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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING AMERICAN WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

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

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RUPAL 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 per sonal 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 geslously advocates. As a FARILY 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 Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literar, nd News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautifu Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

AGRICULTURAL.

THE RURAL TO ITS READERS:

RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

This number closes the Thirteenth Year and Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and terminates our engagements with most of its supporters, (all whose subscriptions now expire.) The circumstances attending the close of the year's cares and labors, and especially the condition of the Country and the Newspaper Press, render the occasion one of no ordinary interest. A brief review of the past awakens mingled emotions of gratitude, pleasure and pain: of gratitude that we have so long been permitted by a kind Providence to labor. in a field of usefulness—of pleasure that so many intelligent and right-thinking persons have cooperated with us in efforts which have not proved altogether in vain-and of pain that not a few zealous friends, who have nobly worked and written for these pages, are no longer among the living, active promoters of mental, moral and physical improvement. Alas! what a number of early and long-continued friends of this journal have been called from earth during the past brief twelvemonth - many of whose lives have been sacrificed in patriotic efforts to save and perpetuate a Union and Institutions designed to prove a blessing to millions of our race! The thought that so many noble lives have been lost, causing anguish and mourning in families and communities all over the land, is indeed sad, and comes home to us in more instances than we can here recapitulate. And yet we are not entirely desponding, for there is some consolation in knowing that the departed fell or died with their armor on, and while in the discharge of a sacred duty—that they were not traitorous rebels but patriotic upholders and defenders of their country. This thought relieves the sad picture, yet does not restore the manly son, husband or father to family and friends. Alas! how many loving hearts are lacerated and bleeding in consequence of mortal wounds received by dear ones while far away from home and kindred! May Heaven heal the wounds of the bereaved, and speedily restore peace to our unhappy country.

But while the year now dosing has brought sad ness to many - while an internecine war has raged over and desolated portions of the country, with disastrous results to the Union Cause in notable instances - the great mass of the people have been vouchsafed the blessings of health and prosperity, and the harvest has been abundant. The husbandman has gathered bountiful crops—been "blessed in basket and in store." Agriculture, the basis of material prosperity in peace, is doubly important now, and should be fostered and encouraged by all who desire the welfare of the people and a success ful issue of our national troubles. The rewards of Agriculture are two-fold during such a period as the present - for the intelligent cultivator not only receives good prices for his products, but has the consciousness of contributing materially to the prosperity of the country and the cause of the Union It is the duty of the Press, and especially of the Agricultural Press, to do all in its power to facili tate and cheapen production in such a risis-to herald every improvement in culture and nanage ment, and advise with caution and judgment. The course we have pursued is known to our readers. From the opening of the rebellion we have endeavored to render the RURAL more useful to its patrons and the country than ever before. We saw but one way to crush the hydra-headed monster, secession, boldly proclaimed our position in the outset, and have since constantly aimed to strengthen the Union cause, especially by efforts to induce increased productiveness throughout the Loyal States. And we only regret that our efforts and influence have been comparatively limited—that we could not have written more and better and reached a larger number of the loyal and industrious producers of the country. But "what is writ is writ, would it were worthier," and it must pass the ordeal of criticism, which it is hoped will be lenient - for we are conscious of many sins of omission and commission though none of them were intentional.

In reviewing the history of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for the past thirteen years, we find much and support of your friends and acquaintances, and that is gratifying, and have the satisfaction of by contributing the results of your observation and knowing that the paper has proved beneficial to the experience for publication in its pages. A little People and Country. From its commencement, (as we have said on a similar occasion,) it has been our earnest and constant endeavor to faithfully discharge our duty to all in any wise interested or affected-Individuals, Families, Community and the Country. Starting with a consciousness of the great responsibility assumed, and humbly realizing our inability in many respects, we resolved to make a vigorous and persistent effort to establish in the heart of the best cultivated and populated Rural District of America a WEEKLY Agricultural and Family Journal which should be Honest, Independent and Reliable. We had heard much cant about the necessity of great genius and talent and science and capital in such a sphere of journalism, but believed that Pluck, Industry, Principle and Energy were the first requisites, and indispensable to a success worth achieving in such an enterprise as we had undertaken. Comparatively young, and hence sanguine of future success, in benefiting others at least-confidently believing that those whose interests we advocated would eventually appreciate our efforts—we determined, against the advice of our if the object required can be attained by gentle best friends, to venture our all, (financially,) and | means, it will not expose you to any risk of breakdevote years of untiring labor in an endeavor to ing his temperor injuring his mettle. A horse with establish upon a firm basis, a combined Rural, his spirit and will once entirely broken down by a LITERARY and FAMILY NEWSPAPER which should excel in merit and usefulness-and from that day to this our great aim has been to render this journal eminently Instructive, Useful and Entertaining— to enhance, so far as in our power, the Physical Interests and Home Happiness of all its readerswithout misleading the judgment, injuring the morals, or vitiating the taste of a single individual. This was our standard, an elevated and laudable one - perhaps too fastidious to suit the popular taste—but we resolved to adhere to it, and, if necessary, "learn to labor and to wait" long years for that success and reward which we firmly believed would eventually crown well-directed and persistent efforts for the achievement of landable objects. And we were obliged to thus labor and wait for years—ignoring ease and pleasure, sacrificing health, and sinking thousands of dollars, and even the last dollar we possessed, - before the RURAL NEW-YORKER reached a "paying basis," though, meantime, it paid thousands of its readers, and us in the consciousness of benefiting others and promoting a noble cause. Though this was a period of trial and sacrifice, we never wavered for a moment, or lost trary, subject him to the sight and feeling of a lash, our faith in the cause espoused, or those to whom | under all circumstances, at all times and places, and we looked for support.

afforded at a low price and circulate widely, the RURAL has suffered much from the "paper famine." Indeed the enormous advance in the price of printing paper will probably obliterate our profits on the majority of horses at the present time will not volume now closing, and cause us to actually lose money on every copy furnished at the lowest club of something more potent than mere "moral suarate-\$1.25. But this is not all. The decrease of advertising since the opening of the rebellion, until you have spoken. First, let your horse know added to the advance in price of paper, will leave us little or no actual profit for two years—since the RURAL was enlarged. In fact, we have furnished a larger and more costly paper than we could afford at the price, and although it was pleasant to excel in that regard, we cannot longer indulge in a luxury so expensive. Hence, instead of again increasing the club price, we have concluded to reduce the RURAL to its former dimensions, making it the same size as in 1860. This is but a slight reduction, compared with what many of our contemporaries have done, or propose doing, but we hope it will enable us to survive the "paper famine"—as we contemplate no reduction in the quality of any article. By condensation, and extra labor, we shall endeavor to render the paper as valuable and acceptable as formerly. Indeed, our arrangements are such that we are confident of making the ensuing volume of the RURAL equal to either of its predecessors in Appearance, and also in value of Contents. To accomplish this object we have resolved to labor more earnestly and persistently than ever before, and make the best possible use of past experience. We shall have able and efficient assistance, both in and out of the office. Several able contributors and correspondents will be introduced to our readers, and former ones have promised to stand by the good ship RURAL in adversity or prosperity. Our Western Editor-Chas. D. Bragdon, Esq., of Chicago-whose "Western Editorial Notes" have attracted much attention and been widely copied during the past eighteen months, will in future devote much more time and thought for the benefit of the RURAL NEW-YORKER and its readers. His interesting Notes will be continued, and he will also contribute in other forms to the leading departments of the paper.

Friends of the RURAL! when prosperous we have been most liberal, always fulfilling if not exceeding our promises! We now frankly ask you to reciprocale. The RURAL is not dying, nor does it propose to exhibit the least sign thereof, (except in a temporary reduction of size,) but is bound, with your continued support and encouragement, to survive the rebellion, "paper famine," and all opposition, and come out of the contest with flying colors. You can aid us, in various ways, to accomplish this object—

especially by introducing the RURAL to the notice attention and influence, properly directed and exercised, will aid us materially at the present time, and we trust every friend of the paper - and it has hosts of friends all over the land — will see what can be done in his or her locality to maintain and augment its circulation and usefulness.

A CHAPTER ON DRIVING.

In order to be a good driver a person must undertand and appreciate the nature and disposition of the horse which he is acting upon. Temper and will vary as much in different horse as in separate individuals of the human family; and a man will be a successful driver in proportion as he gains the mastery over the faculties and understanding of his horse. It is not always necessary touse force alone, when it is desired to make a horse nind. Patience, perseverance and gentleness, with firmness, will often do more towards bringing a-refractory animal into subjection to your will, and oledience to your commands, than the mere employment of the whip; and too strong application of the whip, is ever after, or until he changes owners, a poor, dogged, ill-tempered concern—a mere machine, moving through his round of duties without the least animation

Some animals will bear whipping much better than others, and need the application of the goad much oftener. This is owing mostly, it is presumed, to their individual disposition, but in part to the training which they were subjected to when colts. A colt which is reared directly under the eye of a kind and intelligent master, who always makes him do what he tells him to, and instructs him to obey as soon as the command is given, yet who never converts him into a simple plaything, will, we think always yield obedience to his driver more willingly and promptly than one which has been raised under treatment exactly the reverse. Bring up a colt by gentle urging, yet always using force as a last resort, if he fails to mind, and, other things being favorable, you will have a horse that will obey your simple word at most times, as well as he would any application to his back. On the confor the least failures to mind you, from the time he Now, however, our business is materially affected. is weaned until he is broken to the carriage, and In common with other popular journals which are you will ever after have to drive him with whip and spur.

As a general thing, in driving, it is best not to use force, when persuasion will do just as well. The take a reasonable gait, and keep it, without the use sion." It is a good rule, however, never to strike what you wish him to do, then if he does not do it,

compel him to. Whenever you undertake to make a horse per form anything that is perfectly proper and that he is able to accomplish, never give up until you have succeeded. Every victory you gain makes him more willing to acknowledge you as master, while every time he can succeed in going counter to your wishes confirms him in the disagreeable practice of shirking. Of course, it is not always possible for one to do as he wishes in this respect. Some animals have acquired such balky ways through illtreatment that it may be best to let them take their own time. A little discretion must be used in such cases, and some allowance made for the force of habit.

Another rule which is found to work well, when driving, either singly or to the pole, is, at all times, to keep the reins drawn moderately tight, just so that the pressure of the bit can be felt. Beside holding his head in the proper position, this plan has the further merit of keeping the horse under command if he gets suddenly frightened, or if he is disposed to be fractious. Many a person when listlessly driving a spirited beast with a slack line, has been startled from his reverie by seeing Billy bounding away at a more than "two-forty" rate, and has felt a sort of helplessness when he found the "ribbons" dangling half-way to his heels. Horses, like men, are subject to sudden, capricious starts; therefore, it is hest to be always prepared to check them at once, before they get the advantage of motion.

When it is wished to urge an animal up to his greatest speed, or indeed whenever he is going at a fast trot, the reins should be held so as to draw hard upon his mouth. This will make him more manageable, and will prevent him from "breaking up." There is a very common, and we think dangerous

and cruel error in vogue among many drivers-we mean that of driving fast when going down hill. It is oftenest seen among those who are drawing heavy loads, and especially in winter. It is believed that as many lamnesses result from this practice as from any other one source of injury to horseflesh; and we will say nothing now of the peril in which the driver or rider is placed by it. If people would shall I do?" look at the subject a moment, they would see their

mistake. In trotting or cantering down a hill, a horse uses his feet in the same manner as upon level ground, that is, throwing them upward and forward nearly horizontally; but the road tending downward all the time, his feet have to come down from one to two feet perpendicularly, according to the steepness of the descent. If it be a long hill then, and rather steep, and he takes from fifty to a hundred steps in going to the bottom, we can imagine what a straining effect it will have upon his limbs, especially if the road is hard. It would be much better if we would never drive faster than a walk, or very slow trot, when descending a hill, unless the inclination be very slight. If we are in haste to get on, it will injure our horses less to make the extra speed upon level ground, and we shall run much less risk to life and limb ourselves.

A good driver is always watchful, active, reso lute. A lazy man never drives well. One who would become a good reinsman should speak promptly and distinctly to his beast at all times; and under no circumstances should he have recourse to the too common practice of "twitching" upon the lines, or jerking suddenly upon the bit. He should be careful to learn his team to stop at once, when told to, by drawing in gradually but firmly on the reins. Horses treated in this way very soon become accustomed to the proceeding, and will need but the word of command to induce them to slack their speed at once. We attach all the more importance to this last point, because there are so many accidents from the breaking or dropping of the lines, that might be prevented if proper attention were paid to this subject. Only train horses in a right manner, and although the reins do get broken, or lost, they will still be to some extent under control; but if they have always been allowed to stop, or go, when they pleased, and anything of this kind happens, they will be very likely to run. Some person may say to this, "You are begging the question. A 'high-strung' beast ought never to be driven with anything that will break." We admit that, but "accidents will happen," even to the most careful. A rustling paper, the tap of a drum, any sudden sound or sight, may cause a horse to start. At such a time, if you are not in a condition to use the reins, the advantage of having him in subjection to your word of command, will be plainly seen and

This is a subject that needs attention. Driving is an art. It is to be acquired by study. Good drivers are comparatively scarce. Bad drivers are plenty. The horse is the noblest of our brute servants. Let us treat him as he deserves, and rest assured that he

will appreciate our kindness and care. WE hope to hear from W. S. F. again, and

THE NEW HIGHWAY LAW.

How I envy some of my brother farmers who. through the RURAL, speak in laudatory terms of the beneficent working of the new Highway Law. They tell us how effectually it has checked the practice of pasturing the highway-of roadsides fit to mow-of the uselessness of keeping up road fences, and that they are no longer haunted with the fear that their door-yard gates may happen to be left open for some long-legged, gaunt-bellied, spectral-looking, half-starved creature to dart in and destroy their shrubbery and make a barn-vard of their grass plot.

Ah. me!-wouldn't I like to "swap" locations with some of these highly-favored "indiwiduals?" Our fences must be high and strong. Our gates and bars must be constantly and carefully closed, and even then it behooves us to have a good dog behind all to show his teeth to the famishing brutes that covet a repast on our grain or grass.

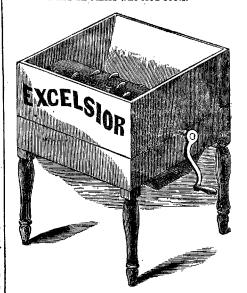
But why don't you put the law in force? say you Aye, aye, sir! but "there's the rub." The man who should attempt such a thing in this vicinity would run the risk of being mobbed-at all events he would be execrated by all the road-pasturing portion of community (which happens to be in the majority here) as an "almighty mean feller." Now. I desire to live in peace with my neighbors: and some of those who practice pasturing the roads are among my warmest friends. Here is neighbor A., who owns an adjoining farm, and a good one, too, keeps his cows-which would realize JOSEPH's dream of the seven lean and ill-favored kine-constantly in the road. Fences are nothing to them. I verily believe they would invent some way to scale the Chinese Wall if it was between them and a cornfield. If I open my horse-barn doors-which open into the road—for the purpose of airing the barn of a warm winter morning like this, they take posses sion of all the vacant stalls for foraging purposes. There is neighbor B., whose hogs but just came along, and thrusting their long noses under our door-yard gate, "boosted" it off its hinges and walked in. Neighbor C.'s colts, innocent of all knowledge of the use of fences, now and then take a pleasure trip across our wheat field, plunging through the soft ground and tearing it up in a shocking manner.

These neighbors are men whom I esteem as excellent neighbors and good citizens, with the exception of this wretched proclivity for pasturing the public highway. I don't wish to gain their ill will. Under such circumstances, Oh, omniscient Rural, I appeal to you for a solution of the knotty question, "what Rusticus

West Sparta, N. Y., Dec., 1862.

EXCELSIOR VEGETABLE CUTTER.

Our engraving represents a Vegetable Cutter. patented in July last by Mr. John R. Robertson of Syracuse, N. Y., and which was awarded the first premium at the last New York State Fair. We witnessed a trial of this machine a few days ago, when it cut turnips, in thin, narrow strips, at the rate of one bushel per minute. The knives are adjustable, and fastened to a cylinder 11 inches in diameter and 14 inches long. The knives may be so arranged as to cut coarse or fine as desired. The work is very thoroughly and speedily done; the cut-up vegetables dropping inside of the cylinder and being delivered at the ends. We regard it as a valuable improvement, and worthy the attention of farmers and all others who feed roots.



Our Western Corresponding Editor examined this Cutter at the State Fair, (before any premium was awarded it,) and thus voluntarily noticed it in his report given in the RURAL of Oct. 11:- "There is one little implement here which I commend to the attention of western men. With all our appropriation of machinery as a substitute for manual labor, I have never yet seen more than one vegetable cutter on a western farm, or in a western root cellar or stable. We are getting to grow roots considerably, and there is nothing more desirable, as an inducement for a more extended culture of roots for a feed crop, than something which shall rapidly prepare roots for stock. I saw one on exhibition. That it is the best one I do not know. That it does the work well and rapidly I do know. It is called the "Excelsior Vegetable Cutter," patented by J. R. ROBERTSON, Syracuse, N. Y."

- For further particulars relative to the above machine, address the patentee as above, who offers State Rights for sale, and also furnishes the Cutter at ten dollars.

RURAL EXPERIENCES.-No. IV.

I LOVE to see a tidy farmer, one who keeps things picked up about the yards and buildings,-in short, has "a place for everything, and everything in its place." His fences are always straight, his furrows the same. Rows of corn, potatoes, beans, apple trees,-in fact, everything planted in rows, straight. No thistles and brambles growing along the roadside, in the corners of the fences, in pastures, around the garden and elsewhere, but all are cut in season. His "line fence" is good, consequently he has good neighbors. His garden is nice-full of vegetables - melons, fruit and flowers abound - and clear from weeds and chickens. He plants some trees for profit and some for beauty; protects the old trees, and plants some to fill their

His cattle and sheep (like their master) have enough to eat and a warm place to sleep,—sell readily, because always fat, and bring good prices, too. He is always ready to assist his neighbors or any one who is in trouble. In short, has a little public spirit about him and does not live mainly and solely for the Almighty Dollar. Such a man, when asked to subscribe for the RURAL, will pass out the dimes and not shinplasters.

Brewerton, Onon. Co., N. Y., 1862.

GROUT FLOORS FOR HOG-PENS.

"OBSERVATION" of Onondaga county, relates (RURAL, Dec. 13, 1862,) his experience with a grout-floored hog-pen. Very probably the "some time" he waited before putting the hogs upon it was too short for the mortar to harden perfectly. Six years ago my father floored a cellar hog-pen (under a side-hill wagon-house,) with small cobble-stone, grouted in, and plastered over a half-inch coat of water lime. It was months before it became perfectly dry, and the winter scaled off part of the last coat, but the floor is still in good condition; as solid as stone-though in nearly constant use. Sleepers and plank are not very lasting, though good, of course, while they answer their purpose. I think six months none too long time for grout-floors to dry, and the stone should be finely broken and well

packed before the mortar is put on. Royalton, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1862.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Padies' Department.

WOMAN'S COUNSEL.

LET no man value at a little price A virtuous woman's counsel; her winged spirit Is feathered oftentimes with heavenly words, And like her beauty, ravishing and pure; The weaker body, still the stronger soul, When good endeavors do her powers apply Her love draws nearer man's felicity. Oh, what a treasure is a virtuous wife, Discreet and loving! not one gift on earth Makes man so highly bound to heaven; She gives him double forces to endure And to enjoy, by being one with him, Feeling his joys and griefs with equal sense.

But a true wife both sense and soul delights, And mixeth not her good with any ill; Her virtues, ruling heart all powers command; All store without her leaves a man but poor, And with her poverty is exceeding store.

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

I MET my sweet young friend, LIZZIE L ----, the other day. She was walking along with quick, elastic step, a bright glow on her face, and a brilliant light in her eye. "Why, Lizzie, what is the matter?—you seem happy and grow good-looking every day. You used to be pale and low-spirited. Your health must be much better, isn't it?

"Yes, Mrs. Overton, my health is better; but then it was never poor. It wasn't poor health that ailed me at all; nor is it good health altogether that makes me feel happy now."

"What is it, then?"

"Employment, Mrs. Overton!" "Employment!-why, you always had enough to to do, didn't you?"

"Yes --- but it wasn't the kind of work that I am doing now. Then I wrought on fancy articles, merely to pass away time; now I work for my living and for my clothes-that's the difference."

I needn't give the whole of the conversation. LIZZIE had a brother who supported her and purchased for her a gratification for every wish; but the war, and the derangement resulting, had thrown him out of business, and he had been compelled, either by patriotism or want of employment, to serve his country. Of his earnings, a liberal portion of them were sent to LIZZIE; but her dependence upon him and the possibilities, not to say probabilities, of being deprived of her brother, had set her thinking of what she should do in such case; and she had determined to do nothing no longer. She sought and secured a situation in a large retail house, deposited her brother's remittances in the Savings Bank, adding thereto such part of her own earnings as she did not choose to use.

There is no better dressed girl than LIZZIE L. among my young acquaintances - nor better informed; for in her little home-nest is a library of choice books and periodicals. And she is happy. Why shouldn't she be? She earns her own living, pays for all she has and uses, from her own earnings. She is happier than ever before, she says, because she is independent.

This is one case. There areh undreds of a like character. What a nation of lady shop-keepers this war is educating! Did you ever think of it? Why may not these young ladies, many of them, rise in their business, as young men do, to become Junior and then Senior members of the firms that employ them? If they do not haste to make marriage contracts, why not?-and if they do, may not the copartnership be both of a business and conjugal character? All marriages are or ought to be-we are help-meets.

Employment! Why, Young says,

"Life's cares are comforts; such by Heaven designed; He that has none, must make them or be wretched -Cares are employments; and without employ The soul is on a rock; the rock of rest, To souls most adverse: action all their jo

And GALEN calls employment "Nature's physicians" - and so it is:

But young ladies need not all seek to become shop-keepers-tradeswomen. The great field open for American women is designing and manufacturing. We ought to learn how to produce, so that we may compete with France in the supply of our own markets with fancy goods. American women have good taste; and such as they have may be cultivated countries all the money we ought, to gratify our tastes. Let us begin to supply our own demands for the finer fancy goods. There are many women who have no time to spend making the little ornamental articles which are now regarded essential in every well-furnished home, who would be glad to pay liberally for a home-made article, such as almost any American girl could make-lamp-mats. tidies, needle-books, cushions, embroidered covers. coiffeures, collars, ties-a thousand things which any lady could enumerate. And the sale of these things would depend as much upon their design as upon their material. I once knew a young ladies' club, organized for the purpose of manufacturing articles of this character for sale—and that was the way they got their "pin money." They did a good business, meeting and working only a couple of hours per day. I don't know but it still exists. It was in an Eastern city.

These are suggestions. The happiest womenyoung and old-are those who labor, and with a good motive. A new field has been opened for young women by the absence of young men in the army, and they should hasten to occupy it, and profit by opportunities it offers for enlarging the sphere of their usefulness and influence.

Weedynook, Dec., 1862. MRS. JANE C. OVERTON.

LADIES interested in Domestic Economy (and who is not?) are referred to that department of the Index to our present Volume for reference to a host of useful matters. The department is a regular Housekeeper's Encyclopædia, and a friend at our elbow says it's worth a year's subscription to any family, in town or country.

A BEAUTIFUL FANCY. - In the "Legend of the Tree of Life," published in New York in 1775, occurs the following: -- "Trees and woods have twice saved the world-first by the ark, then by the cross-making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree of Paradise, by that which was borne on the tree in Golgotha.

them in time of war.

Choice Miscellany.

IN DECEMBER.

LITTLE WIFE, while time flies fleetly, Tiny household fairies, sweetly Weaving magic charms completely, Flutter in a fire and glow. Sitting mid the murk December With the light of flame and ember On our faces, we remember That sweet joy wherewith we kist, In another murk December

When with arrows and with bow, Very many years ago, Cupid snared us ere we wist (You remember?)

Mid the mist!

Yes, my darling, you remember That one evening in December. When the city lights all twinkled Mid the fog, like glow-worms sprinkled; And the heavy, dull and dreary Tread of men and women weary. Mingled with the splishing, splashing Of the wheels and horses' feet Moving onward, rushing, crashing, With a thunder in the street; And the people, coming, going, Passing on in countless hosts

From a cloud there came a maiden With a market-basket laden, Picking dainty footsteps lightly, With a face that shone more brightly Than the sun on beds of pearls: So she came, the queen of girls. And the mist that gathered round her First in filmy darkness drown'd her :

Swift and frantic,

By the fog clouds round them flowing,

Seemed like ghosts.

Grown gigantic

To her feet, and to adore her. Came to me this little stranger, With a face in blushes basking .-Setting every heart in danger-With a modest tremor asking

Then it seemed to fall before her

For her way. And I led the little maid, As she took my proffer'd aid, To her home within the city, Where, reflected from her pretty Face, a household sunshine lay Night and day.

And through all that murk December My pulses seemed to beat To a music soft and sweet. As the tinkling of the fays That seemed passing in the blaze Of the film-encumbered ember At our feet.

And evening and night, When I wandered in the street, The fog-clouds, waving white, Seemed to flutter and arise. And uncertain to my eyes That jewel of a girl, With her smile and lips of pearl: Till we met again and parted,

Once again, and in December,-By those blushes you remember,— How I drew the maiden to me. Blood-like music thrilling through me, And I told her how I loved her, And it seemed my pleading moved her, For we ended in soft blisses, Melting, trembling into kisses; And we set the bells a-ringing On an evening such as this; And toward the stars upspringing I gave, as I carest her,

All my life! Now I press her as I prest her, While the fairies in the ember Hail another sweet December, Little Wife!

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

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

DID you never take up from the table where your mail-boy had laid the last mail, the weekly paper. which, above all others, you wish to lean back in your ceziest chair and read by the light of a wellshaded lamp, of a Saturday evening, and opening it, glance all through it without reading a word in it-puzzling and hesitating, half-distracted in your effort to determine which of the tit-bits you will devour first? You nibble here and there, read to become much better. We have paid foreign the headings, glance at the first sentence, skim over the paragraphs, and unconsciously wish you could absorb the whole at one effort. There are two or three such papers that come to my table; but it is not of them or anything in them that I am going to

and now I wish to say what seems to me here, to wit:—Does the reader ever think how much of romantic interest there is, and may be to all. in the commonest events of every-day life? -- how much we can glean that is golden, and bright, and blessed, if we accept the opportunities thrust before us constantly-thrust before too many who never notice them, and go through the world living a comparatively barren and unfruitful life?

But-to return-I met a good woman to-day, who was in quite as great a dilemma over a letter, as you and I are often over our fresh weekly paper. I stood at a corner near the post-office, waiting for a horse-car to take me home to dinner, when a decently dressed, tidy woman, came to me and said, "Will you be so kind as to read that letter for me? It is from my husband, and he is in Gen. GRANT'S army, and I want to hear from him very much; but my eyes do blur so when I try to read that I can't get through with it. I've been trying so hard."

I looked into her eyes as she looked into mine while making this appeal, and saw there the cause of the blur. They were brim full of tears, and a tremor of excitement - whether apprehensive or joyful I did not wait to determine—agitated her. I took the letter, from the patriot husband to his wife,—I, a stranger to both,—and read it rapidly to to her. It was a lively, hopeful, sensible letter, with words in it sacred to the wife. As I read them, she placed her hand on my arm, interrupting me, and asked, "Are you a husband, sir?"

"Yes, madam." "Then you can understand the value those words are to me."

"Few could fail to see how you value them, whether husband or not," I replied.

The reading of the letter finished, she said, "I am very grateful to you, sir, for I tried to read it and my eyes went all over it without seeing a word, RANK and fashion may be all very fine in time of and I could not wait until I got home before I knew peace, but rank and file must have precedence of its contents. I am so thankful—I feel so much better, too,"—and she went her way.

LEAD PENCIL, Esq., asked himself what he thought of the revelation of life the occurrence had given him. And this is the order in which th thoughts came:

1. Why did she ask a stranger to read that letter for her? Because she was truthful-or, because she was cosmopolitan, and had learned that human nature is alike everywhere --- or, because she believed it safer to trust an entire stranger to read her husband's letter to her, than any friend or neighbor who might use the knowledge to be gained from it to her disadvantage-or, which is more probable, because she didn't care who put her in possession of the contents, so that she knew them at once.

2. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." wrote Shakspeare. Similar experiences beget similar sympathies, create a free-masonry as exclusive as ever existed. "Are you a husband?" -and upon the reply depended the evidence of my appreciation of the contents of that letter, and intelligent sympathy. The reply, given affirmatively, a relationship is felt - a kindred cord is touched, and the woman trusts the stranger as she could not have trusted him without this knowledge.

3. What if we were all to be more trustful-to regard all strangers friends, and in our mingling with the world cultivate our hearts so that we may say pleasant, frank words to all with whom we come in contact. Is it not a fact that distrust is the habit of men's minds? And is it not a fact that this is daily more and more manifest? Ought it to be cultivated? Does it not beget the same feeling in others, wherever it is apparent. No one wins our confidence until he or she has exhibited some disposition to be confiding also. There are men whose faces tell us they can be trusted. Why? Who can answer? We look and confide and are never disappointed. Is this a natural or acquired expression?

THE NEWSPAPER.

A MAN eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind. to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it: for the newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men-it is the wisdom of the age-of past ages, too. A family without a newspaper is always behind the times in general information; besides, they never think much or find anything to think about. And then there are the little ones growing up in ignorance, without a taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there is the wife, who, when her work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and has nothing to relieve her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle.

The newspaper is the cheapest luxury in existence. From no other source can so much pleasure and profit be obtained at so little cost. Think of it! the history of the world's life for a week; intelligence from every event worth putting into print; accounts of war and accounts of peace; the rise and fall of dynasties; the fluctuations of the market: the incidents of commerce; casualties by fire and flood; deaths, births, and marriages; scraps of wit and humor, tales and poems, speeches and essays, recipes for making pudding, and antidotes for diptheria; hints upon love and matrimony; conundrums, moral precepts, apothegms and jeux d'esprit, puns and pasquinades-and all for four cents a week! Think of it! the faithful chronicler of universal history—the epitomization of universal affairs-for the price of one cigar—or a single glass of brandy!

The newspaper is the greatest of reformers. It revolutionizes the household. It does more to educate the family than all the schoolmasters that ever swayed the rod. It carries life and light with it wherever it goes. It stimulates the husband to sturdier efforts, sends the housewife singing to her work, and leads the children by flowery paths up the heights of knowledge. It is a friend that does not deceive, a confidente that does not betray, a mother that does not whisper evil counsel.

It is the best mental tonic. It arouses the slumbering energies of the soul, and makes the currents of life flow more freely and healthy. Deprived of its more genial influences, society would go to rust the wheels of progress would be arrested, and the world relapse into the darkness of the Mediæval times.—Exchange.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

THE old chimney corner! It is endeared to the heart from the earliest recollections. What dreams have been dreamed there! What stories told! what bright hours passed! It was a place to think in, a place to weep in, to laugh in, and much the coziest place in the house to rest in. It was there where dear old grandmama used to sit at her knitting, warming her poor old rheumatic back against the warm wall; where grandpa used to fall seleen over his newspaper; where mamma used to place her spinning-wheel, and papa used to sit there too, and read in the great arm-chair.

It was there where you used to read fairy tales in your childhood, folded all so snug, and warm, and cozy, in its great warm lap, while the wind of a winter's night was whistling without. Your favorite plum-cake was never so sweet as when eaten there. and the stories you read by the sitting-room fire side were never half so fascinating as those read in the chimney corner.

If you were sad, you went there to cry. If you were merry, you, with your brothers and sisters, nestled there to have a right merry time. Even puss and the house dog loved the old chimney

Look back to the old house, where every room, every nook is so full of pleasant recollections—the family sitting-room, where were so many happy meetings; your own chamber, with its little window, "where the sun came peeping in at morn;" mother's room, still sacred with her presence. But, after all, the brightest memories cluster about that chimney corner. You long to be folded in its faithful old bosom again, as you were in childhood, and have a good cry over all those past happy times.

It is desolate now. The bright faces that clusered there of yore will never come back again. Black and dingy are the loved walls, and the smoke from the kitchen fire never makes them warm any more. But still memory sets up some of the holiest and most beautiful statues of her carving in the old chimney corner!—Boston Recorder.

FILL your affections with the cross of Christ that there may be no room for sin. The world once put Him out of the house into a stable, when He came to save us; let Him now turn the world out of doors, when He is come to sanctify us.—John Owen.

INSTEAD of fighting misfortune, we too often make it prisoner.

Sabbath Musings.

TO BEREAVED PARENTS.

WHEN OR MY ear your loss was knelled, And tender sympathy upburst, A little rill from memory swelled, Which once had soothed my bitter thirst; And I was fain to bear to you Some portion of its mild relief. That it might be as healing dew, To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath Up to the Father took its way, And on our home the shade of death Like a long twilight haunting lay; And friends came round with us to weep His little spirit's swift remove, This story of the Alpine sheep Was told to us by one we love:

"They, in the valley's sheltering care, Soon crop the meadow's tender prime; And when the sod grows brown and bare The shepherd strives to make them climb To airy shelves of pastures green That hang along the mountain side, Where grass and flowers together lean, And down thro' mist the sunbeams slide But naught can tempt the timid things That steep and rugged path to try, Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings, And seared below the pastures lie; Till in his arms their lambs he takes, Along the dizzy verge to go, Then, heedless of the rifts and brakes, They follow on o'er rock and snow. And in those pastures lifted fair, More dewy soft than lowland mead. The shepherd drops his tender care, And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable, by nature breathed, Blew on me as the south wind free O'er frozen brooks, that float unsheathed From icy thraldom to the sea. A blissful vision, through the night. Would all my happy senses sway, Of the Good Shepherd on the height, Or climbing up the stony way; Holding our little lamb asleep; And, like the burthen of the sea, Sounded that voice along the deep, Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] BE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

"BUT YE, BRETHREN, BE YE NOT WEARY IN WELL DOING. 2nd Thess: 3—13.

It was a thorough knowledge of the weakness of human nature which caused the Apostle to give the above command to his disciples. The heart is so governed by impulse; and there are few natures so lost that they are not at times melted and long for the possession of a pure heart in the sight of God. But habit and inclination, together with a lack of moral firmness to follow the rugged path of self-improvement, causes the noble impulse to die out and they fall back into their old ways of sin. There are others who with enthusiastic feelings enter the straight and narrow path, and in their ardor they feel that they shall never faint by the way-that they can overcome the obstacles which lie in their paths without effort. Such are very apt to become weary in well doing, and cease entirely, after a time,

in their strivings, or only labor as the impulsive feelings dictate. To such the solemn mandate of the Apostle was spoken. No permanent good can be accomplished without observing it. Our hearts may be filled with love and pity towards the suffering; but to do them good we must be prepared for discouragements of many kinds, and must guard against the tempter who would lure us to procrastinate,—to seek our own ease first. We cannot claim the reward of well doing unless our actions are the result of fixed principles, and not of mere impulse. Geneva, Wis., 1862.

THE THANKFUL HEART.—If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes, and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how would it draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand. discovers no mercies; but the thankful heart sweeps through the day, and as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find every hour some heavenly blessings: only the iron in God's sand is gold. — 0. W. Holmes.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine-a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts, the soft, patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, not the spreading palm. but a bush-an humble, slender, abject bush-as it He would, by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility, nothing hate like pride.

THE FINISHED GARMENT.—A christian man's life is laid on the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does, and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, and on the other is joy; and the shuttle, struck alternately by each. flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that deep and dark colors were as needful to perfectness and beauty as the bright and high colors.

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—There is a beautiful legend at whatever cost to our own inclination. A beautiful vision of our Savior had apdeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he gazed upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but he left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words, "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

I know not when I ever prayed in earnest, that is one way or another I had not satisfactory evidence that God heareth prayer. Ten thousand times hith He reproached unbelief by saying, "Here I am. Why art thou fearful, O thou of little faith?" And so strong is this evidence to me when I examine the detail, that I see and feel that He said not in vain, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you."-Cecil.

Aseful, Scientific. &c.

VENICE OF TO-DAY.

A TRAVELER writing to the Christian Advocate says of Venice:—We lounged in a gondola through the grand canal, passing palaces swimming on the waves-flowers that had passed their hour of perfection and were fast hastening to decay. Its grand quay is void of ships, its marts of business, its people of wealth. With all its charms as a place to visit, it has none as a place to dwell in. Land, horses, cows, chickens and children, are what mankind chiefly desire. None of these, except the last, are found here, and children seemed scarce. They must be tied to their chairs, for a run in the streets would soon be followed by a plunge in the waters. A few dogs, cats and rats were all the animals we saw there, and these didn't seem at home. One gets tired of the intense silence. The drip of the suspended oar, the cries of the boatmen, the pattering of feet are all the sounds of Venice, save its bells. When these cease the silence is like Egyptian darkness; it is felt. We long for the undertones with which nature elsewhere breaks up the too oppressive stillness. The sea, even, is voiceless here, as well as the land. It is so quiet in its rise and fall that no ripple breaks on shore or quay. No wonder its population fled when its power and business disappeared. They have not all gone yet, for it still supports nearly a hundred thousand people by its moderate commerce and some branches of manufacture, chiefly in glass.

PERSONAL HABITS OF THE PRESIDENT.

ALL parties who know the habits of President Lincoln, are not surprised to hear of his personal visit to General Burnside—nor would any such be astonished to know that he was in New York at any time. If he wanted to see anything or anybody, he would be quite as likely to come on as to send. He has an orbit of his own, and no one can tell where he will be or what he will do, from anything done yesterday. If he wants a newspaper he is quite as likely to go out and get it as he is to send after it. If he wants to see the Secretary of State he generally goes out and makes a call. At night, from ten to twelve, he usually makes a tour all round-now at Gov. Seward's, and then at Halleck's: and if Burnside was nearer, he would see him each night before he went to bed. Those who know his habits and want to see him late at night, follow him round from place to place, and the last search generally brings him up at General Halleck's, as he can get the latest army intelligence there. Whoever else is asleep or indolent, the President is wide awake and around.—Boston Journal.

MILK, TEA AND COFFEE.-In Prof. LOOMIS' article on "Food," in the last Patent Office Report, he thus speaks of milk, tea and coffee:

Milk contains in solution not only a due propertion of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, as before mentioned, but all the other elements necessary for the construction of bone, nerve, &c., and hence is always a proper food in all circumstances

Tea derives its beneficial qualities not from its direct supply of nutrition, but from its affording a peculiar substance called theine, the effect of which in the system is to diminish the waste, thus making less food necessary. Tea thus has a positive economic value, not as a supplying but as a saving nutriment.

Coffee, though of a taste so little allied to tea derives its value in precisely the same manner and from nearly the same substances. Its value and effect in the system are therefore the same as those above stated. It is hence evident that milk, tea and coffee are valuable articles of food under all conditions of temperature.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS .- To be read to her husband by every wife interested.—A correspondent of the London Builder gives the following cure for a great and common evil: A smoky chimney and a scolding wife are two of the worst evils of domestic life, says the old proverb, and to obviate the first evil. ingennity is ever racking its brain. Hence, Regent street and every part of the metropolis has its house-tops bristling with pipes and deformed by cowls of every conceivable and almost inconceivable variety. New I have built many chimneys in all possible situations? and have found one simple plan everywhere succeeded, the secret being only to construct the threat of the chimney, or the part just above the fireplace. so small that a man or boy can barely pass through it. Immediately above, the chimney should be enlarged to double its width like a purse, to the extent of about two feet in height, and then diminished again to the usual proportions. No chimney that I ever constructed thus, moked.

PROBABLE ORIGIN OF THE SAYING. "DIR IN THE LAST DITCH."- When Louis the XIV. invaded Holland, carrying fire and sword as he advanced, overtures were made by Buckingham, one of Charles the Secord's Ministers, to Prince William of Nassau, the head of the United Provinces, to make him King of the residue of the country, after France and England, who had agreed to a secret treaty for dismembering the country, had taken of it what they wanted. "Do you not see," said Buckingham, "that the country is lost?" "I see," said William, "that it is in great danger; but there is a sure way of never seeing it lost, and that is, to die in the last ditch."

SMELLING A MINIE BALL.—A correspondent from the battle-field, speaking of the effects of a passing illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty | rifle ball says: "But the most singular thing, and which I do not remember to have heard mentioned heretoore, is the effect of these balls upon the atmorphere through which they pass. The passage of one immediately across your face is followed by a nomentary sensation of deadly sickness. The air seems thick, stifling and putrid, like that of a newly epened vault, accompanied by an odor of certain kinds of fungi found in the woods, and never willingly disturbed by either man or beast. I should like to know if any one else has felt this, or is it a peculiar fancy of my own."

> DRINK LESS WITH YOUR MEALS.—Manymen have relieved themselves of dyspepsia by not drinking anything, not even water, during their meals. No animal, except man, ever drinks in connection with its food. Man ought not to. Try this, dyspeptics; and you will not wash down mechanically that which ought to be masticated and ensalivated before it is swallowed.

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Kural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



GLORIOUS flag ! thy folds shall shelter All that tread this hallowed shore, Till "suns shall rise and set" no longer, And "till time shall be no more." Shout, ye people—let the echoes Ring far over land and sea-For the flag that ne'er was conquered. For the banner of the free!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 27, 1862.

Army in Virginia.

On the night of the 15th, General Burnside's troops evacuated their positions on the Fredericksburg side of the river. The movement was a perilous one, but was conducted in safely. The artillery was the first to cross the river. The last of the infantry brought up the rear shortly after daylight. The enemy never discovered the movements until too late to do any harm. As soon as the last man had got safely across the river, the pontoon bridges were removed, thus cutting off all communication between the two shores. Our wounded are all safe, and on the north side of the river. There was a heavy wind all night, accompanied with considerable rain, which assisted us in our movements, and prevented the rebels from learning our intentions.

The following, based upon official reports as far as made out, and upon the estimates of those who have the best facilities for judging, is as near a correct list of our loss as can be obtained up to this time: Right Grand Division-Sumner's-2d Corps-

Crouch's and Howard's Divisions, 980: Hancock's Division, 3,300; French's Division, 1,900. Ninth Corps-Wilcox and Sturgis' Division, 925; Getty's Division. 400. Total, 7,505.

Center Grand Division-Hooker's-5th Corps-Butterfield and Humphrey's Divisions, 1,500; Griffin's Division, 1,300; Syke's Division, 150. Total, 2,950.

Left Grand Division—Franklin's—1st Corps— Reynolds and Gibbons' Divisions, 900; Mead's Division, 1,800; Doubleday's Division, 150. Total, 2,850. Sixth Corps—Smith's Division, 200.

Total in these Divisions, 13,505.

The Philadelphia Press publishes a dispatch from Gen. Burnside to Gen. Halleck, received at headquarters, announcing the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac from Fredericksburg. Gen. Burnside says:-Fully convinced that the position in front could not be carried, and as it was a military necessity either to attack or retire, a repulse would have been disastrous to us under surrounding circumstances. The army was withdrawn without the loss of either property or men."

The Harper's Ferry correspondent of the Baltimore American, 17th inst., says that as soon as the 12th Corps started to re-enforce the army at Fredericksburg, the rebels appeared there and threatened to enter the Ferry and burn the stores, but meeting with a warm reception from the Maryland cavalry, they retired and dashed at the convalescent camp in Loudon county; when driven from there they made a raid on Poolesville.

A dispatch from Burnside's headquarters on the 20th inst., says: - Yesterday forenoon at daylight, one hundred of Hampden's rebel cavalry entered Occoquan, and took a Lieutenant and thirty privates of the 10th New York cavalry, who were guarding the telegraph lines. Eleven sutlers and six of their wagons were also seized by the rebels. All is quiet on the Rappahannock to-nigh

Movements in the West.

KENTUCKY.--Maj.-Gen. Grant has issued an order respecting the State of Kentucky, that as the State has fulfilled the requirements of the United States Constitution and laws of Congress, by choosing loyal men to fill State offices and execute laws, military authority is prohibited from any interference, and must not be used except to suppress riots and mob resistance to the laws. All civil authority that can be executed by military posts will be permitted.

TENNESSEE.—A body of rebel cavalry, variously estimated at from two to eight thousand, made a raid on the railroad, three miles north side of Jackson, on the 19th. After firing into the train, they tore up the track a considerable distance and burned up tressel work.

Late accounts say that the rebels have moved on Trenton and burned the station, and large amounts of cotton and some cars. The passenger train from Columbus on Friday week was fired on, but got through to Jackson. It was the last train over the road. The strength of the rebels is not known. Chatham and Morgan are the conjectured leaders. There is a great panic at Hickman for fear the rebels will take the place.

The enemy again outrageously violated a flag of truce on the 16th. They sent Col. Hawkins to our lines with dispatches from Bragg. Capt. Abel of the 4th Michigan, was on duty, with a detachment of his regiment on the Murfreesboro pike when the flag of truce arrived at three o'clock. Col. Hawkins had a detachment of eight men with two ladies desiring to go to Nashville. Capt. Abel proceeded to a station outpost, and Lieut. Rowe read an order to the rebel officer regulating flags of truce. Captain Abel returned at half-past four, and sent Lieut. Rowe to Gen. Van Cleve, notifying him about the arrival of the flag. While Lieut. Rowe was gone, a detachment of rebel cavalry charged upon Captain Abel's command and captured 53 men. Orderly Mitchell escaped. Our men, of course, had been ordered not to fire, but they killed several rebels. The outrage will be speedily revenged. It is more agravating because our own flag was violated.

On Saturday a scout returned from Murfreesboro, where he heard Jeff. Davis and Bishop Polk speak. The former declared that Tennessee must be held at all hazards. Polk said he expected that Grant would be defeated, and that Nashville would then be assailed. The informant says that the rebels will fight us between Tullahoma and Winchester. There are not more than 40,000 rebels between Murfreesboro and Nashville. Wheeler is at La Verge;

around Murfreesboro. Kirby Smith is at Manchester. The rebel Forest left Thursday with three regiments of mounted men, well picked cavalry, to cross the Cumberland below Nashville, and cut our railroad. The rebel Morgan moves with his force of 5,000 to attack the railroad at another point.

MISSISSIPPI.—An arrival from Vicksburg reports the rebels vigorously fortifying that place. Report says that they have extended their works back from the river eight miles. Seventy guns mounted on the river-200 in all. The citizens have been for some time packing up preparatory to evacuating the place, upon the opening of the anticipated Federal attack. Cotton burning is still kept up by the guerrillas.

On Friday week the gunboats Cairo, Marmora and Signal, while ascending the Yazoo River, reached a point one mile below Haynes' bluff, when a torpedo exploded under the Cairo, shattering her bow. She sunk in 15 minutes, in 40 feet of water, and cannot be raised. No lives were lost. The Cairo was one of the first of seven iron clads built for service on the western rivers, and participated in the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson.

The steamer "Mill Boy," while taking cotton at Commerce, Miss., was surprised by Blythe's cavalry. She was fired on, and three persons killed. The 'Mill Boy" returned to Helena and reported the facts. The gunboat Juliette, Transport City, and Bells' detachment of the 11th and 47th Indiana, were dispatched to Commerce, where they arrived on Wednesday night and burned the town and plantations for five miles around, and took ten prisoners.

ARKANSAS - Gen. Herron telegraphs that the victory at Prairie Grove was much more complete, and the enemy's loss far greater, than at first reported. Over 1,500 rebels were killed and buried by us-their wounded were found scattered through the woods for miles in the rear of their position which had been carried during the action, and left when they retreated. Many consequently died for want of attention. Our cavalry pursued the retreating rebels closely, driving them beyond Van Buren. The position and condition of our forces are excellent. The campaign has been most brilliant. reflecting great credit on officers and men of the army of the frontier.

It is believed that Gen. Hindman has crossed the Arkansas River with his infantry, while Gen. Marmaduke is on the north side with his cavalry.

Hundreds of men from Gen. Hindman's army are daily joining that of Gen. Herron. Many of them are Missourians, who express the greatest disgust with the rebel campaign in the West, and avow as their conviction that its further prosecution is hope-

Gen. Curtis has received a written communication from Gen. Holmes, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department of the rebels, forwarded by direction of Jeff. Davis. The communication is an inquiry for the facts relative to the shooting of ten Confederate citizens by order of Gen. Neil. Enclosed with the communication is a printed slip from the Grenada Appeal containing a passage credited to the Palmyra (Mo.) Courier. Gen. Holmes and the Confederate government desire to know if the passage in the Palmyra Courier is substantially correct.

The following additional particulars of the battle of Prairie Grove have been received:

The official report puts the loss in killed and wounded in Herron's command at 843. Blunt's 152. Total, 995. The latest accounts increase the rebel loss to 3,700 in killed and wounded, and nearly 6,000 deserters. Thirty-five commissioned officers in Herron's command were killed or wounded.

Herron had only 3,500 men in battle, remainder of his force failing to come up on account of fatigue. Maj. Hubbard, first Missouri cavalry-prisoner in the hands of the enemy on the day of battle-counted twenty-two negro infantry, ten regiments of cavalry, and twenty-two pieces of artillery on the retreat.

Hindman had the impudence by a flag of truce to request the privilege to send a topographical engineer to make the drawing of the battle field of Prairie Grove and approaches. Blunt replied: 1 grant a request when he was allowed an engineer people's, or fictitious, names—a silly dodge,) yet pretends in a to make a survey of Van Buren and the surrounding

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

A vast number of rumors relative to a difficulty among the President's advisers, have been in circulation during the past week. The base for all these consists in the fact that Secretaries Seward and Chase each tendered their resignation. The President acknowledged the receipt of these resignations. and has informed them that, after due deliberation. he has come to the conclusion that the acceptance of their resignations would be incompatible with the public welfare. The President, therefore, requested Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase to resume their respective functions as Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury. The two Secretaries have. accordingly, remained at the heads of their respective Departments.

The reasons why Messrs. Seward and Chase desired to retire from the Cabinet will be found in the fact that at a caucus of Republican Senators, a resolution offered, requesting the President to dispense with the services of Seward, was discussed, the vote being 16 in favor, 13 against. On the 17th another caucus adopted a substitute, recommending the President to partially remodel the Cabinet. This was agreed to, the Conservatives believing it would be regarded as a general invitation to the whole Cabinet to resign.

The House Select Committee on Emancipation have agreed upon the bill recently presented by Mr. Noell, of Mo., for facilitating emancipation in that State, and appropriating \$20,000,000 for that purpose.

Recent information from the Cherokee Nation discloses a shocking condition of affairs there; loyal and disloyal Indians slaughtering one another, the Government severed and a new one organized by the Confederate party, which is in the minority.

The Mexican Minister denies that any attempts have been made to enlist parties in the United States for military service in Mexico. Offers of prominent military men in this country to raise brigades for that purpose have been declined, because the Mexican Government wanted to act in good faith toward our own in this respect, and because she is without means to pay for volunteers from other States.

The Secretary of the Treasury has completed his finance bill, recommending a \$900,000,000 loan at not over 7 3-10 per cent., and the repeal of the 2.50 Buckner's corps at Nolinville and Triune; Bragg, | conversion act. He adheres firmly to the opinion

Polk, Breckinridge, Cheatham and Hardee are expressed in his annual report, that the money can be raised by loan.

The army bill reported from the Committee of Ways and Means appropriates \$731,000,000 for the year ending June, 1862.

On the 17th, a highly influential delegation of members of Congress with Vice-President Hamlin at the head, waited on the President, with a request unanimously signed by loyalists of Florida, asking for the appointment of Hon. Eli Thayer as Military Governor of that State, with authority to raise 20, 000 loyal emigrants.

The News Condenser.

- Paper collars have advanced from 25 to 40 cents per

- The Canadian journals continue to complain of a "pleth ora of silver."
- There are in Switzerland 1,483,298 protestants, and 1, 040,469 Catholics.
- One of our brigades left its tents and knapsacks behind in Fredericksburg.
- Greenbacks are selling at Murfreesboro, at 300 per cent. Confederate currency.
- It is said that counterfeit fifty-cent postage notes have been put in circulation.
- A Richmond paper admits the rebel loss at Fredericks burg to have been 8,500.
- Wm. H. Polk, a brother of the late President Polk, diéd at Nashville on Tuesday week. - The Jesuits throughout the world number 7144. In 14
- years the increase has been 2492. - The paper mills of the State of Maine are forced to stop
- manufacturing for the want of rags. - The House of Representatives by a vote of 78 to 57, en
- dorsed the Emancipation Proclamation.
- The rebel authorities seem to have adopted the system flogging Federal prisoners who disobey prison rules.
- The New York International Relief fund (for the Lance shire sufferers) Saturday week footed up \$119,900 38.
- Within one month pastabout 14,000 bales of cotton ha reached Cairo, Illinois, en route to a northern market.
- New London is the choice of a majority of the Commit tee on the location of Naval Depots for a new Navy Yard.
- A special to the Post says two or three officers are under arrest at Washington for sending worthless shells to Burnside.
- The Detroit Tribune says that quite a number of the oil wells in Canada have "suspended issue" and "dried up." - The Albany Standard announces that it will hereafter be
- printed on common manilla paper and sold at one cent per сору. — The editor of the Alta California has been presented with
- a sack of potatoes, containing three only, each weighing 20
- The tax men have decided that a pig becomes a hog at ix months old; and slaughtered hogs are taxed, while pigs are not. - Donald McKay, the noted ship-builder, arrived hom-
- from Europe in the Arabia. The Government has secured his services. - Editors are appeciated in Wisconsin. There will be
- thirteen of them in the next Legislature-three in the Senate and ten in the House. - Fine specimens of coal have been found in Indiana, and
- the inhabitants of that State are confident the deposit will prove to be a rich one. - The contents of an attic in Salisbury Mass., weighing 1500 pounds of old pamphlets and newspapers, lately sold at
- the paper mill for \$75. — New York has raised an aggregate force of two hundred and nineteen thousand men,—equivalent to one fourth of the entire force now in the field.
- The Buckeye State, published at New Lisbon, O., intinates the existence of a secret organization in the township of Wayne for resisting the draft.
- Mr. Oakly, the proprietor of the Salisbury Paper Mills in Orange Co., N. Y., is manufacturing strong brown paper from the fibre of the cat tail or Typha.

Special Caution to all our Readers! - We again caution our readers to beware of pretended traveling agents for the Rural, for we employ none. We also reiterate that persons who send circulars over the country offering the Ru-RAL NEW-YORKER at club price, have no authority from us for so doing. Hence, people who mail money to join a "Rural Empire," "Keystone," or any other distant club, must take their chances. The person who "runs" the "Rural Empire Club," in Wayne county, did not send us a subscriber last recent circular, that he sent several hundred and received no premium ! Though that is pretty steep and wicked lying, we can stand it in consideration of the fact that the RURAL is omitted from the list of papers offered in the 'Empire Club.' Some other publishers we wot of would consider a like omission fortunate.] For some years past our premiums have been arranged for the benefit of local club agents, (instead of those who travel or work through the mail,) and "that's what's the matter" of the engineer of the "Empire" machine!

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 23d, 1862.

OUR Local Market is very dull at Present. We note such changes as have occurred. Buckwheat has advanced 5 cents per bushel. Mess Pork has gone up 50 cents per barrel. Dressed Hogs are 25 cents per 100 pounds better. Lard has put on 1 ent per pound. Potatoes are slow of sale at a reduction,—38 to 45 cents being the range.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—FLOTE—Market less active and a shade easier. Sales at \$5,706,585 for superfine State; \$6,806,610 for choice do; \$5,7566,590 for superfine State; \$6,806,610 for common to medium extra Western; \$6,806,620 for choice do; \$5,7566,990 for superfine Western; \$6,806,75 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and \$6,806,75 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and \$6,806,25 for rade brands do,—the market closing quiet. Canadian is \$6 lower, with only a modenate demand; sales at \$6,000 (@.59) for common and \$6,406,15 for good to choice extra.

-Galar—Wheat dul, heavy and 1@26 lower. \$1,2061,28 for Chicago spring; \$1,2401,31 for Milwaukee club; \$1,3261,34 for amber 1 dows; \$1,36,261,34 for amber Michigan; \$1,40 for mixed State; \$1,42 for amber winter State; \$1,45 for common white Western, and \$1,65 for choice whits Genesse, Rye quiet and nominal at 85c jor Western, and \$3,696c for State. Barley dull and common grades heavy. Sales Eastern at \$1,182,125. Corn—not a great deal doing and market scarcely so firm, but prices without decided change; sales at 76,277c for shipping Western mixed; 736,77c for Eastern do.; 876,72c for chamged and heated do; 78,77c for Western yellow. Oats scarcely so firm, but prices at \$6,0720.

do.; 78:107 Wessern yellow. Oats scarcely so firm, with moderate sales at 56/272.
PROVISIONS—Fork steady with a fair demand; sales at \$14.2%0 14.57% for mess; \$18/2016 for new and old Western and eity prime mess; \$11,62%(a12.00 for new prime, and \$12.50 for old do—Dressed Hogs opened dull and closed firm; sales at 54/6016c.—Butter is selling at 16/2026 for Oho, and 22/2026 for State, Chees steady at 94/6018 for inferior to prime.

BUFFALO, Dec. 23.—FLOUR—In moderate demand and nothing doing except in a retail way, and no change in quotations for any variety.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and no sales reported since yesterday noon. Corn—Small lots at 57@38 bagged. Oats held firmly at 54%@365. Barley—The range is quoted at \$1,20@1,30. Rye—Last sale was at 80c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec 16—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows—Beef Cattle—first quality, 85.50 (200 % ovt. Ordinary quality, 8.00@5.00. Common quality, 7.50@5.00. Inferior quality, 8.00@5.00. Common and Calves—first quality, 3.00@5.00. Ferior quality, 3.00@5.00. Common quality, 3.00@5.00. Ferior quality, 2.00@5.00. Veal Calves—first quality, 4.60@5%. Ordinary quality, 4.60%5. Common quality, 4.60%5. Common quality, 4.60%5. Common quality, 4.60%5. Common quality, 4.60%5. Ommon, 3.50%4.60. Fairer and Lambs—firme quality, 4.50%5. Optimary, 4.60%5.00. Common, 3.50%4.60. Inferior, 8.00%3.25. Swine—Jorn-fed, 4.60%5. Poor, 4.40%4.c. Stell-fed, 3.40%4.6.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 18—At market, 1450 Beef Cattle, 7:00 Stores, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, 200 Swine. BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extrs, 35,00,0 rst quality, 36,25; second do, \$5,00. WORKING ONE—\$45,5120;0135. MILOH COWN—\$44,245; common, 318,019. STORES—Yearling, 39,000,210,01; Two years old, \$17,020; Three years old, \$21,022 HDES—74,265 & 10. Tallow —\$4,265; PRICES—\$1,75,02,00, each. Calf Skins—8,000 & 10. BREEF AND LANES—\$3,000,356; extra, \$3,75,04,50, SWINE—Stores, whole-sale, 4,05c; retail, 44,06c.

Brief Reminders

TO SUBSCRIBERS, AGENTS, AND OTHERS.

66 Time Up. ?? - This No. terminates our engagements with the great majority of our subscribers—all whose subscriptions expire with the year and volume. All whose terms now expire will find either no figures after their names, or 676. Those whose terms extend into the next or a future volume will find the No. of the RURAL to which they have paid printed after their names. Thus every subscriber is advised each week, as to when his subscription expires. If no figures are given after name, the time is up with the present year and volume; but in case a subscriber pays for more than a year in a vance we give the figure indicating the No., even if it is the last of a volume. For example, if A. E. Burnside paid, any time this year, until close of present volume, we give no figures after name, but if he paid to end of 1863, we add 728, showing his subscription paid to that number. Thus our mailing machine is a decided "institution," telling each subscriber when his or her subscription terminates. We need not add, here, that as our terms are in advance, no papers will be continued until ordered—as we adhere staictly to the CASH SYSTEM, and never send the RURAL without proper invitation.

The Title Page and Index occupy so much space that we necessarily abridge several departments, and omit others, this week—yet they are so important to the numerous persons who preserve and bind the RURAL, that we offer no apology for giving what is indispensable to the perfection of the volume as a work for future reference. Though the Index combines only the practical and most important and permanently useful matters, it shows that we have given a vast amount and variety of valuable reading, and many fine and useful illustrations, during the year. In the line of illustrations, as well as variety and interest of contents, the Rural has far excelled any of its contemporaries; indeed, we think it has given more and better original engravings, the past two years, than all other agricultural weeklies in this country combined.

Our Next Volume.-Our new dress, (type, rules, etc.,) is in hand, and the printers say Volume XIV is "bound to shine," the war and paper famine to the contrary notwithstanding Though the RURAL will be reduced in size, we intend to make its contents as valuable and interesting as ever. In fact the reduction will be so slight that the paper used will cost us, at present prices, about \$3 per ream *more* than the size now used did four months ago !—so that, if the "paper famine" continues, we can make nothing on copies furnished at the club price of \$1.50. Our other expenses will not be reduced, in the aggregate, by the reduction. As a sample of expenses we may state that the engraving and stereotyping of original illustrations to be given with an article in our next will cost over \$25, and that we pay Seventy-Five Dollars for a single contribution which will be commenced in the same number.

Be Brief and Accurate. - In writing us on business please be as brief as consistent. At this season we receive from 200 to 300 or more letters per day, and it is no easy task to read all carefully and give each proper attention;—even the opening and glancing at the contents of each, (which the writer of this tries to do,) is somewhat laborious. The short letters are always read, while the long epistles cannot at once receive the time required; so we are constrained to attend to the business part and defer the rest. Brevity and accuracy are the great essentials of a business letter, and no other mat ter should be given on the same sheet or half sheet. If you send an inquiry or an article for publication with a business letter, pray do not mix them on the same page, or even opposite pages, unless so that we can separate without injury to either—for one goes to clerk and the other to editor.

Full Price - Model Letters .- Many of our subscriers seem to appreciate the effect of the paper famine upon our pocket and generously remit \$2 for next year's RURAL, though they could secure it at \$1.50 by joining a club. By this norning's mail (Dec. 22,) we received several remittances of this character—in one instance \$6 for three copies to one postoffice address! Some write that the RURAL has paid them so well that they would not do without it for \$5 or \$10 a year and many club agents say they shall (as some have already) obtain larger lists than ever before. A Minnesota agent remits for 16 subscribers, says he has 10 or 12 more names on his list, and adds-"I expect to have a larger club than last year. They don't object to the price. They all like the paper, and think it very cheap at \$1.50 per copy."

The Rural as a Present. - The receipt of several orders for copies of the RURAL for 1863, to be mailed as presents to friends of the writers, reminds us that we have inadvertently omitted to state that the paper will be furnished at the lowest club rate (\$1.50 per year,) in all cases where it is paid for BY A SUBSCRIBER and sent to relatives or friends as a present. Many subscribers annually send from one to ten copies to distant friends—considering the RURAL the best present they can make, as it renders the recipient glad fifty-two times in the course of the year, and as often reminds him or her of the kind remembrance of the donor. How many shall we make thus happy in 1863?

Subscribe Early. - Those who wish the uninterrupted continuance of the RURAL should renew at ence, as we cannot, during the "paper famine," afford to publish a very large extra edition. All who wish to renew subscribe will remember that "delays are dangerous," especially if they desire ALL the numbers of our next volume. Such as want the best and most economical Paper for the Times—the one which gives the greatest variety of Valuable and Timely Information, combining more subjects than from three to six ordinary newspapers-will of course subscribe for the RURAL without delay.

U. S. Treasury Notes .- A Jerseyman inquires if we will take U. S. Treasury Notes at par on subscription. Yes, Sir, and we prefer them to any bank bills. Any of our reader who are so unfortunate as to reside in a State of region where the "green backs" are not at par, are advised that they are all right in this locality—for the people hereabouts practically believe in sustaining the credit of the Government and bringing the War for the Union to a successful issue.

Mailing the Rural.-We are making some improve ments in our mailing department, and arrangement of routes, by which many subscribers will hereafter receive the RURAL earlier. The change will meet the views of subscribers in the Southwestern part of this State, Western Pa., and other localities where the paper has not arrived "or time" during a portion of the present year.

Marrying a Beauty is the title of a capital Life Sketch, vritten by T. S. ARTHUR, which will be commenced in the first number of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1863, and continued four or five weeks. It is one of ARTHUR'S best sketches and was written expressly for the RURAL.

Size of the Rural.-The following note from a prominent book-binder, gives one cogent reason for reducing the size of the RUBAL, in addition to any we have offered:

size of the Ruear, in addition to any we have offered:

Friend Moore:—The Rural has been a welcome Visitor in my family circle for some years past, and I trust will be for many years to come. I have often thought you deserve the best wishes of the community at large; at any rate you have a very happy knack of catering for the public good, and making the freside cheerful. In this dreary season of our Nation's History your very large circulation is a proof of all that one can imagine in favor of your journal. Nevertheless I venture tresp-asing perhaps a little on forbidden ground, to suggest another improvement, or in other words a return to your former dimensions. The Editorial department I think, as all your readers probably do, exactly right. The Rural, has always been preserved by thousands of subscribers in a neat binding, but I have reason to believe, in fact know, that those who the past two years placed them in the binder's hands, think the present size too large to be convenient to handle, and that you made a mistake (unintentionally of course,) in enlarging from the former size. Independent of this, paper has advanced more than one hundred per cent, and Weeklies and Dailivs arevery generally advancing in price and reducing in size. This of course is right. I have no doubt your subscribers would prefer the former size, even at a higher rate of subscription—especially the large number who preserve it for binding. I have thought this a very appropriate time to mention and suggest the alteration, and hope you will give the proposition your best and carliest consideration.

Yours Truly,

N. G. H.

SPEAKING of our small advance on club rate from (\$1,25 to \$1.56,) the Canandaigna Repository and Messenger says:—
"The advance is not one half of the additional cust of white paper. It is evident that our friend Moora takes a hopeful view of matters with regard to paper, or he would not offer the RURAL so low."

A NNUAL MEETING

At the Capitol, Albany, Wednesday, Feb. 11, 1863. On Wednesday Evening Hone E CORNEL P. President, and IR. P. JOHNSON. Secretary. Will give an account of the Agraculture of Great Britain and the Continent,—and also of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations in London Dr. Fitton will deliver a Lecture on Insects Injurious to the Farmer. The usual Maetings at the Agricultural Hall, on Thursday, and Thursday Evening. **———Proposals for the next Annual Fair of the Society, will be received at the Secretary's office previous to the Annual Meeting. Dec., 1862.

THE BEST HOLIDAY GIFT,



And greatly, constantly, and permanently useful. Unusually full and satisfactory in Military Illustrations and Definitions.

Sold by all Booksellers.

675-21 THE UNIVERSAL



Clothes Wringer.

only Wringer with the Patent COG-WHEEL REGULATOR!

No Wringer can be durable without COG-WHEELS! The Universal Wringer took the FIRST PREMIUM, a Silver Medal and Diploma, at the New York State Fair, 1862. It was pronounced superior to all others in the WorkDS FAIR AT LOXDON, 1862, and has always taken the First Premium in every State and County Fair when exhibited in fair competition with other machines.

It is the Original and only Genzine and Reliable Wringer before the people.

It surpasses all others in

Strength of Frame! Capacity for Pressure! Power of Action!

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD!

We Defy All Competition! IT SAVES TIME, LABOR, CLOTHES AND MONEY. It will Wear for Years without Repair. *
A Child Eight Years old can Operate it.
No Servant can Break it in Using.
No Caution or Skill required in its use.
It Saves its Cost in Clothing every Six Months!

Every Wringer with Cog-Wheels is Warranted in EVERY PARTICULAR!

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 (they paying nothing for the Patent Right) in which they shall have the exclusive sale. Descriptive Circulars furnished by

JULIUS IVES & CO., General Agents, P. O. Box 3110, 345 Broadway, New York. Sold in Rochester, by C. CARPENTER, 104 Buffalo Street.

C. CARPENTER, 104 Buffalo Street.

SOWER-PAPENTED Set 7, 1853.—This machine has been used in Michigan for several years, and given universal satisfaction. It will sow Clover, Timothy, Flax and Turnip Seed more away than can be done by hand, and at the rate of 20 acres a day. It also sows plaster better than it can be done by hand or any other machine The machine is superior to all others others for the purpose, ast distributes seed accurately and can be gauged to sow from 1 to 20 quarts per acre. It is simple in construction and operation, very durable, and only costs \$10 to \$12, according to size. The sowing box can be made to sow from 10 to 20 feet wide, but the usual length of the box is 10 to 12 feet. The Subscriber, now located at Rochester, N Y. has the sole Agency for the sale of Town, County and State Rights of the above machine in New York and New England. He will also furnish machines, or they can be found on sale at the store of D. R. Barton, No. 3 Buffalo St., Rochester. For further information address or apply to 674-4t.

THE STONE BEE HIVE is moth proof, and with it any hive can be made moth proof at a oney and a few minutes in time. Send

cost of 5 cents in money and a few minutes in time. Send stamp for free circular to 673-4t JOSEPH WOODROFFE, St. Clairville, O.

PARMS FOR SALE. BENNETT & BANCKER, ATTORNBYS AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Jackson, Michigan, Have for sale some of the choicest Farming Lands in the State of Michigan, situate principally in the Counties of Jackson, Eaton, and Ingham. Said lands are mostly improved farms of from forty to one thousand acres, well located, and will be sold at reasonable rates. to a treasonable rates.

Persons wishing to purchase farms in the West, would do well to call upon or inquire of said firm before purchasing elsewhere.

O. W. BENNETT.

E. BANCKER.

ARRIAGE HORSES WANTED I—Dapple gray, long tails, heads well up; long range in action; weight, eleven to twelve hundred; age, seven to eight years, 16 hands high. Any person having a sound pair of horses for sale, answering the description will please address.

667-16 GEO. A. PRINCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

TULLEY, 65 and 67 Exchange St.. Roches-ware, wholesale and retail. Coal and Wood Cook Stoves, Par-for Stoves, for Wood or Coal. Sole agent for the Arbiter Gas Burner Cook Stove, and the celebrated Stanley Gas Burner

arior Stove.
For particulars, see advertisement in Rural, Nov. 15th. A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying Five Hundred times, for twenty-eight cents! (in alver.) Fivs. of different powers, \$1.00. Mallet tree. Address 567-tf F. M. BOWER, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Promises at the State Was awarded the First Dremaium, at the State Fair, on Core Stalk, Hay, and Straw Cutters, and Chopping Axes. First premium on Carpenter Edge Tools.

All kinds of MECHANION TOOLS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, and HARDWARE generally, at the Old Stand, first building west of Main St Bridge, Rochester, N. Y. All articles of our manufacture warranted.

BIRDSELL'S PATENT COMBINED



CLOVER THRASHER AND HULLER, Patented May 18th, 1858; Dec. 13th, 1859; April 8th, 1862; and May 13th, 1862.

MANUFACTURED BY Birdsell & Brokaw,

West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y.

West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y.

This machine operates in Clover thrashing similar to Grain Separators in wheat thrashing, doing all the work at one operation, without re-handling the chaff. In the hands of good operators it will thrash, hull, and clean from 10 to 50 bushels a day without waste of seed. The undersigned are manufacturing the only machine patented that thrashes, hulls and cleans, all at the same operation. All machines that do the whole work, not marked Birdsell's Patent, are infringements. The public are hereby cautioned not to purchase those that are infringements of said patent. All communications directed to the subscribers, at West Henrietts, will be promptly responded to. Order early if you wish a machine.

This Machine has always taken the First Premium at State Fairs where allowed to empete, and saves more than half the expense of the old way of getting out clover seed, in time and labor.

BIRDSELL & BROKAW, Manufacturers, 652eotf

West Henrietts, Monroe Co., N. Y.

WOOL GROWER AND STOCK REGISTER,
ble collection of works on SHEEP HUNBANDRY and a large
stock of AGRICULTURAL and HORTICULTURAL WORRS,
to be found at the office of the RUELL NEW-YORKER.
D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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

E A-BYENT

TUNE-"Dixie."

LET others praise the land of cotton, Nigger slaves and treason rotten; Cheer away, cheer away, cheer away, Freedom's land: We'll sing the land where we were born, Where honest toil no man dares scorn Cheer away, cheer away, cheer away, Freedom's land

Charus-Although from home we sever, Away, Away, We'll never sigh, but live and die, True to our cause forever, Hooray! Hooray! True to our cause forever.

In the good old times, our fathers fought To leave us treasures dearly bought: Cheer away ! &c. At duty's call our armies come To strike confederate rebels dumb: Cheer away! &c.

Chorus-Altho' from home we sever, &c The haughty South to her own undoing Our country seeks to rule or ruin:

Cheer away! &c. Maddened alike with pride and whiskey, They'll find their foolish war too risky Cheer away ! &c.

Chorus-Altho' from home we sever, &c.

Our noble boys are bravely battling Where the deadly balls are rattling Cheer away ! &c. Though they may fall they'll never fail, Their iron hearts shall never quail: Cheer away ! &c.

Chorus-Altho' from home we sever, &c

While Uncle SAM needs a defender, The loval North will ne'er surrender Cheer away | &c. With charging steel and dashing saddle We've learned to make the Rebs skedaddle: Cheer away | &c.

Chorus-Altho' from home we sever, &c

Then let us ever, living, dying, Be where the Stars and Stripes are flying: Cheer away! &c. The good old flag we'll never alter, And he who would deserves a helter.

Cheer away ! &c. Chorus—Altho' from home we sever, &c. Rochester, N. Y., Dec., 1862.

The Story-Teller.

LOVE'S REVENGE.

A FAIRY TALE - FROM THE GERMAN.

"What, still daubing away!" cried Louis, as he entered his brother William's room; "you will sit there till you get as wooden as your easel. Get up and stir about!"

"You are out of humor to-day, dear brother," was William's mild answer, "or you would not blame me for following an art which gives me at once pleasure and support. The canvas, you know, is my farm, and the pencil my plow."

"So much the worse! You will never rise in the world, but always be a poor, unnoticed, hungry artist. My views are different. I mean to make something of myself-and of you, too, for that matter. When I am a rich man, I will have a splendid gallery of paintings, and I will give you liberal orders; for, to say the truth, you deserve encouragement. That landscape you are working at is very soft and natural."

"I am glad you think so well of it."

"But I cannot say so much for the female figure that is sitting in the foreground, with a book. Her every-day, commonplace countenance spoils the whole picture. I would swear she was reading a cookery book."

"That is a kind of reading she is not fond of."

"Who?"

"The lady seated there in front." "So, then, she is no creation of the fancy, but a

real woman! Perhaps the artist's sweetheart?"

"I keep no secrets from you."

"I wish you had. I should be sense enough to be ashamed of such a weakness. You can have no chance of getting on in the world, if you marry a poor, unknown girl."

"My Caroline is poor, it is true; but rich in all the

gifts of nature."

"Stuff and nonsense! I have no patience with such enthusiasts. A man who finds comfort at home, in the bosom of his family, never comes to anything. I mean to marry, not with any such foolish ideas, but with a careful eye to my own interest. If you were rich yourself, there might be some excuse for you; but our good old father was so simple as to leave his sons nothing but his good name, as he called it. If he had made one or two clever bankruptcies, we might have held up our heads, and spent our money like other people. However, I intend to make up for his want of common-sense. I am a handsome fellow; so says my glass, and so say all the women. Many a prince would give half his dominions for my figure. Shall I throw all these advantages away on the first girl that takes my eye? No such thing; I mean to bring them to market, and to the best market I can. I advise you to do the same."

"I live only for Caroline," "Incorrigible enthusiast! Go on and vegetate in your humble sphere, if you will; my aim is a rich wife and a title. When I have got them, you cannot expect me to continue any longer on the same terms with you; and as to your vulgar true love, let her

never come near me." With these lofty orders, he flung himself out of

the room. The characters of the two brothers are, we trust, sufficiently plain from the above conversation. In a word, Louis, the elder, lived only for himself and his own aggrandizement; while these were the very last things his brother William ever thought of. We will only add, that they lived on the borders of the Harz forest, in the year 16-. Near their house was a mountain, where the heathen Saxons used to meet to worship the goddess Lora, the Venus of northern mythology. To this mountain, yet sacred in the traditions of the people, William would often repair, fancying it always the most favorable spot for a lover's meditations. One day it seemed to him as though the mountain was moving. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again, and it actually did move. It rolled from side to side, and finally opened, and brought forth, not a mouse, but a dwarf, of wondrous beauty, who advanced to the young artist, and addressed him in the sweetest of voices:

> " Youthful mortal, pure from sin, Enter free and fearless in !"

William was less astonished at the strange apparition than at the coolness and fearlessness with which he regarded it. He felt none of that terror

CHARLE WAS A C

which is usual at the sight of visitors from another world. "No harm," thought he, "can follow so friendly an invitation," and he suffered the dwarf, who took him by the hand, with childlike confidence, to lead him into the cavern.

A soft, hazy, rosy light, the source of which the admiring adventurer could not discover, lighted the narrow path on which they traveled, and the voices of unseen spirits sung around them, with heavenly sweetness, the goodness and the former glory of the goddess of the mountain. Soon they came to a door of polished ebony, which the dwarf opened with a golden key. William started back in surprise, for he saw before him a garden, diminutive, indeed, but surpassing in splendor all the productions of earth. Spring, Summer and Autumn seemed to reign in it with divided empire. The ground was studded with knots of brilliant flowers, while the trees bent down to earth their branches, overloaded with golden apples, oranges and pomegranates. This was the chosen retreat of the dethroned goddess, and here she sat, in a bower of roses, with a purple flower in her hand, which she extended toward William, saying:-"This is the magic flower of Love; guard it faithfully. So long as you and your Caroline are loving and true, it will continue to bloom, and your house be the abode of peace and happiness."

The young mortal received the precious gift with a low reverence, and the goddess gave him to understand, by a slight inclination of her head, that the audience was over. At the garden door stood the dwarf, with a basket full of fruit, which he emptied into William's pockets, as a present for Caroline, and then led him back to the mountainside. Here he left him, and crept back into the mountain like a rat.

William would gladly have flown to see his Caroline, but the load in his pockets, which seemed to grow heavier every minute, forced him to be content with a regular three-miles-an-hour step. Borne down by the weight, and fairly out of breath, he reached Caroline's house at last, and told her of his strange adventure. He piled up Lora's presents on the table, and Caroline seized one of the fruits in eagerness to taste these supernatural productions; but her teeth made no impression, and William discovered that the fruits were so many lumps of solid gold, and far fitter for the mint than for the table.

To the mint, accordingly, he took them. He was now a rich man, so he bought a farm, and lived a life of happiness, surrounded by his wife and children, and by all the beauties of nature. The wondrous flower kept in full bloom, and worked even more wonders than the goddess had promised.

Meantime Louis had not been idle. He had been on a voyage of discovery through Germany, in search of a rich wife. Such a prize was not hard to find. But he discovered that the wealth was, in this case, as we have read in old fables it used to be, guarded by a most frightful, ugly monster; so that to obtain it was too serious an undertaking for every one to venture on. An honest man would have worked at day labor, or starved to death, if necessary, sooner than have united himself with the widow Petronilla. She was lean and haggard as Death on the pale horse, and the only color she could boast of was the brilliant spot that adorned her nose. Her temper corresponded to her physiognomy, and, moreover, she possessed the gift of fluency to a degree that even Cicero might have entired. nuency to a degree that even Cicero might have en-vised. Day and night her tongue was in motion—an incessant water-fall, a perpetual grist-mill. We have it, in fact, from the best authority, that no ser-vant ever lived with her more than a fortnight. But her lover was not a man to be easily frightened. If he felt some qualms of repentance when he looked at his intended, the thought of her bags of bright pieces and acres of broad lands re-assured him again. He presented himself boldly as a woor, and, as may be judged, was soon accepted. The wedding day was fixed, lawyers were making pens and preparing to draw the contract, when Louis heard, for the first time, that his brother had suddenly become wealthy, and was the owner of a beautiful villa. This seemed incredible, but he determined to ascertain the truth for himself before his marriage.

william received him most cordially, and made no secret of the fairy favors that had laid the foundation of his good fortune. Louissaid little, though he was bursting with envy, but asked, in a careless way, which road led to Lora's dwelling. As soon as he heard it, he left his brother, and began to curse the stars which had thrown such wealth in the way of his indolent brother. while he had to curse me stars which had thrown such wealth in the way of his indolent brother, while he had to marry a monster for starve. In a word, he determined to try the adventure for himself, nothing doubting but that the elves would be doubly liberal to so good-looking a fellow. So he got together all the bags and sacks he could, intending to bring away some bushels of the golden fruit, till he was round as an onion. He walked round the mountain a dozen times, but no dwarf made his appearance. "Why don't the monkey come?" said he to himself, and began to fling stones against the hill to hasten his movements. This produced a visitor, in the shape, not of a beautiful little cupid, as before, but of a hideous dwarf, who just thrust out of the hill-side a head as big as a pumpkin, and asked, in a surly voice, what he meant by making such a disturbance.

"I am come to visit the goddess Lora," was the

"I advise thee to depart in peace," said the dwarf:
"but if thou art bent on an adventure which will
end to thy shame and confusion, come with me." Louis entered the mountain, but the path was Louis entered the mountain, but the path was dark as Egypt, instead of the rosy light his brother had described; the road was so uneven that he stumbled at every step. His dwarfish conductor did not regard his sufferings, but hurried him along at such a rate that he left half his clothes, some at such a rate that he left half his clothes, some flesh, and not a little blood behind him. When he came to the garden, he found the goddess surrounded by a body-guard of apes, broad-shouldered, sturdy little fellows, who seized him at once, and began to play foot-ball with him, to their great satisfaction. At a sign from the goddess the tumult ceased, and she asked with stern gravity:

"Who is the mortal that dares to approach our presence with selfshness and impudence on his

presence with selfishness and impudence on his

Louis was too much abashed and terrified to an

"It is well for thee," resumed the goddess, "that thou hast thus much grace to be silent; but thou meritest, and must receive, punishment for daring to come into the presence of the goddess of Love, whose power thou despisest. Away with him, elves, and put a mark on him, so that he may remember his visit."

At the word, a thousand horrid shapes seized on him. Some hung on his back, others pulled his legs to make him tumble; but, by the dint of fast running, he managed to shake off all but one imp who clung around his neck, and whose occupation consisted in pulling his nose with great vigor and pertinacity. This persecution lasted till he was fairly out of the mountain. When restored to the free air, his first thought was that the spirits might, perhaps, have secretly filled his pockets with gold, to make up for their persecutions, and, sure enough, he found all his bags well stuffed with — straw. "One consolation I have yet," said he; "my marriage with the widow will make me rich in spite of these mischievous imps." He pulled out his pocketmirror to have a look at the handsome features which were all his fortune, when—horror of horrors!—he found that the little nose-pulling gnome. had been all the while lengthening that useful appendage, till it stood out a footfrom his face. He was a ruined man. The widow shrunk with horror was a ruined man. The widow shrink with norror from marrying a man as ugly as herself, and the ambitious Louis was fain to seek shelter in the house of his despised brother. William did all he could to cheer and comfort him, but in vain. He shunned the society of his fellows and the light of day, and survived his beauty only half a year.

The Educator.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] FRATERNAL EPISTLES-No. II.

THE SERIES SYSTEM OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

FELLOW TEACHERS:-By the kindness of the Editor I was permitted to give you my ideas of book agents, yet even then I was almost afraid that he. too, might be in league (I was going to say) with the powers of darkness, but find he is not. I wish we could sav as much of all our educational journals. But I have another idea to present to you this time for your verdict. The book-makers have a modified way of swindling, now become quite common, which has been a source of annoyance to me. I allude to the "series" system. Properly arranged it is good, but we all know that the infinite series, to say the least, is impracticable. I used to wonder when we came to that article in Bour-DON, if it were really possible to write out the complete terms in such a series; but in looking over the various text books now used I find the fabled Atlantis in mathematics, actually demonstrated in printer's ink and paper, and the value of the sum of many of these series is Zero; or take the whole lot, and we might say they are equal to indetermination.

Take our Readers, for instance; there is just twice as many in a series as are required, especially of the higher ones. So of Grammars. A primary grammar is, practically, a humbug. Scholars that are ready to study grammar can use an ordinary one without any difficulty. At least I have found it so in my observation. With Arithmetics it is a little different, but not much, after all. An introduction may be first used to great advantage, then a thor-

ough, practical work.

But how do we find it in our primary works? are they arranged with reference to the development of a child's mind? Not at all-I mean the most of them. How are they made? Why, they take the large work and run it through the book fanning-mill, putting in a screen, which sifts out all the fine print, notes, remarks and explanations, and then it comes out a primary grammar or arithmetic! We have the very same definitions in the very same words, but the book-yes, here is the secret-the book is not so large; ergo, it is a primary work. Authors and publishers who adopt this system must think the pabulum for a child's mind should be arranged very much like a farmer's supply of food for a Berkshire pig-first shelled corn, then corn in the ear. What must be done? First, let us have the definitions in the primary work objective as far as possible, but still complete; then in the latter course synthetic. I have here a course of three arithmetics and two algebras, called a series, in which the definitions and illustrations in the greater part of each of the whole five books are identical, word for word, except the terms algebra and arithmetic. Certainly there is no need of this, and the only real object is the profits on the sale of the books. "Introduce our series." say the publishers. and too often we do this and find, to our sorrow, that Koheleth said truly, "of making many books there is no end."

The great difficulty in using these "serials" is. that our classes increase into an infinite series too soon, without any advantage to the pupil, and certainly none to the teacher. But I will leave the discussion of the requisites for primary and higher works for a future epistle, meanwhile let us use only those books which really tend to develop the mind, to unfold it in the normal way, and not follow the continual treadmill of the series system ad infinitum, until the pupil almost believes that the process of education is a kind of Jesuit ritual, in which he who can "say his piece" in the most orthodox manner is the highest on the road to the temple of wisdom. Let us have more thought and less books in teaching-more life and less dry bones. Why is it that our fathers and grandfathers are often better posted in the good literature of the last few centuries than their children? Because they thought more, although they read fewer books. It is the great fault of the age, that our youth do not think, but read by the wholesale, and are surfeited. This has been the great fault with us as a nation. Fraternally yours, IK. IOPAS.

Seville Academy, Medina Co., Ohio, Dec., 1862.

COMPLETENESS OF EDUCATION. - The present risis in national affairs gives especial significance to the words of Milton, "a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

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Answer to Mathematical Question: -4°-51'-20° North Answer to Geometrical Problem:-473.8680 cubic inches learly.

Answer to Charade:-Jack.

Answer to Geographical Epigma:-To return evil for good is devil-like; to return evil for evil or good for good is man-like; but to return good for evil is God-like.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:-Thousand Islands. Answer to Anagram:--

I AM dreaming, sadly dreaming, Of the bright and happy hours When thy smile was resting o'er me, Like the sunlight o'er the flowers. Answer to Algebraical Problem:-125,64 and 27.

Answer to Biographical Enigma: - Godfrey Theophilu Kneller.

Answer to Riddle:-The leter I.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:-1st, \$140. 2d, \$180. Answer to Double Charade:-Night-in-gale, and Nigh-tin

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