Jan. 1st, amount to 34,375,000 bushels.

—The Jamaica people are discussing the policy of annexing that colony to the United States.

—Fremont's mines in Mariposa yielded the amount of \$11,883 in gold bars, in six days' run.

—Dorothea Dix, the philanthropist, is in New Jersey, visiting the prisons and poor houses.

—Within a few weeks, some 1,700 negroes from the coast of Africa have been landed in Cuba.

—Garibaldi's island of Caprea lies near to Elba and Corsica, and contains 2,500 inhabitants.

—A woolen factory has been started at Cleveland, Ohio. It is the first of the kind at that place.

—The total cotton crop of North Carolina for the last year was 182,907 bales, valued at \$9,000,000.

—White oak is the newest substitute for whalebone in umbrella ribs, and is said to be superior.

—The revenue of the Island of Jamaica shows an increase on the year ending October 30, of \$80,000.

—Forty thousand head of cattle, worth \$1,600,000, have been sent East from Iowa, in the past year.

—The Transylvania News tells of a man who now resides in Ullyses, Tompkins Co., who is 108 years old.

—About one hundred and fifty thousand sheep have been driven out of Vermont and sold since July last.

—The policemen of New York have a line of 863½ miles to guard. A force of 400 more men is asked for.

—Gold, in considerable quantities, has been discovered at San Juan, in the Rio Grande District, New Mexico.

—The Brazilian Corvette Dona was lost on the coast of Morocco, with 22 of her officers, and 100 of her crew.

—Another English Prince will shortly visit this country. It is Prince Alfred, the second son of Queen Victoria.

—The Prince of Wales has kept a diary of all his adventures in the cities of British America and the United States.

—It is stated that a certain military tailor in Paris has received an order to prepare 3,000 Hungarian uniforms.

—The once national and popular air, Yankee Doodle, was hissed in the Memphis (Tenn.) Theater, the other night.

—A smart Yankee is coining money in Havana, by a microscope and telescope, stationed in the Plaza d'Armas.

—Ralph Farnham, the last survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, died last week, aged 104 years, 5 months, and 19 days.

—The number of matches manufactured in the United States, daily, is estimated at 36,700,000; at a cost of \$3,000.

—One John Burnham, of Wisconsin, it is said, has just inherited a fortune of \$22,000,000 from an English ancestor.

—In Boston, there is a woman eight feet high, and large in proportion. She is estimated to weigh upward of 500 pounds.

—Within one week, four persons died in Danville, Vt., whose united ages were 321 years; one was 79, two 80, and one 82.

—A few of the English provincial papers think the election of Lincoln one of the effects of the visit of the Prince of Wales.

—The bill to abolish slavery in Nebraska passed the legislature of that Territory, on the 10th ult., by a vote of 35 to 2.

—From returns received from the towns in Massachusetts, about 33,000 dogs were licensed in 1859, paying a tax of \$38,000.

—California possesses 400 saw mills, erected at a cost of \$2,500,000. One-half are propelled by steam, the remainder by water.

—The sum total of subscriptions received by the committee in New York, for the relief of the Syrian sufferers, is \$25,979.93.

—There are now on the Atlantic ocean no less than ten ocean mail steamers, on their way to New York, Boston, and Portland.

—The annual trade in snails, during the days of ancient Rome, is said to have reached, in our money, a value of \$4,000,000.

—While boring for oil at Youngstown, Ohio, a vein of salt water was struck, three quarters of which produced a teatful of fine salt.

—It is estimated that, on the 1st inst., there will

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

[DR. CHALMERS is said to be the author of this beautiful little poem, written on the decease of a young son whom he greatly loved.]

I AM all alone in my chamber now,
And midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear—
And over my soul, in my solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house,—
Went home to the dear ones all,—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son,
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played,—
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his top, and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house,—
To our Father's house in the skies,—
Where the hope our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties,—
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our Heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SOWING THE WIND
AND REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

"ARE you ready, HIRAM?" said Mr. OVERMAN, calling to his clerk, who remained seated at his desk, intent on a column of figures.

"Not quite. I must balance my cash," replied the young man.

"How long will it take?" asked Mr. OVERMAN. "Not long. I'm nearly through." And the clerk bent down over the cash-book more intently.

Mr. OVERMAN, who had closed the front windows and keyed the shutters, now walked the floor for two or three minutes, waiting for his young man to complete the work in which he was engaged. But an error had crept into the day's business somewhere, and a balance was not reached on the first trial. A slight murmur of disappointment gave Mr. OVERMAN an intimation of this fact.

"Can't you make it balance?" he said, walking to where the desks were placed, by a window in the back part of the store, and standing by his clerk.

"It doesn't come out right on the first trial," was answered, "so I must go over it again. I'm sorry to keep you waiting, sir."

"I promised to be home early," said Mr. OVERMAN. My wife has company. So, here's the key. Be careful about this window, HIRAM; and be sure that the bolt is well sprung in the lock—you know it has a bad trick of catching half way sometimes. Leave the key at my house as you go past."

The young man promised to observe strictly; and Mr. OVERMAN left him to the work of balancing the day's account with cash. It was sundown, and nearly half an hour of twilight remained. Ten minutes were spent in adding up the columns of figures again, and getting at the amount of money which should be on hand. Then the cash was counted, and the sum added to the balance in bank.

"One hundred dollars over." Something of satisfaction blended with the disappointment that was expressed in his voice. Twice he counted over the bills and coin in the cash-box, and then sat very still, his thought running back through the day's transactions in search of some clue to the error. None could be found.

"There's a mistake in the figures somewhere, and I must discover it," he said, with a long sigh; and bent over the pages of the cash-book again.

"Ha! Three, is it? Let me run that column up again." A thrill of excitement was in his low voice. "Three it is, and my footing is two. That will make the hundred dollars. All right!"

He lifted from the desk an erasing knife, and laid its edge over the numeral 3; but his hand lingered. A thought, suddenly thrown into his mind, caused him to hesitate. Then the knife was laid down. He sat absorbed and motionless for several minutes. In that brief time an evil counsellor had prevailed over the young man. His hand was not steady as it moved to the cash-box; and there was a visible tremor of the bank bills as they passed hurriedly through his fingers. One hundred dollars were selected and laid in a pile on the desk; the balance was returned to the box.

Why does the young man start, and glance around in that half fearful way? It was only the cat's light footsteps that came to his ears, as she moved across the floor. How changed his face! The forehead, so smooth and open a little while ago, is cut by three or four lines between the eyebrows. His lips are held tightly together, and express pain as well as resoluteness of purpose. There is a shadow over the light of his intense eyes. He glances, now from the window, and now looks around the store suspiciously; then his eyes come back to the pile of bank bills which were laid off from the rest. With a sudden movement he clutches the money and thrusts it into his pocket; shuts the cash-book, and places it, with the cash-box, in the fire-proof, which he locks. His motions are rapid beyond their wont, indicating unusual excitement of mind, as he closes and bolts the shutter, and locks the door. He forgets Mr. OVERMAN's injunction about the tricky lock, and only half springs the bolt. He is not thinking of duty; but of the hundred dollars that lie wrongfully in his pocket. A single act has obstructed the old right habits of mind. False from will in higher things, oblivion as to common duties comes in legitimate order.

Mr. OVERMAN is standing in his door as HIRAM comes in sight. The storekeeper is a kind-hearted, unsuspicious, but careful man, who makes it a point to look pretty closely after his own affairs. He is not much behind his clerk in arriving at the store each morning, and generally looks up with his own hands, at the day's departure.

"Did you get the balance?" he asked, as he took the key from HIRAM.

"Yes, sir." But it was not the clear, confident, cheerful "Yes, sir," that usually fell from his lips. He was painfully aware of this; so much so, that a shudder of fear ran along his nerves, lest suspicion

should be awakened. He turned off quickly, and without looking up directly into Mr. OVERMAN's face.

His landlady remarked his defect of appetite, and changed manner, at supper time, and asked if he were not well.

"A little headache," he answered, evasively, and with falsehood.

HIRAM FOSTER was twenty-three years of age. He had been in the employment of Mr. WESLEY OVERMAN, as clerk and salesman, for nearly two years, and had his entire confidence, which, until now, had never been abused. He was a young man of some intelligence, and desirous to rise in the world above his present condition. Up to this time his salary had not exceeded four hundred dollars, and it took about all of this to meet his annual expenses. The prospect of rising in the world had not, therefore, looked very bright; and of late, HIRAM had fretted thereat considerably. One cause of this lay in a recent awakening of his heart to new and tender experiences. Love had crossed his path. HELEN PRESCOTT, the minister's charming daughter, had thrown over him a spell as sweet as it was irresistible. Her father, a man of education and cultivated tastes, thought higher than a storekeeper's clerk for his favorite child; but love obeys its own impulses—looks to persons, not conditions. So, as HIRAM advanced, she responded in tender acquiescences, and at the time our story opens, he had told his love to willing ears.

As no objections could be raised to the young man's character, which stood without reproach, Mr. PRESCOTT, the father of HELEN, demurred on the score of HIRAM's position in the world. He was a clerk, receiving but a small salary,—not more than sufficient for his own maintenance,—how was he to support a wife and family? The answer, as in all such cases, was ready. The young couple were content to wait until HIRAM could push his way to a more advanced position.

But, "content to wait," though on the young man's lips, was not in his heart. No, he was not content to wait. Every day he grew more and more restless in thought; and more discouraged at the unpromising aspect of his affairs. Before it would be safe to venture upon marriage, he must have an income of at least seven or eight hundred dollars, and be in the way of advancement toward a substantial citizenship. Patient duty in the present, as the prerequisite of a happy and prosperous future, was not the creed by which he was trying to live; but, in looking too restlessly ahead, from dissatisfaction with the present, he was opening the door for temptation; and we have seen how, when the tempter found him, in an unguarded moment, he fell. Alas! When the feet turn aside from right paths, who can say into what deserts and wildernesses they may be doomed to wander?

From the supper table, HIRAM went to his room, the door of which he fastened carefully on the inner side. This was an unusual precaution. But HIRAM carried with him a new consciousness that involved fear. He drew a deep breath, as if trying to relieve his bosom from a weight. Then he sat down by the table where he had placed his lamp, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew therefrom a roll of bank bills, the rightful property of Mr. OVERMAN. He had partly unfolded them, when a shade of anxiety fell suddenly on his face, and he glanced suspiciously toward the window of his room, crumpling the bills at the same time in his hand, and so concealing them. Rising, he went to the window and looked out, taking careful note of the situation and aspect of two or three houses in the neighborhood, in order to be sure that he was not in the range of observation. Then, after closing the shutter, and drawing an inside curtain that shaded half the window, he sat down again to the table from which he had just arisen, and relaxing the firm grip with which he was holding the bank bills, spread them out before him.

A change in look and manner now became apparent. There was a certain lighting up of his face, as from pleasant excitement, and a quick movement of the hands as he counted over the money.

"One hundred dollars." He spoke in a low murmur of sound; and then, as if thought had become active in some direction of interest, sat very still for a long time. His closely shut mouth, fixed, withdrawn gaze, and compressed brows, showed that his mind was intent on themes, to him, of the highest moment. There was no fear, weakness, or repentance on his almost rigid countenance; but an aspect of fixed determination. He had passed the Rubicon, and was looking forward, not back. A new way had suddenly opened before him—a new way to that advancement in the world on which he was to build, in the future, his temple of happiness. Mr. OVERMAN was not a suspicious man, and, of late, had trusted him more and more implicitly. Mr. OVERMAN was not a ready accountant; and so, the books were all in his hands. Formerly, Mr. OVERMAN had been careful in his daily examinations of the cash account, but it was a rare thing for him to look over it now, and when he did so, it was in so cursory a manner, that an error might lie just before him and not be seen. All this was thought of by the dishonest clerk, and in it he found encouragement to press forward in an evil way. There came a low rap on the door. HIRAM FOSTER started, turned a little pale, and clutched at the bank bills that yet lay upon the table.

"What's wanted?" he asked, the strangeness of his voice startling his own ears.

"Here's a letter for you?" It was a servant who replied.

HIRAM slipped the bolt, trying to do it noiselessly, and partly opening the door, received a letter from the servant's hand. It was contained in an ordinary brown envelope, and the direction, "HIRAM FOSTER," was in a bold business hand, the familiarity of which made his heart leap and tremble. He re-bolted the door, and sitting down by the table, broke the envelope. The enclosure read,

"I wish to see you, HIRAM. Call around after supper. WESLEY OVERMAN."

An instant paleness overspread the young man's face; his lips fell apart; beads of perspiration came out upon his forehead; his heart sunk with terror. Was it possible that some one had observed him, through the window, at the store, and communicated his crime to Mr. OVERMAN! That thought, flung into his mind, caused a deep shudder to go down to his very interior consciousness.

"What can he want with me?" he said, rising from the table, with a look of anxiety in his face. The money was still held tightly in his hand. To dispose of this money was the next question. He dare not take it with him, for, if Mr. OVERMAN had received any intimations of the truth, its presence on his person might transpire, and his ruin be hopelessly consummated.

"This is a doubtful and dangerous business!" Ah! if with that conviction, HIRAM FOSTER, and that acknowledgment, you had said, in irrevocable decision,—"I will stop here, and go back to the right way!"

There was, he felt, as much danger in leaving the

money as in taking it with him. If his room should be searched, his trunk would not escape; so he feared to hide it there. One place after another was thought of, and decided against. He was in a maze of perplexity. At last, folding the notes in a piece of paper, he crept under his bed, and placed them beneath the furthest bed-post.

"No one will ever think of going there," he muttered, in an undertone, as he crept forth from his bodily humiliation, fit emblem of that mental humiliation and disgrace into which all come who are forced by crime into stooping duplicity and concealment.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. OVERMAN's house was distant only a few streets from where his clerk resided.

"What can he want with me?" was the anxious and oft-repeated question of HIRAM FOSTER, as he walked slowly, and with busy thoughts, toward his employer's residence. It was the first time he had asked to see him in the evening. Something, therefore, of more than ordinary import was in the summons.

At Mr. OVERMAN's door he stood, with a heart beating confusedly, for some moments, before venturing to ring the bell. When shown into the parlor, he found Mr. OVERMAN alone. The first glance at his kind face dispelled every fear. Not even the faintest shadow of a suspicion was there.

"Sit down, HIRAM," said he, in a pleasant tone of voice. "I've sent for you in consequence of having heard something this evening which has interested me."

The young man tried to be altogether at his ease, but it cost him an effort. He looked, but did not venture to speak, an inquiry.

"What I have heard," said Mr. OVERMAN, "concerns you and HELEN PRESCOTT. Ah! I see the tell-tale color in your face, and am glad of it. HELEN is a dear, good girl. I know her well, and it pleases me that you have chosen so wisely. Has the matter been spoken of to Mr. PRESCOTT?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he gives consent?"

"Not a full, out-spoken consent, sir," replied the young man. "He makes no opposition, however."

"No opposition! Why should he?"

"I am only a poor clerk, you know."

"Humph! A poor clerk! Has the minister never read POPE?"

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
As well your part; there all the honor lies."

That is wherein true manhood and high honor repose.
Right action ennobles. Be true, faithful, just, HIRAM,
and you stand the peer of any one!

"The man's the gold for a' that."

The young man's eyes dropped to the floor. He felt rebuked.

"When do you think of getting married?" asked Mr. OVERMAN.

"Not for a long time yet," answered HIRAM.

"Why defer so indefinitely the happy day?"

"My income is too small."

"Four hundred dollars a year?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was receiving no more when I got married." "The times are more expensive," replied the clerk. "We are expected to live differently now, than when you were a young man."

"There's something in that," said Mr. OVERMAN. "Pride is expensive. Our superfluities cost us more than our necessities. We live too much in other people's eyes; and too little within ourselves. But, the world's ways are enticing, and we cannot go easily against the current of things. Four hundred dollars will not do; so, HIRAM, as you are a faithful, honest, intelligent young man—true to my interests—I will make it six, with a promise of something better, if business holds good. It was to say this that I sent for you. Get married, and be happy."

If, twenty-four hours previous to this time, Mr. OVERMAN had thus spoken to his clerk, what a different and purer element would have been in the pleasure that made his heart leap up and swell—sending bright blood to his cheeks, and luster to his gladsome eyes. There would have been a different tone in the ardor with which he took the extended hand of his kind-hearted employer, and pressed it tightly in both of his.

"How shall I thank you?" he answered, and as he said so, he felt that he was acting beyond his real feelings. Two hundred dollars advance of salary! It was something better than he had been receiving,—but not on six hundred dollars would he venture to marry HELEN PRESCOTT, whose father's objections to his humble condition in life had piqued his pride. But his feelings suffered no depression on this account; for, had he not another source of income?

"Faithful"—"honest"—"true to my interests." It was only by the strongest effort of will that HIRAM could keep his eyes on the face of Mr. OVERMAN, as these words were spoken in his praise. For a moment or two, it seemed as if he would lose all control of his countenance, and let shame reveal itself in red confusion. He felt sure that guilt looked out of his unsteady eyes, and so let them drop to the floor.

"Fix an early wedding day, HIRAM," said Mr. OVERMAN, in his free, off-hand manner. "There's nothing to interpose now. If HELEN's father makes any objection, I'll manage him. A little high strung, is he? Humph! Your ministers, and lawyers, and doctors, have, generally, a weakness in that direction. They seem to think themselves made of finer stuff than most people. Living so much among books has, I imagine, something to do with the fancy. But, Mr. PRESCOTT is a good, sensible man; and we'll have no trouble with him."

As soon as it was possible, without showing indecorous haste to get away from the rebuking presence of Mr. OVERMAN, HIRAM FOSTER retired. He felt strangely bewildered and oppressed, as he gained the street. He had been like one bound and in fear; now, there was a partial sense of freedom, and a removal of dread—but the haunting terror only went off, so to speak, a little way, and there stood still, large, indistinct, and vaguely threatening. There had occurred, within the space of a few hours, a great change in his inner, or spiritual relations. What they were, he did not comprehend. Nay, his thought did not even dwell on the new mental phenomena that were transpiring. He was more passive than an intelligent subject—feeling, but not comprehending. Tranquillity, and that sense of security which the innocent enjoy, were gone; and in their place was a sense of impending danger. Hope looked onward to the future that was opening with brighter prospects; but strange, threatening shadows hung over the beauty and brightness that lay in the smiling beyond. As he walked onward, in the calm starry evening, it seemed as if a shadowy form were moving along just behind him. Two or three times he stopped and turned around, each time appearing to catch a glimpse of something that flitted or faded like a phantasmagorical image.

HIRAM FOSTER's mind was in no condition for an interview with his betrothed on that evening. A great crisis in his life had come—nay, been passed; and the disturbed elements needed time for re-adjustment.

So, he returned to his room, and spent the evening alone. But there the haunting presence which had hovered so near, in shadowy companionship, as he returned from his interview with Mr. OVERMAN, sat down close beside him. He almost felt its breath upon his cheek; and its hand upon his hand as he clutched the bank bills so dishonestly obtained. A cold shudder crept along his nerves. But with the shrinking terror that accompanied this sense of an evil, invisible presence, came no repentance—no thought of retracing the wrong step which had separated him from good—no rebuke, of conscience. Onward, in deliberate purpose, as fertile suggestions of dishonest means came flooding in upon his mind, he looked, and schemed, and resolved. And there, alone in his room—no, not alone, for all the while a dark, evil, invisible companion was close beside him—he sat until after midnight.

More than one who looked into HIRAM FOSTER's face on the next day, noted a change, and felt as if a hand had been laid upon them, pressing them away to a distance. Of these was HELEN PRESCOTT's father; a man of great purity of character, and sensitive to individual spheres. [To be continued next week.]

Wit and Humor.

LITTLE JOKERS.

WHY are fixed stars like wicked old men? Because they scintillate, (sin till late.)

WHAT musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it? Fiddle D. D.

WHY cannot the Emperor Napoleon insure his life? Because no one can be found who can make out his policy.

It is said that if you stop up rat-holes with old search warrants, every knowing rat will leave the premises.

WHY does a coal barge weigh less than an empty sack? Because, if the one is a light weight, the other is a lighter.

WHO is it that is in two situations at once? A lover, for when he is beside his fair one he is usually beside himself.

A BRILLIANT young gentleman remarked to a lady with whom he was bowing, "I think, Miss, that you would make a capital baker." "Indeed, sir, why?" "Because you make such excellent rolls."

An old count paid his addresses to a rich heiress. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her, "Mademoiselle, I am very old, and you are very young; will you do me the honor to become my widow?"

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed, by his frivolous remarks, his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things, asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced?" "No," was the reply; "but I have often had them bored!"

"Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to a green Irishman, whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah, he aisy, now!" said Pat. "How the deuce can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me! But give it to me in the barn, and be jabers, I'll hold it with anybody!"

A CLERGYMAN, visiting a school-house at the Monson almshouse, the other day, made some remarks to the children, in which he endeavored to illustrate the sinful condition of men in a familiar way. "You know," said the clergyman, "that the negroes at the South are serving their masters. Now, we, sinful creatures, are serving a master who is worse than a slave-driver, and can any boy tell me who that master is?" "Yes, sir," said one of the lads, "it is James Buchanan."

BANKRUPTCY ILLUSTRATED.—Two merchants were standing in Wall street discussing on bankruptcy, when one of them saw a real live Yankee lumbering down street with a knife and stick in his hands.

"Now for some sport," said one of the merchants. "We'll ask his opinion on bankruptcy, or rather his ideas." He hailed the Yankee with

"Hallo, friend, can you tell us the meaning of bankruptcy?"

"Well, I reckon I kin—and skin me if I don't."

"Please explain."

"Well, you fust lend me a five for about three minutes."

"Here it is—now proceed."

"Well, now, I owe Zeke Smith five cents, Sam Brown, the tailor, five dollars for this 'ere coat, and you five."

"Well," said the merchant, "now give me my five."

"Oh, git out, I'm a bankrupt, and you come in for a share with the rest," and he left the astonished merchant to whistle for his five.

SA(1)LENT WIT.—Jones was riding up in Westchester county, and saw a board nailed up on a post in the yard of a farm house, with the sign painted on it—"This Farm for Sale." Always ready for a little pleasantry, and seeing the woman in checked sunbonnet picking up an apronful of chips at the wood pile in front of the house, he stopped, and asked her very politely, when the farm was to sail. She went on with her work, but replied to his question instantly, "Just as soon as the man comes along who can raise the wind!" Jones hit Dobbin a sudden cut with the whip and dashed on.

A HINT TO GARDENERS.—The latest invention is an instrument to prevent poultry from scratching up the gardens. It is something like a long spur, attached to the hind part of a rooster's leg. The instrument is so arranged that when the fowl is about to scratch the earth, the spur catches in the ground before the foot has fairly descended, and obliges it to bring its foot down quickly and harmlessly in front of the place where it aimed at. The fowl, thereupon, tries the other foot with a like result. It keeps on trying, and before it is aware of it, the machine has walked it right out of the garden.

A DOUBLE PRESCRIPTION.—A gentleman, wrote to Dr. Francis, of New York, last week, the following note:

"Dear Doctor.—I caught cold yesterday, and have got a little horse. Please write what I shall do for them."

Dr. P.—For the cold, take half a pound of butter candy. For the little horse, buy a saddle and bridle, and ride him out of town, the first time we have pleasant weather."

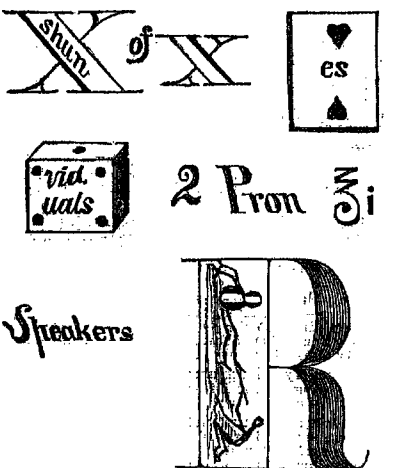
Corner for the Young.

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

I AM composed of 72 letters.
My 58, 42, 37, 48, 62, 4, 14, 29, 60 is a beautiful perennial.
My 1, 10, 17, 59, 49, 8, 9, 57 is a popular annual.
My 62, 47, 36, 19, 61, 14 is a bulbous-rooted plant.
My 19, 42, 51, 27, 65, 11, 30, 29, 1 is an elegant indigenous biennial.
My 53, 68, 67, 45, 16, 44, 22, 52, 5, 21, 12, 7 is a handsome tropical annual.
My 54, 31, 18, 23, 67, 42, 89, 43, 60 is a hardy, showy border flower.
My 8, 34, 38, 63, 29, 12, 24, 55 is a highly-esteemed bulbous-rooted flower.
My 69, 64, 40, 67, 33, 22, 13, 20, 43, 60 is a well-known annual.
My 19, 43, 22, 70, 6, 49, 2, 16, 24 is a deserving annual.
My 70, 29, 69, 67, 49, 71, 30, 29, 60 is a showy border flower.
My 25, 65, 1, 32, 26, 37, 67, 60 is common in most gardens.
My 50, 38, 68, 9, 1, 49, 72 is an old-fashioned flower.
My 7, 59, 37, 29, 35, 13 is an ornamental flower for rock work.
My 19, 42, 28, 14, 5, 67, 4 belongs to the genus Primula.
My 23, 71, 67, 40, 41 is a beautiful little perennial.
My whole is a couplet well worthy the attention of those who cultivate flowers.
Franklin Square, N. Y., 1860.
ANSWER in two weeks.

ANNA STARR.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



ANSWER in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN had three pieces of land, the first in the form of a square, the second in the form of a right-angle triangle, and the third in the form of a rectangle. The shorter side of the rectangle is equal to just half the side of the square—the longer side is equal to the hypotenuse of the triangular piece, and the base of the triangular piece is equal to the side of the square. Now, the area of the rectangle, together with the area of the triangle, is equal to four times the square of the shorter side of the rectangle; and the perimeter of the rectangle, together with the perimeter of the triangle, minus twenty-five, is equal to the perimeter of the square. What is the length of the side of the square, and the length of the sides of the triangle and rectangle, and also the area of each?

Verona, Onei. Co., N. Y., 1860.
ANSWER in two weeks.

S. G. CAGWIN.

CHARADE.

My first's a king of ancient date,
Who in the East did reign,
And wished to chase the Israelites
When on their way to Canaan.

My second you will often see
Running down the volcano's side,
Spreading, in its onward, fiery course,
Destruction far and wide.

My whole's the name of a battle field,
Where British valor shone,
And added to the English arms
Both honor and renown.

ANSWER in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A RIDDLE.

WHICH was created first—hands or feet?

Pana, Ill., 1860.

D. B. FAIRB.

ANSWER in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 571.

Answer to Grammatical Enigmas.—Simple pride for battery makes demands.
Answer to Charade.—Boat-swain.

Answer to Mathematical Problem.—From the last station, 5 miles; from the earth, 3 miles.

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