

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRADTON, 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 seasonably 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.

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AGRICULTURAL.

THE TIME OF TRIAL.

For eighty years our country has enjoyed unexampled prosperity. In that time we have made most rapid advancement in all those pursuits that elevate the individual and the nation. We have subdued the forests and the prairies, and made pleasant and happy homes for our own people, as well as for those of other lands. We have provided moral, intellectual, and spiritual education for youth, to an extent perhaps unequalled in any country of any age. While the people of other nations have been ground down with taxation, and robbed of the fruits of their industry, to keep up a splendid government of showy drones, and their sons have been dragged from the home-circle to fight the battles of crowned heads, we have enjoyed the proceeds of our toil, only furnishing a very small portion of our income to sustain a cheap and economical government, while no one has dared or desired to claim from our sons unwilling service. So marked has been our prosperity, that millions have flocked to our shores, to share the blessings we enjoy. Ever sympathizing with the suffering of other lands, we have extended to these a welcome hand, while our ships have been often sent to carry instruction to the ignorant and food to the starving.

With such blessings it would seem all men might be content; but ambition—a desire to lord it over others—the same principle that makes princes and paupers, kings and peasants, in other lands—has existed here, for human nature is the same everywhere. This principle caused trouble and civil war in heaven; and the fallen hero of that first great war has his friends and emissaries in every land, delighting in oppression, and reveling in misery and cruelty. Nothing causes them so much annoyance as to see the people enjoying the blessings of liberty and equality, and living in peace, like one happy family. CAIN is the natural father of this tribe. Had ABEL been mean and miserable, no hand would have been raised against him; but CAIN could not endure his peace and prosperity; hence his death. The progress of our country has been a constant annoyance to the despots of our own and other lands. Unfortunately, at the establishment of our government, the fathers yielded a little to this class, hoping and believing that the good sense of the people, the best interests of the country and humanity, and the glorious principles on which the government was founded, would in a little while cause the practice of all to agree with our avowed principles, and that we should then stand forth as a light among the nations. But, instead of following the general example, the few despots have been chafed and annoyed at our increasing strength, and in various ways have sought our ruin. For years the country has been kept in turmoil by their cunning and desperate plans, and unholy threats. Texas must be obtained to add to their strength, and Cuba and portions of Central America, while Kansas must be brought under their sway. They have sought to bring the whole power of the government to their service,—and in too many instances have been successful,—while in many cases our public men have acted like slaves at the feet of the despots. But the right time, in their opinion, having arrived, they undertook a bold move—no less than to force nearly one-half of this country into a rebellion against the established government, seize our national property and our capital, destroy all who opposed them, and on the ruins of our glorious free government set up a despotism—place their feet upon the necks of the people, and rule with a rod of iron.

At this state of things the tyrants of the world rejoiced—there was joy in despotic courts, and a carnival in the lower regions. Some were surprised that England and other countries should show so much sympathy with so dark a cause—that English lords and commoners should urge at once, in the British Parliament, the immediate recognition of a Southern Confederacy. But despotism is the same everywhere; and wherever a man lives who

is not willing to give to others the privileges he asks for himself, there you will find a despot—one who at heart despises a free government, and sympathizes with the present effort to destroy this happy land and trample under foot the great principles upon which it is founded.

This contest is now raging between freedom and despotism. Our relatives, our children, our friends, have left the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and are now armed and battling in defense of free government; and from them and from the constituted authorities we receive another call for help. Six hundred thousand more men are needed at once, and are now being formed into regiments. One of about every five of our able-bodied working men, all over the country, are thus compelled to leave the fields of usefulness for the "field of glory." This abstraction of so large a portion of the producing class must result disastrously to the industrial interests of the country, unless the necessary steps are taken to make this loss good. Improved labor-saving machines will help in a measure, but every one who can must work, and work with a will. The young can do something, and the old can do much; and he who helps to keep up the supply of food and clothing, is doing something, and much more than many imagine, to give strength to our country and success to our arms.

The wheat and hay is about all harvested; and though in some fields the yield of the latter is quite light, on the whole we have no reason to complain; for the wheat is superior in quality while the yield is unusually large. Our two main crops are therefore out of the way, and now we must prepare in earnest for sowing winter wheat. The success the present year will encourage those who have been rather doubtful whether it would pay to engage again in wheat-growing on an extensive scale, and we anticipate that a larger breadth will be sown this fall than for many years previous. Corn is coming along rapidly under the influence of the present warm weather; yet a good deal will be poor, and in this section we can hardly expect an average crop. Potatoes are looking well, and, from examination, we are satisfied the yield will be good. Thus far we have seen no sign of the rot or disease in the leaves, nor are they troubled with insects as for several years past. White Beans are being grown most extensively, and are doing well. With fine weather, and care in harvesting, we think more will be saved in Western New York this season than in any three years previous. This we judge only from the large quantities we see growing on almost every farm. On the whole, we need nothing but a good deal of earnest work on the part of all, and the close of summer will find us with abundant crops well secured.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE GREAT REAPER TRIAL AT DIXON.

I've been thinking, the last ten minutes, how I should tell the RURAL reader the story of the trial of Reapers and Mowers, of Headers and Binders, &c., &c., at Dixon, under the auspices of the Illinois State Agricultural Society—its Executive Committee being the awarding committee. What to say is the question. I question the profit of occupying space with the mass of details my notebook contains, inasmuch as they are, necessarily, incomplete. I have therefore resolved to condense the matter at my disposal as much as may be.

THE WEATHER

Was all that could have been desired. The week before, an unprecedented amount of rain had fallen in almost all parts of the State. At least fifty miles of Railway on the line from Chicago to Dixon and Fulton city was more or less damaged by the flood, and trains had ceased running for a time. The breaks had not all been repaired on the day the Trial commenced. Passengers and freight were delayed, and several machines had not arrived the first day of the trial.

THE SCALE OF POINTS.

I arrived at Dixon in company with other Chicago reporters late the P. M. of the 22d of July—the first day of the trial. Reporters very soon discovered an air of dignified reticence pervading the presence of members of the Board—that said Board had resolved to run the machines without the assistance of any other man, or class of men, not even reporters—that not only were all data acquired by them, as the trial progressed, to be withheld, but the scale of points, to which the members were to direct their attention in gathering these data, upon which to base their decision, was also withheld. This caused considerable comment among both exhibitors and reporters. No valid reason was given for this course—only one plausible one was proffered, and that, analyzed, amounted to nothing. One rampant reporter for a daily paper asserted that he had come to a conclusion, which was, that the reason why the scale of points was withheld, was because the Committee had not fixed upon any. I do not indorse this conclusion, however, for the reason that, contrary to its declared intention, the Board permitted the scale of points to be published immediately after the trial. This was done, I suppose, in order to overthrow the "conclusion" referred to. While I am charitable enough to believe that some scale had been fixed upon, I do not think the Board

succeeded in convincing said reporter that the scale, as published, was not gotten up after the trial had progressed, in order to overthrow his "conclusion." But enough. It is a simple matter to generalize the essentials to a good reaper and mower. They are simplicity, durability, adaptability and efficiency.

1. Simplicity of design and construction.
2. Durability of parts and of the whole combined.
3. Adaptability of parts to each other, and of the whole to the perfect performance of the work to be executed.
4. Efficiency to do the work required, in all conditions of grain and grass, of soil and surface.

In the absence of the well digested scale the Committee was supposed to possess, and of facilities for acquiring data except in a general way, I am compelled to make my record refer to these general requirements.

THE MOWERS.

The following is a list of the machines entered in competition for the premiums offered for the best mower, and tested as mowers in competition for the premium offered for the best combined reaper and mower:—1. Wood's Two-wheel Mower, by W. A. WOOD, Hoosick Falls, New York. 2. Wood's Jointed-bar Mower, by same. 3. The Ohio Mower, by E. BALL, Canton, Ohio. 4. The "Excelsior," by CLINE SEIBERLING & HOWER, Doylestown, Ohio. 5. Kirby's Mower, by D. M. OSBORNE & Co., Auburn, N. Y. 6. Curtis' Cam Mower, by GEO. S. CURTIS, Chicago. 7. "Cayuga Chief, Sen.," by SHELTON & Co., Auburn, N. Y. 8. "Cayuga Chief, Jr.," by same. 9. John P. Manny's Senior Mower, by JOHN P. MANNY, Rockford, Ill. 10. J. P. Manny's Junior Mower, by same. 11. "Buckeye, Sen.," by H. H. TAYLOR, Freeport, Ill. 12. "Buckeye, Jr.," by same. 13. Rugg's Mower, by G. H. RUGG, Ottawa, Ill. 14. Esterly's Mower, by GEO. ESTERLY, Whitewater, Wis. 15. Cogswell's Patent, by THOS. H. MEDILL, Ottawa, Ill. 16. Seymour, Morgan & Allen's, Brockport, N. Y. 17. McCormick's, by C. H. MCCORMICK & Bro., Chicago.

WHERE THE TESTS WERE MADE.

The trial of Mowers was commenced the 22d, continued the 23d, and completed Saturday, the 26th, the 24th and 25th having been employed in testing reapers, headers, and binders in the grain. The mowers were all first tried in a fine field of timothy, which would yield from a ton and a half to two and a half tons of hay per acre. A portion of this grass was lodged—the greater proportion stood up nicely. The surface was all that could be desired—smooth and dry. It was sufficiently rolling. The meadow was divided into lots of an acre each, with appropriate numbers and guides. Each machine drew for a number, which determined what field it should cut. The headlands had been cut, the machines took their position, and it was announced by the committee that the draft of the machines would first be tested.

THE DYNAMOMETER TEST.

To fix the relative draft of each machine, Gibb's Dynamometer was used. It was put on the machines at starting to cut out their lands, when each machine must necessarily gather all it could and cut all it could gather. No one could take exception to this application of the test. But, contrary to former precedent, each driver rode his respective machine and drove his own team, instead of walking and driving from the ground. By the careful oversight of the Committee this fact need not affect the draft materially either way. The heavier the driver, the greater the draft. The more ambitious and hard-bitted the team, the lighter the draft. Again, some of these machines were put into grass for the first time—were entirely new, and the parts had not been worn. They therefore worked heavier than the machines taken from the field where they had been used some time. But these considerations are of no use to me, inasmuch as I could not obtain the figures showing the relative draft as given by the dynamometer. They are only important as points not to be overlooked by the Committee in arriving at the true, or at least the approximate result of this test. Dynamometer tests are necessarily imperfect, and only possess a relative value.

THE RACE OF THE MOWERS.

The test of draft having been completed, the different fields cut out, the teams were again put in position to complete the cutting of the acre on time. At a given signal each team started. The time test was magnified too greatly by some of the competitors, as entering largely into the ultimate result. Some teams walked and some trotted—most of them were hurried. Some ambitious drivers sought to gather too much, and the sickle or knife left broad, ragged, unseemly fringes—such as are left by the old-time mowers when they neglect to "toe out." These drivers doubtless regretted their ambition after their fields had been raked. Machines that did good cutting, to their full capacity, had their work condemned by the unthinking, because of this careless way of driving.

The Committee gave the drivers no directions—no rules for driving. They were directed, each to cut his acre in his own way—as quick or slow as he chose. The Committee required that in case a machine was stopped for any cause, it should remain still until some member of the Committee had visited it and learned the cause of the stoppage. The timer

for each machine was directed to keep the aggregate time consumed in cutting the acre, including the time of stoppages, and separately, the time the machine might stand still from any cause.

The result of the trials of the mowers in this manner, in point of time, character of the work done, apparent ease with which it was done, was various of course, and without figures, which could be obtained only by the Committee, must necessarily be judged of superficially.

The race was exciting—too exciting between certain machines, to be profitable. Time was made by some machines without in the least demonstrating the adaptability of the machine to different kinds of work, and to the cutting grass in its different positions in the field. While some of the machines that have a good reputation among farmers did very poor work, others gathered up the lodged grass, shaving it off smoothly and leaving a clean stubble when raked off, which the ambitious racers certainly envied.

CLASSIFICATIONS OF MOWERS ACCORDING TO THE QUALITY OF THEIR WORK.

I propose, for the purpose of brevity, to divide the above named machines into three classes.

1. The first class comprises those machines (and in the order named,) which did the best work, with the greatest apparent ease of draft and adaptability to the work to be performed. 1. The Cayuga Chief, Sen., and Jr. 2. John P. Manny's, Sen., and Jr. 3. Wood's Two-wheeled and Jointed-bar Mowers. 4. Buckeye, Sen., and Jr. 5. Kirby's Mower. 6. Ball's Ohio Mower. 7. Seymour, Morgan & Allen's Mower. 8. Curtis' Cam Mower.

2. The second class comprises those machines which have a pretty good reputation as Mowers, but which did second class work, and did not seem so well adapted for mowing as those named in the first class. 1. "Excelsior." 2. Rugg's Mower. 3. McCormick's Mower. 4. Esterly's Mower.

3. The third class includes machines which could not be regarded as having done work of a character nor in a manner to commend it to favor. I have but one machine to name here—that is Cogswell's Patent.

THE MOWERS IN PRAIRIE GRASS.

Thus far I have referred to the work of the mowers in the field of timothy above described. No one regarded the test thus given the machines as a severe one. "Can your machine cut prairie grass?" we heard scores of farmers ask the garrulous agents of the different machines; "for, if it will, it will cut anything, and no mistake." Most agents answered affirmatively; some with positive emphasis. Others coolly waved the question, asserting that they supposed the matter would be tested before the trial was over.

On Saturday P. M., 26th of July, it was announced that the trial in the field would close by a grand demonstration on the part of such mowers as chose, in a field of prairie grass. This field embraced all kinds of surface, and the different species of wild grass usually found on the upland prairie, along the borders of the sloughs, and in the sloughs. The surface was smooth and rough on the upland, boggy and soft in the sloughs and along the slough borders. The matted blue grass, lodged and twisted, and bedded close to the ground, mingled with the wiry sedge, which will resist almost anything but sharp steel; the dry bottom grass of last year's growth, rapidly becoming a part of the soil,—and very useful to the Committee as an aid in clogging the mowers,—and the bogs and hummocks, and roots which must be cut off because it was impossible to cut over them, combined to render this test of the strength and capacity of the machines a very severe one. But it was just what the farmers and the Committee wanted to see, and precisely what the competitors, who had confidence in their machines, desired to exhibit.

Of the machines enumerated above, the following were absent from the field during this test. "Excelsior," Rugg's Mower, Esterly's Mower, and Cogswell's Patent. All the machines which appeared in the field did good work. Some of them did better work and with greater ease than others. Some of them clogged when stopped in the matted blue grass, and were directed to start without first backing, and without a sudden jerk. This test was of no great practical value, except that it determined the relative motion of the knives and the relative efficiency of the smooth edge knife and the serrated sickle in grass. No lots were assigned the machines in this field. Each followed the other around the entire field, up the rolls, down the slopes, through the sloughs, and over the bogs, shaving the grass off closely and nicely. Some of the lighter machines failed to do as even work as the heavier ones, and the jointed-bar machines accommodated themselves to surfaces better than the stiff side-draft machines.

My notes upon the different machines tested here, taken at the time, are as follows:—Curtis' Cam machine was driven down the center of a boggy slough, doing most excellent work with great ease, apparently. Superintendent CARPENTER led the way, and remarked, as the machine followed him, that "any machine that could follow him and cut a swath, could cut any kind of grass, in any spot a farmer would be likely to require it to work." When the test of stopping and starting in a difficult place was applied to this machine, it started with ease, while

the McCormick machine clogged repeatedly, and could not start without backing to get up motion.

John P. Manny's Senior machine did most excellent work, drawing light, cutting wide, and accomplishing everything required of it, in good style. It did better work and is a better mower, for the farmer, than his Junior machine, although the latter acquitted itself well in all tests. Seymour & Morgan's, for some reason, did better work, comparatively, in the prairie grass than it did in the timothy. It is a good mower, and did not fail to do the work required of it, surely and well. The Kirby machine did good work. Wood's Self-Raker,—a very light machine—is not so good a mower, in all respects, as his Hand-Raker. It failed to start when stopped in the blue grass. The hand-raker went through in good style and did good work. Ball's Ohio Mower is a popular and a good machine. It did good work. The "Cayuga Chief, Sen., and Jr.," did not fail to do capital work wherever placed. The "Buckeye, Sen., and Jr.," both cut well in tame and prairie grass; but clogged when stopped and started in the blue grass. Backing the machine a few inches, it went through without difficulty.

WHICH IS THE BEST MOWER?

I cannot tell. It is rarely the case that so many good machines are found competing with each other. Each of the machines enumerated above has its peculiar merits. Some of them doubtless combine more good qualities than some others. The reader, with the writer, must look to the report of the Committee for the data necessary to render a comparison valuable. Individual opinion or judgment without the sustaining power of figures and facts might be declared invidious, as it certainly might be unjust. I shall therefore reserve my own opinion until I may have opportunity to review the report of the Committee.

THE REAPERS.

A fine field of wheat of about two hundred acres had been secured for the trial of Reapers. Some of the grain was pretty badly lodged. It would yield from twelve to twenty bushels of grain per acre—the field would hardly average more than fifteen bushels. The same machines enumerated above as competing for the premium offered for the best mower, with the exception of two or three of the Junior mowers, were put on trial as reapers, either in competition for the premium offered for the best reaper, or for that offered for the best combined reaper and mower. Here the surveys had been made as in the grass. The field allotted to each machine was nearly two acres. The same method of testing the draft was adopted. Fewer machines were put in the field at once, in order that each member of the Committee might witness the working of each machine.

THE SELF-RAKING REAPERS

Were first started. These attracted great attention, and were watched, and their work critically examined, by the hundreds of farmers present, attesting the vital interest Western farmers have in every thing that saves manual labor—that supplies the place of the muscles and nerves gone to defend the country.

Wood's, McCormick's, Seymour & Morgan's, and Cline Seiberling & Hower's "Excelsior," were the competing machines as self-rakers. The grain they were tested in was the lightest and stood up the best of any in the field. The cutting was equally well done by each machine, with a difference in time. McCormick's machine was drawn by four horses. Its raker is attached to the reel-bar, and, with each revolution of the reel, sweeps the grain from the platform, leaving it on one side, in long gavels. The grain is laid off evenly and in a position relative to the following binder, convenient for him to gather and tie. But this sweeping rake is an awkward concern. The driver has no control over it at all. It revolves, with the reel, and with each revolution a gavel is laid off, whether the grain be light or heavy.

Seymour & Morgan's machine delivers the grain at the side, in much the same shape as McCormick's. Its rake revolves and sweeps the platform of the grain in much the same way. But, unlike McCormick's, the driver can easily regulate the size of the gavels. In all respects it is a much better raker than McCormick's, and the machine, as a combined machine, is an excellent one. It did good work in all places, is adjustable, light of draft, well built, and efficient.

Wood's Self-Raker was the rival of the last named machine. Its raking attachment is ingenious, and can be applied to almost any machine, I am told. The grain is delivered at the side in a compact gavel. The only fault that can be found with this raker, is that the gavels are delivered so that the binder, in following the reaper, comes directly to the tops of the grain, or end of the gavel, instead of the side; and the raker invariably draws the top grain of the gavel after it a little. Compared with the work of hand-rakers, these faults (if they may be called faults) are of little importance. The compactness of the gavel, and the perfect control the driver has over the rake, regulating the size of and depositing the bundles when he chooses, combined with the ease of draft and efficiency in cutting, render this machine a very valuable one for the farmer. I apprehend the premium to the self-rakers will be given to either the Wood or Seymour

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON AND CROPS.—The weather has been oppressively warm during most of the past week, with little rain. Very favorable for hay and harvesting, and the growth of corn, which has a decidedly upward and onward tendency. All crops, matured and maturing, in this region, are better than anticipated; and our reports from other and distant sections, States, and Canada, are generally very encouraging as to results and prospects. We subjoin two or three of the many reports received within a few days.

CROPS, &c., IN SENECA CO., N. Y.—Under date of near Geneva, 9th August, 1862, our progressive friend, JOHN JONKSTON, writes thus encouragingly and suggestively:—"I notice you complain of poor crops of hay and corn about Rochester. If you will only come right away here, on Monday, I believe I can take you to a large field in this neighborhood that will go 3½ tons per acre, and another as good as that. We could try it on the scales, if you choose. The late cut hay hereabouts is an enormous crop, and the early cut not a bad one. The corn crop is a very large one in this neighborhood. Almost all my neighbors think they have the best in the county, and some think theirs the best in the State. I am afraid the farmers in Genesee don't give their land enough of dung—that is the staff of life, or at least the staff of life cannot be raised without it. I have never seen my immediate neighbors have as good corn nor more hay. We too, like you, had a long drought, but I suppose we got rain some week or more before you did. The fact is, we have an abundance of everything. I know a field of Soule's wheat that went over 40 bushels to the acre, and there are no poor crops of winter wheat around here. I hear the grain aphid is hurting the spring wheat greatly in some places. By newspapers I received from Scotland to-day, I learn they are in great fear of large failures of the crops there, as also in England and France. Advise your farming friends to hold their wheat until the result of the foreign crops is fully known."

CROPS IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.—We are in the midst of our harvest of spring wheat, and can now judge quite correctly of the prospect of our crops. Spring wheat in this vicinity will, I think, net quite come up to the average yield of twenty bushels, although much better than last season. A few miles from here the chinch bug has done its fearful work of devastation, cutting the crop off entirely. The hay crop was rather above the average. Corn has taken a sudden start, and although it looked backward and sickly, now bids fair for a good crop. Potatoes need rain. Oats good. The mercury to-day, at noon, 94° above zero in the shade. Such splendid weather as that for three weeks past we seldom have. Nearly the entire hay crop has been secured without scarcely a drop of rain.—OSCAR BERRY, *Empire, Wis., Aug. 7, 1862.*

SHORT CROPS IN EUROPE.—The late reports from Europe show that the grain crops will be much short of the average. Indeed, most European journals acknowledge that there will be a great deficiency to be supplied from some quarter, and attention is being directed to this country as the most available source of supply. The New York papers state that large amounts of breadstuffs have already been shipped to supply the demand which begins to be felt. This is fortunate for us, for the nations of Europe will not be apt to think of fighting a people upon whom they are dependent for bread. This will also arrest the exportation of gold, and in a little time specie will be returning to this country in payment for wheat and corn. Nothing shows so emphatically the resources of this country as the fact that while we are at war, with a force of more than half a million in the field or on the way, we can not only feed our own army, but have abundance for exportation. The following facts we gather from European papers: "The cold, wet summer has retarded vegetation to a very serious extent. In England there will be but half a grain crop, in France the prospects are scarcely better, and private letters received here from Germany report that the incessant rains and the backwardness of the season have ruined the fruit and stunted the wheat. The Vienna correspondent of the London Times furnishes the following additional evidence of the general failure:—"The price of grain is rising in all parts of the Austrian empire, as the weather is very unfavorable. The corn is cut in all parts of the country, and every second day there is a thunder storm, with long-continued and heavy rain; in fact, this summer is one of the coldest and wettest that has ever been known in Austria."

THE NEW LAW TO REGULATE "SIDE SHOWS" AT FAIRS.—Having received some inquiries relative to the Act in relation to Agricultural and Horticultural Associations, passed by the Legislature of New York, April 17, 1862, we publish it in response and as a matter of interest at the present juncture to officers of Agricultural Societies in this State:

SECTION 1. In addition to the powers now vested by statute in the board of managers of any Agricultural or Horticultural Association, the officers of such association shall have power to regulate and prevent all kinds of theatrical, circus or mountebank exhibitions and shows, as well as all racketeering or traffic in fruits, goods, wares and merchandise of whatever description, for gain, on the fair days, and within a distance of two hundred yards of the fair grounds of said association, if, in the opinion of said officers, the same shall obstruct or in any way interfere with the free and uninterrupted use of the highway around and approaching such fair grounds; and the police employed by any such association shall possess the same power for a space of two hundred yards from said fair grounds, as is now vested in them by law within said grounds, and be under the same control of the officers of the association within that space; and the same fines and penalties shall be incurred for any violation of the rules and regulations of said officers of any such association within two hundred yards of the fair grounds, as is now by law incurred for any violation of the rules and regulations within the grounds of any such association.

WHERE IS THE WEST?—Many of our readers can remember when Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan were considered a great West by the people of this State, New England, &c. Only a few years ago Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa were considered the "Great West," and subsequently Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas were the "jumping-off places." But "the world moves," and the tide of emigration is governed accordingly. Thus, the Cass Co. (Iowa) Gazette says that full three thousand emigrant teams, carrying twelve thousand persons, have passed through Lewis this spring, on their way to the "Great West." The Gazette estimates that about one-fourth of these are destined for California, a small number for Colorado, and the balance for Oregon and Washington Territories. Many families took with them large droves of stock.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS, &c.—The Winnebago Co. (Ill.) Fair is to be held at Rockford, and continue four days, (in State Fair style) Sept. 16-19. From a pamphlet containing Premiums, Regulations, Awarding Committees, &c., we observe that the Society offers a goodly number of yearly copies of the Rural New-Yorker as premiums.—The Vermillion Co. (Ill.) Fair, to be held at Catlin, is also to continue four days—Sept. 9-12. Premium list will be \$1,000—open to the world.—The Eaton Co. (Mich.) Fair will be held Sept. 30 to Oct. 2. Officers of the Society: President—LANCEY VERPLANCK. Secy.—E. T. Church. Treas.—E. S. LANEY.

HORSE SHOW AT BUFFALO.—A flaming poster announces that the "Third International Exhibition of Horses" will be held at Buffalo, on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22d of August inst. Premiums, \$3,000—open to all the States and Canada.

—A "National Horse Exhibition" is in course of preparation at Williamsport, Pa. The time is Sept. 2-5, and the Secretary, GEORGE M. DEPUTI. Premiums are offered—\$200 to \$100—the amount of about \$1,600. In many respects it will be like the Springfield horse show.

A USEFUL INVENTION.—We are glad to learn that the new Steam Caldron, heretofore commended to our readers, is gaining favor with farmers and others having it in use. We learned that the Royal Patent of England has already been secured upon it, and that it is on exhibition at the World's Fair. A large sale is being obtained for the Caldron in this and distant States and Canada, and we are informed. The invention seems to be an admirable one for the purposes contemplated, and well designed to supersede the common caldron kettle. We wish Mr. PRINDLE success in his enterprise. See advertisement.

THE WHEAT CROP OF OHIO is one of the largest ever grown in the State. The Cincinnati Gazette of a late date says:—"The wheat crop has just been gathered in the Miami country, and for the most part throughout the State. It is the best and largest crop of wheat produced in Ohio since 1850. The crop of that year was the largest ever grown in the State, and the largest average per acre. It is probable that the crop of this year will be equal in amount to that. The crop of 1850 was 81,000,000 bushels. That of this year may safely be put down at 80,000,000."

from which to estimate the present wool crop. We have as yet seen no statement from the census of 1860 as to the present wool product of the country, and can, therefore, merely make a loose estimate as to the amount. We should, however, represent the most general estimate of the wool trade in supposing the present crop, in the now loyal States, to reach about 120,000,000 pounds. According to this estimate, the army demand will take up about 42½ per cent. of our whole crop of wool. It is unnecessary to indicate the effect of this extraordinary demand on the value of the staple. The demand will be mostly for the lower grades of wool, which, as last year, may be expected to realize fabulous prices, and out of all proportion to the value of the finer grades. It may perhaps be questioned, however, whether we shall this year witness such a depreciation in the value of fine grades as was experienced last year. The largeness of the demand may be reasonably expected to give an enhanced value to all qualities; though as the finer grades have no preference for army purposes over the coarser, they may not be expected to range so much higher than common wools as is the case in ordinary times.

"It is not improbable, under these circumstances, that we may witness an unusual importation of foreign wools. Although both the tariff and exchange are against its importation, yet prices may range so high as to render these considerations secondary. "The effect of this extraordinary consumption of army wools must be to inflate and derange the ordinary business in woolen fabrics. Probably the machinery employed last year in manufacturing military goods might be sufficient, if running extra time, to meet the demand. But that proportion of our woolen machinery leaves but little for meeting the demand for ordinary goods. The result will probably be that fabrics for civilians' wear will be in light supply and realize high prices.

"The wool crop will realize \$60,000,000, distributed among the agriculturists, and then return to the commercial cities for the purchase of manufactures. This will be made into goods worth \$120,000,000, bringing in the main high prices and making handsome profits."

[Since the foregoing article was originally put in type, the Government has ordered 300,000 (by draft) men in addition to the number upon which the calculations of the Economist were founded; and if the position of that journal is sound, its prognostications will be strengthened in proportion to the increased number of men placed in the field.]

In the Pig a Grazer?

In replying to this query, the *Maine Farmer* remarks that if there is any one animal that is omnivorous,—that is, one that will live upon everything and anything—fish, flesh, grain, or grass,—it is the pig. He is carnivorous, granivorous, and graminivorous. We know that he will live, grow, and thrive in a butcher's yard, where he can get nothing but flesh and blood. And to the question whether he is a grazer, we can answer, yes. We have known the hog to live the year round and keep in pretty good order on grass in summer and clover hay in winter. The farmers in the Madawaska district, also in other sections of this State, and indeed throughout the Western and Southern States, turn their hogs out to graze as regularly as they do their cattle. Some of them keep them during the winter all or in part on clover hay. Our neighbor Kezer, of Winthrop, used to feed his store hogs on clover hay, crumbled or pounded fine with a flail, and they threw well upon it.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* last February gave an account of some clover hay fed swine, that were found to be in good condition. "I have seen," says he, "twenty-five shoats (September pigs) the present winter, which have been fed on clover hay alone, and they are in good flesh; in fact they are in better condition than the average of pigs wintered without good warm shelter, and fed upon grain. The clover fed these pigs was cut on the 4th of July, and secured without a drop of rain upon it, and of course very nutritious. The pigs, in addition, are supplied with warm, comfortable quarters, and have at all times access to warm, spring water. "He also adds: "I once had a neighbor who owned a noted sow, to which he never fed a mouthful of grain during winter, but kept her in a yard with his cattle, and she ate with them the hay and threw upon it."

Hogs will, however, thrive best on a variety diet, and often a supply of good corn meal is found to be the best in this variety, making them very thrifty; but corn is not absolutely necessary to keep them in good store order.

Coal Tar for Fence Posts.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman*, having recommended the mixing of resin with coal tar for fence posts, another correspondent writes on the subject, as follows:

"I believe that the resin is superfluous. Inclosed you will find a chip which was taken from a fence post set five years ago, smeared with coal tar alone. It was taken out three or four inches below the surface, where a post usually commences to decay. The adjoining post, split from the same log, (and I should think the two lay side by side,) set at the same time, but not coal-tarred, has decayed so that you can kick into it more than an inch. This, in my estimation, proves the efficiency of coal tar. In applying the tar, I think that the timber should be well seasoned. Heat the tar, letting it boil a few minutes; then apply hot. An old paint brush is the best thing that I have ever used for putting it on. Cover the whole surface of the post that is to remain in the ground, and from eight to ten inches of that above. After it has dried, which is usually in one or two weeks, tar again as before, and as soon as dry the posts are ready to set. If Mr. Rogers will try the experiment, I think he will find that coal tar alone will be as efficient as though resin were mixed with it."

Inquiries and Answers.

COST OF KEEPING SHEEP.—Will some of the RURAL's old sheep-raising readers give their views through its columns of the cost of keeping sheep, per head, from December 1 to May 1, in good condition, and upon what food? How much hay will twenty sheep eat in that time, and keep well without grain or roots?—SHEEP GROWER.

FLIES IN THE WHEAT FIELD.—I believe I have never made any inquiry of the RURAL before, but would now like to ask concerning the flies or bugs on wheat. I have six acres of fine wheat, and I don't think there is a head in the whole piece but what is full of bugs or flies, and all colors, some green, some red, some black, and some brown. As I have never known or seen anything of the kind before, I would like to know what they are, and whether they will injure the wheat. I have the same number of acres of bearded wheat which is not quite so bad. My winter wheat has but a few in. There is the same complaint generally among the farmers. Grain of all kinds looks well. Corn rather backward. The prospects are that we shall have good crops. Apples in abundance.—B. H. C., *Conewango, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*

The insects are no doubt the Grain Aphid, figured and described in the RURAL of July 12.

The success of future trials of this character in this State, must depend largely upon the character of the report the Committee will make, and upon the evidence it may contain that the verdict is made after a critical analysis of the work, construction, and merits of each machine. Only one premium is to be awarded in each class, hence the prestige which the award will give the successful machine cannot be measured by the dollars offered as a premium.

The work of rendering a decision is no enviable task, where so many good machines, with their peculiar points of merit, are competitors. It is a grave responsibility, and is doubtless appreciated by the State Board.

There are many items of interest connected with this trial and growing out of it, which it would give me pleasure to notice in this connection—many personal acknowledgments and commendations I would like to make, but your space has been too largely invaded by these notes already.

The Bee-keeper

Bee Pasturage.

Those wishing to improve their bee pasturage are advised to plant maple, locust, chestnut, and Linden trees, and to encourage others to do so. In setting out ornamental trees, it is surely worthy one's attention to have regard to their honey-producing power; and to select, with this end in view, those blooming at different times, rather than all of one kind, or those blooming at the same time. I should like to know the comparative value of these trees for producing honey, and also which varieties of those mentioned are the best.

For timber, the yellow locust is the most valuable. It is extensively planted on the western prairies, where it grows very rapidly, and is chiefly used for railroad sleepers. In Southern Ohio, bees, some years, gather a large portion of their surplus honey from the locust. Their industry during the yield from the locust is surprising. Where the tree grows in great numbers, they almost abandon all other sources of supply.

Twenty years ago, an old farmer in New Jersey raised from the seed about 20,000 yellow locust trees, which, when about enough not to be injured by cattle, he set out on the roadside, along his fences, and also thinned out his woodland and planted a locust wherever there was a chance for one to thrive. The majority are now worth \$1 each for posts.

Some years since, a farmer in the west set out a very extensive peach orchard for fire-wood—the tree being of rapid growth in rich soil. When they began to bear, he marked those that yielded good fruit, saved them, and cut the others as needed. In this way he originated some fine fruit. He remarked that his bees gathered a good deal from blighted fruit, of which there was a large quantity, as he only picked for the use of his family. The same has been noticed in abundant peach years elsewhere; but near a good market, the crop is too carefully gathered for bees to obtain much from this source. "The nauseous Allanthus" blooms very late. The white clover, in my vicinity, suffered from drouth this year before the Allanthus blossomed, and bees worked with unusual activity upon it. I observed this upon an avenue of trees over one mile in length. I have been informed that the timber is extensively used in China (where it attains a large size) in ship building, and the leaves of the young trees for feeding a worm which produces an inferior silk, worn there by the lower classes. The chief need, in closely cultivated districts, is something to fill the gap between white clover and buckwheat.—*Bee Jour.*

Saving the Sugar.

CERTAIN sugar refiners on the banks of the Oder, being troubled by bees, who sought their capital for honey-making in the refineries, hit upon a plan for ridding themselves of the nuisance, which proved quite profitable. The visitors were decoyed into one department, where they were subject to a hot bath, by which means thousands were killed at once, and their bodies being afterwards thrown into a boiler the stolen property was extracted from them. It is estimated that as many as eleven millions were destroyed within a year, and about twelve hundred francs' worth of sugar extracted from them.

PROF. LEUCKART has recently expressed the opinion that, for the production of wax, pollen is of rather more significance than honey. The latter, or its equivalent, is of course always indispensable, and the former may at times, for a brief space, be dispensed with; but for the rapid and abundant production of wax, both are required, and the Professor thinks that pollen is much more extensively used in the process than is generally supposed.

A DRONE-BREEDING COLONY is generally very unwilling to accept even a fertile queen when introduced into the hive, and speedily destroys a sealed royal cell if inserted. MR. KADEN says this perverseness and obstinacy may be easily overcome, if the sealed drone-brood be destroyed by passing a sharp knife through it. A fertile queen then offered will be kindly received.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Trade in Wool and Woollens.

From an article in the New York *Economist*, in which the subject of Wool and Woollen Manufactures is treated at considerable length, we extract the following paragraphs:

"The call for 300,000 additional volunteers has an important bearing on the wool trade of the country. When the new quota has been raised, there will be 850,000 troops requiring a regular supply of army clothing. Each one of these carries, in the shape of his complete outfit, woollen manufactures representing about twenty-five pounds of raw or unmanufactured wool. In times of war, the excessive wear and tear, the irregularities and losses from various causes, will make the consumption average nearly three outfits a year per man. At a safe average, it may be reckoned that the yearly consumption of each soldier will amount to 60 pounds of unmanufactured wool. This amount, multiplied by 850,000, would give, as the total consumption of wool by the army for the next twelve months, the enormous amount of 51,000,000 pounds. The aggregate seems immense, but a careful inspection of the estimate will show that it is not exaggerated. How this enormous consumption must bear on the trade in wool and woollens, deserves the prompt attention of those interested. The whole product of wool in the United States in 1850, according to the returns of the census, was only about 51,000,000 pounds. That statement is probably far below the truth, as are nearly all the figures representing the produce of the country; and it therefore gives imperfect data

favorable impressions of it, from what I was able to see of its operation.

The editor of the *Illinois Farmer* copied my article, and doubted if the binder would prove practical, because no attempt in that direction had yet proved successful! Inexorable logic! A Chicago echo pronounced the thing foolishness, and proved me a fool (mechanically) because of the cautious commendation I had given it. Other Eastern wiseacres, oracles of rural wisdom, pooh-pooed at the idea of the thing.

With this condition of mind among contemporaneous writers, and the humiliating idea of myself which their inflictions had given me, what was my gratification to find BRISON on the ground, with his binder attachment to a J. H. Manny machine, binding the grain as fast as it was cut, before it left the platform; and to see these same Sucker editors following it with open-mouthed wonder and a grin of gratification, garrulously asserting the triumph of the binder!—as innocently, too, as if they had never given BRISON a raking down for his presumptuous opinion! But the retribution was a pleasant one no doubt. The saving the wages of four or five hands in the harvest field, and their board and the consequent labor in the household, is no trifling achievement, to say nothing of the saving of grain which results from binding it before it leaves the platform of the reaper. It requires but three men to do the work of cutting and binding the grain—the driver, the raker, and the binder. The grain is handed to the binder by the raker, who uses an ingeniously-made thumb-fork to gather and compress it. The binder shuts the arms of the machine over the bundle, compressing it tightly, gives a crank two or three quick turns, the bundle is bound, tied, a jerk opens the arms, and it is kicked on the ground. All this is done in much less time than I have consumed in writing of it. It seemed to be the conviction of all who saw it operate that it was a success; and that the hand-raking machines could only compete with the self-rakers by adopting the binder. The bundles are bound with small wire, and as tightly and well as the average work of any five men that follow a machine in the field. The wire costs from 12 to 15 cents per acre. Objection was made to these wire bands, because it would require more time to cut them, and care to see that they did not go through the machine with the straw, and wind about the cylinder of the thrasher. I found that a pocket knife would sever the wire band as quickly and easily as if it were straw; and if the wire will affect the work of the thrasher, which I doubt, a little practice will enable the hand cutter to retain it with one hand and cut it with the other.

Thus much about self-rakers. Their importance just now is apparent—is self-evident. Hand-rakers will be ignored comparatively. They have but one resort for safety. Their refuge is the employment of self-binders, of which, more hereafter.

THE HAND-RAKING REAPERS.

Under the guidance of Superintendent CAPRON, in company with other members of the press, I went over the different fields cut by the machines, to look at the stubble, and examine the gavels and the manner in which they were laid. The data of draft and time are not in my possession. I have given above all I choose to say of the work of the self-rakers. I now speak of the appearance of the work of the hand-rakers.

Kirby's machine cut its field pretty well. Portions of it were badly lodged, and too great haste to make time prevented the care in gathering which a tidy farmer would desire. The raking was poorly done. There was too much grain scattered over the field.

Wood's Hand-Raker did good cutting, but the delivery was not good; the gavels were not well laid. Cogswell's Patent did better cutting in grain than in grass, but the gavels were badly laid—the grain very much scattered.

Ball's machine did not do near as good cutting as a reaper as it did as a mower, and the grain was poorly delivered.

Curtis cut one-half of his field well, the other half poorly, and the gavels were no gavels at all—badly scattered and poorly laid.

The Buckeye did capital work in all respects, and was one of the only two machines from which the grain was delivered as well by hand as it was by the self-rakers.

Esterly cut his field very well indeed, but the grain was badly raked. This is a popular machine in Wisconsin and Northern Illinois. Its draft is light, and I have seen it do much better work in the harvest field in the hands of farmers than it did here.

Rugg's machine was badly guided. The cutting apparatus is driven before the team like a header, and it is guided by a helm-wheel. It is a good machine; but both in reaping and mowing, fringes were left where none should have been seen. And the gavels delivered from this machine seemed doubled and twisted. I have seen grain delivered from it in much better shape than I found it here. The Cayuga Chief did the best cutting and raking combined of any machine on the ground. This little, compact, unique, iron machine, is in my opinion the machine *par excellence* among the hand-rakers, whether as a single reaper or mower, or as a combined machine. It seems to me to combine more desirable points in less space and for less cost than any other machine on trial. And I detract nothing from any of them by the publication of this opinion.

John P. Manny's Reaper, in its adjustability, efficiency, lightness of draft and width of cut, combined, is a most excellent machine. It did good work, but failed to deliver the grain in as good shape as either the Buckeye or Cayuga Chief. It is one of the very best of the Western machines.

The failure of these machines to do good work was not always due to any defect in their construction or design, but to the effort of the operators to make time. They seemed in several instances to have got the idea that time was the only test, and the rivalry and racing was exciting, but deplorable in the character of the work resulting. I speak relatively. I do not wish to be understood as asserting that there was reckless driving or great waste of grain; but the work was not in all cases done as well as it should or might have been had it been done with the deliberation and care with which the farmer proceeds to reap his harvest.

THE HEADING MACHINES.

There were three entries—Haines', Mayberry's, and Rugg's headers. I saw the two first-named work. The last was compelled to wait for wagons to receive its grain, until Mayberry had completed cutting his field. I was in another place then.

The grain in which Haines operated was light. He cut it nearly as low as the reapers, for some reason. But the work was well done with a raw team and unskilled hands to help. The width of cut was ten feet. The machine seemed to be less easily guided and handled than Mayberry's. It was apparent that both the teams and hands attached to the Mayberry machine were thoroughly trained to their work. It is a point I shall not undertake to decide, which did the best work.

These headers are useful on large grain farms. They require a good deal of attendant help. It requires four horses to drive them, one man on the machine, three teams with a driver and loader each, to receive the grain and convey it to the stack, and at least two men on the stack—in all, ten horses and eight or nine men. But the advantages are, that the harvest may be delayed until the grain is ripe, that a large area may be cut per day, with no waste of grain, and no risk from exposure, if proper ricks are prepared to receive the grain. The bulk of the straw is left on the ground to be plowed under, not only saving the repeated handling, but leaving the straw right where it is wanted, and where it belongs, as a manure.

There are some risks attending this mode of harvesting, but that they are more numerous than those incident to other modes, is doubted, if the same care and judgment are exercised in commencing and prosecuting the work. But these machines are not suited to the wants of small farmers. A good, compact, combined reaper and mower, with a self-raking or self-binding attachment, is much more desirable for the snug farmer with his quarter or half section farm.

BURSON'S BINDER.

Last fall, in my notes from the Iowa State Fair, I gave the favorable testimony of farmers who had used this machine, or seen it operate, and my own

MICHAELS' IMPROVED INDIANA FANNING MILL.

Scarcely less important than the reaper, is some machine by which grain may be rapidly and effectually separated and cleaned. I have never yet seen—and I have examined a good many—any mill which for simplicity of construction and rapid and excellent work, would compare with the above-named machine exhibited here by FREE & CO., of Goshen, Indiana. Its novelty consists chiefly in the mode adopted to spread the grain and chaff evenly over the wind board and sieves, and in the vertical as well as side-wise or shaking motion given the sieves. Seven sieves are used. These are all numbered, and each groove is numbered. To separate the different kinds of seed from each other, directions for using the sieves are given—the number of the sieve to be used, and the number of the groove in which it is to be inserted.

I saw a mixture of timothy seed, clover, cockle, wheat, chaff, and ordinary mill screenings, put through this mill. The timothy, clover, and cockle, were separated from the wheat, chaff, and oats. Then the cockle was taken from the timothy and clover, and afterwards the timothy seed and clover were separated from each other. In the same manner the different grains were separated. No one wheat, good enough for seed, was found in the ordinary mill screenings—all done so easily and efficiently as to merit all the good words herewith said for it.

CASE & BAKER'S AUTOMATIC SCALE.

This is a novel mode of weighing grain. It consists of two boxes or receivers, into which the grain is conducted from the storehouse, granary bin, or thrasher. Each of these receivers may have a capacity of from thirty to six hundred pounds each. The grain is conducted into one of these receivers, so arranged as to weigh and register any required number of pounds. When it has received the desired weight, a valve opens, which discharges the grain from it, and simultaneously the volume of grain from above is conducted into the other receiver, which, when it has received its weight, registers and discharges it—one receiver filling and the other discharging grain alternately. The practical value of this machine in our large grain warehouses or elevators in this city and along the different lines of railroads in the country, is apparent. But the fact that it may be made upon a scale adapted to the wants of the farmer and thrasher, renders it of still more value to the country.

OTHER MACHINES.

There were other farm and household implements on exhibition, which I failed to find time to examine, hence cannot speak of them with any degree of satisfaction to myself or the reader.

GOOD RESULTS FROM SUCH TRIALS.

The condition of the grass, the ripeness of the grain, the character of the fields, and their location, and the completeness of the preparations, testified to the vigilance, good judgment, and activity of President VAN EPPS, upon whom this work of preparation devolved.

I never attended a trial of this character where there was less wrangling, or fewer exhibitions of ill nature on the part of both competitors and judges. The whole trial was marked by the most uniform courtesy of demeanor on the part of competitors towards each other—each apparently emulating the other in the effort to accommodate and do a good turn. All seemed to have abounding confidence in the good intentions and integrity of the Committee. That the Committee had entered upon this trial prepared to institute all the tests necessary to bring out all the good qualities and discover the defects of each machine, some seemed to doubt; but these doubts were not expressed clamorously.

No matter what the awards of the Committee may be, great good has resulted, and will result from this trial. The State Society has taken a long step in the right direction. It has been at no loss of money either. The whole thing has much more than paid expenses. The people are given opportunity to compare the machines and their work. Manufacturers are able to demonstrate what their machines are capable of doing, and are willing to incur the expense, if once satisfied that the tests will be thorough and impartial.

HORTICULTURAL.

NOTES IN THE GARDEN.

For several weeks we have had frequent and heavy showers, and a rapid growth of everything has been the result. The weeds have done well their part; and as the soil has been too wet to admit of working, our gardens show the want of dry weather and labor. Flowers that were not properly staked have been beaten down; and many, no doubt, have felt the necessity of more care in this respect. No garden can be kept neat during the season, unless all plants requiring it are well staked. Good neat stakes should be provided in the fall or winter, sharpened, put in proper order, and stored away until needed. If this is neglected, when the time comes for their use they will not be on hand. For tying, any soft string will answer, but nothing is so appropriate and useful as basswood bark, and enough for a season's use can be procured at any of the nurseries for a few pennies.

Notwithstanding the excitement caused by the condition of our country, we are happy to state that the horticulture of the Northern States was never in a more hopeful condition, and our horticultural shows were never before so creditable. Most of the trash that burdened our exhibitions a few years since has been discarded, and we now show flowers that would be considered creditable in any country. A lady of Watertown, N. Y., writes us: "My Japan Pinks are very double and fine, several of my Zinnias are large and double, and my Stocks are splendid. We had a floral fair, three weeks since, and the show of flowers was quite creditable. I had the good fortune to be awarded about twenty-four dollars in premiums. My garden is now (August 7th) splendid, but suffering for want of rain." There are many such ardent amateurs in all sections of the land, who are exerting a happy influence on all around. They have a glorious mission, and we long for the time when the sword shall be returned to the scabbard, if not turned into pruning hooks, and our young men devote their energies to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, the development of the great resources of our country, and the study of fruits and flowers, and all the elevating and refining arts of civilized life.

Keep the garden in good order until the end of the season. Many start well, but late in the summer their gardens look unsightly. This should not be. Everything should be kept in the best possible condition until frost. Arrange things so that when a flower fades you can replace it by one just coming into bloom, and allow no bed to go bare. This rule should be rigidly observed, even in the vegetable garden. When the early peas are gone, put in late cabbage, or celery; and as you dig potatoes, rake off nicely and sow a little turnip seed.

THE CARNATION AND PICOTEE.

THESE are our favorite flowers, not exceeded for beauty and fragrance even by the Queen of Flowers, the Rose and while we always have a pretty good show of fair specimens, of late we have pursued a course which has proved very successful, and will in a little time give us a good collection of fine flowers. Our plan we will give, as it gives the information sought in the following inquiry:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—How can I get a good collection of Carnations and Picotees, such as we "read about" in the nurseries we don't often see them good, and if we get a fair one, it soon dies out, and from seed we raise only the poorest things, mostly single. Now, when a boy, the Carnation was my favorite flower, and grew well, and without great care. For beauty they are not excelled by anything, except, perhaps, the rose, and for fragrance they are unequalled. What shall we do to get good flowers and keep them?—DIANTHUS.

We judge that "DIANTHUS" was so unfortunate as not to spend his boyhood in this happy land. Our climate is not so well adapted to the Picotee and Carnation as some parts of Europe. Still, with a little attention, we may have plenty of very good flowers. We have had a fine show of seedlings this season, and one or two of our flowers would not be considered very bad in a London Horticultural Exhibition. Plants may be obtained of most of our florists, though it is not always that good flowers can be had. The better way is to grow them from seed, and we recommend this, partly because we wish to encourage the growth of this flower, which is very simple and requires no more skill and labor than every amateur should be able to bestow. Get good imported seed; and this you cannot buy by the quart for a song. The best is purchased in Europe by the hundred or thousand, and at a high price. By purchasing fifty cents worth of seed, you will probably get twenty good plants. One half of these, though perhaps only three or four, will prove single and worthless. These should be pulled up as soon as they show flower. The greater part of the remaining plants will give very pretty show flowers, that will be a great ornament to the garden; be admired by all who see them, and will be unequalled by anything in their season for cut flowers, on account of their rich and varied colors and fragrance. Two or three may be superior for size and color, and possess most of the points of a good flower. These should be marked, and if worthy, named and propagated by layering. This operation is very simple. In addition to the flowering stems there will be many small branches at the base of the plant, which will not flower the present season. These are caused, by layering, to root and form new plants. The usual time for this operation is in July, though it may be done later, but the plants will not be as strong as if the operation were performed earlier. Procure a quantity of small hooked pegs; then take a trowel and remove the earth to the depth of an inch or so directly under the shoot to be layered. Take the shoot in one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other hand remove the leaves from the body of the shoot, and shorten those

by necessary to cut through more than one. The slit may be from one to two inches in length. Then press the center of the shoot down to the earth, being at the same time careful to keep the slit open and the top in an upright position. Take one of the pegs and secure it in this situation. A little clean sand placed around the cut, will aid in the formation of roots. In September or October the shoots thus layered will be rooted sufficiently to separate from the parent plant, when the connection may be severed and the new plants set out in the open ground where it is intended they shall flower the next season. By propagating in this way, only from a few of the best flowers each season, if the operation of growing from seed is continued for several years, a fine collection of choice flowers will be obtained. Perhaps in this connection it may be well to give the points of a good flower, so that all may be able to act understandingly, and if they do not arrive at perfection, they may at least seek it in the right direction.

CHARACTERISTICS OF EXCELLENCE.

CARNATION.—The stem should be tall, strong, and perfectly erect, not less than two feet in height, the calyx long, firm, and entire; the petals broad, smooth, and free from indenture on the edge. The outside petals should rise above the calyx and turn in a horizontal direction. The interior petals should gradually decrease in size toward the center of the flower, each row of petals being regularly disposed alike on every side, and imbricating each other. The colors, whether *Bizarre* or *Flake*, should be strong, brilliant, and distinct throughout. *Bizzarres*, or such as contain two colors upon a white ground, are esteemed preferable to *Flakes*. The ground color should be a pure white, free from spots or tinge of any sort, the flakes broad and bold, commencing at the extreme edge of the petal, and running through to the center of the flower, diminishing in breadth as they approach the center in the same ratio as the petal. The distribution of colors should be equal. In a *Flake*, not less than three divisions in each petal. In a *Bizarre*, not less than five. The form of the flower, when looked at from above, should be circular; and when viewed from the side, present a semi-globular appearance; the size of the flower not less than three inches in diameter, and should contain a sufficient number of petals to give it a bold but not too full appearance. Seventeen large, well shaped petals is the smallest number that a first rate flower should contain.

THE PICOTEE.—A first rate Picotee should present a full, round flower, with broad and well formed petals; the color, whatever it may be, confined to the edge of the petal, and the lower part of the petal of a pure white; the color regular, and at an equal distance from the edge of the petal all round the flower, each petal exhibiting the same regularity of coloring throughout. It is well enough to judge the merits of our flowers by this standard, but we shall be exceedingly fortunate if we obtain perfect specimens, according to these rules, and we may have very fine flowers without it.

Seed may be sown in a good mellow soil any time in May or June. If they come up so thick as to crowd each other, a part or all may be transplanted as soon as they are of sufficient size, which will be some three or four weeks after they appear above ground; but if not crowded, keep the weeds down and the soil mellow until late in September or October, and then transplant to where you wish the plants to flower next season. Make a good, mellow, rich bed for them to grow in. Kotten turf and hen manure will grow Carnations better than anything else we have tried. As soon as the flower stems shoot up, provide a neat, strong stake for each plant, and to this tie the flower stems, not tight, but "loosed" in a graceful manner, and this tying must be continued as growth is made. Remove worthless flowers, as before recommended, and layer those that come nearest perfection.

Carnations and Picotees, when young, endure our winters without the least injury, if put in a dry place, where the water will not stand. It is well enough, however, to throw a few leaves over them in the autumn. The next season the plants will suffer; that is, those two years of age and having flowered once; and many, if not all, will be ruined. All that we wish to save, therefore, must be layered, as in this way young plants are obtained that will bear the winter. The only way in which we have been able to save old plants, with any degree of certainty, is to take them up in October, prune off some of the longest, straggling branches, and replant, considerably deeper than before, so that there will be no old wood above ground.

THE CURRANT AND GOOSEBERRY.

THE CURRANT is an exceedingly valuable fruit, growing with little care, and preserved with ease for culinary purposes, while a really ripe and well grown currant is not to be despised for the dessert. Until the advent of the currant worm, it was subject to no enemies of consequence, and this scourge we think is destined to pass away. The absence of red and white currants, for a year or two past, has taught the people a lesson they have been very slow to learn—that the black currants are among the richest and most valuable of our fruits for cooking, jellies, wine-making, and in fact all domestic uses.

The English varieties of gooseberries do not succeed here, as a general thing, being subject to mildew, though by close pruning and mulching the surface of the ground around the plants, some obtain a tolerable crop. The *Whitesmith* we have found to be one of the hardiest of English sorts. But, we started only to introduce the following inquiry, which we are anticipating:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you, or some of your subscribers, please inform me through your paper, the best manner of culture of currants and gooseberries—when pruning is to be done, and how; and when old wood is to be cut out; and how suckers are to be treated? Also, what kinds are best to cultivate for family use?—JOHN G. FERGUSON, Henry, Ill., 1862.

The most reliable gooseberries are those of American origin, being free from mildew. *Houghton's Seedling*, *Dovington's Seedling*, and *Mountain Seedling* are the principal varieties. The first two are well known, and the latter somewhat new.

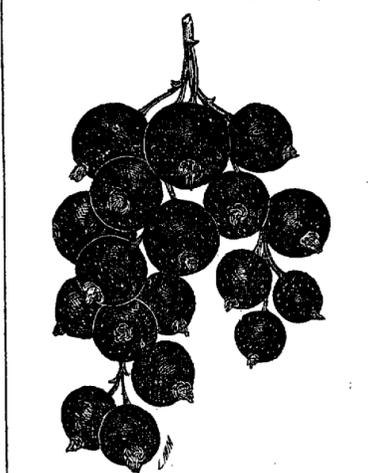
We have a good variety of good currants,—all of European origin, we believe,—red, white, and black. The following are most desirable:

RED.—*Red Dutch* is an old and well known sort, with fair-sized bunches and berries. It is a good bearer and a free grower, and a much better currant than most people suppose, as any one can ascertain by giving it good culture. The *Cherry* is, perhaps, the largest red currant, having berries of extraordinary dimensions. The bunches are short and the fruit somewhat acid. *La Versailleuse* has berries about as large as the *Cherry*, but much longer bunches. It is a French variety not much dissem-

inated in this country, except around Boston, where we understand it is grown quite extensively for market, proving more productive and more popular in market than any other sort. *Victoria* is a late variety; light, bright red; berries medium size to large; bunches very long. A productive and beautiful variety. *Prince Albert* is also a late variety, similar in color to *Victoria*, or a little lighter; berries larger; very productive.

WHITE.—The *White Dutch*, like the *Red Dutch*, is a good currant; but, as a general thing, it has been so badly neglected that its true character is little known. It is a high-flavored fruit; berries larger and bunches rather shorter than *Red Dutch*, of a yellowish-white, and very transparent skin; very productive. The *White Grape* is now the favorite white currant. This and the *Cherry* have been for some years the most popular sorts. The bunches are long and the berries very large, whitish-yellow, sweet and good; very productive.

BLACK.—The *Black English* is the common well known black currant. With good cultivation and plenty of manure, it produces a good crop of fine fruit. It has a bad habit of dropping its berries at the time they get about ripe, so that the bunches when gathered have but few berries remaining. The *Black Naples* is larger and better than the *Black English*, and is the best of the black currants. Bunches rather short, but berries very large. This is now about the only black currant planted, and is a most desirable variety. The *Bang Up* is an English black variety, with short, heavy bunches, shouldered, as seen in the engraving. The berries hang on the bunches well, and we are much pleased with it. It bids fair to be a very valuable sort.



BLACK CURRANT.—BANG UP.

The roots of the black currant are short and fibrous, and consequently it has a small space in which to gather food. It is also a great feeder, and therefore requires a liberal supply of manure. One season of good treatment will convince the cultivator of this fact.

There are other varieties of currants, but the above are the leading and best sorts. The currant and gooseberry require a somewhat similar treatment. The currant bush, as we generally see it, is but an ungainly stump, surrounded with a thicket of suckers. Let the pruning knife be judiciously applied. Remove all suckers, and have a clean stem from six to ten inches high, and a pretty round head, with the branches kept sufficiently thinned out to admit light and air freely. Then, every year give a good dressing of well-rotted manure, and you will have plants that you will good reason to be proud of, and fruit that your friends will mistake for grapes. The shoots of the previous year's growth should be shortened in every spring, as this will induce the formation of fruit-spurs. The black currants, however, bear principally on the wood of the previous year's growth.

We have succeeded in making good plants and in growing fine fruit, by allowing about four branches to start from the ground. As soon as the plant has borne a crop, cut one of these main branches down to the ground, and a new one will start from below the surface. Next year cut another, or two, if deemed necessary; and in this way all of the plant above the ground is renewed every three or four years. This would be a very valuable plan, were it not for the fact that young plants are so easily obtained, and come into bearing so early. We would recommend the training of the currant on walls or fences. The finest fruit we have ever seen was raised in this way. Thus cultivated, they occupy no room in the garden, give no shade to injure any other plant, but make beautiful the ugly fences and walls that disgrace even the best kept American gardens. Those who have traveled in Europe know that there, even in cottage gardens of little or no pretensions, not a foot of unsightly wall or fence is to be seen. All are covered with currants, vines, or fruit trees, presenting a barrier of foliage, fruit, and flowers, delightful to behold.

Horticultural Notes.

REMEDY FOR THE APPLE TREE BORER.—On visiting the farm of Mr. Kenrick, of Dover, Mass., a few days since, our attention was attracted to one of the finest apple orchards that we have ever seen of its age—ten years from the nursery. Noticing the freedom of the trees from the borer, we asked Mr. K. what mode he adopted to keep off that insect. He stated that he kept the ground under cultivation, generally planting it to potatoes, and at the last hoeing—i.e. the last of June or the first of July—he had a mound of earth raised around each tree to the height of seven or eight inches. When the beetle comes to the tree to deposit its eggs, it places them on the bark just at the surface of the earth; but being able to get at the tree nearer the roots. In the fall the earth, which had been drawn round the tree, is hauled away, leaving the part attacked by the borer in plain sight, and as the larvae have made but a slight entrance, they are easily destroyed.—Boston Cultivator.

PUFF BALLS AS FOOD.—The following extract is from the Rev. W. King's "Alpine Tour," and may be acceptable to some of your readers as a culinary wrinkle:—"Few persons are aware that a good, delicately-flavored, and as a whole some dish, they neglect in the common puff ball. The large ones, taken in the fresh growing state and cut into slices and fried, as Batham recommends ('Esulent Funguses of England,') in egg and bread crumbs, have the flavor of a rich, light omelette. It is most digestible food, and the timid need have no apprehension whatever as to its being the right kind or not, as all the fungi of the Lycoperdon class, which are of a spherical form and have no stalk, are perfectly innocuous."—London Gardeners' Chronicle.

HORTICULTURAL FAIR.—The Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Battle Creek (Michigan) Horticultural Society will be held in the Methodist Church, September 17, 1862. All articles intended for exhibition must be brought in before ten o'clock in the forenoon on the day of exhibition.

EUROPEAN FLOWER HARVEST.—From an interesting paper in *All the Year Round*, we learn that "the chief places for the growth of the sweet perfume-producing flowers are Montpellier, Savoy, Grasse, Nîmes, Cannes, and Nice. Nice alone produces a harvest of a hundred thousand pounds of orange blossoms, and Cannes as much again, and of a fine odor. Five hundred pounds of orange blossoms yield about two pounds of pure Neroli oil. At Cannes the acocals thrive particularly well, and produce yearly about nine thousand pounds of blossoms. One great perfumery distillery at Cannes uses yearly about one hundred and forty thousand pounds of orange blossoms, twenty thousand pounds of acacia flowers, a hundred and forty thousand pounds of rose leaves, thirty thousand pounds of jasmine blossoms, twenty thousand pounds of tuberose, together with a great many other sweet herbs. The extraction of essential oils, the small quantities of which are mixed in the flowers with such large quantities of other vegetable juices that it requires about six hundred pounds of rose leaves to win one ounce of otto of roses, of course demands a very careful treatment.

"Nice and Cannes are the paradise of violets, producing annually something like thirteen thousand pounds of blossoms. The variety cultivated is generally the double or Parma violet, which is so productive that the flowers are sold at about five pence per pound; and we all know what sort of bouquet a pound of violets would make.

"In Sicily the crimson geranium and rose trees, the peach-colored rhododendrons, and the delicate white camellias, form the country hedges. The white and green myrtles, and pink, white, and flame-shaped and flame-colored tulips, grow wild. When a pleasure garden is made, the orange and lemon trees are taken out, because they are too common. The roses, violets, jasmine, and mignonette, are cultivated only by the peasants for perfumery purposes, and honored but as we honor potatoes and cabbage."

THE grape crop of Ohio is threatened by rot, which prevails to an unusual extent. At the late meeting of the Vine Growers' Association in Cincinnati, several members stated that they would lose one-half their crop.

FIGS.—Figs are extensively cultivated in California; and some of them raised and cured in the Sacramento Valley, are said to be equal to any produced in Turkey.

Inquiries and Answers.

BLIGHT OF PEAR LEAVES.—I enclose a specimen of leaves from a Virgalieu or White Doyenne pear tree, which are spotted, but from what cause I am unable to determine. The leaves upon which the spots are seen, are those of this year's growth, and are nearly all like the enclosed. The tree is growing thrifty, and has many pears growing upon it. The tree grew years for the first time last year; the leaves and fruit both being similarly affected to these. Can you tell me the cause and point out a remedy? I have other trees of other varieties—Flemish Beauty, Bartlett, and two or three dwarf—which do not as yet show any signs of being affected like this. I have one Seckel which is affected like this. This has also fruit upon it. All of the others have, excepting one dwarf variety, which I have also enclosed. I have other trees of other varieties—Flemish Beauty, Bartlett, and two or three dwarf—which do not as yet show any signs of being affected like this. 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Ladies' Department.

"WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN."

BY G. F. ORNE.

A LITTLE child dwelt by the flowing sea, And her home was the home of poverty;

Gay strangers came in rich robes dight, But the little maiden shunned their sight;

When the strangers were gone, said the mother mild, "What was it dismayed thee, my darling child?"

She held up the skirt of her faded frock, Sadly rent by the jagged rock;

Her mother smiled with a grave, sweet grace, As she smoothed the curls from the half-grieved face,

"When our ship comes in!" said the little one, And away to the highest rock she run,

Long and often she watched in vain, No ship for her sailed over the main.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] A MAIDEN'S REVERIE.

How cool these rain drops are; what a musical patter they make on our old door-stone, and how the light breeze sends in through the open window the fragrance they have drawn from leaf and flower.

Dropping my head on my idly-clasped hands, and looking dreamily through the glistening, dripping vine leaves, my heart puts away all present cares, and goes back to a Past which is not "dead," and cannot be "buried," though the years, in their swift passing, have thrown a shadowy veil over the ways—some of pleasantness and peace, some of darkness and unrest—through which I have "come up hither."

Just as softly and caressingly as now the clouds of the summer sky dropped their pure baptism on my brow in the long-past days; as clearly have these green hills ever framed my home-picture; and the stars that seem dropping their calm light into the deep places of my soul, have been in my sight fairy lamps, glorious worlds, and infinite mysteries, changing as I came up into the "ways of the world," and learned its stern lessons, just as our hearts change from childhood's unquestioning trust, to looking for something hidden, asking for something proved.

There are times when many hearts, weary of their cares, pains, and unanswered hopes, look back to childhood's dreaming days, and say, yearningly, "Would they were mine again, their's was life's only happiness;" but for me, standing before the shut gates of the Future, looking back to the days that are bound with sweet memories and laid in the garner of the Past, I would go onward, not forgetting, yet still not mourning for the brightness of the "Has Been," and trusting that, though rough paths and dark shadows may attend it, some sunlight will gild the "Must Be."

God sends to the outer world wild storms and fierce dashes of rain; and though trees are uprooted by the one, and leaves beaten and torn by the other, the Life of the earth, the quick-pulsing streams, and cool-breathed breezes, are but stronger. And so it seems to me, thinking of the lessons of my years, has been my Father's care of me. When I used to lie under the green orchard trees, looking up through the boughs to "God's Heaven," my soul was learning its first lessons of life—was thrilled by the first yearnings of its immortality—and felt awakening within it the thoughts and hopes of its spring-time. Very swiftly these germs in the garden of the heart grew, while I came onward into the paths of maidenhood, throwing out tendrils that clung to earth's idols, and to castles whose foundations were of air. But soon quick lightning flashes fell over them—flashes from the dark clouds of Death and Reality; and while yet blinded by the glare, the storm came on, passed, and left Hopes uprooted by sharp blasts of Pain, Joys beaten down by wild showers of Tears.

And yet I bear to-night a calm and peaceful heart. I look upward as my childish eyes could not; for I have learned that God's care is the right care, that his chastening is but the fitting of the life to its purposes; and I have found, too, the quick streams of an unflinching strength gushing within my soul; streams that were fed drop by drop when the tears that fell over my dead Hopes were dried by Faith's sunlight.

Ah, no. "Would I were a child again," is no song for me. The hardly conscious happiness of an unawakened and untried heart, pure and sinless as it is, is not the highest nor the most holy emotion of which our souls are capable. They are pained and most sorely tried, oftentimes, in their lessons of maturer life; but the pains and trials are God's culture, and we need but to bear and trust, while the storms last. We shall find the soul's inward strength greater for the crushing of some Hope-tendrils which twined with the outward and perishable.

AN APPEAL TO THE WOMEN OF THE NORTH.

We have, many of us, sighed for an opportunity to extend our sphere of usefulness; and is there not, at present, ample scope for that indulgence? There is at this time of our country's need, no lack of opportunity to be useful. Many have nobly responded to the appeals that have come from different parts of our once happy and prosperous country, to supply our sick and wounded soldiers with the comforts and luxuries of life; but are there not many of us who have done little or nothing for this worthy object? Let us examine ourselves carefully and see whether we have done our whole duty in this particular. There are many of us that could also contribute largely toward the bounty fund, to encourage enlistments, without making any sacrifice; and if it should subject us to some self-denial, ought we to hesitate on that account? Is it not as much our duty to make sacrifices as it is for our husbands and brothers? Are we less interested than they? It is true, we are not expected to do duty on the battle field, but we have a great and noble work

before us in sustaining and encouraging those who have left home and friends to secure to us and future generations that liberty for which our forefathers pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

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

It was only a trifle of time it took to put a handful of sweet peas down under the brown earth-mold by the door-sill, arrange the strands for their support, and guide up the first frail tendrils. This done, the warm summer sunbeams, the evening dews, and the morning showers, took the future responsibility. How they leaped up, reaching their fine clasping fingers higher and higher up the trellis bars; then but a few days, and such a wealth of delicate, perfumed flowers opened their petals as to a thousand-fold repay, by their fragrance and beauty, for that one trifle of time. Passing people admired their beauty, inhaled their sweetness, and wished "they had just such a trellis of sweet peas at home."

Only a trifle of self-denial it required to pass by the showy millinery establishment of — with a two year old bonnet on and a five dollar bill in your porte-monnaie, down further to the end of the street, and round the corner; not a fashionable corner, with broad flinty steps leading up to the elevated homes of millionaires, but rickety wooden ones, leading to apartments dingy and comfortable, where sickness and woe brood in the stifling atmosphere; where on couches, far different from your own downy ones, lie pitiful objects of suffering humanity. There five dollars will get the hungry children a breakfast and supper, and medicines for the poor, feeble mother, whose husband sleeps, unrecorded, 'neath the blood-stained, slope of a Southern battle-field. It was but a trifle of self-denial, but God will count that trifle.

Only a trifle of forbearance did it need to skip those angry words that rose so hastily to the tongue when the "girl" disobeyed your wishes; or the children worried you with their unending queries; but that trifle would save numerous trifles more of disagreeable jarring in the household. Cross looks and sour words destroy the harmony in how many homesteads, thoughtlessly indulged in and heedlessly spoken, yet none the less dangerous in their consequences. Greater for good is the influence of a cheerful face than all the expounded logic in Christendom. Everybody loves to find one. Instantly, as we think of it, we recall those of our friends who are wont to carry sunshine with them; not those who, like a showery day, give an over-bright smile with an ominous cloud verging over it. But some there are, (not very many, perhaps,) but a few, who have a kind, appropriate word, at home and abroad, for each and all, young and old, prosperous and unprosperous; and those few everybody welcomes. But think you it never cost those persons a trifle of self-denial, or forbearance, so to be!

Only an occasional tempest may ruffle the current of one's whole life-sea; only a few trifles of thoughtfulness may render it less rough and tempestuous.

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

"God willing, we shall soon meet, my darling." [Mother's Letter.]

COULD I but see your dear face, mother, and listen to your kind voice to-night! But so many miles are between us, and time is so tardy in flight "God willing!" Well, I must have patience, but I am so lonely to-night. I sit, with sad thoughts for companions, bathed in waves of silver light, and the low, sweet notes of a viol, creep in with the moonbeams white. Somnus brings no sleep to my eyelids, and to-night it is past the art of silver moon or the sweetest tone, to bring any joy to my heart.

In my ears, funereally ringing, are the sad bells of memory's chimes; and with face hid in my hands I have wept, like the child that I am, sometimes. I want, oh! I want you, my mother! I'm "sae weary" and "fu' o' care;" it would rest me to sit at your feet, and feel your soft touch on my hair. I long for you, sadly, my mother, in my joys and my sorrows to share. Ah, in this wide world there's no other love like the love our mothers bear!

A CRYING SPELL.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when I arrived at the hospital. Soon after my entrance, I was stripped, and bathed in a large tub full of tepid water, shown to a bed, and a nice clean white shirt and a pair of drawers were given me. I soon encased my tired anatomy in my new wardrobe, and while so doing my eyes caught sight of the words, "From the Woman's Aid Society of Northern Ohio," stamped in black ink on each garment. I laid down, pulled the blanket over my head, and thought of my situation. Here I am in a hospital, prostrated by disease, worn out in body and mind, over eight hundred miles from any spot that I can call home. My own good mother and sister long since were numbered with the dead, but the noble-hearted women of Northern Ohio, those angels of mercy, are supplying the place of both mother and sister, not only to me, but to thousands of suffering soldiers from every State in the West. Presently I felt two large tears coursing down my cheeks, and running into my moustache, followed by myriads of others dropping on the sheet under my chin, forming innumerable little salt water pools. When well I am a strong man, and it requires some sudden and deep grief to move me to tears; but tears of gratitude flowed from me that evening as freely as drops of rain from an April cloud; and, like a spoiled and fretful child, I cried myself to sleep.—Letter from a soldier in Tennessee.

I COMPARE the art of spreading rumors to the art of pin-making. There is usually some truth, which I call wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on a head, and the pin is completed.—Newton.

Choice Miscellany.

THE FRIEND IN CHEERLESS WEATHER.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] BY WILLIAM E. KNOWLES.

THERE never is a lack of friends When fortune smiles and gold is plenty; But let loss strike the dividends,

And nineteen leave us out of twenty. Heartless and hollow, why should they Share in the shame of such disfavor,

When friendship bound them but to-day, And left them then as free to waver?

But hard as this may be to bear, We are not friendless altogether; For through the tears of grief and care,

We see the friend in cheerless weather! Time cannot change that human heart, Change cannot chill that heart's embraces;

And, when the rest withdraw apart, He comes and more than fills their places.

And thus it is we realize, And, realizing, heed it better, That friendship, in its common guise,

Turns out at last a heartless debtor. And yet this must be qualified, They are not debtors altogether;

For one the balance-sheet has tried, And found him friend in cheerless weather.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE LESSON OF THE STORM.

Who can gaze upon the rising storm without feelings of sublimity and awe. The dense black cloud rising step by step in all its solemn majesty—its coming heralded by the thundering of heaven's dread artillery, until the earth and sky seem to echo and re-echo with its direful music. Dread and fearful is that hour when earth is darkened by a wall of cloud, and nature seems as if terrified to hide her face. Who, gazing upon this scene of grandeur, is not filled with feelings of reverence and of awe at the insignificance of man before the omnipotence of God.

The storm king rages in all his fury, until slowly and gradually the clouds begin to disappear, the sky is bright and clear, and the earth radiant with the golden beams of the sun. The storm has passed, and all is now a scene of beauty and of life. Has it passed in vain? No, it has taught us a lesson in the path of life. How often do the storms of trouble and disappointment gather around the horizon of the soul, until the bright sun of hope almost ceases to send his beams of healing and of light upon the heart. In such a storm of trouble, how often we brood over misfortunes and gloomy cares, and almost wish that our lots had never been cast in a world of shades and shadows, of darkness and of sin. Yes, we have even perhaps envied the pleasures of others, who smiled at disappointment, and laughed dull care away, and seemed, even in spite of all the raging storms of fortune, to glide safely down the stream of life.

Why this despondency, ye care-worn pilgrims of earth? Why this fear and trembling at the passing waves and billows upon life's tempestuous sea? Cease your moaning. Look around you for beauty and for good. Do not search the dark and gloomy corners of the heart for troubles which will never become realities. Look abroad and see the free and happy faces of contentment on every side. They have perhaps not half the real comforts which you enjoy, yet they are free from every care, and think it "life to live," not stopping to gaze with an eagle's glance into the dark and misty vale of futurity. Imitate their example, and you will not be troubled with cares and sorrows all along the path of life.

Life is what you make it. If you are searching for the thorns which fortune has cast in your way, you will not seek them in vain; while if you search for the roses that deck the pathway, you will find them in all their beauty, even overhanging your pathway, and strewn along your course. Life has its storms. The winds of misfortune must sometimes blow; the clouds of adversity will rise; darkness—that thick darkness which may be felt—will at times hover around, and even the rains of trouble may descend, until the frail bark of life is almost swallowed up by the waves. These winds and clouds soon vanish, and the bright and radiant sun of hope again throws his beams of light around. The storm is over, the gloomy past has fled, and the sky once more is clear, the future bright and promising.

Such then is the storm of life, and greatly does it resemble the storms of rain and wind which sometimes cause fear and trembling, but in the end make all nature rejoice with new beauty and new life. Press forward, then, through every storm which may assail you, with the pleasing hope that "after the storm comes the sunshine." ARNO. Oberlin, Ohio, 1862.

ROSES.

Who does not love them—those "stars of the lower world"—those rich censers in the temple of Nature? The sunshine loves them, though they steal its rich colors; the breeze loves them, though they burden it with fragrance. The sun does not dazzle their eyes as they look up to heaven—the rain does not wash out their delicate colors, for they are fast. They are dyed with sunset, and defy the artist to rival their loveliness. How they blush when we look at them!

How eloquent they are! They come to us in letters, as one came to me this morning, saying—but why should I tell you?—what else could a rosebud say? And there they swing in their emerald seats—like halcyon nests, hung 'twixt earth and heaven—dying, that they may preach to us of man's mortality—blooming again, that they may tell us of the spring-time of resurrection. Fair and fragrant—the gift of FLORA, strewn on the bosom of summer; pleasant, yet thorny—emblems of human life. Truly, "the hand that made them is Divine."

There was a big joshub in front of my window, and one spring a lot of little ones sprung up all around it. Each day they wandered further and further from their parent's side, till, by and by, they reached the fence and then they put their faces through the openings, and said to the passers-by, "Look at us—see how pretty we are!" And the village maidens gazed at them and sighed for their loveliness, and the boys put their faces down to them, as if to tell them how much they loved them. A man passed along, whose brow bore the marks of time and care, and whose heart hated the world, because the world hated him; but the roses smiled on him just as sweetly, and blew their fragrant

breath into his very face. He paused, and smiling sadly in return, bent down as if to kiss them. He said nothing, but I knew the breath of the roses had found its way through the windows of his soul, and warmed into life the withered roses in the urn of memory. But one day a wicked boy came along, and broke off the loveliest of them all. It stung him, and struggled with all its might; but he bore it away, and then—they all pined away and died. Poor dead roses!

There was a rose in the garden of our hearts. When the June roses were young, and the birds were singing the prelude to the song of summer, it blushed into being. The dews of time and sunshine of smiles nourished it, and it opened its leaves and twined its little roots closely round the cords of our hearts; and when the field roses died, it bloomed right on, amid the winds of winter and showers of snow, and grew larger and fairer, till we almost thought it could not die. But one night, when its young life had fairly blushed with our own, there was a blighting frost, and an angel came down and bore it away, lest the frost should kill it. And now there is another rose in the gardens of paradise. We sometimes catch its fragrance when the breeze from the gardens is fair, and our hearts long for it, but we do not murmur, lest the frost should come again and the angel come not. There is a little family register, and in the column where kneels a mourner by a tombstone, is written, all alone, ROSE—AGED THREE YEARS. Turin, N. Y., 1862. CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

STONE FROM A GLASS-HOUSE.

DANDYISM, like the measles, should be gone through with in early life. On a fine, handsome boy, of sixteen or eighteen, it sits gracefully, and offends no one. After that we look to see him in earnest about something besides bright neckties and cream-colored kids—well enough for a Broadway gambler, lounging on a sunny corner, but according to our female ideas, eschewed by men of brains. It may be weakness, but a pair of light gloves on a man, except on some festive occasion, immediately inclines our nose skyward; dark gloves, Messieurs, if you please, and—as you love us—no glitter of watch chain or shirt fixin's. Then—though you be no Solomon—we know you sometimes think. In this connection would it be too much to ask what madness has seized the male portion of New York, to array themselves, like so many footmen, in these long petticoaty coats, which now caress their heels, making day hideouts? Talk of "female servility to fashion," when short, dumpey men allow their tailors to swallow them up in these swaddling clothes, by which even the tallest man escapes utter ugliness, "so as by fire!"

We regaled our eyes for a whole block, the other day, with a sight of a gentleman who had the moral courage to go out and face fashion in a bran-new-short-bob-tailed-coat! No man in these footman-like coats is allowed a waist—the two defining black waist-buttons being placed where a sitting position might be supposed to render them uncomfortable. In short, no monstrosity of female fashion was ever uglier. Now, in our view, consistency demands that the other sex should be dumb—from this time—henceforth and forever more—upon the "compulsory vagaries of female fashion." As to "female extravagance," contemplate \$45 for a man's coat; \$65 for a dozen shirts; \$12 for a vest; \$14 for a pair of pants; \$12 a dozen for gloves, each pair to be worn once; and \$500 for a watch; all expended by unhappy young men, who "would be glad to be married were not the women of the present day so extravagant!"

I'm disposed to be lenient on the boot question; for, if I have a weakness, which is a matter of doubt among those who know me best, it is for a row of nicely fitting gaiter boots, all my own, and paid for. I know it is weakness to pay for them, but that is a provincial relic of my down-east birth-place, in Portland, Maine, where the girls are as sound as the timber, and the men are primitively honest.—Fanny Fern.

OUR LANGUAGE.

A LITTLE girl was looking at the picture of a number of ships, when she remarked, "See what a flock of ships." We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and a fleet of sheep was called a flock.

And here we may add for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language with respect to its nouns of multitude, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of Buffalo is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentle folks is called the elite, and the elite of the city's thieves and rascals are called the roughs, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folks is called the community or the public, according as they are spoken of as the religious "community" or the secular "public."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—RALEIGH flung his laced jacket into a puddle, and for his reward got a proud queen's favor. A village apothecary had the good fortune to be visiting the State apartments at the Pavilion when George IV was seized with a fit. He bled him, brought him back to consciousness, and made him laugh by his genial and quaint humor. The king took a fancy to him, named him his physician, and made his fortune. I have often heard it remarked by men who have seen much of life, that nobody, not one, goes through the world without two or three such opportunities presenting themselves. The careless, the indolent, the unobservant, and the idle, either fail to remark or are too slow to profit by them. The sharp fellows, on the contrary, see in each incident all that they need to lead them to success.

If governments would only determine not to extend their dominions until they had filled them with happiness, they would find the smallest territories too large.

If you would have applause, don't excel others too far. You can't keep in the world's eye, if you soar out of sight.

Sabbath Musings.

DEATH EVER PRESENT.

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

"In the midst of life we are in death."

GOING daily from our hearstones, Going hourly from our hearts; Death, relentless monarch, needs not Where he flings his arrow darts.

"In the midst of life," lo! always Death stands knocking at the door,— Cottage home or gilded palace, 'Mid the rich and 'mid the poor.

Not the battle-field revealeth All the terror of its sway; Into quiet homes it stealeth, Bears the light and life away.

Check that mocked the summer roses With its bright, its healthful bloom, Pale and blanched in Death reposes, Emblem of an early tomb.

Manhood, strong and vigorous manhood, Proudly sailing down life's main, Sinks beneath the swelling torrent, Nevermore to rise again.

Aged pilgrim, slowly journeying Down the steep decline of life, Sees the conqueror wave his scepter, Meekly yields and ends the strife.

Childhood's smiles, so sweetly wreathing Fairest lips and sparkling eyes, Bright with health, and joy, and gladness, Seem his most befitting prize.

Going daily from our hearstones, Going hourly from our hearts, Death, relentless monarch, needs not Where he flings his arrow darts.

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

MUCH of our unhappiness in this life arises from judging too hastily of the motives and feelings which govern others in their conduct toward us. Many an unhappy hour, many a sleepless night, is the penalty paid for misjudging the words and acts of others. How many do we find who are but too ready to construe a thoughtless remark into a sneer, a kind act into a gratuitous insult, or a little harmless pleasantry as but a disguise for intended ridicule. Could such individuals, in their haste to condemn others, but exercise a little fervent charity, a spirit of gentle forbearance, they would not unfrequently discover, sooner or later, their error, and save themselves the chagrin incident to a too hasty expression of their first erroneous impressions.

Experience teaches that we are prone to be governed, in the daily intercourse of life, more by passion and impulse than by reason; and when these passions do not act in harmony with reason and conscience, but rather in opposition to them, the result is a trouble and disquietude of mind which render life unhappy. To examine ourselves and discover how far we are governed by perverted passions and wrong impulses, is the duty of each one. Not a few, if they will but thus examine themselves in the light of reason and Divine truth, will find that one of the prominent sources of their unhappiness is their undue haste in condemning the conduct of others.

Let each one of us be wise and examine his own heart, and if there be found a disposition to act without due reflection in pronouncing against the feelings which others may at times seem to manifest toward us, let us remember we must subdue and correct such a spirit if we would rid ourselves of one great foe to our peace of mind. Nor must we forget that in this, as in all our self-examinations, and all our efforts to subdue and control every wrong spirit discovered within us, we have need of Divine assistance, that we may not deceive ourselves, or fail of the end we seek to obtain, by reason of the weakness of our own efforts unaided from above.

FLOWERS AND FAITH.

THE vital instincts of flowers correspond to some characteristics of faith. They seek the light. Put a flower-pot on your parlor window, and its flowers will invariably turn towards the light without. No matter how often you change the position of the plant, the flowers will always turn towards the window. Faith and piety seek the light; sin seeks darkness. Some love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Put a plant in a dark room, with but a single ray of light penetrating through some crevice in the shutter, and it will turn towards the place where it enters. Different persons enjoy different degrees of spiritual illumination. Some have their eyes but half opened, seeing men as trees walking; others walk in the meridian effulgence of the sun. Conversion turns the eyes of the soul Christward. "He that followeth after Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Flowers turn the face of their hearts heavenward. Thus uplifted and open, the sun shines down into their inmost being; the dew gently distills into their leaves and hearts' core, until its drops gather on their petals and leaves like glistening pearls, reflecting the colors of the rainbow. For a flower to turn its face earthward, is unnatural and ruinous; for its petals thus form a roof, to keep out of its heart rain, dew, and sunlight.

EVERY MAN'S LIFE A PLAN OF GOD.

EVERY human soul has a complete and perfect plan cherished for it in the heart of God—a Divine biography marked out, which it enters into life to live. This life, rightfully unfolded, will be a complete and beautiful whole; an experience led on by God, and unfolded by the secret nurture of the world; a drama cast in the mold of a perfect art, with no part wanting; a Divine study for the man himself and for others; a study that shall forever unfold, in wondrous beauty, the love and faithfulness of God; great in its conception, great in the Divine skill by which it is shaped; above all, great in the momentous and glorious issues it prepares. What a thought is this for every human soul to cherish! What dignity does it add to life! What support does it bring to the trial of life! What investigation does it add to send us on in everything that constitutes our excellence! We live in the Divine thought. We fill a place in the great everlasting plan of God's intelligence. We never sink below His care, never drop out of His counsel.—Dr. Bushnell.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

ABOUT GUNPOWDER.

The principal gunpowder mills in the United States are Du Pont's, in Delaware; Hazzard's, at Enfield, Conn.; Lafin Smith & Boies, at Saugerties; the Oriental Gunpowder Company, of Boston; and the Schaghticoke Gunpowder Company, at Schaghticoke. Previous to the secession of South Carolina there were but two mills in all the Southern States; since that time, two more have been erected—one in Georgia, the other in Arkansas.

The materials and proportions of which gunpowder is composed, are seventy-five parts of saltpeter to twelve and one-half parts of sulphur and twelve and one-half parts of charcoal. These proportions vary slightly in different varieties of powder; and the standard proportions of different Governments vary also, but the proportions generally deemed best or "standard," are as we have given them. Saltpeter is almost entirely imported from India; where it is found in large quantities, and transported from thence to various parts of the world. Its price in the New York market varies from five to fifteen cents per pound; its average price perhaps nine cents. But, of course, our Southern friends get none from the New York market, or any other market while the blockade is effectual; and they are dependent upon the supply which they can gather from their own soil. The Hazzard Company inform us that when the saltpeter is received by them, it contains from six to eight per cent. of foreign substance, but after passing through their cleansing process it does not contain one-three-hundred-thousandth per cent. of impurities, as tested by chemical analysis. It is this nicety of preparation that constitutes much of the difference of the qualities of powder.

Sulphur is almost entirely imported, and mostly from the Island of Sicily, where it is found on the central part of the southern coast. It is also found in the craters of volcanoes; and the rebels may succeed in getting some from Mexico; they may also gather it in small quantities in the neighborhood of mineral springs from which sulphuretted hydrogen is evolved. The other ingredient, charcoal, is more readily obtained, but great care is requisite in selecting the wood, and in charring it after selection. In England, black dogwood is used for sporting powder, but willow and alder are generally used by our Government. These woods, however, are rendered unfit as the hardest charcoal, if they are charred at too high a temperature. They should be charred at a temperature of about 500 degrees, and when charred at this temperature, the coal will readily enter into combustion when heated to 680 degrees; if, however, it is charred at a higher temperature, it requires still greater heat to ignite it; and when charred at a degree required to melt platinum, it will enter into combustion but slowly at 2,800 degrees.

The saltpeter and sulphur having been refined, and the charcoal made from the right wood and properly charred, they are mixed together in the proportions already stated. The mixture is then placed on an iron bed, and sprinkled with water to prevent an explosion, and subjected to the pressure of large wheels weighing seven or eight tons each, by means of which it is solidified into a hard, brittle cake. It is then passed through a mill which reduces it to any size required; that now used in firing cannon is very coarse, some of the pieces being nearly as large as dove's eggs. It is then taken to the dry house, and dried by the heat of steam or fire. Afterwards it is bolted to free it from dust, glazed by means of friction, and packed in various quantities, from half-pound canisters to kegs of 100 pounds each.

Gunpowder seldom explodes after having been packed. The danger lies in the process of manufacture; and even here the danger is in the liability of the workmen, from familiarity with the process, to become negligent of duty. Each process has its peculiar danger. The old screw press was abolished and the hydraulic press substituted in its place, because the friction of the screw generated a heat which at any time was liable to explode the mill. Iron nails in the shoes of employes are carefully avoided; nor are they used in confining the heads of the kegs in which the powder is packed—wooden ones being used in their place. Although danger necessarily and always accompanies the manufacture of powder, the employes receive no higher compensation for their labor on this account, and workmen are readily found at a dollar a day. Notwithstanding the amount required for the present war, the manufacturers assure us that the business is now dull, less being used by the army than is ordinarily employed for sporting purposes and in arts of peace. Our mills produce annually a surplus for export, amounting in some years to two or three millions of pounds. Their ordinary production is more than the Government can possibly require, and the supply now on hand would suffice to send a bullet to the heart of every traitor in our land.

WHAT IS THE MOON?

THE comparative proximity of our own satellite, the moon, has necessarily rendered it an object of the greatest interest, and it has, perhaps, in a greater degree than the celestial orbs, been subjected to the scrutinizing observations of the telescope. Since the completion of the great instrument of Lord Rosse, that nobleman has frequently observed it; and its appearance, as seen by the great telescope, is thus described by Dr. Scoresby:

"It appeared like a vast globe of molten silver, and every object of the extent of one hundred yards was quite visible. Edifices, therefore, of the size of York Minster, or the ruins of Whistly Abby, might be easily perceived if they had existed. But there was no appearance of anything of that nature; neither was there any indications of anything like water, or of an atmosphere. There was a vast number of extinct volcanoes, several miles in breadth. Through one of them was a line in continuance of about one hundred and fifty miles in length, which ran in a straight direction like a railway. The general appearance, however, was like one vast ruin of nature; and many of the pieces of rock, driven out of the volcanoes, appeared to be laid at various distances."

We have here a strong, nay a complete confirmation of the most interesting recent discoveries of the continental philosophers, Mælder of Dorpat, and Beer of Berlin. The result of their curious and elaborate observations has been a map of what may now, without a figure, be called the geography of the moon, in which the surface of that satellite has been laid out with as much accuracy as that of our own globe. Of this map, a singular contrivance of human ingenuity, Dr. Nichol has given a reduced

OH! THERE'S MUSIC.—HEALTH TO THE FARMER.

OH! THERE'S MUSIC.

To be sung in as quick time as a distinct articulation will permit.

Musical score for 'OH! THERE'S MUSIC.' It consists of two staves of music with lyrics. The first staff has lyrics: '1 Oh! there's mu-sic in the waters, playing on their silver flutes, With the autumn's night-wind sighing, softly o-ver ai-ry lutes: } There is mu-sic in the o-ocean breaking on the isles a-far, Mu-sic in the sol-enn for-est, mu-sic in the watching star! } We have listened to that'. The second staff has lyrics: '2 Oh! there's music in the circle gathered round the household hearth, Laugh of children, smiles of parents, sweetest blessings on the earth! } There is mu-sic in the greeting of the mother, wife, or friend, Mu-sic of the times pro-phet-ic where the song shall never end! } We have heard the household mu-sic, where the moon-lit waters roll, And 'tis our each tone to ech-o, in the chambers of the soul, And 'tis our each tone to echo, in the chambers of the soul.' The third staff has lyrics: 'mu-sic, un-al-loved by tin-sel art, How we love, we love to ech-o, tones like those unto the heart, How we love, we love to echo, tones like those unto the heart.'

HEALTH TO THE FARMER.

Musical score for 'HEALTH TO THE FARMER.' It consists of two staves of music with lyrics. The lyrics are: '1 Health to the FARM-ER! may he flourish, Success at-tend him eve-ry-where; Well may the rain and sunshine nourish All his plants and tends with care. 2 Strength to the PLOW-MAN! when he go-eth To turn the fur-rows in the field; Peace to the sow-ER when he sow-eth, Hop-ing soon a-bundant yield. 3 Speed to the MOW-ER! when he steppeth, And stoutly sweepeth down the grass; Joy to the REAP-ER when he reap-eth; Cloudless skies his la-bors bless. 4 Health to the FARM-ER! and good weather, Who patient tills the fer-tile soil; Plen-ty at-tend him; may he gath-er Rich re-ward for no ble toil.'

[FROM ASAPH, a collection of Sacred and Secular Music, by LOWELL and WILLIAM MASON.]

copy, besides a number of plates representing, on a larger scale, special parts of the surface. The general character of the moon is highly irregular, marked by huge mountains and pits, the height and depth of which have been accurately measured. About one-third part only of the surface presented to us is comparatively regular, this regular portion being plains, and not seas, as was formerly imagined. There is no appearance of water; and although astronomers are divided in opinion about the existence of an atmosphere, we are apt to conclude that the moon is not in its present state adapted for the abode of organized beings. With regard to the mountains, a great number of them are isolated peaks, such as Teneriffe. Mountain ranges, of which some reach a great elevation, are also present on its surface. At least three-fifths of its surface is studded with caverns, penetrating its body, and generally engirt at the top by a great wall of rock, which is serrated, and often crowned by lofty peaks. These caverns, or craters, as they are called, vary in diameter from fifty or sixty miles to the smallest visible space. And it is also remarkable that as they diminish in size they increase in number.—Selected.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"HARK! hark! 'tis the shout of the nation rings out, And the soul of her song like an ocean is swelling; On the dream Of her night Breaks a beam Of the light, And her weary, wan watchers of morning are telling; From the sea to the lakes Every freeman awakes To hail the bright morn of her might as it breaks, And shout by the banner that Treason forsakes— 'The Union—Now and Forever!'"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 16, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

From the Army of the South-West.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from the South-Western army to the Chicago Tribune, speaks thus of the health of the men, the crops and the country:

Near Farmington the water is highly charged with sulphate of soda (epsom salts.) In fact, the water through this whole region is more or less of this character. In washing the hands it is similar to water prepared with sal soda for washing. It has a sweet, pleasant taste, but not over conducive to health. The springs are the least objectionable.

The clearings and road-sides are flanked with blackberries, and hundreds of bushels are gathered daily, five men being detailed from each company daily for this purpose, and which is having a decided effect on the sanitary condition of the men.

WHAT IS WANTED.—The army needs potatoes, but more especially onions, as scorbutic symptoms are becoming too prevalent, and if not promptly arrested will seriously affect the efficiency of the army. A large number of basswood quartermasters and commissaries need weeding out, and their places supplied with active, business men. The Government supplies are abundant, but many of the regiments are suffering for want of them, on account of the inefficiency of these worthless scamps. In one regiment they had been without fresh beef for eight days, when there was plenty of it at Pittsburg Landing, only 25 miles distant. To-day a supply arrived. Fortunately, the clamors of the regiment have compelled the resignation of the official, and a live man has been appointed, who will take his place as soon as his commission arrives. This regiment moved to a new

camp on the 23d of June, and but 350 men were able to march a distance of six miles; the object was to give them an advanced position among the farmers, and where there was less competition with blackberry picking. In one week they were ordered to Ripley, 35 miles, when nearly 500 men shouldered their muskets. During the week no restrictions were placed upon the men—they went and came at their own pleasure. Blackberries, plums, onions and string beans became the staple food, the effect of which was magical. The whole army here is being rested from the severe labor that came near being more fatal to it than the enemy, and in a short time will be ready to entrench again.

THE CROPS.—The wheat and oat crops are ruined by the rust. The farms from Hamburg to Danville, Miss., a distance of thirty miles, are destitute of fences, and nearly all the inhabitants have left. The whole distance has been skirmished over by the contending armies. To the west of Danville the farms are undisturbed, and more than the usual amount of grain has been planted, but there is very little cotton, six acres being the largest field that I have seen. The farms are all small, and at least three-fourths of the last year's crop of cotton is yet on hand, the cotton burners not being able to find it, or being met with resistance. Not a farmer could be found who would burn his cotton, and thousands of bales were secreted, and are now finding their way to market. Yesterday not less than twenty tons passed this point for Hamburg.

WILL THE PEOPLE STARVE?—One of the most foolish and ill-starred projects is to send food to Corinth for the starving rebels. It is true many families are short of food, but if they would work they can purchase all they need. From the first settlement of this section of the State thirty years since, there has not been a sufficient supply of food to sustain the inhabitants, nor will there be this year, but they have an abundant supply of cotton with which to purchase all they want. Of course the rebel who will not take the oath must starve, for he will keep his cotton hid. These rascals come up boldly and beg for some mythical starving widow or relation. I say, out upon such mawkish charity. They have their pockets lined with Confederate notes for the abundant crops of last year, which of course is like dead sea apples in their hands. The stock of young hogs is abundant, the corn crop is as good as usual, and more planted, and with the cotton on hand, if they starve it is due to their own want of energy and loyalty. If our people have any thing to give, let them send potatoes and onions to our soldiers.

The Vermonters in New Orleans.

AN article in the Sunday Delta, of New Orleans, headed "Paying their Way," furnishes testimony that the 7th Vermont regiment have carried South with them into the war, the zeal and industry with which they prosecuted their business affairs among the Green Mountains of their own gallant State. This is the record; and Uncle Sam will please note that he has no better or more profitable workmen in his immense gang:

"A small detachment of the 7th Vermont took possession of Fort Pike on May 5th, when they found the fort dismantled and robbed of everything movable, the guns dismantled and spiked, and all the buildings either torn down or burned. During the two months they have garrisoned the fort, they have removed the spikes from all the guns, mounted them as far as they had the carriages, cleaned up the rubbish, retaken large quantities of the ordnance, quartermaster and commissary stores stolen during the interregnum, and captured any number of small boats, one launch, one schooner, one steam pile-driver, the steamer J. Morgan Brown, and were a party to the capture of the steamer Gray Cloud. These two steamers are valued at \$30,000 each, and are now used by Government as transports.

The capture of the J. Morgan Brown had somewhat of the 'dawn east' enterprise and novelty which characterized the movements of the Green Mountain boys under old Ethan. The steamer being in the service of the Confederates, was stowed away by its owners seven miles up a narrow, crooked bayou of Pearl river, hidden by overhanging trees, and forty miles from Fort Pike. Some cloudy intimations of her whereabouts being obtained from contrabands, an expedition of thirty men, in five small boats, under the joint command of Lieuts. Parker and Dickinson, was fitted out to search the wilderness. They stealthily passed the guerrilla pickets at Pearlington and the Jackson plantation, and rowed, between sunset and sunrise,

a distance which, with the opposing current, would make over fifty miles, found the skulker and took it without a chance for a fight, as the picket guard skeddaddled at their approach. They, however, had the precaution to remove a small piece of the machinery which was indispensable to steam locomotion, and so this little band was driven to desecrate the sacred soil of Mississippi, by performing a quantum of free labor within her limits. Accordingly, by dint of 'getting out lines,' rowing and poling; they dragged her safely out and brought her to Fort Pike in just forty-eight hours. They did not shun the pickets so obsequiously on their return; but instead of this Lieut. Dickinson went ashore at the Jackson plantation with a small squad, drove in the pickets, and brought away one of their hats with a Yankee bullet hole through it, two secession flags, and a quantity of the furniture belonging to the boat secreted there. He also took on the same scout \$2000 worth of rope and hose belonging to the secess gunboat Bienville. The Government will doubtless have plenty of use for this here.

They have lost only one man in all these transactions, though they have had two or three skirmishes. At one time twenty-two men, under Lieuts. Thrall and Dickinson, were attacked by a mounted guerrilla force of one hundred and thirty-five men, which was repulsed with the loss of three men and four horses. The Vermont boys had a single six-pounder gun, but no fixed ammunition, so they improvised a few charges of caustic by tying up twenty-two ounce bullets in a canvass bag and firing away in true underbrush style. Under cover of this fire they landed and took away a schooner tied up at the wharf and towed it to the fort. Lieut. Dickinson and one of his company were cut off by the sudden charge of the cavalry, but escaped uninjured by swimming to a pirogue and paddling down to the steamer with their hands, exposed all the way to their fire.

Their latest enterprise is in taking up the chain and anchors on a boom which secess built across the Rigolets to guard the approach of Yankees. They found there twenty large anchors and over twenty thousand fathoms of new chain. They had taken up nearly half of the boom when they were ordered to rejoin their regiment up the Mississippi. The fort is to be garrisoned by Capt. Buck's company of the 13th Maine regiment."

The New Postage Stamp Currency.

THE scarcity of specie,—caused by foreign drafts made through those who have invested in American stocks, and who are fearful concerning the stability of our government and the consequent value of their purchases—has compelled the authorities in the National Capital to issue a new currency, a description of which we copy from the Washington Republican of the 31st ult., as follows:

The designs for the postage-stamps to be used as currency were adopted on Wednesday last, and are now in the hands of the engraver. They are to be of four denominations, viz.—Five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents. They will be printed on the same paper that the Treasury notes are printed on, and will be ready for delivery in ten or twelve days.

The five-cent will be two-and five-eighths inches long, and one inch and three-quarters wide—color brown. On the upper corners will be the denomination, in white figures on a dark ground. In the center, occupying the position of a vignette, will be the five-cent postage stamp, with a figure "5" in geometrical lathe work on each side.

The twenty-fives will be the same as the above, except that the vignette will be five five-cent stamps overlapping each other, and the bill be three inches long.

The ten-cent will be the same length and breadth as the five—color green. The ten-cent stamp will form the vignette, with "10" on each side, the same as on the five-cent bill; and in all other respects it will be the same.

The fifties will be more in conformity with the tens, and the vignette will be five ten-cent stamps overlapping.

Over the designs, as above described, will be the words "Postage stamps furnished by the Assistant Treasurers, and designated Depositories of the United States;" and under them, "Receivable for postage stamps at any Post-Office." In the middle of the lower part of the notes will be "U. S.," in large letters. Large figures (in lathe work) denoting the denomination will be in the center of the back of each "stamp" or "note," surrounded by the words "Exchangeable for United States notes

by any Assistant Treasurer or designated United States Depository, in sums not less than five dollars. Receivable in payment of all dues to the United States less than five dollars. Act approved July 17, 1862."

The notes will be executed in the highest style of the art, and every possible precaution will be taken to prevent counterfeiting.

Chivalry—Old and New.

VOLTAIRE relates that, in the great battle of Fontenoy, fought in 1745, between the French on one side and the English and their allies on the other, when the English Guards had advanced to within fifty paces of the position of the French Guards, the English officers raised their hats in salutation, which the French officers returned in the same style. Lord Charles Hay, who commanded the English Guards, then advanced to the front and called out, "Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!" To which Count d'Autorche replied, "Gentlemen of the English Guards, we never take the first shot; do you fire."

At the late battle of Fair Oaks, before Richmond, Gen. Richardson, who was thrown forward to the support of Casey's division, says:—"Along toward the middle of the day the enemy, preceded by a column of thirty thousand of the best troops, with the dashing corps of G. W. Smith and Longstreet at its head, commenced a furious assault upon the most salient point of our whole line, viz., the redoubt and entrenched camp of Casey's division. * * * A singular circumstance occurred in this battle, which deserves particular mention. The first regiment of the enemy which came into action, wore blue clothes like our men, and as they came into action opposite the 81st Pennsylvania regiment, Col. Miller, they said, 'Do not fire, we are Owen's men.' Owen's regiment is one of Birney's brigade on my left. Col. Miller had his regiment at an aim, and now recovered arms. The enemy instantly poured in a deadly volley, by which Miller was killed. The left wing of the 81st poured in their fire, by which that regiment fell in piles. The Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major and Adjutant all fell; the balance of the regiment fell and broke."

Lord Charles Hay and the Count d'Autorche were among the bravest of the brilliant chivalry of their day. G. W. Smith and Longstreet are looked upon as among the *preux chevaliers* of the Southern chivalry of our own. But chivalry is changed.

Items and Incidents.

THE FEDERAL LICENSES DUE ON THE 1ST OF SEPTEMBER.—On the first day of September next, the annexed account of license money will be due by the following described persons to the general Government:

Table listing various license fees: Apothecaries \$10, Lawyers \$10, Auctioneers 20, Livery stable keepers 10, Bankers 100, Manufacturers 10, Billiard tables (each) 5, Peddlers from 50 to 20, Cattle brokers 10, Photographers 10, Claim agents 10, Pawnbrokers 50, Coal oil distillers 50, Physicians 10, Commercial brokers 50, Retail dealers 10, Theaters 10, " " in liquors 20, Circuses 50, Surgeons 10, Dentists 10, Tobacconists 10, Eating houses 10, Soap makers 10, Fire dealers 10, Wholesale dealers 10, Tailors 100, " " in liquors 50, Jugglers 30, " " in liquors 100. Rectifiers, for each license to rectify spirituous liquors in quantities not exceeding 500 barrels, of 40 gallons each additional 500 barrels, or any fraction thereof 25. In addition to this, hotels must pay from \$5 to \$200 license, and steamers on which passengers are fed and lodged 25.

These licenses are all annual, and they embrace nearly every class in the community.

HARD TIMES AMONG THE REBELS.—The Richmond Examiner says, "Desertions are reducing our (the rebel) army, defying its discipline, corrupting the spirit and morals, and seriously endangering the fortunes of our cause." It calls upon "all ages and sexes in the country to assist the Government in reclaiming deserters and stragglers, and in maintaining the integrity of our army."

COOL.—Gen. Howard's right arm was shattered by a ball during the recent battles, and was amputated above the elbow. While being borne on a litter, he met Gen. Kearney, who lost his left arm in Mexico. "I want to make a bargain with you, general," said Howard, "that hereafter we buy our gloves together."

BEAUREGARD'S bells, sent to Boston by General Butler, were sold in that city at public auction, July 30th. Among them were several cathedral bells, cast in France eighty or ninety years ago. The proceeds of the sale were upward of \$24,000.

GENERAL SHERMAN AT MEMPHIS.—A letter to the Philadelphia Press says: Gen. Sherman arrived at Memphis lately. He is a military man; obeys orders, and expects orders to be obeyed. He was waited upon by citizens, and the following communication took place: General—Memphis is a conquered city. Were there any terms offered at the capitulation of the city? Citizen—None that I ever heard of. General—Very well; then the people are all prisoners of war. All this buying of cotton is going to be stopped. Memphis is not a trading post; it is a military post. Citizen—But the cotton will be burned. General—Burn your cotton, if you want to. It's none of my business. Burn your whole city, if you wish. I don't want your houses. My soldiers can live in tents. We have got Memphis, and are going to keep it. All this passing down South and carrying off mails is going to be stopped. I am going to have a cordon of pickets around this town so near together that they can touch fingers. The provost marshal can have any guard he wants, from ten to ten thousand men. All he has to do is to ask for them. I don't care anything about the sentiments of the people. The people are nothing to me, except in their relation as prisoners of war. I would as soon send gunpowder South as gold. I don't want the cotton, but I do want the gold.

GENERAL HALLECK ON CONFISCATION.—The N. Y. Post says that Gen. Halleck, on the 1st inst., was waited upon by a committee from Cincinnati. He replied in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, and authorized them to use the statement that he was, and always had been, in favor of a thorough confiscation of all property of the rebels, slaves, especially, included. He had ordered Gen. McClellan to impress and use as many negroes as he could get, in any military duty for which they could be employed. He instructed him to make no inquiry as to whether they were slaves or free; or, if slaves, whether of disloyal or Union masters. These are matters that belong to the civil authorities, and when they themselves have forced the superintendency of these upon the military, they have no right to look to them for protection in the matter. It is not the business of military men.

BURIAL OF GEN. ASHBY.—No one rebel in Virginia gave the Union troops more trouble than the late Gen. Turner Ashby. His appearance, as he lay in his coffin at the Fairhill House, Charlottesville, is thus described:—"He lay there as if a gentle slumber had fallen upon him, his physiognomy indicating resolution, determination, and firmness—heavy black eye-lashes and eye-brows, long, black and thick flowing beard and moustache, prominent forehead, showing quick perception and thought, dark complexion, and an honest Virginia face. He was about forty years of age."

GENERAL HALLECK ABOUT MILK.—A complaint having been made to Gen. Halleck that the secessionists would not furnish milk for sick soldiers, and that Union men charged high prices, he telegraphed as follows: "If secessionists won't furnish milk, seize their cows and milk them yourselves. Have a military board to fix the price at which Unionists shall sell, and if they refuse to take that price, seize from them also."

The Army of the West. GEN. ROBERT MCCOOK was shot by a party of guerrillas, near Salem, Ala., on the 6th, while riding toward Winchester, Tenn. He was sick, and in an ambulance. The ambulance was traveling over the usual military road, and about 10 o'clock in the morning arrived at a plantation where there was an abundance of water. After refreshing themselves, they passed on with the wounded General. Intelligence of his whereabouts and condition spread rapidly, it is supposed, for before the ambulance had proceeded three miles, the driver discovered that he was pursued by guerrillas. It was impossible to think of flight, and Gen. McCook's condition prohibited any idea of rescuing him. The guerrilla leader ordered the ambulance to stop, the assassins at the same time surrounding it. The vehicle was then upset and the sick officer turned into the road. While on his knees, helpless, sick, and pleading for quarter, he was fired at by a ruffian, and shot through the side. The wound was fatal, Gen. McCook surviving it but a few hours. He bore his suffering heroically, and to the last manifested an undaunted spirit. His last words were:—"Tell Aleck [alluding to his brother, Gen. Alexander McDowell McCook] and the rest, that I have tried to live like a man and do my duty." When the news of the murder became known among the camps, the excitement was intense. The 9th Ohio, McCook's own regiment, on learning of the assassination, marched back to the scene of the occurrence, burned every house in the neighborhood, and laid waste the lands. Several men who were implicated in the murder, were taken out and hung to trees by the infuriated soldiery.

Gen. Nelson occupied McMinnville on Sunday with 6,000 men. The rebel Forrest fled on his approach, leaving forty stragglers to fall into our hands. Gen. Negley arrived at Columbia yesterday. He dispersed a large concentration of guerrillas at Williamsport, twelve miles from Columbia, on Sunday evening, capturing a number. Capt. Julian, of the Tennessee troops, put to flight a gang of guerrillas near Bigbyville, a few miles from Columbia. Guerrillas near Columbia have been attempting to concentrate for some time. The utmost vigilance is required to prevent their concentration. The Chicago Times has a special from Trenton, Tenn., saying that Capt. Peck, with forty-three men of the 6th Illinois cavalry, sent against Faulkner's cavalry, who had been committing depredations in the vicinity of Humboldt, surprised them while sleeping, five miles east of Dryersville, yesterday. Thirty rebels were killed, and fifty-three of their horses and a great portion of their arms taken. Most of those who escaped were left without arms and clothes. Seven Federals were wounded, two severely. Gov. Johnson has been authorized by the Secretary of War to release the loyal Tennesseans at the North, and to exchange other prisoners for loyal Tennesseans imprisoned at the South. Gen. Bragg is in command of 30,000 rebel troops at Battle Creek.

A dispatch from Helena, Ark., dated the 3d, says: Gen. Curtis' army is re-enforced, and competent for offensive operations. Lieut.-Col. Wood's expedition returned from St. Francis river yesterday, having captured a large mail from Little Rock for Jeff Thompson, several cotton burners, the rebel steamer Novelty, many horses and mules, and destroyed three rebel store

boats. Hindman's letters, in the captured mail, boast that he is forming thirty Arkansas and Texas regiments. He is at Little Rock, with less than 6,000 effectives. Hundreds of citizens are still flying from conscription to the interior of the lines. The 1st Union Arkansas regiment is nearly full, fitted and drilled ready for the field. There are nearly 3,000 confiscated slaves here. The cotton of their rebel runaway masters is being sold for their benefit. There are about 100 Union prisoners in Little Rock penitentiary, confined, by Hindman's order, in convict cells five feet by seven, with no exercise, fed on tainted meat, and left in their own filth. The ram Mingo reports that on Saturday a scouting party of seventy-five Federals were surprised by 500 of Hindman's men, and badly cut up—only twenty escaped. Forty of Jeff Thompson's men were captured while attempting to cross the river near the town of Austin. The recent publication of Gen. Pillow's letter to his brother in regard to the slaves of the former, renders interesting the fact that Gen. Curtis has freed all the negroes in question, numbering 275. Pillow has three plantations near Helena, on which all the movable property has been confiscated. Gen. Curtis has freed at Helena about 2,000 slaves, chiefly those who worked on Forts Pillow and Donelson. A gentleman from Leavenworth reports that the guerrilla leader, Tantrell, seized a descending steamer on Sunday evening, the 3d inst., and crossed the river with 1,500 men. The military authorities of Fort Leavenworth, hearing of the capture of the steamer, and not knowing Tantrell's strength, sent 100 men down to intercept him, all of whom he took prisoners, and then marched on and captured Liberty. Col. Pennick, having previously evacuated that place, escaped with his command. An additional force of four companies, with a battery of artillery, was dispatched from Fort Leavenworth to operate against Tantrell. About daylight on the morning of the 2d, Col. Lather, with a band of 125 rebels, attacked Capt. Birch's command of seventy-five Federals at Ozark, Mo. Capt. Birch having been apprised of the meditated attack, fired and abandoned his tents, and withdrew into the brush, soon after which the enemy rode into the light of the burning camp, and called upon our men to surrender. Birch responded with a volley of musket balls, and emptied several saddles, when the rebels broke and ran, losing most of their arms and a portfolio containing the muster rolls and correspondence. The enemy had two killed and several wounded. After retreating forty miles from Forsyth, on White river, Birch attacked them at daylight on the morning of the 4th, and killed three of them, wounded seven, and captured twenty-five horses, twenty guns, most of the clothing and saddles of the men, with two hundred letters, and the original authority from the War Department of the C. S. A., authorizing Col. Lather to organize a regiment of partisan rangers for service in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Illinois. Hughes and Tracy are making strong efforts to get a footing in the State, but the activity of our troops has so far prevented it. The citizens are being rapidly enrolled in the State militia. Thirty-five companies already have been organized, fifteen of which have been armed, and are now chasing guerrillas and assisting our troops to maintain quiet. Seven guerrillas were hung in one day by a party of citizens who joined together for a chase. The time for resort to law or waiting for Government troops has gone by, and loyal citizens are determined to take the matter into their own hands and rid the country of lawless marauders and guerrillas. Col. McNeill's forces came up with parties of guerrillas, a few miles northeast of Kirkville, in Adair county, on the 6th, and followed them, skirmishing, into town, where a general fight ensued, in which the rebels lost 150 killed, and ten wagons of supplies and ten wagons of arms. Porter's forces are scattered. Maj. Montgomery came up with Coffell's guerrillas, in the western part of Dodd county, Mo., on the 7th, and attacking them, killed eleven, wounded four, and took seventeen prisoners. Com. Davis and Gen. Curtis are at Cairo, to consult with the Department at Washington in regard to future movements of the Army of the Southwest and the Mississippi Flotilla. In future there will be concert of action between them.

The Army of Virginia. On the 2d inst., 300 of the 1st Vermont went on a reconnaissance from Culpepper Court House to Orange Court House, seventeen miles. They left at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and camped at night near Raccoon Ford. Early next morning the march was resumed, driving in the enemy's pickets. About 1 o'clock, while marching into the town, they were attacked by the enemy about 500 strong, surrounding our men on all sides. After half an hour's severe fighting, our force drove them from the town, killing between thirty and forty—twenty of their dead lying in one street—wounding between fifty and sixty, and taking forty-three prisoners, among them one major, two captains and two lieutenants. The Union party were commanded by Brig.-Gen. Crawford in person. The enemy were Ashby's cavalry, Col. Robinson. Companies G and H, of the N. Y. cavalry, captured nearly the whole of them. Many of the prisoners were badly wounded by saber cuts. The prisoners are now in Culpepper Court House. The enemy had every advantage over us in position. HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, August 8, 1862. To Major-General Halleck:—The reconnoitering column under Gen. Crawford crossed the Rapidan, and pushed forward to Orange Court House yesterday, and took possession of the town, which was occupied by two regiments of the enemy's cavalry under Gen. Robertson. Eleven of the enemy were killed and fifty-two taken prisoners. Among the latter are one major, three captains and two lieutenants. Our loss is two killed and three wounded. The enemy retreated in such haste as to leave their wounded in our hands. The railroad and telegraph line between Orange Court House and Gordonsville were destroyed. JOHN POPE, Major-General.

A civilian, captured at Front Royal some time since, and formerly employed in the House of Representatives, reached Washington via Fredericksburg, having left Richmond on Friday, the 1st inst., where he has been about the city on parole. He is not able to communicate much because of his parole, but declares that Richmond has not been evacuated, and that there are no signs of pestilence there, though there is a vast amount of sickness. The rebel army lies east of the city, and he is confident from what he has learned that its effective numbers have been greatly exaggerated. He has the usual story about provisions and high prices.

A dispatch from Sperryville, Va., dated the 7th, says that out of the 120 citizens of that place who have taken the oath of allegiance within the past few days, there were fifty who cannot write their names. The poor whites, as a rule, are loyal, and but few of them will be sent south. Scouting parties continue to bring in large numbers of fine cattle and horses. The expedition sent out from Fredericksburg, under Gen. Gibbon, on the 5th inst., has returned. A portion of the command, under Col. Cutler, dashed off to the right, and made a descent upon Frederick's Hall station, twelve miles from Gordonsville, on the Virginia Central Railroad, destroying the buildings, stores, and about half a mile of the track. Gen. Gibbon, with the main body, had a short skirmish with the enemy on the Richmond telegraph road, ten miles from Fredericksburg. A few prisoners were taken. We lost one man killed and several taken prisoners. But two of Gen. Gibbon's men were wounded. The enemy had been apprised of our advance, and came around upon our rear from Bowling Green. The loss sustained by the rebels is unknown. The N. Y. Times' special Washington dispatch of the 9th, states that it is reported that our pickets on the south side of the Rapidan were attacked by a large force of the rebels Friday (8th inst.) evening, and driven across the river. McDowell's force, headed by Hartsell's and Crawford's brigades, and followed by Banks' corps, were immediately sent forward to the point, only ten miles from Gordonsville. The troops are in excellent spirits. Heavy firing was heard in the afternoon, supposed to be an artillery fight across the river. Gen. Pope was understood to be personally directing movements. A special dispatch to the N. Y. Mercury on the 10th, states it is reported that 120,000 rebels are marching against Pope. Washington is full of rumors of a fight in the Shenandoah Valley. On the 9th inst. a battle was fought near Culpepper, Va., between the troops under Gen. Banks and those under Stonewall Jackson. Gen. Bayard, of Gen. McDowell's corps, with his cavalry brigade, had been engaged the day before in the advance, near the Rapidan river, skirmishing and maneuvering, taking some prisoners, and ending with slight loss, baffling the efforts of a large force to surround and cut him off. On the morning of the 9th he was engaged for some hours before Gen. Banks came up, and with four regiments of cavalry, the 1st Pennsylvania, 1st Minnesota, and 1st Rhode Island, delayed and embarrassed the enemy's advance. The rebels under Jackson and Ewell had crossed the Rapidan in force, and their advance guard, 15,000 strong, was met by Gen. Banks in the afternoon, about six miles south of Culpepper Court House. The fight was almost wholly with artillery at first, but the infantry became engaged about six o'clock, and a determined and bloody contest ensued. Gen. Banks' right wing, under Gen. Williams, suffered severely. The rebel position was in the woods, while the troops which attacked them were obliged to cross open ground. It was not until about six o'clock that it became evident that the rebels were attacking in force. Previous to that there had been a rather desultory cannonade. The whole rebel force suddenly attacked in overwhelming numbers at all points. Nearly all their regiments had full ranks. At 7 o'clock Gen. Pope arrived on the field from Culpepper, accompanied by Gen. McDowell, with a part of McDowell's force. Gen. Banks held the same ground he occupied at the beginning. After the arrival of Gen. Pope there was an artillery contest, continuing at intervals until nearly 12 o'clock. The night was unusually clear, and the moon full. The rebels planted a battery against McDowell's center, where Generals Pope and Banks were, bringing them both under fire. The Generals and their staffs were so near the rebel lines, that a sudden charge of rebel cavalry was made from the woods a quarter of a mile off, with a view to capture them. The attempt was repelled by a vigorous fire from McDowell's troops, and the Generals and their staffs left the ground under a cross-fire from the rebels and their own troops. The fire of the rebel batteries was afterwards silenced. Gen. Pope, on arriving, sent fresh troops to the front to take the place of Gen. Banks' exhausted columns. The enemy did not renew the attack, except by artillery. On the 11th the enemy sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead. This shows that, with all their superiority of numbers, they were too badly cut up to maintain their position, and that their falling back yesterday was from necessity, not from choice. Our troops are engaged in bringing off our wounded from the field, and burying the dead. Our loss was heavy, but has not yet been definitely ascertained.

Army of the Potomac. EVER since the firing upon our shipping at the mail-boat landing by the enemy's batteries, a portion of our troops have occupied the opposite shore. On the 3d inst. a reconnaissance was made from that point back into the country, within fourteen miles of Pittsburgh. It was conducted by Col. Averill, and composed of 150 of the United States and 150 of the 3d Pennsylvania cavalry, with four companies of the 1st Michigan infantry. Captains Costar and Bowen, of Gen. McClellan's staff, accompanied them. At Cox's Mills, five miles from the river, they encountered the 13th Virginia cavalry drawn up in line. Our men charged on them, when they broke and ran. They drove them to their encampment at Sycamore Church, two and a half miles further, where they again formed, but were ingloriously put to flight, leaving behind all their tents, camp equipage and commissary stores, which our troops gathered together and burned. The rebels had two horses killed, six men wounded, and two taken prisoners. Our loss was one horse killed. After scouring the country a short distance, our forces returned to the river. There is no positive evidence of rebel gunboats in the river this side of Port Darling. Information received here goes to show that the new Merrimac will not be ready to operate for three weeks. The health of the troops has improved ever since they began to receive fresh vegetables, ordered to be issued to them by Gen. McClellan. On the afternoon of the 4th inst., Gen. Joseph Hooker, with his entire division, together with the division under command of Gen. Sedgwick, a brigade of cavalry under General Pleasanton, and four batteries, commanded respectively by Captains De Rusey, Benson, Bramall, and Tidball, the whole under the immediate command of General Hooker, were ordered to make a reconnaissance towards the enemy's lines. At four o'clock they left the encampment and proceeded on the Charles City road. After following it a few miles they struck off into the by-roads, and about ten o'clock reached Nelson's

Farm, where they bivouacked for the night. Early in the morning they were again moving, still following a roundabout way, and in an hour after this second start, they found themselves in the rear of Malvern Hill and the rebels there stationed, thus effectually getting between Richmond and its protectors. Judging from the preparations that had been made for our reception, it was evident that some of their many spies, which, at all times, are believed to be among us, had given them the information of our coming. Soon after reaching our position the forces were formed in line of battle, the artillery on the front, supported by infantry, and the cavalry to the left, to do the scouting. After six o'clock the enemy opened upon us with their field pieces, our forces promptly returning the fire. The fight lasted nearly two hours, when the enemy retired towards the river, taking with them their pieces. It was the opinion of the Commanding General, when commencing the battle, that the enemy were in large force at this point, the nature of the ground and the character of the country preventing a sight at their encampment, and hence their numbers were not definitely known. After the fight it was discovered that they had only three regiments of infantry, four pieces of artillery, and a small number of cavalry. The prisoners taken all concur in saying that they would have retired upon the first intimation of our approach had they not been momentarily expecting the arrival of General Toombs and his division. During the engagement we had only two batteries engaged, Captains Benson and Bramall. So effectively were they managed that the infantry were not called upon to fire a single shot. The party, when they left for the Hill, in the afternoon, took with them a large number of contrabands, and doubtless ere this they have succeeded in throwing up intrenchments to a considerable extent. The result of the expedition was gratifying in the extreme. As the fighting was done by artillery, and that on the part of the rebels was poorly served, our loss was small, only twenty being killed. The rebel loss was much greater. One hundred cavalrymen, horses, and equipage, were captured, and one small battery. General Burnside, who was sent to Newport News to re-enforce General McClellan, has again moved, and at last accounts had reached Fredericksburg, for the purpose of strengthening the "Army of Virginia," under Gen. Pope. A gentleman who was at Harrison's Landing on the 5th, gives an interesting account of the exchange of prisoners at that point. Our vessels arrived there at one P. M., and in the course of six hours delivered 6,013 prisoners to Commissioner Robert Ould. The United States prisoners had walked thirteen miles, and were almost in a famished condition, their food having been two small biscuits for the entire day. They suffered extremely for want of water, and it was only after the entreaty of Mr. Ould, that they were permitted to quench their thirst at a well. Capt. J. Stevenson, of the Marine Artillery, connected with our boats, distributed food and otherwise relieved their necessities. They remained over night near the Landing. Mr. Akin, a proprietor of a plantation, furnished the straw on which to sleep. Early the next morning they were taken on board our transports. Mr. Ould acknowledged the rebels had been better treated by the United States authorities than our own men at Richmond, and certainly the contrast between the two furnishes proof of this. The exchange has been completed so far as concerns private soldiers lately confined in Richmond and vicinity, and sanctioned this week. The arrangement for the exchange of officers is expected to be consummated. The N. Y. Times' letter from the Army of the Potomac, dated 7th, says important movements are progressing on the south side of James River, but are of such a character as not to admit of disclosure for the present.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON. The crowded condition of our columns compels the omission of our usual weekly summary of intelligence from the National Capital. We give below such "orders" as have been promulgated by the Government since our last issue. The following order, as will be observed, authorizes the arrest of persons discouraging enlistments: WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, August 8, 1862. Ordered, First, That all United States Marshals and Superintendents, or Chiefs of Police of any town, city or district, be, and they are hereby authorized and directed to arrest and imprison any person or persons who may be engaged, by act, or speech, or writing, in discouraging volunteer enlistments, or in any way giving aid and comfort to the enemy, or in any other disloyal practice against the United States. Second, That an immediate report be made to Major L. C. Turner, Judge Advocate, in order that such persons may be tried before a military commission. Third, The expenses of such arrests and imprisonments will be certified to by the Chief Clerk of the War Department, and payment made. EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec'y of War. WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, August 8, 1862. An order to prevent the evasion of military duty and the suppression of disloyal practices: 1. By direction of the President of the United States, it is hereby ordered that until further orders no citizen liable to be drafted into the militia shall be allowed to go to a foreign country; and all marshals and military officers of the United States, and all police authorities, especially at the ports of the United States, on the sea-board and on the frontier, are requested to see that this order is faithfully carried into effect; and they are hereby authorized to arrest and detain any person or persons about to depart from the United States, in violation of this order, and report to Major L. C. Turner, Judge Advocate, at Washington city, for further instructions respecting the person or persons so arrested and detained. 2. Any person liable to draft who shall absent himself from his country or State before such draft shall be made, shall be arrested by any Provost Marshal or other United States officer, wherever he may be found within the jurisdiction of the United States, and conveyed to the nearest military post or depot, and placed on military duty for the term of a draft, and the expenses of his own arrest and conveyance to such post or depot, and also the sum of five dollars, as a reward to the officer who shall make such arrest, shall be deducted from his pay. 3. The writ of habeas corpus is hereby suspended in respect to all persons arrested and detained, and in respect to all persons so arrested for disloyal practices. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War. The following circular was issued on the 11th inst.: WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, August 11, 1862. The temporary restriction upon traveling, deemed necessary to prevent evasions of liability to be drafted in the militia, was not intended to apply to couriers with dispatches, and the legations of friendly powers to the United States. All authorities, civil and military, are consequently required to allow such couriers to pass freely, without let or molestation. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Frindle's Patent Agricultural Cultivator—D. R. Frindle. Raw Bone Superphosphate of Lime—A. Lister & Bro. Assignees Sale of Real Estate—Horace Blackmar. Produce Commission Merchant—Josiah Carpenter. Russell's Prolific Strawberry—Geo. Chapp. Money to Loan—J. E. Pierpont, Sec'y. Standard Pear Trees—E. Moody & Son.

The News Condenser.

- Gen. Butler is asking for re-enforcements.
— In Great Britain there are 8,562 farmers and veterinary surgeons.
— Morgan stole 500 valuable horses during his late raid in Kentucky.
— It is said that Washington can easily turn out 2,000 clerks to defend the Capital.
— Counterfeit twenty-four cent postage stamps are in circulation in Portland, Maine.
— A grand council of the Six Nations of Indians was held at Onondaga Castle last week.
— There are now between 1,700 and 1,800 guests at the three principal Saratoga hotels.
— The peach crop is promising. It is thought peaches will sell for 50 cents a bushel in Delaware.
— Gen. Grant has seized and confiscated 113 houses and stores in Memphis belonging to rebels.
— Nearly 1,000 barrels of prize rosin were sold in Brooklyn at \$11 and \$11.50 per barrel, last week.
— Muscatine, Iowa, containing 6,000 inhabitants, is now raising her sixteenth company for the war.
— The army chaplains in England number 90. Seventy-two are protestants and 18 Roman Catholics.
— The Yazoo is navigable for fifty miles, and empties into the Mississippi a few miles above Vicksburg.
— Rev. J. Wallace, editor of the Presbyterian Quarterly Review, died at Philadelphia on the 25th ult.
— In Chicago, black lists are published of all persons who refuse to contribute money to support the war.
— The Republican State Convention of Massachusetts will be held in Worcester on the 10th of September.
— Rich gold deposits have been found in Tuscarawas Co., Ohio. The discovery was made in boring for oil.
— Extensive orders for iron-clad vessels are now in course of execution in England for the Russian Government.
— Well executed counterfeiters of the Mercantile Bank, N. Y., have been extensively circulated in New York city.
— Duke Pasquier, the oldest Statesman in France, the very Nestor of publicists, died recently at the age of 96.
— Italians in New York are recruiting for the Mexican army. Mexicans in that city pay their passage via Sonora.
— The births of Collector and Surveyor of New York are said to have yielded \$600,000 in perquisites since July 1, 1862.
— The three railroad bridges recently destroyed by the rebels on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad have been rebuilt.
— The St. Louis correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says that a rebel plot for the seizure of the city has been brought to light.
— The fear of the confiscation of his large estates in Virginia, caused the suicide of the Rothschild's agent in New Orleans.
— Louisville is said to be improving to some extent, despite the difficulties of the country. Trade and travel are on the increase.
— Gen. Totten, Chief of the Corps of Engineers, is about to make an inspection of the military works on the Atlantic seaboard.
— The rebel prisoners confined in Forts McHenry and Warren are being sent to Fortress Monroe, for the purpose of exchange.
— During Wednesday afternoon, between 400 and 500 rebel prisoners, confined at Fort Delaware, took the oath of allegiance.
— A New Orleans correspondent of the New York Times says there are symptoms of insubordination among the slaves of that city.
— Henry Benedict, a boy aged sixteen years, was lately married in New Milford, Conn., to a girl named Sophia Nobles, aged fourteen.
— The Board of Aldermen at Boston, on Monday week, voted \$200,000 for the construction of an iron-clad Monitor for the harbor.
— Rev. W. Meriam, an American missionary at Philippopolis, has been murdered by brigands, on his way from Constantinople.
— Tuesday week no less than 95 grain-loaded vessels passed Detroit. The movement of grain on the lakes continues remarkably large.
— All the patent medicines in Alabama belonging to Northern doctors have been sold at auction for the benefit of the Dixie Confederacy.
— Among the articles comprised in the cargo of the captured steamer Tubal Cain were eighteen thousand stand of improved fire-arms.
— Some of the clerks in the different departments at Washington are commencing to form companies. This looks like practical patriotism.
— The author of that well known song, beginning, "She's all my fancy painted her," died recently in an English poor house, aged 74 years.
— In Philadelphia, private subscriptions for the bounty fund, exceed the railroad, foot up two hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars.
— The United States Economist estimates that there is fully one hundred million more specie in the United States than we had two years ago.
— It is estimated that there are \$10,000,000 worth of supplies at Nassau, N. P., intended for the rebel ports, whenever the blockade can be run.
— The St. Louis News of July 29 notices a rumor that Maj.-Gen. Hitchcock is to be assigned to the command of the Department of the West.
— Five hundred and sixty-seven bales of prize cotton were sold in Brooklyn last week, on Government account, for 44½ and 50½ cents per pound.
— The willingness to enlist as tax-gatherers is much more manifest than that to enlist as soldiers in the Union army for the preservation of the Union.
— By a recent law abolishing regimental bands, about 5,000 non-combatants will be mustered out of service, many of whom will re-enlist as soldiers.
— A great change has come over Baltimore. It is thought that her quota of volunteers will be raised within ten days after the granting of the bounty.
— The aggregate production of the Pennsylvania coal mines for the present season is about 3,740,887 tons, against 4,102,139 tons the same time last season.
— The people of New Haven have requested the town officers to advertise the names of all men who apply for exemption papers in order to evade the draft.
— The news from Lebanon is not satisfactory, as it is said that the Druses of the Harem manifest some intention of again rising against the Christians.
— The shipment of Pennsylvania rock oil from this country to Europe, during the first six months of the present year, amounted to more than \$1,000,000.
— During the past month the issue of nickels from the Mint at Philadelphia was over 3,500,000 of coins. The rush for them has been extremely urgent.
— At Albany, Saturday and Sunday week were two of the hottest days of the season. On both days the mercury stood between 90 and 94 degrees in the shade.
— A religious regiment is to be recruited in New York, composed of such as have hitherto refused to enlist on account of the immoral tendencies of camp life.
— The Charleston Courier says that two or three Union flags were recently found in houses at Galveston. All the persons guilty of this "treason" were executed.

Publisher's Notices.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

To Agents, Subscribers, and Others. As a new Half Volume of the RURAL commenced July 5th, the presents a favorable time for renewals, and also for new subscriptions to begin.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, August 12th, 1892. OUR market is extremely inactive. We note but two changes. Meat has again declined, and is selling at \$10.00/10.50.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

Table with columns for 'NEW YORK, AUGUST 5' and 'CATTLE'. Rows include 'First quality', 'Ordinary quality', 'Common quality', 'Inferior quality' for 'BEEF CATTLE', 'VEAL CALVES', and 'COWS AND CALVES'.

ALBANY, AUG. 11.—BEEVES.—We have to report the old story this week—heavy receipts, light demand, and a fall in prices.

Table with columns for 'This week', 'Last week', and 'Cor week'. Rows include 'Cattle', 'Sheep', 'Hogs'.

Prices towards the close of the market were only moderately active at the following quotations:

Table with columns for 'This week', 'Last week', and 'Cor week'. Rows include 'Premium', 'First quality', 'Second quality', 'Third quality' for 'BEEF CATTLE', 'VEAL CALVES', and 'COWS AND CALVES'.

RUSSELL'S PROLIFIC STRAW-BERRY PLANTS are now offered for sale. Catalogues sent to all applicants, (by enclosing stamp) giving its origin and superiority over all other varieties.

JOSIAH CARPENTER, PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT, 132 Jay Street, New York. Sells for Farmers and others every description of Country Produce at the highest market prices.

PURE GROUND BONES AND GENUINE Raw Bone Superphosphate of Lime, MANUFACTURED FROM UNBURNED BONES, Containing all the animal fertilizing properties.

Our Superphosphate is equal by far and surpassed by none. RICH TON GUARANTEED OF EQUAL STRENGTH. Parties giving us a trial may depend on receiving the intrinsic value of their money.

TERMS CASH. Address: A. LISTER & BROS., P. O. Box No. 1—Tarry Town, Westchester Co., N. Y., and P. O. Box No. 1—Newark, N. J.

RECEIVER'S SALE OF NURSERY STOCK.—The undersigned, appointed receiver of the Nursery Stock of the late firm of GREGORY & GREGORY, now offers the same for sale to Dealers and Nurserymen.

C. B. MILLER, Foreign and American Horticultural Agent and Commission Merchant, EXHIBITION and SALES ROOMS, No. 634 Broadway, near Bleeker Street, New York.

THE CHAMPION HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL. 10,000 in use and approved. This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1892.

PERFECT GEMS FOR EVERY HOME. Photograph Albums, IN EVERY VARIETY. These Albums constitute a "Family Record" for the display and proper preservation of the card photographs of the family or of friends and others.

THE "DIAL," A DAILY AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER, PUBLISHED AT Philadelphia, Devoted to Finance, Stock Sales of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston; Foreign and Domestic Markets; Domestic and Foreign Exchanges; Specie Quotations; City and Land Warrants, &c., &c.; with a Daily description of New Centerfeit Bank Notes.

THE QUOTATIONS BY DREXEL & CO., JAY, COOKE & CO., C. CAMBLOS & CO., HARROLD, WILLIAMS & CO., WITHERS & PETERSON, THOMPSON BROTHERS, &c., &c., &c.

THE UNIVERSAL Clothes Wringer. It is the Original and only Genuine and Reliable Wringer before the public in the sale of this truly valuable invention. It surpasses all others in Strength of Frame! Capacity for Pressure! Power of Action!

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD! We Defy All Competition! It is a fair comparison with any other Wringer, and will show, by positive proof and actual demonstration, that THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER will finish work that other Wringers cannot do, and will easily press water from articles on which they have done their best!

CANVASSERS WANTED. To men who have had experience as canvassers, or any who would like to engage in the sale of this truly valuable invention, liberal inducements will be offered and good territory given them (after paying nothing for the Patent Right) in which they may have the exclusive right.

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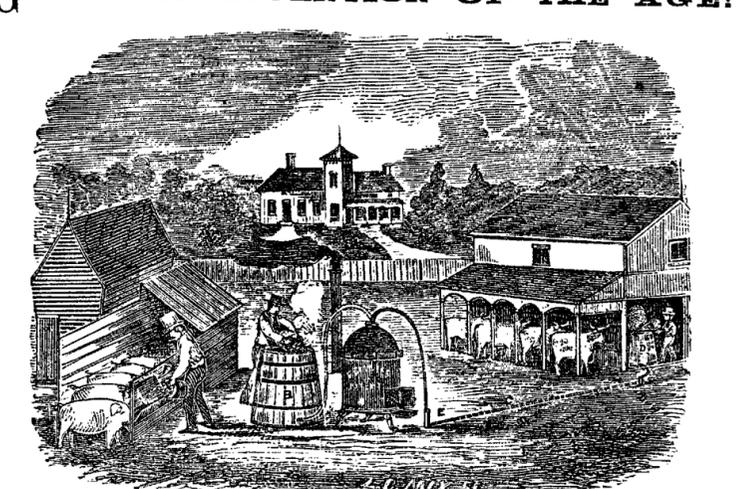
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GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE!



Prindle's Patent Agricultural Caldron AND FARMER'S STEAM BOILER.

This new apparatus, patented by D. R. PRINDLE, East Bethany, N. Y., has already a large sale both in this and distant States. Hundreds who now use it can testify to its superior advantages over any other Cooking or Steaming Apparatus in use.



THE FINEST FARMING LANDS

Equal to any in the World!!! MAY BE PROCURED At FROM \$8 to \$12 PER ACRE, Near Markets, Schools, Railroads, Churches, and all the blessings of Civilization.

1,200,000 Acres, in Farms of 40, 80, 120, 160 Acres and upwards, in ILLINOIS, the Garden State of America.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company offer, ON LONG CREDIT, the beautiful and fertile PRAIRIE LANDS lying along the whole line of their Railroad, 700 MILES IN LENGTH, upon the most favorable terms for enabling Farmers, Manufacturers, Mechanics and Workmen to make for themselves and their families a competency, and a HOME they can call THEIR OWN, as will appear from the following statements:

ILLINOIS. Is about equal in extent to England, with a population of 1,722,000, and a soil capable of supporting 20,000,000. No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no part of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT.

CLIMATE. Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results from his labor as on these deep, rich, loamy soils cultivated in so much ease. The soil comes from the extreme southern part of the State to the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railroad, a distance of nearly 200 miles, is well adapted to Winter.

WHEAT, CORN, COTTON, TOBACCO. Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes, and every variety of fruit and vegetables is grown in great abundance, from which Chicago and other Northern markets are furnished from four to six weeks earlier than their immediate vicinity. Between the Terre Haute, Alton and St. Louis Railway and the Kankakee and Illinois Rivers, (a distance of 115 miles on the Branch, and 136 miles on the Main Trunk,) lies the great Corn and Stock raising portion of the State.

THE ORDINARY YIELD of Corn is from 50 to 80 bushels per acre. Cattle, Horses, Mules, Sheep and Hogs are raised here at a small cost, and yield large profits. It is believed that no section of country presents greater inducements for Dairy Farming than the Prairies of Illinois, a branch of farming to which but little attention has been paid, and which must yield sure profitable results.

OATS, BARLEY, RYE, BUCKWHEAT. And vegetables suited to the climate, are produced in great abundance. The northern portion of Illinois is about the climate of Pennsylvania, while the southern part has the climate of Kentucky and Virginia, giving a variety of temperature in the State, suited to almost every product of the United States.

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THE WOOL MARKETS.

BRIGHTON, AUGUST 7.—At market, 1000 Beef Cattle, 200 Steers, 5000 Sheep and Lambs, 200 Swine. BEEF CATTLE: Prime, \$4.25/4.50; first quality, \$4.25/4.50; second quality, \$4.00/4.25; third quality, \$3.75/4.00.

NEW YORK, AUG. 9.—The market is active, and sales quite large, embracing 300 bales washed Mediterranean at \$2.50/2.60; 200 do Cordova, \$3; 200 do washed Chile, \$2.50/2.60.

ALBANY, JULY 7.—Holders are very stiff, and the stock here is being held at very full prices. The sales of the week foot up only 3,000 lbs, and include 2,000 lbs coarse fleece on p. 5, 600 lbs fine do, at 53c, and 2,000 lbs. Lambs on p. 7. But little is coming in, and street lots command 44c/45c.—Journal.

ALBANY, AUG. 11.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—Our market opened steady for flour, and during the morning a moderate business was done at closing prices. Receipts are about equal to the demand. Corn meal is unchanged in value, with a good business doing.

ALBANY, AUG. 11.—FLOUR.—The market dull and inactive; sales Ohio and Indiana double extra at \$3.37/3.50; Lockport Family Flour at \$3.61; double extra Ohio and Indiana at \$3.50/3.62;—closing dull and inactive.

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Married

In Livingston on the 21st inst. by Rev. Mr. McJERARD, EDGAR ANNIS and Miss ANNICE FELLOWS, all of Livingston.

Died

In Brighton, on the 9th inst., at the residence of his son, E. F. HOY, LEVI HOYT, aged nearly 83 years.

At Harrison's Landing, Va., July 20th, of typhoid fever, GEO. H. BOSTWICK, of the 8th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers, aged 42 years.

On the 28th of last January, at Fort Craig, New Mexico, of wounds received at the battle of Val Verde, JOSEPH HODSON, of this city.

In this city, on Monday, the 11th inst., JARVIS M. HATCH, aged 24 years.

In this city, on the 10th inst., FRANCES ALICE MILD, infant daughter of Lieut.-Col. FRANK A. and SARAH SCHROFFEL, aged 7 months and 10 days.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 50c cents per line of space. SERIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded.) Sixty Cents a Line.

The immense circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER—full twenty thousand more than that of any other similar journal—renders it by far the best and cheapest advertising medium of its class in America. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Nurserymen, Manufacturers, Wholesale Dealers, Land Agents, &c., who necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

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THE MEN OF THE CUMBERLAND.

[THIS story went down on the 9th of March, under Lieut. GRONK M. MORRIS, with her flag flying, and her guns firing (while the water was closing over them), at the iron monster "Virginia," which had cut two yawning holes in her side. The chaplain and one hundred and twenty of her crew were said to have sunk in her.]

CHEER! cheer! for our noble Yankee tars That fought the ship Cumberland! Not a sigh for these, with their maimed and scars, Or the dead that lie off the strand! Who whines of the ghastly gash and wound, Or the horrible deaths of war? Where, where should a brave man's death be found? And what is a true heart for? Cheer! cheer! for these men! Ah! they knew when Was the time for true heart to die! How their flag sank, speak, will flush the brave cheek While this earth shall hang in the sky! In the bubbling waves they fired their last, Where sputtered the burning wad; And fast at their post, as their guns were fast, Went a hundred and more before God. Not a man of all but had stood to be shot, (So the flag might fly,) or to drown; The sea saved some, for it came to their lot, And some with the ship went down. Then cheer for these men! they want not gold; But give them their ship once more, And the flag that yet hangs in wet and cold O'er their dead by that faithless shore. Our sunken ship we'll yet weigh up, And we'll raise our deep-drown'd brave, Or we'll dudge those roads till a baby's cup May puddle their last shoal wave. And we'll tell in tale, and sing in song, How the Cumberland was fought By men who knew that all else was wrong But to die when a sailor ought.

The Story-Teller.

THE OLD MAN'S COLT.

THE snow was falling right cheerily on the last day of the year 185-, and already there lay upon the ground sufficient to make most excellent sleighing. The youngsters were enjoying the fun in the roads, the country sledges were rattling by, filled with rosy-cheeked girls and merry lads; the more elegant turn-outs from the city, fourteen miles distant, occasionally flitted past the tavern door, where I was tarrying temporarily, and the season was peculiarly gay, as the holidays were passing away. In the bar-room of the country hotel where I sojourned, I had right heartily enjoyed the various samples of human character I met, and I had, for a week, day and evening, the opportunity of listening to the "yarns" of the villagers, or of the numerous visitors who congregated in the old tavern, which had for many a long year been the resort of hundreds of farmers, cow boys, horse jockeys, and travelers of one kind or another, en route to and from the city, or homeward bound.

I had given out among the settlers that I wished to purchase a good horse—if one chanced to turn up during my stay at the tavern—and all hands were on the lookout for me; for it was understood that I would pay for such an animal as I fancied, a liberal price.

Whether any of my newly made acquaintances aided the seller or not, I never knew; but there came along on this afternoon alluded to, the last day of December, 185-, a young man from Vermont, (so he said, and I guess he did,) who drove up to the tavern door; a gay-looking fellow that attracted my attention at once, for he was a good stepper, and he came in in gallant style.

"Who-a!" shouted the driver; and he jumped from the heavy old sleigh upon the door-step, and flung the reins carelessly over the dasher, as the stable-boy came to look after the new arrival.

"That's Jem Saltum," said one of the bar-room loungers. "He's from Brattleboro', and he's got a good 'un. He never comes down with anything but good 'uns, eyther."

Perhaps this remark was intended for my benefit, and perhaps not. I heard it, but seemed not to observe it.

An hour afterwards Jem Saltum ensconced himself before the great bar-room fire, and commenced leisurely to smoke a short six. I had been out to the stable and examined his colt, a beautiful bright bay, with heavy tale and mane, well put together in limb, and very stylish in action—and I concluded to buy him. As yet I had said nothing to Jem Saltum, however, and he had preserved a marked silence on entering the house. I waited for Jem Saltum to open on me or some one around; but he finally seemed dropping into a doze.

It was a cold night, the 31st day of December, 185-. The snow had ceased falling, and the prospect of glorious good sleighing was never more promising. I waited for him to begin, but he said not a word about his horse, and so I went to him.

"A good looking nag you drove down to-day," I remarked to him, by way of commencement.

He did not reply, but opened his eyes lazily, then continued to seem to be sleeping.

"A young 'un?" I queried.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" he asked, looking up. "I was saying you had a nice-looking colt."

"Oh, yes. That's the old man's that is."

"For sale?"

"No—not exactly. That is, I reckon the old man wouldn't agree to sell for no reasonable price."

"Who's the old man you speak of?"

"Who? Why he's my uncle; the man I live with."

"Yes. The sleigh will be fine, and I would like to buy a good horse," I added, "if I can light on one that suits me every way, and does not come too high."

Jem Saltum knew all this before. But I did not know whether he wished to sell, and I thought he didn't.

"Yes. Wal, then, to-morrow we'll take a turn with the colt, and you shall see him go. But as near as I can talk late from what the old man said when I left home, he don't keer to sell him any way."

And with this consolatory remark he fell sound asleep (or appeared to) before the big bar-room fire. At an early hour the next morning I met Jem again, and gave him the customary salutation of the season.

"Happy New Year, sir!" said I pleasantly.

"Wal, yes, so it is New Year's day—an' a very nice 'un it is."

"How's the pony this morning?" I inquired.

"Oh, nicely; never better. Yes, I see. You're the gentleman as spoke about him last night."

"Yes, and we'll give him a trial when you are ready," I added.

"Yes, we'll try him—but I don't believe the old man cares to sell him," insisted Jem.

However, we got aboard a light cutter, and at last we started for a jaunt, to test the speed and mettle of the horse I had been so favorably struck with at first sight, and away we went, followed by half a dozen good 'uns, rigged out at the tavern stables, to see and help enjoy the promised sport.

The handsome bay colt proved a "flyer." How fast he could trot I could not say; but he distanced all competitors for a mile—two, five, six, seven miles—and turned to the hotel in gallant style, at his top gallop, without showing the slightest sign of distress. He was a splendid roadster, and just what I wanted.

"What do you ask for him?" said I at last.

"Wal, as I said before, I don't believe the old man keers to part with him—leastwise he could get two hundred and a half for him."

"That's a big price for a five year old," I said.

"Wal, he aint no fool of a colt. The old man wont take no less."

"I'll give you two hundred dollars," I said. This was a round sum for a horse in those days.

"No; the old man wouldn't be satisfied," insisted Saltum; and he turned his horse's head to the stables as I entered.

I concluded very shortly to take the colt, at Jem's price, however, and about an hour afterwards, said:

"Well, Saltum, I think I'll trade with you. It's too much for a five years old, but I'll give you two hundred and a half."

"Wal," said Jem slowly, "I don't think the old man'd like to sell him for that anyhow; and I guess I'll take him to the city, where I'll get his value."

"But you only asked two hundred and fifty for the colt."

"Wal, you didn't take me up, eyther, did ye?"

"Not at the moment. I—"

"Wal, sharp's the word, yer know, in a horse trade. But I'm quite certain the old man wouldn't be satisfied with less than three hundred."

"Three hundred!" I exclaimed. "Well, I wont do it, that's all."

"No more I wouldn't, mister, if I was you. Cos you can't allers tell about a five year old, if he is smart and putty. He might break down; and I can sell him in the city easy."

I wanted the horse, but I let him go, and did not see Jem Saltum till afternoon, when he turned the nag out for exercise again, and whisked up and down before the door, to the admiration of everybody who saw him.

"Saltum," I said, "come, I didn't mean to do it, but I like your horse. Give me a bill of him. I'll take him at three hundred, though it's a great price for him."

"Well, mister," said the scamp coolly, "since this mornin' I've made up my mind that he can go faster than we thought he could, and I can take three hundred and a half for him of a man up the road here. I've therefore concluded that the old man wont be satisfied unless I do the best I can; though, rally, I don't believe the old man would allow me to sell him any way."

"Confound the old man, and his colt, too!" I said, not a little vexed at the sharp practice of my green-appearing friend from Vermont. "You get no four hundred dollars out of me for that horse."

bring six hundred dollars or the colt; and I've concluded I shall do one or the other, sure as preaching, anyhow."

"Six hundred?" said I; "why don't you say a thousand at once, Jem?"

"Wal, he's with a thousand—you want him now. Jem took up the ribbons. The colt arched his beautiful neck, and was about to turn away. I was beaten.

"Put him in the stable, Jem," said I; "I'll take him—though it's an awful price."

And thus I became the owner of my first fast horse.

The landlord laughed. The ostlers laughed. Jem laughed—so they said; and I was half-inclined to laugh myself, at the Vermont's management. Still I had got a fine colt—I was sure of this—and so, two weeks after my little New Year's day adventure, I found myself on the Bloomingdale road, in a natty New York cutter, skimming sharply over the newly made snow path, and beading with ease most of the dashers that frequent that splendid thoroughfare of the fast 'uns."

My colt quickly attracted the attention of the crowd of horsemen there, and one among their number, who was wealthy, and who knew what a good nag was, very shortly waited upon me, and bawled me for my purchase.

"He's a good 'un," said I, "and cost me high."

"What will you sell him for?" he asked.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," I answered, without winking.

The man of fortune drew a long breath, looked the house over at his leisure, and then drew his check for the amount—some what to my surprise, I confess.

Two years afterwards my six hundred dollar colt had become famous for his superior speed and bottom, and the present owner, to my certain knowledge, has more than once refused a bona fide offer of five thousand dollars for his splendid trotter. He has made his mile in 2:26, repeatedly, and is now among the fastest horses in America.

My only regret is, that when I parted with him, I did not possess the talents of my Vermont friend in disposing of him. I am now certain that I sold my colt too cheap.

THE KING'S HEART'S-EASE.—A FABLE.

THERE was once a king who had a very beautiful garden, with grounds arranged with taste, to please the eye, to afford refreshing shade, retired walks, commanding views, and, besides, all the delightful fruits that could be procured. There was one superb old oak, so high and grand, that could be seen for miles around. There were roses and lilies, and flowering shrubs of every kind; in short, nothing was wanting to make it a most perfect spot. One day the King's head gardener came and exclaimed:

"O king, pray come and see what is the matter with your garden—everything is withering, drooping, and dying!"

While he spoke the other gardeners came running in, and all had the same story to tell. So the king went out, and there found all as they had said. He went up to the first grand old oak tree, his pride and admiration, and said:

"Why, oak, what is the matter with you, that you are withering and dying away?"

"Oh," said the oak, "I don't think I am of any use, I am so large and cumbersome; I bear no fruit or flowers, and I take up so much room; and, besides, my branches spread so wide and thick that it is all dark and shadowy under them, and no flowers or fruit can grow there. Now, if I were a rose-bush, it would be worth while, for I should bear sweet flowers; or if I were a peach or a pear tree, or even like the grape vine, I could bear you fruit."

The king next went to his favorite rose bush, and said:

"Well, rose bush, what is the matter with you?—why are you so drooping?"

"Why," said the rose bush, "I am of no use; I can bear no fruit, I have nothing but flowers. If I were an oak, like that one in the middle of the grounds, I should be of some use; for then I could shelter you. I could be seen for miles around, and be an honor to your garden; but as it is, I might just as well die."

The king then went to the grape vine, no longer clinging to the trellis and trees, but trailing sadly on the ground. He stopped and said:

"Grape vine, what is the matter with you? Why are you lying so dolefully on the ground?"

"Ah," said the vine, "you see what a poor, weak creature I am; I don't even hold up my own weight, but must cling to a tree or post, and what can I do? I neither give shade like the oak, nor bear flowers like the shrubs; I always must depend for support upon something else, and surely I am of no use."

On went the king, quite in despair to see his place going to destruction; and he grieved him to think that for all the kind care and attention he had lavished upon his garden, he was to be repaid by murmuring and repining. But he suddenly spied a little heart's-ease (a small flower) low down on the ground, with its face turned up to him, looking as bright and smiling as possible.

He stooped and said:

"You dear little heart's-ease! what makes you look so bright and blooming, when everything around you is withering away?"

"Why," said the heart's-ease, "I thought you wanted me here; if you had wanted an oak, you would have planted an acorn; if you had wanted roses, you would have set out a rose bush; if you had wanted grapes, you would have put in a grape vine. But I knew what you wanted of me was to be heart's-ease; so I thought I would try to be the very best little heart's-ease that ever I could!"

JACKSON AND CALHOUN.

A SCENE at the White House in 1833, at the lodgings of John C. Calhoun the same night, and a death-bed scene at the Hermitage, were thus graphically portrayed by Senator Cowan, of Pennsylvania, in the debate on the Confiscation Bill. It is a very striking picture:

MR. PRESIDENT.—If Calhoun had been executed for his treason in 1833, there would have been no rebellion now; and perhaps he came nearer his execution than most people are aware. You will know the conspirators in South Carolina proceeded to the commission of the overt act. Calhoun was the chief adviser. Gen. Jackson knew it well, and determined that the law should be put into execution against him; not against the poor misguided men that followed, but against the chief conspirator. He had resolved on his prosecution and trial, and if convicted, his execution for treason. He said that if he had an Attorney General that would not draw

an indictment, he would find one that would. Things were approaching the crisis. Calhoun became aware of Jackson's determination, and sent Letcher, of Kentucky, to confer with him on the subject, and to learn his real intentions. He went to the President's House. It was then already late at night. The President received him with his usual courtesy; but, sir, that mild blue eye, which at times would overflow and fill with tears like that of a woman, was kindled up that night with unwonted fire. He reasoned with him for a while, then paced the floor. His indignation became fully aroused. At times he stormed in passion towering and sublime, till, rising to its full height, his frame dilating and quivering, every feature glowing with the living fire within, with that oath which in him never seemed profane, but the struggle of a great soul to take hold of the Almighty for the strength of his purpose, he declared to Letcher that if another step was taken, "by the Eternal," he would try Calhoun for treason, and if convicted, he would hang him on a gallows as high as Haman's.

Letcher could not misunderstand his purpose. He saw that he was terribly in earnest. From that interview he hastened to the lodgings of Calhoun. He had retired to his bed. He knocked at his bed chamber, and was admitted. Calhoun received him, sitting up in bed, with his cloak around him. Letcher detailed all that occurred, giving entire the conversation between him and Jackson, and described the old hero as he took that oath.

There sat Calhoun, drinking in eagerly every word, and as Letcher proceeded, he became pale as death, and trembled like an aspen leaf. Yes, sir; Calhoun, great as he was in intellect, quaked in his bed! And for what? Was it from fear or cowardice? Ah, no! It was the consciousness of guilt. He was the arch traitor, who, like Satan in Paradise, "brought death into the world and all our woe." Within one week he came into the Senate, and voted for every section of Mr. Clay's bill, and Mr. Jackson was prevailed upon not to prosecute him for his crime.

I have been told, upon authority upon which I rely, that during the last days of Gen. Jackson at the Hermitage, while he was slowly sinking under the ravages of consumption—that mysterious disease which, while it wastes the body, leaves, if possible, the mind more clear, and nearer to inspiration—he had a conversation with his family physician and friend.

While lying upon his bed one day, and speaking of his past Administration, he inquired:

"What act in my Administration, in your opinion, will posterity condemn with the greatest severity?"

The physician replied that he was unable to answer—that it might be the removal of the deposits.

"Oh, no!" said the General.

"Then it may be the specie circular?"

"Not at all?"

"What is it then?"

"I can tell you," said he, rising up in his bed, his eyes kindling up; "I can tell you. Posterity will condemn me more because I was persuaded not to hang John C. Calhoun as a traitor than from any other act of my life."

Sir, does this not seem to be inspiration now? If Calhoun, the originator of this conspiracy to dissolve the Union, and to build up the Southern Confederacy, had been executed for his treason, we would have had no rebellion now.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. CHEMICO-AGRICULTURAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 166 letters. My 4, 18, 6, 7, 12 is Nature's laboratory. My 9, 20, 31, 17 is where she keeps her chemicals. My 32, 8, 113, 40, 23 is where she obtains her coloring matter. My 38, 5, 14, 98, 34, 21, 16 are her students. My 64, 45, 24, 54, 69, 36 are the farmers' watering pots. My 73, 31, 10, 1, 8, 25 is a universal refrigerator. My 36, 18, 43, 41, 35, 22, 39, 13, 42 is a well known alkali. My 128, 77, 94, 127, 194 is where trees congregate. My 62, 5, 148, 168, 162, 61, 47, 112, 155 is a very common plant. My 86, 133, 151, 120, 140 is decayed wood. My 55, 70, 81, 12 is the opposite of cold. My 61, 142, 128, 130, 164, 10 is the lean part of animals. My 81, 32, 108, 37, 49, 43, 45, when pure, has never been frozen. My 123, 67, 67, 56, 81 is a well known fluid. My 79, 163, 41, 16, 7, 7 is water in its gaseous state. My 92, 24, 19, 27, 118, 53 is a virulent poison. My 91, 110, 105, 78, 88, 31, 116 is the essence of cobalt. My 75, 156, 46, 17, 58 is a blue dye. My 74, 33, 82, 68, 161, 70, 71 is the white of eggs. My 55, 72, 95, 26, 92, 2, 23, 44, 57, 62 is a common poison. My 66, 30, 15, 48, 83 can be burnt in oxygen gas. My 90, 126, 125, 107, 6, 142, 152, 147, 145, 8, 136 is extremely corrosive. My 113, 118, 117, 119, 146, 71 is the most nutritive of all vegetable substances. My 80, 159, 122, 14, 156, 124, 96, 120, 93, 131, 21 measures the air. My 138, 150, 26, 118, 135, 25 is a kind of gas. My 124, 97, 83, 77, 96, 59, 118 is a well known drug. My 59, 138, 132, 11, with muriatic acid, forms common salt. My 141, 111, 139, 101, 100, 113, 109, 88, with hydrogen, forms prussic acid. My 137, 154, 95, 133, 97, 47, 149, 161, 160, 158, 84, 165 is a common emetic. My 19, 32, 22, 102, 98, 32, 50, 46, 104 is plumbago. My 113, 114, 99, 144, 104, 108, 84, 76, 121, 104, 94, 126 is copper. My 29, 60, 112, 7, 87, 101, 56 is pure carbon. My 108, 116, 57, 143, 113, 161, 25 is acetic acid. My whole is a suggestion. Rockton, Ill., 1862. EDWARD W. HICKS.

A PUZZLE.

TAKE a thousand, two fifties, Then place one between, And a place of much use, And much noise will be seen. Next find a rich jewel That is rosy and red— Transpose and you'll find What we do with the dead. Now join altogether So as best they will mate, And you'll find a nice town In the ancient Bay State.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN ANAGRAM.

Few deal men great take a the talks advice that of a person. Elyria, Lorain Co., O., 1862. NETTIE S. BRAMAN.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 653.

Answer to Ornithological Enigma:—The least hair makes a shadow. Answer to Riddle:—The world. Answer to Rebus:—A ship. Answer to Geometrical Problem:—Perpendicular, 560; the base, 420.

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10 C. IN STAMPS.—Enclosed to "Clark's School Visitor," 138 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., by return mail, post-paid, a copy of "CHRISTIAN COURAGE: A Sermon for the Times," by Rev. Alexander Clark, Editor School Visitor, author of "Old Log School House," a stirring, popular, and timely discourse for the people. Beautifully printed, with bronze and colored cover—28 pages. [654-3259]

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The Rochester Brick and Tile Manufacturing Company are prepared to meet all demands of either Builders or Farmers wanting Brick or Tile. Pipe Tile of all sizes from two to six inches, and Horse Shoes from two to ten inches. The pipe manufactured by this Company are longer than those made by other manufacturers, being 16 inches in length, 1400 pieces making 80 rods. They are also strong, hard burned, and every way of superior quality. The following list of prices shows the low rates which we offer our Tile, and the facilities thus afforded farmers for cheap underdraining.

Table with 3 columns: Size, Price per 1000, and Price per Rod. Includes items like 2 inch Pipe, 4 inch Pipe, Round Tile, Horse Shoe Tile, and Pipe in two pieces.

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My 12th Annual Sale and Letting of Yearling Rams, Ram and Ewe Lambs, will take place on the 24th Sept. 1862, at my residence, 2 1/2 miles from Holmdel, Monmouth Co., N. J. Persons coming by Philadelphia will take the Camden & Amboy Railroad, and reach the depot at 10 o'clock. A full list of names of the sheep will be published in the New York Herald, and a full list of names of the sheep will be published in the New York Herald, and a full list of names of the sheep will be published in the New York Herald.

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