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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

HENRY S. RANDALL, LL, D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

P. BARRY, H. T. BROOKS, T. C. PETERS,

C. DEWEY, LL, D., L. B. LANGWORTHY, EDWARD WEBSTER.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsur passed 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 em nently 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 Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate Engravings, than any other journal,-rendering it far the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

AGRIGULTURAL.

A CHAT ON FARM MANAGEMENT.

Two farmers and their families were, on a certain occasion, spending a social evening together. The conversation of the men, naturally enough, turned upon subjects embraced in their experience in husbandry. After awhile Mr. H. propounded this question to his friend

"How is it that, with less land than I have, you manage to produce more grain, hay, cattle, sheep and every other farm product, than I do?'

"Do you know, for a fact, that my farm products are greater than yours," pleasantly asked

"To be sure I do," responded Mr. H.; "I can see the results of both farms, and you know, as well as I do, that what I state is true."

"Well," said D., "I believe the fact is as you state it to be. Nor is there any mystery about it. It is owing entirely to our different modes of farming. You till or farm more ground than I do, and expend more in the business, without corresponding results. You do not pay attention enough to the character of the different portions of your farm or sufficiently study the kind of product to which they are severally the best adapted. Another thing is important. It sufficient, to insure a good crop of any kind, to put seed in the ground. The soil wants preparation and sustenance to start the crop and good tillage to insure a paying yield at harvest. If old logs or half decayed trees, heaps of stones edged with briars and bushes, are allowed to cumber a field or meadow it is impossible that the product, of a given number of acres of such land should equal that from which all such encumbrances have been carefully removed. Then, again, there is a loss from cultivating low pieces of ground submurged, as it were, much of the season essential to the growth and perfection of the crop. These sections of a farmthey are found scattered over most of those of any considerable dimensions - with me are prepared by trenching and filling in of the scat tered or refuse stones found about the place and the earth thrown back upon them and thus made productive.

Land, to yield remuneratively, must be fed or stimulated by manure; hence nothing about a place, which will aid in making a compost should be allowed to waste its fertilizing properties 'on the desert air.' To prepare this, the floors of stables, styes, and the like, should be occasionally taken up, and the accumulations under them used as a portion of the compost heap, or applied directly to the land when suitable for use. In this way a farmer's out-buildings are rendered healthful, their decay retarded, while the vigor of the growing crops is much increased. These, singly considered, may be regarded, by many, as small matters, but the farmer who neglects them will fail to derive that remuneration from his farm which an observance of them would certainly produce.

Much is also lost by doing things out of season. If seeding be done too early, replanting may be necessary, which detracts so much from the value of the crop. If too late, an entire failure or immature yield is the consequence. I time for mowing the thistle is now at hand. *

In a word, do everything in its season, and do it well, and there will be little danger of loss from short crops.

It is one thing, and a good one, to raise a heavy crop, but this is not all the secret of success, as a farmer. It is equally important to save for use and market what the earth has kindly supplied as a reward of our labors. Be careful to save as well as produce, and there is no hazard in asserting that a farmer will have no cause to complain of the recompense accorded to his capital and labor."

REPAIRING ROADS.

Among the burdens thrown upon the population of rural districts is the yearly or semi-yearly repairing of roads or highways. It is a work in which all farmers are interested, as well as the strangers who may have occasion to pass through the country. Each year the pathmaster is around with a book in which the name of each owner or occupant of land is inserted, and against that name is placed a certain amount of work to be done on the highway. This is all as it should be. Roads ought to be repaired; but the way the work is generally done results in little improvement to the roads, and in correspondingly small benefit to those from whom the labor is exacted or the public at large.

The customary method of repairing is to plow

along the sides of the roadway and scrape the loosened soil upon it, thus making a pike composed of equal parts of loam and sod. During the dry weather of summer and early autumn, this process answers very well, but when the wet months of autumn, winter and spring prevail, the roadway is little else than a sea of mud. Now, it so happens that during the spring and fall months the roads are much more used than at any other season, except it be in winter when sleighing is good. Hence, when good roads are wanted they are not to be had; but when not in much demand they are comparatively good. This is, perhaps, in a measure, unavoidable, but were the labor expended on roads judiciously applied each year, they would be in a much better condition for use than they can be while the common method of repairing them is adhered to. To make a good roadway - one that cannot be converted into a quagmire with every considerable fall of rain, - the surface earth or loam should be removed from, not piled up or piked upon it. This would leave, in most cases, a hard foundation, and, with the sides of the road-bed properly trenched, the rainy months of autumn and spring would have but comparatively little influence upon it. The surface earth or loam could be readily deposited in low places on the highway. This would, as a road-making process, be rather slow, but pursued for a few years, the results would be comparatively good roads at a greatly reduced annual expense to those upon whom their repair and keeping up

THE CANADA THISTLE.

Among the ills denounced against ADAM, as a recompense for his easy yielding to temptation, the thistle occupies a prominent place. This was undoubtedly the Canada thistle, and to cultivators of the soil, as ADAM and his posterity were to become, a judgment of no common severity. This thistle was unknown on this Continent at the time of its discovery, but was indigenous to many sections of the Eastern one. It is, perhaps, the most pestiferous plant with which the farmer has to contend. It is remarkably tenacious of life; exclusive in its habits, crowding out all other vegetable productions within its reach. It did not appear in Western New York till the opening of the Erie Canal, but since that time its encroachments have been gradual and persistent. It is now grouped along the railroads and canals, and has invaded the farms more or less extensively throughout their entire length. This thistle is almost death to any cereal crop, and no attempt should be made to grow any such on ground infected with it till killed out by the plow and the hoe. With corn and potatoes this pest can be met and finally expelled. But it will require labor and perseverance to do it. In the mean time, to check the spread of the evil, lands along the canals and railroad tracks and public highways where this plague appears, should be regularly mowed as soon as the stage of blossoming is reached, thus preventing further propagation by seed. The

VISIT TO JOHN JOHNSTON-DRAINAGE.

HON. HENRY F. FRENCH, President of the Massachusetts Agricultural College and author of a work on Farm Drainage which we have frequently commended, recently passed through this State to the West, tarrying here and there awhile to take observations in regard to agricultural and horticultural matters. He spent a day in Rochester, and we had the pleasure of making his acquaintance while visiting and examining the University of Rochester, Mt. Hope Nurseries, etc. He stopped at Geneva also, and visited the venerable John Johnston, the father of Tile Drainage in America. In a letter to the Country Gentleman, Judge French thus speaks of his visit at Mr. Johnston's:

"Mr. Johnston, as everybody knows, is a Scotchman of more than three score years and ten, but bright and active as a youth, and as cheerful as a May morning, and if ever he has his photograph taken with his little great-grandson on his knee, I bespeak a copy. I passed a a night at his house, and walked over his drained fields, and we talked of drainage, possibly with as much zeal as our friends "over yon" had talked of Short-Horns. Mr. Swan's farm of 300 acres, known as "Rosedale," adjoins Mr. Johnston's, which contained 300 before he sold a part. None of this tract was what we call swamp or even wet, it being a rolling clay soil upon a hard pan, apparently very much like most of the land bordering on the Central Railroad from Geneva to Lockport. Until Mr. Johnston began to drain nobody believed draining would at all benefit the land. It was dry enough in summer, and it was supposed that draining would increase the drouth. Now all this 600 acres is drained with tile 30 feet apart, or less, and the utility of drainage on such land fully established. Mr. Johnston has done more for his adopted country than if he had builded a city, and what is singular, his good work is appreciated in his own lifetime. He has made himself independent by raising wheat and feeding cattle and sheep. He has 24 acres of wheat now sown in drills, earlier by several days than any undrained land, and the difference of even three days often saves the whole crop from the

One of the chief advantages of draining on such land is, that the crop is earlier. Mr. Johnston has sometimes hoed his wheat between the drills; one year the whole of 23 acres. He practices occasionally fallowing still, to keep his land clean. He has now about 13 acres of winter barley, as promising as any I ever saw, being the first experiment he has tried with it, and he seems well satisfied with his prospects. Mr. Swan's farm, like Mr. Johnston's, lies on the hill in full view of Seneca Lake. On his fields where formerly was raised but 200 bushels of wheat from 40 acres, he now gets by means of drainage, obout 30 bushels to the acre. I have never, myself, seen any region where the advantage of draining on high land is better illustrated,

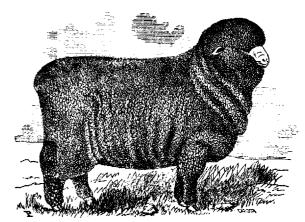
My visit to John Johnston will always be pleasant to remember. I trust his light may shine yet many years, and that many may follow in his footsteps."

ABOUT BINDING GRAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:-Having noticed a few remarks on grain binding in your paper of July 1st, I thought I would give you my method of binding, and the method mostly practiced in the West. It is this for binding after the reaper, for the cradle is no more used here on our Western prairies:-Approach the gavel on the left-hand side, with the heads to you take material for the band from the top with the right hand, clasp it near the center, (this is for single binds,) pass the right hand over the gavel and the left under it, raise it up, pass the bind under, clasp it with the left, leaving the thumb and fory-finger free; draw the head end of the band between the first and second fingers of the left-hand, leaving the other three under the band; twist with right hand; place your left thumb on the twist, and the right hand under the head end of the sheaf, turn it over the left. tuck with the left thumb, and draw out your fingers as you throw down the sheaf. I do this 21% pounds. I used him to about half my ewes while walking from one gavel to another. For double binds I double the same as described in DALL's "21 per cent." the RURAL of July, and proceed as described above.

If you think this will be of any benefit to your Eastern farmers, please publish it.

WESTERN FARMER.



E. E. BROWN'S EWE, "CLAUDA."

Sheep Kusbandry

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

To Correspondents. - Mr. Randall's address in 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

MR, BROWN'S MERINO SHEEP.

E. E. Brown of New Hope, Cayuga Co. N. Y., writes us: - "Clauda," (a cut of which accompanies this) was bred by me. She was dropped April 20, 1864, and got by HENRY S. RANDALL's "21 per cent.," whose pedigree is given at p. 415 of the Practical Shepherd. Her dam was bred by N. A. Saxton of Vt., and got by "America" out of a ewe bred by Mr. HAM-MOND of Vt. "America" was bred by Mr. HAMMOND, and got by his "Sweepstakes."

"Clauda" was exhibited and shorn at the Cayuga Co. Sheep Shearing, May 24th, 1865, and received the first premium for the best ewe of any age on the ground. Her fleece (being then 13 months and 4 days old) weighed 13 lbs. 7 ounces, and her carcass 49 pounds.

My flock of full blood Merinos, now numbering 50 ewes, was established as follows: - In April, 1853, I bought six ewe tegs of DAVID CUTTING of Vt. (For pedigree of his flock, see RURAL NEW-YORKER, March 27.) I had my choice out of thirty of that age. Four of them were got by the ram afterwards sold to PECE & LEACH of this State, got by "Wooster." Two of them were got by a Hammond ram.

D. CUTTING, got by the and another of GERMAN CUTTING. In 1854 I bought a ewe teg of REED BURRIT of N. Y., got by "Old Greasy," dam got by Young Matchless, and bred by W. R. SANFORD of Vt. This was a very superior ewe. I bred seven ewes and two rams from her. I subsequently purchased her dam of Mr. CUTTING. In February, 1863, I purchased the dam of "Clauda" of Mr. SAXTON. I have used the following rams: - In 1853 I

sent six ewes to a ram owned by W. T. REMER, Penn Yan, N. Y., and got by "Wooster" out of a ewe bred by Mr. CUTTING. I used a ram two seasons bred by Mr. Cutting. I then hired a ram for one year owned by REED BURRIT. He was bred by W. R. SANFORD and got by "Old Greasy." He took the first prize at the N. Y. State Fair at Elmira, in 1855. I next used for four years a ram got by "Wooster," bought by Mr. BURRIT and myself of W. R. SANFORD. I next used a ram purchased by Mr. BURRIT of STEPHEN ATWOOD of Conn. I next (1861) purchased the services of a ram bought by Mr. BURRIT of W. R. SANFORD. He was got by the 'Cross Ram" by "Old Greasy," and proved a superior stock getter. I have nineteen ewes of his get, and they are among my heaviest fleeced ewes.

In 1863 I bought a ram teg of D. CUTTINGhaving my choice out of about 35 of that age. He was got by Monitor. He was well wooled to the feet, and his present owner writes me that his weight of fleece the past spring was in 1863, and sent a few ewes to Dr. H. S. RAN-

In 1864 I used Dr. RANDALL's ram tegs 'Hammond" and "Sanford," and D. Cossir's "Wrinkly Sd." Dr. R.'s "Hammond" was the choice of all the ram lambs raised by Mr. HAM-MOND in 1864. He was got by "Gold Drop;" to give the preference to such fleeces, because

dam "Black Rose" by "Sweepstakes;" g. dam Rose by "Long Wool;" g. g. dam "Twin" of "Little Lawrence Ewe" by Wooster; g. g. g. dam "First Choice of Old Ewes." Mr. HAM-MOND refused \$3,000 for Black Rose last winter. Dr. R.'s "Sanford" was bred by W. R. SANFORD. I merely know that he was got by "Comet," and that he is own brother of the Sanford ram shown by Mr. CAMPBELL at the World's Fair at Hamburgh, and also of the ewe of Mr. Sanford's, a cut of which was published in the Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture last year. You can furnish details.* The pedigree of Capt. Cossit's "Wrinkly 3d," is given in Practical Shepherd, p. 415. I sent one ewe to "Gold

My entire flock of ewes averaged, the present season, 8 pounds 1 ounce of wool per head — the fleeces being a little under a year old, and all washed but five.

* It is hardly necessary here.-[Ens.

PROPER AMOUNT OF YOLK.

MR. J. McD. GLENN, Noblestown, Alleghany Co., Pa., asks us the following question:—"Is it expedient to breed sheep secreting the greatest amount of yolk, at the expense of quality and style, particularly now when public attention is becoming directed to the weight of scoured fleeces, and consequently to the shrinkage of very yolky fleeces in scouring?"

There is no first class Merino breeder within the circle of our personal knowledge who does, or who has, within a number of years. bred or attempted to breed sheep "secreting the greatest amount of yolk." Perhaps our correspond-In September following, I bought a ewe of ent is already familiar with the most noted stock rams of Vermont, New York and Ohio. and has seen more or less of those celebrated ewes which have been sold, the past winter, for two or three thousand dollars a head. Not one of all of these exhibits the yolkiest description of fleece, or as much yolk as is often seen on third and fourth rate animals.

> To a person unfamiliar with the modern style of improved American Merinos, most of them, it is true, would appear very yolky fieeced. They are undoubtedly considerably more so than were the average of Merinos twenty years since; and the apparent is much greater than the real increase of yolk, owing to the summer shelter and higher keep of the present day.

> The best breeders object to an escape of yolk for other reasons than those named by Mr. GLENN. To begin with the most selfish ones' these are:

1. Generally speaking an excess of yolk, within any limits which leave wool decently marketable, is not compatible with the greatest production of wool. It is rarely, if ever, combined with the maximum of length and thickness in the fleece, and this maximum of length and thickness, combined with as much yolkiness as is * compatible therewith, produces the greatest aggregrate weight.

2. Excessively yolky fleeced Merinos suffer more from cold in winter than others; they are not generally as easy keepers; and they possess less vigor of constitution.

3. If excessively yolky fleeced rams and ewes are bred together, the above defects increase, and there is a steady tendency towards degene-

4. Excessively yolky wool is less marketable

and sells for less prices. 5. If an excessive amount of yolk was compatible with the maximum weight of fleece, still it would be unbreeder-like and unbusiness-like

P W B WAR

TYEST TO

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

they lose greatly more in scouring, and thus a loss is inflicted on the manufacturer, and ultimately on the consumer, without any benefit

to the producer. Good breeders sometimes use rams which are yolkier fleeced than they would wish their flocks to become, in order to counteract the opposite defect (too great dryness of fleece) in the whole or a portion of their ewes. There is a very instructive recorded example of this in the case of Mr. HAMMOND of Vt. (See Practical Shepherd. pp. 121, 412, 416.) The manner in which he made his first great improvement in the general weight of the fleeces of his flock by a ram ("Young Matchless") which had an enormous but quite dry fleece, and afterwards improved that weight by infusing yolk into the long, thick fleeces of the get of that ram by breeding them to very yolky fleeced rams, (like Old Greasy,) is deserving of the careful study of young beginners. He has never made it a rule to breed his yolkiest fleeced rams and ewes together, and having got the body of his flock about as yolky fleeced as he desires, he no longer uses stock rams in which that characteristic predominates, nor has he done so for some years. And be it known that the yolkiest fleeced ones he ever used had not their wool filled with sticky, halfdried salve, or sprinkled with "chunks" of "gum" from a quarter to three quarters of an inch in diameter, after the fashion of some! While there are shades of difference in the

amount of yolk sought after, the great body of first class breeders have, in like manner, avoided extremes in that particular. And there is no doubt they will continue to do so. As Mr. GLENN intimates, the scouring of the show fleeces at Fairs, which was inaugurated, we believe, in the New York State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, and which is already becoming so common, will have a strong effect in preventing efforts to produce excessive yolk. If the manufacturers would now step forward and do their duty, by making a fair and just discrimination between the actual condition of all wools brought into the market-instead of making arbitrary and unequally operating rules on the subject as between nominally "washed" and "unwashed" fleeces, and making next to no discrimination at all in respect to nominally washed ones—that tendency would be effectually

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

Considerion.-In the note next to the bottom one in the 2d column, page 214 of RURAL, last week, we are made to say Mr. ATWOOD " states that his heaviest ram's fleece in 1840 was 12 lbs. 4 ozs. This is so greatly at variance with his other weights that we presume the fleece was washed." The last word should have been unwashed.

CAUSTICS APPLIED TOO OFTEN IN HOOF ROT .-- A friend residing in Knox Co., Ohio, writes: - "The sheep of a neighbor of mine became lame. He went to work to apply vitriol every other day and kept it up four weeks. At this stage I saw the sheep. The sores had not in a single case worked into the hoof. In some a hole between the toes, say, as large as a three cent piece, seemed to be eaten about threefourths of an inch up toward the ankle joint - in others the flesh was entirely eaten away so that the toes could be spread apart to twice the natural distance. The sores discharged much matter; the sheep grew poor; their appetites failed; the wool looked bad, &c .- but there was no offensive smell. In some of the worst cases, the foot was much swollen above the hoof, mostly in front and up to the ankle joint. Do you know the disease and the cure ?"

The disease was an excessive canterization of the foot, and consequently an extirpation or eating away of the undiseased tissues, by the too frequent application of vitriol. The cure would be effected by discontinuing this frequent cauterization, and it would be accelerated by making soothing and "healing" applications to the parts. Where the strong acids are employed on the feet, we have seen them almost eaten up by their too frequent and too plentiful use.

GOTTER IN MICHIGAN-ACCOUNT OF A RUCK -H T Ross, Brighton, Mich., informs us that in 1864 he wintered 150 ewes. He raised 83 lambs and lost about 75 with "swelled throats." Those raised were affected more or less with the malady. In 1861 he wintered expense. 108 ewes and raised 103 lambs; in 1863 he wintered 106 ewes and raised 96 lambs. During these years the sheep were wintered in an open shed with a few boards set up in front. Mr. R. feeds his ewes little grain in winter, but takes care to have them enter that season in good order. In all other particulars his described management is good. He feeds a few turnips toward spring. His flock has been the same throughout They are "Spanish," crosses between Spanish and French, and grades. In 1863 Mr. R. built a sheep barn 40 by 60 -with doors and windows on all sides to give air—the doors opening into four yards where the sheep could drink at pleasure. But to keeping them closes in the yard and warmer than previously, he attributed the goitre which made its appearance in 1864. In 1865 he wintered 123 ewes, raised 122 lambs, and has not seen a swelled neck. He fed his sheep in the barn yard in the morning unless it stormed - at noon in a lot about 60 rods from the barn, and kept them out until night in fair weather. They were fed in the barn at night, with the little doors left open so they could go in and out at will. Mr. R. says:-"I will give you the produce of five ewes and two lambs of my French and Spanish stock. In 1864 I raised three lambs from the five ewes and sheared 55 lbs. 2 ozs. of wool. In 1865 I raised nine lambs, four of the ewes having twins, and sheared 55 lbs. 2 ozs. in 21 days less than one year. Two of the yearlings, dropped in 1864, produced respectively 13 lbs. 8 ozs. and 11 lbs. 12 ozs.

INCREASE OF WOOL FIBERS ON THE SHEEP .- C. A. MILLER, Mich., asks the following questions:-"Is there as many wool fibers on the lamb at four weeks old as there is when his first fleece is shorn? Is there as many fibers to the square inch on a two year old as there is on a yearling? If there is a greater number on the whole surface of the older sheep, at what time do they commence growing? If there are no more abers on the two or three year old, then is the first fleece finer than the second or third?"

We can only answer these interrogatories by giving what we guess to be the facts—for we have never made the subject one of personal investigation, or known of its being made so by other persons. If the lamb has

very greatly closer together and finer to find a place on the skin. Yet neither of these facts are generally observable. There probably can be little doubt, then, that the number of fibers increases as the carcass and skin increase in size and surface. It is possible that new germs of wool fibers are gradually produced in the skin, but we should be more inclined to suspect that all are coeval with the skin itself, and that a portion of them continue dormant until the extension of the skin gives them a chance to develop themselves and put forth fibers. It is said, in opposition to this view, that all the adjacent fibers are of the same length. We do not believe this to be the fact, and we think the observable difference in length would be far greater were the same fleece to continue on the sheep until four years old. The Merino had probably a natural period of moulting, or shedding its wool, like the coarse sheep, and though this has been effaced by a long course of domestication, it may be that both in its case and that of the coarse sheep, there is a stronger tendency in the dormant wool germs to put forth fibers soon after the moulting season as there is in the germs which have previously produced wool If this were so, it would account for there being no greater disparity in the length of adjacent fibers, as the moulting and shearing season so nearly corres pond with each other. We are aware that this is spin ning out theory pretty fine, but we have a right to guess, if we call it by no better name than guessing, and ask no man to pin his faith on it!

Communications, Etc.

THE WOODCHUCK AND THE RACCOON.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER :- Seeing several articles in your best of papers about "Heading off Woodchucks," and being somewhat experienced in the art of trapping and hunting, I send you my way of getting rid of Woodchucks and the Raccoon, which, if thought proper for the RURAL, use for the benefit of others.

The Woodchuck is very easily disposed of with a good rifle in the hands of a good marksman. This, I think, is the best and surest way. But those who cannot direct a ball to the spot. can resort to poison, or the fire method given in back numbers of the RURAL. Poison is a very good way, if you can get them to cat just enough. The fire plan will work complete when there is only one burrow, but I have seen where several branches came to the surface. You find all these and build a fire over each one at the same time, and while you are doing that I could shoot your Woodchuck. Just before sunset you will find them out. Charge your rifle a little heavier than common; the hardest shock is surest to kill.

The Raccoon is of very different habit-is seldom seen by daylight, and its hiding place is more difficult to find. In many parts of the United States the Raccoon is a greater pest than the Woodchuck. Being more of a traveling disposition, he visits our wheat fields, corn fields. buckwheat fields, and scarcely ever forgets to look at our poultry yards; climbs our cherry trees, and often catches our fish from springs, brooks and ponds.

I will give my way of trapping the Raccoon. Procure good strong steel traps, which will cost you sixty-five or seventy cents each. A double spring trap is preferable. Set your trap along a stream or spring of water near or in the woods. Cover the trap with wet leaves to prevent the wind from blowing them off. Fasten your trap good and strong; cut from a tree a small, slender limb, eight or ten feet long; stick the large end in the ground six or seven feet from your trap, so that when a small piece of fresh meat, or an ear of green corn is fastened to the other end it will hang directly over and about three feet above the trap. In trying to reach the bait with its fore paws the animal is almost certain to get fast in the trap with its hind feet. Whoever would like a warm pair of mittens or gloves this coming winter can catch a Raccoon in the month of November, when the fur is good. Tan the skins with salt and alum; line with cotton flannel. One pair of coon skins will outwear three of yarn, and keep your hands warmer. In this way you will get rid of a troublesome animal and also keep your hands warm with little North Lansing, Tompkins Co., N. Y.

A SHORT BEE STORY.

One warm afternoon in June, 1826, a swarm of honey bees came whirlling through the woods where I was engaged at work. Their proximity to the ground indicated that their destination was not distant, and a hurried pursuit was the consequence. A short run through the bushes sufficed to bring me to the tree they had selected for their future habitation. It was a hemlock, some two feet in diameter, and about seventy in altitude. The point of entrance was in plain sight, and in a short time they had all disappeared, through a small hole, into the body of the tree. A sudden impulse decided me to attempt transferring them to a yard near the dwelling, then my home. My host thought it a wild, if not impracticable scheme, but the women and the son lent their voices in favor of it.

and the matter was decided affirmatively. In the evening, provided with a yoke of oxen. a sled, ax and lantern, we repaired to the tree and soon had it down - its descent being rendered easy by coming in contact with sundry small saplings on the way. The bees gave evidence of discomforture, but their egress was prevented by plugging up the avenue of entrance with some rags brought for that purpose. About six feet of bole of the tree was found to be hollow by rapping it with the head of the ax. It was severed a foot or more from the top of the cavity, and then again below, leaving a section about six feet in length. This was transferred to the sled, transported to the house, and placed securely upon a platform or bench about two feet from the ground. It was subsequently stayed by braces and held firmly in its position. On leaving, for the night, the hole or avenue

ing succeeded, inducing an early visit to the tion whether the smaller farms, under this captured bees. They were up and dressed for business, and came circling about my head in scores - not offensively, but in a way which seemed to say they had no hard feelings in consequence of the disturbance of the previous night. They went to work regularly and so continued till my departure from the place the ensuing autumn.

Two years ago I had occasion to pass the old place and called. None of my former acquaintance were there. Some were dead and the remaining ones had departed to other sections, but the old hemlock bee hive was still there! It had been divested of its bark; was indurated by the sun and exposure, but bid fair to last another generation. It had been perforated in several places and supplied with slides or drawers and was still inhabited, being the central point of eighty-six hives which formed a semicircle around it. These bees were all derived from the original family above mentioned. The then owner of the place, on learning the share I had had in starting his apiary, courteously profferred me the hospitalities of his house, - but time would only permit a taste of his metheglin, which was by no means ill-timed or unwelcome. A parting look at the patriarchal hive caused many reflections on the changes which thirtyseven years had wrought since the initial step in forming this apiary was taken. - H. B.

WHICH IS THE BEST CHURN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:--We noticed in a late Rural an inquiry asking "Which is the best Churn?" and requesting an answer from those who had not got a patent churn to sell.

We have no patent churn to sell, neither are we interested in the sale of any: but we have used the Brinkerhoff Churn for a year or more past. We use the power size, and churn from 40 to 50 pounds at a churning, which takes from five to twelve minutes; and we get as much and as good butter from the same quality and quantity of cream as we could with the dash churn. which would take four or five times as long to bring the butter. When the butter is gathered, the milk is drawn off, and the butter is washed in the churn, which process, from the peculiar construction of the dasher, is accomplished in four or five minutes. The butter is then taken from the churn, and being entirely free from milk is ready for salting.

From the above statement of facts and experience, the "world of people in the dairy regions who are anxious to know," can judge whether they know of a better churn. For ourselves we venture the opinion that this churn is, what you predicted two years ago it would be, "the long sought desideratum among butter-makers." Oneida, N. Y., June, '65. ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

ABOUT RAISING BEEF CATTLE.

You said in a late RURAL, "Is there any good reason for not raising beef cattle, if so name it?" While the farmer is raising the three year old beef, which you say will bring him fifty or seventy-five dollars, he can make three or four times as much raising hogs. A half dozen spring pigs, well fed during the summer, will bring more money at six months old than your highest priced beef at three years. No long winter nursing and currying to enliven the skin, and stewing of odious tobacco upon the stove to kill lice, and baking corn cake and slicing carrots for the dainty calf. Mr. --- can sit down and read his paper, study his commentary, and go a-visiting with his wife. You will say the only true way to keep up and enrich a farm is to raise cattle, but then one can as well keep milch cows as raise beeves, except for his own family consumption. Newark, N. Y.

Bural Spirit of the Bress.

Soiling for Cows.

DR. LYMAN S. WRIGHT of Whitesboro, New York, gives an account of an experiment in soiling, in the second annual report of the New York Cheese Manufacturers' Association

He adopted "in part the system of greensoiling for 30 cows. Twenty acres were employed for the purpose of producing food for these cows, and were divided up in the following manner: - Pasturage, 15 acres, clover, 3 acres rye, half acre; oats, half acre; sowed corn, 1 acre. The rye is put in the previous season, by the last of August or first of September, and is, therefore, ready to be cut early in the season following. By the time this is used up the clover will be large enough to be used, and after that the oats, which are sowed early in April. The corn fodder comes last, and different parts of this acre of land are sowed with the corn, so as to have a succession in food, the earliest corn being put in by the 5th of May. In this way the twenty acres were amply sufficient to keep the cows in feed until some time in October, when they were turned into the aftergrass. The Doctor is of the opinion that the cows do as well, if not better, both as to health and yield of milk, than they would at pasture, and that when land is valuable and arable, or adapted to this system, it can be employed with profit. The cows were generally fed by 6 o'clock in the morning, and remained at their feed about three hours, when they were turned into the pasture, and at 3 'o'clock P. M., they were brought up and received their afternoon's meal. To cut the feed and take charge of the cows, it takes one man about half his time.

"It may be observed here that it usually takes two to three acres of land to pasture a cow while by the system adopted as described above two-thirds only of an acre suffice. The system of green soiling is not generally understood, nor are its advantages appreciated by the dairy to the cavity was unstopped and the swarm left farmer. All experiments of this kind are valuaas many wool fibers as the grown sheep, they must be to repose. A bright and genial Sabbath morn- ble, and is well worthy of thought and investiga-

system, may not be enabled to keep quite as much stock, realizing more profit annually than farms of double and treble their size under the ordinary methods of culture.

"Dr. Wright grows mangolds to some extent for stock feeding, and prefers them to other roots, taking the cost of cultivation and the relative nutritive value in amount."

Keeping Cattle on Thirty Acres of Land.

ONE of the most interesting papers in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England is that in which the Rev. J. L. Brereton relates his experience in the use of bought food upon about thirty acres of grassiland, the extent of his glebe. On this small plot about £1,500 worth of stock has been kept by a purchase of food and manure to the amount of £500, that the result is a profit of about £100, besides manure, "worth about £200." The following are Mr. Brereton's conclusions on the question of feeding cattle on bought food:

- 1. That it is quite possible to feed animals on purchased food alone.
- 2. That a mixture of the common grain and pulse, e. g., linseed, peas, beans, wheat, &c., may be made for £10 per tun, which will fatten any animal.
- 3. That the addition of seasoning (aniseed and fenugreek are those that I have used for five years,) at an additional cost of £1 per tun, appears to pay well in the added relish and the improved condition of the animals.
- 4. That doubling the quantity of linseed, though raising the price, probably gives quite a proportionate increase to the value of the mix-
- 5. That by the use of this mealithe farmer may fearlessly increase his stock without adding to his acres; and yet, by that increase of stock, greatly increase the productiveness of his farm.

This consideration both suggested and replied to the following exclamation of a neighboring farmer:-"Mr. Brereton, if you are doing all this on thirty acres, I'm thinking what's to become of the landlords."

6. That the use of sea-sand as bedding will enable the farmer either to dispense with straw, or to use it more profitably as food, and that besides possessing, according to its quality, manurial properties, the sand acts as a purifier of the land, and seems to allow of a closer herding of stock than might be otherwise safe.

7. That sheep may be folded on grass with great advantage if some shelter and dry treading are provided in adjacent yards during excessively wet weather; but the bullocks and horses do best in yards and sheds, the grass grown after the fold being cut by the scythe and carried to

Farmers and Farming.

A PROMINENT public manjat Washington writes me:-"I envy you the delights of your farm, and long to get back to mine." There is a pleasure in farming which those who have never engaged in other pursuits do not appreciate. I pity the man who has no love for agriculture or horticulture. There must be something radically wrong in his constitution. Depend upon it, he cannot be much of a man. Of course he may wish to engage in other pursuits for the purpose of making money. But if he prefers to stand behind a counter and measure out dry goods or groceries, and thinks it more "respectable" than cultivating the soil, he either lacks the instincts of a gentleman, or is weak in the upper regions. I would not walk ten rods with such a man if I could help it, or have any intercourse with him further than was necessary. I should expect him to say something that was disagreeable.

"But farmers are not all gentlemen." True. Some of the most conceited and disagreeable men I ever knew were farmers. But such men, however much they may affect to despise those engaged in other pursuits, have no real love for agriculture, and no genuine self-respect. Ignorant, prejudiced, without culture, ill-bred, selfsatisfied, with low tastes and sordid desires, they are incapable of appreciating the dignity of their avocation.—Ex.

To Prevent Cattle from Jumping.

AT the last meeting of the Am. Inst. Farmer's club, the following novel way of preventing cattle from jumping fences was stated:

'We lately learned a curious remedy to prevent steers from jumping fences, which is so easy of application and appears so effectual, that we give it to the public. It is simply to cut off the eye lashes of the upper lids with a pair of scissers, and the ability or disposition to jump is as effectually destroyed as Sampson's power was by the loss of his locks. The animal will not attempt a fence until his eye-lashes are grown again. Of this we are informed by Samuel Thorne, the great breeder of Dutchess county, who assures us that he had tested it upon a pair of very breachy oxen. As it was of great value to him, he hopes it will be tried by

Scratching Posts-Luxuries for Cattle.

SIDNEY SMITH used to say:-"I am for all cheap luxuries, even for animals; now all animals have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lama Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn; you have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Canada Farmer complains of a prejudice there against turnip growing, although many of the farmers are from England. He says the last census shows that "we raised 27 million bushels of wheat to I0 million bushels of turnips." *

Rural Notes and Items.

HARVEST, CROPS, FARM MACHINERY, &c., IN ILLIiois.—A letter just received from Carrollton, Ill., says: -"Harvest is gathered, so far as wheat is concerned, which is the principal harvesting here. Our farmers are greatly disappointed, for the crop is decidedly light. Ten days ago a neighboring farmer was told his wheat would certainly yield twenty bushels to the acre. He cut it last week, and it had shrunk so as to be scarcely worth harvesting. The chintz bug, and in some cases a black rust, have done mischief. Corn is looking very promising. Oats will be a good crop, unless the dry time which has just commenced, should be too severe. This is the very paradise of farmers, in most respects. The soil can scarcely be improved; the quality of it, the ease with which it is worked, the facility with which it adapts itself to a wet season or to a dry one. The markets are capital. The supply of farm machinery is better than in almost any part of the country. The variety of such machinery is really wonderful. In reapers we have McCormick's (both kinds,) J. Manny's, J. P. Manny's, Excelsior, Champion, Buckeye, Mayberry's Header, &c., and mowers without number. Corn cultivators in the same abundance, as also corn planters. Gradually our most intelligent farmers are coming to the decision that drilling is the true way to raise corn, and it will not be long before the great majority of our large raisers will practice no other mode."

WEATHER, CROPS, OIL, &c., IN IOWA.-Under date of June 80, Mr. M. H. BISHARD of Des Moines, gives ue an account of heavy rains in that region, greatly retarding farm operations, flooding bottom lands, sweeping away bridges, etc. Yet he adds:-"Regardless of rain and wind and weeds, the crops look well. Corn is very good; wheat never promised better; oats a little heavy, rather to much straw; potatoes are good, though the bugs have been very bad in places. In fact all promise well, and I see no cause for complaint. A few farmers on North river lost most all they had, but people on the Des Moines, and on high ground everywhere, have no cause for grumbling. *

* It is a splendid summer for breaking prairie. A good team breaks it readily when wet, and then it rots so much better. A great many homes are being made this summer. The emigration to Iowa this year is good. Des Moines is thronged with strangers. Many are looking for land, many looking for business locations, and many viewing our petroleum prospects. The Wright Well, owned by the Spring Creek Company of Chicago, is about three hundred feet deep, with every prospect of success."

A GOOD MILE RACE.-Mr. Wm. V. SMITH of Sandusky, N. Y., writes the RURAL thus:-"I have a milk rack that I think very cheap and handy. Take a scantling 4 by 4 inches—long enough to reach from the cellar bottom to the joice above - plane it smooth; then get out strips of boards % of an inch square and 2 feet 2 inches long for small pans, and 2 feet 4 inches for large; nail on one on each side so that your pans will stand level: lay on two more top of them: then 6 inches from them put on four more, and so on to the top of your post. By so doing, if your cellar is as high as mine, you will get 40 pans in 2 feet 2 inches square and five feet high, easy to get at, and it takes but little room."

DRAIN YOUR ROADS!-Friend ISAAC G. EWER Of Mendon Center, N. Y., sent us a note on this subject under date of 4th mo. 3d: though late we give the substance of it now, as follows:-"The springy places that have shown themselves so much in our roads the past spring may be very much improved by file draining. It was suggested that we try the experiment the previous spring through a springy place in our road. So at it we went, in the middle of the road. With horses, plows, men and boys we soon had some thirty rods dug 2% feet deep, with the tile in and ditch filled. The experiment works admirably. I am satisfied that it would pay to put thousands of rods in

ORIGIN OF THE EARLY YORK POTATO .- S. W. AR-NOLD, Cortland, Ill., (in the RUBAL of April 15th,) wants to know where and by whom the Early York potato originated. I think this potato must be the Shaw potato, although he does not describe the color. If so, they were grown from the seed about twelve years since by BRECKLEY SHAW of Dover, Lenawee Co., Mich., and go by the name of Shaw potato. They are very extensively grown in Southern Michigan and North-western Ohio, and somewhat in Orleans Co., N. Y. Many think the Shaw decidedly the best potato grown for all seasons of the year.—Western TRAV-ELER, Leavenworth, Kansas.

PRODUCT OF A SMALL DAIRY .- "Dairymaid" of Tempkins Co., N. Y., writes the RURAL as follows:-'Having kept some account of my dairy of five cows recently, I send you the results for one week, commencing with the 7th of May last. From the milk obtained during the first three days I made 5 lbs. 13 ozs. of butter, and a cheese weighing 42 lbs. 9 ogs: the next two days a cheese weighing 48 lbs. 7 ozs., and the remaining two one weighing 42% lbs. During this time the cows were fed six quarts of potatoes each at night, and in the morning six quarts of meal, mixed with whey, were divided among the five."

REMEDY FOR CHOKED CATTLE. - Mr. D. HYZER, Andes, N. Y., furnishes the RUBAL this remedy for choked cattle as one which he has never known to fail:-"Take about half a pint of lard, warm it and pour it down the throat of the animal. I first tried this in the case of a young cow, after trying several other supposed remedies, nine hours after she was choked, and it relieved her in two minutes. Since then I have tried it three times without a failure, and therefore think the remedy should be made known to every one who keeps cattle."

MARKET FAIRS.—Our Farmers' Club is talking of a Market Fales.—Our Farmers' Club is talking of a the success of similar institutions here in America, we shall be thankful for such information through the columns of the RuraL, or by direct correspondence with those practically engaged in such Fairs.—ELWOOD STANTON, Monroid, Moryan Co., Ind.

Market Fales were somewhat

Market Fairs were somewhat popular in this country a few years ago, but we hear but little of them of late. Any of our readers who live in regions where such Fairs have been successful this year will please respond through the RURAL, or advise our correspondent by letter.

Pork Making in this West.—I with to know through your paper if the raising and fattening of hogs on a large scale can be made profitable? Can a man make it pay well to keep up from 100 to 200 hogs? In short, what will be my prospects in going into swine raising and fattening as a business here in the West,—and what circumstances govern most the probable success or failure of the enterprise? I should like your opinion, and hope some of your experienced readers will give us an instructive article on this subject as soon as possible.—Young Man, Ripon, Wis.

We hope some experienced Western man will re-

We hope some experienced Western man will respond to the above.

SELECT DYRIGHT

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

HORTICULTURAL.

CLIMBING AND PILLAR ROSES.

THE gardener has no better material at hand for decorative purposes than the Climbing Roses. They should be used more freely. The following notes on their management we find in the Horticulturist:

When roses are trained to cover walls, trellises. arches or pillars, the main stems are encouraged to a strong growth. These form the permanent wood, while the side shoots, more or less pruned back, furnish the flowers. For arbors, walls, or very tall pillars, the strongest growers are most suitable, such as the Prairie, Boursault and Ayrshire roses. Enrich the soil strongly, and dig deep and widely. Choose a healthy young rose, and in planting cut off all the stems close to the earth. During the season it will make a number of strong young shoots. In the following spring cut out half of them, leaving the strongest, which are to be secured against the wall, or over the arbor, diverging like a fan, or otherwise, as fancy may suggest. The subsequent pruning is designed chiefly to regulate the growth of the rose, encouraging the progress of the long leading shoots until they have reached the required height, and removing side-shoots where they are too thick. Where a vacant space occurs a strong neighboring shoot may be pruned back in spring to a single eye. This will stimulate it to a vigorous growth, producing a stem which will serve to fill the gap. Of the young shoots, which, more or less, will rise every season from the root, the greater part should be cut away, reserving two or three to take the place of the old original stems, when these become weak by age. When these climbing roses are used for pillars, they may either be trained vertically, or wound in a spiral form around the supporting column.

Roses of more moderate growth are often trained to poles or small pillars, from six to twelve feet high. Some of the Hybrid China roses are, as before mentioned, well adapted to this use, and even some of the most vigorous Moss roses, such as Princess Adelaide, may be so trained. Where a pole is used two stems are sufficient. These should be examined and cut back to the first strong and plump bud, removing the weaker buds always found towards the extremity of a stem. Then let the stems so pruned lie flat on the earth till the buds break into leaf, after which they are to be tied to the pole. If they were tied up immediately, the sap, obeying its natural tendency, would flow upward, expanding the highest bud, and leaving many of those below dormant, so that a portion of the stem would be bare. (The same course of proceeding may be followed with equal advantage in cases of wall a d trellis roses.) The highest budl now throws up a strong leading shoot, while the stem below becomes furnished with an abundance of small side-shoots. In the following spring the leading shoot is to be pruned back to the first strong bud, and the treatment of the previous year repeated. By pursuing this process, the pillar may, in the course of two or three years be enveloped from the ground to the summit with a mass of leaves and blossoms.

These, and all other rose pruning operations are, in the northern States, best effected in March, or the end of February, since roses pruned in Autumn are apt to be severely injured and sometimes killed by the severity of our winters.

Subsequent Culture.-Nothing is more beneficial to roses than a frequent digging and stirring of the soil around them. The surface should never be allowed to become hard, but should be kept light and porous by hoeing or forking several times in the course of the season. A yearly application of manure will be of great advantage. It may be applied in the Autumn or in the Spring, and forked in around the plants. Cultivators who wish to obtain the finest possible blooms, sometimes apply liquid manure Summer, immed iately after the flower-buds are formed. This penetrates at once to the roots, and takes immediate effect on the growing bud.

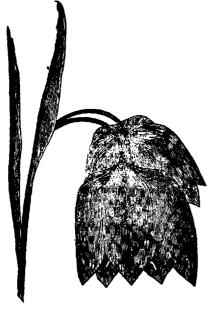
WINE VINEGAR-ROSE BUGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:-I noticed, not long ago, among other queries a desire to know how to make good strong vinegar. I will send a recipe. To make ten gallons take six quarts ripe currant juice, put it in a jar, let it remain a day or more, then remove the scum, add one gallon molasses, and water enough to make ten gallons; set in the sun, and in a short time it will be strong, durable vinegar.

I have often noticed a desire to know how to get rid of the rose bug. Many years ago I saw an article in an old agricultural paper telling how to destroy them, or rather how they would destroy themselves. The blossoms of the bass wood coming after other flowers on which they feed, they eagerly devour, which prove to them a deadly poison. The writer stated that he had seen the ground under his trees covered with dead rose bugs. I have never seen them on or under the trees, but have noticed that since the basswoods, which have been taken from the forest and set in our yard for shade trees, were old enough to blossom, the bugs (which before were such a pest) have entirely disappeared, and I have not seen a half dozen rose bugs in nearly as many years. Will some one notice whether these bugs are so troublesome in sections near basswood timber?

Crystal Lake, Ill. MRS. A. THOMPSON.

IT is found that plants from the seeds of some of the most beautiful American Fir trees growing in England prove sickly, while those from seed raised here are perfectly healthy.



FRITILLARIA, OR CHEQUERED LILY.

In the RURAL of the 17th, Fritillaria Meleagris is set down as being tender, or at least of doubtful hardiness. This is news to me, for it has stood out with me the past fifteen winters entirely unprotected, and not a single bulb has been lost for want of being hardy; and it has always been an abundant bloomer, and always attracts great attention for its novelty. It has surprised me that this bulb continues to be so little known and cultivated, and I trust it will now be more widely disseminated. I know of no bulb that will be more satisfactory than this. West Fayette, Sen. Co., N. Y., 1865.

We are right glad our correspondent has succeeded so well with the Fritillaria. There are a great many things that we succeed with perfectly, yet have to be a little careful in recommending, or some one gets dreadfully deceived and disappointed. We have to take the safe side, and calculate that all are not good cultivators like our correspondent. Indeed, as a rule, we always state all the objections to a plant, and are not so particular about all the good qualities, so that our readers will be happily disappointed at the result. We give an engraving of this flower, less seeds. Among the standard sorts of this and commend the testimony of our correspondent. The bulbs are small, should be planted in the autumn, and can be obtained of most of the dealers in seeds and bulbs.

STRAWBERRIES IN WISCONSIN.

of profit to be derived from the cultivation of George Peabody are good representatives of the strawberry. Of the particular variety, these. The China or Bengal roses are also free people differ somewhat, but the most prolific bloomers; they are adapted to pot culture as is Wilson's Albany Seedling. An inspection of a bed of this celebrated variety of the Hon. B. F. Adams of Pleasant Springs, Dane county, they will flower in the house. Agrippina, Louis in this State. demonstrates beyond a doubt the propriety of propagating this class of fruit. | Chinese sorts. The Tea roses are of great beauty Mr. Adams informed me this morning that from one tenth of an acre he will probably, from time | than the others, and must be housed in winter. to time, gather during the season some fifteen. and perhaps twenty-five bushels, and they bring him from seven dollars to nine dollars and sixty cents per bushel. Now we can readily see, by calling the product of one acre a hundred and fifty bushels, at eight dollars, we have \$1,200 from the sales of an acre. He has the Triomphe de Gand, also, -in all some eighteen varieties, and the call for them is unabating.

This demonstrates the fact that Strawberries can be successfully grown in Wisconsin, and may perhaps remove some of the peculiar notions of some people, that all choice kinds of such fruit must be reared on other soil. But as this is scratched under the shade of an oak, in a spare moment, I shall be excused for being brief, and if you will insert it in the RURAL as an item, please do so. J. S. Bliss.

Door Creek, Wis., June 28d, 1865.

THE TUBEROSA

THE following inquiry is from a correspondent at Potters' Corners:

Can you inform me through the columns of the RUBAL, how to treat the Tuberosa? Should it be kept in a box, or placed in the open ground? How do the roots want to be kept through the winter? What is the time for planting? Do they bloom, and how long do they remain in flower?

The Tuberosa is a beautiful white flower, with a powerful fragrance. The flowers are white, borne on a spike some three feet in height. The tubers are tender; may be put out in the open ground in May, and will blossom in August. They may be grown in pots for winter flowering. Only good strong tubers will flower, and not these unless they have been well preserved. The tuber should be taken up as soon as the leaves are dead, and packed away in sand or moss, away from frost, but not too dry. If the flower stems dry up when they are just formed in the tuber, no flowers will be produced, but plenty of young tubers. They are sold pretty cheap by florists, and amateurs we think will hardly give them the necessary attention to secure good flowering tubers.

A BARREN VINE.

FRIEND MOORE: - Editors know a considerable of course, but since you have got to be Mayor, I suppose you know some things that you did not know before. In one capacity or the other, I suppose, I may ask you for information on most any subject I choose. First, then, what is this I have trained up against the south end of my wood house? I verily thought it to be a grape vine; bought it for such, and trained it with some care. It grew luxuriantly, blossomed the first year, and the blossoms were quite fra- garden or yard. - Elihu Bnrritt.

grant withal, and so another year, and another. But lo! these three years have I sought thereon but found none. I think I have done all the scripture requires, and yet I find no fruit. This year I did not trim it at all. My neighbor (having one just like mine,) trimmed his thoroughly. Both vines blossomed freely this year, but there is not a grape on either. I have several large bearing vines within a few feet of my wayward one. If you think this communication worthy of any notice, please give any information you may have, in such manner as you deem best. C. R. PARMELEE. Olivet, Mich.

Our friend, we suppose, has a barren vine, that never will produce fruit. It is doubtless s seedling vine, producing only male flowers, and there is no remedy but to replace it with a vine of some good variety.—ED.

A WORD ABOUT ROSES.

A PLEASANT writer on rural affairs says: There are recipes in the cookery books for green pea soup without peas, and turtle soup without turtle, but we know of no recipe for a garden without roses." The rose needs no advocate, for there is scarcely a person who, if limited to only one plant, would not select the rose. The old June roses are being neglected for the Hybrid Perpetuals, Bourbons and Teas. Yet we confess to a liking for the old favorites. In their season they bloom in their greatest profusion, and one has roses enough and to spare. Then they are so sweet, and smell as roses ought to smell. Still, the others have their advantages, and we suppose that our old favorites must stand aside for the new sorts. Whatever kind of roses are planted, they should have a deep, good and rich soil, moist, but not wet. In old gardens it is much better to remove the soil to the depth of a foot, and replace it with earth from an old pasture, working in some wellrotted manure. Cut the plants to two or three buds at planting.

The Hybrid Perpetuals comprise some of the finest roses. They are not perpetual, however, but bloom profusely in June, and give a smaller crop of flowers in autumn. The second blooming may be rendered more abundant by picking off half the buds formed in June, and removing the flowers as soon as they fade, in order that the plant may not exhaust itself in ripening useclass are Giant des Battailles, General Jaqueminot, Baron Prevost, Pius IX, Madam Plantier, etc. This class are hardy, but bloom all the better for a slight protection. The Bourbons are tender, and must be protected during the winter, but their constant bloom repays the extra trouble. Souvenir de Malmaison, Faw people are aware of the immense amount | Hermosa, * Sonvenir de l'Exposition, and well as the garden, where they will bloom all summer, and after being potted and cut back, Phillippe, and Mrs. Bousanquet, are well known and delicate perfume, but they are more tender

Among the choice kinds are Adam, Safrano, La Pactole, Isabella, Caroline, Madam Bravay, etc. The Moss Roses are a distinct class, and are general favorites. The Climbers should not be forgotten; of these are a great variety of Prairie Roses, Ayrshire, Boursalt, etc., all good and desirable. If but one climbing rose can be had, the Baltimore Belle may be selected. In the names above given, we have only indicated some of the old and readily obtained sorts. There are many others as good, and new ones of great merit are yearly added to the list. Whatever roses are planted, let them be on their own roots. While it may be that many sorts bloom more freely when grafted on the Mannetti stock. they are only suited to professional gardeners, and people in general will find them productive of disappointment. Enough desirable sorts may be had on their own roots, without bothering with the grafted ones.—American Agricu

THE GARDEN.

THE Garden is a bound volume of agricultural life, written in poetry. In it the farmer and his family set the great industries of the plow, spade and hoe in rhyme. Every flower or fruitbearing tree is a green syllable after the graceful type and curse of Eden. Every bed of flowers is an acrostic to nature, written in the illustrated capitals of her own alphabet. Every bed of beets, celery or savory roots or bulbs, is a page of blank verse, full of belles letters of agriculture. The farmer may be seen in his garden. It contains the synopsis of his character in letters that may be read across the road. The barometer hung by his door will indicate certain facts about the weather, but the garden, lying on the sunny side of the house, marks with great precision, the degree of mind and heart culture which he has reached. It will embody and reflect his tastes, the bent and bias of his perceptions of grace and beauty. In it he holds up the mirror of his inner life to all who pass; and with an observant eye they may see all the features of his intellectual being in it. In that choice rood of earth he records his progress in mental cultivation and professional experience. In it he marks by some intelligent sign, his scientific and successful ceremonies in the corn-field. In it you may see the germs of his reading, and you can almost tell the number and nature of his books. In it he will re-produce the seed-thought he has culled from the printed pages of his library. In it he will post an answer to the question whether he has any reading at all. Many a nominal farmer's house has been passed by the book agent without a call, because he saw a blunt, gruff negative to the question in the

WOMEN AND FLOWERS.

A NEW settler once remarked, in reply to an inquiry as to how he was pleased with his new home, that as for himself he was perfectly satisfied, but his wife was quite homesick. "I got along very well," said he, "when she cried half the time, but lately she cries all the time, and I don't hardly know what to do." Around that comfortable log-house the fields had already begun to assume the appearance of a farm; but around the house there was no garden, no flowers. A few flowers and shrubs from the old, might have kept the "homesick" from the new. Such appears to have been the idea of the writer of the following note, written by another new settler's wife, asking for a package of flower seeds, which the Farmers' Club of New York offered for distribution. She writes from Albion, Noble Co., Ind:

"We moved to this State two years ago. I brought a variety of flower seeds along with me. Our land was all new and unimproved. After we got a spot cleared and a house up, and moved in, I took a survey, and the prospect was not very flattering, as the stumps were so plentiful. My husband said I had better give up raising flowers till he could dig out the stumps and have time to assist me. But I told him I could not wait so long, for it might be years. And everything looks so wild and rude after land is first cleared, I feared I would get homesick if I had not something beautiful to look at. So I commenced and made my flower-beds as best I could, and planted shrubs and flowers around the stumps to hide them, so that by fall things began to look quite home-like, for the plot in front of the house was all one glory of asters and petunias. And this year I have succeeded still better, and have distributed a quantity of seeds among my friends. Now if I am lucky enough to receive any of those flower-seeds, I will premise to cultivate them with care, and if I succeed, will distribute seeds to others, as I have many friends that would be thankful to receive them.11

Horticultural Actes and Queries.

PEACHES IN ILLINOIS.—JACOB S. HARTMAN of Jackson Co., Ill., writes - "Peaches are coloring fine. Shall be able to ship about the 8th of July.'

CLIMBERS.—Seeing in a the number of the RURAL dated May 30th, 1863, an inquiry of a flower called the Bignonia or Trumpet Flower, and a description of the same, in connection with the Virginia Creeper, Chinese Wistaria, Arsitolochia or Dutchman's Pipe, please inform me where these flowers can be purchased.—C. F. H., Inland, Ohio.

These climbers can be purchased at most of our

CURRANT WORM.—Will you please inform me thro' the RURAL, whether the currant worm poisons the fruit, making it dangerous to be eaten?—A. c.

The current worm destroys the leaves and of course injures the fruit, making it small, dry and tasteless. It does not poison the fruit, and when washed it is eatable; but the thought of the thing is rather unpleasant to a delicate stomach. Kill the worms with powdered helibore.

SHEEP VS. APALE TREES.—In answer to G., I would say that our sheep peel all the young apple trees that come in their way, and as the keeping of sheep has come to be a necessity among these hills, there is no remedy for it except to box the trees so that the sheep cannot reach them at all. There is no trouble about the old trees, but the young ones, planted where old ones have died or been blown down, have to take an awful "chawing."-E., Beaver Co., Pa.

BEST SOIL FOR GRAPES .- According to the Ohio Pomological Society, a better quality of grapes, with heavier must, can be produced on a clay soil, or one of loamy clay, with a limestone or slatey subsoil, than on sandy ground or alluvial deposits. If this be so, the soil through a considerable portion of the central counties of New York must be well adapted to grape culture. The Society also agreed that, in all cases, under-drainage was necessary to success in grape grow ing. Grapes are becoming more and more extended in their cultivation throughout the State.

To Drive Buss from Vines.-I have succeeded in keeping the bugs at bay, and saving my cucumber vines. I got some gas tar at the gas works, and dipped plantain leaves partly in it and laid one down in each hill, being careful not to touch the plants with it, for it kills whatever it touches. The result was the bugs left the vines entirely alone. A few bugs came around, but I presume they did not like the smell, and so they left in disgust. It needs renewing when the tar gets dry, so as to keep the perfume good and strong Some put a few spoonfuls in a pail of water, and stip it thoroughly, and after it settles sprinkle the leaves with the water. This mode of using it is also effectual and unless the tar gets on the plants it does not retard their growth.-WH. H. OLIN, Penn Yan. N. Y.

Pomestic Economy.

COLORING RECIPES.

Mr. Moore:-My wife sends you the following recipes for coloring. She has tried them and knows them all to be "A No. One."

First and foremost, every article to be dyed as well as everything used about dyeing, must be perfectly clean of filth and grease; soft water must always be used, and sufficient to cover the goods. Scour all goods to be dyed well in soapsuds, and then rinse the soap out.

FOR A MADDER RED.-To 2 lbs. of goods or yarn take 1 lb., of madder, 4 oz. of the solution of tin; soak the madder over night, and in the morning put it into your boiler-tin, copper or brass will answer-bring it to a scalding heat, (it must not boil,) and then add your solution of tin. Stir well; then put in your goods, dip 34 of an hour, i. e., wring out every ten minutes and air it out of doors. When done wash well in soapsuds.

SLATE COLOR ON COTTON OR WOOLEN.-Take beech bark, boil it in an iron kettle, skim out way keep perfectly well until the first of March.

the chips after it has boiled sufficiently, and then add copperas to set the dye. If you wish it very dark add more copperas. This is nice for your stockings.

DARK SNUFF BROWN.—For 5 pounds of cloth or yarn take 1 lb. camwood and boil it fifteen minutes, then dip the goods for ¾ of an hour; take out the goods and add to the dye two and a half pounds fustic, boil ten minutes, and add 1 oz. blue vitriol and 4 ozs. coppears; dip 1/4 hour; if not dark enough, add more copperas. This is tip-top for Merinos or all-wool delains. It is dark and permanent. P. WILBUR. Palmyra, Mich., 1865.

VARIOUS RECIPES.

PIE PLANT PIE.—Will some one of the RURAL readers, through the columns of your paper, send a recipe for making good Pie Plant pie? Also, how to treat the plant, and oblige. - F. L. M., Herkimer, N. Y.

RHUBARB WINE AND JELLY.-Can some one of the readers of the RURAL give (as soon as possible,) a good recipe for making Rhubarb or Pie Plant wine? Also, a recipe for making jelly of the same ?-I. G. C., Rockville, Ind.

Plain Cake.—I send you a good recipe for plain cake. Two cups sugar, 1 of sour milk, 3 of flour, 2 eggs, 4 spoonfuls butter, 1 teaspoonful sods. Season to your taste. Put all the ingredients together, and beat up quickly. Will some of the lady readers furnish a recipe for making good drop cakes ?-Mrs. S. A. POTTER.

ALUM BASKETS.—Alum baskets are made by covering common bonnet wire with wollen yarn, and bending it into the desired shape, suspending it in a vessel that it cannot touch the bottom or sides, and pour three pounds of alum dissolved in a quart of soft water, while hot, over it; let it stand over night, take it out and dry. If colored yarn is used it will shade through the alum, which some prefer.—Francelia Forres-TER, Moro Maine, Wis., July, 1865.

How to Make Pie Plant Pies .- There was a great deal said last year about sweetening Pie Plant pies. One reccommended putting in sugar as long as your conscience would let you, and then shut your eyes and put in a handful or two more; but my wife has a recipe that I think is much better, that is, after your plants are prepared for pies, put them into water enough to cover them; put into every quart of water one teaspoonful of saleratus; let it stand thirty minutes, then sweeten as you would apple pies. This not only takes out the acid, but it will make tough stalks more tender.-W. V. S.

RECIPE FOR STEAMED PUDDING .- One quart of sour milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons of cream, 1 teaspoon sods, same of salt, and as much flour as can be conveniently stirred in with a spoon. Put in a handful of either raisins, dried currents, or green currants, or any other fruit, and steam one hour. Serve with sauce made as follows :-Take one tea cup of sugar, one of vinegar, one of water; set it over the fire, and when it comes to a boil thicken it with a tablespoonful of butter and flour rubbed together. The water should not stop boiling while the pudding is being steamed.

PLAIN DOUGHNUTS.—One pint buttermilk, 3 tablespoons cream, 2 eggs, 1 tea cup sugar, 1 teaspoon sods. Flavor with cinnamon. Mix in flour enough so that it will roll out and cut in any shape to suit the fancy.—AUNT RACHEL.

RASPBERRY ROYAL.—During the hot summer's solstice, when appetite fails, and universal lassitude lays hold of the system, do not rush headlong to pulmonic pills, phlebotomy and apothecary practices, but seek to put on muscle with some simple renovator of your own manufacture. Nothing better, I have learned to think, for the purpose, than Raspberry Royal, prepared thus: Four quarts of sound, ripe berries, placed in a cider or wine vinegar-none of the villainous chemical acid abominations will answer the purpose-add a pound of fine white sugar, and beat the berries to a batter with a wooden pestle. Then strain dry as nearly as may be through a strong linen cloth, and add to the sirup thus obtained a pint of first class pale brandy. Bottle and use two tablespoonfuls in a half-pint tumbler

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—To a gallon of good ripe blackberries, add three pounds of cheap, clean brown sugar and a quart of rain water scalding hot. Suffer the berries thus treated, to stand twelve hours in an earthen crock, and then stew twenty minutes in a porcelain lined kettle. Squeeze out all the liquid through a close cloth strainer; add to it a quart of Jamaica spirits, a quarter of a pound of whole allspice, and an ounce of essence of cloves. Bottle when cold, and use a large tablespoonful of the cordial in an ordinary tumbler of water as a common beverage during all the warm weather. Under such a practice, there will be very few cases of cholera infantum and "summer complaints," among children, or of diarrhea or dysentary among adults.

PRESERVING GRAPES.—Mr. F. J. BOVING, of Lancaster, Ohio, has been very successful in preserving grapes during the winter, in the following manner:—On a clear, dry day he gathers perfectly ripe and sound bunches, and lays them carefully in stone jars holding one or two gallons each. The jars are then set in the ground, in a trench deep enough to allow their tops to be eight or ten inches beneath the surface. Some boards are then laid over the jars, the trench filled up over it. Grapes packed in this

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Padies' Department.

BELLE OVERN

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. WINTER NIGHT.

BY BELL CLINTON.

On the wall there hangs a picture, Sunset gilds the closing day. Happy, laughing little children, 'Neath the spreading branches play. Fancy we-'tis " Merry May."

But our breath is on the window, Frosted in an instant there: Sombre clouds are swiftly flying, Snow, wind-driven, fills the air. Cold intense and night are here.

Light the candle-drop the curtains, Draw the table near the fire; Read the paper, ply the needles-Ready hands may thought inspire, While the wind-harp's tones rise higher

Shrieking, moaning past the casement, Filling every niche with snow; Stinging, biting, chilling, freezing, Checking life-blood in its flow, Noisy, blustering conquerer, blow !

Rushing round the old house corners, Like some goblin old, or sprite, Howling 'mong the leafless branches Over hill and vale, like light. Speed, thou thing of awful might!

Close beside our bright fires glowing. Know we not cold, want, or care, But amid the wind's loud roaring, Voices blend in plaint, or prayer, Uttered wildly-in despair.

Out upon the broad, bleak highway Wanderers stiffening, prostrate fall; Heaped above are glistening snow-drifts, Granting them a kindly pall-And the dark night over all.

Mothers, children, pinched with hunger, Shivering, freezing, heart and limb; Without fire, food, friend, they're dying In lone attics, drear and dim-These are pictures sad and grim.

Heavenly Father! make us grateful For the blessings thou dost give; Grant us hearts for deeds of kindness, Hearts to thank thee while we live Daily, for all that we receive.

Chenango Co., N. Y.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. LINWOOD'S EPISTLE TO MINTWOOD.

Cousin Minnie: - When I read your "Woman as a Speculator," it reminded me so forcibly of my own experience, that I thought I must write a short account of my misfortunes and failures; not alone for the sympathy I might gain, but to add my testimony to the vanity of all earthly speculations in which a woman may be permitted to engage.

In all my attempts to better my condition in life, from the day in which my first darling kitten lost her head "at one fell stroke," for presuming to help herself to a newly hatched chicken from a basket in which it had been placed, up to the present time, I have been unfortunate.

I will pass over my childish trials, and tell you the result of what I consider my first important speculation; or how I lost my flock of sheep. You see, when I had nearly arrived at "woman's estate," one bright spring morning my uncle presented me with a nice ewe and lamb. Through the summer, these were the objects of my especial care, and they seemed to thrive well. But the next spring, after they both were sheared, the lamb sickened and died. The mother sheep also lost a young lamb that spring, and every spring thereafter, until, last of all, she died also.

My sympathies were next enlisted for a poor. lame chicken, the last of a brood, whose mother was carried off by a hawk, right beside our doorway. Soon the chicken, which when young was really a pretty little creature, grew to regard me as its only friend, and to watch around the doorstone for my presence. It would follow my footsteps whenever I went out of the house, and come at sundown, to jump upon my lap or to perch upon my shoulder, until it was put to bed. But, dear me! was there ever such an ugly creature as that same chicken grew to be, with its long, lanky neck, its body of a dirty black color, and its spindle-shank legs, following me about like a dark shadow, or an imp of mischief-which in very deed it was. Would you believe it, I could scarcely prevent the creature's following me to church on a Sabbath morning; and, driven to desperation, I determined that the chicken must die. But such was my affection for the miserable plague, notwithstanding all the trouble it had caused me, that I actually shed tears, even while my own hand dealt the blow which deprived it of its precious life.

My next investment was a tiny heifer calf, which had been sentenced to be "knocked in the head," it was so very small. My father told me if I wished to raise it I might, but that I should take care of it myself. My calf was duly petted and fed every day, and the summer that she was three years old I had a cow of my own to milk; a lovely petite creature, bright-red, and round as a dollar. The next summer, being allowed to live in clover, she became pretty fat, and when autumn came father sold her to a drover for beef. And now, whenever the subject is mentioned, all the satisfaction I can get butter. Her words float around the ear like is, "Well, you shall have a cow when you are married;" which promise my father feels perfectly safe in making. But I do not know

And now for one more speculation, and if I fail in this, I mean at once and forever to give up the idea of being a speculator. I am goingnot without many misgivings, however-to ask the RURAL Editor to print this for your perusal; and if it should not appear, I will try to console myself with the reflection that it is but one among many mighty efforts of genius.

Your unknown Cousin, LIDA LINWOOD. Parma, Mich., June, 1865.

HOW TO TREAT CHILDREN.

"PITY and love the little children. Tolerate their pets. Comfort Nelly over her dead bird. and don't call Molly's 'little white Kitty' a cat. It is enough to break a juvenile heart to have one's darling snubbed. How would you like to have your own Frederick Augustus called a 'dirty young one?' The little ones have their tragedies and comedies, and laugh and weep more sincerely than you do at Falstaff or Lear. They love, marry, keep house, have children, have weddings and funerals, and dig little graves for dead mice in the garden, mourn in small white handkerchiefs, and get brother Jim to write an appropriate inscription for its tiny headboard. Is not this human nature in little, and in its small way, as deserving of certain respect? You do not despise your own reflection in a concave mirror, you know.

Cherish the children; mend the frocks; -don't scold if they break their toys-for man is not more inevitably mortal than playthings. Don't strip their fat shoulders in winter, nor roast them in flannels in dog days, because somebody told you so. Don't drug them; -don't yarb them; don't stuff them with pastry, nor starve them on chippy bread; don't send them to infant schools at three, or fancy balls at ten, nor teach them the commandments earlier than they can remember Mother Goose. Let them have Christmas and Fairy stories; grandpa's horse-cane rather than Mr. Birch's ferule; Little Bo Peep, not English reader; Mary Howitt, not Jameson's Rhetoric. Give them Wilson's Readers when they want them, not before."-Atlantic Monthly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TOOTHACHE.

THE story told by Miss Agnes Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens of England" respecting Queen Elizabeth's toothache, and the horrid row that her Majesty made about it, is so good that it will endure repetition. It appears that the Virgin Queen "was attacked with such grievous toothache that she obtained no rest either night or day. Her physicians, although aware that the drawing of the tooth was the only remedy, forbore to recommend it, knowing her terror of the operation. The Lords of the Council then took the matter in hand, and, after mature deliberation, decided upon the extraction of the hostile tooth. The courage of the iron-hearted Elizabeth failed her on this occasion; nor could the eloquence of her whole Cabinet prevail upon her to submit. In this emergency, Aylmer, Bishop of London, who was present at this grave debate, stood forth, and told her, 'That although an old man and not many teeth to spare, she should see a practical experiment of it on himself if she would be thereby encouraged.' Whereupon the surgeon extracted one of his teeth, and the Queen's unwillingness was ultimately overcome." In a wellpainted picture, entitled "Queen Elizabeth's Toothache." Mr. Havlarr has illustrated this ludicrous topic in a style that evinces his hearty appreciation of the fun of the story. The whole scene is depicted with suitable drollery of expression and all requisite grotesqueness of character and incident. The variety of conflicting emotions so whimsically depicted upon the face of the Queen deserves especial notice.

WHAT IS A WOMAN.

VICTOR HUGO, who has been at great expense to popularize himself as a poet with the female sex, goes much farther, because he goes much deeper, than the most malignant saint in the calendar in his physiology of woman. "A woman," observes this amiable heir of the provincial bards. "a woman is merely a highly-improved style of demon."——Alexander Dumas, the younger with whom pulmonary consumption is the only female religion, has uttered a great many outrageous impertinences concerning women. "Heaven," he exclaims "in its merciful providence, gave no beard to woman because it knew they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved." "For the sake of women." observed the same individual, "men dishonor themselves-kill themselves; and in the midst of this universal carnage, the creature who brings it to pass has only one thought in her mind, which is to decide whether she shall dress herself so as to look like an umbrella or like a dinner bell."

A PRETTY WOMAN.

A PRETTY woman is one of the institutions of the country-an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem written in rare curls and choice calico and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then music, birds of paradise, or the perfumes of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its firmest remyself whether it would pay to enter into another speculation!

My newest speculation is in the agricultural line. I have taken an acre of ground to work on shares. I think I shall succeed this time, and if I do, perhaps at some future time I may let you know the results.

It is truest attraction, the church its firmest reliance, and young men the very best comforters and company. Her influence and generosity restrains the victous, strengthens the faint-hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find fireside boquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, music, and light and modern institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, and her aspirations is the breath of heaven.

Miscellang. Choice

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker WEARINESS.

BY MYRTA MAY.

My life, I know, is passing swift away; I shall not linger long upon earth's shore; My barque will float upon that unknown sea From which no mariner returneth more.

Perhaps before another summer sun Woos from the earth its boundless wealth of bloom. All my life's toilsome journey will be done, I shall be resting in my quiet tomb.

I have grown weary in the "March of Life". So weary of earth's passion, and its sin; Sick of its cankering cares and bitter strife: Open! ye "Gates of Rest," and let me in,

To that retreat where tired pilgrims come, When all their toilsome wanderings are past. Thank Goo! He gives to every one a home, When hearts, too heavy-burdened, break at last. Attica, N. Y.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. HINTS ON COMPOSING.

BY OLD SLOUCH.

Almost every one now-a-days who can boast tolerable command of language, either writes or expects to write for publication. Even if the rage for seeing one's self in print were not so universal, circumstances compel almost every man, at some period of his life, to furnish copy for the printers. He writes the obituary of a deceased friend perhaps; or he is appointed upon a committee to draft resolutions for a public meeting; or he makes an address before a political assembly or a "society," and an enlightened constituency, or a body of admiring friends, assure him in very flattering terms that "it would greatly serve the cause, which they are sure lies very near his heart, if he would permit his very able and eloquent effort to appear in the local papers." Thus, in some one of these well known ways, either through inclination or necessity, we are all liable to figure in type; and it becomes a matter of no little importance that we be able to appear with at least no discredit. A few broad and general suggestions, which are designed merely to hint at what it is best to avoid in this delicate matter, may not be deemed impertinent.

First as to the

Choice of Subject.

If you desire to furnish occasional contributions to the press, merely with a view to selfimprovement, choose some theme before you begin to write. This may seem to some a little captious at the outset; but we can assure such persons, in the most solemn manner, that it is a very common practice with young writers to scribble down a succession of sentiments or notions which happen to be uppermost in their minds, without stopping to determine whether they have any natural relation to each other, and then to read over their "literary bantling," when finished, and give it a title hap-hazard. When we were an editor, (a great many years ago!) we frequently received contributions, some of which evinced no little literary power, which the writer begged we would "name," as he found it utterly impossible to do so!

The only other suggestion we care to make under this head is—write on a topic that you know something about. Choose some subject that you are interested in, and aim to express your convictions intelligibly. The warmer you feel, the stronger your convictions are, the more likely you are to write forcibly. By this we do not mean to teach you to be dogmatic; it is possible to entertain broad and generous views, to cultivate charity and candor, and still write from the heart. Beginners will find it advantageous to write on practical subjects, until they have acquired a sufficient stock of words and the requisite skill in their use, to ensure facility

of expression. And this naturally brings us to the

Choice of Language.

Let your terms be those you are accustomed to use in dignified discourse - always taking pains to employ the word which most clearly expresses the idea you wish to convey. There is considerable dispute among learned authorities whether we should not, in order to secure a clear and forcible, and at the same time a uniform diction, choose some one element of our parti-colored language, and rely almost wholly upon the vocabulary which it furnishes. Much is said in praise of the Saxon element, on account of the brevity and force of its English derivatives. and because they are the staple terms of familiar colloquial intercourse. But where they gain in force they often lose in sharpness and completeness of definition. The Latin is no less a part of our vernacular, and no less the common property of all who speak the English tongue, than any other element. Our language is homogeneous, and the practice should be, it strikes us, to form an intimate acquaintance with as many words as possible, and then, when the question arises which of two terms to use, when it is quite evident that either will do, to choose the shortest and simplest. In many cases the character of your subject will of itself determine to a great extent your choice of words. Gold-SMITH'S essays could not have been written in the vocabulary of "Paradise Lost," nor vice versa.

There are many other suggestions we would like to make, but the limits of this article forbid. One of the most important, however, we will allude to briefly. Bear in mind, whenever you take up your pen to address the public,

A Writer's Responsibility.

We have endeavored to teach above that he who proposes to print his lucubrations, should in the first place have something to say, and I have a profitable custom

then that he should study how best to say it. But more than this, no man ought to write a line intended to meet the public eye, who does not thoroughly appreciate the moral responsibility which he incurs by that act. The tastes and capacities of the readers of any journal are as widely diverse as those of the writers who are permitted to cater to their literary necessities; and every article, however illogical or poorly written, strikes home somewhere, exerts an influence upon some one for good or evil. Your words, once printed, can never be recalled. They float out on the great sea of humanity, whispering in a thousand ready ears lessons fraught with Life or Death. They raise a ripple in the boundless sea of human thought which will expand and flow on forever. By the very act of writing you assume to be abler than your fellows. You ought also to be better! Keep this grave responsibility steadily before you, and endeavor to make your generation a little wiser and more virtuous than it would have been if you had not lived.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, Thy God's and Truth's."

MEN FIND THEIR OWN LEVEL,

THE flattery with which our assembled working-classes are apt to be served, undoubtedly contributes to keep many of them content to make no higher attainments. If they are not received with open arms by the educated and refined, they attribute it to their occupation, not to themselves; to the unreasonable pride and prejudice of others, not to their own deficiency. But water is not the only thing that will find its own level. Genius, wit, learning, ignorance, are each attracted to its like. Two painters were overheard talking in the room where they were at work. "Lord!" said one, "I knowed him well when he was a boy. Used to live with his gran'ther next door to us. Poor as Job's turkey. But I ain't seen him since, till I hearn him in--hall, t'other night. Don't suppose he'd come anigh me now with a ten-foot pole. Them kind of folks has short memories, ha! ha! Can't tell who a poor working-man is, nohow."

No, no, good friend, you are in the wrong. There is, indeed, a great gulf between you and your early friend, but it is not poverty. To say that it is, is only a way you have of flattering your self-love. For, if you watch those who frequent your friend's house, you will find many a one who lives in lodgings, with the commonest three-ply carpets, cane-seat chairs, and one warm room; while you have a comfortable house of your own, with, very likely, tapestry and velvet in your parlor, and registers all about. No. sir, it is not because you work; for he is as hard a worker as you, though, perhaps, not so long about it; but because—begging your pardon you are vulgar, and ignorant; because you sit down in your sitting-room at home, with your hat on, and smoke your pipe,-because you plunge your own knife into the butter, and your own fork into the toast, having used both in your eating with equal freedom,—because your voice is loud, your tone swaggering, and your grammar hideous,—because, in short, your two paths from the old school-house diverged; his led upward, yours did not; and the fault is not his. You both chose. He chose to cultivate his powers. You chose not to do so. Call things by their right name !- Gail Hamilton.

"EVERYBODY AT THEIR BEST."

"Take everybody at their best, and hold them there."

If our memory has not preserved the quaint words of this paragraph, we have its spirit, and its sound truth and good sense struck us very

forcibly the other day.

How much smoother and easier we might get on with ourselves and others by following this advice. We have-you, reader, and I, and everybody else-our angles and crotchets, our weakness, and failings, and faults, which may make ourselves and some other folks dreadfully uncomfortable. Some people seem to have an unfortunate faculty of always bringing them to he surface. They are, either fro the whims and weakness of their fellow beings, eliminating discord and disturbance.

Now it is a great deal better to avoid all these things. It is better on the low ground of expediency and comfort. Just slip by, and go round the oddities, the irritabilities, the suspicions, the obstinacies of people, as far as you can. They in their turn will have it to do for you,

Try to find "everybody's best" - the soft, kindly, generous side. A great many people inherit their moral and mental twists, and it's hard to untie these hereditary knots. They don't see them, although to others' eyes they crop out as plain as daylight, it's best for all of us to shut our eyes to them, as we do over a good many other things beside. "Every road has its own rut." Every character his foibles, to go no deeper, and it is always pleasant to hear a person say, "he or she has their peculiarities; but then so have I—so has everybody."

There is sound philosophy at the bottom of this, if there isn't something better and higher still .- Home Magazine.

THE light and shade, the happiness and the unhappiness of a man's life, depend upon the disposition with which he regards it. An unalloyed contentment of mind cannot be bought by man, it is the golden gift of Heaven. But it is within the reach of all to soften himself to the rough shocks of life in this world. He may receive them courageously, sustain them patiently, and by his prudence alleviate or turn them aside; but even if his mind be unequal to these exertions, it need not, as is the case with too many, exert itself to annoy itself.

A TRADESMAN, to support a costly habit, must

Sabbath Musings.

I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS.

BY R. C. TRENCH.

Nor Thou from us, O Lord, but we Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead. And Thou art covered with a cloud, Hanging before Thee like a shroud, So that our prayers can find no way, Oh! teach us that we do not say, "Where is Thy brightness fled?"

But that we search and try What in ourselves has wrought this blame, For Thou remainest still the same; But earth's own vapors earth may fill With darkness and thick clouds, while still The sun is in the sky.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

O WEARY ones, ye may not see Your angels in their downward flight, Nor hear the sound of silent wings Slow beating through the hush of night; But now, as to the seers of old, There come blest spirits God has sent: And life's bleak, rugged mountain side Is white with many an angel's tent.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

How beautiful and how touching are these words of the twenty-third Psalm! How often has the fainting, trembling soul been blessed and strengthened by the sweet assurance "The LORD is my Shepherd!"

How precious to realize in our own heart of hearts, that though all earthly prospects may fade, though friends may pass away from our sight, and all the fond ties of affection be severed, yet if we can look up and putting our hand into the hand of our Father, can say, "The LORD is my Shepherd," we are indeed blessed. For does not the Good Shepherd gently lead his flock into "green pastures and beside the still waters," does he not gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom?

Oh, let us remember in our day of trial and sorrow, that our God is a "very present help in time of need;" and, looking with confidence and faith to that source whence all our blessings flow, take to our hearts these comforting words, "The LORD is my Shepherd."

BEAUTIPUL LEGEND.

WE find in a sermon of Theodore Parker the following story. The subject of his discourse was "Rest:"

They tell a story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, sat in the court of the temple on fast day, disputing about rest. One said it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second said it was fame and praise of all men. The third that it was possession of power to rule the State. The fifth, that it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said all were vain unless a man kept all the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said, "Ye have spoken wisely, but one thing more is neccessary. He only can find rest who to all things addeth this-that he keep the traditions of the elders.

There sat a fair-haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands and looked upthat boy of twelve-and said "Nay, nay, fathers, he only can find rest who loves his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth and power; happier than a happy home without it; better than honored age; he is law to himself above all tra-

WORKING AND THINKING.

It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when versity of head or heart, always running against own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker ought often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, and the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of the morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.

> WE read of a hermit who had a high notion of his own sanctity. It was revealed to him, however, that in this respect he was greatly inferior to a poor girl who was waiting-maid at an inn. With this person he sought an interview, and having inquired in what her pious deeds and acceptable services consisted, was answered, that she was not conscious of any particular sanctity, but tried diligently and faithfully to execute the work of the house, and the other tasks assigned to her; and especially that she made it a rule, every time she lifted a bundle of faggots and carried it into the kitchen, to meditate with cordial affection upon Him who, from love to her and mankind, had once borne the tree of the cross.

As does the least breath of wind, after a bountiful shower of rain, cause the drops to fall in abundance from the swaying of trees and flowers, so, when the heart is full, how little does it take to wring the scalding tears therefrom and flood the heavy eye.

SELEN VOIDE

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MAY RAMBLINGS .-- NO. III.

BY GULIELMUM.

The Great Organ.

I have incidentally mentioned the Great Or. gan, as being very prominent among the objects of interest in Boston. An article devoted wholly to the noble instrument may not be considered entirely apropos under the above heading, but as my main object in tarrying in B. was to see its Organ, some mention of what I did see of it, and how it impressed me, may properly be included in this brief series of sketches.

Let me then say that I first saw the Organ under unfavorable circumstances. It was the Anniversary Week, the week when the "Handel and Haydn Society" was celebrating its fiftleth year of existence by a grand musical festival; and my introduction to the interior of Music Hall was when it was filled to overflowing with all the elite and fashion of New England's proudest city. The occasion was unfavorable by reason of the arrangements made to seat the large number who made up the chorus and orchestra by which the sublime compositions of the old masters were rendered with a power never before attained in this country. Over six hundred chorus singers and one hundred orchestral performers were present. To accommodate this large number the stage was materially enlarged, and raised seats erected for the singers. These seats rose gradually from the stage to the first balcony, directly in front of and thus partially hiding a part of the lower portion of the great

No single article can give anything like a

minute description of this the only Organ in America that approximates toward those of the old world that history has rendered famous. shall not attempt a minute description, but only speak of it as it impresses the beholders in its more general features. The first impression, as we view it perhaps from the first balcony, in front, is not one of its real vastness. There are several reasons for this, the first of which is the amplitude of the Hall. Music Hall is one hundred and thirty feet long, about eighty feet wide, and sixty-five feet in height. The complete proportions of the instrument itself, also serve. apparently, to lessen its real size, which is sixty feet in height in the highest parts, fifty-seven feet in width, and the main towers come out eighteen feet upon the stage, receding however to the smaller towers, thereby giving an average depth of about twelve feet. But there is much back of and below all this, as the wind-works, swell, &c., and their machinery, fill all the recess behind the stage, (which recess held the old organ,) and also extend far below the floor. But a nearer view, standing at the front of the stage, shows us how deceptive, often, are first appearances. Walking close up to the foot of the great central towers, standing by the colossal caryatides with their herculean figures and swelling muscles, we then feel that we are smaller than ever, and that the organ is indeed great. It is these two central towers that first arrest our attention. Heavy, massive at the base, rising into beautiful symmetry and airy lightness as they soar their sixty feet upward, and crowned each with two chubby winged cherubs that almost touch the ceilings with their heads, the towers combine shadow with sunshine. The shadow is below, at the base, where the exaggerated caryatides frown in the darkness of night, a darkness of the early ages we cannot but think it, for only then could such personifications exist; the sunshine is above, gleaming of twenty-five thousand dollars having been from the immense pipes of pure burnished tin, three of which, about 30 feet long and 18 inches in diameter, are grouped in a triple column in each tower. Thus in their boldness of relief are these towers most striking in their impression. as we view the picture. The shadow belowthe sunlight above—and the lovely little cherubs | work. This was simply the building the organ so quietly playing upon their horn and flute and lyre and mandoline, up on their giddy perches; as well as the slender columns enclosing the huge pipes mentioned; the lofty domes upheld by the Corinthian capitals and covered, on their lower parts, with beautiful bas-relief of floating angels, winged and holding lyres; the gracefully carved limbs; all are so unique in design, and so exquisite in execution, that our eyes will again and again return to these central towers to linger in awe and admiration. I cannot say, though, that I admire the hideous face the artist has painted in gorgeous colors blended with gold on the flat surface, or mouth, of each of the monstrous pipes. There is a look about them that makes one almost shudder.

Curving inward between the main towers is the central recess, containing the key-boards, or claviatur. There are five key-boards - four for the hands and one for the feet — as there are in reality five organs. About the manuals are the stops, arranged in banks, and numbering ninetysix, beside the couplers, &c. On either side of these, in the intervals between the towers, are the rich panelings, with their bas-relief of elaborate carvings. These are mainly musical instruments, wreaths, &c. No two groups are alike, and each instrument is carefully shown in its individuality. In the midst of each group a tablet of black marble bears in gold letters the name of some illustrious composer. There are eight of these names, I think; PALESTRINA and Lasso on each side of the recess; outside the towers, HANDEL, HAYDN, GLUCK, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN and CHERUBINI. There are bodily representations of BACH and BEETHOVEN. The former, in a portrait bust larger than life, sits just at the foot of the pipes and pediment surmounting the key-boards, the grand master in a position where the organist may breathe

tower bases, and secluding the player almost from view on a pedestal raised before the arched recess, stands CRAWFORD's bronze statue of BEETHOVEN, full of imposing genius in its conception, and more poetically significant in its present position than it ever was before. I can hardly give you an idea of the beauty, the uniqueness and unity of that central arch, where the key-boards ever seem inviting the forever silent BEETHOVEN to evoke the mysterious harmonies that are slumbering within all this richness of covering. I walked about in front of it, viewed it from every stand-point, every moment finding some new beauty to charm me: I even went within the almost sacred recess itself, and under the shadows there laid sacrilegious fingers upon the delicate ivories, the levers that open the vast volumes of tone that sleep within "the house of sounds."

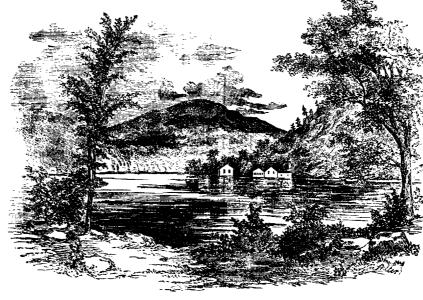
Above the frame-work of the niche containing the key-boards over the bust of BACH, is a plain field filled with pure tin pipes, reflecting their brightness below. A semi-circular pediment incloses their upper ends, and this is crowned with a beautiful figure of St. CECILIA, seated and playing on her lyre. The statue is graceful, lovely in feature and expression, and truly poetical as the crowning idea. Such it is, for it is the commanding figure, situated on the center of the "organ house," and between, and nearly as high, as the main towers. Passing outward from these towers, the front recedes again, in a harp-shaped field of pipes, and on the entablature above them, resting on the harp-like curve and looking off to either side, are life-size figures of harpers, a woman and a man, each resting a hand on a harp. Double pilasters, fluted, and with Corinthians capitals, separate the gleaming fields of pipes just mentioned from the outer compartments of pipes, outside of which are the square end towers, composed of graceful pilasters. In each of these lesser towers are two more colossal pipes, twenty-one feetlong, one in front and the other at the side or end. Still further around on these sides or ends, are other fields of shining pipes, ten in each. The whole number of displayed pipes is about eighty. The organ complete contains 5,474 pipes; not quite so large a number as the greatest in the old world boasts, yet is it a larger organ than many celebrated European instruments.

The organ house, or case, as we are wont to hear it called, is entirely of black walnut. All the carvings, even the colossal caryatides, the cherubs, the harpers, and the lovely ST. CECILIA, are from solid blocks of walnut. Standing close up to the dark, frowning lower mass, we are almost at a loss to understand why there are so many almost hideous carvings, portrait busts of an order of personification we supposed had existence alone in the darkness of Egyptian temples. But the contrast between the mass below and the gleaming fields of pipes above, does away with any very unpleasant impression. Were there no beautiful lightness above, we should cry out against all the display of exaggerated busts below, so unreal in themselves, so unfitting in their singleness, yet in keeping in the unity of the whole. It requires a deal of study to realize the fullness of design, and the ampleness of development, in the work before us. I discovered this at my first visit, and studied all the parts again and again, afterward.

The organ has a history that would interest many, especially those who regard music and musical works with especial favor. I can only briefly allude to it, in closing this article. The project to supply Music Hall with an instrument worthy of it, was first seriously entertained in March of 1856, by the Association owning the Hall. Dr. UPHAM, the President of the Association, was authorized to go abroad to select the builder and make necessary contracts, the sum pledged. This it was thought would procure such an instrument as was desired. The Messrs. WALCKER, of Ludwigsburg, Germany, were, after a long time spent in examining the works of eminent makers, selected as the builders: and full seven years were devoted by them to the proper. The "house" was built by the HERTER Brothers, in New York, and three years consumed in this part of the labor. All the carving was done in New York, except the St. CECILIA and the cherubs on the great towers, which figures were executed at Stuttgart. Six months were spent in earnest labor in setting up the complicated machinery, when it was duly completed. It was then found that owing to the high price of gold the total cost of the complete work was about seventy thousand dollars. The inauguration embraced a whole week of festivities. in which all Boston was wild with a feverheat of musical excitement. A private test occurred on Saturday evening, Oct. 31, 1863. On Monday evening following-Nov. 2-the formal opening took place, and though tickets were sold at three dollars each, the Hall was completely filled.

And now the organ stands forth - a noble monument of a noble art. I have but feebly interpreted its really majestic design and beauty, but have done enough if thereby any person may be led to go and see and hear for himself. The seeing and the hearing will well repay a long journey, and any one with music in his soul will come forth from the baptism of harmony that floods the Hall, when the organ is its own interpreter, with an increased respect for an art and science whose inspiration ever leads upward to the Infinite.

FOOTE'S WIT.-Foote was talking away one evening at the dinner-table of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories. one of party interrupted him suddenly, with an air of most considerate apology. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, sir," said Foote, replacing it; "you know the comhis inspiration. On a line parallel with the great | pany better than I do," and finished his joke.



HEAD OF CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

RURAL SCENES-A TRIP IN THE COUNTRY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER: -- No more pleasant trip can be made in this section of the country and at this season of the year, than one from Canandaigua up the lake to Woodville, at its head, or to some of the "points" along the shores. People in this city who feel the want of a change from the busy scenes of life, who long for an opportunity to get away from the noise and confusion and spend a few days, or even hours, amid the glorious and romantic scenery of hill and dale in the country, need go but a little over thirty miles to find such a "fairy land" as rarely is enjoyed by denizens of cities.

A fine little steamer, (the Joseph Wood,) Capt. STANDISH, makes two trips each day between Canandaigua and the head of the lake, (16 miles,) landing and taking on passengers at the principal "points" from one end of the route to the other. These rural retreats on the shores (both sides) of this beautiful and historic sheet of water, are visited daily during the summer by great numbers of pleasure seekers from Canandaigua, Naples and other villages in its vicinity, and by farmers with their families for many miles in circuit.

One very attractive feature connected with these "retreats," and one which may not be overlooked, is the fact that they have become permanent institutions, cabins being fitted up with all the et ceteras to make one forget the "cares and vexations of spirit" so prevalent among those who tread the "busy paths" of their existence amid heaps of brick and mortar.

After having "ruralized" on the shores of the lake a sufficient time to give satisfaction, should one fancy to take a peep at a fair share of "creation," he has but to ascend the mountains of South Bristol, bordering the western shore, to be highly gratified. To those who love mountain scenery, who love to look as far as human vision extends upon fields of waving, golden grain, (now about ready to harvest,) and upon the "cattle of a thousand hills." who wish to view the glories of nature now clad in her most beautiful array, we would say, by all means, climb the mountain." We would say to such, land at "Wilder's Point," where the first white man (GAMALIEL WILDER) settled in that part of the country among the "bloody Injuns" some

seventy-five years ago-go west about two miles and a half, part of the way through a rich farming country, though ascending very perceptibly, and you will stand on the highest ground in Central New York. Should you feel inclined to descend the mountain "on the other side," you will be well paid for so doing. You will find yourself in "Bristol Hollow," where the people are not "up to their necks" in "ile," but are trying very hard to demonstrate that plenty of petroleum is permeating the regions of rock lying somewhere between their own surface habitations and the Celestial Empire.

There are eight or nine wells being sunk in the valley along Mud Creek, (one to the depth of nearly 900 feet,) which show evident signs that the precious grease must abound "less than a thousand miles" of that vicinity. We witnessed the operations at one well, (about 600 feet deep,) July 5th, and became nearly converted to the doctrine that there is oil there. Enough inflammable gas comes out of the well to light all the streets in Rochester - forcing the water out of the six-inch tubing at times with great power-the effervescence resembling that of a huge soda fountain, and with a hissing noise frequently, akin to the singing of a locust. A match being applied, a column of flame not unfrequently two feet in diameter, will shoot up sometimes ten to fifteen feet high from the foaming water. The water brought up with the sediment at the bottom of the well, (during the process of "cleaning out,") is quite salt—so much so, that should they not be so fortunate as to "strike ile," profit can be made, we were told, by the transformation of Bristol Hollow into a modern Salina.

We will say, in conclusion, that during our trip through portions of the towns of Canandaigua, Bristol and South Bristol, on the 4th and 5th inst., we were delighted with the prospect of more abundant blessings being showered upon the heads of the agricultural community, than for many years previous. The finest fields of corn, we venture to say, in Western New York, may now be seen in the "valley" along Mud Creek in the town of Bristol. Indeed, the "Lord of the Harvest" is visiting the whole country this year, and well may the people

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Rochester, N. Y., July 6, 1865.



CANANDAIGUA LAKE -- EAST · SHORE.

Various Topics.

HOW ENVY WAS PUNISHED.

Queer tales have they in Iceland of witches. and such unknown creatures; yet with the stories there are always conveyed lessons that all would do well to improve. Here is one showing how envy was punished. If not true, yet it convevs a lesson which we trust our young readers will remember.

Near a certain farm, long ago, three children were playing on a grass mound—a little girl and two boys. After they had played for some time, the girl who was the youngest of them found a deep hole in the ground-so deep that she could not see the bottom of it. Stooping down, she thrust her hand into it, and shutting her eyes, cried out, in fun, "Put something in the palm of an old beggar, and an old beggar shall not see." No sooner had she said the words than a large silver button was placed in her hand. When the other children saw her good luck, they were fit to burst with envy, and the oldest of them stooped, thrust his hand into the hole, too, and forty-six.

said, "Put something in the hand of an old beggar, and an old beggar shall not see;" for he hoped to get something as good as the little girl had got, if not better, indeed. But no; far from it. When he drew out his hand again he only found he had lost the use of it, and what was more, never recovered it again; for the elf, who hated envy more than anything in the world, had given it a squeeze.

THE AGE OF FORTY-SIX.

THOMAS HOOD died at the age of forty-six, at the time he had excited the greatest expectations. There seems to be a fatality at this period of life for certain classed intellects, nearly as greatus that which has rendered the age of thirty-seven dangerous to the higher-walked artistic genius, to Raphaæl, to Mozart, to Burns, to Byron. It is the grand climacteric of a soldier's and a statesman's life. At forty-six Pitt gave up the ghost, and passed away in the prime of his powers; at forty-six Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, and ended his career; at forty-six Wellington won that battle, and may be said almost commenced his civil career. At forty-seven Nelson's hour had come at Trafalgar. In literature, we find that Spencer died at forty-six, Addison at forty-seven, Goldsmith at forty-six, Hood at forty-six. s great as that which has rendered the age of thir-

The Reviewer.

HISTORY OF JULIUS C.ESAR. Vol. I. Octavo, pp. 463. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

Louis Napoleon is in one sense the most fortunate man living. He is one of those rare individuals who never permit themselves to be lost sight of for a moment. He is always arranging some tableau, in which he is to be the central figure, to take his contemporaries by surprise. He affects the mysterious, too, and will not allow it to be known what he is doing until the ecenery is well disposed, and he rings the bell himself for the curtain to rise. Even then he cares little to attract admiration, he aims only to compel

His latest "sensation" is the book before us. While the world supposed him to be wholly engrossed in the cares of government, it is his pleasure to show them that he was preparing a second coup d'etat, a literary one this time, which should be no less successful in its way than the stroke by which he gained an empire. And it has been successful. Already this book is called, even by those who do not overmuch admire its principles, "the literary event of the age." Its advent was not unexpected, but had been heralded by every means calculated to stimulate curiosity; and its actual appearance created a profound impression both in Europe and the United States. As was natural, it has met both with praise and blame without stint; but even its severest critics admit the felicity of the author's style, and the consummate ability which he displays in the manipulation of historical facts.

"Historic truth should be no less sacred than religion," is the rather remarkable sentence with which Napoleon III. begins the preface to this work. It is difficult to see why he should have expressed this sentiment, for a little further along he admits that he had a theory to sustain when he undertook the work, and it will be readily admitted that this circumstance alone would be fatal to "historic truth." Even when a writer undertakes history with no political system to support, but in the spirit of candid inquiry, we know how liable he is through native enthusiasm, national prejudices, or educational predilection, to espouse the cause of a party. We expect him to write not like Eternal Justice, but like a man; and that his work will be imbued with a little of his own personality. MERIVALE could not escape the charge of Cæsarism, and Gibbon, with all his profound research and patient labor, was accused, and justly too, of writing Roman history like a Roman aristocrat. But however much this frank avowal ought to put us on our guard against accepting the statements or admitting the conclusions of the Imperial author, we ought to be willing to award him due praise for a degree of candor which is as rare as it is admirable. In his own words, it is the design of "His Majesty" to prove: That when Providence raises up such men as Cas-SAR, CHARLEMAGNE and Napoleon, it is to trace out o peoples the path they ought to follow:" and that those who misunderstand and combat" them, "are plind and culpable." "This world was made for CESAR," is a briefer statement of his idea. The notion is as old as tyranny itself, and like the doctrines of the Pope's "Encyclical Letter," belongs to the "dark ages" rather than to this. In this nineteenth century the notion pretty generally obtains that rulers ought to be the "servants of the people;" and the day is fast approaching when no system of government will be tolerated which does not secure immunity from arbitrary power, and prevent the ambition of one from being dangerous to the many. To strip it of all artifice, this work is an ingenious extenuation of the means by which Napoleon III. raised himself to Imperial power; and while the friends of human freedom will not fear, at this late day, that such pernicious political teachings will make many new proselytes, the enemies of Imperialism will rejoice that the "man of marble" admits that his position before the world needs justification.

extended comment upon a work which they were not at liberty to criticise freely, and others have maintained a contemptuous silence. There were not wanting some however to attack it in the spirit of bitter opposition. Among these was "La Rive Gauche," a little journal, the organ of students and artists, published on the left bank of the Seine, in the "Latin Quarter" of Paris. M. ROGEARD, the editor of this paper, is supposed to be the author of a series of criticisms which appeared in its columns under the caption 'Propos de Labienus," which under the pretence of discussing certain episodes in Roman history, proves that there is a much stronger similitude between the reigns of Augustus Cæsar and Napoleon III. than between those of Julius Cæsar and the first Napo-LEON. The papers were subsequently issued in pamphlet form, and were bought up with great eagerness. They were soon suppressed, however, and M. ROGEARD, who had prudently retreated to Belgium, year's imprisonment.

Most of the leading French journals have forborne

We have been thus particular in mentioning this criticism, because we wish to show our readers what Republican France thinks of the Emperor's attempt to create public opinion in his own favor. The critic says:-"What think you can be said of a criminal who publishes an apology for his crime? To my notion he is guilty of a second crime, harder to perform indeed than the first (for it is easier to commit a crime than to excuse it;) but this enormity, even if more difficult, is also more heinous, and more deathly, since the victims are numerous and the consequences more lasting. The former attacks the life of men, the latter their consciences; the one kills the body, the other destroys the soul; the first rests a gloomy weight upon the present, the second oppresses the future also." Again: - "The Book of Augustus (Napoleon III.) is his life raised to an example, his ambition made to look innocent, his will fomented into a lawit is the code of malefactors, the rascal's Bible." And further on :- "The book of CESAR (NAPOLEON III.) is the toilet of the condemned; it is the explanation of the criminal on his way to the scaffold. It is the connetry of the dying day."

"Punch" declared that the bravest act of the Emperor's life was his thus confronting the wits of France. None of our readers will be disposed to doubt the statement after reading the extracts above.

Among other attacks provoked by the publication of this history, was the "Life of Napoleon III. by Julius Casar." In England and America the book has been very generally praised for its captivating style, and the extensive research which it evinces. It is written in that terse, vigorous and elegant style which seems to be peculiar to the best French historians. It does not lack suitable rhetorical ornament, but is happliy free from any vain or affected display. The first book, which is a condensed review of Roman history, from "Rome under the Kings." to the times of Manius, is necessarily very compact, but is always clear. Book II. which opens with the early years of Casar, and pursues his career down to his consulsable with Bibulus, is in a lighter vein, and is altogether a charming sample of the blographical style.

The second volume of this work is very eagerly looked for, and is announced to appear in September. This American edition is from the authorized English translation, and is truly superb. The quality of its paper, its letterpress and binding are all that could be desired. An Atlas, containing the necessary maps is published with it. For sale by Dewey. "Punch" declared that the bravest act of the Em-

- DY OVE

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Bural Jew-Yorker.

NEWS DEPAPTMENT.



And bonfires blaze abrosa;
Let thanks from every loyal tongue
In thunder rise to God.
The doom of Rebeldom is sealed,
The conquering sword of Mars
Alone the patriot can wield—
God bless the Stripes and Siars."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1865.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Affairs at Washington.

THE findings of the Court in the conspiracy trials were approved by President Johnson on the 5th inst. David E. Harold, Geo. A. Abzerott. Lewis Payne and Mary E. Surratt, were found guilty of aiding in the murder of President Lincoln. President Johnson directed that they be hung on the 7th inst. All four were executed about one e'clock on the day designated.

Samuel A. Mudd, Samuel Arnold, and Michael O'Laughlin are to be imprisoned for life, and Edward Spangler for six years, for the part they took in the late dreadful tragedies. The Albany (N. Y.) Penitentiary was selected by the Executive as the prison where they are to be confined.

The State Department is informed officially that orders will be issued by the Captain-General of Cuba to deliver up the Stonewall (rebel ironclad) to the United States authorities.

The number of rebel prisoners discharge under the last General Orders, (No. 109,) up to July 1, foot up 42,796.

Gen. Hooker is to be quartered in New York, and will succeed Gen. Dix.

Ex-Gov. Vance of North Carolina, has been released from prison, and will return home. subject to the President's orders.

Gen. Slough has been relieved from his duties as Military Governor at Alexandria (Va.) and 18 ordered to Colorado.

A number of wealthy merchants and others of Virginia, waited upon the President on the 8th, and endeavored to induce him to modify the 13th section of his Amnesty Proclamation, (the \$20,-000 clause,) but were unsuccessful.

A telegraphic dispatch says: - Now that the conspiracy trial is over, and the sentences of the law has been re-established in Norfolk, Va. Military Commission are executed, there will trial of Jeff. Davis. If it should be determined to try him for treason, the proceedings will, of reduced from \$2 to \$1.75 per day. course, take place before a civil tribunal. But, from present indications, it is more probable that he will be tried by a military commission as the leader or instigator of the conspiracy; for, it is said, in Government quarters, there are newly discovered proofs against him in that connection.

The Herald's Washington special of July 8, says: - The health of the President continues to improve, and a Cabinet meeting was held to-day for the first time in two weeks. He expects to be able to resume his receptions to a limited extent next week. The President went down the Potomac on the 10th for his health, and it is conjectured that he will visit Richmond before he returns.

The subscriptions to the 7:30 loan on Saturday, the 8th, amounted to \$5,251,500. The total intentions of the American Administration." subscriptions for the week were \$20,848,300.

Orders will shortly be issued mustering out of the services over one hundred and fifty Major and Brigadier Generals, most of whom have been in comparative pleasant positions in our Grant to substitute in their places officers distinguished for gallantry and meritorious conduct in active service during the war.

Forty boxes of the archives of the Rebel Government arrived at Washington from Macon, Ga., on the 9th.

Tornado in Wisconsin.

THE La Crosse (Wis.) Republican of July 1st contains an account of a terrible tornado at Virogna and vicinity, in that State. It is a most frightful calamity. [Virogna village is 35 miles south-east of La Crosse, is the county seat of Vernon county, and contains about 1,200 inhabitants. It stands on high, table-land.]

About 4 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, June 29th, two angry looking clouds approached each other from the north and south, and but a short distance west of Virogna. When the two forces came in contact they whistled off at a tangent in an easterly direction, and passed through the very heart of the village, carrying death and destruction in their path. In a moment about fifty buildings were demolished and scattered to the winds. Seventeen persons were killed and one hundred men, women and children injured. The tornado continued in its course for fourteen miles, mowing a swath from forty to eighty rods in width, destroying everything in its course. The value of property destroyed is estimated at two hundred thousand dollars. We give some of the incidents:

A school-house containing twenty-four children and a young lady teacher, was entirely demolished. Eight of the children were killed. and every other occupant badly injured. The building was lifted high into the air, dashed upon the ground some distance from its foundation, again lifted about forty feet and dashed bottom-up to the ground, and the fragments

A lumber wagon was lifted ever a large barn and set down behind it uninjured. A horse and buggy in the barn (the roof of which had then been torn off) were lifted out and dashed to pieces. [These were some of the queer freaks of the storm—a "whirlwind."]

One boy twelve years old, was found one hundred and fifty rods from where he was when taken up by the whirlwind. He was alive, but fatally injured.

A store in the country containing five thousand dollars' warth of goods was swept away and has not been seen since.

A mill-pond, six miles from Virogna, had the logs carried away, and the water nearly all scooped out. The mill was demolished.

News Summary.

THE New Orleans Times is informed that the rebel portion of the Cherokee Indians are near starvation, and General Stanley appeals to Texans for relief.

Ferguson, the guerrilla, now in prison at Nashville, is charged with committing no less than one hundred murders.

Accounts from Louisiana represent crops of all kinds to be very promising. Guerrillas have sacked the town of Franklin and murdered five treasury agents who went into the interior of the State after cotton.

Several thousand persons called upon Admiral Farragut and Gen. Anderson at Boston on the Fourth. Their levee was quite informal.

The Providence Press says that one of the citizens of that place has returned from Savannah, who gives information concerning the family of Jeff. Davis, to the effect that Mrs. Davis is boarding at the Pulaski House, and has apparently plenty of money. That she has an extensive and magnificent wardrobe, he is certain of from ocular demonstration, and also that she spares no pains to let the fact be known. Her little son seems to enjoy himself hugely.

A Convention of delegates from the different Commercial Colleges of the country commenced at Chicago to-day, (the 11th inst.) The occasion promises to be one of much interest.

Governor Pierpont has abolished the old Virginla Court of Appeals. The Governor expects to have civil government in the State in good running order by the 1st of August.

At Centre Harbor, N. H., last week, an attempt was made to destroy a steamboat by placing a keg of powder in the furnace. Part of the deck was blown off, but no one was injured.

Queen Victoria and the Prince and Princess of Wales are to visit Hesse-Cassel in August, to be present at the inauguration of the statue of the Prince Consort.

There were two balloon ascensions from Boston Common last Saturday evening. One of the balloons took up six men and a boy.

Owing to the disturbance of the peace, martial Five hundred workmen in Buffalo, employed

soon be some definite action concerning the by the Central, Eric and Lake Shore Railroads, are on a strike because their wages have been

From Wilmington, N. C., we learn that the yellow fever is now prevailing there.

The Fourth of July was more extensively celebrated (we should judge from our exchanges) this year than for many years previous. "Independence Day" was not confined to cities and large towns, but the whole people of the land welcomed its advent in the manner recommended in the famous "Letter of Old John Adams." Here, in Rochester, "The Day we Celebrate" was not allowed to "come and go," without "thunders of applause" in the "real, old-fashioned way."

By an arrival from England the 9th, we learn that the British Government are greatly reassured as to the friendly feeling and amicable

Effects of the Peace in the East.

THE close of the war in America, says a London writer, has been a great disaster to Bombay, in the East Indies. It reminds one Northern cities. It is the intention of General of the philosophical experiment of striking an ivory ball, and seeing another fly off from an opposite side. Bombay, on the opposite side of the world, feels the concussion of the sudden cessation of hostilities more than London. Of course, London's turn is coming, for the failure of half the commercial houses in Bombay cannot but affect their English correspondents. The rise in cotton and the immense influx of money to pay for it, had caused such a fever of speculation as the East had never known. All kinds of joint stock companies were formed, and shares which cost £500, went up to £15,000. The news of Gen. Lee's surrender sent down the price of cotton one-half, and exploded all these wonderful speculations. The parsees are in mourning; their sun is darkened. Gen. Grant little thought that when his artillery compelled the evacuation of Richmond, there was a city on the other side of the planet on which his batteries rained ruin.

Women in Colorado.

Women are exceedingly scarce in Colorado. The average is about ten males to one wearer of crinoline. Miners, deprived of women's society, grow moody, discontented and reckless, and are in haste to "emigrant" back to the States. The local papers send forth a plaintive appeal to unemployed sisters in the West to come over and help them. They say that any young girl of passable intelligence and appearance can get immediate employment in domestic service at a compensation of \$100 a month, payable in gold, with a chance of speedily marrying some young chap in prosperous circumstances. This is a rare temptation. The girls of the Eastern States, where the female element of the population is running over, crowding kitchens, factories and all avenues of employment open to the sex, may make a good thing by following the swept away—the school-house is not to be found. Star of Empire in its westward flight.

Northern Immigration to N. Carolina.

GOV. HOLDEN'S administration of affairs in North Carolina aims not only at the political, but also at the commercial regeneration of the State. His great desire is in the return of prosperity to the State by the development of its vast resources. Few people are aware of the extent and variety of those resources. Having no chief city for exporting her products, they have been heretofore credited to other States by being carried to the markets of Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk and Charleston. Her climate and soil enable her farmers to cultivate with success the peculiar products (except perhaps, cane sugar,) of every State in the Union, while her mines of gold are superior to any east of the Rocky Mountains; her copper, lead and iron mines yield an immense amount, and she has the capacity of becoming, through her abundant water power and coal fields, a great manufacturing district. Her eastern counties, for 150 miles from the seacoast. have excellent corn and cotton lands; her midland counties produce abundantly wheat and tobacco; on her western lands, besides grain, &c., are raised the finest stock, and rice and the cereals generally, and all vegetables are cultivated successfully within her borders, while her forests have inexhaustible supplies of naval stores and timber.

In order to expedite the business of Northern emigration, and the accession of Northern capital, some organized plan has been thought necessary, and a general land and emigration agency has therefore been authorized at Raleigh, under the management of Messrs. Bartle, Heck & Co., well-known citizens of that State. Organized efforts will therefore at once be made to introduce the hardy and self-reliant and industrious population of the North among the people of that State. The natives are generally desirous of extending the right hand of fellowship to their Northern brethren who may desire to settle among them. Even the most ultra are entirely satisfied with the experiment of secession, and are ready to smoke the pips of peace and be friends again, - while her Union men-a very large majority of the State-are anxious to secure loyal neighbors. Gov. Holden, for manifest reasons, looks on the project with favor, and will hail the advent of loyal immigrants with joy.

The Atlantic Cable.

LAST Monday, the 10th inst., it is supposed, the Great Eastern sailed from Valentia Bay, Ireland, having on board more than three thousand miles of cable, with which it is hoped that Europe and America will, during the present month, be united in electric bonds. Should the grand enterprise prove a success, in a few days Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull will hob-a-nob across-or rather under-the big water, through the interposition of some successor to the mysterious De Sauty.

Though far more quietly prepared, the present experiment is to be a vast improvement upon the one which preceded it, in the elaborateness and perfection of its details. Our British cousins have entered upon the matter with that decision and practicality which always mark them when thoroughly in earnest. Advantage has been taken of the failure in the first attempt, to guard against the mistakes which made it inevitable Every inch of the cable has been thoroughly tested. A continuous electrical current is maintained through all the coils. The most capable scientific men of Europe devised the machinery for paying out the wire, and every precaution which reason could suggest, has been used to guard against adverse weather, or untoward accident. So great confidence is felt by the practical British mind there will be no failure this time, that risks upon the cable are taken at Lloyd's for twenty-five per cent.

The tariff of charges for use of the line has been already fixed, and is very high. To England, the rate will be one hundred dollars; to the Continent, one hundred and twenty dollars; and to Asia and Africa, one hundred and twenty-five dollars for the first twenty words, with five dollars for each additional word. This high tariff is purposely designed to prevent an over press of business. Even at these prices, the mercantile community and the press will, no doubt, fully tax the resources of the cable. If it works, however, it will hardly retain a monopoly of ocean communication, as Yankee enterprise cannot fail soon to follow in the path thus opened for it.

The Southern Railroads.

THE Chicago Tribune recommends that all Southern railroads should be taken charge of and permanently held by the Government, on the ground that every one of them has been at various times, and often ostentatiously, tendered to the rebel government, by vote of the directors and by action of the officers. By the terms of the Confiscation Act, they are as clearly forfeited to the Federal Government as the rebel cannon and war vessels. The stock of loval holders in them was all forfeited at the outset of the rebellion, and any pretense of loyalty in the present stockholders, or any of them, is ridiculous. The Tribune thinks that the Government should keep them and run them, or repair them as military roads, till competent and loyal companies shall come forward and purchase them at a fair remuneration.

From Mexico and South America.

From Mexico, we learn that the Emperor Maximilian is taking strong ground against the banditti. Cortenas, in an interview with the Federal General Brown, informed him that he intended giving up opposition to the Government of Maximilian.

Dates from South America to the 1st inst. are received. Another effort is being made to get up a revolution in Panama. The trouble between Chili and Spain has been settled. Brazil had equitably.

united with the Argentines and Uraguans, against Paraguay, and had commenced a cruel war. A revolution has broken out in Bolivia, and the revolutionists are marching against the city of La Pas. The revolution in Peru is gaining ground. A domestic war has just broken out in Ecuador. The insurgents are headed by ex-President Urbina. It was expected the city of Guayaquil would soon be attacked.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

DELEGATES from fourteen Indian tribes who have aided the rebels, are on their way to Washington, to endeavor to make treaties of perpetual peace.

TROUBLE appears to be brewing among the Mormons in Utah. A train of sixty wagons have left Salt Lake City loaded with Saints, for the States.

A neero who was hung up by the thumbs in Raleigh, N. C., last week Friday, was allowed to hang forty hours, and died soon after being taken down. An invoice of English sparrows has been or

dered by the Philadelphia authorities, to be put into the public squares to destroy the worms and insects. THE Maine friends of temperance are making fresh exertions to enforce the prohibitory laws

entire failure. THE rebel ex-Mayor Mayo, of Richmond, has avowed his determination to be a candidate for re-election to that office, in defiance of the Na-

which the papers of that State declare to be an

tional Government. ADMIRAL DUPONT has bequeathed \$175,000, the amount of his prize money, to establish a National Asylum in Washington for the orphans of soldiers and sailors.

THE Columbia (New Granada) Congress has issued a decree indorsing Juarez, President of Mexico, and ordering that his portrait be placed in the National Library.

THE ship William Nelson was burned on the banks of Newfoundland last week, and it is supposed that about four hundred passengers, German emigrants, have perished.

A CHICAGO man recently paid \$200,000 for one sixth part of the Frazier well on Pit Hole Creek, Pa., which soon began to flow more rapidly, and three days after sold it for \$500,000.

GEN. HATCH, at Charleston, has detected the chivalrous South Carolinians in several schemes to cheat the poor freedmen in their contracts. He has very properly put a stop to all such proceedings.

A MINNESOTA regiment, the 14th, en route for home, numbered about nine hundred men, and about every man had a contraband, a dog, a coon and a gray squirrel. The pets filled several box cars.

THE inhabitants of Berne, the capital of Switzerland, have presented an address of sympathy to the United States Consul in that city for transmission to our Government at Washington. The number of signatures appended is eleven thousand.

Newbern contains now a large number of Northerners: business is lively, and large quantities of cotton and other merchandise are being brought there from all parts of the State for shipment North.

THE new organ to be built by the Hooks of Boston, fer Beecher's church in Brooklyn, will fill the entire end of the church now occupied by the choir. The base of the organ will rest on the lower floor and reach to the roof.

THE last batch of rebel soldiers held as prisoners were set at liberty at Point Lookout the 1st inst. The Government now holds no military prisoners below the rank of Colonel, with the exception of a few confined in hospitals.

THE people in Northern Georgia and on the line of Sherman's march through South Carolina are represented to be in a most wretched condition. - in actual danger of starvation Houses, furniture, cattle, fences and farming implements were all destroyed.

A DISCOVERY made by a blacksmith at Versailles is much talked about among horse dealers; it is a composition almost as hard as iron, which can be applied under the hoof without causing the animal the slightest pain, and costs 75 per cent. less than ordinary horse-shoes.

A COLUMN, consisting of the Second Missouri Light Artillery, equipped as cavalry, and the Twelfth Missouri cavalry, passed Columbus. Nebraska, the fifth, en route for the Powder River country to co-operate with two other columns now preparing to march from Laramie against the hostile Indians.

A wild man has been seen near Shawnee. Niagara county. The Lockport Journal says: "If the accounts we get are true, he is one of the rarest specimens of humanity. Organized bands of men have been out to take him; but hitherto, by his fleetness, he has eluded them. Great excitement prevails near his roving ground.'

The Western newspapers are in ecstacies about a young lady on Rock Prairie, seventeen years old, who drives her father's reaping team and frequently takes a load of grain to market (fifteen miles) and sells it. She plays the piano, does the honors of the drawing room with dignity, can make a loaf of bread or play "Bridget" in ma's kitchen with equal readiness.

THE planters near the mouth of Red River have decided on the following plan with regard to labor: It is to let land out for cultivation to any one, black or white, for a certain per cent. of the products, whatever they may be, say one fourth, if cotton, and if corn, such proportion as is charged in other parts of the country. It is believed that the plan will work well and

List of New Advertisements

Schenectady Agriculturel Works—G Westinghouse & Co. U. S. 7-30 Loan—Jay Cooke. U. S. 7-59 Loan—Jay Cooke.
Belleville Union Literary Institute—Rev A B Smith.
Plano-Forte Music—Oliver Ditson & Co.
Agents Wanted—E B Treat.
The Bour Apple Tree—Oliver Ditson & Co.
Agents Wanted—C L Van Allen.
90 Acres of Strawberries—A M Purdy.
Great Agrenituries Strawberry J Keech.
Nursery Stock—Joel H Prescott.
Hal'ett. & Wheat, Dwarf Pears, &c.
\$80 Per Month—J S Pardee.

SPECIAL NOTICES. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

The News Condenser.

- The population of Auburn is about 13,000.
- Dresses without sleeves are the style in Paris. - The tobacco crop in Connecticut Valley will be
- small. - The French ladies carry sword-canes to protect
- themselves. - Emigration across the plains is much larger than
- ever before. - Secretary Seward resumed his official duties on
- Saturday week. - A mule in the United States service is now called
- a "brevet-horse."
- [₹]— The lake tunnel at Chicago has now reached a length of 2.900 feet.
- The annual fines for drunkenness in Nashville, Tenn., reach about \$30,000.
- A Baltimore Assessor has lately detected revenue frauds to the amount of \$14,000.
- A Springfield paper nomitates Ben. Butler for Governor of Massachusetts. - The graduating class at the Wealeyan University,
- Middletown, Ct., numbers 35. - A twenty barrel oil well has been struck near
- Middleport, Meigs county, Ohio. - The Massachusetts Republican State Convention
- will meet at Worcester, Sept. 14th. - Of 3,849 substitutes credited to Massachusetts
- last year, only 1,552 reached the field.
- The list of abandoned lands in Virginia already exhibits a total of nearly 40,000 acres. - A majority of the recently graduated West Point
- class applied for cavalry commissions. - The Paymaster General is disbursing \$1,000,000
- per day to discharged officers and men. -The iron manufacturing interest throughout Pennsylvania still continues depressed.
- Coal has been discovered on the lands of O. B. Wheeler, near Oakland, Sullivan county.
- The colored people of Cincinnati are going to give Chief Justice Chase a silver pitcher.
- Gen. Howard has satisfactory reports of the work of freedmen on the South Carolina coast.
- A new mutual coal company is to be formed in New Haven, Ct., with a capital of \$150,000. - A man in Milwaukee had to pay \$400 for knock-
- ing down a one-armed soldier the other day. - A Miss Sullivan of Newport, R. I., was struck by
- lightning Monday week, and instantly killed. - Work in the Pennsylvania coal regions has been
- Every Chinese house in San Francisco was draped in mourning for the death of President Lincoln.

resumed, the miners receiving 75 cents per tun.

- The largest sheet of fresh water in Connecticut is Bantam Lake. in Morris. It covers 900 acres. - Rear Admiral David D. Porter has been apointed
- Superintendent of the Annapolis Naval Academy. - The receipts at the San Francisco Custom House
- from January 1st to June 1st, were over \$2,600,000. - The July interest on the Treasury bonds was paid in gold on Saturday week to the amount of \$9,753,902.
- About 1,000 unopened applications for pardon, up to this time, remain to be considered by the President. - The local columns of the New Orleans journals do not show any improvement in the morality of that
- city. - The peach crop in the southern and middle sections of Ohio bids fair to be as large this season as was ever known.
- The wheat crop throughout Southern Ohio is being rapidly harvested. The yield is said to be above the average. - Considerable property has been saved from the
- Nasville fire, and the estimate of loss has been reduced to \$1,250,000. - Seventy-nine of the one hundred and fourteen

counties in Missouri gave the new constitution a majority of 2,959.

Special Botices.

WHEN YOU FEEL A COUGH OF Bronchial Affection reeping on the lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and cure it before it becomes in-

Employ the Wounded Soldiers.

ALL PERSONS in Rochester or its vicinity who are lisposed to employ Wounded Soldiers, are requested to call at this Office, where a list of such is kept - descriptive of name, age, nativity, former occupation, in what manner disabled, reference, &c. It is especially important that the returned wounded men of our own gallant regiments have an opportunity to earn what they can toward the support of themselves and their families, and it is hoped our city business men, and farmers, horticulturists, etc., in the surrounding country, will give them employment so far as is con-D. D. T. MOORE, Mayor. MAYOR'S OFFICE, Rochester, June, 1865.

GOOD READING VERY CHEAP.

We have a few extra copies of Vol. XII of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, (1861,) stitched, and in good order, which we will sell at \$1 per copy at office or by Express-or \$1.50 sent by mail post-paid. If you wish a copy, speak quick. A few bound copies of same volume for sale at \$8. We can also furnish bound copies of most of the volumes issued since 1855, at \$3

each. Bound volumes of 1864, \$4.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

ITCH. WHEATON'S ITCH. SCRATCH. OINTMENT SCRATCH. Will cure the itch in 48 hours—also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilbiains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, 179 Washington St., Boston, will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all druggists.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, } ROCHESTER, JULY 11, 1865.

THERE are no noteworthy changes in our table of quotations to make this week; prices remain about the same

Wholesale Prices Current. FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, Etc. Straw..... 9,00@10,00

Do. rod wheat, \$7.00@ \$1.00 apples, green, \$3.00@ 6.00 Do. contract \$3.60 steps \$1.00 apples, green, \$3.00@ apples,	Flour, w't wheat, \$9,50@11,00	FRUITS, VEGETABLES, E.	
Do. catta State, 6,00% 7.00 Do. dried, \$\bar{\text{m}}\$ 560 70. Do. buckwheak, 8,00% 8,25 Peaches 866 50 Millieed, coarse, 29,00% 90.00 Cherries 860 85 Do. fine 85,00% 90.00 Plums 200 000 Meal, corr, cwt. 1,90% 2.00 Potatoes, \$\bar{\text{m}}\$ b. 30% 300 Corr, old, \$\bar{\text{m}}\$ b. 30% 30	Do red wheat, \$7,00@ 8.00	Apples, green \$0.00@	ň
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Do. nae mess 22,000,200	Do buckwheat, 8,00@ 8,25	Peaches 85@	
Do. nae mess 22,000,200	Millfeed, coarse20.00@00.00	Cherries 800	RXA
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Hams	Spring lambs, 2,50@ 4,00	SUNDRIES.	•
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Butter, choice roll 2008 22c Do. soft	Geese, # pair 0,00@ 0,00	Do. stove 8,25@00	,00
Do. packed 18@ 20c Do. Char \(\frac{1}{2} \) Do. Chess, inex, 16@ 18c Sait, \(\frac{1}{2} \) bill. 2,35@ 26 Do. chd 22@ 28c Wool, \(\frac{1}{2} \) Do. 85@ 36c Do. rough 00@ 00c Whitefish, \(\frac{1}{2} \) bill 5,50@ 5,00 Tailow, tried 9@ 10c Codfash, \(\frac{1}{2} \) bill 5,50@ 5,00 Do. rough 7@ 8c Honey, box, \(\frac{1}{2} \) bill 56@ 00c Rggs, dozen, 23@ 24c Candles, box. 15@ 00c Tolkadk. 16@ 00c 16@ 00c 16@ 00c Tolkadk. 16@ 0	DAIRY, Etc.		
Cheese, new, 166 18c Sait, ** bbl. 2,356 28c Do. old 222 28c Wool, ** h 185 45c Lard, tried. 186 20c Hops. 30c 36c Do. rough. 00e 00c Whitefish, ** bbl. 8,566 36c Do. rough. 026 10c Codfish, ** it is bbl. 2,356 28c Do. rough. 026 10c Codfish, ** it is bbl. 2,356 28c Bggs, dozen. 286 24c Candles, box. 166 00c FORAGE.		Do. soft 0,00@ 0	
Do. old		Do. Char W bu. 20@ 2	
Do. old		Salt, # bbl 2,35@ 2	
Do. rough	DO. 010 22(0) 25C	Wool, 7 13 85@ 4	
Eggs, dozen 236 240 Candles, box 156 800 FORAGE. Do. extra 176 000	Lard, tried 18@ 20c	Hops	
Eggs, dozen 236 240 Candles, box 156 800 FORAGE. Do. extra 176 000	_Do. rough 00@ 00c	Whitensh, Kobi 8,50@ 9	,00
Eggs, dozen 236 240 Candles, box 156 800 FORAGE. Do. extra 176 000	Tallow, tried 100	Codnen, # 100 ps. 7,50@ 8	,50
FORAGE. Do. extra 1762 00c	Do. rough (@ 80	Honey, box, w. b. 27@ 2	
Hay * tun 6,00@16,00 Barrels 40@ 40c			
Hay wern o,000010,000/Barrols 4000 400	FORAGE.	Do. extra 17@ (
	Hah & rmt 0'00@10'00.	Darreis 4VØ 4	WC.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 3.—Cotton, 43250; for middlings. FLOUR.—Superine State \$5,2025,55; extra State, \$5,632 6,15; choice State, \$5,2526,30; superine Western, \$5,205,70; common to medium extra do, \$6,156,630; common to good shipping brands extra round hoop Onio, \$6,853 6,75; trade brands, \$6,3827,75. Canadian flour is dull, at \$6,2526,800.

50.2268,00.
GRAIN — Wheat, No. 1 Chicago spring, \$1.2861,31; amber Milwaukee, \$1.39; amber Michigan, 1,5061,55; winter red Western, \$1.45. Hys steady, at 90c. Barley dull and nominal. Corn, sales at 7263ic for mixed Western.—Cars Massian.

Oars 60:669c. PROVISIONS—Pork, \$26.37@26.75 for new mess; \$23.50@ 24.00 for mess; \$18.50@19.00 for prime. Shoulders, 12:014c. Hams, 18:620c. Lard, 15:628c. Butter, 20:627c. for 014c. and 27:635c for State. Cheese, 10:615c. Hops 55:645 for common to prime. Clover seed \$1.02.5c. Thinothy seed \$5:65.50. Flax seed \$2.10.63.5c.

BUFFALO, July 10.—Flour, white Michigan \$8,27@9.50; XX Illinois, \$8@9. Wheat, No. 1 Chicago spring \$1,15@ 1.20. Corn. 54@55c. Oats. 55@54c. Rye. 78675c. Barley 75c@\$1. Peas, \$1@1,20. Beans, \$1,25@1,57%.

ALBANY, July 8.—Flour, city brands \$8@9,75. Corn meal, \$100 hs, \$1,99@1,81. Wheat, on sales. Corn, 80c Barley and Rye no sales. Oats 72;4@65c:

Barley and Rye no sales. Oats 73/4655c.

TORONTO, July 5.—Flour, \$4,8036.00. Fall wheat at \$1,0021,08 \$\tilde{x}\$ bushel; apring do. \$5\circ_0\$1,08. Barley, 50\(03\circ_0\$5.00. Fall wheat at \$1,0021,08 \$\tilde{x}\$ bushel; apring do. \$5\circ_0\$51,08. Barley, 50\(03\circ_0\$5.00. Cheese, 11 \$12. Ergs, 11\(01\circ_0\$12. Ergs, 11\(01\circ_0\$12. Bacon, 12\(02\circ_0\$13.00. Each, 13\circ_0\$14. Bacon, 12\(02\circ_0\$13.00. Each, 13\(04\circ_0\$13.00. Each, 13\circ_0\$14. Chrossed bosh Carrots, \$0c. Turnips, 25c. Beets, 75c. Onlone, \$1,50. Beet, 10\(02\circ_0\$12\(02\circ_0\$12. Mutton, 7\(02\circ_0\$10. Dressed hogs, 5\(04\circ_0\$6\(02\circ_0\$12. Hay, \$2\circ_0\$13. Straw, \$6\(03\circ_0\$13.00. Each, \$1\(02\circ_0\$13.00. Each, \$2\circ_0\$13. Straw, \$6\(03\circ_0\$13.00. Each, \$1\(02\circ_0\$13.00. Each, \$1\(02\c

WOOL MARKETS.

WOOL MARKETS.

THE U. S. Economist (N. Y. City) of July lat says:
"Domestic Fleeges can be bought in this market for less than in the country. All accounts agree that there is but little offering in any of the States. Small lots of from 10 to 20 fleeges can be bought from 50c per lb. in good condition; but lots of 100 fleeges and more cannot be bought for less than 55c, and many will not sell for less than 60c when the market in blankets, are sold at 45050c, while owners of larger flocks are holding for 69065c; some lots have been sold at 55055c in this State; there appears to be more attention paid to wheat than to wool at the present time. In Ohio there has been very little done, and 70c 50c is still the figures for the choicest lots, with a strong probability of obtaining the first mentioned figures, in to the latter. In Penhsylvania 70c 50c are the ruling figures, and the Philadelphians have entirely monopout lized the clip of New Jersey. It is quite an advantage at times to have rich relations. The little which has been sold in the Western States has brought 40c/45c/50c, while the ruling prices in Canada are 42d/36/35c, gold.

"Ohio Fleeces, good medium, suitable for hosiery, shawls. Scotch mixes, low cassimeres, are worth 55c/60c, while 30c half-blooded, suitable for medium cassimeres, tweeds, good shawls and medium flannels, are worth 70c; N. Y. State of the same grade, 60c/65c, while ½ blooded, suitable for good cassimeres, doeskins and threadbares are worth 75c; same grade, 60c/65c.

**Whichgan is held at 65c/60c, and but yery little in the market. Mousseline de laine fleeceasy exceedingly scarce—Canada Combing, 75c/80c/65c.

**BOSTON, July 6.— The following are the Advertiors' soudstions:—Saxony choice. 52axony

BOSTON, July 6.— The following are the Advertiser's quotations:— Saxony choice, 72275c; Saxony fleece, 74275c; Calcony fleece, 74275c; Canada, 80285c; Canada, 80285c;

TORONTO, July 5.—Getting scarce; quoted at 40@43c

w D 107 good neeces,—Globe.

WOOL IN MIGHTGAN.—The following are the quotations for wool at different points in Michigan, up to July 3rd:—Typsilanta 50c; Detroit 40c50c; Adrian 50c50c; Hillsdale 45c50c; Battle Creek 45c50c; Marshall 53c55c; Sturgis 45c50c; Coldwater 44c55c; St. Johns 50c; Tecumsch 50c; Jonesville 45c55c; Three Rivers 60c55c; Kalamazoo 45c65c; Ionia 40c30c; Flint 50c65c; Dexter 50c65c; Hudson 45c65c; Pontiac 45c65c; Grand Rapids 50c65c.

WOOL IN CANADA.—We take the following quotations of prices at different points, from the Globe of July 5:—London, 43644c. Hamilton, 40642c. Galt, 44642c. Barrie, 80685c. Guelph, 40642c. Dundas, 35c. Belleville, 40643c. Brantford, 35637%c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 3.—Beeves received, 5,421 against 5,645 last week. Sales range at 10@16c. Cows, received 109 against 106 last week. Sales, at \$25@65 each. Veal calves, received, 1,785 against 1,977 last week. Sales range at 6@10c. Sheep and Lambs, received, 13,225 against 14,529 last week. Sales at 4@11½c. Swine, received, 19,285 against 14,640 last week. Bales at \$9,65@10,25 % cwt.

TORONTO, July 5.— First class cattle, from \$5,00@6,00 g to bs, dressed weight; 2d do, \$4,00@4,50; inferior, \$3.00 @3.50; Calves, \$5@6each, large quantity in market. Sheep \$5.50@4,50 each per car load. Lambs, \$2@2,50. Yearlings \$3@4,50.— Globe.

DIED.

IN Le Roy, N. Y., June 17th, 1865, FLORA E., second daughter of WILLARD and ELIZA BRITT, aged 12 years. "Not lost, but gone before."

New Advertisements.

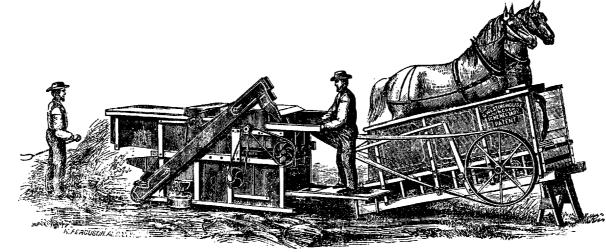
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THE SOUR APPLE TREE; OR, JEFF.
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Clover Machine,

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

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From A. B. Allen, former Editor American Agric It strikes me as much the best work yet published for the American breeder; and is unquestionably thorough honest and impartial. Moreover, it is well got up, and a credit to the publisher, especially in its cuts. From Prof. G. Dewey, D. D., LL. D.

The work seems to be as nearly a complete treatise as is to be expected. It is concise and yet full; and the conciseness of its neat style renders its fullness admirable. It does not tire one in the reading of it. Its details are need and yet thoroughly practical. brow the Nam York Tribune

In this volume the author has exhausted the subject and given all that is necessary for any farmer to know thout selecting, breeding, and general management of theep, in health or sickness. We heartly commend this work to all who wish for a sound and thorough treatise on sheep husbandry. From J. P. Reynolds, Sec'y Illinois State Ag'l Society.

I have little donbt the work will meet fully the wants of those engaged in Sheep Husbandry. It has been looked for with much interest, and seems, from the not very careful examination I have given it, to be what the author designed to make—an impartial and useful book. From the Journal of the N. Y. State Ao'l Society.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHEND is a most complete wor on Sheep Husbandry for the practical wool grower, an gives all the important matter required for the manage ment of sheep 28 well as a description of the variou breeds adapted to our country. This work meets th wants of the wool growers. From C. L. Flint, Sec'y Mass. Board of Agriculture.

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Ten	66	"	66	"	500	66
20	44	"	"	"	1,000	66
\$ 1	н	"	66	"	5,000	44

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The delivery of the notes of this third series of th Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date. The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD

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BY JOHN MC INTOSH.

BEFORE me lies stretching the shoreless In SHAKSPEARE's immortal pages; The glory of all that is written Of thought, from the primal ages.

As the soul recoils at immensity When, sheer on the outer verges Of thought, it stands where the finite In the depths of the infinite merges;

As we look at the skies at midnight. Through stars at the blue unbounded, I humbly peer at his greatness, Reverent, awed, confounded;

Stripped of all pride and longing, In the ashes of aspiration, I stand an extinguished taper By the fires of his inspiration. Wyoming, N. Y.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. PRESUMPTION'S REWARD.

BY JENNIE BUCKBEE.

My friend, Louisa Grove, had been married a year. I had been over, occasionally, to see how her happiness got along. But I believed that after all I was not so very acute. For all I could see, the bridal moon still looked as large and full as ever. It was "my dear!" and-"Just as you think, Augustus," as much as ever.

But when Louisa got married, she threw, perhaps unconsciously, a swing-gate, between us; and when I drove up, dashing and confident, and demanded admittance, up flew the gate, but never down! It swung expectant, leaving just space enough for me to pass out; so that if I were in, I was equally out of her confidence, or only so far admitted, that I could pass out at every dangerous moment. I did not know this. Words had never revealed it. But I believe I inhaled it intuitively, as a nervous person inhales damp air. It made me chilly, and uncomfortable, and rheumatic.

Now most people view married life as the finale of all human hopes - the legal ultima thule of all pilgrimage. Is it so? Commences not then and there, your real, first discipline in life ?--a discipline which you can no longer shirk off on some poor brother or sister-on some poor old father and mother, who have always loved you too much? You have no one now to laugh at your ugliness, to love you in spite of your faults. No, my dear, you must now stand on your own ground. You can be loved no longer, only as you are loveable!

Is it not best to begin this discipline early in life? Is not age less malleable than youth? Besides, assimilation is necessary. It must and will have its course, sooner or later, or the yoke will not be parallel—the pair will be unmatched. But time passed and four years had now rolled

by since Louisa was married, and I was still no wiser than at the outset as to the temperature of this pair. I began to chafe. This couple was to have been my study. I was, or pretended to be, a confirmed skeptic on the subject of matrimony. I began to tremble lest my time should come ere I had learned my lesson! The moment this couple was married. I was seized with a fatalism. I determined if they jarred, I would enroll my name on the "Old Maid's list" for all time. I knew Louisa to be amiable; and every one pronounced Augustus a paragon. But, here were four years gone, and I running over conscientiously, nearly every day, and what did I know? - absolutely nothing! It was, "Just as you think, Augustus," and "I make oyster Dies because HE likes them," and "I go to market because HE detests it," the same as ever. Notwithstanding all this, Louisa did not laugh the girlish laugh of old, Augustus did not sing as frequently. But whenever I essayed to storm the castle, something in Louisa's manner seemed There's the gate, CARRIE," and out sallied, with no victory, and I getting to be an old maid every day! What was to be done? I had beaux enough. But I thought of the "skeleton closet," and I knew that Blue Beard never let anybody out! If I only knew that LOUISA was happy! But she said she was! Did I believe her? Had not Louisa Harlow ever been the soul of truth? Ah! down came the swing-gate with a clash - I did not believe her!

There was, usually, much company at the GROVE'S. I was always invited. Louisa was handsome and attractive. I, spy that I was, often wondered that Augustus did not get jealous. Louisa, too, the girls were so obsequious around Augustus! They, in their innocence forgot the wife, when they hived around the married man, because he was married! And this is common. As society is, girls, in their eagerness to avoid the suspicion of seeking the society of young men, fall into the opposite extreme of courting married men. But I couldn't see that Louisa had a jealous pang! I couldn't see that Augustus followed Louisa with even

At the reunions there were, very frequently, strangers. Often their own immediate friends brought their chance visitors. One evening Louisa sent for me in haste; in her note, enjoining me to dress well and becomingly. Now, by a spirit of antagonism, I went in severest quaker garb. My hair, (my admired russet ringlets,) drawn so ungratefully tight over my poor ears, as to give me my just deserts — a miserable headache. But, even when I suspected a match-maker was about to lay hold of me, my combativeness arose alarmed, culumniating in this impudent, saucy challenge to my best loved

At my advent, Louisa glanced quietly at my ridiculons Quakerism, but, instead of reproach- broken chain with a scar!

ing me, merely said, "You do not look so formidable as you intended, CARRIE. You could not reduce your rosy cheeks and starry eyes."

I was really vexed, that, after all my pains, she should presume to speculate in me. But I was determined, if she attempted to label me, I'd trample my green ticket in the dust, with a vengeance.
It was, then, as I expected; she had a lion!

A handsome beast, 'twas true, but as she brought him up, anxiously, thinks I to myself. "Your lion may be a very valuable lion, but you can't wheedle Carrie Marsh into being his keeper — its your menagerie, not mine." With these amiable reflections, perhaps, daguerreotyped in my face, I returned a sufficiently forbidding introductory bow. Of course I was, in politeness, bound to exchange at least a sentence or two courteously, but I persisted in confining myself, wantonly, to the most unmitigated common-places.

But, ah! who is that gentleman with whom Louisa is so lovingly promenading? Why has she not introduced that one to me? A mystery here! Something in their manner riveted my eyes upon them as they renewed and re-renewed their promenade. There was a nearness, an intimacy of manner, which in Louisa I had never seen, not even with Augustus. I was electrified: I think my companion must have thought petrified, for he at last gave me a long look, a mingling of curiosity and amusement, and left me to my fate, no doubt thinking me either intensely stupid or extremely sulky. At a party I was never left long to dream. I

was soon surrounded by a beyy of friends, exchanging mirthful sallies for full half an hour. without more consciousness of what my lips were uttering, than as if I were under the influence of chloroform. But I was soon in the body again, for these very strangers were now both at my side. An introduction to Mr. Lyon (Louisa's enamorato) followed, and insensibly, I was entrapped into the most charming chitchat in which it was ever my fortune to be engaged. But it was not my will to be enchained. I soon made some trifling excuse to move off. But from my stand-point, I took occasion furtively to reconnoitre this dread unknown. His personnel was as fascinating as his conversation. He looked no mediocrity, no common-place, vapid parrot, but a man who must have been created when the first models were struck, before there had been so much diluting, and reducing, and cutting down. He was a model for the sculptor - with the bearing of a nobleman, the face of an Apollo. Yet do you think I was in love?- farther from it than the icebergs of the North Pole! Without a question, I had determined, a priori, that he was a knave. His very manner - that insinuating, ingratiating, namelessly fascinating, peculiarly tender manner, toward Louisa, decided that. And sadly, almost sacrilegiously, I commented at large upon this incomprehensible freak of nature, which had invested her vilest creations with the loveliest of caskets, and her most precions treasures so often in such repulsive garbs. No perfect character was here, but a rotton, hollow splendor; and straightway I settled into a predjudice against this man.

As I live, promenading again with Louisa! And such promenading! No engaged couple, no lover pair, were ever more abstractedly absorbed in each other. Louisa seemed for the first time to have forgotten har charge as hostess. She seemed to see no other than this deep-dyed villain. I could see, when her eyes were upturned to his, an expression of the deepest reverence, pride, and - dare I say it affection. I read expression intuitively, as a mute would read lip-language, and had a verbal revelation been made to me of Louisa's interest in this man I could not have been more confident, more shocked. I looked around for AUGUSTUS. Can it be possible, thought I, that his blind faith will withstand this test? What can Louisa mean? Is she trying to make him jealous? No, all my previous knowledge of her negatived such an inference. She had ever been frank and open to a fault. No, I groaned, poor Louisa is charmed, fascinated, by this wretch!

He has her now at the piano! Every voice is stilled, every eye riveted, every sense charmed, as their united voices ascend in strangely wondrous harmony. I had never seen Louisa more enraptured. Her whole soul seemed to thrill in notes of heartfelt melody. She was dead to all about her; alive only to her song, or, to amemory. The latter, I decided, for, as the concluding notes died on her tongue, their eyes met. Louisa burst into a passionate flood of tears, and he turned away, or pretended to, to conceal his emotion. I shuddered. What fearful thing is this, thought I? An old love rekindling? I put a trembling mark on the page I had been reading, and looked again for

AUGUSTUS. He chanced to form one of a group in full view of the actors in this portentious duett. If he had hitherto at all observed their mutual interest, it had, apparently been without causing a ripple on the calm sea of his all-believing love. But this now unwonted emotion, no mere song had ever before produced in Louisa; for she was far from being sentimental. The demonstration seemed to strike him, at first, as a question, rather than a suspicion. Then it seemed to dawn upon him gradually, affecting him much as the news of a great calamity sometimes affects us -- a calamity which perchance has never had shape in our direst forebodings. At first he looked surprised, then bewildered; then I saw another reaction —the omnipotence of his all-abiding faith, and all settled into nothing stronger or more positive, I was confident, than a vague, undefinable doubt. But alas! that dragon "Doubt" is the surest to break, with fatal, fearful certainty, the first golden link in the delicate chain of wedlock. Faith is too often the first priceless link to play truant, while demon, "Distrust," stands ready to mend the

The page which I had so long been so culpably essaying to read was now, by a crisis, open before me; I could read it in every look, in every movement, of poor unconscious Augustus. He fairly devoured Louisa with his intense eyes. And now, I knew what I could never learn before, that this was Trust's first lesson at playing truant with this pair. This, the first cold bar, that had come between these two loving hearts!

And Louisa, how could I distrust her, my own life-long pet and playmate? Alas! all of my partiality could not blind me to the fact that the brightening eye, the cheek flushing with joy, which his presence ever seemed to signsl, were not feigned. The look of pride, almost of worship, with which she regarded him, as he charmed all by his rare conversational powers was no disguise.

Nor was he, with all his prestige, one whit less demonstrative. He seemed only happy when he could be near Louisa. One glance I caught, as intensely fraught with affection as an electric flash with heat. I fairly felt it scorch my brain, as I imagined it to fly past me! I began to grow dizzy. But I caught a glance of Augustus He had, then, read with me! But I, most worldly, because least interested, thought at once of all those love-at-first-sight romances and doubted not I had before me one of the most unprecedented! But poor Augustus! How my heart bled for him! Ah! he was not as cold blooded as I, thanks to the power of immortal affection. I read there still only bewilderment-no passion, no aroused hate, no jealousy-only a vague shadow of a doubt, which he still deprecated, as if he half marvelled at it, and despised himself for entertaining it.

I, in my more remote tie, could not doubt what I had seen. But I was convinced that Louisa was bewitched by the fascinating wiles of this villian! I longed to clasp her in my arms, to snatch her from the burning brand ere it was forever too late-to conjure her, by all that was holy in her life, by all the cherished ties in her sacred wife-hood, to spurn the serpent ere she should be crushed in its envenomed coil.

I looked at her now. All unconscious of our espionage, she chatted and laughed, the merriest of the merry. I had never seen her more animated. Her ever-ready weapon of wit seemed sharpened for an unwonted occasion. She and the villain Lyon were the life of the company. I could not say as much for Augustus and myself. I knew that I was mal'apropos. I could not rally. An incubus of foreboding ill oppressed me. A crowd of emotions surged like stormy waves through my heart, threatening to betray me, and wreck my self-possession at any moment. It was a commingling of terror for Louisa, pity for Augustus, and (heaven forgive the selfishness) confirmation of my own selfconstituted verdict for life. For this tragedy decided me irrevocably. Augustus had yet to reason his doubt to confirmation, while I, woman as I was, jumped at the verdict, "Lost, lost!" No jury in christendom would have convicted Louisa from the items I have named. The evidence on which I relied was a something felt, rather than to be worded. All my old love for Louisa could not bribe my judgment.

I could detect no change in her manner toward Augustus. She met him with the same smile, the same "just as you think, Augustus. But I fancied her eye did not brighten as of old at his approach. Her eyes were veiled by the longest, most beautiful eyelashes I ever saw. We had often laughed at my "peering behind the curtain of her eyes" to catch the expression. Perhaps they veiled now an expression I missed.

But this evening of years was now come to its close. Mechanically I went through, as briefly as possible, the usual meaningless compliments at parting. Almost unconsciously I was ready for home and about to leave, when Louisa sprang to my side, saying in her most joyous

"Wait a moment, CARRIE dear, we will accompany you home!" "No," I replied with a shudder, "I am not

alone." But "we?"

I looked up quickly. Louisa was on Mr.

LYON'S arm!

I spurned their offer with disdain; at the same time saying impulsively, "where is Agustus?" "Oh," she replied, with an air of unaffected innocence, "he was unexpectedly called out."

"Augustus called out," I muttered as I entered my own door, "and Louisa"—I dare not whisper more even to myself, but hurried to my room, to pass a sleepless night in the shadow of this tragedy so soon to be enacted at a fireside as sacred to me as my own.

"And is this all of wedded bliss," I murmured meekly; "is this love's eternal, undying constancy? No lovers ever gave more promise than these, more perfect apparent harmony could not exist. Two twin lily buds, born on the same stem, could not have bloomed and faded more uniformly. Was this beautiful individuality to be lost in the blending of two souls in one? All dream of happiness then was a failure, all wedded bliss a misnomer. With my heart's friend I must lose faith-faith in all but Heaven and GoD!"

"I had no crushed, bleeding, buried love of my own to agonize over. I was heart free. I had never been engaged, but I could not be ignorant of my power to command what the world calls love, viz., a craven, impulsive admiration of my waxen face. What pretty blonde, with roses and lilies set in a tolerably classic vase, with golden ringlet pendants, has not her host of BEAU BRUMMEL retainers dying to pay life-court to - a picture! But I disdained flattery, and longed for the refreshing society of a friend who could forget my beauty in what I considered to be my more worthy attractions. But now I despaired of all mortal love. I had,

uninvited, thrust myself into the inner court, and been paralyzed.

I did not go out for days. I could not bear to see a face. On one of these beautiful days, my little sister came running in from school, exclaiming:

"Oh! CARRIE, who is that minister walking with Mrs. GROVE? He gave me such a nice orange."

"Hush, child," said I unwittingly. "That is a bad man. You must never speak of him again."

"He is too handsome to be bad," said the child, turning away disappointed.

I was continually revolving in my mind the possibility of good results from interference on my part; but all my previous experience taught me that it would be in vain. Had it not ever added fluel to flame, ever given flame to smothered fire? No, I must but wait, in awful suspense, the denouement of this dread tragedy.

Meantime I began to suffer for the want of air. Cards of callers had accumulated threateningly on my hands. Reluctantly, at the urgent instance of friends, I dragged myself out. By a strange chance, my first call was upon a mutual friend of the GROVE'S; after the first salutations, she said, casually:

"How lonely Louisa must be since Augustus left; but I suppose she hears from him daily." "What do you mean," I exclaimed, aimost frantically; "Mr. GROVE away?"

"Why, did you not know that Mr. GROVE was called, by a telegram, on the 15th, (the evening after I was there!) to the bedside of a dying mother? He had no time to wait for Louisa, but left on the next train. His mother entreated him not to leave her before her death, which is hourly expected."

I remembered now that I had not seen him pass the house since the fatal evening. I could not credit the reasons my friend gave me for his absence, but tremblingly prayed there might have been no bloodshed yet.

The more I dwelt on the fearful subject, the more I longed to test Louisa-to warn, admonish, control, if might be.—[Concluded pext week.

HE that does as well in private between God and his own soul as in public, in pulpit, in theaters, and market-places, hath given himself a good testimony that his purposes are full of honesty, nobleness and integrity. For what Elkanah said to the mother of Samuel, "Am not I better to thee than ten sons?" is most certainly verified cencerning God, that he who is to be our judge is better than ten thousand witnesses. - Jeremy Taylor.

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My 31, 26, 16, 30, 18, 2 is one of the United States. My 8, 1, 9, 12, 20, 14, 28, 5 is a city in British America My 28, 15, 10, 9, 16, 18 is a river in Europe. My 24, 15, 12, 14, 21 is a river in Arkansas. My whole is a true saying.

Varick, N. Y.

Answer in two weeks.

EMMA.

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I am composed of 7 letters. My 1 is a kind of vegetable. My 2 is an exclamation.

My 3 is a kind of plant. My 4 is one of the vowels My 5 is the nickname of a girl.

My 6 is another of the vowels. My 7 is a large body of water. My whole is the name of a river in the United States

Martinsburgh, N. Y. OREN. E. G. Answer in two weeks.

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Answer in two weeks.

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Atton. Ill., June 15, 1865.

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