

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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[WHOLE NO. 609.]

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.
CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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.

AGRICULTURAL.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Kentucky Blue Grass.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you be kind enough to give me some information, through the columns of your paper, or otherwise, in relation to Blue Grass, stating what kind or kinds of soil are adapted to it, time of sowing, quantity of seed per acre, &c. Do you consider it preferable for meadow or pasture to timothy?—W. F. GREER, *Painesville, Lake Co., O., 1861.*

Our correspondent, we suppose, refers to the Kentucky Blue Grass, which is commonly called here June Grass, *Poa pratensis*, and not the true Blue Grass, or Wire Grass, *Poa compressa*. The former is the favorite pasture grass of Kentucky, where it is known as Blue Grass, and hence the reason that it is known so generally as the Kentucky Blue Grass. Various opinions are entertained in regard to its value, and while some think it the most valuable of all the grasses in our pastures, others regard it as far inferior to others, and comparatively worthless. The truth, no doubt, is that this grass is peculiarly adapted to certain localities, and in these it is exceedingly valuable, while for others we have grasses much its superior. It may be seen in perfection in Kentucky and Tennessee. Prof. WAY has shown by analysis that it is far inferior to Timothy in flesh-forming, and especially fat-forming principles. All experience, we believe, shows that, if Kentucky Blue Grass is cut for hay, it must be done when the plant is in flower, as, if the seed is allowed to ripen, a large portion, some say a fourth, of the crop is lost.

It is generally admitted that the produce is less than many other grasses, but the herbage is fine. It is not particular as to soil, and flourishes on dry knolls, or in a wet meadow, though a dry calcareous soil is doubtless the best. This grass is injured by severe drouths, yet it is said cattle will eat it when dry in the field with great relish, and much better than any of our grasses. It is extremely hardy, enduring the winters well, and in Kentucky, where it is so highly prized, and where the winters are mild, it is often found luxuriant during the whole season. For that State, it is said the best Blue Grass pastures are those that are partially shaded. About six quarts of seed are sown to the acre, though in some cases less is used, and we think more might be with advantage. Early in the spring is the best time for sowing.

The following from the *Ohio Farmer* is by a Kentucky correspondent, and gives, no doubt, the general opinion of Kentucky farmers respecting this grass: "Blue Grass, in our climate and soil, is not only the most beautiful of grasses, but the most valuable of crops. It is the first deciduous plant which puts forth its leaves here; ripens its seeds about the tenth of June, and then remains green, if the summer is favorable in moisture, during the summer months, growing slowly till about the last of August, when it takes a second vigorous growth until the ground is frozen by winter's cold. If the summer is dry, it dries up utterly, and will burn if set on fire; but even then, if the spring ground has been left upon the ground, is very nutritious to all grazing stock, and especially to sheep and cattle, and all ruminating animals. When left to have all its fall growth, it makes fine winter pasture for all kinds of grazing animals. Cattle will not seek it through the snow, but sheep, mules, and horses, will paw off the snow and get plenty without any other food. When covered with snow, cattle require some other feeding; otherwise they do well all winter upon it.

"It makes also the best of hay. I have used it for that for twenty years. It should be cut just as the seeds begin to ripen, well spread, and protected from the dew at night by windrowing or cooking; the second evening stacked, with salt, or sheltered, with salt also. When properly cured, stock seem greatly to prefer it to all other hay. I would not recommend it for meadow especially, however, because the yield is hardly equal to Timothy and Clover, and because it is more difficult to cut and cure. Any time in the winter, when the snow is on the ground, sow broadcast from three to four quarts of clean seed to the acre. With the spring, the seeds germinate, and are very fine in the sprouts, and delicate. No stock should be allowed for the first year, nor until the grass seeds

in June for the first time in the second year. The best plan is to turn on your stock when the seed ripens in June. Graze off the grass, then allow the fall growth, and graze all winter, taking care never to feed the grass closely at any time."

Canada Thistles.

SOME years since, in our investigations among the flowers and weeds, we found what was new to us—a Canada thistle with white flowers. In the locality where we discovered this, there were a few among the pink variety, but in no other place did we find them. Having searched all the botanical works within our reach, and not finding the white variety described, we made inquiry of some of our best botanists, and found they were ignorant of its existence. Since then we have watched its increase, and now a few can be found in almost all places in this section of the country where Canada thistles are permitted to grow. About five weeks since, in giving some notes made among farmers and in the harvest field, we playfully remarked:—"The Canada thistle is a pretty flower, very fragrant, and we have discovered a white variety; but we hardly think it worth while to grow seeds on a large scale, for the demand will not be great nor the price remunerative. We would therefore advise farmers to cut down their thistles." This simple remark brought the following letter, and we judge its author, from the desperate effort he makes at sharp writing, has not only labored among the thistles but suffered from their sharp points:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A short time since, I chanced, in my rambles, to pick up a copy of the *RURAL*, and in glancing over an article which I supposed was editorial, I discovered the writer, among other items, gave a thrust at the poor "Canada Thistle," and among his remarks he says "we have discovered a white variety." Well, said I, here is another evidence that there is progress—surely, as GALLICHO once said, "the world moves;" for in this year of grace 1861, with the war for slavery upon us, and among all the new things which are happening under the sun, some one who is connected with the *RURAL*, who writes the editorial "we," has discovered a "white variety of the Canada Thistle."

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not considered or called a very smart man. I was raised in the woods in Monroe county, N. Y., and have lived on this revolving earth a full half century. I have been familiar with Canada Thistles full forty years, have worked among them many a day, have tried many experiments with them, in order to become acquainted with their habits, and, if possible, learn how to destroy them, in which I am vain enough to think I have succeeded, and yet my memory remeth not back to any time this side of thirty years when I did not know there was a "white variety."

I wish now to state it is my opinion, founded on long experience and observation, that it is only this "white variety" which produces seed. I have carefully opened and dissected perhaps thousands of the "balls" or heads of the pink variety, and have never found "nary seed." I do not mean to affirm that this is an unfailing or a universal natural law of the existence of the "thistle," but I do say I have never found a fully developed seed, or one which would germinate, in the pink variety.

It may possibly be different where "we" have just discovered the "white variety," but I rather guess if "we" will take the trouble to thoroughly investigate "our" discovery, "we" will find that the "white variety" is alone the seed-bearing thistle, and that it is, as a general thing, of rather rare production. It is a great blessing to the world it is so. For if all of this plant, which is annually allowed to ripen on the soil of our negligent farmers, was but full of perfect germinating seed, many parts of the Empire State would have been long ago rendered unendurable, if not perfectly untenantable.—JAMES M. WATSON, *Dundee, N. Y., 1861.*

We do not wonder that the author of the above epistle is "not considered or called a very smart man." Since it came to our hands, we have grown over ninety plants of the Canada thistle from one hundred seeds gathered from the pink variety, and we will send him a peck of plump seed warranted to grow, for a fair consideration. Again, we will send two packages of seeds, one from each variety, and he will not be able to tell the one from the other.

One reason why the Canada thistle does not spread more rapidly from seed is the fact that in many of the seed-producing heads is found a white grub that destroys the germ. Another reason is that many of the flowers in both varieties are abortive, producing no seeds. This is particularly the case with the late flowers. In growing plants, we find that the outer covering of the seed comes up with the young plant, as with the cucumber. The seeds sown, for the purpose of testing this matter, were not selected, but planted as taken from the head, rejecting those only that were injured by the grub.

About Seeds and Weeds.

THOSE who have given particular attention to the ripening of seeds of flowers or grain, know that many varieties will come to maturity if the plant is cut soon after the flowers have fallen, and that even when a plant is considered in full flower, seeds from the earliest blossoms are sufficiently matured to germinate. Some plants too will continue to flower and produce seeds even after being pulled up by the roots. A knowledge of this fact is of great benefit to the seed-grower, for he can pull up the plants, wash the dirt from the roots, and lay them on cloths where they will perfect their seeds, which are saved without much trouble. Many farmers, however, do not seem to understand these facts, and they pull up the tall weeds among the corn and throw them on the ground, in the very best possible condition for the ripening of seed. A careful test, we believe, would prove it to be a fact that a pig weed will ripen more seeds when pulled up and laid in the sun than if per-

mitted to grow. All weeds that have commenced flowering should be collected together in a pile, dried and burned. If gathered before flowers are formed, they may be placed upon the compost heap and mixed with fermenting manures.

The number of seeds produced by our common weeds is really astonishing to those who have not studied the matter. A good plant of dock will ripen from twelve to fifteen thousand seeds, burdock over twenty thousand, and pig-weed some ten thousand. To destroy a plant before seeding, therefore, is a work of no small importance.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

"SPENDS most of his time in the garden." Such was the closing sentence of the hasty history of a man of whom I had heard something in the neighborhood—whose son was called an excellent farmer, &c. I determined to call upon this man; for I desired to study his composition—to learn something of the personal character of one who could "find time" to give to such a novelty as a good garden—for outside the "corporation limits" of the town, I have failed to find a real good kitchen garden, I am sorry to say.

The two "boys" are cutting oats, and the "father" is away yonder salting the cattle, and picking up the fallen fence. He is coming, and I wait to see him. The reader knows, as well as the writer, that having heard something of the character of a man, we associate with it certain physical features or peculiarities, which we are very sure to find in some form. Here he comes, a straight, wide-awake old man, neat, thoughtful, careful of the comfort and well-being of all about him, whether brute or being. We are not disappointed in his composition. And we are led at once to the garden, which is plainly his pride and pet. It is not unlike other good gardens.

We notice he has a late crop of dwarf peas growing, and ask the kind. "The Strawberry Pea—the best I know of. It is early and productive—occupies but little room. You see this is a late crop. I planted them about the last week in June, for seed. I find the crop that matures from a late seeding are never buggy, as the earlier crop is almost sure to be." Here are black currants, and I may say here, that this fruit is growing in favor in many parts of the West as a wine fruit, and is being more cultivated than formerly. The Black Naples is most grown; in some gardens I have found the Black Grape, but have as yet been unable to detect a difference between the two varieties as grown here. I notice they are grown in this garden in the tree form; and the old gentleman asks if I know how to grow them tree form, and without waiting for an answer, says an English gardener told him to cut out all the eyes or buds except one or two at the base of the cutting, and one or two at the top, and there will be no trouble from sprouts. That is the way his are grown. But the heavy heads, with the burden of fruit, render stakes necessary to keep them upright.

—This is a fine neighborhood—this town of Benton, in Lake Co., Ill.—and I find there is a good deal of rivalry in sheep husbandry. There is one man to whom his neighbors refer as a successful shepherd, and as having one of the finest flocks of Spanish Merinos in Northern Illinois—ENOS R. FERRY. Mr. F. is a snug farmer—has built up his farm and business by hard labor. He has a fine flock of sheep. He has a buck that I think it will be difficult to beat—four years old. From this animal 22½ pounds of washed—thoroughly washed—wool was sheared the present season, it being only the fleece of one year's growth. Mr. FERRY'S flock—the original flock—was bred by LANGDON, of Vermont, whose stock, Mr. F. said, was from HAMMOND'S flocks.

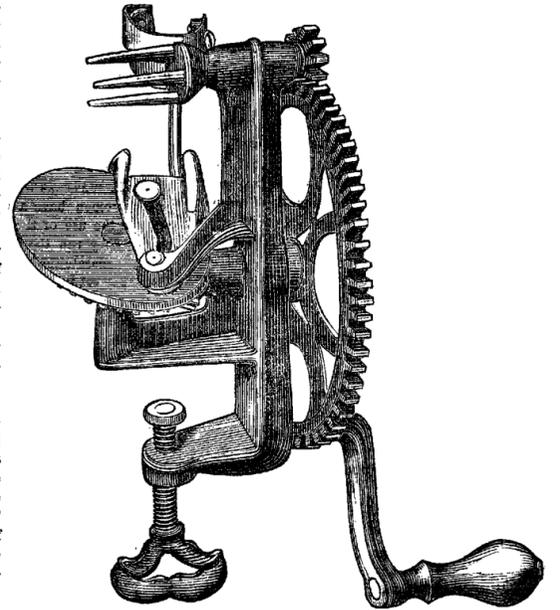
Mr. F. says he fed no grain to his sheep last winter, except to the lambs, and the elder and infirm ewes. The condition of his breeding ewes to-day confirms this statement; and it seems to the writer a questionable kind of economy in this great grain country. Especially should breeding ewes be well and carefully fed. Mr. F. is doubtless convinced of its profit; for he said oats were the best feed for sheep, and should be fed in the sheaf. He asserted that by feeding one bushel of oats per head in winter, he could add one pound to the weight of each fleece. If wool is worth 30 cents per pound, it would be a good profit on oats at present prices—especially when the cost of threshing and marketing them is saved, even though the improved condition of the animal and increased weight of carcass be not taken into account at all. The oats should be cut middling green, and the sheep will consume all or nearly all of the straw.

Mr. F.'s management of his sheep, his division of flocks, mode of feeding, and handling, is not unlike that of other experienced shepherds. He evidently understands his business. The lambing season is usually from the middle of March to the middle of April—before the flocks leave the winter folds. He sells, as his flocks increase, but few sheep, comparatively, but lets them out to men who will care for them, receiving a share of the wool and the increase.

—Talking about Sorghum, Mr. F. remarked that he had found nothing better for milch cows. He has had experience with it, feeding it in early autumn before feeding Indian corn fodder. While it does not produce more milk than our maize stalks, it does insure better flavor, and a better quality of butter. He has never known it to injure stock

RETURN-TABLE APPLE PARER.

AMONG all the inventions for paring apples which have come under our observation of late years, the "Return-Table Apple Parer," recently patented by WHITMORE BROTHERS, Worcester, Mass., is the most novel and complete. For paring only we think it just the thing, and likely to give entire satisfaction. In the language of the inventors, "it embraces some of the principles of former patents, but the principle of giving the knife motion around the apple, and causing its return, is entirely new, and a patent has been allowed upon it. It takes three turns of the crank to pare the apple and bring the knife back in its place, without the use of a spring, and in the neatest and most quiet manner imaginable; while no machine leaves so little paring upon the apple." It can be seen at the store of N. B. PHELPS, No. 3 Buffalo st., who is agent for Rochester and vicinity.



when thus fed, though the writer has seen it asserted that it does.

Apricots! Here, on the bottom lands of the Des Plaines, we are invited by Mr. J. L. GILBERT, to sit under his trees and refresh ourselves with apricots—Dubois' Golden Apricot. He jars the tree and down comes a shower of golden fruit—pleasant to taste and talk about! It is grown here on the wild plum stock. The curculio troubles them some, but vigilance is the price of safety; and their safety, it is proven, may be secured by paying this price. There are also pears in the orchard, and plums are here. Mr. G. believes in fruit, and is a successful cultivator of it.

We are invited into the dairy house here. Mr. G. has hitherto made butter for the Chicago hotels, but this year is making cheese. We find the dairy furnished with Roe's Western Reserve Cheese Vat, a neat self-acting cheese press, with patent adjustable hoop, Young's Cast Steel Dairy Knife, and other minor yet convenient and useful apparatus. The last mentioned tool—the knife—was in the hands of a pretty, modest Miss of sixteen—yes, sweet sixteen—who was practically demonstrating its value. It cuts the curd fine, rendering the scalding and cooking more uniform; saving the necessity of tearing and squeezing it in pieces, as is common with many dairymen. Experienced dairymen who have used this knife, assert that more cheese can be got from the same milk by its use.

We are told by Mr. G. that his neighbor, Mr. WHITE, has thirty-two cows, is an old Herkimer Co. dairyman, and has the finest lot of cheese he ever saw; and we are urged to call upon him. We are reminded by LEAD PENNELL, Esq., that we have heard of Mr. W. before—not as a dairyman, but as the man who bought his neighbors' straw, wherewith they laughed exceedingly! Long before we got in Mr. W.'s neighborhood, a gentleman who was giving us a list of the best farmers described the said W. as follows:—"There is a man named WHITE up there who came in, and the neighbors all laughed at his operations. He went to a neighbor and asked him what he would take for forty acres of straw. The neighbor told him he could have it in welcome. Accordingly his teams drew it, as fast as it was threshed, to his barn yard, and it was used as food and litter for his cattle. In the spring it was drawn out on 14 acres of land and plowed under. The ground was planted with corn, and fourteen hundred bushels harvested. The next year it was seeded with wheat. The neighbors laughed again, and asked what he was going to sow wheat on it for; he would get all straw. He replied he had rather have all straw than nothing at all as they did. The wheat crop that season generally failed, but Mr. W.'s crop averaged 18 to 20 bushels per acre all through."

Now it may be that this dairyman WHITE is not the WHITE who used the straw, but from the appearance of his grain and grass we are inclined to call him the identical WHITE.

But talking about cheese:—We find precisely the same apparatus in use here that we have above described as used by Mr. GILBERT. A prodigal use of adjectives is not the writer's forte; but some pretty strong ones, and in the superlative degree, may be used in referring to this dairy of cheese. The writer has never seen better anywhere, and he has seen some dairies east of the lakes. Briefly we talked about the process. The rennet is prepared as follows:—When the calf is killed, the rennet is put on a plate and allowed to stand 12 hours with the curd in it; the rennet is then emptied of the curd, wiped clean, salted, and stretched on a willow stick and dried. It is then put in a jar and salt enough added to keep the liquor sweet. When wanted for use, the liquor is strained from the jar, and a teaspoonful is usually sufficient for 91 gallons. But the quantity can only be

determined by trial. The object is to bring the cheese in from 40 to 60 minutes. The milk is kept cool during the night by filling the water chamber of the vat with cold water—sometimes changing it late in the evening. After the morning's milk is added, if necessary, a little fire is built in the furnace, and the milk heated until "milk warm;" the rennet is then added and the whole stands 40 to 50 or 60 minutes. The curd is then cut with the steel dairy knife above described, and at the same time heated to 110° Fah. This degree of heat is kept up 30 to 40 minutes, and the curd kept stirring the while. The whey is then drawn off and the curd salted and put to press.

—Kenosha! A beautiful little town, with shade and fruit trees in its gardens. Many fine places. Badly burned a few years ago. Four hundred thousand dollars in debt, a friend says—large sum for a small town to invest in railroad stock and pay the interest thereon these times. I do not stop here except to get and answer mail. Take the road due West. Meet an old Eastern neighbor—Col. S.—a bluff, prompt, stern, but kind-hearted man, who always drove his business and prospered—is 76 years old, lives on a small place, does not believe this a fruit country; apple and pear trees have a stiff grass sward under them, and yet they ought to bear!—the good old man can see no reason why they should not!

I find him in his oat field hard at work binding oats, with two-thirds of the heads dropped on the ground by the Army Worm. "The mischief take it—I would not touch these oats, only it looks slovenly to leave them on the ground." That is the way with good, neat farmers. The oats were cut green, "in order to save them," and since cutting, these voracious striped gormandizers have eaten the heads off as they lie in the gavel!—two or three quarts under each gavel since Saturday night, when they were cut. My friend is of the opinion that money is better invested if loaned at 10 or 12 per cent., than invested in farm land to cultivate. He is doing "that thing," being careful to see that it is well secured.

I go West, and travel a fine rolling country—a prairie country, with occasional clumps of burr oak. The surface is gently undulating, and beautiful—easily drained, and white with the ripening harvests. The click, click, of the reapers is heard from all quarters, and the harvest hands gather the golden grain in sheaves. Unlike the old style of "the early day," most of the binders carry rakes, and the ground is more carefully gleaned here than is common in many places. Along here the soil is a light colored mold, with a stiff clay subsoil, and well adapted to grass. But men do not seem to have learned that grain growing is not the best business—that they are rapidly exhausting their soil, and in too many cases, with little effort to return an equivalent. Buildings are good. Sometimes the barn is built first, and again the resources of the man are all expended on "a shell of a house" of no real value to him or to the man to whom he mortgaged his farm in order to get money to build, and into whose hands it will ultimately go, without an "uncommon streak of good luck intervene to save it."

—Here is a man cutting green oats—let's talk with him. Is cutting them to save them from the grasshoppers, which are hardly less destructive than the Army Worm. Yes, the latter has destroyed his barley crop, eating the heads off—seem to like the tender stalk near the head. They do not eat off the wheat heads, though he has heard of one man, whom he names, who has lost 500 bushels of his wheat by the pests—they eating the foliage and dropping the heads. But that story may have become magnified by use, and we mentally refer LEAD PENNELL, Esq., to the fact that we have seen hundreds of acres of wheat through which the worm has passed, eating the foliage, and never yet have seen a head dropped by them.

HAWTHORN HEDGES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—When I last wrote you I expected to continue the subject of live hedges, but think now I must adopt a different course.

I would state, first, that unless a person wishes to go into the business of growing the thorn from seed largely, I would not advise them to do so on a small scale.

Another error is, persons unused to the plant think that if the seed be sown in a drill where the hedge is wanted, that they shall attain their point easier than by putting in plants.

The ground having been well worked, the next process is to grade. This is done by a line, the longer the better—say twenty rods in length.

The ground being raked, and the line stretched as tight as possible, will enable the workman to notice inequalities that otherwise would escape observation.

After placing the plants in the trench, and filling in dirt two or three inches, tread the same firmly on the roots; then fill up the trench, treading lightly thereon.

"THE WHITE GRUB."

DEAR MOORE:—I have to-day had an opportunity to examine what is here called "The White Grub," and its work.

On my way hither from Danby Station, on the Chicago and Galena Union Railroad, in a stage coach, yesterday, I saw hundreds of acres of timothy and blue-grass pastures without a green blade visible.

Many farmers are turning their hogs, unadorned with "rings in their noses," into these pastures, and they fatten on these root-eating grubs.

You shall hear more, as I learn more of it. Meantime let some member of the distinguished STUMBLER-SUGGER family look at the specimens herewith forwarded.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Colts on a Hard Floor.

SOME people state that colts should stand on a hard plank floor, in order to toughen them for a hard road.

Lice on Cattle.

SILAS MASON gives the following simple remedy for these vermin, in the New England Farmer:—"Take poke root, sometimes called blue dragon or hellebore, and boil enough to get a very strong tea or wash, and apply it as a wash thoroughly, and it will surely kill every one of the vermin, and without the least detriment to cattle.

Skimming Milk.

S. L. WATLES writes to the Country Gentleman, "Our women have a way of taking off the cream without the use of the skimmer. They use a knife only. They run the knife around the milk in the pan, to separate the cream from the sides of the pan.

Figs—How to Help Them Along.

A WRITER in the Stock Journal says that if you should want to make anything very nice of your pigs (for you can), when the pigs are about ten days old commence to carry the basin of warm milk into the pen, and let the pig get hold of the edge of the basin, and spill a little into his mouth; if he gets any, he is learned.

Administering Medicine to Horses.

GEO. BEAVER writes thus to the American Agriculturist:—"I consider the usual method of giving medicine to horses by drenching, as it is called, highly objectionable. In this process, the horse's head is raised and held up, a bottle introduced into his mouth, his tongue pulled out, and the liquid poured down. In his struggle, some of the medicine is quite likely to be drawn into his windpipe and lungs, and inflammation and fatal results sometimes follow.

Pasturing Mowing Lands in Autumn.

JOHN JOHNSTON, who is good authority on all matters relating to practical farming, writes to the Boston Cultivator as follows:—"I think it bad policy to pasture meadows—mowing ground—in autumn or spring. We can get here, double the quantity of hay, if the meadow is not pastured, and therefore we only require half the land to get the given quantity of hay from, and the other half can be appropriated to something else."

"My experience is that pasturing meadows of any kind in the fall season of the year, is a decided advantage to them, provided they are not pastured too much, and for the following reasons:—If a meadow is left to stand after harvest without pasturing in the months of August and September, if there be any fall rains, the wild grasses and weeds will spring up, and as they grow much taller than the fall growth of timothy or blue-grass, they seem to choke out the fall growth of the young grass; and if the weeds and wild grasses are allowed to remain all winter and spring, they will be materially in the way the following harvest. I have had ample experience to prove this in our rich bottom lands. My opinion is that meadows should be pastured after harvest, say in the months of September and October, sufficiently to keep down the weeds and wild grasses. I have noticed, particularly in our bottom meadows, where a partition fence ran through the meadow and where one side was pastured regularly every fall season, and on the other side, being a corn field, or in some way not admitting pasture by stock, that while the side of the meadow regularly pastured every fall would keep a good set, the other side, not being pastured, would in a few years be taken with wild weeds and become worthless, unless broken up and newly set."

Discipline vs. Strength.

UNDER this head, the Maine Farmer brings up a subject which is deserving of the attention of all farmers where oxen are used for labor,—especially "about these days," when cattle-shows prevail. We have in several instances noticed the undue value which has been given to mere strength in working oxen.

quality only, and that not generally the most important, is considered. Our contemporary observes:

"We have seen oxen, well matched for size, color and disposition, oxen that were trained to draw upon a stone-drag, and to do it in the best manner; and yet, for the every-day work of the farm in the various operations of plowing, carting, &c., they were as unfitted as a pair of two-year-old steers, so far as perfect discipline and handiness are concerned. They had been trained to pull, but knew nothing about anything else. If upon a cart, it would take half an acre of land for them to turn round on; and if engaged in loading manure, the cart could not be backed to the heap, especially if the chance for doing it was somewhat narrow, without lifting at the wheel, or bothering and fretting the cattle."

Just so. It may be of great importance to have a yoke of oxen that can "twit" the biggest log in the "lumber-swamp," and for this great size may be an object, but for the general purposes for the farm, we have often seen medium-sized cattle that were far more useful. Some of our Connecticut friends,—whose handsome oxen will move a load backwards with about as much facility and exactness as any could move it forwards, governed only "by the word of mouth," and which at the same time could tire good horses at a fair test with the plow,—understand this matter.

About Keeping "a Crower."

A CORRESPONDENT of the New England Farmer who resides in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and rejoices in the nom de plume of "Cock-a-doodle-doo," thus treats this important topic:

"I take pleasure in perusing the communications to your valuable paper, and am sometimes amused at the queer notions put forth in some of them. For instance, in a letter in the June number, signed 'Warfield, Vt.," the writer states:—"I do not keep a crower, as I save the cost of keep, and besides, what is a greater advantage, the hens may sit several days longer on their eggs without spoiling them for use." What does he mean by the term "a crower?" Is it a crow of the comparative degree? Crow, crower, crowest—or is it an animal that crows and does nothing else? But, joking aside, I cannot agree with 'Warfield' at all, respecting the economy of not keeping a 'crower.' If the hens are not worth the cost of keeping a crower besides their own keep, they are a poor set; besides, it is very ungenerous to deny them the pleasure of a companion while the fancier takes all the eggs he can get from them.

"The bird in question, call him what you may, is of great consequence in a hen yard. He talks to the hens, helps them to select their nests, sympathizes with them in all their troubles, settles all their differences, calls them to breakfast and dinner, protects them from their enemies, &c. How is Warfield to keep up his stock or improve it? He must be totally dependent on some one else who is liberal enough to keep a crower, or else he will be in a bad fix. Again, as to the eggs keeping sound while sat upon. He must be a half-and-half hen fancier who does not take in the eggs every day. I never have any stolen nests in my establishment. I keep eleven hens and a crower, and can tell to which hen every egg belongs when I take it from the nest; besides, I should like something more than mere assertion to convince me that a fertilized egg will not keep as well as the eggs from "Warfield's" hens. I would recommend him to get a crower, and raise half a dozen pullets every summer, in order that he may have a continuous yield of eggs, and be enabled to put away the old hens after they have passed their prime.

"I would recommend the Black Hamburg as the best kind of fowls for general use, and they would suit 'Warfield' to a nicety, as they never want to sit; they are good layers; the eggs are nearly as large as those of the Black Spanish; and the fowls are handsome and well proportioned—not so long legged as the Spanish. They have large rose combs, which droop prettily on one side, and are hardy and easily kept. With these few remarks I will close, hoping that the opinion which seems to prevail in the States, 'that a crower ought not to crow,' will shortly be exploded."

Inquiries and Answers.

HUNGARIAN GRASS FOR HAY.—WHEN SHOULD IT BE CUT?—If those of the RURAL readers who have cultivated this grass will give their views as to what stage of growth it should be cut for making hay, they will oblige many farmers who lack this experience.—J. B. POTTER, Madison, Lake Co., O.

"CORRECTION AS APPLIED TO SWINE.—I, as a sufferer, wish to inquire of those loyal to the agricultural interest, through their organ, the RURAL, by what means we can effectually put down rebellion among our swine and stop the lawless attempts to overthrow our beautiful pastures and meadows. Putting a wire twice through the rim of the nose, with a twist to keep it there, seems rather severe coercion; to imprison would be expensive, and would hurry them to the barrel which they are in no way prepared to meet. Is there any mode of disabling that hostile member by injuring the cord with an awl or knife, so that they can not "run the thing into the ground." Can it not be performed on the little "Jell's," and make them swear allegiance?—E., North Chili, N. Y.

FOUNDER.—I have a colt which has had the misfortune to become founder. What shall I do for him?—W. R., Howard, N. Y., 1861.

We give the treatment recommended by two veterinary authors, and our inquirer may choose for himself which to adopt:

According to JENNINGS, if the animal is in full condition, two quarts of blood should be taken from each of the fore feet; an active purgative should be given, followed by one-drachm doses of belladonna, made into pills, every four hours; poultices of flaxseed meal should be applied to the feet for several days; injections of soap and water also ought not to be neglected. By this treatment the animal is usually well again in a week, or even less; but if the disease is neglected until it becomes chronic, the animal will ever after remain unsound, though he may be rendered useful. From the alteration or disorganization of structure that takes place, there can little be done in the chronic stage, except careful shoeing, which the smith should understand.

MR. HENRY HERBERT prescribes the following remedies:—Aconite, Bryonia, Veratrum, Arsenicum, and Rhus toxicodendron.

Aconite, if there is inflammation, the animal stands as if rooted to one spot, the breathing is hurried and interrupted, the breath is hot, and the pulse accelerated. Dose—Six drops every one, two, or three hours.

Bryonia, complete stiffness of the limbs, with swelling of the joints. Dose—Six drops every two hours.

Veratrum, if it is brought on by violent exercise. Dose—The same as directed for Bryonia.

Arsenicum, if it is caused by bad or heating food, or after a cold drink, when overheated. Dose—The same as directed for Aconite.

Rhus toxicodendron, if there is much pain in the feet, and the animal is very stiff in his movements. Dose—Six drops or eight globules three times a day; at the same time, the limbs may be bathed with a solution of Rhus, externally, twice a day.

W. H. B., Auburn N. Y.—We are not aware that a Naval School is in existence in Buffalo. The best way of ascertaining would be to drop a line to some of the local papers.

POSTS HEAVING.—In compliance with the request of a "Constant Reader," I would say that I live on a heavy soil, and have tried different methods of setting posts, but never succeeded in keeping them in until I filled the surrounding space with stone, exclusively, using no dirt, and driving them in well with an iron bar. I have posts set in this way that have stood well for three years.—M. C. HOPKINS, Ripley.

Rural Notes and Items.

HO! FOR THE AGRICULTURAL FAIRS!—This is the season of Fairs, when it is the duty, as we trust it is the pleasure, of the great mass of our readers to contribute to the success of the exhibitions in their respective States and localities. Let those who would promote the cause of Rural Improvement through associations and their exhibits, make proper efforts in the right direction, by attending at least one Fair and contributing thereto the product of industry, skill or taste. This is a matter in which Farmers, Horticulturists, Manufacturers, and indeed producers and artisans of most classes, can cordially unite, and each should strive to demonstrate some "progress and improvement" even in time of war and its attendant excitement. While we unitedly sustain the War for the Union, let us not forget or neglect to promote the interests which must be relied upon to maintain that War and insure the continued prosperity of the People and Country.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR, to be held at Watertown next week—Sept. 17th to 20th—promises to be worthy the Society and State. The arrangements are said to be very complete, and a large attendance and fine exhibition may be anticipated. The local committees have made ample provision for the occasion, including the reception and accommodation of strangers, while the preparations of the Society are said to be such as cannot fail of eliciting public approval. Arrangements have been made to convey Stock and Articles for exhibition, to and from the Fair, free, over the Hudson River, New York Central, Erie and Elmira and Canandaigua Branch, Rome, Watertown and Potsdam Railroads. Meetings for Agricultural Discussions will be held each evening during the Fair, in a central, commodious and well lighted room. The Annual Address will be delivered on Friday by the Hon. WM. M. EVARTS, of New York.

—For list of other Fairs see last week's RURAL.

THE FAIR OF THE MILWAUKEE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION was held last week. Our Western Corresponding Editor was present, and informs us in a hasty note that the exhibition of Horses was large, there being 150 entries; and that the quality of the stock was in the main excellent. The Wisconsin herds of Durhams, Devons and Alderneys were well represented. There was a large exhibition of Swine, embracing some animals worthy of further notice. There were pens of Spanish and French Merino Sheep, South Downs, Leicester and Cotswolds. No premiums were offered for manufactured articles, except Agricultural Implements and Machinery; neither for Farm, or Orchard, or Garden products—hence there was no exhibition in these departments. There was a respectable exhibition of Farm Implements, though not a large number. The Fair was poorly attended, and in that respect a failure. Our Aid has notes of the noteworthy features, which will appear hereafter.

OUR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS are due and tendered to the Officers of various Agricultural Societies—State, Provincial and Local—for premium lists, bills, and complimentary cards of admission to Fairs. Such favors are gratefully appreciated, though their number precludes further notice of each exhibition than was given in our list last week; while our lack of the power of ubiquity will limit personal responses to invitations. We hope, however, to attend several Fairs in this State, Canada, and the West, the prominent features of which will be noted for the information of RURAL readers.

REPORTS OF FAIRS.—We shall be glad to receive accounts of the most noteworthy features of the Agricultural Fairs now being held, from those who can and will give brief, condensed reports. What we desire is a summary of the most important features and doings, statement of receipts, success compared with former years, &c. Correspondents and officers of Societies will therefore oblige us by furnishing notes of their exhibitions, with such additions as they think will prove interesting and useful to the agricultural community.

OREGON SPRING WHEAT.—We are indebted to Mr. BENTON BARNARD, of Livingston Co., for a sample of Spring Wheat grown from seed obtained in Oregon. The head is peculiar, being flat and about an inch wide—having several branches on each side, and thus unlike any other wheat we have ever seen. It is quite prolific,—the berry white and fair, superior to ordinary varieties of spring wheat. Mr. B. sowed one bushel of seed (on about an acre of ground) the middle of April, when other kinds were sown, but the crop ripened and was cut a week earlier. The yield is estimated at 40 bushels. We are promised the exact figures as to ground and yield so soon as measured.

—MR. R. S. CHAPIN, of West Bloomfield, N. Y., has sent us a handsome sample of red wheat, known as the "Hope-well Wheat," having originated on the farm of a Mr. WHITKIN, in the town of Hopewell, Ontario county. Mr. C. thinks "it as early or even earlier than the Mediterranean; it grows on a good, nice straw, stands up well, and bids fair."

IT IS PAID FOR!—As our terms are cash in advance, those who receive the RURAL without having subscribed for it, will please understand that some one has kindly "assumed the responsibility." Such is the fact in regard to the copy concerning which we have just received this note from Chillicothe, Ohio:—"I have for some time been the recipient of your valuable paper, and its weekly appearance is looked for with great interest by my wife and self—for the interesting domestic matter contained therein, and I for the decided stand you take on the 'E Pluribus Unum' question. I think you give evidence of being 'all right.' But, my dear sir, to whom am I indebted for this privilege, or am I reading your paper without compensation? If so, write me, and I will 'fork over.' I desire a continuance of it as long as you furnish us with such recipes, &c., and are sound on the Union—for if sentiments like yours were promulgated in our papers generally, 'secess' would not receive much sympathy."

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN.—The prompt responses to our offer, last week, of the RURAL from September 1st or October 1st to January, on trial, at only half price, are encouraging. The first was from Livingston Co., N. Y., with a remittance for several trial subscribers, closing with this remark:—"At the extreme low price you advertise, I hope to be able to send you a large list." Some order the paper sent for the Trial Term to friends, near and distant, as a present. To-day we have received orders to send copies to Scotland and Australia. Though we make no immediate profit on trials, we hope to circulate at least five thousand copies, and trust RURAL agents and other friends will kindly aid in the endeavor. See particulars on seventh page.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—Mr. Chas. D. Bragdon, for several years past the editor of the Prairie Farmer, has withdrawn from that paper, and associated himself editorially with Mr. Moore, of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Mr. Bragdon will travel extensively through the Northwest this summer and autumn, and then remove to Rochester, N. Y., where his duties will compel him to remain permanently. We part with Mr. Bragdon with reluctance. He has been a sincere friend of agricultural progress, and an efficient laborer in the Western field.—Wisconsin Farmer.

We copy the above item in order to correct the statement relative to MR. BRAGDON'S removal to Rochester. Brother HOYT is in error, as no such removal is contemplated. Though Mr. B. would undoubtedly prove an invaluable office associate, he will continue in the equally important position now occupied—that of Western Corresponding Editor, residing and traveling in the West. And all who have read his letters in this and previous issues of the RURAL will admit that he is "the right man in the right place"—for what he imparts is of interest and value to both Western and Eastern readers. Though not now connected with a paper published in the West, our large and wide circulation there makes Mr. B. "an efficient laborer in the Western field."

—The following correction and appreciative notice is from the Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago:

AN ERROR CORRECTED.—In a late issue, in noticing the withdrawal of C. D. Bragdon, Esq., from the editorship of the Prairie Farmer, and his connection as Western editor with MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, we inadvertently stated a removal to Rochester, as contemplated by him. We are happy to learn from Mr. Bragdon that such is not the case. His able letters to the New-Yorker have already largely increased the value of that paper to our Western farmers, and we notice that they have become prominent "clippings" in the agricultural departments of our exchanges. Mr. Bragdon has a good eye, a ready pen, and we are glad that he is still to be "a permanent" among us.

The News Condenser.

- There are now 1,800 "contrabands" at Old Point.
— There are now over 800 men employed in the Watervliet arsenal.
— Business affairs have assumed a more cheerful aspect in Rhode Island.
— The stage fare from Sacramento to Missouri has been reduced to \$155.
— There are upward of 22,000 persons in England and Wales who are blind.
— All the Union postmasters in East Tennessee are being removed by Jeff. Davis.
— The private subscriptions to the Italian loan have already amounted to 965,000,000 francs.
— A scion of the oldest barony in the Empire died a few days since in an Irish poorhouse.
— A fine marble quarry has been found in Southern Oregon, about 20 miles from Jacksonville.
— Accounts from Hayti state that the coffee crop there promises an unusually large yield.
— The Wilmington, Del., city election has resulted in the election of an entire Union ticket.
— It is estimated that the wealth of Massachusetts amounts to twelve hundred million dollars.
— The coronation of the King and Queen of Prussia will take place at Konigsberg, in October.
— The widow of ex-Gov. Bouck died at the old homestead, in the town of Fulton, on the 10th ult.
— Salt is selling in Richmond at \$6 to \$7 per barrel. No wonder they want the Kanawha region.
— Gen. Watkins, a commander of the Southern forces in Missouri, is a half brother of Henry Clay.
— Nearly the whole amount, \$10,000,000, of the new loan assigned to Boston has been already taken.
— The New Orleans Delta says the sugar crop is very large, but planters don't know what to do with it.
— The Cincinnati tradesmen give notice through the papers that they will receive treasury notes at par.
— The census of Nova Scotia, just completed, shows a population of 350,699, against 276,117 in 1851.
— The exportation of cereals from California to other parts, the past year, amounts to \$4,000,000 in value.
— A Parisian journalist, mortified at the rejection of an article he had written, recently hung himself.
— The Rabbe in Cracow and Tamon, Poland, have forbidden women in hoops from attending the synagogue.
— A detachment of a Massachusetts regiment captured, on the 22d inst., 22 of the Charleston Home Guard.
— The emigration to Oregon, now on the way, is said to amount to 3,000 wagons, and from 12,000 to 15,000 souls.
— The number of spindles in Ireland, running on the manufacture of flax, is 550,000, employing 27,000 people.
— The receipts of grain by lake, at Buffalo, on the 6th inst., were very heavy, amounting to over 944,000 bushels.
— A whale in Nantucket harbor, on Friday week, created quite a furor among the population of that neighborhood.
— Tennyson is expected to write the poem for the opening of the great World's Fair at London, during the coming year.
— We learn that the Erie County Savings Bank, on the 6th inst., sent a subscription of \$25,000 to the Popular Loan.
— The New York Collector employs female revenue officers, whose duty consists in searching suspicious parties of their sex.
— There is a man in East Bridgewater, Mass., 64 years old, who weighs 326. He has never stopped growing since he was born.
— On the 31st ult., a severe shock of earthquake was experienced at Cincinnati, arousing the people from their sleep.
— The Navy Department has recently furnished Fort Pickens with thirty nine-inch guns and munitions, and 3,000 shells.
— Garibaldi was one of the first to sign the Italian protest, originated by Mazzini, against the French occupation of Rome.
— An aerolite fell near Lancaster, Eng., on the 1st ult. It weighed about 83 pounds, and was buried nearly six feet by its fall.
— William Lyon McKenzie died in Toronto, on Wednesday week. Mr. McKenzie was a leader in the Canada troubles of 1837-8.
— The Quartermaster's Department in St. Louis employs 700 women, and in another week the force will be increased to 2,000.
— A city horse railroad is to be immediately commenced in Montreal, the length of which, when completed, will be 16 miles.
— The quantity of coal mined in Yorkshire, England, last year, was 8,500,000 tons. The number of collieries is now about 400.
— There is an improvement in recruiting in many of the cities and country towns since the second call of the President.
— Letters from Bordeaux state that a ship just arrived from Senegal has brought up about 10,000 parrots and paroquets.
— Since the 4th of March last, there have been 69 changes in the office of the Auditor of the Treasury for the Postoffice Department.
— There are one thousand one hundred and two newspapers and four hundred and eighty-one magazines published in Great Britain.
— An unsuccessful attempt to seize ex-Gov. Thomas, of Maryland, was made by the secessionists of that State on Friday week.
— The English Government inspector of railways has stated that the rate of speed on railways should not exceed forty miles an hour.
— The citizens of Oregon are much concerned at the removal of the U. S. troops, anticipating trouble with the border Indians.
— A magnificent collection of mounted diamonds, the property of the late Sultan, are now on exhibition and for sale in London.
— The residents of Poulney, Vt., intend celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town on the 21st inst.
— Among the shipments last week from Boston to foreign ports, were three hundred and eighty-three barrels of shoe pegs to Liverpool.
— Hon. A. G. Dana, M. D., LL. D., one of the most distinguished citizens of Vermont, died at Brandon, in that State, on the 21st ult.
— The increase of correspondence from the Washington postoffice, consequent on the war, is enormous—70,000 letters a day being sent off.
— Several of the Cape Ann fishing vessels are armed with rifled cannon. Privateers will meet with a warm reception if they venture to attack them.
— A few gentlemen of St. Louis have subscribed \$1,400 for the purchase of a carriage and a pair of horses, which they will present to Mrs. Fremont.
— Hon. Chas. Henry Foster, M. C. from North Carolina, has arrived at Washington for consultation with the Government on the affairs of his State.
— By the Wyandotte, we have news from Fort Pickens to August 23. The troops were all in good health. Large numbers of the rebel troops had deserted.
— Citizens of Tennessee are leaving that State in great numbers, rather than take the oath of allegiance to the Government of the Southern Confederacy.
— The latest returns of the Bank of England show that its vaults contain but £12,360,445, against £15,561,544 at the same time last year—a decrease of \$16,000,000.
— Lieut. Cate engaged 20 bakers in Lawrence, Mass., and vicinity, on his recent visit home. This will increase his force in the basement of the Capitol to about 75.
— News from Louisville indicates the certainty of the Kentucky Legislature giving its whole weight in the support of the administration. Gov. Magoffin promises obedience.

HORTICULTURAL.

GROWING DOUBLE FLOWERS.

On this subject there seems to be a good deal of misunderstanding, and many of the attempts of the press to throw light upon it only make the matter more dark.

(1.) "It is a mistake to suppose that double flowers produce no seed, but they produce them very sparingly. (2.) Any one who sows seed from single flowers expecting the plants to produce double flowers, will be mistaken. (3.) All flowers in a state of nature are single. It is only by long continued high cultivation that double ones are produced at the expense of the botanical perfection of the flower, the stamens being changed into petals in the double flowers."

Several statements in the above are incorrect. It is not true all flowers in a state of nature are single. Double flowers are produced by nature, and we could if necessary name a dozen examples. The present season we saw a perfectly double May-Weed. Although it is true that flowers become double by the change of the stamens into petals, yet generally all are not so changed, so that practically the change is of no importance, though sometimes both stamens and pistils are sacrificed, and in that case no seed is produced.

Those who know anything of plum culture, and of the habits of the curculio, know that the latter is a good judge of good fruit, and almost invariably attacks the choicest fruit—that he will not touch a Blue Damson when he can find as convenient an Imperial Gage. One of Mr. Douglas's friends who reads, and had seen it asserted that Sweet Elderberry leaves, scattered in a plum tree, would repel the Turk, importuned him to try the experiment, expressing great confidence in its efficacy.

Those who sow seed produced from single flowers expecting to obtain those that are double, will not in all cases be disappointed, as is stated above. Our best Stock seed is obtained from Erfurt, in Prussia, and from eighty to ninety per cent. will be double; yet it is seed all produced from single flowers, with no double near. It is done by a process not well understood here.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

A MISCELLANEOUS TALK.

We noticed the Cherry Slug had been busy in the gardens of the Waukegans, destroying the beauty and foliage of both cherry and pear trees. But little damage had been done to the trees on Mr. Douglas's premises, and I asked the reason. "Because I get rid of them. It is an easy matter; just throw dirt into the tree with spade, shovel, or even the hands, when it is dry, and they will soon disappear. A repetition of this application usually exterminates them."

Here are hundreds of bushels of the New Rochelle Blackberry, just beginning to blacken. They are growing beside the native berry, and along side the Dorchester, and there is nothing that compares with it in productiveness. It needs but little protection, and if planted four feet apart and the suckers kept down, they will produce more than any other blackberry known—so says Mr. D. He regards them as sustaining the relation to other blackberries that the Wilson does to strawberries, in flavor, time and mode of ripening, and productiveness.

With great emphasis, he pronounces the Dorchester an arrant humbug—unworthy the confidence of planters in the West.

"Although dwarf apples do so finely with you, Mr. Douglas, I have seen nothing to encourage planting them on the prairies," said Mr. Dunlap, of the Farm Committee. Douglas replied, "I fear they will not do well on the prairies until people learn to protect them in winter."

Large quantities of both red and white Dutch Currants are grown here—the latter particularly, in great perfection. Mr. Hull (of the Committee) says currants are easily protected from the birds by hooping the bushes, or tying them closely together, slipping off the hoop or string when it is desired to pick them. Their season is also prolonged in this way. We have seen them preserved by inclosing a bush in a white, or light colored cotton cap or bag, drawing the mouth of the bag close together at the base of the bush.

Here is the Rambo apple in bearing; it suffered largely during the hard winters of '55 and '56, and '57, and was consequently discarded; but subsequent experiment induces the belief that it is to become one of the most valuable of our western apples.

Quinces are bearing here, and Grapes are loaded with fruit. Both Douglas and Dunlap (M. L.) think the Concord one of the best grapes we have got. Douglas said, "We have got to put in and propagate it, grow it and sell it in place of the Isabella and Catawba." He intends to have it take the place of these grapes, and sell it at the same price, another year. He doubts if the Delaware ever comes up to the popular expectation. Says that in 1848 A. J. Downing's attention was called to it, and he called the public attention to it. It was known ten years before the public petted it. How does it happen, he asks, that it stood still ten years without attracting general notice?

Talking about pears on quince, Mr. Douglas said

the pear should be grafted on short stocks, so that they will not have to be covered so deep in order to cover the quince roots. We were looking at some trees in a neighboring garden that had been buried sixteen inches, which was too deep. Better far make two roots of a single cutting.

Here is an idea. In one part of the pear orchard, we find the White Doyenne pear in bearing. The center of the tree had been grafted with a Flemish Beauty, the design being to clip off the drooping Doyennes when the Flemish Beauty begins to bear.

Mr. Douglas had a fine lot of pear seedlings—the only lot I have met with in the West; but they have received great injury from the large white grub, and the gray cabbage grub is also at work in them; so badly that the men were compelled to seek for them with table forks and tin cups in order to save the plants.

In a former paper I have referred to a class of men who jump at conclusions—who are led by paper prescriptions to practices that the sound sense of a thinking man would teach him to avoid. I have another illustration at the hands of my friend Douglas, which it will be useful to give.

Those who know anything of plum culture, and of the habits of the curculio, know that the latter is a good judge of good fruit, and almost invariably attacks the choicest fruit—that he will not touch a Blue Damson when he can find as convenient an Imperial Gage. One of Mr. Douglas's friends who reads, and had seen it asserted that Sweet Elderberry leaves, scattered in a plum tree, would repel the Turk, importuned him to try the experiment, expressing great confidence in its efficacy. Accordingly an experiment was instituted. An Imperial Gage and Blue Damson stood side by side, and were selected for the experiment, and the latter fortified with the invincible elderberry.

The Turkish bee soon attacked and destroyed his Imperial victim, scorning to demean himself by an attack upon the modest Damson. About the time he had completed the destruction of the Imperial Gage, the sapient friend called to see the result of his prescription.

"Didn't I tell you so?" he triumphantly exclaimed, as he looked upon the apparent realization of his prediction.

"But wait," said the wag Douglas; "let us see if the enemy does not attack the Blue Damson, now that he has nothing more to do in the Gage tree."

Fresh elderberry leaves re-enforced the old garrison, but the day of our visit witnessed the triumph of the Turk and his backer over Sambucus Canadensis and its credulous proselyte. The Damsons were falling mortally wounded!

Mr. D. is quite successful in growing evergreens from seed, having fine beds of Balsams, Spruce and Pines. The soil in which he grows them is a stiff loam, if we remember right. He protects them from the sun by square frames made of lath, which are supported above the bed by boards set edgewise on the outside of the bed—six or eight inches wide. After the weather gets warm, these boards are taken away, and bottom ventilation is given them—the frames or screens being supported by blocks. Mr. Douglas has this year made his frames of material narrower than the ordinary sawed lath, which he had sawed to order. It cannot be more than an inch and a half wide, if indeed it is as wide as that. He prefers it because it makes a lighter frame to handle and the drip from the narrow lath, in a storm, is less, and injures the tender evergreens less.

THE COMMITTEE MAKE ANOTHER VISIT.

And the writer goes with them to visit the pear orchard of A. S. SHERMAN, Esq., containing five hundred trees. Here we find Louise Bonne de Jersey dwarfs, twelve years old and bending beneath a load of fruit. They are mulched with boulders! This is a peculiarity of Mr. SHERMAN'S culture. It is his favorite mulch. We find them in piles about the roots of most of his trees. We believe it is his theory that they retard the starting of the sap in spring, and thus save him his crop of fruit when others are killed by the early frosts. The writer knows this used to be a favorite theory among some of the peach orchardists of the lake counties of Western New York. Whether the practice there is obsolete I cannot say. But as a mulch, stone are excellent. The writer has seen the sugar maple transplanted from the forest to the roadside in the spring—from a rich loose mold, to the hard pan clays of New York—kept from perishing during the summer drought by just such a heap of stone. And it is a fact which some of the RURAL readers may verify—that the maples which stand nearest a stone wall, by the roadside, are usually fifty per cent. better in growth and habit than those which stand in the grass beside a board or rail fence. There is no mistake but stone make an excellent mulch.

"What have you been doing with your bark lice?" asked a member of the committee of Mr. SHERMAN.

"I have been varnishing them." "With what?" "With tar and linseed oil. I mix equal quantities of each (using the raw oil,) and heat it sufficiently to dilute the tar and mix it with the oil. This mixture can be applied at any time without injury to the tree. It may be applied in winter, and it is sure death to the lice whenever it is put on.

Here the leaf blight has appeared on the pear trees this season, and some of them are going.

On these grounds we found beets, the seed of which had been sown with the manure in early spring, a number of stalks of seed having been composed with it. They were of enormous size. And Mr. SHERMAN says the best way to get early beets is to plant late in the fall. We know this (as do most gardeners, we suppose) to be true, and mention it because some members of the Committee said it was new to them, and it may be to some of our readers.

"WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?"

Eureka! and what do you think? Let me tell. With Mr. Douglas I called on Mrs. J. B. COBB, and found her on the staging in her green-house, superintending the removal of plants to the border. This green-house, during the winter months, has been her fairy realm. With the aid of a small boy she has managed, cared for, and propagated from her plants during the winter, having discharged her gardener last fall. Her plants never looked better than this spring, and she never had as good results from the propagating house. But her effort is not confined to the green-house. Her kitchen and fruit garden are under her immediate supervision; her hands pinch back the grapevines, prune the pear trees, tie up the raspberries and blackberries, &c., &c. She reaps a reward for her skill and effort in an abundance of fruit, and profusion of bloom, and in a solid, rational enjoyment which is not gained by devotion to the frivolities of fashionable life. It is needless to say that her love for this employment does not diminish; on the contrary she "wonders how so many women can content themselves out of the garden." Her

garden is irrigated from a spring in the bluff, the water of which is held exposed to the sun in a large open tank, from which it is distributed over the garden. Of course it is useful.

Here, in this garden, at least one woman has found her sphere; henceforward let there be no cavil against the employment of women as horticulturists. Such a scheme is entirely practicable and peculiarly appropriate.

DESTROYING WEEDS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—For a long time I have been hoping to get leisure to say something about weeds, but some one, in one of the late RURALS, has the start of me, and urges upon us women, that it would be good employment for us to help eradicate them, and so it would. I, for one, have done my share, and have fought them in our yard and garden all the season, doing a little myself, and hiring and encouraging my little son, and urging it upon the men, whenever they had leisure; but after all, it is of small use to rid just our own premises while the road is full of thistles, burdocks, catnip, &c., &c.

It really seems to me it would pay any and every farmer to keep the road free of weeds in front of his land. Very little time would it require after a year or two, and then what clean, nice highways, and how much more easy to keep the farms free. They imagine they can't take time, and as they have not much pride about it, they let the weeds give them a world of trouble. Alas, how few thorough farmers we have. If all would resolve to have their land well cultivated, and not let weeds grow on a good share of it, it would pay to be good farmers. I should like to see it tried. QUEECHY. Sept. 1, 1861.

Inquiries and Answers.

DWARF FRUIT ORCHARD.

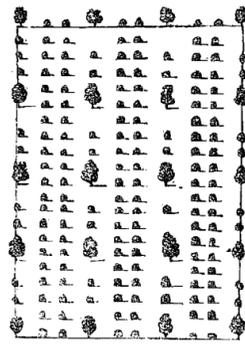
Will you give me your opinion whether it will pay to set out dwarf apples for a general crop? Will they live and thrive equally well with standards? What is an average yield from them after they are well established? At what distance ought they to be set? Apples here are worth from two to three dollars a barrel, on an average. I have serious doubts as to the value of a dwarf apple orchard on account of their early bearing, but want more light on the subject. Please, also, to enlighten me as to the propriety of setting out dwarf plums for a market crop. Would they not pay there on the prairie exposed to high winds than standards? Will plums bear transportation by railroad sixty or a hundred miles? Do dwarf cherries amount to anything? Do they bear good crops; or are they only ornamental? We have strong winds and hot sun here on the prairie, which, taken into consideration with the small piece of land (five acres) which I wish to make the most of, I have, from my limited knowledge of the subject, thought that the planting of dwarfs would be advisable. Please advise me through the RURAL.

One thing more. Will quinces generally succeed where apples do well? Are they a paying crop?—L. L. FAIRCHILD, Rolling Prairie, Wis., 1861.

The quince succeeds well in any fair soil, and wherever the apple flourishes, so far as we have observed. Many thousands of trees were planted on the prairies of Illinois some years since, with the view of supplying the Chicago and other Western markets, with what success we cannot say. Thousands of bushels are sent to the Western States many seasons from Western New York. We would recommend growing plums in the dwarf form, especially in gardens and in sections of the country subject to high winds. When trained in this manner, they are more easily protected from the curculio. Cherries grown on the Mahaleb stock make a tree of good size, capable of bearing several bushels of fruit, and we believe it is generally admitted that they are less liable to gum and suffer from cracking of the bark than when on their own roots. If the cherry were more generally grown on this root, and allowed to branch from near the ground, so as to protect the trunk, we should hear less of the diseases of the cherry tree and obtain more fruit.

Dwarf apple trees, we know, will thrive equally well with standards; in fact, we have seen good dwarf trees where standards had failed, from what was supposed to be the inclemency of the weather. We have never known apples grown on dwarf trees for market, and therefore we cannot speak from either experience or observation, but can conceive of no reason why the attempt should not be successful. Trees planted three or four years would bear about a peck, and at six years something like a bushel. We saw a tree, eight years planted, that gave last year three bushels, and now has upon it about a bushel. At eight feet apart, an acre will contain nearly seven hundred trees, and consequently will yield a good crop, even if each tree should give half a bushel at six years. All varieties of apples succeed as dwarfs, but of course the grower must select those that will best suit his market. From six to ten feet apart is about the distance for planting. For a five acre lot on the prairies, we recommend dwarf apples without the least hesitation.

A good safe plan is that recommended by Mr. BARRY in his Fruit Book, which is to plant both standards and dwarfs, as shown in the engraving. If the standards are set



thirty feet apart, the dwarfs may be eight feet, leaving eleven feet clear around each standard tree. When the standards are of full size, the dwarfs may be removed, having paid their cost many times over; and if the standards fail, the ground is pretty well occupied with a profitable crop.

AUTUMN FLOWERING FILBERT AGAIN.—Sometime in the spring I wrote you of a Filbert, in my neighborhood, which blossoms as early as the time that the fall. My reply, for which I am obliged, after remarking upon the habits of the plant in question, concludes thus:—"We are of opinion that your friend must have a Witch Hazel instead of a Filbert. This always flowers in the fall." My dear sir, leaving the main subject for the moment, will you inform us how the Witch Hazel, flowering only in the fall, unless a WITCH in more than name, can ever be re-produced? Believe me, this is in no capacious spirit. I take for granted you are right; but having access to no other means of satisfying a natural curiosity—and there are several, perhaps many, who share it—be kind enough to explain.

But to return. Recent observation proves that the Filbert is a Filbert, after all; for on it now hangs fruit appropriate to nothing else—say half a dozen specimens. I told you it blossomed only in the fall. We were certain of but two seasons. This is the third, and it is preparing, as you will see from the inclosed infant catkins, to blossom again. They are less than half grown. On the same tree—and there is no other of the kind in the yard or neighborhood—are the nuts afore named, and they are nearly, if not quite, all grown. Not having been on the lookout for the "red feathery" object you speak of as the "female flower," my friend would not "take a nibble out" of anything of the sort. I have heretofore been exhibited either spring or fall; though that is not confident belief. Two things are certain. There are no female blossoms now. There are male blossoms, and have been, for at least three consecutive autumns, and they have never appeared in the spring. Our attention will still further oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, Yates, N. Y., 1861.

The specimens sent us by our friend we hope will enable us to give a little light on the subject. Several varieties of Filberts remain their catkins in the latter part of summer. These remain on the plant during the winter, but do not open their flowers until the spring. To-day we have examined a dozen bushes, all having their catkins pretty well developed. In the spring, and about the time the pistillate flowers appear and the flowers in these catkins, which are staminate, open and

furnish fertilizing pollen. So that the Filbert does not flower in the autumn, though the catkins appear. If the plants of our Yates county friend do differently, they are pursuing a very irregular course, and one we cannot account for.

The Witch Hazel has perfect flowers, which appear late in the autumn, when the fruit sets but does not mature until the next summer. In the autumn, fruit and flowers are found growing upon the plant.

PLANTS AND FRUIT FOR NAME.

I SEND you a specimen of wild flower growing near our house, and would like the name.—L. F. W., St. Joseph, Michigan.

Clematis Virginiana, a very pretty climbing plant.

INCLOSED I send you a pod and some leaves which grow on a bush from eight to fifteen feet high. The bush grows very thick, like the lilac, and the bark is very spotted. The wood has a large pith. Please inform me through the columns of your paper what name it bears.—W. H. PECKHAM, Clyde, 1861.

Staphylea trifolia, or Bladder Nut.

I FIND in my flower bed a strange plant, and the name I cannot learn. Will you please inform me through the RURAL and oblige.—ARIGALL, Smyrna, N. Y., 1861.

The specimen was not very good when received, but we think it a *Martynia*, or Unicorn Plant.

I SEND a plant for a name—a phlox, I presume. I think known as Rich-my-dairy or Rich-me-dairy. It flowers soon after the wild Phlox of the fields. Perennial. 2. Also a perennial plant called Maypink, a border plant of trailing habit, blooming early. Is it Thrift, or Phlox procumbens? 3. Also an annual, and what is known as bachelor's hat. The name is not in the catalogue.—WM. O. TAYLOR, Bedford, O. I. Is probably *Phlox maculata*, though, as we received no flower, cannot say positively. The name Rich-my-dairy is a corruption of *Lychnida*, a common name for the Phlox. 2. *Phlox subulata*. 3. Too imperfect to judge.

THE Apples left at our office by J. D. WILLIAMS, of Parma, were the Duchess of Oldenburg.

THE APPLE TREE BORER.—Can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me of some composition as a preventive of the apple tree borer? There is, in this part of the State, those who, after extracting the worms, apply something that they pretend is a sure preventive for four years, or until its strength is exhausted. If you, or any of your correspondents, can give the desired information through the RURAL, it will be a boon to the public at large.—HUMPHREY, Parma, N. Y., 1861.

Horticultural Notes.

NEW PLANTS EXHIBITED AT THE RECENT LONDON SHOWS.—Mr. Thompson, of Ipswich, exhibited three varieties of Rhododendron, called *atro-sanguinea*, *maculata*, and *maculata alba*. The former was obtained among the limestone rocks in the neighborhood of Champion Bay, Western Australia. *Maculata* in appearance is a robust form of *Manglietia*, which was discovered by Captain Mangles, at Swan River. For this a first-class certificate was awarded. The white variety, which promises to be exceedingly pretty, received a label of commendation. If these, as intimated, are of more robust habit than *Manglietia*, they will be a decided acquisition.

A very fine Delphinium was exhibited by Mr. Wheeler, of Westminster, to which the appropriate name of *alopeuroides*, or "like a foxtail," was given, for it was as close and thickly set as any Reynard's brush. The flowers are double, and the habit of the plant dwarf. For this a first-class certificate was awarded.

Messrs. Carter & Co., of Holborn, exhibited some specimens of a new double *Clarkia*, very distinct and beautiful, much brighter in color than any of the older varieties, a rich rosy pink, and apparently quite constant in its double properties.

From Mr. Bull came *Phalopsis Schilleriana*, an excellent thing, but too small to be awarded anything as yet; *Cyanophyllum speciosum*, not so good as the older variety; *Begonia Keramis*; *Calceolaria Sparkle*, &c.

Messrs. Veitch & Son sent a very pretty *Calandrinia umbellata* major, a rock plant from Chili. For this a label of commendation was awarded.

Messrs. Charlwood & Cummins, of Covent Garden, sent a very beautiful variety of *Nemophila*, called *Discoidalis elegans*, with all the habits and appearance of its parent, but with the petals of a rich mulberry, edged with white. It was considered very striking, and received a label of commendation.

RHODODENDRON PRÆCOX.—This new Rhododendron is stated to be a hybrid raised from *R. atrovirens*, crossed with *R. ciliatum*, and has every appearance of having been obtained in that way. It forms a dwarf erect openly-branched shrub, of a couple of feet in height, with slender twigs leafy at the end. The leaves are small, from one to nearly two inches long, oblong-oval acute, deep-green, rugosely-veined, and sparingly ciliated. The flowers grow in small terminal heads of two or three together, and are of a light rosy-lilac, about two inches in diameter, forming a shallow expanded self-curved cup, with rounder overlapping obtuse and slightly undulated lobes. Mr. Davis, of Waverley, by whom it was raised, states that it had proved perfectly hardy, having been grown for two years in open ground without the slightest injury from frost; and that in this situation it formed a dwarf bush, with dark green leaves about the size of those of the myrtle, flowering about the end of March in great abundance, the blossoms as large as moderate sized Indian Azaleas. The plants, he continued, "will be found invaluable for forcing, from the fact that they may be got in flower at any time during the winter months, merely by placing them in a green-house. The flowers last more than three weeks after expansion, and from the peculiar odor of its foliage, which it inherits from its mother, not a green fly will live upon it."—London Florist.

THE VIOLET IN THE EAST.—*Viola odorata* is the favorite flower of Greeks and Turks, and they cultivate them abundantly in their gardens. They begin flowering, sometimes as early as January, and continue flowering till April, the scent being much more intense than that of the German or French violet. Thousands of bouquets, five violets in a bunch, are sold daily in the Grecian towns. The price being but trifling, and every one fond of them, the demand is equal to the supply. The Greeks also make a syrup of violets for coughs. More than even the Greeks, do the Turks love the violet. They plant it in masses; make sherbet and candies of it; spread the flowers in the apartments, especially those of the harem, where the sunnah hands every morning a fresh violet to every lady. The color of the violet is the favorite color of the Turkish ladies, and they call dresses of violet color *menecetic*, from the violet *menecis*.

The Romans made a wine and cakes from the violet, nor were they less fond of the color. There seems to have been a great demand for it, or they would not have had dyers who dyed violet shades, and none others. Such a dyer was styled *violarius infector*.

With the ancient Greeks the violet was the symbol of the early regeneration of the earth; also of death, on account of its drooping habit. There being many violets around Athens, that city was surmised the Violet-scented Flora.—German Floral Regensburgh.

DRY ASHES FOR SLUGS, &c.—I have seen it reported in many sections of the country that the army worms are making sad work. I once had some cherry trees, and there was something eating the leaves. They looked like little black snails. I dusted the trees with dry ashes, and the snails left. Afterward I discovered something was stripping the leaves from my currant bushes, and I dusted them, and, whatever it was, it left; and I think if the army worm was anywhere in this vicinity, I should try the ashes, and know the result. I see by the papers that there are some of them near Brockport, in your county. If it is convenient, please have them dusted with ashes, and if it does any good, please make it known to the public.—L. B., St. Johns, Clinton Co., Mich., 1861.

HUNTERMANIA FUMARIÆFOLIA is described by the London Horticultural Society as a fine half-hardy perennial, (flowering the first year), allied to *Eschscholzia*, having similar finely cut foliage, and producing bright poppy-like flowers, (with robust and erect habit); it is a desirable plant, with the general habit of *Eschscholzia*, and adapted for similar purposes.

MONTREAL AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Sixteenth Annual Exhibition of the Montreal Agricultural and Horticultural Society, is to be held in the Crystal Palace, Montreal, on the 18th and 19th days of September, 1861. The premium list is large, and well arranged, and open to all Canada and the United States.

Domestic Economy.

A BEAUTIFUL MOSS BASKET.

The appearance of moss on the outside of ladies' baskets is produced by worsted of the same kind as that used for embroidery in worsted. Four or five shades of green, and as many of brown, in regular gradations, should be selected; the darkest shades of green being of an olive tinge, and the lightest of a yellowish hue, in preference to grass green, which has not the mellow autumnal tint of the colors before mentioned. One skein of each color is sufficient for a pair of baskets. The shape, or body of the basket, is formed of pasteboard, and is usually round or oval, and made with or without a handle across, according to fancy. The pasteboard shape is covered, inside and out, with green silk; and if a handle be affixed, it should be sewn on, outside, where the joining will be covered by the moss, so that the silk may appear neat within. The worsted of each color should be wound into a separate ball, and knitted, either flat or round, like a stocking; a piece of thread should then be passed, by means of a needle, through the last row of loops or stitches, and fastened at each end, in order to prevent the knitting from unravelling. The worsted should then be thoroughly wetted or soaked in warm water, and placed in an oven of gentle heat until perfectly dry. After this, the respective pieces must be unravelled and made up into small bunches, which are to be sewn so thickly on the silk, with which the outside of the basket is covered, as to leave no apparent spaces between them. Each bunch should be composed of about three shades of color, made up in the following manner:—The several pieces of knitting being selected, a few rows of each are to be unravelled, and all the ends being taken up at the same time, are to be held between the thumb of the left hand and the side of the hand, as low and near the joint as possible; the upper part of the thumb being then slightly relaxed, the worsteds are, with the right hand, wound round the thumb and finger of the left hand, like a figure 8, and held in that position while the middle, including the ends with which it began and left off, is sewed together with a piece of silk. The bunches should be placed in heaps, according to their respective shade, and sewn on the basket, according to taste, intermingling the hues, so as to avoid the appearance of formality. *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

A CHAPTER ON WINE MAKING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—On reading your valuable paper a few days ago, I noticed an inquiry for a recipe to make Blackberry Wine. Having successfully made blackberry wine for the past three years, I am willing to give to your readers the benefit of my experience.

To each quart of juice, take three quarts of water and three pounds of sugar, brown will do. If you have plenty of juice, you can use less water and it will much improve the quality. One bushel of berries, if good, will make ten gallons. Mix thoroughly, strain, and put into a strong cask, which should be well cleaned and fumigated. The cask must be full, to allow the refuse to work out during the process of fermentation. You must fill up the cask thrice a day with fresh water, so that the refuse will all run out. Put a spigot into the cask before putting in the wine, and slant it enough to prevent the dregs from running out when you are racking off. Cork the cask tightly after it has fermented, unless you should choose to fill it into champagne bottles, cork, and wire them, and then seal. This will give you a sparkling wine vastly superior to any Catawba, and much cheaper. My brother and self have made eighty gallons this year.—A. ORTH BRUN, Lafayette, Ind., 1861.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Put the berries in a vessel and let them stand until they soften and rise up light; then press and strain them, and to each quart of juice add three quarts of water. To each gallon of this liquid add three pounds of sugar, and to every five gallons add one ounce of cloves and one-fourth pound of ginger. First boil the liquid, (putting in the spices tied in a cloth,) and skim; then add the sugar and boil and skim. Pour in a vessel to cool, then put into your keg and cork tight.

CURRENT WINE.—To one gallon of juice, add two gallons of water; then add 3½ pounds of sugar to each gallon of the mixture. Put in the sugar and stir till all is dissolved; then cork it up, leaving the cork loose, and as it ferments and runs over, fill it with liquor of the same kept for that purpose.—B. A. S., Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1861.

PRESERVING GREEN CORN.

A "SUBSCRIBER" who requests some one to furnish directions for preserving green corn in cans, can accomplish his object with less labor, and less expense, without employing cans. The *modus operandi* is as follows:—Boil the corn (on the cobs) until it is thoroughly scalded; then cut from the cobs and dry, either in the baker of your stove, or by laying in the sun. It is a very easy matter to dry scalded corn in the sun, one or two sunny days generally being sufficient. If well dried and kept in a dry place, corn prepared in this way will keep till "this time next year," and perhaps a day or two longer.

Beans and peas may be preserved in the same manner. Care should be taken, however, not to boil them too tenderly; it that case you would not be likely to succeed very well in drying.—INTRAM, Hillsboro, Ill., 1861.

HOW TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD.—Housekeepers, mechanics, and others, in handling knives, tools, and other sharp instruments, very frequently receive severe cuts, from which blood flows profusely and oftentimes endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows:—Take the fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound—at all times accessible and easily to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would, probably, make no better prescription if he were present.

CLOVE WATER.—Ten pounds of sugar; ten ounces of cloves; six gallons of water; two oranges; mix the whole together and let it stand eight days. Will some one of the lady readers of the RURAL please contribute a recipe for making apple jelly? also one for preserving apples.—C., Glendale, Ohio, 1861.

DYING MERINO AND DELAINE GOODS.—Will some of the lady readers of the RURAL please inform me how to dye Merino and Delaine a beautiful black, that will not fade, and oblige.—C. F. K., Seneca Falls, N. Y., 1861.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] "WHEN THOU ART DEAD."

BY ELLEN CRIMMEL.

THROUGH long and silent watches of the night, Counting the pulse-beats growing faint and slow, Watching the moonbeams rising, pure and white, From out the depths where eastern breezes blow, We marked the hours that through the silence run, That scarce had come ere they had swiftly fled, And asked of that sweet soul, so nearly home, "How shall we think of thee when thou art dead?"

Now, when have passed the parting and the pain, When weary hands are folded on the breast, When lips that part not at the whispered name Have chilled and settled into perfect rest, We look in silence to the River's shore, Where the dark angel hath her footsteps led, And in our sorrow ask the question o'er, "How do we think of thee when thou art dead?"

A band of brighter spirits must have come With the grim archer from the River's side, For there is left no shadow in our home, No darkness fell upon us as she died. The tears we thought to drop upon her brow Fall in the shining light of peace it wears; Dead, and yet glorified, we can but know She has no need to be baptized by tears.

We think of her, not as of one laid down To dreamless sleep beneath a flowering sod, But as of one gone on to claim her crown In the "celestial cities" built by God. Held in the keeping of a Father's love, We say, with doubt's dark night forever fled; Remembered as in fields of life above, Not as a slumberer where rest the dead. Charlotte Center, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

"DEAR, ME!" exclaimed ROSE DASHE, peeping over her cousin HERBERT'S shoulder, as he sat by the open window one bright midsummer morning; "how very interesting you are contriving to look with those viny shadows on your classic brow, (as a poet would say), and, as I live, tears in your haughty eyes that I thought as seldom dimmed as a young eagle's! What can you be poring over that has unlocked your soul's hidden fountains in such an unaccountable manner? Some dismal magazine stuff about 'life's enormous issues, eternal conflicts, infinite sorrows,' &c., &c." And ROSE having talked herself breathless, sunk into a luxurious rocking-chair and began to shake with a restless hand the slender stems of velvet prairie roses gilding the window sills, for the childish pleasure of watching the prismatic flash of in-dwelling dew drops.

A slight smile lit up the young man's grave, earnest face, like a stray sunbeam on a shadowy forest lake; and without a word he handed her the article he had been perusing—a simple, pathetic poem, called the "Old Homestead," artless and unpretending, yet with a life and soul lacking in many a grander production. ROSE glanced over it with a scornful smile hovering upon her "crimson threaded" lips. "I didn't expect this of you, cousin," was her first exclamation. "Didn't you know that every shingle in the roof of the old homestead had been rhymed upon and wept over till the subject is exhausted? I am so weary of it. I honor true, noble feeling as heartily as any one, but I despise an affectation of sentiment. There is a moral grandeur in the picture of MARCUS, the kingly Roman, with his flowing robes falling regally about his stately figure, standing fixed and immovable among the ruins of Carthage, the level rays of the unshadowed tropical sun falling upon marble fanes and broken columns; palm trees waving in the fervid air; blue, fathomless skies above, and far to the south the boundless, infinite and melancholy desert. But an American, dressed in the ungraceful garb of the nineteenth century, leaning on a broken gate in front of a tumble-down mansion, bewailing the passing away of a certain period, vaguely known as the "good old time,"—it is simply ridiculous.

HERBERT'S dark eyes, usually calm and unclouded in their intense blueness, softened into dreaminess, as he listened, and swift as the messenger of PROSERO, his thoughts had traversed many a league of gusty plains, bowery valleys, and sounding seas; and the gray walls of the old homestead, remembered with passionate longing, were before him—stately in their very simplicity, wearing but an added grace from the fight of years, and hallowed by deathless associations. The ancient, silver-leaved willow that drooped to earth on one side of the gate-way, the spiry poplar aspiring to heaven on the other; the roses of saintly white that filled the summer winds with fragrance in the rejoicing morn or purple eve; the golden lilies that swung their perfumed vases by the southern door-stone; the blue-eyed meadow blossoms in the wavy grass; the chiming water-fall in the green heart of the forest, flinging its diamond waters over shelving rocks and high, bloom-covered banks; the transparent spring cupped in the cool emerald of the meadow; the willow brook that wound its line of light around the old play ground; the lonely glen where the wild vines trailed their fair green foliage and dainty flowers; and the reedy, complaining sweetness of some lone bird's song, awoke strange echoes in his boyish heart, and filled it with unsatisfied longing. Were these less dear in remembrance, because they have blessed the youth of myriads of others? The presence of deep joy among hoary mountains and in the solemn forest; the deep mystery and golden romance of the western hills where the "sun went down," the terrible beauty and relentless power of the wandering ocean that swept the sands of many a happy shore—were these forgotten emotions trite and common place, because others had felt them too? And ten-fold more than all the rest, the atmosphere of peace and rest that filled the old homestead,—the enfolding love whose fibers cling around its object with moveless tenacity, and found but its faint shadow in a life of constant devotion and unshrinking self-sacrifice,—the care and watchfulness that never slumbered,—the mothers gentle words of love and counsel, which, soft and low spoken though they were, sounded through the long avenue of years with undiminished strength,—the father's lofty teachings and proud encouragement, that stirred the soul like the trumpet that calls to battle,—and the boyish passion that made his life a perfumed altar flame, and defied one fair and earnest girl, and awoke grand aspirations and firm resolves that might have changed his fate, only that the purple spring violets which early bloomed above the bright young head were fairer than laurel. Oh how vain and poor seemed the dreams of ambition, and the pride of the warrior, compared with those holy memories! Ah, ROSE! there is more of pure and noble feeling in the common sentiment that makes

the old homestead a Mecca of the heart, than in all the haughty emotions that swelled the Roman's chainless bosom. LAURA E. W. Cohocton, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] AUNT BETSEY TO NEPHEW "A."

If I aint completely out up! That nephew of mine has given me a sight better chance to see how much of a saint he is than I could possibly have had look-in' in at his kitchen window, and I know, just as well as I want to know, that when his wife scolds he either sulks or swears,—maybe he don't do the last right out, but its just as bad in that case to feel ugly as to speak ugly, for if he don't say it he'll act it, you may depend.

I'm not a bit ashamed to own that its "no new matter for me to speak my mind," for what do folks have minds for if they can't use 'em, and if a body dees get "riled up" occasionally,—as I do solemnly believe every mortal does, without respect to sex,—I say its not a bit worse for them to spit it right out in a downright scold, and have it done with, than to let it bile inside of 'em and finally come out in a "married man's" grumble or whimper; (I don't understand the languages much, but I'm sure that rever-erle must mean either one or both of them words, for "A." certainly did do both in that what he called a "so-lil-o-quy;") and if his wife has any spunk, as I hope she has, she'd a sight rather he would have scolded at her "like blazes" than to have him go whining 'round,— "hardly believing that there was a man in Christendom, not possessing the patience of JON, that could pass through the ordeal he had with unruffled feelings."

Now, Nephew A., do just let your wife kiss you and smooth out that awful pile of wrinkles on your forehead, then set down and tell your Aunt BETSEY, who, unfortunate soul, had nothing but your good at heart when she wrote that letter, (though she did feel a little ashamed of you,) if you wasn't just a little "riled" when you answered it. If you think it'll be safe, you can ask JOSHUA whether I'm a parrot or not,—I can tell you that I aint a parrot, 'cause I know enough to talk without being learnt,—but paragon is a kind of bird I don't know much about, never see one yet, but maybe I shall when POLLY KORB and I make you that visit.

It seems that your wife hasn't got any vanity to be flattered, or else she's rather worse than your Aunt BETSEY, for she didn't get good natured "contemplating her power," even when you was trudging 'round—building a fire and not building one, bringing in wood, &c.

If I thought JOSHUA did do things to help me because he was afraid of me, I'm afraid I should get so proud they'd turn me out of meeting; but he don't act a bit like it, somehow, though you do infer, from an extensive lot of supposed facts, that I can look him into doing things.

Do you want to know what I think ails you? It's a disease that'll be more fatal to your happiness than the measles or chicken pox; for though it may not break out quite so thick, it'll leave dreadful deep scars, unless you can get a little of the oil of forbearance to take. As near as I can make out, you've caught it by staying 'round a certain swamp, watching a kind of will-o-the-wisp called "woman's angelic nature," and you never'll get well till you and your wife get a good large bottle of that oil to keep in the house. When you take it, put a few drops of common sense on a lamp of sugar,—that's Yankee for love, you know,—and swallow it first, for the oil is rather hard to take.

I shall either have to look at JOSHUA to make him "too 'round" when he finds there aint any fire for supper, or else stop writing and make one; and I know you'll advise me to "be consistent" and show a little "angelic nature" for once,—so good bye. AUNT BETSEY.

"KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, MOTHER."

A PHILADELPHIAN, just returned from Washington, has related to the editor of the Press the following incident of the recent disastrous battle at Manassas Gap:

In the Government hospital, on the day after the battle, lay a youthful member of the Ellsworth Zouave Corps, who, notwithstanding the frightful nature of his wounds, bore his sufferings with a patient heroism akin to inspiration. For a long time he seemed unconscious of the presence of his heart-broken mother, who watched by his couch fondly, yet in anguish of spirit, and lay like one in a trance. At length, turning slowly over on his side, his vacant eyes met her longing, agonizing gaze. A train of long-buried recollections seemed instantly to have awakened themselves in his bosom, and, murmuring with the artlessness of a child, "kiss me good night, mother," he fell back, and was dead!

The gentleman, to whom the incident was related, pencilled the following lines, in the cars, during his trip from Baltimore to this city:

Mother, dear mother, the day has seemed long Since the lark warbled his matinal song. Sadly the hours have passed since the morn; Darkly the moments that ne'er can return! No beaming hopefulness, no joyous ray, No cheerful sunshine to brighten my way. But, mother, your kiss turns the darkness to light; Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night.

Mother, dear mother, I'm longing for rest— Longing to slumber for aye with the blest; But when my sad spirit from earth-life is free, Still shall thy presence seem nigh unto me! Oft thy wild kiss of parting shall fall on my brow— Thy sad, tearful eyes gaze upon me, as now— And often I'll say, with the angels in white, "Kiss me good night, mother, kiss me good night!"

Many such incidents of that fearful day could doubtless be related, and we cannot regard it as ever too late to recall them.

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married woman. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls, than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, and to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?—Adam Bede.

THERE are many kinds of silence as there are of conversation or any sort of noise-making.

Choice Miscellany.

THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY.

BY JOHN SWAIN.

COLDLY comes the March wind— Coldly from the north— Yet the cottage little ones Gaily venture forth; Free from cloud the firmament, Free from sorrow they, The playful children choosing The sunny side the way.

Sadly sighs the north wind Naked boughs among, Like a tale of mournfulness Told in mournful song! But the merry little ones, Happy things are they, Singing, like the lark, on The sunny side the way.

There the silvery snowdrop, Daffodils like gold, Primroses and crocuses Cheerfully unfold; Poor! those cottage little ones Poor! no—rich are they, With their shining treasures on The sunny side the way.

Coldly off the winds blow On the way of life, Spreading in the wilderness Care, and pain, and strife; Yet the heart may shelter have, Cold though be the day, Choosing, like the little ones, The sunny side the way.

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

It is said that our characters are engraven upon our features. Doubtless this is true to a greater or less extent; yet there are few who are adepts in reading the language there expressed, from the fact that men learn, almost from their infantile years, to dissemble and appear other than they are. This may seem a sweeping assertion, nevertheless it is generally true. Who cannot recall to mind from early childhood the numberless times his antics were suddenly interrupted, to pass through the ordeal of scrubbing, combing, and dressing, because company were in the parlor and he was wished to appear nicely? Perhaps with a smile he remembers the grave face he thought necessary to put on as only becoming on such occasions. Thus it is through the successive years of childhood, youth and manhood, each has his perfect ideal of character which he wishes to possess, or at least seem to possess. The wicked, scheming man will seek to keep on the right side of public opinion, well knowing that it is important in accomplishing his own selfish ends.

An attentive observer will readily interpret the superficial character, ever assuming excellences, which he is unwilling to trouble himself to cultivate. He puts on airs like false faces, to hide the real, and disciplines himself to answer the requirements of time and place; but as no one can be forever on his guard, when thought, which cannot be chained, gains the ascendancy, the mask will fall, whether in the crowd or the retirement of home, and before he is aware, the operations of his mind are almost legibly written upon his face.

There are two other classes of character closely resembling each other in appearance, though widely differing in heart. For this reason it is unsafe to trust our judgment respecting them, on a limited acquaintance. They seem purposely to close the door of their hearts against our curious gaze, and we are left to form our opinions from their outward conduct. Such an one, though not always unsocial, is extremely reserved in expressing his own particular views on any subject, whether of interest or indifference. Vainly you may seek to draw him out by freely giving your own opinions, or surprise him by the suddenness of a question. He will deliberately take his own time to answer, and in some way will evade saying just what you wish to know, without seeming intentionally to do so. What he says never seems studied, and is always truly sensible. One having but little knowledge of human nature might pass him by as a cold, indifferent character, incapable of the deep and strong emotions of the heart. But the discerning mind sees evidence, in the earnest eye, firm lip, and thoughtful face, of vigor of intellect, decision of character, and emotions too strong and deep to lie near the surface, and he cannot rid himself of the idea that there is something very interesting going on in the silent workings of that heart. Perhaps he has at sometime thrown open the doors of his sanctuary, and permitted a friend to enter only to be unappreciated, misunderstood, or betrayed; and has had a bitter experience which determined him forever to close his portals to human eye. Or it may be that it is full of evil designs, and deep laid schemes, and thus he seeks to keep its dark unfoldings from your view. Probably you will be unsuccessful in gaining any further knowledge of him, unless you make him your confident and friend, and thus commit yourself to his power. But if upright in heart, if you prove yourself worthy of his confidence, he will probably be gained in time, and you may rely upon his friendship, which will be as lasting as life. He will prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him, and would sooner die than betray a friend or act an unmanly or ungenerous part.

Though such an one may continue to close his heart to his brother man, it is not so with woman. Sooner or later she will find the key, enter in and with impunity read on its walls the inscriptions of years. More closely observant, and more persevering, she is better enabled to do this successfully. Happy and wise is she if she does so before committing her happiness to his keeping. It is said that the qualities we lack in ourselves we most admire in others; and is it not thus that the gentle, confiding woman is drawn toward that firm, resolute man, with an almost irresistible impulse? She glories in his firmness and feels secure in relying upon his judgment, while he admires her for her gentleness and dependence. Unhesitatingly she leans upon that strong arm and counts his love sacred, for she knows that it is unchanging in its character and as strong as death.

Such a nature, elevated and purified by the power of grace, may accomplish a high and noble lifework, one the recording angel might hasten to write in the book of remembrance. LOISE OSBORN. Caldwell's Prairie, Wis., 1861.

HE only sees well who sees the whole in parts, and the parts in the whole. There are but three classes of men—those who see the whole, those who see but a part, and those who see both together.

HOME.

OWHAT a volume of associations is contained in that little word "Home!" The mention of it warms our blood, and brings to the heart of every one emotions that throb with fervency. It is suggestive of everything sublime. When we speak of home, as it should be, we speak of a glorious institution; an institution of divine authority; an institution which has educated for wider fields of thought and action, and from whose bosom came the neighbor, the citizen, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian.

There are predilections and charms connected with every home. Its endearments do not flow from the external appearance of a house, but from far more noble causes—from pleasant associations; from the admonition of a kind father; from the caresses of a mother's love; from the amusements of brothers and sisters.

As the college student is ascending the hill of science, upon whose eminence all his hopes are placed; as he is thus grasping for knowledge and its advantages, he looks back with cheerfulness upon the halcyon days of childhood—upon a home where he received the first impressions that are to guide his conduct through life; a home where the inculcations of truth and morality were instilled into his yet tender mind.

Although pleasant it is to roam in foreign climes, it is still more pleasant to breathe the fragrance of our own native hills, visit the fields and the groves in which we so fondly rambled with our companions, studying the wonders and beauties of nature; the pond where we spent many an hour in angling, for which our only recompense was weariness; the summer-house, in whose bowers we passed many a hot summer's day in perusing Shakspeare; and last, but not least, to see the old school-house where we received our first ideas of nature, men and books.

All these fondly-remembered recollections of a Home are endearing to every one. It is not always in the gorgeous palaces of pomp that we can find a home in the true acceptance of the term. Discontent, jealousy, and hatred, find their way too often into these princely dwellings. Our social interests depend upon the fountain; and as is the character of the one, so will be the destiny of the other.

A Home to go to is one of the greatest comforts of this world's gifts. The gentle scenes of home ever live; the pleasant fancies of the fire ever glow with the same smiles; friends may go and come, hearts grow cold, but a pleasant home, "Home, sweet home," where childhood lived and loved its reveries, never dies.

"Man, through all ages of revolving time, Unchanging man, in every varying clime, Deems his own land of every land the pride, Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside; His home the spot of earth supremely blest; A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

RIDICULE AND REPARTEE.

THE fatal fondness for indulging a spirit of ridicule, and the injurious and irreparable consequences which sometimes attend the too prompt reply, can never be too seriously and too severely condemned. Not to offend is the first step toward pleasing. To give pain is as much an offence against humanity as against good breeding; and surely it is as well to abstain from an action because it is sinful as because it is impolite. A man of sense and breeding will sometimes join in the laugh which has been raised at his expense by an ill-natured repartee; but, if it was very cutting, and one of those shocking sort of truths which, as they can scarcely be pardoned, even in private, ought never to be uttered in public, he does not laugh because he is pleased, but because he wishes to conceal how much he is hurt. As the sarcasm was uttered by a lady, so far from seeming to resent it, he will be the first to commend it; but, notwithstanding that, he will remember it as a trait of malice, when the whole company shall have forgotten it as a stroke of wit. Women are so far from being privileged by their sex to say unkindnesses or cruel things, that it is this very circumstance which renders them more intolerable. When the arrow is lodged in the heart, it is no relief for him that is wounded to reflect that the hand which shot it was a fair one.

HOW TO ADMONISH.

WE must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow: the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and who can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and complacency of behavior will disarm the most obstinate; whereas if, instead of calmly pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

CLEANLINESS—ITS MORAL INFLUENCE.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well arranged and well situated house, exercises a moral as well as physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others and for those higher duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered more so by its noisome site, in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of each other. The constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with respect for the property of others or for the laws.

THE moral nature of man is more sacred in my eyes than his intellectual nature. I know they cannot be divorced—that without intelligence we should be brutes—that it is the tendency of our gaping, wondering dispositions to give pre-eminence to those faculties which most astonish us. Strength of character seldom if ever astonishes us; goodness, lovingness and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE CROSS AND CROWN.

BY KATH CAMERON.

SHE wore a cross upon her heart, 'Twas not of pearl or gold; Nor glistened it with costly gems, Nor jewels rare and old; No blessing of a mitred priest Had over it been told.

No mortal eye could see it shine Upon the maiden's breast; And yet its presence gave her soul Sweet peace and holy rest; Nor would it ever suffer her To be sad or distressed.

She heard the voice that speaks to all Of high or low degree, Saying, "Arise, take up thy cross, And come and follow Me."

She answered, "Where Thou leadest, Lord, Lo! I will follow Thee."

And thus the path of suffering Unshrinkingly she trod; She did not heed the piercing thorns That sprang up from the sod; She only thought that every step Brought her still nearer God.

When sorrow, want, and sickness came, To meet the blow she bent, Remembering whose gracious hand The bitter cup had sent; And in her trials prayed to be Calm, patient, and content.

And when the angels came for her, She laid her loved cross down, She could not bear it through those waves That all things earthly drown; But in its stead she wears to-day A saint's immortal crown! Rochester, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] RELIGION—WHAT IS IT?

It is penitence kneeling at the altar of mercy imploring forgiveness and obtaining pardon. It is love giving the affections to God and keeping his commandments. It is benevolence breathing good will to man, and doing unto others as we would they should do to us. It is sympathy pointing the sinner to the sinner's Friend. It is kindness ministering to the sick upon his suffering couch, and to the prisoner in his gloomy cell. It is compassion relieving the sufferer, and helping the needy in their distress. It is charity, with her arms of love laden with loaves and garments, searching for the hungry and naked. It is pity weeping at another's woe, and speaking kind words to the abandoned and forlorn. It is forgiveness blessing her enemies, and praying for an offending brother. It is mercy with her angel arms raising a fallen foe. It is virtue robbing the soul with purity, and trampling temptation under foot. It is gratitude pouring out her offerings of praise to a beneficent Providence. It is resignation in adversity, saying, not my will but Thine be done. It is submission kissing the rod of chastisement administered by a Heavenly Father's hand. It is humility dwelling with meekness in the lowly vale. It is exaltation standing upon the mountain top surveying the promised land and calling God, whose throne is in the heavens, Father. It is faith believing God, and working by love and purifying the heart. It is hope anchoring the soul in heaven, and cheering the spirit by anticipating the object of its desires and expectations. It is assurance, with a hope blooming with immortality and eternal life—calmly, peacefully, in the hour of death, committing the spirit to God who gave it. It is victory, in the morning of the resurrection, triumphantly exclaiming—O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory; and ascribing thanks to God who giveth the victory through the Lord JESUS CHRIST. M. H. M. Williamsville, August, 1861.

POWDER MILL PIETY.—Said a little girl who had just been reading the newspaper account of an explosion, "Ma, don't you think that people who work in powder mills ought to be pious?" There was a great deal of human nature in that question. The world, like the little girl, thinks that all who are especially exposed, ought to be prepared for sudden death. But is not the whole world a vast powder mill? Is it not filled everywhere with the elements of destruction? The very air we breathe may become poisonous and slay us. The water we drink may contain some deadly ingredient which neither sight nor taste can detect. We are encompassed even by unseen dangers. We are never certain of to-morrow. Then should we not be prepared, whatever our age, our business, or our locality, for sudden death?

THE SUM OF PIETY.—The sum of piety towards God, it is most truly said, "consists in love." This quickens, vitalizes, gives significance and power to everything else. Not, indeed, that love excludes knowledge, purity, rectitude, and faith. It rather includes them all, fills them all, being itself the vital element on which their value depends. Wicked men may know much about God and religion, but they are wicked because they do not love. The devils know God and believe in God intellectually, but they are devils because they hate God instead of loving him. But he who truly loves God will be right in everything else. His faith will be unfeigned, his benevolence will be quick and active, he will abstain from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord.—Rev. Dr. Murdock.

THE PEACEFUL FRUITS OF PAIN.—There are lessons of patience and submission, yes, and of gratitude, which are best learned when the head is low. There is a mellowing of the man which is the cloudy autumn weather of weakness or decline—a softening of the spirit, an enlargement of experience, a meeker waiting on God, a weaning from the world, and a ripening of faith; in short, the whole of that maturing process which, in believing men, constitutes the meekness for glory. If you can not be thankful for the pain, the sickness, the restraint, be thankful for the peaceful fruits.

REPENTANCE.—False repentance has grief of mind and humiliation only for great and glaring offences, until it supposes pardon for these obtained. True repentance is a continued war against sin, a permanent inward shame for its defilements, till Death sounds a retreat.—Venn.

THE more the soul is filled with Divine love, the more it is drawn away from its own depravity. The less it is inclined to follow self, the more to follow Christ.

The Traveler.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] LETTERS FROM CALIFORNIA.

New Series.—Number Seven.

Depreciation of gold and silver.—The value of money purely conventional.—Property of absolute and relative value.—Yield of California gold mines.—San Francisco—Its mystic growth.—Already the seat of refinement and wealth.—Its stores and richly dressed citizens—a comic reminiscence of mining life.—Autumn in California—Her winter and one in New England contrasted.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 30, 1860.

THE relative value of coin in California differs from all other States in the Union, except Oregon, in which the standard of prices is much the same as here. That gold is diminished in value here, because it is plenty, is certain. When coin is very plenty, it requires more of it to buy a hat, a pair of boots, or a plow. When scarce, it is dearer, and less of it pays for these articles.

In the early or barbaric period of the development of a nation, the exponents of wealth,—gold and silver,—are little needed, and therefore little coveted. The value of these metals is purely conventional. Gold is not valuable because it is gold, but because it is the representative of property. Its value can be decreased or diminished at the will of the legislators of a nation, or it can be deprived of all value, except that which it possesses intrinsically in its uses in the arts. When the followers of CORTAZ gave a string of glass beads to the natives of Mexico for an ounce of gold, they gave the local, political value of the dust. When, in 1850, a butcher gave a beef's head to an Indian for a thimbleful of the yellow dust, the digger (Indian) got the worth of his gold; or, when a miner gave two ounces (\$34,00) for a pair of boots, he received in exchange the full local value of the precious metal in useful property. When the PIZAROS and their followers shod their chargers with silver from lack of iron, plainly the silver was worth less than iron, for it took three sets of silver shoes of equal weight to last as long as one of iron. Evidently, then, gold and silver have only a relative and a local value. But the value of food and clothing is absolute. The value of a house for shelter from the blasts of winter and the heat of summer, in all climates, is real and uniform. Hence the value of forests for timber, of quarries for walls, of bone and sinew to fashion and construct. Their value is uniformly the same; their price changes only as money is more or less plenty. But the dividing line between property of absolute and relative value, is too subtle to be traced. The scholar will recollect the instance in Roman history, when money was so plenty that it took what a mule could draw or carry to pay for a bushel of wheat, or a night's entertainment at an inn. But, we will not make too strong a case of the vanity of gold, or its fluctuating, uncertain value, lest some roguish reader will accuse us of imitating the animal in the fable, who, having lost his tail, tried to persuade the rest of his friends to dispense with the superfluity.

The average yield of the mines of California for ten years, is estimated at \$164,380 per day. The portion which has been sent off to the East for the purchase of necessaries and luxuries, is equivalent to a stream the average volume of which is \$137,000 each day for ten years. Californians are the most lavish of money of any class of men. The ease with which it is obtained, and the almost fabulous amount deposited in her mining regions, drifts them in the wake of extravagance and fast living.

San Francisco, born but yesterday, is already the seat of a refinement and elegance nowhere surpassed. Its trade is vast, its wealth daily increasing, its position and its magnificent bay, the immense country behind and on every side of it, rich in all the productions of nature, its coastwise and foreign trade, and its peculiarly energetic, intelligent and enterprising citizens, will soon make it one of the largest, most delightful, and wealthiest cities of the Union. The visitor is struck with wonder. He cannot realize the scene before him. It would seem to have been the mere work of enchantment.

Never have we visited a city where the citizens of both sexes dress more richly (not to say showily) than in San Francisco. The show windows of its first class dry goods houses exhibit to the eye the richest display of silks and dress goods, imported from Europe and the Celestial Empire. Ladies sometimes suddenly loose their powers of locomotion, on attempting to pass these bazaars of fashion and wealth. A lady's fondness for inspecting silks, and bonnets, and cloaks, is inherent, and excepting only in those of the Bloomer persuasion, ineradicable. We have seen a fishwoman, with a basket of oysters balanced on her head, stop to gaze with unaffected pleasure upon a cloud of lace, down, and roses, which a man could scarcely be sure was meant for a matter of headgear, anyhow; and we have seen the great Governor DOMITRIE obliged to wait on the pavement, unemployed, while the lady that still clung to his arm feasted her eyes on the same work of art. The taste is as essentially feminine as the proclivity to fainting in public places.

One can sometimes glean a reminiscence of an old "forty-niner," and even more modern miners, rich in humor and illustrative of human character. In those early times, females were as "few and far between as angel's visits" in California, and especially in the mining districts. One of the better and more enterprising miners went East and returned with his family—a wife, a son, and a daughter of "sweet sixteen." Scores of his brethren, who had been long years absent from the domestic circle, and had not seen nor spoken with a female during all that time, eagerly embraced the opportunity to call at his house and pay their devotions to his wife and daughter, and again feast their eyes on the charms of womanhood. Among the number was a stalwart, hale, and hearty Digger Indian, who wanted to see the "white squaws," as he called them, and presented himself at the miner's door unwittingly in his usual state of nudity! The clever miner met him, and told him his request should be granted, but he must first appear in white man's clothing. The Digger took the condition joyously, and away he ran to a Jew's clothing shop, and arrayed himself cap-a-pie, all right, as he supposed, for the occasion. He hastened back, and presenting himself before the miner's door, now demanded that the "white squaws" should be brought out. In his haste, he had neglected one rather essential article, always worn by gentlemen in polite circles, and he stood like a statue, habited in a pair of long legged miner's boots, a long skirted dress coat, a hat, and a shirt collar, only. This was a capital joke on the enamored Digger. The miners laughed lustily at his expense, and he had to be deprived of his coveted luxury—all because, either from hot haste or want of experience in making his toilet, he had presented his honor destitute of that trifling garment politely termed breeches!

Musical notation for the first part of the song 'Autumn'.

Musical notation for the second part of the song 'Autumn'.

1. Come, and see the ripe fruit fall ing, For the Au tumn now is call ing; Come, and see the smil ing vine, How its gold - en clus ters shine, How its gold en clus - ters shine.

2. Come, when morning smiling gayly, Drives the mists along the valley; Come, when first the distant horn, Winding, wakes the joyful morn.

3. In the early morning hour, Ere the dew has left the bower; In the ruddy, purple beam, Come, and see the vineyard's gleam.

4. Thou shalt feel a new-born pleasure, Gazing thus on autumn's treasure And the joyful songs shall raise Sweeter songs of grateful praise.

The autumn climate of this State is delightful, and productive of great buoyancy of spirits. In California there is no "chill November's surly blast." Its latest autumn is a season of bracing winds, matchless skies, and genial sunshine. We enter the month which LONGFELLOW, writing from New England, designates "the saddest of the year," through a welcome gateway between a long and fiery summer and the sullen aspect of January. Nature mingles rejoicings with her weeds of mourning. The birds, which in the East forsake the freezing lakes and rivers, and desert their orchard habitations for the milder clime of the cotton field and the orange tree, here, at the corresponding season, gather in from the region of snow from the far North, caroling their cheerful songs about the abodes of men. A frost or two in October only variegates the garniture of the woodland. Notwithstanding the absence of verdure, the hills in their stately pines, and the valleys and plains in their broad, branching oaks, make the earth look cheerful.

An autumnal sunset in California uplands is a sight to dwell in the memory always, and in all places. With the thermometer averaging 65° by day and 45° by night, no one with a coat to his back and three meals per day, need have low spirits. When in January all New England is chill and wintry, clad in garments of frost, and over-arched with angry skies, where the frigid storm-king revels in his might, and fierce polar winds rush down from the icy North laden with biting breath, here, on this coast, tropical breezes from the warm chambers of the South come lovingly up, and diffuse themselves over the State, and all up and down the coast, creating a semi-tropical climate, in which vegetation assumes new life, and flourishes in great luxuriance. For mildness of climate and equability of temperature, California stands unrivaled by any of her sister States on the Atlantic. With pertinency may we apply to her the following beautiful sentiment:

"The sunny land, the sunny land, where Nature has displayed Her fairest works with lavish hand, in hill, and vale, and glade; Her streams flow on in melody, through fair and fruitful plains, And from the mountain to the sea, with beauty, plenty reigns." S. B. R.

Rural New-Yorker. NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"From prairie, O, plowman! speed boldly away— There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day— Row landward, lone fisher! stout woodman, come home! Let smith leave his anvil and weaver his loom, And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry, 'For God and our country we'll fight till we die! Here's welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars, And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!'"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

In and about Washington.—Camp Life, &c.

VERY soon after the appointment of Maj.-Gen. McClellan to the command upon the Potomac, it became evident that, in addition to strictness of discipline imposed upon the soldiers, the "Knights of the Quill" were to come under the supervision of the "Young Soldier." Wars and rumors of wars were exceedingly prolific; not the simplest move could be ordered or accomplished without blazoning it to the world, thus depriving the military profession of one of its most powerful auxiliaries—secrecy. This defect has been remedied, and now a dearth in the line of news exists where once was profusion and recklessness. Such information as is at all reliable must be gleaned from the regular correspondence of certain journals, and in this even, the censorship of military power and authority is recognized. We give below various matters of interest thus obtained:

OUR ARMY.—REBEL DESIGNS.—The issue of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times for the 7th instant contains a letter from the editor-in-chief, in which he remarks that "the entire of their (the rebel) strength is concentrated along the face of the Potomac, and being in as good condition and as high spirits as they can expect to be at any future time, it is reasonably judged they meditate an early move-

ment to penetrate our lines. During the whole of the past week, they have exhibited an unusual activity in skirmishing and scouting; and, on one occasion, felt our temper with a force of two hundred cavalry, who made a plunge at the picket guard of Gen. Richardson's Brigade, near Bailey's Cross Roads. The Union soldiers were, however, not taken by surprise. Forming quickly, they repulsed the troopers, and then charging vigorously upon their retreat, succeeded in killing several, and stampeding all the rest. It is thought by many that these repeated attempts to puncture our lines are intended to provoke a general engagement, by tempting out supporting forces from both sides; while, by others, these frequently-repeated raids are taken to be feints, to occupy the attention of our Generals, while the more serious demonstration is being prosecuted in another quarter. What General McClellan thinks upon the subject, no one knows; but he evidently is persuaded that Washington is the most important point to watch, and therefore confers upon it the advantage of his presence. To judge by his manner, and the satisfaction he expresses with the condition of the troops, he is quite at ease, and evidently in no degree discomfited by the new constructions of the enemy. He could easily annoy and interrupt them, and retard their works, but he is thickening so fast himself, that he can afford to let them lay a few extra ounces to their ribs. It is not too much to say that with one week's respite more, we will be proof against all danger of assault; and if the enemy should then have the temerity to try our strength, he would be hurled back with a terrific loss. Indeed, I have no doubt that we are, even now, entirely capable of resisting any attack he could make upon us, but a few days more will place the matter beyond the remotest possibility of doubt. Disgraceful is it, to the last extreme, that ever such a possibility existed.

The Federal army here, and hereabouts, in addition to being now in formidable numbers, are in very creditable shape. Penetrated with a sense of insecurity through the want of discipline, they have, for the last three weeks, yielded an amount of intelligent endeavor to their duty that has actually translated them into soldiers; and, hopeless as I was of some particular regiments a few weeks ago, I now begin to see in them the gravity and steadiness of veterans. The confidence in their young General, which, at first, was not much more than a vague sort of hope, has now risen to a sound enthusiasm. They are no longer ignorant of his abilities as a commander, for they have seen and measured his surprising conquest over themselves. From a disjointed, drooping mob, he has constructed them into a self-reliant army; and in the pride of their resurrection, they are animated with an eager desire to once more embrace the enemy. When the clash comes, the battle will be more bitter than before, and I do not believe that the turbulent and foaming billows which will rise from the tumult at the end, will flow again this way. From this moment, therefore, look forward toward us with hope, and if all action is delayed a fortnight, you can permit that hope to take the very strongest shape."

A correspondent of the Buffalo Courier, attached to the 21st Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, writes under date of August 29th:—"I mail you a letter thus early because I do not know at what time I may again have an opportunity—perhaps never. The cause of this uncertainty is the steady advance of the rebels upon us. Yesterday they were only two and a half or three miles from us, and later in the afternoon they 'shelled' our pickets out of one of the most commanding 'hills' in that section of the country, and still later, and hour or so, they had six pieces of artillery planted upon the most conspicuous point, thus enabling them to sweep the whole of that country within cannon shot. Our pickets never fired a shot in return, but were quietly ordered to retreat without firing a gun. Nor is this the only point that is threatened. All along the lines it is just the same. What they are up to I cannot conceive. But this I do know, they will have the infernal fight that ever was known, if they attack any part of our lines, for we are all prepared, and Gen. McClellan has some terrible punishment in store for them, or he would not let them advance so coolly without firing a shot. He has, within the last three days, advanced 50,000 fresh troops on this side, making, in all, that are now under immediate command, over 100,000 men. This skirmishing cannot last much longer without bringing on a general engagement, when I hope and trust in God, our side may gain the victory."

HOW McCLELLAN TAKES HIS OBSERVATIONS.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Washington, says:—"We may, perhaps, meet a man in a broad straw hat, and without his tale-telling shoulder-straps, riding slowly through the camp, looking intently at the men, and noting every item of their accommodations, and overhearing, without seeming to listen, every word of their much or little grumbling. Unless he happens to be personally known, few take notice of him, and the utmost of recognition he receives is from the wide-awake sentry, who demands his authority for passing through the lines. Yet if this man were to appear in all the gaudy paraphernalia with which the articles of war entitle him to bedeck himself, the muskets of every sentry would

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]

AUTUMN.

be at the 'present,' and the hand of every man and officer would visit his cap with respectful military salute—for this unostentatious man is an officer of high rank, on a quiet tour of observance. He may be a Brigadier-General, or even a Major-General, or it is not impossible that it is the now universally trusted McClellan himself. For this young Commander, never fond of show, but ever, save on State occasions, wearing the blue blouse of the Sturges Rifles, (his body-guard), in preference to the more showy habiliments to which the regulations of the service entitle him, has many a time reviewed a regiment when they were utterly unconscious of his presence, and has passed through many a camp which has been in Egyptian darkness as to the rank of their quiet guest. In fact, the writer was lately in the camp of one of our best regiments (the Twenty-seventh, from Western New York,) the officers of which complained that they had never yet caught sight of McClellan, when it was known to the writer that Gen. McClellan had three times passed through their camp within the preceding forty-eight hours.

This sketch must be understood not as a picture of a particular camp at a particular hour of the day, but as a short summary of the varied impressions gathered from wandering through a dozen camps, and, of course, encountering each one at an hour different from the one at which any other given camp was observed."

GENERAL LANDER.—FROM N. P. Willis' graphic pictures of people at Washington, we extract the following in relation to that brave, accomplished, daring officer, General Lander:

"A day or two before, (to retrogress for a moment,) I had seen a military horseman alight at Willard's, walk about in the crowd of officers and strangers for a moment or two, as if in search of some one, and then mount and ride away—so common an incident at our be-garrisoned hotel that it would have passed unobserved, but for a certain speciality in the man. His movement was very peculiar. Above the middle height, and most powerfully built, he looked both active and indolent—both stately and careless. It was something between the complete soldierliness of a knight templar and the covert agility of a panther on a prowl. He was rather too long limbed for strict proportion, but the absolute command of every nerve, which was visible in his deliberate grace, showed it to be no disadvantage—the longer legs, too, making him, of course, the better horseman. And such a horseman! He mounted and rode away as if the steed had suddenly become an obedient limb of his own—a portion of his centaur consciousness—but without a bit of the dragon angularity or any of the martinet constraint of military education. He was, in fact, a magnificent specimen of the bush ranger or prairie trapper, only that he was dressed elegantly in the uniform of an officer of the army; but in both departments perfectly at home. And nobody could tell me who he was. * * *

It appears that, after all, Lander and I were not such very new acquaintances—in fact, that I had had something to do with his present vocation and destiny! He gave me a droll description of his having conceived once an ambition to be a poet, and of his having called on me (with a copy of verses in his pocket) for advice. I read the 'maiden effort,' criticised it carefully, and concluded by frankly expressing my opinion that 'poetry was not his trade,' advising him to turn his practical talents and personal advantages to better account. He felt very grateful for the advice at the time—took it—and has been ever since a soldier! Who will say that our country owes me nothing, after this? Would 'the Union' at present rather have 'Lander a poet,' or Lander, the twin-hero to McClellan?"

The National Loan.—How it is taken.

THE closing week in August witnessed the opening of an office on the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, New York, for the purpose of receiving individual subscriptions to the popular loan. Mr. Cisco is the Sub-Treasurer, and his place of business is at the point designated. Within the cool, deep shades of the granite building reigns that perfect order and quiet always associated with great financial transactions. Taking the New York Herald for a guide, step in and examine. Entering from Wall street, and turning to the left you will soon find yourself in a handsomely furnished private office. Behind a low table sits Mr. Cisco, a pleasant, amiable gentleman, under whose excellent supervision the department has been carried on for fifteen years, without a single blunder or mistake, although there are many branches of art under his charge, in which correctness and infallibility is rather a matter of instinct than of education. In spite of his multifarious and onerous duties, you will find this gentleman ready to give you any information you may desire in regard to the popular loan. There is no need to ask him the particulars concerning the notes or the manner of subscribing for them. He has anticipated any such queries, and has prepared a set of instructions, brief and explicit, which you may read for yourself, and which have been condensed for the public. Pass, then, to the matter which comes more immediately under his direct supervision—the subscriptions by letter. He tells you that the subscriptions have been very active, and are still upon the increase. The amounts range

from fifty to fifty thousand dollars, these being the extreme sums yet deposited.

Many of the subscribers seem to be actuated by patriotic motives alone, and write: "I wish to subscribe so many dollars to support our government," or "to support the best government on earth."

A correspondent at Scranton, Pa.—evidently a mechanic—sends on a thousand dollars, and begs Mr. Cisco to send an agent there, "as there are tons of gold rusting, which the government needs and can have." There is not much chance for fine writing or patriotic expression in these letters, to be sure, but yet in many cases the patriotism shines out of them as plainly as ever it did in Webster's speeches or Scott's army orders. Look at this letter, pray. Is that the chirography of a rich man, or of a poor one? Cannot you see the mark of hard toil in every stroke of the pen? Cannot you see the mark of hard earnings in that word "fifty," afterwards changed into "sixty"? Is there not a romance under all this which you would like to know? and was it not patriotism which induced this poor laborer to scrape together ten more dollars for his country—reserving nothing—risking all his savings?

There's a rich man's letter for you—a full, round, easy hand; a pompous "five thousand dollars;" a great broad seal. Evidently that was written by a man well to do, comfortable and on the lookout for a safe investment, and it doesn't touch your sympathy so nearly, but does it not show a confidence in the stability of the government, in the future of these United States, which no Bull Run reverses, no warnings of the London Times, no threats of English capitalists can shake or destroy? Next comes a letter in a lady's hand—delicate, well written, concise. She cannot subscribe much, but she sends her little "to sustain the government," and she may rest assured that it will.

Here's a family letter—five hundred dollars for Mr. John Smith; one hundred for Mrs. John Smith, and fifty dollars each for all the little Smiths, from young John to Sarah. That is from the country—yes, look at the post mark. A comfortable farmer, decidedly—brusque, honest, open-hearted and open-handed. Young John, no doubt, has gone off to the wars; for if we mistake not, there is a tear-blot opposite his name, dropped from kind, gentle, motherly eyes which looked over old John's shoulder as he copied the long list of names from the family Bible. Little Sarah must be very young indeed, for, see, she has blotted her own name with her small, pretty dimpled hand in her eagerness to see it and to trace it with her fingers, and in her simple astonishment that it doesn't look at all like herself.

What a curious, crabbed hand the next letter is written in. This is from a widow, and she subscribes largely. How firm and independent the words stand along the page, and how plainly they speak the will of the woman to aid the government with her strong hands, as well as with her means, if she were only a man.

Here is a parcel of letters from clergymen, statesmen, servants, clerks, farmers, capitalists—each individual and peculiar, but all telling the same story.

Then comes a clumsy sort of document, ill spelled, and making a frightful mess of what it wishes to say, as though the writer were not exactly clear in his mind in regard to his intentions. An Irishman, we will warrant. Yes, "Patrick," and a name beginning with O. He would be in the Sixty-ninth if he were young enough, but he spares \$100 for his adopted country, in his old age, and promises another hundred "if it be required." The dear old fellow clearly thinks he is giving his money away, but how willingly he does it! Russell's letter on Meagher has warmed him up, and what is money to the honor of Old Ireland?

Next is a merchant's letter, business-like and explicit. He knows that he is making a good investment; and seven and three-tenths per cent. interest pays; that his money is safer with the government than in his drawer, and he subscribes largely.

Then there is a letter from a savings bank, taking thousands of dollars of stock. The institution makes the investment, certainly; but it represents hundreds and hundreds of poor folk, of whose confidence in the preservation of the Union this subscription is an exponent. No government supported thus can fail. Each one of these letters is more than a set off to any that a rascally correspondent may write "generally discouraging to the North."

Fort Hatteras Rebels in New York.

THE N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of the 2d inst. gives a very interesting account of the arrival in our commercial emporium of the rebels captured at Forts Clark and Hatteras. We condense therefrom as follows:

The U. S. screw frigate Minnesota, Capt. J. G. Van Brunt, bearing the broad blue pennant of Silas Stringham, Flag officer and Commander-in-Chief of the blockading squadron, arrived this morning at nine o'clock, and anchored off the Battery. She brings here six hundred and ninety-one prisoners of war, captured at the late engagement at Hatteras Inlet. The Minnesota is a first-class screw frigate of thirty-two hundred tons register and mounts forty guns; she has two engines of four hundred and fifty horse-power, and is propelled by an auxiliary hoisting propeller; she has four eleven-inch guns, capable of throwing balls of one hundred and sixty pounds weight. She carries a crew of about eight hundred, all told.

During the passage up the bay, the rebel officers occupied the quarter deck, and were intently engaged in viewing the vessels passing to and fro, and the beautiful landscape on either side of our noble bay. The rebel soldiers were scattered from the waste to the fore-castle on each side of the ship, looking out of the port holes, leaning on the very guns that had aided in their subjugation. The crew were busy about the deck, the majority of them being armed with a cutlass and a boarding pistol. We also noticed that the twelve-pounder boat howitzers were placed aft, so that in the event of the rebels attempting to rise, they might be quelled. The officers on duty also had their side arms and pistols. The marines were out in full force, and prepared to keep the prisoners in check.

The Minnesota entered the Narrows this morning about eight o'clock under steam alone, and with trim yards, and the entire crew attired in blue pants, white frocks, and white caps. She looked like a picture on the smooth waters of the bay. At the fore floated the pennant of the flag officer, and at the mizen peak lazily, but proudly, drooped the good old Stars and Stripes. Stopping but for a few moments at the quarantine to be boarded by the health officer, she resumed her trip up the bay. After passing Robbins' Reef light house, she hoisted her private signal, which was promptly answered by the gunboat Rhode Island, which was coming up the bay, and the frigate Potomac, laying at anchor off the Battery.

The prisoners on the passage hither were allowed

the full liberty of the ship, and were not placed in irons. Of course every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise; watches were doubled and armed, magazines carefully guarded, and the small arm chests and lockers in charge of special and trusty jack tars. The gun-deck was occupied as the sleeping apartment of as many of the prisoners as could be accommodated, and the remainder were put on the spar deck with the boom cover, and thus protected from the dew. The passage to this port being very favorable, the entire lot of prisoners are looking exceedingly well, considering their two days' fighting and their four days' imprisonment.

A rougher looking class of men are seldom seen together. Most of them are dressed in gray clothes, and wear felt hats of all sizes and shapes, which are, to say the least, "shocking bad hats." Most of the prisoners were either barefooted or very near it. The use of razors seems to be unknown to the great majority of them, and their unshorn hair adds much to the disagreeable appearance of the motley crowd. Most of them, however, are young, athletic men, and look as if they might endure hardships, but there is a peculiar expression about their countenance which does not indicate courage. Many of them claim that they were impressed into the Confederate service, and state that they are good Union men, but to save their lives they were obliged to take up arms for the confederacy. This is an old story, and, with the officers of the ship, it is not credited in a majority of instances.

Most of the common soldiers say that they are glad that they have been taken prisoners, and seem very anxious to know where they will be sent now they are here. From them we learned that their officers have studiously endeavored to keep from them any Northern papers, but were willing to let them have and read any secession journals which contained the glowing accounts of their victories.

Most of the officers were clad in a species of blue cloth or flannel, decorated with stripes and buttons, not unlike those worn in the United States navy. The officers occupied the after portion of the ship, and were quartered in the vicinity of the rooms of the officers of the ship.

Commodore S. Barron was formerly a Captain in the United States navy, a native of Virginia, and was appointed from that State. He entered the navy January 1, 1812. He has performed nineteen years and three months' service; had eight years and four months' shore duty, and been unemployed twenty-one years and five months. At the time of his disaffection, he was waiting orders. He is probably about sixty-five years of age. The marks of time are plainly to be traced on his brow. He has been very quiet since his capture, and not at all communicative.

Lieut. Wm. Sharpe, a lieutenant in the confederate navy, was formerly a lieutenant in the United States navy. A native of Virginia, he entered the navy September 9, 1841. He has performed fourteen years and eight months' sea service, three years and six months' shore duty, and has been in the service nineteen years. At the time of his deserting the Stars and Stripes, he was in the navy yard at Norfolk. He is thirty years of age, and is said to be a good seaman, and well qualified as a naval officer.

The French war steamer *Catina*, now lying at this port, saluted the American flag, which was promptly returned. As soon as the *Minnesota* anchored, a boat containing the first lieutenant of the Imperial yacht boarded the frigate, and after exchanging courtesies, congratulated the commodore on the success of the expedition. The *Minnesota* reports that the privateer steamers *Coffee*, *Gordon*, and *Winslow*, left Hatteras Inlet a few hours previous to the arrival of the Federal fleet.

It is probable that the prisoners on the *Minnesota* will go either to Fort Wood, on Bedloe's Island, or to Fort Schuyler, at Throgg's Neck.

Since the foregoing was put in type, we learn that the prisoners have been transferred from the *Minnesota* to Fort Wood, on Bedloe's Island, and to Castle William, on Governor's Island.

Movements at the West.

ON the morning of the 6th inst., Gen. Grant, with two regiments of infantry, one company of light artillery, and two gun boats, took possession of Paducah, Ky. He found secession flags flying in different parts of the city, in expectation of greeting the arrival of the Southern army, which was reported thirty-eight hundred strong, sixteen miles distant. The loyal citizens tore down the secession flags on the arrival of our troops. Gen. Grant took possession of the telegraph office, railroad depot, and Marine hospital. He found large quantities of complete rations and leather, destined for the Southern army. The following proclamation has been issued:

I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as a friend and fellow-citizen; not to injure or annoy you, but to respect, defend, and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common Government has taken possession of and planted his guns upon the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon our flag; Columbus and Hickman are in his hands; he is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your Government. I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion, its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and punish only enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves and maintain the authority of your Government and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command.

(Signed,) N. S. GRANT,
Brig.-Gen. Commanding.

A large secession force surrounded Lexington, Mo., last week, and arrested a number of Union men, among them Ex-Gov. King, Judge Ryland, and Wm. S. Field. On Wednesday, at the instance of the gentlemen above named, a flag of truce was sent on by the rebels, which resulted in a conference about a mile from town between Col. Roat, Gen. Reed and Capt. Shelby, on the rebel side, and Maj. Bracker, Capt. Graham and Lieut. Brown, on the Federal side. The rebels demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort, which was flatly refused.

During the investment of the city by the secessionists, a good deal of skirmishing took place in the streets of the city, and in the woods on both sides of the river. The Federal troops destroyed the ferry and houses on the north side of the river, where a fight occurred between a small force under Lieut. Brown and the rebels, in which four or five of the latter were killed and a number wounded, and a number of Brown's men were wounded, one mortally. On Thursday, Lieut. Brown with twenty men was attacked in the streets of the city by a company of secessionists under Capt. Withron, in which the latter were completely routed and Capt. Withron taken prisoner, after being severely wounded by Brown. On Friday, all further attempts to reduce the place, was abandoned. Col. Rosseau retreated with his command towards Independence, and Col. Read going towards Fort Scott, leaving Capt. Shelby

with about 600 men at his old rendezvous, on Totto Creek, eight miles west of Lexington, and a considerable secession force in the bottom, between Lexington and Richmond. The forces thus left have cut off all mail communications. Gen. Reed, in going towards Fort Scott, took with him Messrs. King, Ryland, Field, and other prisoners. The whole loss in all the fighting of the secession side was eight killed, besides the wounded, and on the Federal side, one mortally, and several slightly wounded. The Federal troops burned a warehouse and several frame houses where the rebels had encamped on the north side of the river.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says that there have been exceedingly vigorous measures inaugurated against the rebels by Gen. Prentiss' command, and a well-developed plan is culminating apparently in a retrograde movement of the rebels before the steady advance of various portions of our forces, judiciously thrown forward at proper times and in proper directions.

There are now about 60,000 troops in St. Louis and within a circuit of about 100 miles around it. All are well uniformed, armed and equipped, ready and eager for active service. Their number is daily increased by fresh arrivals from Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and two regiments of cavalry from Iowa are shortly expected. So you will see that it will not be long before the "Army of the West" is ready to move. Even now there are rumors of an onward movement commencing, by the greater concentration of troops, the employment by the Government of steamboats and transports on the river, &c. The East may look for stirring news from the West before long.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* telegraphed the following from Springfield, on the 7th. About 125 of the wounded in the hospital, in this place, were discharged to-day and will leave for home as soon as the ambulances sent from Rolla arrive here. The remainder of the wounded in the hospital were doing well. The rebel wounded have been sent to Bentonville, a few miles below the Arkansas line. One of their surgeons informs me that the typhoid fever has broken out in their hospital, and their deaths amount to fifteen or twenty per day. General McCulloch is reported to be at Mount Vernon, recruiting and organizing for a bold and vigorous effort Northward.

The postmaster of Osceola, St. Clair County, arrived at St. Louis, on the 8th inst., and reports that when he left news had just reached there of a fight between Gen. Lane's Kansas brigade and a body of rebels under Gen. Raines, in which the latter were completely routed with heavy loss, and Raines taken prisoner. Gen. Price, who was at Osceola, credited the report.

The Kentucky State Senate on the 7th inst. appointed Messrs. Johnson, Reed, and Thornton Marshal, a committee to visit Western Kentucky, and inquire of the Federal and Confederate military authorities, by whose direction and for what reasons they are occupying certain portions of the soil of Kentucky. In the House the United States flag was ordered to be hoisted over the Capitol, by a vote of 77 to 20. Mr. Desha subsequently moved to hoist the State flag, when the motion was referred to the committee on Federal relations. The Senate is composed of 29 Unionists and 11 Southern Rights men. The House is composed of 76 Unionists and 24 Southern Rights men.

Department of the East.

THE capture of Fort Hatteras and its dependencies has spread alarm throughout the Carolinas. Regiments from South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, hurrying to the Potomac, have been stopped on the way and sent to Newbern, under the impression that an immediate attack is contemplated upon that headquarters of the rebel pirates.

The Monticello and Harriet Lane arrived at Fortress Monroe from Hatteras Inlet on the 5th inst. They report the most gratifying intelligence. The Confederates have abandoned their strongly fortified forts at Ocracoke Inlet. Multitudes of North Carolinians have demonstrated their loyalty to the Government by coming to Fort Hatteras to take the oath of allegiance. Col. Hawkins sent word that he had administered the oath to between 200 and 300 in a single day. The steamer *Pawnee* still lies in the Inlet, and the *Susquehanna* on the outside. The *Susquehanna* ran down to Ocracoke Inlet and found the fortifications there completely deserted. The Confederates had carried away their guns, and the white flag was everywhere exhibited.

It has been determined by the Government to hold the position of Cape Hatteras, although the original intention was to destroy and abandon the rebel works; but now it will be made a rendezvous for army and naval forces. This expedition is but the commencement of operations for which the Navy Department has made ample preparations, and which will be rapidly developed.

The energy and activity of the army are inspiring the Government with full confidence of success in maintaining the Union. Complaints of demoralization are no longer heard, while the army is steadily increasing in numbers and ability to perform its functions.

Gov. Curtin, of Penn., has been instructed to commission all regiments in the field, and those authorized in Pennsylvania, by the War Department, giving all volunteers the benefit of the State appropriation, while the United States will cloth and organize them.

A reconnaissance was made on the 6th inst., along the whole front of the Federal lines in Virginia, from a point on the Chain Bridge to Alexandria. The condition of all the camps is excellent, and strict military discipline was everywhere enforced. The soldiers are anxious to meet the enemy, however large may be their numbers.

The Confederates have taken possession of a hill about four miles from Chain Bridge, and erected earthworks. The firing between the pickets is frequent, each party availing itself of every opportunity of shots. It is feared the rebels intend shelling houses belonging to Union men.

Gen. McClellan crossed Long Bridge on the 6th, and passed along the outposts of the army, returning by way of Chain Bridge to Washington, to personally satisfy himself of the condition of affairs, and arrived in Washington before night. His own habits of watchfulness and industry are having most excellent effect on the entire army organization. Munson's Heights are still occupied by the enemy, who have planted two pieces of ordnance at the earthworks. The Confederate pickets continue to fire at the house of Mary Hall, of Ball's Cross Roads, where our pickets are sheltered.

The following order has been issued by Lieut. Gen. Scott:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 3d.

The General-in-Chief is happy to announce that the Treasury Department, to meet future payments to the troops, is about to supply, besides coin, as heretofore, Treasury Notes in 5s, 10s, and 20s, as good as

gold at all banks and Government offices throughout the United States, and are the most convenient for transmission by mail from officers and men to their families at home. Good husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, serving under the Stars and Stripes, will thus soon have the ready and safe means of relieving an immense amount of suffering which could not be reached with coin.

In making up packages, every officer is relied upon for such assistance as may be needed by his men.

By command of Lieut. Gen. Scott.

E. D. THOMAS, Adj. Gen.

Com. Stringham has made his official report respecting the operations of the fleet at Hatteras Inlet, which contains no facts additional to those already published. He concludes his narrative by saying:

"I have naught but praise to accord to the officers, seamen, and marines of the Navy, and officers and soldiers of the Army, who were present, for their gallantry and cheerful devotion to duty and the Government."

The Secretary of the Navy has addressed the following letter to Commissioner Stringham:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, AUG. 2, 1861.

SIR:—The Department congratulate you and those of your command, and also the officers and soldiers of the army who co-operated with you on the reduction of Forts Hatteras and Clark, and the capture of the forces employed in their defence. The successful result thus far of the expedition, projected with great care, and the occupation of the positions commanding the most important inlet on the coast of North Carolina, will be attended with consequences that can scarcely be over-estimated. This brilliant achievement, accomplished without the loss of a man on your part or injury to any one in the Federal service, has gained joy and gladness to the bosom of every friend of the Union. It is, I trust, but the beginning of results that will soon aid the United States in suppressing the insurrection and conforming more strongly than ever to the integrity of the Union. Convey to the officers and men of the respective vessels under your command, the thanks of the Department for their gallant conduct, and the assurance that it is thus afforded us in the great emergency that is now upon us. The country may rely as of old upon the vigor and enthusiasm of its brave officers and sailors.

I am respectfully,
Your obt' servant,
GIBSON WELLS,
Flag Officer Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

The Secretary of the Navy has, under the direction of the President, and in pursuance of the act for the retiring of such officers as appear disabled to perform duty, appointed the following named officers as a Board to determine and report upon the facts in the cases which may be presented:—Com. Hiram Paulding, Chairman; Capt. C. H. Bell and D. G. Fairagul, and Surgeons L. B. Hunter and N. Pinckney.

The telegraph during the week reported a fight in Boone Co., Virginia, between a portion of the Federal troops and some rebels in Boone Co., in which the latter were defeated and the town of Boone burned. The following particulars we gather from the correspondence of the *Cincinnati Commercial*:—"Col. Guthrie, commanding that post, heard that Gen. Beckley was raising and organizing a regiment in Boone county, for the Southern army, and it was thought by Saturday night it would be a thousand strong. On Friday morning, Col. Guthrie sent out Capt. Wheeler's company A, of the First Kentucky Regiment, and Capt. Rook and his company, of the Twenty-Sixth Ohio Regiment. An ample reserve force was ordered to follow in proper time, that the two companies might fall back upon it, if they found the enemy too strong for them. With the aid of the Home Guards, however, they were ample for the work, as the following will show:

CAMP ENYART, Sept. 2.

COL. GUTHRIE:—I have just had a message from Col. Enyart. The companies of Capts. Wheeler and Rook, with the Home Guards of that vicinity, have had an engagement with the enemy at Boone, totally routing them after killing twenty-five, taking some prisoners and burning the town. Six of our men were wounded, and I am about to send the ambulance with Dr. White. Our forces will return to-day.

THOMAS COX, JR.,
Capt. Commanding Post.

The following orders were promulgated Saturday:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 7.

The Major-General commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor. Unless in the case of an attack from the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commended to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath, that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day, and that the men, so far as possible, shall be permitted to attend divine service. After the customary morning inspection, the officers and men alike will use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General commanding regards this as no idle form. One day's rest is necessary for man and animal; more than that, the observance of the holy day and reverence for the God of battles are our sacred duty.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The N. Y. *Tribune's* special correspondence says that the Court Martial at Alexandria adjourned after having found some thirty soldiers guilty of offenses for which they are sentenced to be shot. Three of our pickets were taken prisoners, and were stripped naked by the rebels (who were equally as naked), and divided their clothes among themselves. The rebels planted guns Saturday on Munson Hill battery.

The War Department received a dispatch from Gen. Rosecrans, from Sutton, Va., dated the 6th, in which it is stated all is well with his command.

A special Richmond dispatch of the 6th, says that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson, a General in the Confederate Army, has arrived, and it is expected will be assigned to duty at Manassas.

The Richmond papers learn that Gen. Lee was at Valley Mountain on the 27th ult., waiting for fair weather and good roads to commence operations. The Federals are strongly posted at Stalnokers, about twelve miles distant between there and Huttonville.

Gen. Dix has issued an order interdicting all communication with the State prisoners at Fort McHenry. Passes heretofore issued are countermanded.

The following are the results of careful and extended observation on the 7th on the Virginia side of the Potomac. A new and formidable battery has been discovered commanding the Leesburg Turnpike about seven miles from the Chain Bridge. The firing of the woods by the Confederates exposed this battery to the view of our troops. Owing to the distance, no guns were discernible nor any large body of troops. Men were, however, employed on the fortifications to-day. At daylight this morning our pickets advanced one mile further into Virginia, the Confederates retiring before them from the direction of Arlington.

Wednesday week the Confederates fired from an eminence at Great Falls, sixteen miles from Washington, upon a body of our troops on the Maryland side. They rifled cannon, although perhaps a hundred times discharged, wounded only one of our men. They attempted to ford the river by constructing a temporary bridge with planks, when they were repulsed by the sharpshooters of Pennsylv-

ania 7th, and a number of them killed. The Confederates then retired from view, carrying with them their battery.

On the 7th Gen. McClellan made a balloon ascension with Prof. Lowe, and occupied two hours in a reconnaissance.

Gen. McClellan's order for the observance of the Sabbath was read throughout the entire lines, and was everywhere received with gladness.

Com. Stringham reached Old Point on the 7th. His flag ship had not arrived. The Harriet Lane has sailed for New York; also the Quaker City, in consequence of new orders from the Commodore.

The George Peabody arrived on the 6th from Hatteras Inlet, bringing recent intelligence and a number of fugitive families from the mouth of Tar River, who managed to escape to the Inlet. The fortifications at Ocracoke Inlet have been abandoned, and probably those at Oregon Inlet, some forty miles this side of Cape Hatteras. A powerful steamer was seen inside at the latter place when the Peabody came up yesterday. There is no light at Hatteras, the rebels having removed the lenses. No signs of a fortification are to be seen at the Cape. It is supposed the rebels will make a stand at Fort Macon, a strong casemated work guarding the approach to Beaufort. Refugees from North Carolina report that the lower counties of the State are ready to hoist the Union flag when assured of support. A perfect reign of terror exists. The State troops were in part returning from Virginia. A prominent clergyman at Hatteras Inlet said that should a Federal force invade the main land near Beaufort, it would at once be joined by two thousand North Carolina Unionists. The captain of the Peabody counted twenty-five wrecks between Capes Hatteras and Henry. Col. Max Weber will return to Old Point, and Col. Hawkins' force will be greatly strengthened.

Affairs at Washington.

ADVICES received on the 6th inst. from Virginia, leave no doubt that the leaders of the rebellion, civil and military, have agreed to attempt an advance upon Washington and Baltimore within a few days. The Government is fully prepared for every emergency.

F. Gallagher, Paymaster of the Navy, and who has been stationed for some time at the Washington Navy Yard, was arrested on the 6th by order of the Government, and is now in custody in Philadelphia. He is from Richmond, Virginia, and it is believed that his offense is disloyalty to the Government.

Captain A. Beckwith, Commissary of Subsistence, has advertised for sealed proposals for 5,000 barrels of flour, to be made of new wheat; also 40,000 bushels of potatoes, of the first quality; the Government reserving the right, in each case, to pay for the same in treasury notes.

Mr. Hamilton, a Canadian, and a fighting man in our Western wars, three months ago offered to our Government a brigade of 5,000 colored men, to be raised in Canada West.

Mr. Birch, the British Consul at Charleston, writes to his friends in this city that the effect of the blockade is felt with increased severity every week. The Southern people are bitterly lamenting their destitute condition.

The State Department has notified the War Department that it must refrain from granting passes to women and children who desire to enter the Southern States. The travel by the way of Louisville is completely blocked by order of the Government. Applications for passes north were refused on the 6th inst.

The President and Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, have been enjoying a little epistolary correspondence upon the military occupation of that State by the Federal Government. We give the letters entire:

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY, EXECUTIVE DEPT.,
FRANKFORT, AUGUST 19, 1861.

To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:

SIR: From the commencement of the unhappy hostilities now pending in this country, the people of Kentucky have indicated an earnest desire and purpose, as far as lay in their power, while maintaining their original political status, to do nothing by which to involve themselves in this war. Up to this time they have succeeded in securing to themselves and to the State peace and tranquillity as the fruits of the policy they adopted. My single object now is to promote the continuance of these blessings to the people of this State.

Until within a brief period the people of Kentucky were quiet and tranquil, free from domestic strife, and undisturbed by internal commotion. They have resisted no law, rebelled against no authority, engaged in no revolution, but constantly proclaimed their firm determination to pursue their peaceful avocations, earnestly hoping that their own soil would be spared the presence of armed troops, and that the scene of conflict would be kept removed beyond the border of their State. By thus avoiding all occasions for the introduction of bodies of armed soldiers, and offering no provocation for the presence of military force, the people of Kentucky have sincerely striven to preserve in their State domestic peace, and avert the calamities of sanguinary engagement.

Recently a large body of soldiers have been enlisted in the United States army, and collected in military camps in the central portion of Kentucky. This movement was preceded by the active organization of companies, regiments, &c., consisting of men sworn into the United States service, under officers holding commissions from yourself. Ordnance, arms, munitions and supplies of war are being transported into the State, and placed in large quantities in these camps. In a word, an army is now being organized and quartered within the State, supplied with all the appliances of war, without the consent or advice of the authorities of the State, and without consultation with those most prominently known and recognized as loyal citizens. This movement now imperils that peace and tranquillity which from the paramount desire of this people, and which, up to this time, they have so secured to the State.

Within Kentucky there has been, and is likely to be, no occasion for the presence of military force. The people are quiet and tranquil, feeling no apprehension of any occasion arising to invoke protection from the Federal army. They have asked that their territory be left free from military occupation, and the present tranquillity of their communication left untroubled by soldiers. They do not desire that Kentucky shall be required to supply the battlefield for the contending armies, or become the theater of the war.

Now, therefore, as Governor of the State of Kentucky, and in the name of the people I have the honor to represent, and with the single and earnest desire I have to avert from their peaceful homes the horrors of war, I urge the removal from the limits of Kentucky the military force now organized and in camp within the State. If such action as is hereby urged be promptly taken, I firmly believe the peace of the people of Kentucky will be preserved, and as loyal citizens, this movement now imperils that peace and tranquillity which from the paramount desire of this people, and which, up to this time, they have so secured to the State.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
B. MAGOFFIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 24.

To His Excellency, B. Magoffin, Governor of the State of Kentucky:

SIR: Your letter of the 19th inst., in which you urge the removal from the limits of Kentucky of the military force now organized and in camp within that State, is received.

I may not possess full and precisely accurate knowledge upon this subject, but I believe it is true that there is a military force in camp within Kentucky, acting by authority of the United States,

which force is not very large, and is now being augmented. I also believe that some arms have been furnished to this force by the United States. I also believe this force consists exclusively of Kentuckians, having their camp in the immediate vicinity of their own homes, and not assailing or menacing any of the good people of Kentucky.

In all I have done in the premises I have acted upon the urgent solicitation of many Kentuckians, and in accordance with what I believed, and still believe, to be the wish of a majority of all the Union loving people of Kentucky.

While I have conversed on this subject with many eminent men of Kentucky, including a large majority of her members of Congress, I do not remember that any one of them, or any other person except your Excellency and the members of your Excellency's letter, has urged me to remove the military force from Kentucky, or to disband it. One other very worthy citizen of Kentucky did solicit me to have the augmenting of the force suspended for a time.

Taking all the means within my reach to form a judgment, I do not believe it is the popular wish of Kentucky that this force shall be removed beyond her limits; and, with this impression, I must respectfully decline to so remove it.

I most cordially sympathize with your Excellency in the wish to preserve the peace of my own native State, Kentucky; but it is with regret, and cannot find, in your not very short letter, any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the Federal Union.

Your obedient servant,
A. LINCOLN.

Baron E. Von Vegesah, a Swedish officer who distinguished himself in the war of Schleswig-Holstein, has offered his services to the Government. He brings letters from the King of Sweden recommending him to its favorable consideration.

It is probable that either Ex-Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, or Mr. Patridge, of Maryland, will be chosen umpire of the New Grenada and United States Commissioners. All the cases of indemnity arising from the Panama riots and massacre of April, 1856, have been filed up to the 1st inst. New Grenada has by the convention three months in which to take testimony.

The War Department has sent an order to Gen. Wool to hold Hatteras Inlet.

The Pension Bureau has already commenced pensioning the soldiers wounded during the war.

The Russian Minister, Stoeckl, had an audience with the President on Saturday, and read the following dispatch:

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 10th.—To Mr. D. Stoeckl, Sir:—From the beginning of the conflict, which divides the United States, you have desired to be known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the developments of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union. The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, and that American citizens already in arms are ready to let loose upon their country the most formidable of the scourges of society, a civil war. For the more than eighty years that it has existed, the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise, and its progress to the concord of its members, consecrated under the auspices of its illustrious founders by institutions which have been able to reconcile the Union with liberty. This Union has been faithful; it has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that after so conclusive an experience the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact which up to this time has made their power. In spite of the diversity of their constitutions and their interests, and perhaps even to this day closer the traditional bond which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence.

In any event the sacrifice which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution bring after it. United, they perfect themselves—Isolated, they are paralyzed. The struggle which unhappily has just arisen, can neither be definitely prolonged, nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it must be necessary to come to some settlement, whatsoever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now in conflict to co-exist. The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before the useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and public riches and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals, shall have come to deepen an abyss between the two parties, and of the confederation to end definitely in mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irretrievable, of commercial and political power.

Our august master cannot resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations. His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in the practical good sense of the citizens who appreciate their true interests. His majesty is happy to believe that they will give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before the useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and public riches and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals, shall have come to deepen an abyss between the two parties, and of the confederation to end definitely in mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irretrievable, of commercial and political power.

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I do not seek here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express ourselves in this contest. The preceding considerations have no other object than to attest the lively solicitude of the Emperor in the presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wish which his majesty entertains for the maintenance of that great work so laboriously raised and which appears so rich in its future.

It is in this sense, sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the members of the General Government as to the influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation may count upon the most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

Receive, dear sir, the expression of my very deep consideration.
GOTTSCHAKOFF.

The Secretary of State has delivered to M. Stoeckl the following acknowledgment:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1861.

The Secretary of State is authorized by the President to express to M. Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, his profound sense of the liberal, friendly and magnanimous sentiments of His Majesty on the subject of the internal differences which for a time have seemed to threaten the American Union, as they are communicated in the instruction to M. Stoeckl, and by him read by His Majesty's direction to the President of the United States and the Secretary of State.

M. de Stoeckl will express to his Government the satisfaction with which the Government regards this new guarantee of a friendship between the two countries, which had its beginning with the national existence of the United States.

The Secretary of State offers to M. de Stoeckl renewed assurances of high consideration.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

For the past ten days rumors of the death of Jefferson Davis have been exceedingly rife. These reports have reached Washington through various avenues, but the Government states that nothing of an official character has yet been received.

"SEND THEM HOME TENDERLY."

Send them home tenderly, The sleepers at rest, With hands meekly folded On each silent breast;

Send them home tenderly, The noble and true, Scarce gone from their hearthstones— Scarce whisper'd "adieu!"

Send them home tenderly, Our martyr'd and brave, With the stripes and stars round them, All robed for the grave.

Send them home tenderly! Each wound gaping wide Shall send myriads of voices From the dark purple tide;

The Story-Teller.

GRACE AND I.

[Concluded from page 292, last number.]

It was now the spring of the year—early spring—the last of March. The cattle loved their welcome to the season, and jubilant crows sounded from the barn-yard where the fowls paraded.

"We really ought to paint and paper the house this spring," said I. "Yes—if we could." "And the sitting-room carpet is too shabby for any thing. I'll never buy a cheap article of that sort again; there's not a bit of economy in it."

"Well, you know it was a choice between that or nothing. We had not the money for a good one. It looked much better than a bare floor."

"I suppose it did. Then the wall must be mended if we can ever get the mason to spare us an hour—and oh, that roof, it leaks so badly!"

"It can't be helped, Janet; we haven't the money to repair it. You know Mr. Brown said it would be quite an expensive job, if done thoroughly."

"But when shall we have any more? I'm tired of hoping for better crops or better prices; they never come. And the outside of the house is getting so bad; it looks more like a brown building than a white one. It ought to be painted, if only as a matter of economy. The longer we wait the more it will take to do it."

"Yes, if we could," said Grace, again. "The fact is," I continued, "that we want two hundred dollars this very minute to do what really needs to be done—not what we would like, but what we want to be respectable. Two hundred dollars, and we haven't two hundred cents! And there's no way of getting them that I can see, now or ever. The amount of it is, Grace, that I shall go distracted!"

"Don't," said she, by way of cheering me up. "That would only be making fresh expense." "Oh no. They have a ward in the poor-house for lunatics of a harmless sort, and I don't think I shall be violent."

"But mother and I would miss you so." "You may console yourselves with thoughts of following soon. You can regard me as 'not lost, but gone before.'"

Grace smiled. "It is rather wicked for us to talk so, even in jest," she said. "Things haven't come to quite that pass with us yet. But I do wish we could think of something to brighten up the scene a little." And forthwith we resolved ourselves most vigorously into a committee of ways and means, but with very small result.

"And think of parting with our home—the place we were born in, and where we have always lived? Why, Jenny, you don't know what it would be. Every corner of the house is dear to us, and every tree in the orchard has some association."

I felt all this, too; but the substantial benefits to be realized attracted me. The farm—say so much; then the "stock" would sell for something; we would have a little money in hand to help ourselves with. I expounded my views to Grace till she began to acknowledge the feasibility of the plan, and to build castles with me. Our "en Espagne" were not at all of a luxurious character; we did not expect idleness or amusement, but good, solid work, and such advantages as might accrue from it. We would rent a house in the village—Grace should teach, if she could obtain the necessary pupils; while I would raise our income to a comfortable standard by taking boarders. In our little town such a proceeding would involve no loss of "caste"; I was an adept in every sort of household labor, and could "set an excellent table," as the phrase is, if I only had things to set it with. There was no manner of doubt that I should do well. "Of course we shall have to keep busy," I said; "but that we are used to, and shall not mind. It will give us a great deal more to spend; and what is better, we shall know what we have. It won't go for things that make no return."

Once started, we went on as rapidly as the girl with the milk-pail. New carpets and chairs, and various other desirable acquisitions, shone upon us from the future. By-and-by, perhaps, if we did well, we might try some larger village; keep a boarding-school on a limited scale, Grace doing the head-work and I the hand. Our projects were wonderful, and we saw ourselves "laying up for old age," besides enjoying a great many comforts as we went along.

There was one terrible hindrance to the fulfillment of our desires—the getting mother to consent. Whenever we came to consider that branch of the subject we were brought up standing. It was like proposing a constitutional monarchy to an absolute sovereign, or informing a venerable president that the interests of the college require him to resign. It would be better for her as well as us could she only be brought to see it; but who should broach the matter?—who argue and convince her? We talked it over many a time, and got our courage almost to the point, as timid people with the toothache ponder the only remedy that can avail them, and wish so much they could, yet never quite accomplish it. Like them we deferred the dreaded moment.

One day mother had gone to take tea with a neighbor. Grace and I, as we turned and trimmed, and generally revamped those "best dresses" that we might have been known by any time during the last eight years, discussed our project for the thousandth time. A noise in the yard presently attracted my attention, and, looking out, I exclaimed, "Why, here's Dr. Olmsted!"

Dr. Olmsted was our Dr. Kittredge. Not that he owned two or three fine horses—his only steed was a very square-built sorrel pony, with a stumpy little tail that was no sort of defense against the flies; and in summer-time he used to go by decorated with so many green boughs that he might have passed for Birmah wood on its way to Dunsinane. Nor did our worthy Doctor dive into psychological causes and effects, as did that kindly philosopher. He was a member, in "good and regular standing," of the Baptist Church; and if he did not consider immersion as exactly needful to salvation, regarded it as the only proper "door," and thought that people who did not go in therewith had got into the fold in a very unauthorized manner. I call him our Dr. Kittredge, because he was the oracle for all that section of country in every thing pertaining to medicine. His devotees were as absolute, if not quite as numerous, as those of Buddha or Brahma. If people died any where about, it was their own fault, in that "they didn't have Olmsted"; and supposing him to have been infinitely divisible, so that every clime and country could have had him, there was no good reason why the present generation should not endure forever. To be sure, once in a great while patients died under his care; but that was because their time had come, when of course no skill could save them.

For the rest, he was the kindest, best-hearted person living; and a great favorite with Grace and me, who had known him all our lives. His wife, now some four or five years dead, had been our dearest friend; one of those women on whose steadfast regard, chary of profession but prompt in deed, you could implicitly rely. The Doctor was now perhaps fifty-one or two, but very well preserved. As he dismounted from his sulky, which appeared to be a "cast," only done in mud instead of plaster, there was no one we could have been better pleased to see.

"Good afternoon, young women," he said, glancing in at us. "I hear your mother has some oats to sell. Can I look at them?" "Certainly, Doctor. You'll find them in the carriage-house." He went his way, and presently returned, bidding us tell mother that he "would take the lot." Then dismounting himself of a very rough and shabby overcoat, he announced his intention of spending half an hour with us.

"Can't you stay to tea, Doctor?" said Grace. "Have you any thing very nice to tempt me?" he inquired. "Nothing more than warm biscuit and maple sirup. Have you had any sugar yet?"

"Not an ounce have I seen; the season has been very unfavorable. Well, if you'll give me an early tea I will stay for it." And we talked a while of neighborhood matters.

"Have I any thing of a purse-proud look?" he asked, after a time. "For I have received a heavy fee to-day."

"A consultation?" said I, for we knew he was often sent for from a distance. "No; a case de lumatic inquirendo; a father taking out a commission to manage the affairs of his son, who is insane. I gave my testimony and was about to leave, when the man's lawyer reminded him that I must have my fee. He tendered me this coin, inquiring if it would satisfy me; and I informed him that it would, perfectly." So saying, he displayed—a dime!

"And he actually had the face to offer you that!" I exclaimed. "My dear, he was perfectly honest about it; he no doubt considered that it was an ample remuneration for my time and trouble."

"It takes all sorts of people to make a world," I remarked, with truth if not originality. "And a doctor gets acquainted with most of the varieties. Speaking of consultations, I had a case last week that was a little too much for flesh and blood. A man over beyond the Guernsey had hurt his leg very badly"—(if you imagine, oh reader, that the Doctor said "limb" in compliment to ladies' society you are very much mistaken)—"and they sent for me. I went as soon as I could, and

found quite an array of the brethren; three—four—physicians, they called themselves. We looked at the man and looked at each other, as wisely as we knew how, and then retired into a room by ourselves to consult. The youngest, as in duty bound, gave his opinion first—to save the life the limb must be amputated; the next one followed suit—I could hardly believe my ears; and so on till they came to me. 'Gentlemen,' said I, politely, 'I shall be glad to have you tell me which of his legs you propose to amputate!' Pack of ignoramuses! disgrace to the profession! The man will be around again in a month; and they would have sent him hobbling about on cork for the rest of his days!" And the Doctor's pleasant face glowed with indignation.

"Very fortunate for him," said my sister, "that he had such an accomplished surgeon to interfere in his behalf."

"No satire, if you please, Miss Grace. I don't profess to be Keate or Brodie, but I do claim to have a modicum of common sense." Which claim very few would incline to dispute.

Tea was ready by this time, and while the Doctor sipped his Hyson—he very strong and sweet, with plenty of cream—he informed us that he was presently to have a partner in his business, on whom he expected to put all the long, hard rides and heavy work, while he enjoyed the otium cum dignitate in his office. The young man was quite a prodigy of good looks and talent, according to his account, and it was prophesied that Grace would lose her heart to him at sight. In return for this news we confided our own plans to him, and requested his advice concerning them. He thought the notion a very good one, and volunteered to say as much to mother, if we liked. This took such a load from our minds, and the whole thing seemed so much more feasible when a business man like Dr. Olmsted had approved it.

"I'll mention it day after to-morrow, when I come for the oats," he said, at parting. "Ah, girls! how comfortable you make a man. I should have had one of you in my own house long ago, if I could only have made up my mind which to take."

"Which of us would take you, you mean?" I answered, laughing.

"Nonsense! you would either of you jump at the chance of such a handsome young husband," he said, as he drove away.

I shut the door and we talked about him; how merry and kind he was, and how like a father to us! We speculated a little—not much—on the coming physician; whether he were really as "nice" as Dr. Olmsted boasted; whether we should consider him worth knowing or not.

"For that matter," observed my sister, "we shall not probably be called on to decide. Such an Adonis will hardly trouble himself to make the acquaintance of 'single ladies of a certain age.'"

Now if ever a speech sounded absurd it was this of Grace's, when you looked at her fair, sweet face and girlish figure. I told her so; and then we talked of what lay a great deal nearer our hearts than any doctor, young or old. Our plans seemed almost realized now that we had ventured to confide them to a third party, and we awaited, with mingled hope and anxiety, the Doctor's decisive visit.

He came as we agreed, and gently and skillfully worked the conversation round to the desired point. How nervously we listened to him! and made errands out of the room every now and then to escape the first burst of mother's surprise and wrath. For amazed and horrified she truly was. What! we had grown too genteel to live on a farm, hey? Wanted to move into the village and set up for ladies! Sell the farm; indeed, and leave herself without a home! The thing was too preposterous to be thought of for a moment.

The Doctor waited for her indignation to expend itself a little, and then proceeded to set before her all the proposed advantages. She fought every inch of the ground; but men have always a way, somehow, of domineering us about every thing of a business nature—putting us right down as ignorant or incapable where we differ from them. The Doctor so clearly proved to mother her utter unfitness to take charge of the farm—so set before her that she was the lawful prey and spoil of any one who had to deal with her—that in the end she promised to think about the matter. So we considered the victory as almost gained, and at once, in imagination, selected our house, engaged our boarders, and were in the full tide of successful operations.

But a sudden period was put to all our plans—Grace fell sick. Whether she had taken cold in house-cleaning, or got her feet wet in some of our long spring walks, we could not tell; but one day she complained of fever and a headache, and was soon prostrate with a severe and dangerous illness.

Oh how little, how worthless every ambition we had felt looked to me as I sat by her bedside in those long nights, watching her uneasy slumbers, and oppressed by the dread that she never would recover! Nothing was of any consequence except to see her well again; or if that could not be, to rest assured that she had passed into a happier state. We had a long time of suspense, for when the first violence of the disease was over the Doctor dreaded a decline, and for weeks we watched and waited; but at last there came a day when he had nothing but good news for us, and thenceforth she recovered rapidly. How happy we were! and what a miracle of skill we thought the Doctor!

While Grace was at the worst our old friend trusted her case to no one but himself. As she grew better he occasionally sent up his partner, or "pardner," as he was more commonly denominated. Nothing but an angel direct from heaven could possibly have looked swifter than she did in her convalescence, and I could not wonder that his visits were continued long after they ceased to be strictly necessary.

"Single females of a certain age," I remarked to Grace one day, "do not seem to frighten Dr. Morris as much as you apprehended."

She blushed a very guilty crimson. "I have no doubt," she said, "that he thinks us a couple of very nice old maids."

"Us!" I did not consider such barefaced hypocrisy worthy of a single comment.

It is a good thing that people in real life are not obliged to linger along, and have quarrels, and be miserable, as they are in novels, in order to "make out the story." Grace's true love contradicted the proverb and ran entirely smooth. Summer passed and autumn waned, and in the drear days of December we had a quiet wedding. It realized my every ambition for this darling sister. Dr. Morris was all that our old friend had claimed for him: handsome, gentlemanly, with mind and cultivation that more than satisfied her best ideal. Not wanting, either, in worldly prosperity, and, best of all, fitted to aid her progress in that path which, since her illness, she had most earnestly desired to tread.

In the course of the winter mother sold her farm, and we moved to the village; but we do not rely upon boarders for subsistence. It was very lonely

without Grace, and Dr. Olmsted used to come in frequently to cheer us. "Whether it is true, as he says, that he had 'had thoughts of me for a long time,' or that now, when only one was left he found it easier to make up his mind as to which of us he really wanted, I can not say. But he managed to persuade me that thirty and fifty-two are not such very different ages, and that looking on a man as a father for a good portion of your life is the best possible preparation for regarding him as a husband during the remainder of it."

Mother divides her time between the two houses, and is alternately "ridden over" by the youngsters of each, who conceive that grandma has no business in life but to make herself useful and agreeable to them. As for my own—but, as I live, there is the Doctor's sulky, and I must put away my writing and hurry Ann about the dinner, for he will be so hungry after his ride.

FEELING FOR A SUNBEAM.

The sun has just burst out through the clouds, and a heavy golden beam comes in at our window. How bright and cheerful! It comes in so silently, yet it speaks to the heart. Yes, thank God for sunshine! Ages on ages it has illuminated and gladdened a world, yet we hardly think of the great fountain of light and beauty.

Writing of sunshine brings to mind a touching incident which came under our observation as we were traveling in the cars. Opposite was seated a family of four, consisting of a man and his wife, and two children—boy and girl—twins, totally blind. Two lovelier children we never saw. The family were from the South. A Southern sun had given each cheek a rich olive complexion, relieved by a beautiful bloom upon the children's countenances. The boy was lightly built, had finely chiseled features, and hair of a light brown, clustering in rich curls around his neck. The girl was yet more slender, and fragile as a leaf, and of the most spiritualized beauty. Her hair was black as night, its heavy glossy tresses confined by a golden band, which glittered brightly upon the dark background. They both seemed happy, conversing with an intelligence beyond their years. The train stopped for a moment upon their route. The windows were all raised, and the children leaning out as if to see. The little girl heaved a long sigh, and then leaned back in the seat, exclaiming, "O, mother, I cannot see anything." A tear trembled in her eye, and her voice was so sad and low that it went to the heart of every passenger who heard the beautiful and unfortunate creature.

"Neither can I see, Belle; but I think that everything is beautiful," said her brother, as the light wind lifted the thin locks. "You are beautiful, are you not, Belle?"

Just then a flood of sunshine gushed from the white clouds in the west, like a flash, and then fell full and warm upon the cheek of the sad girl, and upon the tears in her eyes. Quick as thought she put up her hand, and attempted to grasp the golden pencil that were playing through the braids upon her neck and cheek. Eagerly she shut her hand upon vacancy, and a shadow fell upon her countenance as she failed to touch the sunshine.

"Mother, I cannot feel it; has it fled out of the window?" "What, Belle?" "The sunshine mother. It touches my cheek, but I cannot touch it."

The mother's eyes swam in tears, as did those of nearly all in the cars. The blind girl feeling for a sunbeam upon her cheek! That beam was radiant with beauty, yet she could not behold it. It gleamed upon a world, yet all was night to her. Its silver bursting in the east, or its golden light fading in the west, followed as day followed day; but it burst not upon her vision, or faded at decline of day. It glowed in the sky, upon forest, field, lake and river; but not in the blue orbs of the sightless girl. By a singular coincidence the boy tried to feel of the breeze that came cool upon the cheek as the cars sped swiftly on. The breeze swept over the yellow fields and meadows, and still waters, and coquetted with the locks of the blind boy; but its footsteps were unseen by him. We involuntarily thanked God that we could look upon the beautiful world He has made, and dropped a tear for the hapless children who must grope their way to the grave through a long night. But the light of bliss will burst upon them.

Wit and Humor.

PRENTICE'S FRIEND BOB.

OUR neighbor Bob McKee, the very smart editor of the Courier, as soon as he learned the result of Monday's election, started off upon a fishing excursion. When the twelve disciples were in great trouble and perplexity as to what they should or could do next, Simon Peter, with his usual facility of resource, said, "I go a fishing," and Bob said so too. He was so appalled by the popular voice, that he at once bounded from poll to pole. Finding that in political conflict he was out of his element, he went to see whether he couldn't haul a few pike, bass, and catfish out of theirs. Realizing that he could no longer cheat the people, he lowered his pretensions materially and undertook to retrieve his self-esteem by fooling the poor, simple fishes. Unable to lead voters by the nose, he thought he would try to pull fishes by the lip. His present employment is decidedly the less scaly of the two, and we hope he will have few hills and mountains to scale, and a good many fishes. It is highly probable that his finny victims will swallow his bait more readily than his readers have swallowed his statements. We protest against his using nets; let him take his fish as his Southern friends took their forts, arsenals, mints, and revenue cutters—by hooking them. We commend him to the fishing rod, and we commend the rod to him; for we know of no editor that more deserves it or deserves more of it. In case he drops a line to a fine pike just to tell him he would like to see him to dinner, he may, if his liquors are good, drop us a line of like import. If at any time the question shall be whether he shall pull a big fish out, or a big fish shall pull him in, both parties will please remember that we are a strict neutrality man. If he shall get into the river and be devoured by the inhabitants of the food, we hope he will agree with them better than he has ever agreed with any patriotic party. We presume, however, there is no danger of his drowning, else there is no truth in old adages. If he does not repent of his sins amid the calm and quiet scenes of nature, the worst we can have the heart to wish him is, that the mosquitoes, ticks, sand flies, and cross dogs may bite, and the fishes not. And please remember, dear Bob, in all your fishing experiences, that the devil is the chief of fishermen, and that you are his Bob.

"COMFORT" that the F. F. V.'s can't take this year. Old Point Comfort.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 15 letters. My 1, 5, 2, 11 is an instrument formed of steel. My 3, 12, 12, 2, 11 is a kind of fruit. My 4, 5, 15, 11 is an indorsement put on passports. My 7, 3, 6, 2 was a Jewish King. My 8, 11, 15, 7, 11 is a name. My 10, 9, 5, 2 is often started. My 11, 2, 4, 5, 16 is a county in Texas. My 12, 5, 15, 3 is a city in Italy. My 13, 14, 10, 9 is a very large fish. My whole is the name of a learned and authentic Jewish historian. W. H. TRACY. Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1861. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA.

The following enigma calls for an explanation. If correctly read, it will be found to be an awful attempt at poetry. Try it:

T. HESTOR, M. BYJE, DED. AH! BOGGS.

T. Heth, under! R. O! Ll. ed? F.—rump; O! Let O pole! He—L. (I) ght. Ning fa. shed, Froms. kyto skyt. He (cat) T (I) Lest U C kupt. Hair tail sand Ru. raad sod (I) di Did!

Glendale, Ohio, 1861. J. M. C. Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first is of the feline breed, My second all its race doth lead, My third you look at as you read, My whole was a bold conspirator, Who strove to be great Rome's dictator.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

GENERAL BUTLER being suspicious that JEFF. DAVIS was constructing batteries in the vicinity of Fort Monroe, gave orders to Prof. CARLINICOURT to make an aerial ascension. The General accompanying him, they rose the height of two (2) miles, and with a telescope they observed the rebels constructing batteries at Sewall's Point. Wishing to know its distance from the Fortress, they measured the angle formed by lines drawn from their elevation to the Fortress and to Sewall's Point, and found it to be 96° 50' 00"; and the angle included between the perpendicular let fall upon the earth from the balloon and Fortress Monroe to be 12° 32'. How far is Sewall's Point from Fortress Monroe? Government, N. Y., 1861. EDWIN A. DODDS. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 607.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—256,000 acres, or 20 miles square.

Answer to Cobbler's Sign: SHOP

Answer to Charade:—A bun-dance.

Advertisements.

AN ARTIFICIAL LEG Invented by Douglas Bly, M. D.

By frequent dissections, the Doctor succeeded in embodying the principles of the natural leg in an artificial one, and by so doing produced one of the most complete and successful inventions ever attained by man.

A pamphlet containing full description and illustrations can be had without charge, by addressing DOUGLAS BLY, M. D., Rochester, N. Y. See the annexed cut, and also letter from H. J. DRAKE:



Dr. Bly—Dear Sir: The artificial leg you made for me serves me better than I ever supposed any artificial leg could.

I have mowed my grass myself—and that, too, on the marsh, where it is very boggy. I have cradled my oats myself and raked and bound them; and I have been all around the neighborhood threshing. In fact I can do most all kinds of work. The side motion at the ankle-joint is worth everything. If I step on a stick or a stone, or on any uneven place, the ankle yields just enough to let the foot accommodate itself to it, and thereby prevents all stumbling or inconvenience.

Most sincerely and thankfully yours, H. J. DRAKE.

Chelsea, Mich., August 15, 1861.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.

THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1861. It is, if possible, made better than ever before, and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, \$40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer, W. O. HICKOK, Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa. 604-105.

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