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

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

Agricultural.

WASTED WEALTH.

PLANTS require food. It is essential to their growth and fructification. This food must be adapted to the nature, habits and wants of the plant. The soil is constantly giving to us its wealth. Tribute is levied upon the air to build up these wonderful vegetable structures—these miracles of growth, called plants, which are perfected only by the perfection of the germ in the seed, which is a type of the spirit that is in us, in that it is forever reproductive—the decay of the seed ending in the development of a new life.

The supply of this food adapted to the wants of this vegetable life is as exhaustless as nature. And the God of Nature, by a wonderful system of rotation, supplies to each vegetable structure, as He planted it, food adapted to its wants. But with the agency of man in seeding the soil and in its cultivation, comes the necessity for the employment of his agency in supplying the plants cultivated with the kind of food they require. GOD works through agents. Compensation is one of His laws. Farmers recognize this law, when they cart out the manure from the farm-yard to the field—when they pay back to the soil a portion of what they take from it.

Then it is important the conditions of the growth of plants should never be lost sight of. The natures of plants should be studied, their wants discovered and supplied. It seems to us there is nowhere a more complex and difficult profession than that of the agriculturist, if he lacks a knowledge of the laws of vegetable life. And it is wonderfully simple and plain, as well as pleasant and profitable, if he acquires some knowledge of these laws, and labors on his farm with his eyes open and his mind active, honoring himself by honoring his profession. And there is no profession which affords a wider field for the translation of things uncouth, gross and repulsive, into things bright, blooming, beautiful and useful—into "joys forever." And when we speak of the profession of Agriculture, we embrace in it all those engaged in the different departments of agriculture—in floriculture, arboriculture, and all the husbandries.

These miraculous transformations, as we have before intimated, are glorious lessons to the philosophical mind. To the devout man they are suggestive analogies of the generation, growth and maturity of his own body and mind, the decay of the body and of the new life of the spirit. And it is well for men who are constantly brought into contact with Nature, to learn to read these lessons. And it is not unprofitable to refer to the moral lessons taught by these analogies. But this is not our object. We purpose, in a series of articles—of which this is the introduction—to mention some of the aids to the farmer, in his effort to render the soil productive, which are now almost wholly wasted—almost universally wasted in this country. We propose to make some effort to impress our readers, not only with the character of this waste, but with its magnitude. But we may as well say in the outset, that this notice must necessarily be more or less imperfect in

the absence of the proper statistics and estimates; but the object will have been accomplished if we impress the reader with the extent and value of some of our economic resources now *worse than wasted*.

Night Soil.

We speak of this first, because it is not only the most generally wasted, but one of, if not the most valuable of fertilizers. It is certainly the most valuable of the animal manures. Its value is greater in comparison with other animal manures in proportion as the food of man is better and richer than the food of inferior animals. The food of man is usually rich in nitrogen, the phosphates and other inorganic matters; hence this manure is valuable as containing these matters.

Years ago, the value of the night soil lost or wasted in the United States was estimated as equal to \$50,000,000 annually. What it is now it is impossible to say; but with our increased population the increase of this waste is enormous; and we know of no well directed system of utilizing it, even in our large cities; if there is any such, we are ignorant of the fact. There are very few farmers who can make any use of it whatever. And even gardeners near large towns, make no effort whatever to avail themselves of this source of wealth to them, if it were only employed. In some cities it passes into the sewers, and thence into streams or the sea. In other cities the vaults receive it, and periodically it is carted thence outside, and buried in pits. In most cases, whether washed away in the sewers, or allowed to remain in the vaults, it is not only an economic loss, but an actual source of disease. For there are very few vaults that receive disinfectants, or deodorizers, and the sewers usually concentrate into some stream from which poisonous malaria settles over the city drained, if indeed it is not actually returned in a diluted form, through the hydrants, to the people for drinking and cooking purposes, as we happen to know is the case in some large cities in this country. And the privy vaults of the farmer, who of all men ought to utilize this element of productivity, very rarely receive attention. The vaults are scarce ever cleaned out, and much more rarely is it the case that any deodorizer or absorbent is thrown into them. From year to year they emit poison resulting from fermentation.

Our bodies consume food in a way similar to that in which the same substances would be consumed if burned in an open fire. Through the skin and by means of the lungs, the carbon and hydrogen of food are expelled in the final form of carbonic acid and water. The nitrogen is collected in the form of urea, which, united with water, is converted into carbonate of ammonia; and the feces containing the unburned substances of the food—the mineral constituents, undigested food and nitrogenous matters that have escaped from the digestive organs. The urine contains the soluble mineral substances of the food, together with the nitrogen in the form of urea, and compounds of ammonia. Experiments and analyses have established the fact that the inorganic portions of the food of animals are again obtained in their solid and liquid excrements. This being so, some idea may be formed of the value of the manure wasted, by making an estimate of the quantity of food the vast population of our country consumes annually. Not only is that portion consumed by us largely lost by waste, but that portion exported is absolutely lost. Hence, knowing the amount of grain produced, it will enable the reader to form some estimate of the loss. Hence, too, the importance of husbanding and using that portion which is not exported from the country.

We shall continue this subject.

POTATOES AS FOOD FOR STOCK.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"I have seen potatoes recommended highly as a food for stock—especially horses. Do you regard them of great value for this purpose?"

LIBBIG says, "a horse may be kept alive by feeding it with potatoes, a food containing a very small quantity of nitrogen; but life thus supported, is a gradual starvation; the animal increases neither in size nor strength, and sinks under every exertion." Now, if LIBBIG'S theory, derived from his chemical analyses and experiments, is correct, potatoes have very little nutritive value. Notwithstanding this chemist's estimate of the value of potatoes, facts, experi-

ments and experience do not sustain him in it. These facts cannot be thrust aside by any mere scientific theory. Potatoes have been too long and too generally used as an article of food—as a standard element of consumption—to warrant any such conclusion.

But it is not recommended that potatoes shall become an exclusive diet for horses, nor for humans. LIBBIG bases his opinion of its value upon the amount of nitrogen found in it. But if the amount of nitrogen be small, then we must conclude that other nutritive elements enter largely into its composition. LOUDON estimates that an acre of potatoes will yield more than double (five-ninths more) the quantity of nutritious food that an acre of wheat will yield—not as much in proportion to bulk, but more per acre. CURWEN fed his horses each a stone and a half (21 lbs.) of steamed potatoes mixed with a tenth of cut straw daily, and he found an acre of potatoes prepared in this way, "to go as far as four acres of hay." Other experiments have established the fact that the potato, and meadow hay, when brought to the same state of dryness, contain as nearly as possible the same proportions of azote—the vital part of food; and the balance of the potato is nearly all starch, and available as food, while the remainder of the hay is largely woody fiber, and unavailable for food.

BOUSSINGAULT'S experiments and analyses with a view to determine the relative values of different kinds of food of animals, are probably as complete as any. His table of equivalents are interesting. Taking ten pounds of hay as the standard, he gives the following quantities of different kinds of food as equivalents:—Clover hay, cut in flower, 10 lbs.; green clover in flower, 34; wheat straw, 52; rye straw, 61; barley straw, 52; oat straw, 55; pea straw, 6; potato leaves, 30; carrot leaves, 13; potatoes, 28; old potatoes, 41; carrots, 35; turnips, 61; white cabbage, 37; peas, 6; indian corn, 6; wheat, 5; rye, 5; barley, 6; oats, 5; bran, 9; oil-cake, 2.

The foregoing figures, based as they are, are not alone on analyses, but upon actual feeding experiments, afford as accurate and reliable data for comparison as we have, probably. But we need not go to BOUSSINGAULT for proof of the nutritious character of the potato as a food for animals. Every farmer who has fattened his hogs on boiled potatoes—as many have, or at least kept them in excellent thrift—knows that LIBBIG'S theory is a false one—at any rate it is not broad enough to cover the facts.

Potatoes should not be fed to stock, in quantity, uncooked. It is more profitable to steam them. True, men who have tested them, say they are excellent fed to milch cows, cut and uncooked. But steamed, they are better for both cows and horses. If you have no steam apparatus—as every farmer who feeds stock should have—it is better to boil them than to feed them raw.

There is one other item which should not be overlooked if it be true, as VON THAER asserts, that potatoes when given to live stock, produce more manure than any other food—100 pounds of potatoes producing 66 pounds of manure of the very best description.

We wish our readers to take notice that while we do regard the potato valuable as a food for stock, we do not assert that it is more profitable to feed it to horses than hay and oats, or to cows, than hay and shorts, or carrots or turnips. This question of comparative profit must depend always on the comparative market value of the different articles of consumption, and upon the relative cost of production.

The intelligent farmer who does business with his capital invested in his farm, its stock, crops and implements, just as he would do business with the same amount of capital invested in sugars, teas and strups, or any other article of merchandise, can approach this subject of relative profit very nearly, aided by his knowledge of the cost of the product, its market value, present and prospective, and the above statement of equivalents by BOUSSINGAULT. And the farmer who has not provided himself with such data, would not be likely to profit by any aid we might attempt to render him.

THE STATE, COUNTY AND LOCAL FAIRS are coming on apace, and all who wish to be represented, either personally or by exhibiting the products of their skill and labor, should give the matter of preparation early attention. Though at war with the rebels, and bound to conquer them, let us show that the Peaceful Arts are not on the wane in any section of the Loyal States,

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. RANDALL'S address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

SHEEP WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE weaning of lambs should never be deferred beyond the first of September. Many leave their lambs, now to be called teds, after weaning, for a few days in the field where they have previously run with their dams—removing the latter. It is thought they are less restless when kept in a familiar place. It is better to separate the ewes and teds so widely that they can not hear each other's bleating. If this is impracticable, the fences which confine the latter should be carefully stopped to prevent them from crawling through to their dams. A teg which has once done this is more difficult to confine afterwards.

There is a difference of opinion in England whether newly weaned teds should be put on rested pastures—i. e., those which, after being gnawed down are cleared of stock and allowed to spring up fresh—or on rowen, (the second crop of grass on meadows,) or on new seeded stubbles. So far as we have observed, the balance of opinion in England is in favor of the first course: in the United States, it is decidedly in favor of the two last. The difference in soil, climate and cultivation may, perhaps, call for different practices. It seems to be conceded on all sides that teds should have fresh, but not rank feed.

If teds are well grown and in good condition, they require no special attention in September. If they are unusually small or thin, some careful shepherds begin, even then early, to give them a little grain, and to shelter them from heavy storms.

Breeding ewes should be kept on rather short, dry feed, for a few days after weaning, to dry off their milk. As soon as this is effected, they should receive first rate pasturage until winter, in order that they may recover their flesh and strength, be ready to take the ram, and ready to go properly into the winter.

Stock rams should also receive particular care, and if not in first rate condition, they should immediately be fed grain daily until their working season is commenced and completed. For a young ram or one unaccustomed to high feed, a pint of oats a day, or its equivalent in oats and corn, or oats and peas, is sufficient. It is better to divide the grain into a morning and evening feed. For an old ram accustomed to high feed and hard work, a quart of oats a day, or its equivalent, is not too much.

Young wethers, not to be turned off, and yearling ewes not to be put to ram, should, of course, receive as good feed as practicable, to promote growth—but if feed is scarce, we should give breeding ewes the preference. Wethers that are to be turned off must receive prime pasturage.

The above are the only portions of sheep management, peculiar to September, which now occur to us.

MERINO PEDIGREES.

WE have, within a few months, received letters from three or four persons who appear to be hopelessly mystified on the subject of Merino Pedigrees. They can not understand them, and especially they can not understand the genealogy of the American Pauls, Infantas, etc. If these gentlemen had informed us precisely in what their difficulties consisted, we should have some hope of being able to explain them away. As it is, we can only reply generally, until their perplexities are more definitely stated.

We suppose that all these anxious inquirers understand that at the beginning of this century there existed, and had then existed for ages, in Spain, a pure breed of sheep called Merino; that this breed was divided into families which were preserved as distinct from each other, as was the breed itself from other breeds. Some of these families were imported into the United States by such men as Col. HUMPHREYS and Hon. WILLIAM JARVIS. We are not aware that Col. HUMPHREYS ever distinctly stated from what Spanish family his sheep were taken.

That they were taken from a single family is inferable from different facts. First, His imported flock had that sameness in appearance and character which indicates sameness of blood. It is conceded on all sides that they "were as like as peas in a peck." Second, They spontaneously and without weeding out, transmitted this sameness both to their immediate and later descendants—a thing they could not possibly have done had they, like the French Merinos, been drawn from different cabanas, and consequently possessed different hereditary characteristics. Here we might rest, assuming the fact under consideration to be conclusively proven, in the absence of positive counterbalancing testimony—and none such has ever been adduced. But there is a third reason which would alone render the fact next to morally certain. Col. HUMPHREYS himself declares that his sheep were selected for him by a respectable Spaniard. On what grounds did he make choice of this Spaniard? Undoubtedly because he was recommended to him by persons in whose knowledge of the subject and integrity Col. HUMPHREYS had full confidence. The latter was the American Ambassador residing at the Spanish Capital. His elegant and ceremonious manners, his varied accomplishments as a soldier, a poet, a wit and man of the world, and his fondness for Spanish society, rendered him, more than is commonly the case with Ambassadors, a favorite at the Spanish Court. Those great grandees who owned the principal flocks of Spain, also resided at the Capital, and numbers of them must have been known personally by Colonel HUMPHREYS. In seeking information in regard to Spanish flocks, he would naturally apply to such men, and probably would be supplied by them with information derived from their Mayors, or head Shepherds.

Every Spaniard of that day who had any connection with sheep, considered it wholly improper to mix the different great families or cabanas. It was contrary to the settled traditions of the country. Col. HUMPHREYS had then had little or no personal experience with sheep, and it was natural that he should adopt without question the views of the people whom he bought of. If he had entertained different views and entertained them so fixedly that he required his agent to act on them and to select sheep for him from different cabanas, it would have been in the expectation of deriving some benefit from the crop. And the same motives which induced him, under such expectations, to strike out a new path, would also have induced him to declare the fact to his countrymen in order to call their attention to his anticipated improvement. We have examined his published works, and a number of his unpublished letters in regard to his sheep. We nowhere find a hint that he started with sheep of different cabanas—that he entertained the remotest idea of improving or changing the Spanish sheep, or of cutting clear from the Spanish ideas of breeding them.

We have remarked on a former occasion that from a variety of hints and facts in our possession, we believe Col. HUMPHREYS' sheep were drawn from the Infanto cabana. And we have never discovered anything which tended to an opposite conclusion. We regard the fact as of no consequence whatever, in itself considered. That name implies no especial excellence or superiority of descent. There were half a dozen, perhaps a dozen, other Spanish cabanas which stood just as high in reputation as that of the Duke of Infanto, when Col. HUMPHREYS' importations, and the later importations of Mr. JARVIS, were made. The pure descendants of the Humphreys' sheep now in the United States derive no prestige, or increased market value, from that name. We made use of it in the *Practical Shepherd*, because, 1, we believed it to be the true name, and 2, because we know of no other appropriate name. To call them Humphreys' Merinos, seemed to carry back the mind to the sheep of his day—to the unimproved Spanish Merino. To call them Atwood sheep, seemed to carry back the mind half way to that period; and what would be the justice of giving them the name of a person who had neither been the importer nor the greatest improver of them? To call them Hammond sheep, seemed too much to ignore the great services rendered to the public in respect to them, by Col. HUMPHREYS and Mr. ATWOOD.

We ever sought to force the name on others, and care not a straw whether they adopted it or not. It has, however, been pretty generally

adopted by the breeders of the most improved flocks of Merinos descended from Col. HUMPHREY'S importation. We trust that the rose will continue to smell as sweet to the public under this name as under any other; and that no persons will be mystified by that name to an extent endangering their health or repose of mind.

The origin of the Paular name, as applied to one of the present families of American Merinos, requires less explanation. These sheep are traced in a line of unbroken descent to imported animals, which brought into the country with them a Spanish pedigree describing them as Paulars; and that pedigree was attested as a genuine document by the American Consul resident at the port of export.

The American pedigrees of Merino flocks have usually been kept precisely as the generality of English, Spanish and other sheep pedigrees throughout the world are kept, viz., by flocks instead of by individuals. We are told, for example, that the unimproved South Downs and Cotswolds of England existed for long periods as pure breeds or families of sheep: finally that such and such persons improved them: that in doing this, Mr. A. bred his stock pure, while Mr. B. occasionally took a dip of other blood; and so on. Is there anything unintelligible in all this? We undertake to say that the pedigrees of our two leading families of American Merinos are far better understood than those of any two leading families of British improved sheep. They are better understood for two reasons. Public opinion here does not tolerate that secretiveness on the subject of breeding, which is both practiced and tolerated in England. Here, too, every neighbor feels himself authorized to be inquisitive with his eyes and his ears in regard to his neighbors' modes of breeding.

The pedigrees of the leading flocks of American Merinos, in the hands of men of character, (and in other men's hands all pedigrees are worthless,) are as reliable, as free from mysticism, and as readily traceable as those of any other pure bred animals in this or any other country. The man who can not understand them, can not understand plain English. If our correspondents, writing over their own names, will point out the exact grounds of their difficulties, we will do our best to enlighten them on the subject.

PRICE OF LONG WOOLLED SHEEP IN ENGLAND.

OUR friend, WILLIAM BEEBE, Esq., of Beacon Farm, Eaton's Neck, Long Island (his post-office address is Northport, Suffolk Co., N. Y.), recently wrote to us in a private letter the following, which he will please excuse us for publishing without waiting to procure his permission:—"I send you an extract from a letter received from my friends in England, from a great sheep county, Nottingham, adjoining Leicester and Lincoln. The extract is based on statements made by practical farmers, not those who spend their time in fitting up sheep for show, and I therefore think it will not be uninteresting to you."

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND, April, 1864.

I have been into the country and ascertained the facts you wished for, which I hope you will understand; if not, I will try again.

Leicester ewes are from three pounds to four pounds each. Leicester rams from 12 pounds to 16 pounds each. Shear hogs* of this breed clip on good land 9 pounds, and rams about 12 pounds—and at 14 year old weigh 80 to 100 pounds.

Lincoln ewes are about 24 each. Rams about 30. Shear hogs clip 14 to 18 pounds, and at 14 years old weigh about 150 pounds. A ram will occasionally clip 22 pounds of wool.

Cotswold ewes are 23 to 24 each. Cotswold rams 31 1/2 each. Clip about 14 pounds of wool, and weigh 120 to 140 pounds.

The cross sheep from Lincoln and Cotswold are the heaviest sheep known, clip the most wool, get fat quick and breed well together for many generations.

Of course, sheep for killing of all the above sorts would be bought for less; but for breeding some would fetch considerably more.

My friends think you would get good bred sheep at the above prices, but for your (breeding) purpose they would sooner give more than less.

* A "shear hog" is a sheep that has been once sheared—a yearling.

MAKING MUTTON FOR SPRING MARKET.

COL. RANDALL:—I gave you, last spring, our method of making mutton for the spring market, without having to feed so much grain as is commonly done. Having sold the wool lately, I can now give you the result of one hundred fed according to that system.

The sheep were bought about the middle of November, and turned on good Blue grass and Timothy pasture: weight 93 pounds. They received some hay, but no grain, till the 20th of January, when the pasture being about exhausted, we commenced feeding half a bushel of corn per day, which was continued with hay till the 10th of April, when they were turned on grass and half a bushel of bran substituted for the corn, and continued till they were sheared and sold about the 20th of May.

First cost of sheep	\$400 00
Four tons of hay at \$20	80 00
Forty bushels and a half of corn at \$1	40 50
Twenty bushels of bran at 20c per bu.	4 00
Three months and a half pasture at 12c	42 00
Washing and shearing at 7c per head	7 00
	\$573 50
Five hundred and twenty-four lbs. wool at 95c	500 42
One hundred sheep at \$5.45	545 00
	\$1,045 42
	\$471 92

Allowing the manure made to balance the labor, we have a profit of nearly \$4.73 per head. The sheep were not sold by weight, but

the buyer told me they were only surpassed by one lot in the market—which was Philadelphia—and that he did well on them. We kept a lot of over one hundred wethers on hay alone, with good grass during the fore part of the winter; but there were only a few of them fat enough for market at shearing time; the balance have been sold since. I consider a small amount of grain necessary, say half a bushel to the hundred per day, and that only between grass and grass.

I should like to see in the columns of the RURAL the experience of some of the numerous feeders who regularly read its valuable pages.

Yours, &c., G. BINNS.

Red Stone, Pa., Aug., 1864.

Communications, Etc.

WOULD FARMERS TO LABOR?

WE are no advocates of idleness. That all men should be usefully employed, we cannot doubt. But we do not believe that it is necessary or wise for the owners of farms to engage in hard manual labor the year round. Farmers have brains as well as muscles, and the exercise of the former is quite as necessary to success in their profession, as the latter. Many, perhaps the mass of our farmers, exert their muscles at the expense of their brains. The whole nervous energies of their system are thrown into their muscles, to be expended in the hard physical labor of the farm. Their brains become inactive, and they become mere laboring machines, that toil early and late. If they pick up a paper or a book, they fall to sleep, as their overtaken system demands rest and repose. If they attend a lecture or a meeting, they return home about as wise as they went, as the exhausting physical labors they have undergone, nearly incapacitate them for listening, appreciating and digesting the mental food set before them. Their brains are of no consequence unless they can use them. If they use up the whole energy of their physical system in plowing, and sowing, and hoeing, and haying, and harvesting, and the other labors of the farm, their brains are deprived of support, and their minds dull and incapable of exercise. True, there is now and then a man of iron constitution, who possesses a sufficient amount of nervous and physical stamina to undergo great physical and mental labor; but they are exceptional cases, and are not to be regarded as samples of the majority of farmers. Now who is the most successful? Is it the intelligent, wide-awake man, who keeps posted and up with the times, or is it the hard working manual labor man, who takes the brunt of his own work, and so exhausts his brain of its nervous energy that he can scarcely reckon up the price of a few pounds of pork, or a few bushels of grain or potatoes, he may have to spare? We believe in brains and their exercise. One of the shrewdest of American philosophers has said, that "the eye of the master was worth both his hands." We believe the owner of a farm can find profitable use for all his time, in the intelligent supervision and study of the various matters pertaining to his farm, family and business, without daily performing as much or more physical labor than any of his hired help. The man who makes it his business to be constantly delving, from early in the morning till late at night on his farm, is likely to lose much more than he will gain. A gentleman of over three score years, stated to us that he had done a great deal of hard labor during his life, and had succeeded in accumulating enough to carry him comfortably through the remainder of his days, had he not used himself up by hard labor so that his health was so poor he could not enjoy it. He said, "if he were to live his life over again, he should exercise his muscles less and his brain more." Said he could see now where he had missed it. That he might have been much better off, both pecuniarily and physically, if he had done less manual labor and more mental. Said he was well aware that they were not the most successful farmers that had performed the most hard labor. He said that there could be no question that an intelligent study and supervision of one's business, would lead to more profitable results, than any amount of hard labor that could be performed with the hands.

L. L. F.

PERNICIOUS SEED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being unable to labor, I sowed myself in the flax field, and counting the bolls and seeds on several stalks of yellow weed, I found that they would average rising of 1,200 seeds to a single stalk, but flax will not average quite 100 seeds to a stalk. And now, Mr. FLAX GROWER if you don't want twelve times as many yellow seeds as flax seeds, then do not sow the pernicious seed.

Steuben Co., N. Y.

J. R. WALKER.

HUMUS.—What is humus? I see the word used frequently in agricultural publications, and I know what Webster defines it to be, but cannot you define it more clearly?—FLOWBEAM, Madison Co., N. Y.

WEBSTER gives the correct chemical definition of the word. It is a term applied to the vegetable mold which soils contain—the organic matter in them. Some soils contain it in a much greater proportion than others; but it is regarded as essential to productiveness in all soils—not, however, as we have seen it frequently asserted, because it is taken up by the plant in the form in which it exists in the soil, but because it furnishes to the plant carbonic acid and other ingredients necessary to its growth.

PHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.—1. From Hon. E. M. Wright, the Road and School Laws of Iowa. 2. Publications from Hon. FREEMAN CLARKE, M. C. 3. Catalogue of the Maplewood Young Ladies Institute, Pittsfield, Mass., for 1864-65. 4. List of Premiums of the 21st Annual Fair of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture. 5. WM. R. PRINCE'S Treatise on Nature's Sovereign Remedies. 6. WILLSON'S Large Speller, from HARPER BROTHERS, N. Y. City, per STEELE & AVERY, Rochester.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Killing Canada Thistles.

THE *Utica Herald* says:—A member of the Farmers' Club of Little Falls some few years since gave an interesting account of his experience in killing this species of thistle, which would seem to prove that to kill them by cutting is due to a peculiar state of the atmosphere. The facts were briefly as follows:—While hoeing corn he observed that the thistles cut with the hoe, during the early part of the day, died profusely, so much so as to saturate the ground in the immediate vicinity of the stalk; while those cut at a later period of the day (the weather meantime having changed) did not bleed; the former were destroyed, while the latter sprung up again and grew vigorously. The theory advanced at the time was that the atmosphere being light and highly rarified (for it was extremely oppressive) and the accustomed pressure being removed, caused the sap to ooze from the wound and the plant literally bled to death; while those cut later in the day, the air having changed and become more dense, were not so affected. Whatever may be said of the theory, the facts are beyond dispute, and we have been assured more recently from experiments made in cutting the thistles at times when there was a similar condition of the atmosphere, that it invariably destroyed them.

Importance of Gravel Stones for Fowls.

READER, did you ever dissect the gizzard of a hen, turkey, goose or duck? The gizzard and gravel stones in it, serve the purpose of teeth, in reducing the food to small particles, in order to facilitate digestion. The feed is swallowed in chunks, or the grain is received into the crop unbroken. Here all such substances are softened, and passed, a little at a time, through the gizzard, which is surrounded by strong muscles; and when food is passing through it, it dilates and contracts similar to the motion of a bellows, and the food, kernels of grain, coming in contact with the gravel stones, is separated and torn to pieces. After the process is completed, the food is digested. These little mill stones, as it were, do not remain long in the gizzard; they are carried out with the food, and a new set is brought along from the crop, to be thus ground. Now if the fowls are confined, as they often are, where they cannot have access to all the sharp gravel they need, their digestion must be imperfect, and they can not do well, especially if fed on whole grain. Fowls need sharp gravel stones within their reach to swallow every day, and if they do not have a range, gravel should be kept by them, in their inclosures.—*Boston Cultivator*.

How to Kill Canada Thistles.

THE *Tribune* says:—"A. N. Kent, Amboy, Ashtabula county, Ohio, gives his experience with these pests of the farmer, for the benefit of the correspondent in Illinois, who stated that they were just beginning to make their appearance in his neighborhood. Mr. K. says:—"I will tell you how I did. I had a patch of several rods covered with them. I pulled them up two years, but they grew more plentiful. I was bound to get rid of them, and I did it thus: I took strong brine out of the bottom of a pork barrel, sharpened a stick and run it down six inches close to the root of each thistle, and filled up the orifice with the brine. It killed them completely. We have known a small patch of thistles killed most expeditiously as follows:—They were first mown, and then a man went over the stubble with an oil-can filled with sulphuric acid, and poured a few drops from the spout into the hollow stalk of each plant. Except the labor, this is not an expensive application."

Fire Proof Wash for Shingles.

JOHN MEANS, in the *Boston Cultivator*, states that after an experience of eleven years, and using seven forges in his blacksmith shop, he has never seen a shingle on fire, nor has a nail started. The following is his method of preparing them:—"Having a large trough, I put into it a bushel of quick-lime, half a bushel of refuse salt, and five or six pounds of potash, adding water to slack the lime and dissolve the vegetable alkali and the salt—well knowing that pieces of an old lime-pit, a soap barrel, or a pork tub, were not the best kindling stuff, and having long since learned, while at the Vineyard Sound, that hot salt-water whitewash would endure far longer than that made with fresh water, absorbing moisture, striking into the wood, and not peeling the washing off. I set the bundles of shingles nearly to the bands in the wash for two hours, then turned them end for end. When laid on the roof and walls they were brushed over twice with the liquid, and were brushed over at intervals of two or three years after."

Salt as a Manure.

THE importance of salt as a manure is a matter of practical interest to the cultivators of the soil, and the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce having recently employed DR. PHIPSON to report upon the question, we print the conclusion to which he comes. They are:—"1. That without a due proportion of salt plants cannot attain their proper degree of perfection; and this applies especially to colza, turnips swedes, beet, spinach, wheat, oats, maize and other grasses. 2. That salt is an essential constituent of plants as well as animals. 3. That the soil is losing by cultivation a great amount of salt, taken away by the crops. 4. That none of the manures at present used (except a very few of the best superphosphates) contain any salt—even guano containing only four-tenths per cent. 5. That it is necessary to add salt at regular intervals to the soil, in some shape or other, if we wish to derive the greatest possible benefit from our crops."

Rural Notes and Queries.

STEAM PLOWING AT THE STATE FAIR.—We have the pleasure of announcing that an English Steam Plow is to be exhibited and operated at the New York State Fair. The plow arrived in New York last week, will be here in season, and ground has already been secured for operating it near the Fair Grounds. It is worked by stationary engines, and must prove a very attractive novelty—as it will be the first exhibition in this country of a plow operated by such machinery. This will be an important feature of the Fair, and the officers of the Society are entitled to credit for their successful efforts to secure such an interesting and instructive extra exhibition.

—Since writing the above we have received a telegram from Col. JOHNSON, Secretary of the Society, stating that the steam plow has been shipped by canal and will arrive in Rochester next Monday—so that, as it will be here a week in advance of the Fair, there will be no failure or disappointment in regard to its exhibition.

THE RURAL'S COURSE APPROVED.—Two weeks ago we stated that three subscribers at Union Corners had stopped the RURAL on account of the sentiments expressed in the leading article (entitled "The Duty of the Hour") in our issue of Aug. 18th. Since then we have received quite a number of subscriptions on the credit side—because, as one of the new recruits says, we had "the manliness, pluck and patriotism to write and publish such sentiments"—and many subscribers have thanked us for the same. But more than that, our brethren of the Press, who know full well that we have ever kept strictly aloof from preaching politics or favoring any party in conducting the RURAL, approve and commend our course. For instance, the *Albion Atlas*, a strong Democratic paper, says:—"A trio at Union Corners call MOORE of the *Rural New-Yorker* an 'Abolitionist,' and stop his paper. Moore proposes that Uncle Samuel change the name of that post-office to 'Seash Corners.' Though others have called the *Rural* 'worse names'—'copperhead,' for instance,—MOORE has our profound commendation in this case, and we second his petition. If any man has steered clear of partisan squabbles and made a good paper at the same time, that man is D. D. T. MOORE, and that paper is the *Rural New-Yorker*."

THE WEATHER OF AUGUST, AND COMPARISONS.—The hot period continued from the middle of June, and the drouth, somewhat lessened by the rain of the 20th July, was heavy and saddening as August opened with undiminished high temperature. The drouth was ended by the rain of the 2d and 3d, amounting to 2.13 inches. All nature smiled; man rejoiced. The weather was cooler, but was warm quite till the 16th. The last half of June, the whole of July, and the first half of August embrace the hot period generally, if any occurs in the summer, and have this year been uncommonly heated. To begin with the first half of August:

The mean temperature of this half was 74.9, almost 5 degrees above the general average, 70.1 for 28 years, and only once exceeded by its mean of 76.1 in 1855, and the general mean of 71.1. In 1863 this mean was a little greater, 75.0, but its general mean was only 69.9. The least heat at 7 a. m. was 62 on the 15th, and the next least was 63 on the 4th. The higher daily means for this half, were

August 12, 1863	84.3	and at 2 p. m.	86
" 1, 1864	82.3	" "	82
" 5, 1864	82.7	" "	86
" 1, 1864	83.7	" "	88
" 2, 1863	80.3	" "	90
July 17, 1864	83.7	" "	85
" 4, 1863	85.8	" "	87
" 19, 1865	84.7	" "	95
" 20, 1864	84.0	" "	96

And in the last half of

June 30, 1865	85.0	" "	95
" 29, 1864	84.3	" "	93
" 20, 1863	84.3	" "	92

This record shows us that in these three warmer periods, the higher temperatures are nearly the same. But in this summer the heat has continued high for the two months preceding the middle of this August, while in most years the high heat has very rarely exceeded half a month at a time.

Though the mean of the first half of August, 1863, was as above, a little higher, there was then much rain for the summer, while this year the drouth had prevailed, and caused the heat to be more oppressive. The second half of August gave as its mean, 67.1, while the general average is 67.2, with abundant rain. The cooler weather has given us a much pleasanter time. The least heat at 7 a. m. was 48 on the 31st.

The rain of August, measured by Dr. MATTHEWS, is 5.49 inches, which much exceeds the average. The water of the first six months was 18.87 inches, for July 1.88 only, and to the end of August, 26.02 inches; a full supply for the season. The effect on vegetation is already admirable, and the prospect for the autumnal harvest is great and good and wide over the country.

The smoky atmosphere, giving to the sun that red and murky appearance, and to the moon that shadowy and sombre light, was lessened by the great rain of the first four days of August, and closed on the 13th. We know that extensive fires have prevailed on the mountains of New England and in part of our State, and that great damage has been the result of the forest fires so extensive over a part of Canada West and the State of Michigan. The prevailing wind in our State has brought that smoke from the West and North-west, and the cause of the smoky atmosphere in several of the Northern States is manifest. Gentlemen from Canada and Michigan have made the explanation clear and full.

The white cotton-like band or arch of the Aurora Borealis on the 24th, from 10 to 11 p. m., was magnificent over New England and New York.

Heat-lightning, as it is called, is a puzzle to many. It is well known to be common lightning in clouds below our horizon, whose flashes up above our horizon are seen by those so distant that the clouds have not come in view. As the thunder shower comes up, the real lightning is seen, and the mystery of heat-lightning is solved. We had a splendid instance of it in a thunder shower at the south-west of us in August.

In the 28 years, the hottest day here was 85.7 on July 17th, 1856; and the hottest at 2 p. m. was 102 on July 16th, 1848. The hottest known day at Yale College was on June 24th, this year, and at Amherst College in 28 years was Aug. 1st, 1864—C. D.

A NOVEL PLOWING CONTEST PROPOSED.—A Niagara Co. correspondent suggests that the State Ag. Society offer a premium of \$100, for the best plowing by women at the State Fair. He thinks such a premium would induce considerable competition, as he knows several girls in his locality that would enter the arena. It is argued that the contest would prove an attractive novelty, and pay the Society; and, moreover, that the large premium would make the feature respectable, and obviate objections which might be otherwise made. We hardly think the suggestion worthy of adoption, this year at least, as it is too late to properly advertise the premium, and besides the Steam Plow exhibition—noticed elsewhere—will be a sufficient novelty in the plowing line for the occasion. We have, however, shown our correspondent's letter to the Secretary.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS FOR 1864.

NATIONAL, STATE AND PROVINCIAL.		
American Pomological, Rochester,	Sept. 13, 16.	
New York, Rochester,	Sept. 20, 23.	
Canada, West, Hamilton,	Sept. 26, 30.	
Illinois, Decatur,	Sept. 12, 16.	
Indiana, Indianapolis,	Sept. 27, 30.	
Iowa, Burlington,	Sept. 27, 30.	
Kentucky, Louisville,	Sept. 6, 10.	
Michigan, Kalamazoo,	Sept. 20, 22.	
New Brunswick, Fredericton,	Oct. 4, 7.	
Ohio, Columbus,	Sept. 13, 16.	
Pennsylvania, Easton,	Sept. 27, 30.	
Vermont, White River Junction,	Sept. 13, 16.	
Wisconsin, Janesville,	Sept. 26, 30.	
COUNTY AND TOWN.		
MAINE.		
Cumberland, Portland,	Sept. —,	
VERMONT.		
Addison, Middlebury,	Sept. 28, 29.	
Chittenden, Burlington,	Sept. 27, 28.	
Connecticut Valley, Bradford,	Oct. 4, 6.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		
Barnstable, Barnstable,	Oct. 4, 5.	
Bristol, Taunton,	Oct. 4.	
Berkshire, Pittsfield,	Oct. 4.	
Dorchester, Lawrence,	Sept. 27.	
Franklin, Greenfield,	Sept. 29.	
Housatonic, Great Barrington,	Sept. 23.	
Hampshire Union, Northampton,	Oct. 6.	
Hampshire, Amherst,	Oct. 13.	
Hampden, Springfield,	Oct. 4.	
Hampden East, Palmer,	Oct. 11.	
Highland, Middlefield,	Sept. 15.	
Hosic Valley, North Adams,	Sept. 20.	
Middlesex, Concord,	Sept. 22.	
Middlesex, South, Framingham,	Sept. 20.	
Middlesex, North, Lowell,	Sept. 20.	
Martin's Vineyard, West Tisbury,	Oct. 18.	
Nantucket, Nantucket,	Sept. 27.	
Norfolk, Dedham,	Sept. 29.	
Plymouth, Bridgewater,	Oct. 6.	
Worcester, Worcester,	Sept. 22.	
Worcester, West, Barre,	Sept. 29.	
Worcester, North, Fitchburg,	Sept. 27.	
Worcester, South, Sturbridge,	Oct. 6.	
Worcester, South-east, Milford,	Sept. 27.	
CONNECTICUT.		
Connecticut Horse Show, Hartford,	Sept. 13, 15.	
Fairfield, Norwalk,	Sept. 27, 29.	
New London, Norwich,	Sept. 21, 23.	
NEW YORK.		
Broome, Binghamton,	Sept. 13, 15.	
Brookfield, Brookfield,	Sept. 27, 28.	
Canden, Canden,	Sept. 21, 22.	
Cattaraugus, Little Valley,	Sept. 27, 29.	
Chautauque, Westfield,	Sept. 13, 15.	
Chautauque, F. & M., Fredonia,	Oct. 4, 6.	
Columbia, Norwich,	Sept. 26, 28.	
Cortland, Homer,	Sept. 13, 15.	
Constantia, Cleveland,	Sept. 15, 16.	
Dutchess, Washington Hollow,	Sept. 27, 29.	
Erie, Buffalo,	Sept. 14, 16.	
Franklin, Malone,	Sept. 23.	
Greene, Cairo,	Sept. 23, 29.	
Jefferson, Watertown,	Sept. 15, 16.	
Lewis, Turin,	Oct. 4, 6.	
Livingston, Genesee,	Oct. 8, 9.	
Montgomery, Ponda,	Oct. 5, 7.	
Niagara, Lockport,	Sept. 23, 30.	
Oneida, Albion,	Sept. 23, 29.	
Oswego Falls, Oswego Falls,	Sept. 27, 29.	
Otsego, Cooperstown,	Oct. 5, 6.	
Ontario, Canadadaga,	Sept. 23, 29.	
Onondaga, Utica,	Oct. 3, 6.	
Putnam, Carmel,	Sept. 14, 16.	
Queens, Jamaica,	Oct. 5, 6.	
St. Lawrence, Canton,	Sept. 27, 29.	
Susquehanna Valley, Unadilla,	Sept. 27, 29.	
Tomawanda Valley, Attica,	Sept. 15, 16.	
Trenton Union, Trenton Falls,	Sept. 27, 29.	
Ulster, Kingston,	Sept. 21, 23.	
Union, Palmyra,	Sept. 15, 17.	
Vienna, North Bay,	Sept. 23, 29.	
Wyoming Co., Warsaw,	Sept. 13, 14.	
NEW JERSEY.		
Burlington, Mt. Holley,	Oct. 4, 5.	
PENNSYLVANIA.		
Bucks, Newtown,	Sept. 27, 28.	
Susquehanna, Montrose,	Sept. 21, 22.	
Union Ag. Association, Burgettstown,	Oct. 6, 7.	
Wyoming, Wyoming,	Oct. 5, 7.	
OHIO.		
Ashtabula, Jefferson,	Sept. 6, 9.	
Blanchester, Clinton,	Sept. 27, 30.	
Butler, Hamilton,	Oct. 4, 7.	
Clark, Springfield,	Oct. 4, 6.	
Clermont, Boston,	Sept. 23.	
Clemmont, Bantam,	Sept. 20, 22.	
Columbiana, New Lisbon,	Sept. 21, 23.	
Cuyahoga, Cleveland,	Sept. 27, 30.	
Fayette, Washington,	Sept. 7, 9.	
Fulton, Ootokes,	Sept. 21, 23.	
Genoa, Genoa,	Sept. 23, 29.	
Geauga, Claridon,	Sept. 23, 30.	
Greene, Xenia,	Sept. 7, 9.	
Hancock, Findley,	Oct. 6, 8.	
Huron, Norwalk,	Sept. 23, 30.	
Jamestown, Jamestown,	Aug. 31, Sept. 2.	
Lake, Painesville,	Sept. 23, 30.	
Lorain, Elyria,	Oct. 4, 7.	
Madison, London,	Sept. 7, 9.	
Mahoning, Youngstown,	Oct. 4, 7.	
Medina, Medina,	Oct. 3, 5.	
Morrow, Mt. Gilead,	Oct. 5, 7.	
Muskingum, Zanesville,	Sept. 6, 9.	
Orwell, Ashtabula,	Sept. 27, 29.	
Portage, Ravenna,	Sept. 21, 23.	
Richland, Mansfield,	Sept. 7, 9.	
Summit, Akron,	Sept. 23, 30.	
Trumbull, Warren,	Sept. 21, 23.	
Twinsburg, Twinsburg,	Sept. 7, 9.	
Union, Marysville,	Oct. 5, 7.	
Warren, Lebanon,	Sept. 23, 30.	
Wayne, Wooster,	Sept. 23, 30.	
Wellington, Wellington,	Sept. 23, 30.	
INDIANA.		
Fayette, Connersville,	Sept. 6, 9.	
La Porte, La Porte,	Oct. 12, 14.	
ILLINOIS.		
Bureau, Princeton,	Sept. 13, 15.	
Carroll, Mt. Carroll,	Sept. 28, 30.	
Carroll, Mt. Carroll, Victory Point,	Sept. 23, Oct. 1.	
DeKalb, DeKalb,	Sept. 23, 29.	
DuPage, Wheaton,	Sept. 23, 28.	
DeWitt, Clinton,	Oct. 6, 8.	
Ford, Paxton,	Sept. 27, 28.	
Fulton, Lewistown,	Sept. 21, 22.	
Franklin, Carthage,	Sept. 20, 23.	
Kane, Geneva,	Sept. 7, 9.	
Kankakee, Kankakee,	Sept. 7, 9.	
Kendall, Bristol,	Sept. 20, 22.	
Marion, Salem,	Sept. 5, 7.	
McLean, Bloomington,	Sept. 20, 22.	
Monroe, Waterloo,	Oct. 12, 14.	
Monroe, Jacksonville,	Sept. 6, 9.	
Macomb, Carlinville,	Oct. 11, 14.	
Ngile, Oregon,	Sept. 28, 30.	
Pike, Pittsfield,	Sept. 27, 28.	
Tandolph, Sparta,	Oct. 5, 7.	
Schuyler, Schuyler,	Sept. 20, 22.	
St. Clair, Bellevue,	Oct. 6, 8.	
Terrell, Catlin,	Oct. 11, 14.	
Warren, Monmouth,	Sept. 27, 28.	
Nashville, Nashville,	Oct. 5, 7.	
Whiteside, Sterling,	Sept. 27, 30.	
Vinnebago, Rockford,	Sept. 6, 9.	
IOWA.		
Clinton, Lyons,	Sept. 13, 16.	
Lloyd, Rockford,	Sept. 14, 15.	
Lincoln, Carthage,	Sept. 13, 14.	
Cott, Davenport,	Sept. 12, 13.	
An Buren, Keosauqua,	Sept. 15, 17.	
MICHIGAN.		
Meriden, Niles,	Sept. 28, 30.	
Marquette, Hastings,	Oct. 12, 13.	
Mass, Muskegon,	Oct. 5, 7.	
Albion, Marshall,	Oct. 4, 6.	
Clinton, St. Johns,	Oct. 6, 7.	
Clinton, Charlotte,	Sept. 23, 28.	
J. M. & S. B. A., Jonesville,	Oct. 12, 14.	
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo,	Sept. 28, 30.	
Lapeer, Lapeer,	Oct. 6, 8.	
Monroe, Monroe,	Sept. 29, Oct. 1.	
Macomb, Romeo,	Oct. 28, 30.	
Macomb, Pontiac,	Sept. 28, 30.	
St. Joseph, Centerville,	Oct. 5, 7.	
Vaughanaw, Ann Arbor,	Sept. 28, 30.	
LOWER CANADA.		
Montpelier, Eaton Corner,	Sept. 29.	
Missisquoi, Bedford,	Sept. 15.	
Cambridge, Cambridge,	Sept. 14.	
St. Johnsbury, Waterbury,	Sept. 14.	
St. Johnsbury, St. Johnsbury,	Sept. 22.	
St. Johnsbury, St. Johnsbury,	Oct. 11, 12.	

Horticultural.

GRAPE SUGAR AND CANE SUGAR.

"A GRAPE GROWER," Niagara Co., N. Y., asks:—"I have frequently seen, in the discussions of Horticultural Societies, this term used—Grape sugar as distinct from Cane sugar. I confess my ignorance, and ask you to enlighten me. What is 'Grape sugar,' and how does it differ from 'Cane sugar'?"

One difference between Grape and Cane sugar is, that the latter is much the sweeter, and more soluble in water. Grape sugar is only about one-third to two-fifths as sweet as Cane sugar. It does not crystallize as readily as Cane sugar. It is found in the grape and most sweet fruits. It is also the base of honey. It may be made from starch through the agency of sulphuric acid. Is manufactured largely in Europe for adulterating Cane sugar. In England its manufacture is prohibited by law. It is used on the Continent in supplying sugar wherever it is defective in the natural or artificial musts that are subjected to fermentation. URE says:—"There is a remarkable difference in the fermentable property of Cane sugar and Grape sugar, which has not hitherto been sufficiently noticed, no mention of it being made in Chemical works. It is, that a solution of Grape sugar requires but a very small quantity of ferment to induce alcoholic fermentation, while a solution of Cane sugar requires a large quantity. When a solution is made of the same quantities of Cane sugar and Grape sugar in equal proportions of distilled water, it will be necessary to add at least eight times as much of the same ferment, to induce alcoholic fermentation in the solution of Cane sugar as in that of Grape sugar."

And in this difference we suppose lies the secret of its value over Cane sugar for wine-making purposes. In the wine regions of Europe this Starch or Grape sugar is used to supply any deficiency of saccharine matter in the must. Some seasons no such supply is necessary, for no deficiency exists. The season is favorable to the development of sugar in the grape. But if the season is not favorable, Grape sugar manufactured from starch, is added—Cane sugar is never used.

THE CARE OF APPLE TREES.

The preference given to practice over theory in the choice of articles for the RURAL, make its counsels safe and reliable. I offer an account of the care of our apple trees, and the visible effect. Our orchard is on a prairie, and protected on the north and north-west by a grove. It had borne but little fruit under cultivation, and was seeded with timothy and clover, several years since. The last three years it has produced an abundance of choice apples—such as the Bellflower, Jennette, Willow-twig, Romanite, and others. Some of the trees have produced twenty bushels each of a season; and form beautiful arbors around their trunks, by their long branches bending in arches to the ground from the weight of fruit.

They were giving much to us, and we thought we ought to make some returns to them, by ridding them, in the first place, of worm nests, which we do in a very simple and effectual way, with a light pole of the size of a fishing rod, and having two short prongs at the small end, which are formed by cutting off two trimmed branches three or four inches out from the end of the pole. We thrust this fork into a nest, and by twisting, and there is strength enough in the web to wind the worms into a shroud of their own. We bring them to the ground, and press them from the rod with a foot. As the rough, or exuviated bark of trees conceals the larva and eggs of insects, we, last spring, scraped it carefully from the trunks and large branches of our apple trees, and then put about four quarts of ashes around each tree, and close to the trunk. The effect has been marked; for, though the season has been very dry, the trees have grown more vigorously than they did the previous year. Nature rightly punishes our neglect; but she amply rewards our care, and giveth to her votaries until each want and wish is satisfied. Prophetstown, Ill. S. A.

DOUBLE FLOWERS.

I CONFESS myself to be entirely ignorant of the mode by which the old florists obtained double flowers, and I believe no one can now point out the real way. I look on the production of double flowers to the end of a tether in one style of cultivating plants; and I hold it as a "fact" of the want of decay in the art of cultivation, that when cultivation emerged from the rule of thumb, to assume the natural or scientific practice now so far on the march of progress, the change was inimical to the production of double-flowering seedlings; that like the variegation of plants about which we have been so long and so far out at sea, the cause of doubleness was not owing to the superior cultivation of the parents, but to a long course of very unnatural way of growing plants, so to speak. All these changes I hold to have been brought about under conditions which were not natural, or likely to bring out the vigor of the parents in a natural way. I hold, also, that there was nothing accidental in the cause why double flowers or variegated leaves have been, or still are produced; that the result was owing to a sure and certain law, which would be now just as sure and certain in its result, if we did but know it. And although I hold that opinions which are not backed by experiment are of little worth, I shall give my private opinion on how double flowers have been formerly obtained, without putting more stress on it than if I had never given the subject a thought.

It has often appeared to me, that the parent plants of double flowers have long been under a course of high cultivation wrongly applied, if you can understand how that can be; but I shall explain by a reference to what is now very common. A fruit tree bought, and is cared for in the highest degree of cultivation, and the consequence is an immense deal of wood and very little fruit. The system is changed; lighter soil, less roots, and lesser number of them more near to the surface—that causes a check, and fruit-buds come instead of wood ones. Then the high state of culture wrongly applied, which I assume did the same thing at the same time, stimulated the vital powers, and at the same time curbed that power unnaturally, and that brought about the derangement in the progeny which we see in double flowers. And the practice was on this wise:—The composts were then of the most stimulating character, and the applications of them was exactly the reverse of what is now practiced. Neither pots nor borders were then much drained, and all the compost was sifted to the finest mold. Turn to that system, and in time it will do as formerly.—D. BEATON, in Jour. Hort.

PEARS ON GRAVELLY LAND.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you, through your paper, help me a little about raising pear trees. Last spring I set out ten pear trees, five dwarf and five standard; my dwarfs look well, but the standards are half dead in appearance, and have been for two months, though they leaved out well at first. I wish to raise the standard trees as much for ornament to my lot (which is small) as for the fruit. The soil is gravelly sand, with very little surface soil. Now, how shall I improve it? I can get saw-dust plenty. Will it pay to put it on the soil or to mix in when I plow? I can also get ashes but little leached. Will that do any good? Or shall I draw on clay and mix with the sand? Is horse manure of any use to such soil for trees? I should be glad of your opinion, or that of any others who may have had experience in the matter. H. G. STEVENS. Hudson, Mich., August, 1864.

REMARKS.—Applications of ashes, clay or stiff loam and stable manure, will make your soil all that can be desired. Avoid the saw-dust. Standard pear trees do not root so readily as those on the quince, and the past dry summer has been a severe trial to all newly transplanted trees.—B.

PRUNING BLACKBERRIES.

PERSONS having cultivated the New Rochelle blackberry, are possessed of sufficient knowledge to understand the fact, that the longer they allow the canes to remain unpruned, the lateral branches are proportionably shorter, and the fruit smaller. To obtain the largest size berries and the largest quantity too, cut back the leading canes to not exceeding four feet in length, and shorten in all the lateral branches. This will be found to increase also the breadth of the stool, affording more bearing room, and generally to result in greatly improving the crop. In field planting, the author of "Ten Acres Enough," recommends and adopts (for we have just paid a visit to his place) the practice of cutting back the canes to from three to three and a half feet. They then require no staking—a very great saving in time and expense—as we saw not a single support in six acres of the blackberry, which stood resolutely on their own "pins," and promised an immense yield. In the whole six acres, too, it will do no harm to remark, and for the cultivators to bear in mind, we did not see weeds enough to fill the grip of a hand!—Germantown Telegraph.

Notes and Queries.

FRUIT AND FLOWER COMMITTEES AT THE STATE FAIR.—Flowers. Professional List—W. H. Romeyn, Kingston; J. H. Gould, Wyoming; Edward P. Bowen, Buffalo. Amateur List—Charles Downing, Newburgh; E. D. Lay, Ypsilanti, Mich.; H. G. Dickerson, Lyons.

Fruits. Professional List—H. T. Brooks, Pearl Creek; Isaiah Yarnes, Johnston; Ira Porter, Fredonia. Amateur List—Charles Downing, Newburgh; E. D. Lay, Ypsilanti, Mich.; H. G. Dickerson, Lyons.

Premiums of the Society are open to competition to exhibitors from other States and Canada.

SAMBUCI WINE.—(Ravenswood.) You ask what "Sambuci Wine" is made of. We do not know, but we have seen it asserted that it is made of the fruit of that farmer's pest, *Sambucus canadensis*,—the common elder of the road-sides and fence-corners of every untidy farmer's farm in the Eastern States. We see that somebody—probably an ex-White Willow peddler—is trying to write this elder into the pomological church. And some editors, who ought to know better, are lending their columns to such characters for this purpose; and the next thing we shall hear will be the "hawking" of this plant all through the West; and it is not at all improbable that Peddler SHARP will dig it on one corner of GOODIE GREEN'S farm and sell it to GREEN, on the other corner, as the "Sambuci Wine-plant." It will be a great speculation, for the entire tribe of GREENIES will buy it.

PLUMS FOR NAME.—(D. H., Wilkesbarre, Pa.) The large purple plum you send us is Bradshaw. The small yellow plum is Cloth of Gold; the large yellow we cannot identify without wood and leaf. The fruit came in very bad condition. Specimens should never be sent in paper boxes, but in strong wooden ones, packed so that they cannot be shaken, nor touch each other. And the wood, stem and leaf should accompany fruit sent for name.

WOOLEN RAGS AND CATERPILLARS.—A French gardener finding a piece of woollen cloth, which the wind had lodged in a tree, covered with caterpillars, acted upon the idea suggested, and placed woollen rags in several trees. Every morning he found them covered with caterpillars, which were easily removed.

Domestic Economy.

PRESERVING PEACHES.

OF course peaches preserved in the ordinary way with sugar, pound for pound, are not to be thought of new, and they are neither good nor wholesome when they are so made—a thick, heavy, indigestible and tasteless con-serve being produced. The proper way to preserve this delicious fruit is in small jars with very little sugar. Our readers may have seen small glass barrel-shaped mustard pots. These are just the thing for the purpose in the absence of air-tight jars, which are beyond the means of some. The glass mustard pots could be had in ordinary times for three cents each, and can now be sold for at most six cents, cork and all. The way to preserve peaches in them is as follows:—Peel them nicely, split them in half and take out the stones; split each half again, and put one-fourth of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, even less than this will do—as the fruit is naturally sweet it may be kept without any sugar whatever. It is safest, however, to use a little. Scald the peaches, but do not boil them; then take a tablespoon and put each quarter in the mustard pots, which must have previously been placed in a kettle of water and allowed to heat gradually to the boiling point. After the quarters are all in, fill up the crevices with juice, to within one-fourth of an inch of the top, and continue the boiling under the pots, when the contents will rise. Scalding the peaches drives the air out of the quarters, and the boiling subsequently perfects this process, so that in about thirty minutes the corks can be put in. The corks should be soaked in hot water, which makes them soft and easily compressed, and they must be driven in tight. The juice will be displaced at the top and overflow, but it must be wiped off, and the pots taken one by one and dipped instantly in a pot of rosin and beeswax, or tallow, which closes all the pores in the cork and makes it absolutely air-tight. The cement should be made just so as to be tough, not brittle; it is easily tried by dipping a little in cold water.

Three pounds of peaches cost now about twenty-five cents, stoned and peeled. The sugar for this amount would cost twenty-four cents; the sirup will increase the weight nearly one pound, and even at present prices we shall have four pounds of delicious sweetmeats at a cost of twelve cents per pound. Dried peaches cost at all times thirty cents per pound; next winter they will be dearer still. Which is the cheapest—dried peaches or "peaches in juice," as the French call them?—Scientific American.

HOW TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL HONEY.—Noticing, a short time since, an article in the RURAL "About Making Honey," I thought I would send you a recipe that I bought some time since, and find upon trial to give a good imitation of genuine honey:

Dissolve a piece of alum the size of a nutmeg in one quart of water, bring to a brisk boil, remove from the fire, and into the solution stir eight pounds of good white sugar; boil for three or four minutes, and strain through a thin cloth. When cold flavor with the following:—Into one pint of alcohol put one ounce of best Jamaica ginger, pulverized; add 15 drops otto roses; allow the whole to macerate with frequent shaking for three or four days. Use one teaspoonful for five pounds of honey. The better the quality of sugar used, the more perfect will be the imitation; and the cost of the honey will be about two-thirds that of the sugar used.—F. N. BLACKMAN, Tomah, Wis.

REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA.—The Chicago Tribune says:—"A loyal woman" sends us the following: For the benefit of our soldiers in the army, please insert the following excellent remedy for diarrhea:—Put into a bowl a tablespoonful of sale molasses, then make a strong tea of elder flowers, and while boiling hot strain it into the molasses, that it may be thoroughly scalded. When cool, let the patient drink freely of it. The above is an old remedy, having been used in the last war to cure the camp distemper. I could wish its virtues more generally known, and that elder-flowers, with directions for using, might be made an essential item in the sanitary stores."

AN ANT TRAP.—Here is what a respected contemporary calls "a capital idea" for housewives and others troubled with these pests. "Procure a large sponge, wash it well and press it dry, which will leave the cells quite open; then sprinkle over it some fine white sugar, and place it near where the ants are troublesome. They will soon collect upon the sponge, and take up their abode in the cells. It is only necessary to dip the sponge in scalding hot water, which will wash them out dead by the tens of thousands. Put on more sugar, and set the trap for a new haul. This process will soon clean the house of every ant."

COOKING PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Having tried various ways of cooking prairie chickens, I will give you the one I consider the very best of all: Skin the chickens, (which makes them sweeter), cut them open on the back and through the breast. Fry them in butter, with salt and pepper to the taste. Cook them to a nice brown. If you don't call them good, your taste is not that of—A WESTERN DAME, State Line, Ind.

DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

PICKLING PORK HAMS.—Will you please inform me the best method of pickling pork hams?—L. C. T.

COLORING RECIPES WANTED.—Can any of your readers give a recipe for coloring cotton goods a good Nankin color? And can Solferino zephyr be colored a dark purple, or a dark brown?—L. M. F., St. Louis, Mich.

53,818 SOLD IN 1863—54,211 SOLD in the FIRST 6 MONTHS of 1864.

WASHING DAY

As it was

As it is



without the WRINGER.



with the WRINGER.

"Life is too short and human strength too precious for our 'womankind' to be kept at the old process of Washing and Wringing."—Rev. T. L. CUTLER.

HEALTH,

TIME,

LABOR,

CLOTHES

and

MONEY,

ARE SAVED BY USING

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER,

WITH COG-WHEELS.

THE ONLY WRINGER WITH THE PATENT COG-WHEEL REGULATOR.

ECONOMY SHOULD BE PRACTISED BY ALL.

NO FAMILY can afford to do without a WRINGER, especially in these times.

HIGH PRICES.

NO WRINGER CAN BE DURABLE WITHOUT COG-WHEELS.

THE UNIVERSAL WRINGER

Was pronounced superior to all others at

The World's Fair, in London, 1862,

Received the Bronze Medal (highest premium) at the Great Fair of the

AMERICAN INSTITUTE, IN NEW YORK CITY, 1863.

Also the Silver Medal and Diploma in 1862, and the Diploma and certificate in 1863, at the

NEW YORK STATE FAIR,

(being the highest premiums.) It also took the First Premiums at the State Fairs in 1863, in VERMONT,

PENNSYLVANIA,

INDIANA,

IOWA,

ILLINOIS,

And at the principal County and Institute Fairs throughout the land.

It will be in operation at all the PRINCIPAL FAIRS this year, and we invite the special attention of EVERY HOUSEKEEPER. Pamphlets, Descriptive Circulars, Testimonials, &c., will be freely furnished to all visitors.

PRICES AND SIZES.

The sizes usually sold for family use are Nos. 1, \$14; 1½, \$12; and 2, \$10. These have our PATENT COG-WHEEL REGULATOR, and are warranted. They are sufficiently large to pass any articles ever washed in the family.

Nos. 2½, \$9, and 3, \$8, are not recommended or warranted, having so small rolls that cogs can not be used; although they are of the same size used on other Wringers of the same price. We put them on the list so as to be able to answer all calls. We have sold at retail but one in over a year, and our customers very seldom have calls for a "no cog" wringer.

On receipt of the price, from places where no one is selling, we will send the U. C. W., FREE OF EXPENSE.

THE UNIVERSAL

Clothes Wringer!

SELF-ADJUSTING AND ADJUSTABLE.

The only Wringer with the "Patent Cog-Wheel Regulator,"

For turning both rolls together, and which positively prevents the rolls from

BREAKING OR TWISTING ON THE SHAFT.

It is not only a perfect Wringer, but the cog-wheels give it a power which renders it a most

EXCELLENT WASHER,

Pressing and separating, as it does, the dirt with the water from the clothes, leaving them dryer, whiter, and smoother than when "wring" by hand. The water can be pressed from large and small articles, easier, quicker and more thoroughly than the ordinary, old-fashioned back-breaking, wrist-straining, and clothes-destroying process. The cog-wheels prevent all "wear and tear" of clothes by the friction of the rolls or breaking of stitches by twisting.

NO RUBBING IS NECESSARY,

Except for starched linen and very dirty articles, and the clothes go on to the line

NEARLY DRY,

and much smoother and whiter than when done the old way; besides avoiding the usual pounding, rubbing, stretching, straining, and mauling of the clothes, to say nothing of the parbelled hands, raw knuckles, lame backs, and wasted time; for with the Wringer the WASHING CAN BE DONE IN HALF THE TIME otherwise required.

TESTIMONIALS.

We select the following from many we have received, not only to show the value of the Wringer as a Great Economy, but to give the public the testimony of a few who have used "The Universal" almost from its first introduction, and who can speak after many years experience of its unparalleled durability and efficiency:

From the American Agriculturist.

From several years' experience with it in our own family; from the testimony of hundreds who have used it; and from the implement itself—we feel certain that it is worthy a place in every family. A child can readily wring out a tangle of clothes in a few minutes. It is, in reality, a Clothes Saver! a Time Saver! and a Strength Saver! We think the machine more than pays for itself every year, in the saving of garments! There are several kinds, nearly alike in general construction, but we consider it important that the Wringer be fitted with Cogs, otherwise a mass of garments may clog the rollers, and the rollers upon the crank-shaft slip, and tear the clothes. Our own is one of the first made, and it is as good as new, after nearly four years' constant use!

From Henry Ward Beecher, in 1864.

After a constant use of the UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER for more than four years in my family, I am authorized by the "powers that be" to give it the most unqualified praise, and to pronounce it an indispensable part of the machinery of housekeeping. Our servants have always been willing to use it and always have liked it.

This is the first Wringer that I have found that would stand the service required of it. I had already "used up" one or more of every other kind I could get. The rolls of all would twist and work loose after a short time using, and, of course, become worthless.—J. P. Huggins, Lovejoy's Hotel, New York.

A farmer may as well attempt to rake his heavy meadow, with a light old-fashioned hand-rake, as to require his wife to wring her clothes by hand.—Lockport, N. Y. Journal.

It will wring any article, from a cambric handkerchief to a bed-quilt, leaving them scarcely any damp for ironing.—Rochester American.

It is the grandest improvement that could possibly be introduced into the establishment.—H. D. Scrantom, Congress Hall, Rochester.

It saves labor and time, saves the clothes, and has more than saved its own cost.—Rev. Dr. Krebs.

As a labor-saving and clothes-saving machine, it is invaluable.—American Hotel, Toronto, C. W.

It is a perfect gem.—Delavan House, Albany.

CANVASSERS WANTED EVERYWHERE!

The sale of the Universal Wringer offers to good men a lucrative and permanent business. It is not an article of mere taste and luxury, like books, maps, etc., but sells readily when they would not. Many men who have been canvassing with these articles and with other Wringers, are now engaged with "THE UNIVERSAL" because it Pays the Best, is durable, and gives satisfaction to the purchaser.

Notwithstanding the calamities of war with which the country is afflicted, there has never been a time of such unbounded prosperity as the present. Every branch of industry is flourishing in a most astonishing degree. The products of the farm and workshop never brought so high prices; and consequently both the farmer and mechanic have money plentier than ever before.

Competing Wringers have been scattered here and there, and some families, arguing that the cheapest was the best, have bought them. The test of time, however, shows their inferiority. The U. C. W., with COG-WHEELS, will outlast a dozen with the smaller rolls, and experience shows that "The Best is the Cheapest" in the end. The recent failure of a poor Wringer greatly helps the sale of a good one in its place.

We are happy to add that never was our progress more satisfactory and rapid than now. The sales last year were 53,818, and at the beginning of this year 100,000 was the estimate for 1864, but this number will be greatly exceeded, as the sales for the past six months have reached 54,211, over 1,000 having been sold in a single day. Our manufacturing facilities have been so increased that we can now produce a daily supply of 600 if needed.

To each Canvasser certain territory is assigned and EXCLUSIVE SALE GIVEN

WITHOUT CHARGE FOR THE PATENT RIGHT. In many places the Wringer is already being sold, but wherever it is not, the field will be given to the first responsible applicant.

For further information, circulars, etc., address

JULIUS IVES & CO.,
347 Broadway, New York.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
OLLA PODRIDA.

"Who are you, MINNIE? Are you a myth, or a real person? Me judge, you are a beautiful woman. I would really like to know who and what you are," &c.
P—, Illinois, 1864. A. J. M.—

Who am I?—an easy matter to ask,
But to answer truly a difficult task;
For I'm neither a myth, a ghoul nor human,
Am neither a child, a man nor woman,
I am neither rich nor poor nor old,
I'm neither to sell, nor have I been sold.
I'm made up of odds, ends, chips and blocks,
All welded together by various knocks,
So that to the human eye I appear
Like a creature no doubt from some other sphere.

I'm a married woman of forty and four,
With a dozen or so of children, or more;
My husband, a man who is well-to-do,
Who values old friends instead of the new.
By trade he's a blacksmith—by profession a preacher,
Per force he's a printer, per force he's a teacher,—
In short, like his wife, of all things he shades,
A wonderful genius—"Jack-of-all-trades."
He thinks—I'll whisper it softly to you—
That his wife is an excellent type of a shrew!
I was still in my teens, when "for better or worse,"
I married this man, whom I honor in verse,
Although of the latter, it has proven to be,
'Tis the same that most women in after life see.
I have tended the youngsters, and mended his hose,
Sewed his shirt buttons and repaired his old clothes,
Cooked his dinners, while he, as a good husband
should,
Has kept me well shod—cut plenty of wood,
And those who have known us thro' our married life
Call him a good husband and me a good wife.
Now this, A. J. M., doesn't seem like a myth?
For, to tell you the truth, I am—Mrs. JOHN SMITH.

II.

Again, I'm a spinster of an uncertain age,
Too old to be pleasing, too young for a sage,
Too short to be graceful, too lean to be plump,
I resemble in person a sycamore stump.
My eyes of that cast not commonly seen,
A mixture somewhere between orange and green;
My nose is my prominent feature—a calf
Would think I had robbed his mother of half
What belonged unto her, while my delicate mouth
Reminds one of the earth in a season of drouth.
I'm an object of terror for miles around,
And people quake at the very sound
Of my mentioned name, while mothers hug
Their children, as though some Cyclop-Bug
Would swallow them whole—and even men,
Great with the sword and great with the pen,
Tremble and shiver before me as though
I were some wild tiger escaped from a show.
And people stare where'er I appear,
Whispering low, "how wonderful queer!"
But to add to these charms of person I can
Boast of riches as great as a Sultan or Khan,
I have money and lands and palaces grand,
(But where is the man who has asked for my hand?)
In knowledge scarce equaled by PARKER or NOTT,
Far more than usually falls to one's lot.
I've the Latin and Hebrew, the Greek and the Danish,
An adept in the French, Italian and Spanish,
In sciences skilled, and in dry mathematics
Am rarely excelled, so in classics and ethics.
So you see what I am, and if you are human,
Can you still think that I am a beautiful woman?
My name—I forget—you wanted that too—
It is easily written—Miss ANBYGAIL DREW.

III.

I am neither married, nor a spinster old,
I have neither houses nor lands nor gold,
I am neither short nor ugly nor rude,
Am not a *bas bleu* nor a horrible prude,
I seldom smile and am rarely sad,
Am neither good—am neither bad,
I'm neither the eldest nor youngest child,
I am neither amiable nor mild,
I never was young, except so in years,
I never saw sunshine only thro' tears.
On *du*, I am haughty and willful and proud,
With a heart encased in a marble shroud,
Thoughtless alike of the good or hurt,
And withal a most unmerciful flurt.
I am strangely odd—so odd that one,
Whether in earnest or whether in fun,
Could scarcely tell. And if you should mix
Up all the bad that the famous Styx
Claims as its own, with all that Heaven
Of good to erring man has given,
With all the beauty of a poet's thought,
That God has made, or fancy wrought,
With all that is ugly and unfair,
This well shaken up with care
Would make, I think, with a proper view
A very good specimen of "Who are you?"
My *soubriquet*—ah yes, I'm faint
To tell you—'tis BYRON's favorite name.

Now wonderful, curious A. J. M.—
Do you know at last who, what I am?
Or am I like to that riddle of old
That in childhood, at night, you so oft were told?
Ah! yes, "I remember it," now you say,
"It ended, I thought, in a curious way,
'I've told you my name three times in a row,'
And still you're so queer—I guess I don't know."
MINNIE MINTWOOD.
Hilldale Farm, near Ludlowville, N. Y., 1864.

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

BY LEAD PENCIL.

"WHAT are the qualities you deem most essential in a woman, in order that she should bring up her child in the way he should go?"
So asked a woman and mother of ~~me~~, the other day, in a letter I received from her. And I've been thinking upon the subject somewhat. I want the reader to read the question again:—"What are the qualities you deem, &c., &c."—not what are the most essential qualities. If the question was put in the latter form, I should hesitate to write a word. But it is a personal question put to this pencil; and this pencil is alone responsible for the reply.

There should be no effort to destroy maternal or instinctive love for the child. Fashion should not be allowed to remove the mother from the child—to divert the mother's eye and care from their true sphere. Intelligent love of

children is an essential qualification. I would recommend no man to marry a woman who says, "I hate babies." No such woman is fit for a wife and mother. And the conclusion is that there are a great many women who lack this essential qualification for the duties of a mother, for there are a vast number of young and older ladies who habitually indulge in such expression. It grows out of a selfish, aimless life—out of the selfish, aimless life which so many American women are leading—out of the every-day life of thousands about us who do not seem to know what a glorious, and, at the same time, responsible heritage they have in this privilege of living.

No, no, good woman, no woman is qualified for a mother's work, who does not see in each little life the germ by which she is to perpetuate her own life. The child is the regenerate part of herself. It is common for people to wish that they could live their lives over again. Why? Because they would avoid errors, acquire wisdom, direct their footsteps differently. If such people are honest, and are parents, they have, in a degree, the opportunity of moulding a life as they would live one, were they to begin again. It is true such wishes are often expressed thoughtlessly; and yet they are undoubtedly natural expressions.

And how grave are the duties of the mother! She looks back upon the errors of her own life; she sees the foibles in the character of those with whom she has been associated; she has wonderful perceptive powers, and more wonderful womanly instincts—I can call them nothing else—which enable her to discriminate wisely, if her own heart has been rightly cultivated. An impressive nature is given her to mold. She brings to the work of shaping this nature and giving the projectile force in its direction, the marvellous love of a mother for her child, the mother's sheltering, protecting instincts, her perceptions, her experiences, and the knowledge she has inherited, from her own parents, and acquired. She is to reproduce her own or her ideal life in that of her child. This is her work. She must appreciate the magnitude of her work and its responsibility. She must devote herself to it from a love of it and of her offspring. *There is no work more important for her to do.* Then she requires all the christian virtues and accomplishments that her nature permits her to acquire, for she will have use for them all. The real child will depend very much upon the mother's ideal, and upon the means she uses, and their adaptation to the child's nature, to bring the child up to her standard or ideal.

The mothers are the educators of the children of this country. This is the general rule; of course there are exceptions. But if I know the character and every-day life of the mother, I can form a pretty correct estimate of the ultimate direction and animus of the child's life. Be it known, LEAD PENCIL is not vain enough to set himself up as an instructor of mothers. He has simply given here what he has thought should govern their every-day life. No doubt some will take exceptions to what he has written. They have a right to do so. Will they state them?

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

—THE economy of crinoline is thus discussed by a French writer:—Dresses require, to be worn over hoops, at least three meters more than would be needed if worn over an ordinary skirt. As no less than twenty millions of ladies' dresses are made every year in France, the additional quantity of material necessitated by the use of hoops is sixty millions of meters, which, taken at an average price of two francs per meter, makes a sum of one hundred and twenty millions of francs. In addition must be mentioned the extra quantity of material employed in the manufacture of the hooped petticoat itself, and the long, ample underskirt worn between the crinoline and the dress. This extra material can not be counted at less than one hundred and twenty millions more. The average cost of the hoops and the making of the cages can not be taken at less than an average of fifteen francs each, producing a total of one hundred and fifty millions to be added to the cost of the woven goods calculated above. These three sums together make up a tribute of three hundred and ninety millions of francs, or about one-fifth of the State Budget, paid yearly to a ridiculous and inconvenient fashion.

—AFTER the campaign which ended with the battle of Chickamauga, our soldiers used to get up cotillion parties, which were attended by both Union and Seesh ladies. The following story is told, illustrating the extreme delicacy of expression employed by the latter, who were careful to use language that might not offend the "boys in blue." One of them stepped up to the "artist" (fiddler) and said very politely:—"Will you be so kind as to play the *Federal Doodle*?" She evidently thought "Yankee" an obnoxious term.

—A PRETTY sharp retort is that made recently by a young, pretty girl at Oshkosh, Wis., who attended a ball dressed in short skirts and pants. She was the only one present in the mode. The other ladies were shocked—very much shocked! They regarded her short skirts as immodest; but she quietly remarked that if they would pull up their dresses about their necks as high as they ought to be, their skirts would be as short as hers.

—A LIVERPOOL magistrate lately giving an opinion about some matrimonial difficulty, said: "It is always a bad arrangement for married people, whether high or low, rich or poor, to have a wife's sister, or brother, or other relative, living in the same house with them."

—In Iowa a girl of seventeen, who wanted to get married, placed a strip of paper with the number eighteen written on it in her shoes, swore she was "over eighteen," and thus got her license and a husband.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
PERSIC STANZAS.

THE POET.

I SCATTER beauty's pearly seeds
Along the highway of the years;
They grow and blossom there, with smiles,
And sympathetic tears.

VIRTUE.

Fair Nature, never boasting, tells
Of triumphs in the garden won;
'Tis by their odor that we know
They're blushing in the sun.

LIFE.

We stoop not at the doors of Life
With snelling heart and reaching palms;
'Tis by the friendly gate of Death
We bow, and hope for alms.

Wyoming, N. Y., 1864.

J. McI.

A STORY WITH A LESSON.

AN elderly lady, who lived in one of the small streets of the Faubourg St. Jacques, sent to Brittany for a young girl to wait upon her. She was far from being rich; an income of 2,000 francs (about £80) was her whole revenue; and she had to exercise no little economy to make this small sum last her the whole year through. The young girl, sent her by a relative in Brittany, was named Perine, and she came with an excellent character. The old lady was every day more pleased with Perine, for every day showed the young girl to be economical, tidy, careful and most industrious. Twelve months passed without so much as an unkind word being said between them. One morning the old lady returned home in a state of great agitation, and said to Perine, "You must leave this house. Look out for a place this very day."

"Do you send me away, madam?" exclaimed Perine, bursting into a flood of tears.

"No, I do not dismiss you," replied the old lady, mingling her tears with those Perine shed so fast; "I do not dismiss you, but I can keep you no longer, for I am ruined."

The old lady had heard a few minutes before that her little capital had been lost by the bankruptcy of one of her kinsmen, to whose hands she had confided it.

"If that's all, madam," said Perine, "that's no reason why I should leave you; at your age you require somebody to serve you."

"But, my poor girl," exclaimed the old lady, deeply touched, "you do not understand what it is to be ruined. I can neither pay you nor feed you."

"If that's the case, madam, I shall not ask you to feed or to pay me; but, as you have been a mother to me, I will treat you now as a daughter should treat her mother. I will work for you and for me."

The old lady protested against Perine's doing any such thing—but in vain. Perine obtained a situation in the neighborhood as a maid-of-all-work, but she retained the right to give one hour every day to the old lady's service, when she would make the latter's bed, sweep out the room, and cook the breakfast; and every night she slept in the old lady's chamber. She would every day bring the latter some fruit or fowl; in short, she acted toward the decayed gentlewoman as if the latter had indeed been her mother.

This patient self-suffering lasted two years without an hour's intermission, when a brother of the old lady's died—a brother she had quarrelled with years ago, and had lost sight, if not remembrance of, for many a month. He died a wealthy bachelor, leaving his whole estate to his sister. As soon as the old lady came into possession of her property, she adopted Perine for her daughter and heiress, and placed her in one of the best boarding-schools in Paris, that she might receive an education suited to her position, and marry as well as the heiress of several thousand francs a year might hope to do.

REPARTÉES.

SOME persons seem to have an electric current of wit which flashes the moment it meets an opposing one; and it is our purpose here to give from memory a few specimens of this sort of wit, for which we could give the proper credit if we knew their names, beginning with two of Lamb's, which cannot be left out of such a catalogue, familiar as they are. First, his reply when he was rebuked for coming into business at the India house so very late in the morning. "You know I always go away very early in the afternoon," and the still older one to the anxious passenger's query on entering a crowded omnibus: "All full inside?" "I don't know how it is with the rest of the passengers, but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me." It is related of some friends of Campbell, the author of *Hohenlinden*, on leaving his room after a gay supper, that one of the number had the misfortune to fall down a long flight of stairs. The poet, alarmed, opened the door and asked, "What is that?" "It's I, sir, rolling rapidly," was the immediate reply of his fallen friend. Sheridan is said to have remarked, on entering a crowded committee room, in Parliamentary language, "Will some member move that I may take the chair?"

A poor poet, desiring a compliment, asked Curran—referring to his recently published poem of that name—"Have you read my Descent into Hell?" "No; I should like to see it," replied the wit. A prosy member of Parliament having asked him, "Have you read my last speech?" he replied, "I hope I have." Two old New England ministers were riding by a gallows, when the elder one asked the other,

"Where would you be, if that tree bore its proper fruit?" "Riding alone, sir," was the immediate reply. An Irish girl at play on Sunday, was accosted by the priest, "Good morning, daughter of the devil," and meekly replied, "Good morning, father." Two friends meeting one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you." "Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down!" "Don't trouble yourself," he said, "I did that myself once."

The celebrated David Crocket, on visiting a menagerie, was comparing the countenance of a monkey to that of one of his fellow-members of Congress. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks, so, to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologize to, you or the monkey." Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for the new grave-yard, when the first remarked, "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live." "What an obstinate man," said the second; "if my life is spared I will."—*Monitor.*

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

—Once a Week says:—The appearance of COLUMBUS was not a bad index of his character. His general air expressed the authority which he knew so well how to exercise. His light grey eyes kindled easily at subjects of interest. He was tall and well formed. His complexion was fair and freckled, and inclined to ruddy. Trouble soon turned his light hair grey, and at thirty years of age it was quite white. Moderate in food and simple in dress, temperate in language, bearing himself with courteous and gentle gravity, religious without being a formalist, repressing his irritable temper with a lofty piety, he was the model of a Christian gentleman. The devout reverence of his successes to the Divine favor, with which he concludes the report of his first voyage to the sovereigns of Castile, is highly characteristic of the man.

—THE following story is told of WASHINGTON IRVING:—On his return from Saratoga I accompanied him a portion of his way homeward. We were seated together, and directly in front of us sat an anxious mother with three children—one an infant, in her arms, and the other two, a boy and a girl of some two and three years of age, giving the mother great trouble, and waking the infant by striving to clamber over her to look out at the window. Mr. IRVING at once interposed, and lifting each alternately over to his lap, and looking at his watch, said:—"Now three minutes for each to look out of my window," and began lifting them over and replacing them, each in turn, accordingly, till they were tired of it, though much gratified. "Ah, sir," said the relieved mother, "any one can see that you are the kind father of a big family." This amused him greatly, and amply rewarded him for his interposition. He would not spoil a good joke by refutation or controversy.

—THOMAS JEFFERSON tells the following story of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:—"Doctor FRANKLIN had a party to dine with him at Passy, of whom one-half were Americans, the other half French, and among the last was the Abbe RAYNAL. During the dinner he got on his favorite theory of the degeneracy of animals, and even of men in America, and urged it with his usual eloquence. The Doctor, at length, noticing the accidental stature and position of his guests at table, 'Come,' says he, 'M. l'Abbe, let us try this question by the fact before us. We are here one-half Americans and one-half French, and it happens that the Americans have placed themselves on one side of the table, and our French friends are on the other. Let both parties rise, and we will see on which side nature has degenerated.' It happened that his American guests were CARMICHAEL, HARMER, HUMPHREYS, and others of the finest stature and form; those on the other side were remarkably diminutive, and the Abbe himself particularly, was a mere shrimp. He parried the appeal by a complimentary admission of exceptions, among which the Doctor himself was a conspicuous one."

—OF GARABALDI's life at his home in Caprera, and of his visitors, a correspondent of a *London* paper writes:—"An amusing book might certainly be written under the title 'Visitors to Caprera.' Distinguished, lowly, celebrated, unknown, generals, deputies, journalists, artists, scientific men, literary women, inventors, schemers, humbugs, fools, and of every country, creed and condition—a motley crew of sterling characters, shallow malcontents, unprincipled speculators, honest enthusiasts, lion hunters, and autograph collectors innumerable. I wonder that such a book has not yet been written. It would fetch a good price, and would show the sort of 'solitude' which GARABALDI enjoys in Caprera; while, at the same time, it would be, if well written, a literary memorial of his great heart, good nature, and inexhaustible kindness. The fact is, that it were better for his peace of mind and body, and even for his finances, to live in the busy world than in that island, Solitude, where he can't help receiving the swarm of visitors landed by every successive boat, with a cargo of petty grievances, one-sided information, teasing reports, accusations, jealousies, calumnies, hatreds, and such other amenities dished up in so many courses for his particular digestion."

WHENEVER we find our temper ruffled towards a parent, a wife, a sister or a brother, we should pause and think that, in a few months or years, they will be in the spirit land, watching over us, or, perchance, we shall be there, watching over those left behind.

SENECA says:—"Philosophy does not regard pedigree; she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him so."

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
HOURS GONE.

BY WINA HORLAND.

Hours that were fair as the beautiful dawn,
Ye, from my heart in its sadness, have gone;
Ye have but left me a vision half dawn.
Of the treasure of yore that my spirit hath known—
Hours that were stars to my wearisome way—
Ye like the rest have all faded away.

Hours I have numbered, and christened with tears,
Rest rocked to sleep in the heart of the years—
Wake not to haunt me with hopes that are fled,
With joys that were fleeting, with friends that are dead,
Hours that were seals in the book of my doom—
Rest in your darkness and sadness and gloom.

Hours that were laden with voices of love—
Ye are safe moored in the haven above.
Drifting before me—on life's cruel sea—
I, in my sadness, am mourning for thee.
Beautiful hours! ye have crossed the tide,
And are waiting for me on the farther side.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

It is the day when you may sit down to the Bible, without fear of disturbance. It is the day when, alongside of Enoch, you may feed the flame of devotion, and try to divine the wonders and imbibe the ardor of a walk with God. It is a day when, according to your various mood, you may mourn with Abraham at Machpelah; or meditate with Isaac in the field of Mamre; or go down into Egypt to view Joseph in all his glory. It is the day when you may bid JACOB'S Star twinkle anew, ZACHARIAH's fountain flow again. It is the day when, in the upper chamber, you may listen to a sermon of PAUL, or, a pilgrim to Patmos, along with the beloved disciple, see JESUS. And it is the day for prayer—the Sabbath itself one closet, and your quiet chamber another—a closet within a closet, when you may surely shut out the world, and get very near to God—the day for looking back, for confession, for eyeing the Lamb that was slain—the day for looking forward, for self-dedication, for holy resolutions, for obedience begun. And it is the day for public worship, when the glad bells say, "Go ye up to the house of the LORD," and the artless worshippers answer, "Thy face, LORD, will we seek." And it is the day for Christian converse, when, coming from the house of God in company, pious friends take counsel one with another; and when, under the quiet roof, they read, or go over the sermons, or commune together. And it is the day for family instruction, when the hymns are said, and the chapters read, and the truth in JESUS expounded, and when fatherly affection strives to leave the lessons of heavenly wisdom imbedded in filial love. It is the day for Sabbath school, and the prayer meeting, and the visit of mercy. It is the day when, so that you do not exhaust yourself or overtask others, you may give every moment to the one thing needful—the day which is best employed when the soul gets all, and heaven gets all, and God gets all.—*Rev. James Hamilton, D. D.*

RESPECT THE BURDEN.

NAPOLEON, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but NAPOLEON gently waved her on one side, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do not "respect the burden," whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load, sometimes it is old and raggedness, sometimes it is hunger, sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I expect him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent so far as common amenities go; I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word, or an ungracious act. And how far, pray, are we to push the kind of chivalry which "respects the burden?" As far as the love of God will go with us. A great distance—it is a long way to the foot of the rainbow.—*Good Words.*

INWARD PEACE.

MANY say they have no peace nor rest, but so many crosses and trials, afflictions and sorrows, that they know not how they shall ever get through them. Now he who in truth will perceive and take note, perceiveth clearly that true peace and rest lie not in outward things: for, if it were so, the Evil Spirit also would have peace when things go according to his will, which is nowise the case.

Therefore we must consider and see what is that peace which Christ left to his disciples when he said:—"My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

Christ meant that inward peace which can break through all assaults and crosses of oppression, suffering, misery, humiliation, and what more there may be of the like, so that a man may be joyful and patient therein; and what was bitter to him before shall become sweet, and his heart shall remain unmoved under all changes, at all times.

THERE is no way under heaven to be interested in Christ, but by believing. He that believeth shall be saved, let his sins be ever so great; and he that believeth not shall be damned, let his sins be ever so little.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
WATER-COLOR PAINTING.

SEEKING an article in the RURAL on water-color painting, written by a lady who claims no merit in the art of painting, I will give my experience in that useful and interesting accomplishment, for the benefit of said lady and others of our rural friends. In painting with water colors, there are many things that are hard to accomplish without the aid of an experienced teacher, in order to execute a good design. But a great deal can be done in this line, by persevering in using judgment, good taste, and training the eye to correctness of perception. Allow me to say, and pardon me in so doing, that it is incorrect to draw an outline for painting with a pencil. The larger flowers, leaves and main stems, should be formed with patterns or theorems, for the reason they can be made much more perfect in form, and more beautifully shaded, as the marks of a pencil darkens the edge of the leaf, and gives it too dark a hue. Neither are the lines drawn entirely obliterated in shading with delicate tints. Furthermore, many young persons take up the practice of painting who are not sufficiently skilled in the art of penciling; for that reason, too, some might make irregular lines, which would render the design imperfect. As drawing is a greater art than painting, a knowledge of it can only be obtained by a long course of practice, attended by self-application and diligence.

To make theorems my method is:—Take one part spirits of turpentine, one part linseed oil and one part copal varnish, or a little less. Add these together, apply it to common foolscap paper with a stiff brush—such as are used in painting—rub it in thoroughly on both sides until it seems to have penetrated the paper. After this process it should be laid on something perfectly clean, and put under a heated stove or in the hot sun to dry. Care should be taken not to let any particles of dust, or bits of dirt, fall on the paper, as it adheres to the oil and varnish, making it "specky" and very rough. This preparation makes the paper very transparent, firm in texture, and of a yellowish color; the longer it lays the better it becomes.

In cutting patterns for flowers, already painted, lay them on the flower, and with a very sharp pointed pencil, proceed to draw the outline of one leaf at a time; when this is done, slip the paper, form another outline, and so on, until you have the pattern of each leaf separately. After this is performed, take a sharp pen-knife, hold it in rather a perpendicular position over the marked lines, cutting it evenly through the paper, and so on until they are completed. Then with the best drawing paper you can procure, (as this is essential to painting with good effect,) lay the pattern on the drawing paper, in the proper place to bring the flower in the desired spot. Proceed in this way until the flower is formed, taking great pains to shade the leaves delicately and in the right way, — to represent them turning in a natural and graceful way.

All this will seem easy after a little practice, and will seem pleasant instead of an irksome task. When the main flowers and green leaves are painted — each in its proper place — take a pencil and sketch lines where the stems and branches should be, carefully watching each turn, or curve, between the leaves and flowers, that they may not assume a stiff and unnatural appearance. This being done, the work may be completed thus far, with a pencil brush, which should vary in size according to size of stems, leaves, foliage, &c. Stems of size enough to admit, should be "worked up" (as painters say) with a fine hair brush, to give it a heavy appearance, and it should also be very smooth and even, which adds greatly to the beauty of a design.

In mixing paints, there is also a right and a wrong way. Cakes of paint are formed on the outside with a gelatinous substance, which, if soaked with water, (as they certainly will be if wet over with a wet brush,) will crumble in pieces, and then they are difficult to mix in the proper way, beside, in so doing, the shade and appearance of the work is entirely different.

To paint with good effect, have your room well lighted, and never paint in the evening as some do. Have on the table a white spread, and with your painting apparatus before you, provide yourself with two tumblers of water, one to wash brushes, and the other for mixing. Take your paint dish, and with the handle of your brush dip it in the clear water, convey it to your dish, leaving a few drops of water, as it requires but little. Then with dry hands take a cake of paint in your fingers, rubbing it hard enough to mix the paint sufficiently for use. This, in the use of green paint, should be of the consistency of cream; most of other colors it requires less and should be a little thinner. A good deal of foliage causes the variegated colors to show to better advantage. Pink and blue make a purple. Prussian blue and yellow make a green. When desired to use dark green, add more blue, and the reverse for light green. Gamboge makes a bright green. Chrome yellow is for a lighter shade. Raw Sienna and burnt Sienna are used for trunks of trees. For rose color use Carmine. For darker shades of red use Lake. In purchasing paints, do not select a cheap box; they do not contain a great variety of colors, and the paints are of an inferior quality. They are spurious. When paints are dissolved in water, if they are good they will mix in smooth. If poor, it will be in little specks — curdles, or rather, it separates from the water. When shaded on paper it appears in a muddy form.

Theorem painting requires about ten or a dozen large or stiff brushes, varying much in size. They are made of bristles. For doing

the fine pencil work, small hair brushes are used. These can be cleaned, as occasion requires, but the large ones must be seldom washed.

I will close here by saying success to all who love painting.
LUCIE BEACH.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE ZODIACAL LIGHT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing, Tuesday evening, June 28th, what I suppose was the "Zodiacal Light," I wish for further information. In the west two large elongated patches of white light, the bases nearly joining; each spot was thirty or forty degrees in height (estimated) by eight or ten in breadth. A little later a spot, nearly as large, was seen in the east. Will your "special, C. D." favor the readers of your paper with an article on the subject.—PALMER GATES, Batavia, N. Y.

REMARKS.—This phenomenon must be as old as the constitution of the heavenly bodies "for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years." The definite account of it, however, does not extend two centuries into the past. It is a faint triangular form of light with the vertex a little rounded, lying in the zodiac, and of course on both sides of the ecliptic, not so bright as the light of the Milky Way. It is most distinct in March, after sunset, from 7 to 9 o'clock, lying from the sun's place below the horizon along the ecliptic, and of course, oblique to the horizon, but its vertex as high as that point of the ecliptic is above the horizon. It begins to be seen in January and is visible into April. Six months from the beginning of March, the Zodiacal light appears in the east in the morning before sunrise, and must be viewed before the twilight is visible. Very few know of this light; or it would not be confounded by them with Northern Lights, or any other luminous phenomenon, or as appearing in the months from May to August, or out of two sections of the heavens. The light seen by our Batavia correspondent, was probably the cloud-like form of a slight display of Aurora Borealis; or, perhaps, some of those beautiful and singular clouds, of which many have been noticed this summer.—C. D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
SKELETONS OF BIRDS, ANIMALS, &c.

IN answer to an inquiry in the last volume of the RURAL, I send the following:—Put any subject, such as a mouse or frog, (if a bird, strip it of its feathers,) into a box perforated with a number of holes. Let it be properly distended, to prevent the parts from collapsing, or being crushed together by the pressure of the earth. Then place the box with its contents in an ant hole, and in a few days it will become an exquisitely beautiful and perfect skeleton. The ants will have consumed every part of it except the bones and ligaments. The tadpole acts the same part with fish that ants do with birds. To produce this, it is but necessary to suspend the fish by threads attached to the head and tail, in a horizontal position in a jar of water, such as is found in a pond, and change it often, till the tadpoles have finished their work. Two or three tadpoles will perfectly dissect a fish in twenty-four hours.
G. W. COOK.
Pavilion, Mich., 1864.

War Literature.

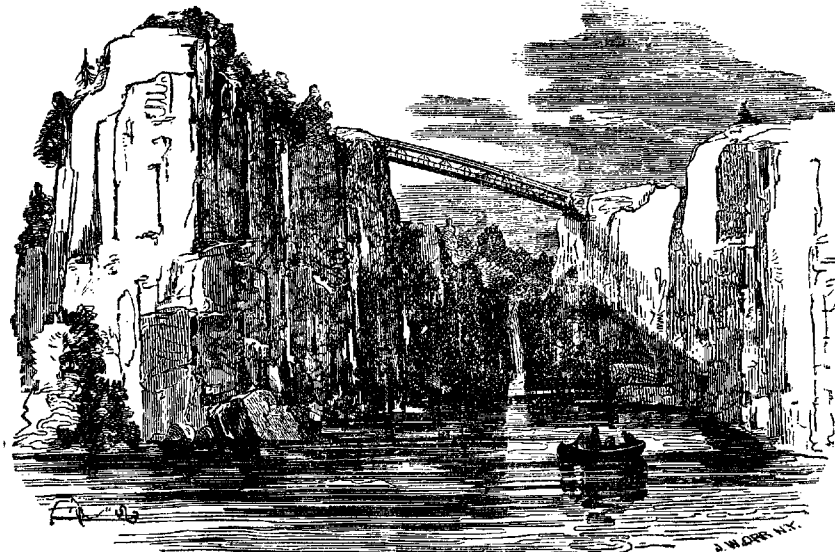
The Little Orderly.

A PLEASANT little scene occurred last evening at the Headquarters of Gen. Thomas. Of course you remember the story of little Johnny Clem, the motherless atom of a drummer boy "aged ten," who strayed away from Newark, Ohio, and the first we knew of him, though small enough to live in a drum, was beating the long roll for the 22d Michigan. At Chickamauga, he filled the office of a "marker," carrying the guidon whereby they form the lines. On the Sunday of the battle, the little fellow's occupation gone, he picked up a gun that had slipped from some dying hand, provided himself with ammunition, and began putting in the periods quite on his own account, blazing away close to the ground, like a fire-fly in the grass.

Late in the waning day, the waif left almost alone in the whirl of the battle, a rebel Colonel dashed up and looked down at him, ordered him to surrender:—"Surrender!" he shouted, "you little d—d son of a—!" The words were hardly out of the rebel's mouth, when Johnny brought his piece to "order arms," and as his hand slipped down to the hammer, he crossed it back, swung up the gun to the position of "charge bayonet," and as the officer raised his sabre to strike the piece aside, the glancing barrel lifted into range, and the proud Colonel tumbled dead from his horse, his lips fresh stained with the syllable of vile reproach he had flung upon a mother's grave in the hearing of her child!

A few swift moments ticked off by musket shots, and the tiny gunner was swept up at a rebel swoop and borne away a prisoner. Soldiers bigger but not better, were taken with him, only to be washed back again by a surge of Federal troopers, and the prisoner of thirty minutes was again John Clem "of ours," and Gen. Rosecrans made him a Sergeant, and the stripes of rank covered him all over like a mouse in a harness, and the daughter of Mr. Secretary Chase presented him a silver medal appropriately inscribed, which he worthily wears, a royal order of honor, upon his left breast, and all men conspire to spoil him, but, since few ladies can get at him here, perhaps he may be saved.

But what about last night? Well, like Flora



PASSAIC FALLS, NEW JERSEY.

THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC, represented above, occur in the town of Paterson, New Jersey, sixteen miles from New York, on the route of the Erie Railway. This bold passage on the Passaic, though it has of late years lost much of its ancient beauty, is still a scene of great attraction, particularly when the stream chances to be generously swollen, as after heavy

rains. At Paterson the river is about sixty feet wide and has a fall of 72 feet—50 feet perpendicular—and affords an immense water-power. These falls are much visited by tourists. Paterson itself is an agreeable town, of very considerable importance,—having a population of some twenty thousand, and being extensively engaged in manufacturing.

McFlimsy, the Sergeant had nothing to wear." The clothing in the wardrobe of loyal livery was not at all like Desdemona's handkerchief, "too little," but like the garments of the man who roomed a month over a baker's oven, "a world too wide," and Miss Babcock, of the Sanitary Commission, suggested to a resident of Chicago that a Uniform for the little Orderly would be acceptable. Mr Waite and other gentlemen of the Sherman House, ordered it, Messrs. A. D. Tisworth and Company made it, Chaplain Raymond brought it, Miss Babcock presented it and Johnny put it on. Chaplain Raymond, of the 51st Illinois, by-the-by, a most earnest and efficient officer, accompanied the gift with exceedingly appropriate suggestions and advice.

This morning I happened at Headquarters just as the belted and armed Sergeant was booted and spurred and ready to ride. Resplendent in his elegant uniform, rigged cap-a-pie, modest, frank, with a clear eye and manly face, he looked more like a fancy picture than a living thing. Said he to the Chaplain, "you captured me by surprise, yesterday." Now he is "going on" thirteen, as our grandmothers used to say, but he would be no monster if we called him only nine. Think of a sixty three pound Sergeant—fancy a handful of a Hero and then read the "Arabian Nights" and believe them! Long live the little Orderly.

Talk in the Hospital.

PASSING from one of the wards, I met a strange face above a well known jacket, the Zouave jacket of the Ellsworth Avengers, the Forty-fourth New York. The man is wounded in the face, has lost some of his fingers, and one hand is swollen to twice its natural size. His face lights with recognition as he says: "You are — sister?" "Yes." "— is all right. I left him in line of battle. After I was wounded the second time, I crawled back to try and find my knapsack. All I wanted from it was the picture of my wife and child. I could not bear to lose it, but I could not find it. Then I looked for —. There he was, in the front line, with his rifle ready. I love —. All the boys love him; he will give us his last morsel, and do without himself. He's a lucky boy always; fighting in the front, and never had a scratch." Sacred praise! treasured already, as if spoken of one passed within the Eternal gate.

A Burial Scene.

THREE miles to the right, where it has become necessary that Warren should stretch his decimated corps over a long line and hold it at all hazards, over 40 solid shot and unexploded shells were picked up within a radius of 100 yards extended from a certain oak tree. Beneath that tree Warren had his headquarters during two field days, because that particular locality commanded the best view of the battle line, and was easiest of access to division and brigade commanders.

When I saw them they were piled up, and two men were making an excavation close by—a little too short for a grave, a little too square-cut for a rifle pit.

It proved, on inquiry, that arrangements were making for decent and safe interment of the innocent-looking but ugly-seant and ugly-meaning things. They were taken up tenderly and handled with care, not because they were fashioned so slenderly, though some were eight inches in length by two and half in diameter, nor because they were young and fair, for nothing was known as to their age and they were not fair, but because they were percussion shells, and might resent harsh treatment. Altogether, it was a jolly funeral. Gen. Wren looked down into the grave and smiled, as, unrelent-

ing man might smile upon the tomb of a mortal foe. Your humble servant assisted as pall-bearer. Several drums were heard, and several funeral notes—bugle notes, halting a battery that was going into position hard by. Several soldiers discharged their rebel shots toward the grave where the "varmints" were buried. We buried them brightly at high of noon, the sod with a shovel turning, and then sat down to a merry dinner. We thought, as we narrowed their lowly beds and scooped out the dirty hole, that the foe and the stranger would tread over their heads—and perhaps get blown sky-high.

A Correspondent Seeking News.

YESTERDAY (Sunday) a correspondent, said to belong to a Western paper, (and I believe truly, because none but a Western correspondent would have the cheek to act as he did,) in search of something reliable regarding affairs on the Rapidan, boldly invaded the White House, and sending for Mr. Lincoln just as he was going to sit down to dinner, asked him if he had anything authentic from Gen. Grant. It was a very hot day, and the hottest hour in the day, but "Old Abe" took it coolly. Sticking his tongue in one of "is lantern jaws," as the fellow described it in afterwards relating the interview, and putting on one of his Springfield smiles, the President replied:—"No, my friend, I have not; I see you are very anxious, and so are all the people; so am I. But you see Gen. Grant is like the man that climbed the pole, and then pulled the pole up after him."

Corner for the Young.

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

I AM composed of 30 letters.
My 2, 8, 9, 13, 25, 12 was a Prophet.
My 25, 12, 23, 12, 28 was King of Damascus.
My 13, 12, 16, 1 was appointed King by command of God.
My 30, 1, 20 was a high Priest.
My 11, 25, 16, 21 delivered the Moabites from slavery.
My 7, 6, 25, 5, 23, 2, 8 ruled over the Israelites 40 years.
My 21, 8, 9, 4, 19, 24 was appointed King by the Persians.
My 25, 11, 4, 18, 21 was a King and Tetrarch.
My 21, 12, 10, 23, 21 was King of Judah.
My 26, 14, 4, 19, 24 was a city destroyed by the King of Babylon.
My 6, 25, 30, 6, 17, 30, 20, 10, 30 is what the Apostles are called.
My 21, 23, 13, 25, 15, 5 was the son of Selir.
My 37, 4, 11, 5 was the son of Jerahmeel.
My 23, 23, 10, 2, 24 was what David had.
My whole is what we should all do.
Eagle, N. Y., 1864. ENG. E. MARCHANT.

Answer in two weeks.

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

REANEE meho! sey con ady anree
Ot ruo Fasther ehson no gith,
To het eger diefs dan eht fatatouns,
To het dani bondney hte syk.
Ofht teh veabnee rogwr ribthgre roe su,
Dan hte almsp gnah ni eht emod,
Nad nor ettns rea htodelp lltis cersol,
Rof er'ew noe ayd renraep emho.

Naples, 1864.

ALICE E. REMER.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
CHARADE.

BEFORE a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five and five in rear;
One-fifth of eight subjoin, and then,
You'll quickly find what conquers men.
Floral Hill, Ohio, 1864. CHARLEY.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 763.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Honor thy father and thy mother in the days of thy youth.

Answer to Anagram:

One bright star is ever shining,
In the fair or cheerless sky,
And that star knows no declining;
Hope's bright star will never die.

Answer to Problem:—135 lbs.

MAKING HAY

Concluded from last page, present No.

Nellie was progressing wonderfully in the good graces of aunt Nancy; she had churned ever so many times, and believed she could make cheese, so she wrote to her mother; and her cheeks were as red as any farmer's daughter's, and her hands as brown as an oak leaf in autumn. "When was she coming home?" "Not until all the nuts and apples were gathered," she answered. She could not bear to think of the hot city, with its filth, and sin, and shame; its flaunting misery and gilded vice. She thought she could never be contented to stay there again, since she had learned how pure and uncorrupted the country was.

"October with her hair aflame,
Flushed brow and purple finger tips,
Across the southern orchards came,
And touched the apples with her lips."

The October moon was at its full, shining as only an October moon can shine—to-morrow her father would be there! Nellie went out and sat under the elm in the meadow to have a good cry—she heard a firm tread on the short grass, and looking up saw Paul Clifford coming—"just to plague her," she said, pettishly, to herself. He came straight on and sat down without invitation, close beside her.

"What, crying, Nellie?—sorry to go back to the city and leave this dull farm?"

"Yes," was all she could find voice to say.

"Don't cry any more, please, but listen to me, I have something to say to you." He had never spoken to her in that tone before—she could not imagine what was coming. "You have something to tell me, did you say, Mr. Clifford?"

"Yes,"—he swallowed a big lump in his throat—"Nellie, I love you." She started as if he had struck her, and looked at him,— "What did you say?"

"I said Nellie, I love you; and I have come to ask you to love me in return, and by-and-by, when I have made myself worthy of such a blessing, will you be my wife?"

"You cannot mean it, Mr. Clifford; you cannot care for a foolish little thing like me."

"But I know best about that; I should not have told you so if it had not been true,—will you tell me the truth now; do you love me?"

Somehow the heavy feeling that had laid at heart all slipped away, and in its stead came a strange thrill of joy, and with it some of her old mischievous spirit, so that instead of answering as she truly felt, she said, "What if I should tell you no, Mr. Clifford?"

He drew himself up a little proudly—"I should not hang myself nor jump into the lake; for there is much to be sought after and won in a true life outside of love; but Nellie, the rough highway which my feet must tread will seem rougher, the clouds denser, and the light beyond dimmer than it would had I never learned how beautiful might have been the way, smoothed and cheered and lighted by such love as you can give; he will be a favored man who receives it. Good night. He was up and moving away.

This was a puzzle; she had had a dozen men at her feet, but never one with such a spirit as that. He was half way across the meadow when he heard her call, "Paul, Paul Clifford." He turned and waited. "Come back." He went back.

"Well, what is it, Nellie?"

"I wish to tell you that truth you asked me for."

"Let me hear it, then."

"Paul, I love you."

Nellie's heart fluttered just a little the next day when Paul came in to dinner; for her father was to see him for the first time. She had told him nothing; but Paul told him after dinner. The old gentleman stood aghast. "What, my Nellie?" Does she know your sentiments, young man?"

"I have told her, sir, and asked her to be my wife."

"And she —"

"Answered as I could wish, sir."

"Well, well, young man, I will talk with her before I answer you;" and he went into the house muttering, "What next!—my fastidious daughter, who has refused wealth and position, in love with this plain farmer! Strange!"

He found Nellie in the garden and told her his wonder. "Know him as I do, papa, and it will not seem strange to you." Then she told him something of Paul's past, his indomitable will, his steady strength of purpose — "and to think, papa, that I actually turned up my nose at him when I first came here!"

"Then your heart is really set on his going to be a great man, is it?"

"Oh, father — yes — please."

"Well, child, if he proves himself worthy and does not ask for you too soon, I do not know but it may as well be him as any other man; I rather like his appearance."

Mrs. Clifford does not make butter and cheese, but she labors with her husband in the great field of fallen humanity, proving herself a worthy helpmate of a noble husband, and, as she once said she would, lives a life that puts to shame all her early vanity.

ONE of the urehins in the School Ship Massachusetts, who was quite sick, was visited by a kind lady. The little fellow was suffering severely, and his visitor asked him if she could do anything for him. "Yes," replied the patient, "read to me." "Will you have a story?" asked the lady. "No," answered the boy, "read the Bible; read about Lazarus;" and the lady complied. The next day the visit was repeated, and again the boy asked the lady to read to him. "Shall I read from the Bible?" "Oh, no!" was the reply—"I'm better to-day; read me a love story!"

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPT. 10, 1864.

Department of the Gulf.

THE correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* at New Orleans, the 24th ult., gives the following particulars of the capture of Fort Morgan:

The heavy bombardment of Fort Morgan, which began on Monday, the 22d inst., was perhaps the most severe firing which has yet been directed against any of the rebel fortifications, except Fort Sumter.

Range was obtained previous to the opening of the cannonade on that day, so on the morning of the 22d, Commodore Farragut's fleet, including the flag ship and other large vessels, the monitors, the ex-rebel ram Tennessee and several blockading vessels, took part in the bombardment in conjunction with the land forces.

These were situated on Mobile Point, in rear of the fort, and heavy mortar batteries were planted within, it is reported by an eye witness, of 500 or 600 yards of the fort.

The vessels were stationed on either side of Mobile Point, and the fort was therefore invested on three sides.

The firing from early dawn till six o'clock was regular and effective, but shortly after that hour it became rapid and extremely heavy. The sight from Fort Gaines and other points, from which the joint operations of the fleet and land forces could be witnessed, covered the entire field; and the appearance of the bombardment is described as one of the most grand and stirring displays of the war. The bursting of the heavy shells in the fort and over it was constant for four hours.

The monitors fired at close range, their aim was usually good, and the explosion of their eleven and fifteen inch shells could be distinguished from the bursting of the other shells, thrown by the other guns, which were of smaller calibre.

The rebel ram Tennessee (captured Aug. 5) assisted in this action and did good service. The large vessels of the fleet poured in continuous fires, and the rear of the fort was covered by the fire of the army.

The regular discharge of cannon in various directions around the fortifications, the flight of the shells and their loud and often simultaneous explosions, can not be adequately described.

This rapid work continued until one o'clock, and then slackened. In all this time the rebels, who were driven from their guns, did very little work. An officer who witnessed the whole heavy bombardment, was able to distinguish but four shots from Fort Morgan after the principal work of the day began from our batteries. It does not appear that the rebels had any hope of being able to resist the attack of our forces.

The fort was formally surrendered at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 23d. We have 600 prisoners, 60 pieces of artillery, and large quantities of material, though the rebels spiked many of the guns, burned the carriages, and destroyed much ammunition. During the bombardment about 3,000 shells were thrown into the fort.

The Federal loss was very slight. The land forces had but one killed and seven wounded.

An officer from the field of operations says the prospect of the early capture of Mobile is very encouraging. The confidence of the officers in both branches of the service is complete, although the details for the attack are kept a secret.

It is asserted that the capture of the city is just as favorable as the capture of Fort Morgan was, and that we may hear of the fall of Mobile much sooner than it is expected.

The *Herald's* Mobile correspondent says, that on the morning of the 23d ult., Capt. Taylor, bearing a white flag, accompanied by forty men, marched out of Fort Morgan, carrying a small sail boat, with the intention of going to the flag ship three or four miles distant, with a note from Gen. Page, proposing to surrender. A check was put on this by Gen. Bailey, who said the army and navy were one, and as his artillery commanded Fort Morgan, and his infantry every foot of Mobile Point outside of the fort, he would not permit a rebel boat's crew to push off from shore on any pretense whatever.

Soon after, General Granger arrived, and the note for Admiral Farragut was taken by him, saying he would communicate its contents to the Admiral.

In a short time a demand for the unconditional surrender of the fort was made and granted.

The result of the victory at Mobile bay may be summed up thus:—Compelled the rebels to evacuate Fort Powell, and to surrender Fort Gaines and Fort Morgan, the latter heretofore considered the strongest fortification in the United States. We have taken 1,500 prisoners, 100 pieces of cannon, a vast quantity of small arms and ammunition, and provisions enough to feed the garrison we shall place there for six months. We have captured and have ready for use the ram Tennessee, the strongest war vessel afloat. Also, several other war vessels, and have penned up at least three English blockade runners. All this has cost the army one man killed and seven wounded, and the navy the loss of the *Tecumseh* and a part of her crew, and a very few casualties on some of the other ships.

The prisoners taken at Fort Morgan by the Yankees, the *Richmond Enquirer* says, number 581, who, with their commander, Gen. Page, were sent to New Orleans. The rebels say the fort did not fire a gun on the 23d; that before the surrender the fort was very badly knocked to pieces and rendered untenable; that they had

eighteen men killed; number of wounded not ascertained.

Advices from Mobile bay of the 27th ult., are very encouraging. Com. Farragut sent, with his official dispatches to Government, the flags of the rebel ram Tennessee, and rebel steamers Selma, Gaines and Morgan.

The rebel ram Nashville was blown up by the *Metacomb* on the 25th ult., just below Mobile. She was 380 feet long and was to mount 12 guns. The gunboat *Onesida* fished up several torpedoes on the 25th, in the channel below the forts. The ram Tennessee would soon leave for New Orleans.

The rebel steamer Selma is doing duty in the Union cause.

Our forces ashore and on shipboard are in excellent condition.

General Banks has issued an order requiring all banking associations of Louisiana, as a condition of further transaction of business, to receive U. S. Treasury notes in exchange at par for their own issues.

The Army in Virginia.

THE army in front of Petersburg is quiet, and the position is not materially changed. Recruits and convalescents continue to arrive in increased numbers daily, and a greatly improved feeling prevails in the army among both officers and men. The number of missing at the battle of Ream's Station is rapidly diminishing by the arrival of soldiers who were scattered through the woods. [The rebels say their loss at Ream's Station was over 5,000 men.] The canal on James river will soon be completed. The rebels have been ordered not to fire upon our gunboats, as they have, of late, found the responses of such a nature as make them extremely unwholesome. The last salute the rebels received from one of the gunboats, a 15 inch shell tore through their battery and dismounted three guns.

There has been, during the past week, considerable fighting in the vicinity of Martinsburg and Winchester. The rebels have, so far, been worsted. The prospect is that Gens. Sheridan and Averill will be able to "head off" the rebels successfully whichever way they may turn in their aggressive operations.

Department of the South.

THE *Herald's* Beaufort correspondent of the 27th says:

The Tallahassee, after a season of devastation, has concluded to spend a short time at Wilmington. On the 25th ult., at 20 minutes past ten o'clock, Capt. Phelan, commanding gunboat Monticello, while cruising off the inlet, saw a steamer standing in for shore with a full head of steam. He immediately ordered all men to quarters, and when about 500 yards distant challenged her, but received no reply. The second challenge was met by silence, and he directed that a package of 9-inch grape should be presented to the mysterious stranger. The arrival of the grape at its destination was ascertained by a peculiar sound caused by resistance.

There is no reason to doubt that the side of the boat received it. The stranger replied by sending a shell of large calibre between the foremast and mainmast of the Monticello, exploding on the other side, without doing any damage.

Capt. Phelan now became more earnest, and sent a 30-pound shell, to which reply was made with grape, striking almost under the stern of the Monticello.

The Monticello then opened with 9-inch and 30-pound shell, but was disappointed in receiving no reply, and then for the first time discovered that the stranger had suddenly disappeared. During the engagement, a rebel battery of Whitworth's guns placed on the shore a mile or so distant, kept up a constant fire directed against the Monticello, but doing no damage, though coming very close.

When day dawned so as to make distant objects visible, much to the surprise of the assembled rebels, there could be discerned lying securely under the guns of Fort Fisher, the long sought Tallahassee, and there she still lies and will continue to stay unless there is some change in the closing era of her career. Admiral Lee designs taking all possible precaution, and will to-morrow leave this coast to visit the blockade off Wilmington.

It seems as if another is still to be added to the rebel cruisers. A few nights ago a large steamer, carrying at her stern English colors and at her head the rebel colors, was in Wilmington. She is supposed to be a new cruiser, or to have on board some welcome passengers. She still remains there.

The Tallahassee had but one mast standing when engaged by the Monticello.

Movements in the West and South-West.

TENNESSEE.—Advices from Nashville of Sept. 1, say a rebel force estimated at 10,000, with 12 pieces of artillery, were within 17 miles of Nashville, on the Murfreesboro pike, at daylight this morning.

Major-Gen. Rosseau, with a body of cavalry and infantry, started yesterday afternoon and met the enemy's advance early this morning. Sharp skirmishing commenced with varying success. At last accounts, Gen. Rosseau had driven the rebels three miles toward Murfreesboro. Messengers from our advance report that Gen. Wheeler's whole force is now between this city and Murfreesboro. There is a considerable force of rebels also at Lebanon.

Passengers from Nashville say that the rebel forces under Gens. Wheeler, Forrest and Roddy are engaged in tearing up the track of the Great Western railroad.

ARKANSAS.—The country around White river is alive with guerrillas, who fire into all the passing boats. On the 23d ult., part of Joe Shelby's gang attacked the forces guarding the railroad between Duvall's Bluff and Little Rock,

and captured nearly all the 54th Illinois, occupying three stations. Col. Mitchell is reported killed. Shelby's forces are threatening Duvall's Bluff and St. Charles.

KENTUCKY.—The guerrillas are still busily engaged in different parts of the State. They have committed many murders, and destroyed much property. They captured and shot many negroes. Several boats were burned by them.

COLORADO.—The Indian outrages, it is reported, are on the increase. Accounts say that over 2,000 persons have been murdered on the Platte river route, and 100 on the Arkansas route. Everything is laid waste.

NORTH-WESTERN GEORGIA.—We have glorious news from General Sherman. The rebels have been whipped and their situation rendered so desperate that they were compelled to evacuate their stronghold—Atlanta! This took place on Friday, the 2d inst. The 20th corps occupy the city. We can give no particulars this week.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE Government has commenced a suit against Surgeon-General Hammond to recover \$450,000, the amount of the alleged fraud on his part in the purchase of supplies.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided to offer the balance of the six per cents of 1881, amounting to about \$31,500,000, to public competition.

Bids will be opened by the Secretary of the Treasury, Sept. 9th, and payments will be required one-third on the 18th, one-third on the 19th, and one-third on the 24th of September.

Proposals stating the amount and premiums offered, may be addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, or will be received by the General Assistant Treasurers, and at the depositories of public money, and by national depository banks.

[Whether the draft has been postponed by the Government to any particular time, we are unable to say; but we do know that no draft took place here, in Rochester, (28th Congressional District,) yesterday, (Sept. 5,) nor is there any drafting going on now, (Sept. 6—12 M.) It is the opinion of men hereabouts who ought to know, and probably do know something about the matter, that arrangements can not be perfected to set in motion the "wheel of fortune" before the 20th—possibly not before the 30th of the present month.]

The N. Y. *World's* Washington special of the 30th ult., says that most encouraging accounts are received from every quarter as to the number of recruits obtained. In Pennsylvania about thirty thousand have been recruited, and quite as many in New York, while New England has furnished twenty thousand, and perhaps when all the returns are received, the number will be found to be even greater than this. The Western States are also doing very well. For some time they have sent re-enforcements at the rate of four thousand a week, which have been sent forward to the Army of the Potomac, and for the next two weeks it is expected one thousand per day will be forwarded. The average number of recruits now obtained daily throughout the country is about thirteen hundred, and this number will be increased, it is believed, to two thousand or two thousand five hundred.

[It was calculated that 150,000 new recruits would be raised for the army and navy by the 5th of September.]

The following extract from an official dispatch of the Secretary of War to General Dix, dated Sept. 2, will be read with interest by all "whom it may concern":

"It is ascertained with reasonable certainty that the naval and other credits required by the act of Congress will amount to about 200,000, including New York, which have not been reported yet to the Department, so that the President's call of July 18th is practically reduced to 300,000 men, to meet and take the place of—1st, the new enlistments in the navy; 2d, the casualties of battle, sickness, prisoners and deserters; 3d, the hundred days' troops and all others going out by expiration of service this fall.

"One hundred thousand new troops, to be speedily furnished, are all Gen. Grant asks for to take Richmond and give a finishing blow to the rebel armies yet in the field. The residue of the call will be adequate for garrisons and forts and to guard all the lines of communication and supplies, free the country from guerrillas, give security, protect commerce, and establish order, peace and tranquility in every State."

The President, on the 5th inst., tendered the thanks of the nation to Admiral Farragut, Gens. Canby and Granger, and the officers, sailors and soldiers in their commands, for the brilliant victories lately achieved in Mobile harbor. Also, the national thanks to Gen. Sherman, and the officers and soldiers of his command, for the distinguished ability, perseverance and courage displayed in the campaign in Georgia, which, under Divine Providence, resulted in the capture of the city of Atlanta.

A salute of 100 guns was, by order of the President, fired at the Arsenal and Navy Yard in Washington at 12 M., on the 9th, in honor of the recent achievements in the harbor of Mobile; and a like salute is ordered to be fired on the 6th, or the 7th after the receipt of the order, at all the arsenals and navy yards in the United States. Also, in honor of the victory at Atlanta, a salute of 100 guns is ordered to be fired (at 12 M.) at Washington, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, St. Louis, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Hilton Head and Newbern, on the 7th, the day after the receipt of order.

The President desires that thanks be offered to the Army in all places of worship in the United States on next Sunday, (the 11th,) for the late glorious successes, and for preserving our nation's existence; to implore Him to preserve those who are battling for their country, for bless-

ings upon the sick, wounded and prisoners, the orphans and widows of those who have fallen in the service of the country, and to still uphold the Government of the United States against all the efforts of public enemies and secret foes.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

SECRETARY Stanton has ordered that the wages of the sewing women in the employment of the Government be increased twenty per cent.

FLOUR advanced one hundred dollars in Richmond on the receipt of the news of the capture of the Weldon railroad by General Warren.

IN retaliation for the outrageous treatment of Union prisoners by the rebels, all prisoners at Fort Lafayette are now deprived of everything that may be called a luxury.

THE imports at New York so far, this year, are forty million dollars over last year in the same time, and the exports, reckoned in currency, have increased sixteen millions.

THE *Richmond Dispatch* says that General Stoneman has been sent from Macon, Georgia, to Charleston, S. C., and that a regular system of exchange of prisoners has been established there.

THE Mississippi marine brigade and ram-fleet have been disbanded. They were organized some two years ago for service on the Mississippi river in co-operation with our land and naval forces.

THE number of recruits and convalescents now passing through New York from the New England States alone, amounts to one thousand daily. They are hastening to the support of Gen. Grant.

THE famous sea lion, owned by P. T. Barnum, and valued at twenty thousand dollars, which has been on exhibition for seven years, drew his last breath in Cincinnati on Friday morning last.

A STURGEON seven feet long leaped into a boat under full sail, off Branford Point, a few days since, and the occupants of the boat—two young men—succeeded in stunning him and taking him ashore.

It is reported that Bishop Delancey has lost the use of his lower limbs and is in a very feeble condition. He has failed fast since he attended the Diocesan Convention at Utica but a short time since.

THERE are now 293,000 guns in the Springfield, Arsenal awaiting the order of the Government, a much larger number than at any previous time. Nearly one thousand are now being added daily.

THE Democratic National Convention which assembled at Chicago on the 29th ult., nominated (on the 31st) George B. McClellan for President of the United States, and George H. Pendleton of Ohio for Vice President.

A GERMAN girl of 14 years was instantly killed in Buffalo on the 27th ult., by falling upon a knife which she held in her hand as she was running to play with some companions. The knife passed directly through her heart.

It has been decided in Philadelphia that the drivers of cars may be arrested on Sunday, in pursuit of their avocation; the noise made by the cars being a disturbance of the public peace of the Sabbath and the rights of worship and rest.

MARY Wise, an Indian girl, who has just received her back pay at Washington, served two years in the Union army, was in six of the heaviest western battles, and she was severely wounded at Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain.

FOUR of the best pilots in Mobile have come on board Admiral Farragut's fleet, to offer to pilot it up to the city. These men have been sufferers by the rebellion, and they are anxious to see the authority of the Government restored again.

ONE of the *Richmond* papers estimates that the number of destitute widows and orphans, made such by the war in Virginia alone, is 60,000, and says they will mostly be a charge on public charity, owing to the want of employment.

THE consumption of horse flesh as an article of food is largely on the increase in Paris. An official return recently published shows that the consignment of salted horse to the capital from the Department of the North, amounts to nearly thirty thousand pounds weekly.

THE *Louisville Press* understands that the Hon. Jesse D. Bright has sold out all his Kentucky possessions, freeing his negroes, giving them each a sufficient sum to commence the world with, and has, with his family, gone to Europe, there to remain until after the war.

A MAN employed on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, a few days ago, was allowed by the manager to set his little son to watch against cattle straying on to the line. Wearing by continued watching, the boy at length lay down on the rails and fell fast asleep, and a train came along and fairly cut off his head.

A LARGE force of workmen are at present engaged in laying the double track on the Baltimore and Washington railroad. It is thought that the entire work will be completed by November. The double track between Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad is now completed from Philadelphia to within six miles of the Susquehanna river.

THE *Peekskill Democrat* says that one day last week three sharks, the largest measuring over five feet in length, were captured in the Hudson River, near Underhill's Point, Westchester County. They were of the cannibal tribe, regular man eaters, and there are probably more of the same sort raiding up and down the river, seeking whom they may devour.

List of New Advertisements.

General Grant's Daring Spy—C. W. Alexander & Co. The Universal Clothes Wringer—Julius Ives & Co. Dewey's Colored Fruit Plates—D. M. Dewey. The Weekly Prairie Farmer—Emery & Co. Elder Mill Screw—J. A. Runsey, Treasurer. Haynes' Patent Brace Fence—Joel A. Simonds. Farmers' Attention—Barber, Sheldon & Co. Homeopathic Medical College—C. Heermann, M. D. Farmers and Others—Joel A. Simonds. Russell Strawberry Plants—J. T. Deuel. 75,000 Isabella Grape Roots—G. S. Adams.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

School Books—Metropolitan Gift Book Store.

The News Condenser.

- Chicago claims a population of 160,000.
- Secretary Seward has visited Gen. Grant.
- Chicago is going to have a French newspaper.
- Widows of 100 day men are entitled to pensions.
- Substitute brokers must now take out a license.
- Boston polls 23,618 votes and is worth \$302,507,200.
- There are 5,000 liquor saloons in sober Philadelphia.
- England has legalized Geo. Francis Train's street railway.
- A case of yellow fever has been discovered in Brooklyn.
- In Canada they call our postal currency "little Lincolns."
- A statue is to be erected in Belfast in honor of William III.
- Several hundred Swedish miners have arrived at Lake Superior.
- Ohio's wool crop this year will be 19,000,000 lbs. worth \$15,000,000.
- The amount of fractional currency in circulation is now \$24,000,000.
- Daniel S. Dickinson declines to be a candidate for Governor of this State.
- The yield of 37 silver mines in Nevada is estimated at \$1,000,000 per month.
- The *Richmond Dispatch* comes out in a new dress. The type is from England.
- The new postal money-order system is to go into effect on the 1st of October.
- It is estimated that Holland and Germany have taken \$150,000,000 of our debt.
- The whole number of National Banks thus far established, is five hundred and two.
- Captain Hall's Arctic expedition was at St. Johns, Newfoundland, July 18th. All well.
- The secess at Newport are insufferably insolent. They wear the rebel cockade openly.
- English clergymen are trying to revive the Apostolic custom of wearing long beards.
- Four shocks of an earthquake were felt at San Jose, Cal., the evening of the 21st ult.
- There are three men in Cincinnati who are millionaires, ten who are worth half a million.
- There is a mania prevailing among the fashionable ladies of Paris for coloring the hair red.
- Martel, the inventor of cognac brandy is dead. "The evil that men do lives after them."
- London literary men are going to erect a monument to Thackeray in Westminster Abbey.
- Irish and English papers say that emigration to this country must stop. Can they stop it?
- A post office has been established at Maple Hill, Oswego Co., Ezra Thompson, post-master.
- Mansfield & Lamb of Forestdale, R. I., are manufacturing 125 sabres per day for the Government.
- Two hundred and ten families belonging to a single ward in Boston, are absent in the country.
- An unusual feature of the specie shipments from New York last week was \$10,000 in copper coin.
- August Belmont drives a \$15,000 rig at Newport. It is wholly English style; footmen and postillions.
- The flax crop in Ireland this year is very large. In the raw it will be worth at least five million dollars.
- Tom Hyer is to have a \$2,000 monument erected to his memory by the "sporting men" of New York.
- A cow in East Hartford, Ct. gave birth to three heifer calves a few days since, all alive and all good stock.
- William Fitch Arnold, the last surviving issue of Benedict Arnold, is a magistrate in Buckinghamshire, England.
- It is said that the income of Collector Barney, collector for the port of New York, was only \$60,000 last year.
- A magnificent monument to Columbus is being erected by the Spanish Government on the Straits of Gibraltar.
- The *Northampton Gazette* says a dairyman in Fern Mass., has on hand a thousand pounds of butter, "waiting for a rise."
- The N. Y. State Inspector General estimates the number of persons killed in New York city during the riots at fully 1,000.
- The Mormons in London have been holding a series of meetings under the auspices of Brigham Young, Jr., and Orson Pratt.
- A bounty jumper was arrested in Baltimore last week, who boasted that he had made over \$15,000 since he commenced jumping.
- President Lincoln and wife have engaged rooms at one of the Manchester, N. H., hotels, and will occupy them in a few weeks.
- New York is fuller than ever of refugees and cowardly southerners, most of them rebels but with no stomach for powder and ball.
- A negro boy was put up at auction by his mother in Hudson, N. Y., recently, for a substitute, and was bought by a lawyer for \$1,000.
- The official records at Washington show that upwards of 150 female recruits have been discovered since the commencement of the war.
- The grave-diggers in a cemetery in Brooklyn, N. Y., are on a strike, and threaten to make a ghost of him who undertakes to interfere.
- The official lists in the office of the Commissary General of Prisoners indicate that we hold an excess of rebel prisoners rising of 40,000.
- Pearl hunting is quite successful in Montpelier, Vt. Over \$1,500 worth have been found in Winooki river and its branches within a fortnight.
- Lady Franklin sympathizes with the rebels, and entertains them at her table. She is not very grateful for our endeavors to find her lost husband.
- A German out in Ohio paid all his taxes the other day when the collector called, and then asked the privilege to pay an extra \$25 "for the Union."
- Isaac Watson, servant of Mrs. Harrison, an English country lady, was recently fined \$8. 6d. for not attending church according to her directions.

Special Notices.

SCHOOL BOOKS.—A full assortment of all the books used in the different schools of this city and surrounding country, can be found at the Metropolitan Gift Book Store, No. 26 Buffalo street, Rochester. Remember you pay no more for school books at the Metropolitan than at any other store, and you have the advantage of receiving a gift with each purchase. The smallest gift any person can receive can be exchanged for 50 cents worth of stationery, which is so much more than you can get for your money at any other store. Remember, we sell the same books for the same price as any other bookseller, and we give to each purchaser a gift varying in value from 50 cents to \$1.00.

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Author of "Sheep Husbandry in the South," &c., &c.
Published by D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

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Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, Sept. 6, 1864.

THE weather for the past week has been very unpleasant, and business generally very dull. Flour remains at last week's prices. Not much of any description of grain offering. There is a slight decline in oats, but in other grains prices unchanged. Pork has advanced 50 cents per barrel; lard 1 to 1½ cents per pound; butter and eggs at last quotations. Hay has advanced for choice lots \$1 per ton.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.	Eggs, dozen.
Flour, win. wh. \$10.00/10.10	18/30
Flour, spring do. 10.20/10.30	Honey, box. 22/25
Flour, buckwheat, 10.00/10.10	Candles, box. 22/25
Flour, Indian, 9.00/9.10	Candles, box. 22/25
Wheat, Genesee, 2.25/2.30	Apples, bbl. 1.50/1.55
Wheat, Canada, 2.00/2.10	Do. dried 1.50/1.55
Corn, 1.00/1.05	Peas, do. 1.00/1.05
Oats, 70 lbs. bu. 1.00/1.05	Chickens, do. 1.00/1.05
Barley, 60 lbs. bu. 1.00/1.05	Plums, do. 1.00/1.05
Beans, 1.00/1.05	Potatoes, 1.00/1.05
Blackwheat, 1.00/1.05	Hides and Skins.
	Shoats, 8/20
	Calf, 10/20
	Sheep, 12/20
	Lamb, 14/20
	Seeds.
	Clover, medium, 18/20
	Do. large, 20/20
	Timothy, 7/10
	Wood, hard, 5.00/5.25
	Do. soft, 6.00/6.25
	Coal, Scranton, 12.00/12.50
	Do. Pittston, 12.00/12.50
	Do. Shamokin, 12.00/12.50
	Do. Char, 12.00/12.50
	Salt, bbl. 5.50/5.75
	Hay, tun. 17.00/17.50
	Wool, 1.00/1.05
	Whiskies, 1.00/1.05
	Codfish, quind. 3.00/3.25
	Trout, half bbl. 3.00/3.25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—FLOUR.—The market for family brands is firm and quiet. Sales at \$10.00/10.10 for superfine; \$10.10/10.20 for extra; \$10.20/10.30 for No. 1; \$10.30/10.40 for No. 2; \$10.40/10.50 for No. 3; \$10.50/10.60 for No. 4; \$10.60/10.70 for No. 5; \$10.70/10.80 for No. 6; \$10.80/10.90 for No. 7; \$10.90/11.00 for No. 8; \$11.00/11.10 for No. 9; \$11.10/11.20 for No. 10; \$11.20/11.30 for No. 11; \$11.30/11.40 for No. 12; \$11.40/11.50 for No. 13; \$11.50/11.60 for No. 14; \$11.60/11.70 for No. 15; \$11.70/11.80 for No. 16; \$11.80/11.90 for No. 17; \$11.90/12.00 for No. 18; \$12.00/12.10 for No. 19; \$12.10/12.20 for No. 20; \$12.20/12.30 for No. 21; \$12.30/12.40 for No. 22; \$12.40/12.50 for No. 23; \$12.50/12.60 for No. 24; \$12.60/12.70 for No. 25; \$12.70/12.80 for No. 26; \$12.80/12.90 for No. 27; \$12.90/13.00 for No. 28; \$13.00/13.10 for No. 29; \$13.10/13.20 for No. 30; \$13.20/13.30 for No. 31; \$13.30/13.40 for No. 32; \$13.40/13.50 for No. 33; \$13.50/13.60 for No. 34; \$13.60/13.70 for No. 35; \$13.70/13.80 for No. 36; \$13.80/13.90 for No. 37; \$13.90/14.00 for No. 38; \$14.00/14.10 for No. 39; \$14.10/14.20 for No. 40; \$14.20/14.30 for No. 41; \$14.30/14.40 for No. 42; \$14.40/14.50 for No. 43; \$14.50/14.60 for No. 44; \$14.60/14.70 for No. 45; \$14.70/14.80 for No. 46; \$14.80/14.90 for No. 47; \$14.90/15.00 for No. 48; \$15.00/15.10 for No. 49; \$15.10/15.20 for No. 50; \$15.20/15.30 for No. 51; \$15.30/15.40 for No. 52; \$15.40/15.50 for No. 53; \$15.50/15.60 for No. 54; \$15.60/15.70 for No. 55; \$15.70/15.80 for No. 56; \$15.80/15.90 for No. 57; \$15.90/16.00 for No. 58; \$16.00/16.10 for No. 59; \$16.10/16.20 for No. 60; \$16.20/16.30 for No. 61; \$16.30/16.40 for No. 62; \$16.40/16.50 for No. 63; \$16.50/16.60 for No. 64; \$16.60/16.70 for No. 65; \$16.70/16.80 for No. 66; \$16.80/16.90 for No. 67; \$16.90/17.00 for No. 68; \$17.00/17.10 for No. 69; \$17.10/17.20 for No. 70; \$17.20/17.30 for No. 71; \$17.30/17.40 for No. 72; \$17.40/17.50 for No. 73; \$17.50/17.60 for No. 74; \$17.60/17.70 for No. 75; \$17.70/17.80 for No. 76; \$17.80/17.90 for No. 77; \$17.90/18.00 for No. 78; \$18.00/18.10 for No. 79; \$18.10/18.20 for No. 80; \$18.20/18.30 for No. 81; \$18.30/18.40 for No. 82; \$18.40/18.50 for No. 83; \$18.50/18.60 for No. 84; \$18.60/18.70 for No. 85; \$18.70/18.80 for No. 86; \$18.80/18.90 for No. 87; \$18.90/19.00 for No. 88; \$19.00/19.10 for No. 89; \$19.10/19.20 for No. 90; \$19.20/19.30 for No. 91; \$19.30/19.40 for No. 92; \$19.40/19.50 for No. 93; \$19.50/19.60 for No. 94; \$19.60/19.70 for No. 95; \$19.70/19.80 for No. 96; \$19.80/19.90 for No. 97; \$19.90/20.00 for No. 98; \$20.00/20.10 for No. 99; \$20.10/20.20 for No. 100; \$20.20/20.30 for No. 101; \$20.30/20.40 for No. 102; \$20.40/20.50 for No. 103; \$20.50/20.60 for No. 104; \$20.60/20.70 for No. 105; \$20.70/20.80 for No. 106; \$20.80/20.90 for No. 107; \$20.90/21.00 for No. 108; \$21.00/21.10 for No. 109; \$21.10/21.20 for No. 110; \$21.20/21.30 for No. 111; \$21.30/21.40 for No. 112; \$21.40/21.50 for No. 113; \$21.50/21.60 for No. 114; \$21.60/21.70 for No. 115; \$21.70/21.80 for No. 116; \$21.80/21.90 for No. 117; \$21.90/22.00 for No. 118; \$22.00/22.10 for No. 119; \$22.10/22.20 for No. 120; \$22.20/22.30 for No. 121; \$22.30/22.40 for No. 122; \$22.40/22.50 for No. 123; \$22.50/22.60 for No. 124; \$22.60/22.70 for No. 125; \$22.70/22.80 for No. 126; \$22.80/22.90 for No. 127; \$22.90/23.00 for No. 128; \$23.00/23.10 for No. 129; \$23.10/23.20 for No. 130; \$23.20/23.30 for No. 131; \$23.30/23.40 for No. 132; \$23.40/23.50 for No. 133; \$23.50/23.60 for No. 134; \$23.60/23.70 for No. 135; \$23.70/23.80 for No. 136; \$23.80/23.90 for No. 137; \$23.90/24.00 for No. 138; \$24.00/24.10 for No. 139; \$24.10/24.20 for No. 140; \$24.20/24.30 for No. 141; \$24.30/24.40 for No. 142; \$24.40/24.50 for No. 143; \$24.50/24.60 for No. 144; \$24.60/24.70 for No. 145; \$24.70/24.80 for No. 146; \$24.80/24.90 for No. 147; \$24.90/25.00 for No. 148; \$25.00/25.10 for No. 149; \$25.10/25.20 for No. 150; \$25.20/25.30 for No. 151; \$25.30/25.40 for No. 152; 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LIFE'S FAIREST ACTION.

The fairest action of our human life
Is scoring to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth lie,
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

—Lady Elizabeth Carey (16th Century).

The Story-Teller.

MAKING HAY

Maud Muller on many a summer day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

—Whittier.

PAUL CLIFFORD stood leaning on his rake with half-shut eyes and dreamy air, listening to the trills of a bobolink that, perched on the top-most branch of a swaying elm across the meadow, was filling the glorious morning air with brilliant flashes of song in a hundred different tongues. Paul had the soul of a true poet, and what with the clear June air, the smell of new mown clover and lilies, the flash of the undried dew on tree and grass, the rich bird song and the memory of a pair of bright brown eyes he had seen that morning, he had so far lost himself that he was wholly unconscious of the neighborhood of any human being, until a clear, round voice at his elbow syllabled forth in a peremptory tone:

"Let me have that rake; I'm going to make hay."

Paul opened his eyes very wide and turned round very quick, to find himself looking down into the very eyes he had been dreaming about, and as he took a survey of their owner, he saw what he had before failed to note, that the face to which those "soul windows" belonged was a very pretty face, would have been very pretty but for an expression of scornful indifference, almost supercilious, that lurked in every feature, from the curls that clustered on the white temples, to the arched upper lip and dimpled chin. He comprehended her thought, yes, her whole character, at a single glance, as he saw her looking with an unconcealed sneer at his coarse shoes, and he smiled to think what a mistake she had made in spoiling so fair a face to so poor a purpose, and made a quiet little resolve. She repeated her command, even more commandingly, adding "Are you frightened?—one might think so from the way you stare!"

"Not at all frightened, thank you; but I had half thought the bobolink had stopped singing and gone to talking. This rake is too heavy for you; I will bring a lighter one;" and just giving a glance at her to see that the look of scorn had changed to one of surprise, he turned away.

Nellie Moore felt, as a Yankee would say, a little queer. She would as soon have expected a compliment from one of the colts over in the pasture, as from Uncle Ben's hired man, whom she had scarcely deigned to notice at breakfast time, when said uncle introduced him in his plain way—"Niece Ellen, this is Paul Clifford, our hired man." She had not given him even a second glance, feeling herself almost insulted by being brought down to what she mentally denominated a vulgar level with country servants, and here he had turned her the very prettiest compliment she had ever received, albeit pretty sayings and flatteries were not new to her; her little head had been nearly turned by them last winter, for last winter Nellie "came out," and was the belle par excellence of a very select set. She was now on a visit to her uncle's, in the country, to recover her health.

Well, there she stood waiting, and wondering, and when she saw him coming she said to herself "let us see what manner of man this Sir Rustic is who talks poetry to me;" and to her surprise she saw that he had the bearing of a perfect gentleman, despite the blue overalls and smock frock, and as she drew nearer, surprise deepened, for she was sure she never saw a handsomer face than that under the shilling palm leaf that was pushed back from the broad white brow, whiter by contrast with the bronzed cheek and bearded lip.

"I wish I had stayed at the house; he must think me bold," she said to herself; then tossing her head half angrily, "but what do I care what such a specimen thinks of me," and she fell to patting the fallen grass with her boot toe, hardly looking up when Paul handed her the rake. He went on with his work, and she tried to go on with hers, but somehow things did not go just as she expected: she pushed as much hay back as she drew toward her, and her hands did not seem to be in the right place on the handle. She thought she would never ask him to show her, but before she was aware of it she called out, "Why didn't you bring me a better rake? this does not do well at all."

He turned with a smile and said, "Ah, what is the trouble with the rake?"

"Why, it doesn't make the grass come up all smooth, as yours does; see?"

His smile was a little broader as he said, "Pardon me, but I hardly think the rake is in fault; let me show you,—take hold in this way."

She watched him awhile—"There, thank you, I can do it now I think," and she took the rake again; but it was growing rather warm, and she concluded she had done enough for the first time; so gathering up her armful of clover and lilies, she went over under the old elm tree and sat down to make a huge bouquet for the bronze pitcher on the mantle piece in aunt Nancy's "spare room," and watch Paul at his work; wondering how it happened that he knew how to speak so properly, yes, even politely, when he had probably never seen a city. So she went on weaving flowers and fancies, until the shrill blast of the dinner horn aroused her from her

reverie in which pavements and clover fields, ball rooms and farm houses, Leon Howard and Paul Clifford, were strangely blent and commingled.

After supper he was missing,—in his room writing, aunt Nancy said; and so it was day after day, until days became weeks, and Nellie began to think he might afford to be civil at least, although she could not tell an uncivil thing he had ever said or done—on the contrary, he had been very polite, very deferential, perfectly gentlemanly at all times, but she had got the impression that he did not consider her worthy of much attention, and with a woman's caprice she resolved that Mr. Paul Clifford should see that she was a young lady of some importance, and forthwith set about making herself very agreeable where she had hitherto been quite supremely indifferent, and with good effect, for she soon had the satisfaction of seeing him devote an hour that had hitherto been given to the seclusion of his room, to her.

Nellie, for awhile, felt inclined to laugh "on the sly," at what she supposed to be an assumption of dignity and learning, but all unconsciously to herself she grew deeply interested in him as their acquaintance progressed, and she found that it was not assumed—that he was educated—"almost ready for college," he told her incidentally one evening. Seeing her look of surprise, he said:

"You think me a vain dreamer, Miss Moore, but I am not, as you shall see." Then he told her a story of wrong and suffering, and struggle, such as she had never heard—told her how, by his own unaided exertions, he had climbed over almost insurmountable obstructions, so far up the hill of life, and that he was yet far enough from the mark he had set.

She did not ask him what that was; did not inquire as to his plans for the future; she was thinking what a grand, noble, heroic life such a one must be, and drawing mental comparisons between it and some others she knew; and that night when she received a letter from Leon Howard, tendering her his heart, hand, and ten thousand a year, she sat down and wrote a very decided refusal, without reference to "papa." Nellie had learned a good lesson; her views of life had enlarged; she was beginning to think that her own life had been miserably poor, weak and useless; albeit she had always been accounted a worthy young lady, a dutiful daughter—but to think what she *might* have been, with her opportunities! And Leon Howard, whom she had considered so nearly perfect! "who waltzed and sung so divinely!"—fought! "A jeweled mass of millinery" was all the term she now found it for him. She took up his dainty little letter, "smelling of musk and insolence," and read it again with a contemptuous curl of the lip—"Marry him! no, she would never marry." She would live a life that would put to shame all her past vanities—live a life to be proud of—do something good and great, she hardly knew what.

Yes, Nellie had learned a good lesson; Paul meant she should. Beneath the crust of conventionality and pampered vanity presented to his gaze, he saw the possibility of a grand woman; underneath the coquettish light of that brown eye he discerned a deep, unawakened fire, that might be kindled into an earnest flame to light and warm noble deeds, and he resolved that his should be the influence that should develop a "perfect woman nobly planned," from the giddy young city belle, who had never had half a dozen thoughts on a graver subject than a ball room or opera.—[Concluded on page 297, present No.]

WHAT IS ASTRAKAN?—Many women the past winter have worn Astrakan without thinking what it is. Astrakan, as its name indicates, is an Asiatic invention. They couple a black ewe with a black ram. Before the dam has given birth to the young, she is killed, and the lambs are taken from her womb. Their wool is jet black and of an extreme fineness. It costs very dear; there are Parisians whose Astrakan bonnets are worth 500 francs (\$100) apiece. This statement is worthy of notice by ladies who have false Astrakan.—Astrakan, the wool of which is long and dyed.—N. Y. Tribune.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LARGEST-CIRCULATING

Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House, Buffalo St.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

Single Copy, \$2.50 a Year—Six Months for \$1.25.

To Clubs and Agents—Three Copies for \$7.00; Six Copies for \$13; Ten Copies (and one free to Club Agent) for \$20, and any additional number at the same rate—only \$2 per copy. Clubs for Six Months received at half the above rates. Persons who have formed clubs for this volume of the RURAL can make additions at the lowest club rate, —\$2 per yearly copy. No subscriptions received for less than six months.

Agents will please note that the LOWEST PRICE of the RURAL is \$2 per year and remit accordingly. Persons sending less will only receive the paper for the length of time the money pays for at above rate. No Traveling Agents are employed to canvass for the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Foreign Postage.—As we are obliged to prepay the United States postage on all copies sent abroad, \$2.50 is the lowest rate for Canada, &c., and \$3.00 to Europe,—but during the present rate of exchange, Canada Agents or Subscribers remitting for the RURAL in this or their own specie-paying banks will not be charged postage. The best way to remit is by Draft on New York, (less cost of exchange)—and all drafts payable to the order of the Publisher, may be mailed at his risk.

The Postage on the RURAL NEW-YORKER is only 5 cents per quarter to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free), and the same to any other Local State, if paid quarterly in advance where received.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the old address as well as the new to secure compliance. This change of address involves time and labor, as the transfers must be made on books and in mailing-machine type, for which we must pay clerks and printers. We can not attend to such changes unless the subscriber who is benefited must pay a tariff of 25 cents for each change of address.

SPECIAL CARD!

LIEUT.-GENERAL GRANT'S DARING SPY!

AN ADDITIONAL OFFER!

Twenty-One Thousand Dollars in Premiums!

TO SUBSCRIBERS AND CLUB-RAISERS.

NO CHEAP JEWELRY!

D. D. T. MOORE, ESQ., ROCHESTER, N. Y.:—Dear Sir:—We desire again to call the special attention of the readers of your "Rural New-Yorker" to the pledge we gave publicly in its columns on July 15th, in regard to GENERAL GRANT'S SPY, which was as follows:



Miss Maud McNeill, better known as Miss Pauline D'Estray, bidding General Grant farewell previous to her departure for Vicksburg.

We hereby pledge ourselves publicly, that out of every \$100,000 of GEN. GRANT'S SPY (or any of the rest of our publications) we will distribute among the subscribers thereof, TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN VALUABLE PREMIUMS, excluding, however, all bogus or cheap jewelry.

Nine thousand of this Twenty Thousand Dollars will be laid out in the purchase of THREE Farms, or Houses, each worth Three Thousand Dollars, and each to be located at the desire of the party to whom the awards may be made. The remaining Eleven Thousand Dollars will be invested in valuable and useful Agricultural and other Machines, Pianos, Splendid Oil Portraits, (not lithographs, but real oil paintings), of Gen'l GRANT and other celebrated men of the times, subscriptions to the most popular and standard Magazines, Periodicals and Newspapers, Elegant Family Bibles and Photograph Albums, &c. The least valuable Premium we shall send out will be one year's subscription to some one of the most popular Weekly Papers. We also pledge ourselves that there shall be no favoring of any subscriber, but that all shall enjoy equal opportunity of obtaining our highest premium.

Yours truly, C. W. ALEXANDER & CO., 123 South-Third Street.

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Our transactions will be published from time to time under oath.

Greater security than this for fairness and impartiality no one could possibly ask. Send a Dollar, or Five Dollars, or a Twenty-Five Cents, and satisfy yourself. There is no risk against you, but every risk in your favor. One copy costs you only 25 cents; five copies, \$1.00.

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CLUB RAISERS.

As there are a large number of our patrons who are, and will be raising clubs for this Great and Exciting Narrative, we have been induced to offer them something handsome and substantial in return for their labor and trouble. This offer, thus publicly pledged, and made with the same binding conditions as our other offers, is in addition to all others, and is applicable only to club raisers. It is made specially for their benefit. Any one is at liberty to get up a club, and compete for the club premiums. And the surest way to raise large clubs, is to take this paper and show our offer to every friend you know, and get them all to read it, and then join with you at once in sending for it.

TO THE LARGEST CLUB, \$500.00
TO 2D LARGEST CLUB, \$200.00
TO 3D LARGEST CLUB, \$100.00
TO 4TH LARGEST CLUB, \$75.00
TO 5TH LARGEST CLUB, \$50.00
TO 6TH LARGEST CLUB, \$25.00
TO 7TH LARGEST CLUB, \$25.00
TO 8TH LARGEST CLUB, \$25.00

Our Premium List is numbered from one upwards, and all letters received will be entered thereon impartially, as they arrive, whether containing 25 cents, \$1.00, or \$50.00, each book representing one number. In other words, every single book (25 cents) will represent a number or subscription, and every five books (\$1.00) will represent five numbers or subscriptions, whether the \$1.00 be sent by one person or five persons. Thus, while a club of 5, 10, or 15 may secure one of our most valuable premiums, a single subscription may also obtain one. And we publicly pledge ourselves to give every premium we offer, and to publish the names and addresses of the successful parties in this paper.

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We thus offer splendid and really valuable premiums in order to induce the reading public to heartily assist in the object, and to simply pay them for their trouble. To show also how easily may be accomplished, we will state that if every one who sees this advertisement will send us a subscription or two, we can distribute the whole Twenty Thousand Dollars offered by the Public Press in less than a month. YOU REALLY RISK NOTHING! for in return for your money you get certain a handsome book than is generally sold at the price; so that really you have the opportunity of getting a premium for nothing.

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Our Distribution of Premiums we had intended and commenced to make as we received subscriptions, but in order that the names of successful parties may appear in the Rural New-Yorker at one time, we have resolved to make a distribution on the receipt of every \$35.00. One farm or house will be given away with each \$35.00, beside a full complement of other premiums in proportion. Very many write us that others will send when they see what they get. If all these who have waited would send at once, we could make a full distribution of every premium promised in \$100,000 in a few days after.

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