

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE MECHANICS ARTS SCIENCE LITERATURE

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

The *RURAL NEW-YORKER* is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the *RURAL* an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal, rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.
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Rural New Yorker.

DISEASES OF CATTLE.—BLACK QUARTER.

EDS. *RURAL*.—Being a young farmer, I have not had the experience of those whose lives have been spent in the service, and I would like to say a word in relation to a disease that is now prevailing among the calves in this vicinity. Having lost three from the effects of it, I, as well as many others, would be very thankful for any light relating to its prevention or cure. The early symptoms I have never observed, as the animals were prostrate, and sometimes dead when first discovered. The first one I lost was taken in the shoulder, which swelled, forming, as full as the skin could hold, and spread from that to various parts of the body, as I found, on taking off its hide. As soon as I discovered it, I separated the others from it. The rest, to all appearances, were as well as usual at noon the same day, but the next morning found one of them dead. This was apparently attacked in the head, as his head and neck were swelled the most, and the swelling extended along each side of the back-bone to the tail. There were some spots on the shoulders and sides also. The other was well and hearty at night, and in the morning helpless and nearly dead—affected similarly to the second. On skinning them, the flesh in the diseased places was black and jelly-like, adhering tightly to the skin, and looking as though the creature had been beaten to death. One of my neighbors has lost two by the same disease—one of them was affected in the bowels, as they were found black upon examination. I have heard of a number more that have lost calves and yearlings in the same manner. One peculiarity of this disease is, it never attacks a poor calf—only the best are subject to it; and another is, that, as far as my observation extends, it never attacks cattle over two years old, and seldom over one year old. Now, as I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, I have taken the liberty to state the case to you, hoping that you, or some of your correspondents, may know a remedy, and give the desired information through the *RURAL*.—E. E. REYNOLDS, Canastota, N. Y.

MESSRS. EDs.—Can you, or any of your numerous readers, give any information through the *RURAL* concerning a disease which prevails here among the cattle, and a remedy therefor. It makes its first appearance in the legs—the animals get lame, and the legs soon become so swollen they cannot stand or walk—and, generally, from the time they lie down, do not live more than from four to eight hours. In the first stage of the disease, by rubbing the hand over the part affected, it appears as if there was froth under the skin, and when they die this part is mortified, while other parts are as natural as can be expected of a beast dying of any disease. The disease is not confined to either fore or hind legs.

The above is a sketch of the disease as it prevails here among the cattle—particularly in last spring calves. Any information concerning the disease and remedy will be good news in this vicinity.—J. M. Echo, Armstrong Co., Penn., 1858.

In the treatment of diseases as afflicting the crowning work of creation, there are two systems in vogue—termed "New" and "Old School." The lesser emanations of Divine Power seem to be similarly blessed,—not quite that, however,—provided for, and a battle, intense in its warfare, is raging. In our article upon Murrain, as published in the *RURAL* of last week, we gave the two modes of medication, and in speaking of the particular form of ailment called out by our New York and Pennsylvania correspondent, above, our readers will have better opportunity to observe how it is that "doctors disagree." Our position is not that of an umpire in the fray,—we give the various forms, and those who have need can experiment. Each system has its favorites, and each, doubtless, has proved itself equal to the demands made upon it.

Every year a disease, virulent in its nature and speedy in its termination, carries off thousands of cattle, and from these characteristics it may be termed Inflammatory Fever. Each district in which the ailment makes its appearance has a peculiar term or appellation, and it is thus called black-quarter, joint murrain, quarter evil, &c., although it may not, at any one time exhibit all the symptoms of either of these complaints.

In the inquiry of Mr. REYNOLDS we find:—"One peculiarity of this disease is, it never attacks a poor calf—only the best are subject to it," &c. YOUATT remarks that cattle of all descriptions and ages are occasionally subject to inflammatory fever; but young stock, and those that are thriving most rapidly,

are its chief victims. So aware is the proprietor of young Short-horn cattle of this, that while he is determined to take full advantage of their peculiar faculty for arriving at early maturity, by turning them on more luxuriant pasture than prudence would dictate, he endeavors to guard himself by periodical bleeding, or by the insertion of setons in the dewlap of all his yearlings. This disease is sometimes epidemic, that is, the cattle of a certain district have been pushed on too rapidly; they have a lurking inflammation about them, or they have a tendency to it; and bye-and-bye comes some change or state of the atmosphere which acts upon this inflammatory predisposition, and the disease runs through the district.

The premonitory symptoms of inflammatory fevers are few. Many times the first intimations to the owner will be finding the animal with neck extended; the head, as near as can be, in a horizontal position; eyes protruding and red; muzzle dry; nostrils expanded; breath hot; mouth partly open; tongue enlarged; pulse full, hard, and from 60 to 70; breathing quickened and laborious; flanks heaving violently, and a low peculiar moan being made by the animal. Sometimes the senses of the animal are not affected, but generally there is a degree of unconsciousness; he will not move for hours; when compelled to do so, staggers—the staggering is principally confined to the hind limbs—rumination has ceased, and the appetite is quite gone. At length the animal lies down—it is more of a fall than a voluntary movement—gets up again almost immediately; soon drops again; debility rapidly increases, and death soon closes the scene.

In some instances—in fact in a majority of cases—where inflammatory fever has set in, and the disease has had early treatment, the patient seems to rally, and, if we may so speak, the nature of the disease changes—some of the symptoms appear from which the variety of names we have mentioned derive their origin. Lameness sets in—a seeming paralysis of the joints; the animal can hardly move at all, and we have quarter evil—joint murrain. This is not considered an unfavorable symptom, as the disease may be leaving the vital parts for those of less consequence. If the animal gains strength we may have some hope of conquering. The joints and back need care now lest they become peculiarly tender and sore—one of the most to be dreaded symptoms. When swellings occur about the shoulders, back or loins, and between the skin and flesh carbonic acid gas is evolved by decomposition, we have a still worse case. Worse even than this, is the appearance of hard, scurfy patches of what seems to be dead skin. This is a dry gangrene, and it is the commencement of a sloughing process, extensive and inconceivably rapid.—When the animal arrives at this stage *Black Quarter*, in all its fearfulness, is the dreadful malady.—Ulcers soon appear and spread to the whole body; the urine, which had before been high-colored becomes dark and bloody, and the solid droppings are streaked with blood. In this state of putridity YOUATT claims that the animal may yet be saved, and gives the mode of treatment as follows:

"The first and most important step is copious bleeding. As much blood must be taken as the animal will bear to lose, and the stream must flow on until the beast staggers or threatens to fall.—Here, more than in any other disease, there must be no foolish directions about quantities. As much blood must be taken away as can be got; for it is only by bold depletory measures that a malady can be subdued that runs its course so rapidly.

Purging must immediately follow. Epsom salts are here, as in most inflammatory diseases, the best purgative. A pound and a half, dissolved in water or gruel, and poured down the throat as gently as possible, should be the first dose; and no aromatic should accompany it. If this does not operate in the course of six hours, another pound should be given; and, after that, half-pound doses every six hours until the effect is produced.

At the expiration of the first six hours the patient should be carefully examined. Is the pulse slower, softer? If not, he must be bled a second time, and until the circulation is once more affected. If the animal be somewhat better, yet not to the extent that could be wished, the practitioner would be warranted in bleeding again, provided the sinking and fluttering of the pulse does not indicate the commencement of debility.

If the pulse be a little quieted, and purging has taken place, and the animal is somewhat more himself, the treatment should be followed up by diligent exhibition of sedative medicines. A drachm and a half of digitalis, and one drachm of emetic tartar, and half an ounce of nitre, should be given three times every day; and setons inserted in the dewlap. Those of black hellebore-root are the best, as producing the quickest and the most extensive inflammation.

The bowels having been opened, recourse should be had once more to the pulse. If it indicate any degree of fever, as it sometimes will, (for the apparent debility is not always the consequence of exhaustion, but of vascular congestion,) the physic

must be continued, but the constitution would perhaps be too weak for the direct sedative medicine. On the other hand, however, no tonic medicine must be given. If, however, the pulse be weak, wavering, irregular, giving sufficient intimation that the fever has passed, and debility succeeded, recourse may be had to tonic medicines. The tonics, however, which in such cases would be beneficial to cattle, are very few. Mineral tonics have rarely produced any satisfactory result—but in gentian, calomel, and ginger, the diseases of cattle find almost everything to be wished. They may be given three times every day, in doses of a drachm each of the two first, and half a drachm of the last. They will be more effectual in these moderate doses than in the overwhelming quantities in which some administer them, and in which they oppress and cause nausea, rather than stimulate and give appetite. They should always be given in gruel, with half a pint or even a pint of sound ale.

The practitioner may possibly be called in after ulcers have broken out, and the sloughing process has commenced; there must be no bleeding then; the vitality of the system has received a sufficient shock, and various parts of it are actually decomposing; but physic is necessary, with a double dose of the aromatic, in order to rouse the energies of the digestive system, and to get rid of much offensive and dangerous matter collected in the intestinal canal. Epsom salts will here also constitute the best purgative.

The ulcers should be carefully and thoroughly washed several times every day with a solution of the chloride of lime,—4 oz. of the powder to 1 gallon of water. The ulcers about the muzzle, mouth and throat, should be treated in a similar manner; and a pint of the solution may be horned down twice in the course of the first day.

Prevention of this malady is the only cure worth notice. A piece of short or inferior keep should be reserved as a *digesting place*, in which the cattle may be occasionally turned to empty and exercise themselves. Those observed to advance very fast may be bled monthly for several months; but occasional purges of alternative medicines would prevent those diseases which seem to take their rise in over-repletion and accumulation, and are far better than bleeding.

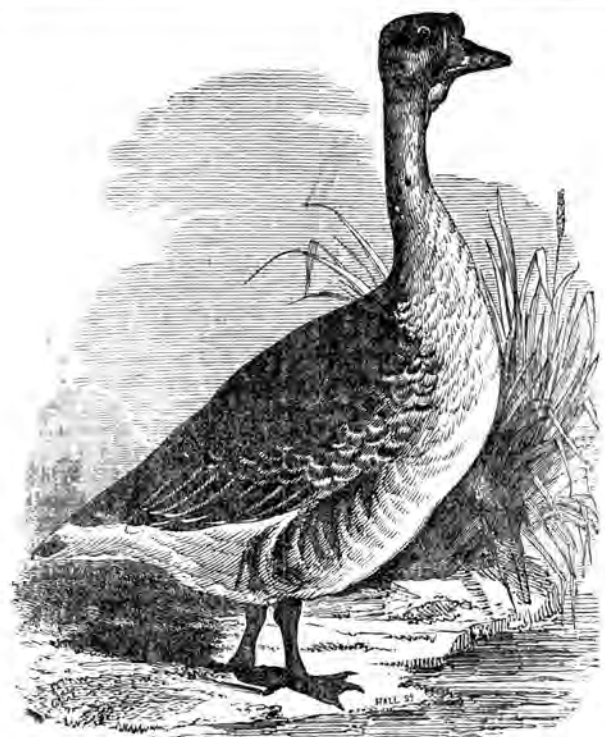
This disease differs materially in its symptoms in different districts, and in the same district at different times. The difficulty lies in the other diseases with which the inflammatory fever is combined—sometimes one, and sometimes another, assuming a prominent character; and while they all generally follow inflammatory fever, yet some of them occasionally precede it.

In some places, the first symptoms are those of *quarter-ill*. The cattle are seized first in one quarter, and then in the other. The skin puffs up, and the crackling noise is heard almost from the beginning. The disease is usually fatal when it assumes this form."

Come we now to the other system. Among the causes for *Black Quarter*, as laid down by Dr. DABD, are the blood letting and scouring systems. In opposition thereto the Dr. remarks:—"In the inflammatory stage, we are told, 'The first and most important step is copious bleeding. As much blood must be taken as the animal will bear to lose; and the stream must flow on until the beast staggers or threatens to fall. Here, more than in any other disease, there must be no foolish directions about quantities. [The heroic practice!]

As much blood must be taken away as can be got; for it is only by the bold and persevering use of the lancet that a malady can be subdued that runs its course so rapidly." From these directions we are led to suppose that there are some hopes of bleeding the animal to life; for the author above quoted seems to entertain no apprehension of bleeding the animal to death. Mr. PERCIVAL and other veterinary writers, inform us that 'an animal will lose about one-fifteenth part of its weight of blood before it dies; though a less quantity may so far debilitate the vital powers, as to be, though less suddenly, equally fatal.' The latter portion of the sentence means simply this; that if the bleeding does not give the animal its quietus on the spot, it will produce black quarter, gangrene, &c., which will be 'equally fatal.' In the latter stages of the disease now under consideration, and, indeed, in dry gangrene, there is a tendency to the complete destruction of life to the parts involved; hence our remedies should be in harmony with the vital operations. We should relax, stimulate, and cleanse the 'whole system, and arouse every part to healthy action, by the aid of vapor, injections, stimulating applications, poultices of charcoal and capsicum, to parts where there is danger of rapid mortification; lastly, stimulating drinks to vitalize the blood, which only requires distribution, instead of abstraction.'

In reference to the scouring system (purging), as a cause of mortification, we leave the reader to form his own views, after reading the following:—"After abstracting as much blood as can be got



INDIA, OR AFRICAN GOOSE.

away, purging must immediately follow. A pound and a half of Epsom salts dissolved in water or gruel, and poured down the throat as gently as possible, should be our first dose. If this does not operate in the course of six hours, another pound should be given; and after that, half pound doses every six hours until the effect is produced!!!"

Treatment.—As the natural tendency of these maladies is the complete destruction of life to all parts of the organization, efforts must be made to deplete the whole animal, and arouse every part to healthy action. The indications of cure, according to the reformed principles, are, to relax spasms, as in locked-jaw, stoppages of the bladder or intestines, obstructed surfaces, &c.; to contract and strengthen weak and relaxed organs, as in general or local debility, diarrhoea, scouring, lampas, &c.; to stimulate inactive parts, as in black leg, joint murrain, quarter ill, foot rot; to equalize the circulation, and distribute the blood to the external surface and extremities, as in congestions; to furnish the animal with sufficient nutriment for its growth and development. Antiseptics may be freely used in the following form:—Powdered bayberry bark, 2 oz.; charcoal, 6 oz.; cayenne, 1 tea-spoonful; slippery elm, 1 oz. Add boiling water sufficient to make it of the consistence of thin gruel.

All sores and foul ulcers may be washed with Pyroligneous acid, 1 oz.; water, 1 gill.

Another.—Chloride of lime, 1 ounce; water 1 pint.

Still Another.—Chloride of soda, 1 ounce; water 6 ounces.

The affected parts should be often bathed with one of these washes. If the disease is not arrested by these means, repeat them, and put the animal on a diet of flour gruel.

PRACTICAL FARM NOTES.

WE continue our PRACTICAL NOTES, though crowded into an uncomfortably small space.

Bremen and African Geese.

In the *RURAL* of the 20th ult., we referred a correspondent to EMM WRIGHT, of Boston, for reliable information in regard to *Bremen Geese*, their value, and the source from which they could be obtained pure. Mr. WRIGHT, with his usual kindness and promptitude, furnishes us the following facts, not only in regard to the *Emden* or *Bremen Geese*, but the *African*, a cross between which he considers, as shown by the facts stated, far more prolific than either pure. We give an engraving, above, of the *African*, the largest of the goose family.

MESSRS. EDs.—In your paper of the 20th ult., Mr. OSCAR ADAMS asks where he can obtain *Bremen Geese*. The largest and best pair I have ever seen, is owned by Wm. G. LEWIS, Framingham, Mass. Col. SAMUEL JACQUES, Somerville, (P. O. address Boston,) Mass., was the first to import these geese into this country, and has now in his possession one of the original pair, imported about thirty years ago. Mr. A. can probably procure the pure breed from either of the above named persons. But I would advise Mr. A. to act on hints which follow, being an extract from an article furnished by me for our State Report in 1857, under the head of *India, or African Geese*.

This is of the largest varieties of recent introduction, and proves much more prolific than the

Bremen, or any common geese seen about the country; it is a stately-looking goose, of gray upper plumage, with white under the body, and any one not having a large dewlap, or pouch, should be rejected, as less likely of attaining to the largest size. A few years since a person had a gander of this breed weighing twenty-six pounds. Having lost his mate, the owner coupled him with a *Bremen* goose. Of this progeny, or cross, he saved two of the geese, and bred these two back to the same gander. These two geese laid more than one hundred and fifty eggs, the first year of laying. In 1856 they came into my possession. One of the two geese I disposed of to a friend, which has proved exceedingly prolific; while that retained by me has laid equally well, and in 1856 gave me sixty-seven eggs; in 1857, sixty-five eggs; in 1858, between sixty and seventy eggs. So fast as she gave me five eggs, they were placed under a hen, and each hen was allowed to bring them up.

I have now on hand of the second growth, a large flock of the young—all the progeny of this one goose for this year. If well cared for, they will dress to weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds each. The *Bremen* geese which I formerly bred, would give me about nine eggs each, and I would advise Mr. ADAMS to obtain one of each breed if he wishes to breed for profit—none are better for the table than the cross. EMM WRIGHT, Dedham, Mass., 1858.

Pitching Hay with Horse Power.

THE only mode of pitching hay with horse power, that we know of, is the following, which

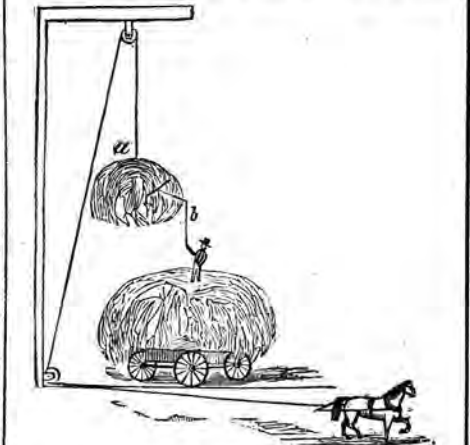


Figure 1.

has been described in the *RURAL*, and other Agricultural Journals. To make the subject plain, we give engravings from THOMAS' Farm Implements.

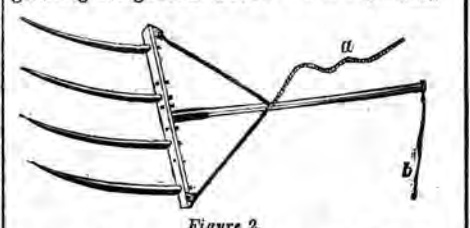


Figure 2.

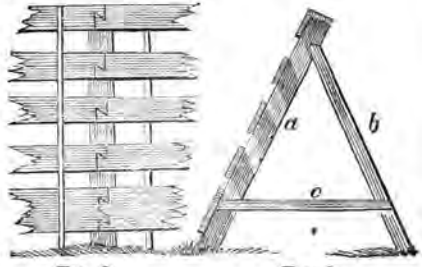
Figure one shows the operation quite perfectly. The head of the fork (fig. 2) is about 28 inches long, and is fitted with steel prongs 20 inches long. The rope attached at a passes over the pulley above,

by which the fork, after being thrust into the hay, is lifted by the strength of the horse working just without the barn door. It is kept level by means of the rope, &c., until the fork is high enough to un-

Prairie No-Patent Fence.

A cheap fence for the prairie districts, one that is simple in construction, safe and durable, and without any patent restrictions, so that any farmer can build it, is a great desideratum. We have already given several, and now a correspondent in Minnesota sends us the following:

Messrs Eds.—An odd number of the RURAL, containing a cut of Watson's no patent fence, having fallen into my hands, reminds me to send you a design which I have had on hand some time. I have not seen one like it, but its prototype exists on our prairies, in the shape of two stakes fastened together by a strong nail, like a saw-buck; two rails are nailed on instead of boards, a rider laid in the "buck," and the stakes driven slightly into the ground.



My drawing explains itself; a piece of 4-inch scantling, with a piece 2 by 4 notched into it, and a slat to keep them from spreading, forms a "buck," which is a good substitute for a post. As there is no post in the ground, it has a broad base, and the boards present the edge to the wind. (Fig. 1.) These "bucks" can be framed in the winter (for level ground) within doors. They may be used in combination with Mr. Watson's portable fence, (Fig. 2) by mortising the large piece to receive the ends of the rails, and slipping in a key by the side to keep them in place.

Sorghum Successful.

Col. Moore.—I give you herewith my experience with the "Chinese Sugar Cane," for the past two years.

Last year (1857), from one-fourth acre planted I got no syrup worthy of the name. I had about eighty gallons of juice pressed out, and tried to boil it into syrup, but from some cause, (either premature freezing before cutting, or want of knowledge and skill in the process of manufacture,) it was an entire failure, so far as making syrup was concerned. I fed out the remainder to my stock, and was satisfied from the result that it would pay to raise it for feeding cattle, horses and hogs.

Last Spring I procured one-fourth pound of seed of E. D. HALLOCK, and planted it on one-eighth of an acre, same time, (May 25th), as corn, and same distance apart (four feet—I think four feet one way and two the other would be as well.) As I planted it for feeding alone, without expecting to get any syrup, I did not strip off the leaves or take out the suckers, but let all stand through several hard frosts, until the 17th of this month (November) when I cut it up, stripped off the leaves, and selected 4,300 of the largest canes, from which Mr. HIRAM ROBERTS, of Penfield, manufactured forty-three gallons of syrup as per sample sent herewith, which is thought to be equal to maple molasses in flavor, and for cooking, every way superior. This gives an average of 100 canes to a gallon, and 344 gallons per acre. If the smaller canes had been ground, or had the cane been planted thicker, the yield per acre would, of course, have been greater. Probably 400 gallons per acre would not be too high an estimate upon good land, with good culture. Some of the seed was apparently well matured.

The cost of cultivation is no greater than that of corn, and the leaves and suckers, if removed in season, will nearly pay in fodder the whole cost of cultivation. The principal expense just now is the manufacture into syrup. But, if it costs one-half the syrup, as in my case, it pays well enough. To speak within bounds, an acre will produce 300 gallons, which, at four shillings, (although now worth six,) is one hundred and fifty dollars. The expense of converting into syrup may be \$50, or one-third now, (it will be less hereafter,) and \$100 per acre may be assumed as the product, and nearly all profit, too, of an acre, with less labor than almost any other crop.

Please bear in mind that I am reasoning on facts, the main one of which, viz., the twenty gallon keg in my cellar, is put to a daily test, which has done away with all previous skepticism on my part, and with my own experience as a basis, I believe it will soon become an article of general cultivation, and that every one, who has so much land as is covered by the shade of a good sized maple tree, can, if the soil is adapted to it, raise syrup sufficient for the supply of an ordinary sized family. It is a strong argument also against the cultivation of tobacco, that the same land will produce an article of general necessity and agreeable flavor with less labor and equal or greater profit.

As a matter of public or political economy, its advantages are too evident to need mention now. It might be well enough to suggest, however, to those orators who made such powerful pleas for the prospective benefits of the "Great Cable," that this is a matter of immediate, practical, pecuniary benefit to all, North and South, rich and poor, the farmer and mechanic as well as the merchant; and should the orator aforesaid take the stump and labor for it as for the success of the said cable, and should all interested take hold of the matter in earnest, if there were no processions or celebrations in its honor, we might be able, by the time Lt. MAURY hears the ticking of the clock in Greenwich Observatory, to telegraph to "Queen Vic" that hereafter, among her contributions

from the Universal Yankee Nation, she might expect to have some sweetening from the States, bordering upon her own provinces, as well as the Gulf of Mexico.

WILLARD HONORS. Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 25, 1858. The sample of molasses accompanying above is very superior—fully sustaining the recommendation, and tending to prove Sorghum a success.—Ed.

BEES AND BEE-HIVES.

MY EXPERIENCE—NO. VIII.

THERE are only two classes of bee-keepers who ought to use the non-swarming hives, viz., those who are so situated that they cannot possibly take charge of their swarms, and those who have so many that all cannot be kept in one place. The object of such hives is to obtain the surplus honey and have but little trouble with the bees. COLTON, and some others, pretend they have given us a non-swarming, merely by giving room in an extra number of boxes; but experience proves that they are not to be depended on as such in all cases. It is said also, that bees "never swarm until the hive is full," which is a great mistake. After much experimenting, it appears that the only way to prevent swarming and be safe, is to give the colony room to extend their combs freely in several directions where it is perfectly dark. But all the surplus obtained in this way, is not in the best order for market, as it is necessary to take it in pieces. Any practical plan that would prevent swarming, and induce the bees to store all their surplus in neat glass boxes, such as I now send to market, would be worth to me ten times the cost of any patent. On this point I have found nothing satisfactory.

Any person that can possibly take care of their swarms, before they decide on keeping bees without swarming, should contrast the profits with the other method. Suppose you start with one as a non-swarm, and call it ten five dollars at the beginning, at the end of ten years it is worth no more—very likely not so much. The chances of falling short of that time we will not take into the account. We might get annually, say five dollars worth of surplus—in ten years fifty dollars. Now suppose you start with a swarming hive that will cast a swarm annually, and make one dollar's worth of surplus and the swarm do the same; (about one-third of the average in good seasons,)—the second year there are two to do this, the next year four—take this rate for ten years, and we have 512 colonies, either of them worth as much as the non-swarm—these colonies with the surplus amounts to some thirty-five hundred dollars, to contrast with the non-swarm's product of fifty-five! I do not offer this as an actual result, but as an illustration. Persons supposing that the bee is a long-lived insect, cannot understand how a colony of bees is no better at the end of ten years, than at the end of one; but such is the fact. Bees never increase after the first year! that is, they are a full swarm then. Although they may rear thousands! as many die off as are matured by the end of the year, and they have gained nothing. This is too easily tested and proved, to be disputed.

M. QUINCY. St. Johnsville, Mont. Co., N. Y., 1858.

FAST HUSKERS, AGAIN.

D. DICKINSON, of Rose, husked out of the stock seventy-five bushels in ten hours, being seven and a half bushels per hour.

The Sherman boys (alluded to in a late RURAL) husked at the rate 87 bushels per hour on the hill. They will try next season and you may expect 150 bushels to be a day's work.

One farmer husked, out of the stock, 40 bushels, put it in wagon and offered his neighbor all he could husk more than that. His neighbor called next day and husked 80 bushels on shares to the halves. J. B. R. has good corn, 165 bushels to the acre, his men husked 56, 53 and 41 bushels per day out of the stock. Other farmers claim 25, 30 and 35 bushels to be a day's work. There seems to be a wide margin in the opinion of farmers as to what is a day's work in husking. As corn is the great crop of this country, the actual cost of its cultivation should be better understood. My opinion is that 33 1/2 bushels out of the stock and put in a wagon, stalks well bound and set up, is a day's work, and that three cents a bushel is a fair price for husking—man board himself.

SLOW HUSKERS, ALSO.—Fearing you may think that all the people down this way are fast, I must give you the answers to some inquiries made while the excitement was up. One farmer had 25 day's work done husking, and had husked less than 200 bushels ears; another farmer related that he found two of his men seated at one stock "yarning finely," one carrying a bundle of stalks, the other a pumpkin from stock to stock for a scorta, supposed they husked 15 bushels each. The RURAL, coming in with the fast husking just in time, gave quite an increase in speed—seats were entirely laid aside, and only one man to a stock—it helped out.

Next fall keep one column open for the huskers, as the most corn per acre and the fastest huskers are to take the prizes. E. N. THOMAS. Lyons, N. Y., 1858.

PACKING BUTTER FOR WINTER USE.

Messrs Eds.—In reading the RURAL, I observe that a subscriber wishes to know the best method of packing butter for winter, so I will give my mode, which I have practiced for fifteen years or more, and I never have strong butter when thus packed, although I will not say it is the best.

The first requisites are, good healthy cows and good feed and water for them, plenty of salt—milk vessels often and thoroughly cleaned, and the milk strained, skimmed, and churned at the right time and temperature. Use good salt, and thoroughly work your butter, but not too much, and then pack in clean stone vessels. If they have been used for packing the previous winter, cleanse by throwing on three or four handfuls of rice ashes, then filling with hot water, and letting it stand two or three days; rinse, wash, and scald again with clean water, and let stand until you think all the ley is removed, then rinse once more, rub with good salt, and pack the butter as solid as possible. After it is packed, wet a clean white linen or cotton cloth, cover closely, and melt sufficient butter to saturate and cover it the thickness of a heavy sheet of paper—more if you like.

After the melted butter has become cold, have another clean wet cloth ready, and lay it on, make sufficient brine to cover (with good salt)—let it stand a few minutes until the scum has all arisen, lightly blow it off, then pour it on the butter, and set in a cool place, where it will not come in contact with fish, flesh, or vegetables of any kind. When you commence using, the cloth is easily removed by pulling it up on one side, to give room for cutting out. After removing what is needed, lay it on again, tightly as possible, until more is wanted. Don't let that "careless girl" leave it open once, and don't do it yourself. After using the butter, fill the vessel with hot water, and put in the cloth that is saturated with the butter, rinse and ring out—letting the vessel stand until cold, then skim off the butter, and all is saved for crullers, beefsteak, or ginger-snaps, then wash and clean your cloths for another winter, as economy and care is the mother of riches. R. R. Bradford, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1858.

BREAKING STEERS.

Eds. RURAL.—W. R. A., of Wampsville, asks three questions which I will endeavor to answer. Though I have broke steers, I have never attempted to break my pen for the types, therefore you will please "fix it" if worth publishing.

To break steers, gentleness and patience must have "their perfect work." Take one at a time, on a barn floor or small yard, and tame them by great gentleness, feeding from the hand, &c. Then commence driving, very gently, an hour each day, till they obey perfectly. Drive singly and otherwise till they go well. Before yoking, hang the bows on their necks till they are familiar with them. Then put on the yoke and take it off, learning them to stand perfectly quiet during the operation. The too common practice of yoking steers when commencing to break them, and whipping and yelling at them,—they running and being run after alternately,—ought to be dispensed with. Steers should be learned to obey by speaking to them. This can be done only by constant drilling, always making them do as told. Cattle, to become handy at all kinds of work, must have experience. Do not expect steers to become oxen at once. Like "Trainers," they may perform their evolutions well, but for field fighting they must learn the "tug of war."

To make a yoke is a very simple thing. I should take basswood, season under cover, and make by a well shaped yoke to look at. The patent yokes are highly recommended for ease to cattle.

The best way to fasten cattle is to have the stalls partitioned separately, with bars, (gates are the most convenient,) allowing them sufficient liberty to lie down with ease. Make their racks so they cannot waste their fodder, and bed them with dry straw, leaves or sawdust. Feed well and your cattle will show their keeping, and your amount of manure will be largely increased. J. LYMAN. Jordanville, N. Y., 1858.

SACCHARINE MARKET REPORTS.

Eds. RURAL.—A good many of your friends have fallen into the habit—a very natural one I admit—of saying pretty things of the RURAL, and it is in no captious spirit that I, on the other hand, venture diffidently to suggest one improvement for the coming volume. Now that "hundreds of acres" of sorghum have been harvested, and almost endless quantities of delicious syrup manufactured, and also sugar, these products must of course soon be crowding on the market; and the suggestion is that you so enlarge the range of your "Price Current" for the future, as to include both of these delectable articles. Should M. R. B., of Pretty Prairie, Ind., keep on squeezing through "a cloth strainer" all winter, he may by spring squeeze down the price of both materially, and we desire a "corrected market report" each week, that we may hail the first onset of this auspicious result. These necessary articles of domestic use are a heavy tax upon the house-keeper, and we beg of our friend to keep on squeezing, and never give it up! Whether the "gentle means" first used, or the more severe "pressure" afterwards resorted to, was simple hand power, our friend does not say; if it was, let me suggest to him as better for the purpose, a simple implement used by the "good lady" in finishing her lard and tallow scraps—to wit, a couple of strips of iron board three feet long and three inches wide, fastened together at one end by a strip of leather, the other ends whittled round to hold on by; then place a sack of the contrary stuff between, apply the strength of an ordinary sorghum grower, and "thick, gummy substances" will find they are in a "tight place," and will be glad to get out. Of course, it is understood that there is no charge for this hint. W. B. P. Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1858.

TO CURE POLL EVIL.—I perceive in a late issue of the RURAL, a temporary cure for Poll Evil—I will give a permanent one, which has been tried in many cases, of every stage, and if judiciously attended to a short time, is universally successful:—One oz. of spirits hartshorn; 1 oz. spirits camphor; 1 oz. spirits turpentine; 1 oz. lard; 1 oz. sweet oil—or in this proportion. The whole put in a bottle, the oil and hartshorn first, and it matters not which of the others succeed. Shake before using. If applied previous to breaking rub well with the hand, if after, pour a portion on the affected part once a day. I cured one of my own (the most revolting case I ever saw) which remained sound some 12 or 15 years, or during the life of the animal.—A. G. C., Sparta, Canada West.

PUMPKIN MEAL FOR HOGS.—We clip the following from an exchange:—"Pumpkin meal, formed of dried pumpkin by grinding, is one of the most valuable articles known for feeding swine. The pumpkin should be cut in thin slices, and thoroughly dried by exposure in clear weather to the rays of the sun. The more thoroughly the process of drying is effected, the more valuable will be the article for this purpose. When thoroughly dried, pumpkin is ground as easily as Indian corn or any other grain. The proper method of using it is to mix into a thin batter, or mush, seasoned with a small quantity of salt, and fed warm. Swine are very fond of it. Squashes may be used in the same way, as may also carrots and parsnips, both of which, when sliced and dried, may be easily converted into meal."

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

RACK AND FEEDING TROUGH.—Will J. H. B. please describe, and, if necessary, illustrate his combined Rack and Feeding Trough for sheep, in such a manner that we can build after his plan, and thus accommodate—MANY READERS, Farmington, Mich., 1858.

WHITE GUINNA FOWLS—SHEEP RACKS.—Can you, or some of your numerous correspondents inform me through the RURAL, who has White Guinea Fowls for sale? A description of a good rack for feeding sheep in, would also oblige at least one of your subscribers.—W. S. G., Fairfield, Mich., 1858.

REMARKS.—In the next number we will give some plans for Sheep Racks.

POUDRETTE.—(B. H. A., South Soctus.)—You cannot afford to buy Poudrette and use it on your land. We have known several use it, and none found it to pay. If you cannot make your land rich enough with stable manure, and clover, and most purchase a concentrated article, the cheapest thing you can get is the best Peruvian Guano.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.—(L. S., Cherrytree, Pa.)—We don't know, at present, of any Agricultural College that we can recommend a young man to attend. Improve every moment in studying the natural sciences, particularly Chemistry and Geology. Engage for a few years with the best practical farmer you can find, watch closely how he does things, and why; trace the effect to its cause; keep your eyes open and your thinking apparatus in constant exercise; read the best books and papers you can get on practical and scientific agriculture; try experiments to prove or disprove the theories you read, and you will make a farmer, even though you never enter an agricultural college.

DRAIN TILE.—I would like to make the inquiry through the RURAL, what the cost of draining tile is in Western New York? We have commenced draining in this section, and have to procure our tile from Albany, at from \$15 to \$25 dollars per thousand, including freight, which we think rather high. Would you have the kindness to inform me through your paper what they can be purchased for at the Western factories?—and what they would cost delivered at Rexfords Place? I commenced laying tile some five years since, and have prosecuted the business as fast as my means would allow, and would like to procure the tiles somewhat cheaper if I could, although I am convinced that it is profitable to drain, even at the prices we have to pay at Albany. I might give you some of my experience in draining, but perhaps it would not be interesting to many of your readers, as more able and experienced men have given your readers and the public a more correct account of the cost and profits than I could do.—A SUBSCRIBER, Burnt Hills, 1858.

REMARKS.—We know of no subject of more importance to American farmers, at present, than that of draining. We have had plenty of theory and now we want the facts—the experience of farmers who have drained their land. On this subject we cannot have too much light, and we hope our correspondent will give us his experience. Those who have tile-drained can speak with authority, and no fears or doubts can withstand the stubborn facts. We believe two-inch tile pipes can be had at the factories in Western New York for ten dollars per thousand. Why don't the manufacturers advertise their tile, and give prices?—or is the demand greater than the supply? We have several inquiries similar to the above, and have no means of ascertaining the facts but by writing to the proprietors of the different tile works.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

LEMONS IN RENNET.—Cut the lemons in slices, taking out the seeds. The juice does not affect the curd.—AMELIA, Cayuga, N. Y., 1858.

TO PRESERVE ONION SETS.—Noticing the inquiry in the RURAL of November 6th, how to preserve onion sets, I send you one method which we have practiced for many years with entire success. We gather the sets as soon as they are ripe, and spread them in the chamber, letting them remain there until the approach of freezing weather, when we remove them to the cellar and stow them away in kegs or boxes.—SALISBURY, Platte, Erie Co., Penn., 1858.

EXPERIMENT WITH POTATOES.—As I see a number of articles on potato raising, I thought I would give my experience. Last spring I was short of seed potatoes. I cut the seed end of the large potatoes to plant, and saved the large ones to eat. In finishing my patch I got out of seed, and to make my patch full, I took the butt ends and planted two rows. When I came to dig, the two rows planted with the butt ends yielded twice as many to the row as those planted with the seed end. I planted the pieces of each kind whole in the hill, without cutting. Some men say cut the potato in one or two eyes to the piece, but I think that too small to support the vine in dry weather. The large potato with the seed end cut off gives few stalks, while the large potato gives plenty of sap to support the crop through a drought. The seed end sends up too many stalks in a clump. Will others try the experiment?—W. M. F., Wellsboro, Pa., 1858.

THE TIME FOR SAVING SEED POTATOES.—Every observing man knows when digging potatoes (if he digs his own), that he frequently finds a hill of nice tubers, all good size, and no small ones among them. Such potatoes are the best for seed. Take them and lay them aside, and you will soon get two or three bushels. The next spring plant them whole, one in a hill, and the ensuing fall pursue the same course again. Repeat the process for four years and you will then have a superior quality of potatoes. I have pursued this course for three years, and am well satisfied of the result. If every potato cultivator would do this, we should soon cease to hear them complaining of small potatoes. I am in favor of planting whole potatoes. I believe cutting has degenerated the plant.—S. M. JOHNSON, Monroe Co., Mich., 1858.

CORN CROP OF KANSAS.—The Leavenworth City Herald says that the corn crop of Kansas this year is very abundant. It is now selling in Leavenworth City for twenty-five cents a bushel, and declining; while in some localities it is a perfect drug in the market.

Rural Miscellany.

THE WOOL GROWER AND STOCK REGISTER, formerly published by us, was merged in the RURAL NEW-YORKER some two years ago. We repeat this for the information of all interested, and the especial reason that we are yet in frequent receipt of subscription money, and requests for specimens of said journal. Though tolerably well sustained, the W. G. and S. R. was discontinued because many of its subscribers preferred the RURAL on sight and examination. Perhaps we made a mistake in sending specimens of the RURAL to its readers, but if so it is too late to regret, and we are satisfied with the result. The W. G. and S. R. is not the only monthly that has had to succumb to the more varied, interesting and progressive weeklies.

CREDIT.—We are reminded that the note on the first page of the same number of the RURAL headed "Experiments with Wheat," is misquoted from the Country Gentleman.—Country Gentleman of Dec. 2d.

The article referred to is less than twenty lines, and was found by us in a country exchange, and as it contained the results of important experiments, and just filled the column, we used it for this purpose, without knowing that it had appeared in our Albany cotemporary. But, really, the claim to proprietorship in this article is very small, and is simply that the Country Gentleman was the first to copy it from an English Journal. Now, if our over-particular friend was in the habit of seeing as we are, column after column of original articles—the children of his brain—sent forth every week by a score of journals, as their offspring, he would never think of claiming the rights of paternity for this little stranger, which he only introduced from a foreign land. In the "same number" of the Country Gentleman, in which we find this complaint, we also find an item of our own without credit,—or rather, we would say one to which we have as much right as that paper has to the one claimed, and it was probably obtained in the same way as we obtained ours—but, really, this is too small business to talk about.

BUCKWHEAT AS FOOD.—M. ISIDORE PIERRE has recently been making some investigations on buckwheat, from which is condensed the following interesting results:—Buckwheat cakes are equal to pure white bread as regards the phosphates or bone-making material, and nitrogenous principles which they contain, and are superior to bread in fatty matters. The general yield of buckwheat when cooked is about three times the weight of the flour used, showing that such flour will retain forty to forty-one per cent. of water. Between different batches of ground buckwheat is a great dissimilarity of composition—one batch containing nearly seventeen times as much nitrogen, twenty-five times the amount of phosphates, and a hundred and fifteen times as much fatty matter, as another. The bran is the richest portion of the buckwheat, but cannot be digested by weak stomachs. The finest qualities of buckwheat flour, and the white mill dust especially, are very suitable for children and persons in delicate health, while the coarser varieties require a strong stomach and much exercise for their perfect digestion.

"FAST CORN HUSKING."—In reference to the paragraph in the RURAL of Nov. 8, on this subject, a correspondent at Spring Prairie, Wis., writes:—"We think the 'Boy' who husked one hundred and three-fourths bushels between 6 A. M. and 6 P. M., 'will have to try again.' P. W. CHASE, of this town, husked, on the 19th of October last, one hundred and ten and a half bushels of ears of corn. Stalks on the hills and topped; corn from two rows thrown into one. He husked the corn in 10 hours and 15 minutes; the balance of the 12 hours was spent in getting his meals, which he took about 20 rods from his work. The corn was measured up the day after it was husked."

PREMIUM STEAM PLOW.—The judges appointed to decide as to the merits of the steam plow tried at the Royal Agricultural Show at Chester, England, have unanimously awarded the prize of £500 to Mr. Fowler. It is beyond question, they say, that Mr. Fowler's machine is able to turn over the soil in an efficient manner at a saving, as compared with horse labor, of, on light land, 24 to 25 per cent.; on heavy land 25 to 30 per cent.; and in trenching, 80 to 85 per cent.; while the soil in all cases is left in a far more desirable condition, and better adapted for all the purposes of husbandry.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The Chicago Journal of Agriculture and Prairie Farmer, says:—"We see it estimated that Iowa alone has saved herself a million of dollars, that would have gone abroad by sugar and molasses, but for the cultivation of this year. Illinois will have saved nearly as much.—Wisconsin and Indiana something. Next year, most of the Western States will export, and we may look for improved quality in these staples, for they are to become such."

A NEW CATTLE DISEASE IN CALIFORNIA.—The Los Angeles Vineyard, of Oct. 25th, says that a disease has made its appearance among the cattle of El Monte, in that county, called the "mad itch."—Its first appearance is an eruption about the lips, which causes so intense an itching that the animal rubs the affected parts until the skin is destroyed. The rupture spreads rapidly over the head and neck, killing the animal in a few days.

WHEAT AND CORN IN OHIO.—According to the Assessor's returns from all the counties in the State, the number of acres planted, and the number of bushels gathered, of wheat and corn, in 1857, was as follows:—Wheat 1,823,147 acres, and 25,397,614 bushels. Corn 2,554,425 acres, and 83,555,186 bushels.

INCREASE OF WOOL IN OHIO.—The Cleveland Wool Grower for the present month, says:—"We have at some expense obtained a tabular statement of the number of sheep in this State, showing 3,308,803 head, which at three pounds per head, is 9,926,400 pounds, an increase over last year of ten per cent., or about a million pounds of wool."

Orchard and Garden.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT FOR 1859.

The year is fast drawing to a close. Two more numbers complete the present volume of the RURAL, and as the last number will be so occupied with a full and well-prepared index, fitting the work for binding, that we shall have little space in that for Horticultural matter, we purpose at the present time to say a few words on the past and the future. On the first, we need say but little to those who have been our friends and readers the present or past years. As our subscribers, however, are now active in exhibiting their papers to their friends as specimens, for the purpose of inducing them to subscribe, and as we have every day scores, and sometimes hundreds of applications for copies, from those who design to become constant readers of our Journal, should an inspection prove the good name it has gained to be well founded, a few words to them will not be out of place.

Although but about one-eighth of the RURAL is devoted to Horticultural subjects, it contains each year enough reading on this important matter, to make two books of about 500 pages, and which would cost far more than this Journal. No weekly paper gives as much information in regard to the culture of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and we confidently challenge comparison with either of the exclusively Horticultural Journals. Our illustrations are more numerous, and better than those of any other paper in America, while our reports of the proceedings of the Horticultural and Pomological Societies, held in all parts of the country, are acknowledged to be unequalled for correctness and completeness.

We have endeavored to make our instructions as plain and practicable as possible, avoiding almost all scientific and technical terms. We have tried to convey valuable information in a manner that could not be misunderstood. We have labored to teach the learner facts and modes of culture—important principles—essential to success, and have ever avoided nice points more curious than useful. No Journal has labored more zealously or successfully in the field of Horticultural literature the present year, than the RURAL. We have manfully defended the right, while we have fearlessly condemned the wrong. In doing so we may have made enemies, but we know that the true and good approve our course; but higher and above all, we have an approving conscience, for we have "extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in malice."

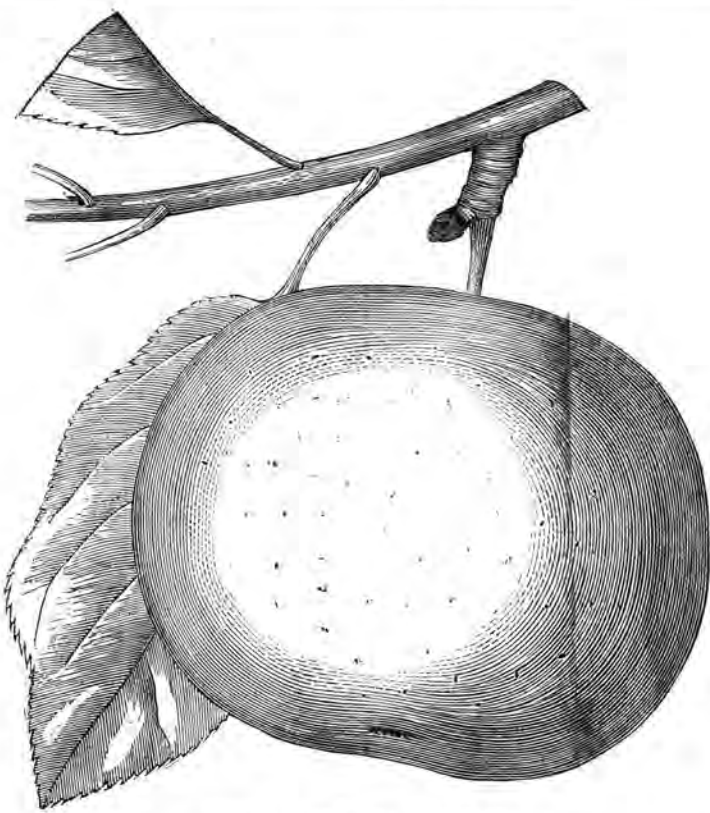
For the future, we have only to say that we shall be unceasing in our efforts to make this department of the RURAL equal, if not superior to anything in the country as the AMATEUR'S GUIDE and the HORTICULTURIST'S ASSISTANT. While usefulness will be our aim and motto, we shall not forget, occasionally, to introduce things both new and strange. We shall enter the New Year with fresh zeal, and talk more fluently than ever of foliage, fruits and flowers. We have no reason to suppose that these are farwell words to any considerable number of our readers; on the contrary we have every reason to believe, that all who have perused this department during the present year feel well repaid, and will not only continue the fast friends of the RURAL the coming, and for many years, but will exert themselves manfully to add to the number of our readers, and thus aid us in our efforts to increase knowledge and improve taste—the love of the beautiful and true—until our country houses shall become truly rural homes, the lily spring up where once grew the thorn and briar, waste hearts as well as waste places be made glad, and the desert blossom as the rose.

CLAY SOIL, AGAIN.—Wishing to obtain some information concerning the best method of preparing a clay soil for a garden, I thought I would make some inquiries through your excellent paper. I have lately plowed the ground, and now what next? Would rottensawdust be good, mixed with manure, charcoal, and black mellow earth? This is the way I have thought of fixing it; and, also, would rottensawdust be good to put around fruit trees?—A SUBSCRIBER, Olean, Putnam Co., Ohio, 1858.

REMARKS.—The plan proposed of adding mellow earth, charcoal, manure, &c., is good. Anything that will make such a soil more friable will be found of advantage, but good drainage is the best ameliorator of a stiff, impervious clay. No one, until he has tried it, or seen its effects, can realize how completely the character of such a soil is changed by thorough drainage. A gentleman in the eastern part of this county planted an orchard in the spring of 1856, in clay, and nearly all the trees died before the next spring. Some thought the trees were poor, others thought they had been badly drowned. During the summer of 1857 the ground was well drained with tile. Indeed, the work was so well done that many were not slow in expressing the opinion that the owner was burying money. In the fall of '57, trees were planted, and during the last summer every one made a fine growth. Half-rotten sawdust, if put on thick, makes a very good mulching.

SAVING TREES DURING WINTER, &c.—(O. P. M., Clinton, Mo.)—It is too late, we fear for the information desired, to be of any advantage, but we gave the same some weeks since, in answer to another inquirer. We would lay the roots of trees in a trench, say two feet deep, in a dry place, and cover with earth. If "lain in" in a slanting direction, and covered pretty well up the trunks with soil, a little evergreen brush or straw may be thrown over the tops, and all will be safe. On no subject is information more sought or needed than the varieties of apples suited to the soil, climate, and markets of the West and South-west. On this point we will reply before long.

VINEYARDS ON LONG ISLAND.—At the meeting of the Farmers Club at New York, Mr. PROVOSE, of Williamsburg, was examined relative to his very extraordinary vineyard there. He produced on one acre fifteen hundred gallons of wine in one season. He makes one gallon of brandy out of five gallons of his wine. He gave samples, which were tasted. The brandy was pronounced pure and excellent, and was last year worth eight dollars a gallon. The wine, therefore, can make 300 gallons of brandy, worth \$2,400.



THE SWAAR APPLE.

We offer no apology for acceding to the request of a correspondent and presenting to our readers a drawing and description of the celebrated American Apple, the SWAAR. It is recommended for general cultivation by the American Pomological Society, by Mr. BARRY, as "unimpeachable" for Western New York, who also names it among "twenty choice garden varieties." E. R. ELLIOTT, author of the "Fruit Grower's Guide," names it as one of the best three winter varieties for Ohio, and we notice it is spoken well of for the West by some of the writers for the Agricultural papers. At the last North-Western Pomological Convention, held at Chicago, on a vote of 22 members, for the best 12 varieties, the Swaar received 7 votes. We copy Mr. DOWNING'S description.

"This is a truly noble American fruit, produced by the Dutch settlers on the Hudson, near Esopus, and so termed from its unusual weight, this word, in the Low Dutch, meaning heavy. It requires a

deep, rich, sandy loam to bring it to perfection, and in its native soils, we have seen it twelve inches in circumference, and of a deep, golden yellow color. It is one of the finest flavored apples in America, and deserves extensive cultivation in all favorable positions, though it does not succeed well in damp or cold soils.

Fruit large, regularly formed, roundish. Skin greenish-yellow when first gathered, but when entirely ripe, of a fine, dead gold color, dotted with numerous distinct brown specks, and sometimes faintly marbled with gray russet on the side, and round the stalk. Stalk slender, three-fourths of an inch long, inserted in a very round cavity. Sometimes this cavity is partially closed. Calyx small, greenish, set in a shallow basin, scarcely plaited. Flesh yellowish, fine grained, tender, with an exceedingly rich, aromatic flavor, and a spicy smell. Core small. The tree bears fair crops, and the fruit is in season from December to March."

ORCHARDING IN ILLINOIS.

FRUIT is a total failure here this season. It is true, we had a good supply of strawberries, gooseberries and currants, but apples and pears are few, and terribly "squirmy" at that. Our old orchards present a blighted and sickly appearance. The leaves are curled and pallid. They blossomed profusely in the spring, but they make no show of fruit now. This stunted, unhealthy aspect is widespread, tending to discourage and unsettle many of our most persevering Pomologists. Some attribute this incipient decay of western orchards to the cold of the last three winters deadening and devitalizing the sap, while some censure the mighty deluges of rain which have fallen on our prairies this season. Whatever the cause, no Horticulturist can but notice an injurious something consuming our fairest orchards. Young orchards of three and four years' progress look healthy and vigorous, but those of eight to sixteen years appear consumed and canterized. There seems to be a stage of six years in which young trees thrive admirably at the West, and when the trunks obtain the magnitude of a stove-pipe they begin to kill at the crotch, or yield to some pestiferous cause, and pine.

Seedling trees do better than any kind of root-grafted stocks. They always bear bountifully, and the winter's cold affects them but slightly. It is now the settled experience of most nurserymen here, that seedling orchards grafted in the top are the ones most profitable and permanent in the prairie country. Examine the roots of a young four year old seedling, and the best specimen of a nursery-grown tree. The one has ten thousand ramifying, fibrous suckers drinking in the elements of growth and development from a large space around, while the other has two or three naked prongs barely sufficient to enable it to retain its position. It is strange that beginners will not gather wisdom from experience.

Were I asked by a young Western Horticulturist what trees to select for an orchard, I would reply, plant seedlings every time. The third year top-graft them by cutting away one-half the top, finish the following year. In this way you secure a straight, robust tree, while you avoid the crooked trunks of some varieties, like the Fameuse, and are sure of good feeders at the root besides. Take up your own trees if you have to journey one hundred miles for them. I can save two years in exercising a little patience and care in removing a tree. Never set out in the fall, especially if you live in Illinois. Experience has taught me most emphatically that spring is the best time to plant.

Location is almost one-half. Orchards planted upon a level prairie, unsheltered, will not thrive.—The highest rise of ground on your farm is the best site for an orchard. In every case a belt of cotton wood or other fast growing forest trees should be planted around the place. In four years this forest hedge will do much in breaking off unfavorable winds. Again: the cold is less intense upon our high lime-stone ridges than down on the low, flat prairie. The difference I have ascertained to be seven degrees, where the common observer would suppose the reign of winter was the most tyrannical. I had peach trees that survived even to the terminus of their top branches on the highest and most exposed acclivity of my premises, while those down in the low lands were chilled to destruction. The air is more rarified than in the hollows and basins. I preserved an apricot through two coldest winters, all exposed on the top of a high hill, by cutting back the growth in September, while no artifice could have prevented it in the valley below. Our lime-stone ridges require no draining. These are best calculated for orchard

culture and graperies. The chances of being winter-killed are incalculably less than in a low ravine though sheltered by hills. I have much to say, Mr. Editor, on varieties, method of culture and new theories, but I forbear for the present.

Rockford, Ill., Nov., 1858. HENRY P. KIMBALL.

REMARKS.—We spent a portion of one summer, (1856) in Illinois, and we then saw whole orchards of bearing apple trees that had been entirely destroyed by the cold of the previous winter. This was the case with both grafted trees and seedlings. We have published several articles from practical men in Illinois, stating that while some varieties endure the rigors of the climate, and others prove too tender, seedlings as a general thing are not more hardy than grafted trees—indeed, that a proper selection of grafted trees would be far safer than the same number of seedlings. The experience of our correspondent is different. The truth on this question, and on all others, we desire to lay before our readers, and therefore call upon the fruit growers of Illinois to give us the facts.—From a number of facts we may be able to draw useful and correct conclusions, but inferences from a single instance of success or failure are generally unreliable.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS.—This valuable little work for 1859 is before us. It has been published by LUTHER TUCKER & SON, of Albany, for five years, and the matter and drawings being prepared by our good friend J. J. THOMAS, it is altogether superfluous for us to say that in all respects it is got up with the greatest skill and ability. It is a gem of the kind, and there is nothing published in this country that can compare with it in beauty or value. Price 25 cents.

In a late number we quoted from this annual a paragraph of eleven lines, giving the varieties of pears that proved hardy, tender, &c., in Stephenson county, Illinois, for which we should have given it credit, and we did not observe the omission until our attention was called to it. Although we see our articles copied every day without this act of justice, we never appropriate the labors of others designedly without full and fair acknowledgment. We think the publisher or compiler was a little at fault in so arranging the article that the necessity for credit in this case was not very apparent.

IS THE NEW ROCHELLE OR LAWTON BLACKBERRY SOUR?—A celebrated grower of grapes enumerated many instances in which he had found the New Rochelle Blackberry sour and worthless, and asserted that many people grew them for market, but would not use them in their families. Is this true with yourselves, or your subscribers? The truth should be known, as hundreds of dollars are being invested in their culture.—AN ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER, Westchester, Co., N. Y., 1858.

REMARKS.—The New Rochelle Blackberry is very sour, and unpleasant to the taste unless picked just at the right time. It turns black before ripening, and those who imagine all the black berries are ripe find, on testing them, that they have made a sad mistake. When fully ripe they are of very good flavor, and then must be picked immediately, or they drop off.

GRAFTING PEARS ON QUINCE, &c.—(Subscriber, Barrington, N. Y.)—There is no object in endeavoring to grow the quince on pear stocks, as the quince roots are more easily obtained than pear roots. Standard pears should be planted from 20 to 25 feet apart. We will name a dozen good sorts which you would do well to plant. Osband's Summer, Bartlett, White Doyenne, (if it does not crack in your locality), Louise Bonne de Jersey, Beurre Die, Vicar of Winkfield, Lawrence, Easter Beurre.

NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.

MESSRS. EDs.—From a late No. of the RURAL, I see cultivators seem to differ widely with regard to the merits of the Northern Muscadine Grape. There are but few questions which have only one side; and, after duly considering the opinions, all must come to the conclusion that this has two. Now, gentlemen, I will give this contested grape a fair trial, on all sides, let the result be what it will, and if I fail in this attempt I am open to conviction.—So, we will now proceed to trial.

The Northern Muscadine is brought to the stand with two or three serious charges against its character. First. At sundry times and in divers places it has been accused with imparting a certain odoriferous perfume, peculiar to its nature. It cannot be denied but what this charge is true—that is, after the grape is dead ripe. Still, it may be objectionable to some under any circumstances; therefore, it is but fair to admit that it is a musky grape when dead ripe, but is not objectionable generally before.

Second. It is charged that the berries do not adhere to the stem after they are ripe. This is too true, but is almost entirely removed by age. Still, this is a considerable objection.

Third, and the last objection is, they will not keep a great length of time. This is a little exaggerated, as they may be kept a proper length of time in cotton, but not half as long as the Isabella and some other varieties.

We have now taken a fair view of the darkest side of the question. Now, for the bright side.

First. Its hardiness is a strong recommendation. In this northern climate it is as hardy as can be asked for.

Second. It is the earliest in ripening of any grape within my knowledge.

Third. Now, for the greatest recommendation of this grape. It is the best wine grape I have ever seen in this country; and if this grape had no other recommendation, I would cultivate it for its superior wine qualities alone. I will give \$25 for a single grape root which will produce a better wine than the Northern Muscadine.

Now, if I have not taken a fair view of the whole matter I hope some one will be just kind enough to do so. Don't be bashful, gentlemen.

Jackson, Wash. Co., N. Y., 1858. H. VALENTINE.

CURIOUS TO KNOW.—The editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER (Nov. 13th), says, "day or two since," Mrs. M'KAY treated him to splendid Isabella grapes, &c., while on her way to Montreal to market. Some 3,000 lbs. (at 17 cents per pound,) yielding \$510—part of the product of less than half an acre of ground. What we wish to know of our cotemporary is, how grapes are kept in a good marketable condition so late as the 10th of November, in that latitude?—Montgomery Ledger, Pa.

REMARKS.—There is no difficulty in keeping grapes here until after New Year's. We have them now as good as when first picked from the vines, and better; for like pears, we think they mature after picking, if well kept. This is true, particularly of the Clinton, and other varieties that are rather too sharp when gathered. We allow the fruit to remain on the vines as long as safe, being careful to pick before frost; place them carefully in baskets, and allow them to remain in a cool, dry place for a week or so, then pack them in shallow boxes, either of wood or paste-board, placing a piece of cotton batting at the bottom of the box, and a piece of newspaper between each layer of bunches. Cover with cotton, and place on the cover. It is not necessary that the box should be tight; indeed, a little air is of benefit. Keep them as cool as possible without freezing. We had forgotten to say that on packing away, we examined each bunch, and removed all green or bruised berries, and if any mildew is observed, brush it off with a soft brush. If Mrs. M'KAY pursues a plan any different or any better than this, we hope she will inform us.

TAN BARK FOR HOT-BEDS.—Will you, with your usual kindness, give a description or rule for making hot-beds with tanbark? It is an article very plenty with us, while stable manure is rather scarce. Query.—How will we use the article that is plenty?—the scarce article we understand?—AN OLD-CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER, Prescott, Nov. 25th, 1858.

REMARKS.—Tan bark is used in England for pine pits, and sometimes for hot-beds. The English tan bark, which is used for this purpose, is from oak trees, and will generate and retain a moderate heat. The tan bark which is used in this country, being generally from the hemlock spruce, is entirely unsuited to the purpose of making hot-beds, alone. It can be, however, and is sometimes used where manure is scarce, in conjunction with stable manure, in this way:—Provide equal quantities of short stable manure and tan bark, and mix the two thoroughly together. If dry, moisten with water, and place the whole in a conical heap, for a few days, when a fine heat will be generated. The material is now ready for use, and can be formed into hot-beds in the usual way of making with stable manure.

DISEASED APPLE TREES.—I am one of your readers, and would like to inquire through your paper, the cause and remedy of a disease among my apple trees. I set out fifty apple trees ten years ago, and they had a fine growth; but last year, on some of them, the outward skin, or sun bark, dried up, and fell off, and the sap bark is pulverizing away. Last spring one tree died of it, and seven or eight are injured. The ground has been eight years under grass and clover. The soil is loamy about two feet deep and then clay.—A FARMER'S SON, Zeeland, Mich., 1858.

REMARKS.—It is rather difficult to give advice in a case of disease without seeing the patient, unless the description of symptoms are full and plain. In this case we would advise our young friend to examine the trunks of all the trees, scrape off all the moss, and any other foreign substance, and remove all diseased bark with a knife, and then scrub them with a stiff brush and soft-soap. Break up the soil, and keep the soil well cultivated next summer, and if you can do so, give a dressing of lime or ashes. At any rate, give a good feeding of manure.

FRUIT GROWER'S MEETING.—The Annual Meeting of the Fruit Grower's Society of Western New York will be held at the Court House, in Rochester, on Wednesday, Jan. 5th, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The officers for the ensuing year will be elected, after which important questions pertaining to the interests of fruit culturists will be discussed.

Domestic Economy.

THE BREAD QUESTION, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL.—I never had much confidence in matrimonial advertising, but if a body does take that course, I think there could be no more laudable motive than bidding for a wife who could make good bread and dumplings. NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S (for short we will call him NUCK.) fastidiousness shows the improvement in public sentiment since the days of his illustrious namesake who, being an original ruralist, never questioned about bread, but was content with a bite of good, sweet grass. Such a husband, no doubt, would be very convenient, for when he came home hungry, all a body would have to do, would be to turn him out—but I must acknowledge it would look more civilized if he insisted upon having a nicely spread table, covered with a snowy loaf, or a dish of making hot dumplings. And, as every step of advancement in science or art,—whether it be in smoking bread, or using steam, or electricity,—should meet with encouragement, I propose that the girls turn out, en masse, with specimens of bread for NUCK'S inspection. Black eyes to bring corn bread, blue eyes wheat bread, grey eyes Graham bread, &c.; and girls, when you come, don't forget the dumplings! Won't SYLVANUS' mouth water at the sight of the fair, white balls presented by the plump, rosy hands that moulded them! I may not be able (not because I can't make both, don't think) to attend, but if either or both of the above mentioned gentlemen will call at our place, which is well known through the country as "Tamarac Swamp Farm," I pledge myself to give them something to chew besides gum—especially SYLVANUS. I confess to a preference for this young gentleman, the reason of which perhaps you will understand when you see I subscribe myself—SYLVIA, Tamarac Swamp Farm, 1858.

MESSRS. EDs.—In looking over the Domestic Corner of a late RURAL, my eye very naturally rested upon what NEBUCHADNEZZAR calls a golden opportunity for the girls. I neglected SYLVANUS, of Bartown, and wishing to atone for so doing, I write forthwith to NEBUCHADNEZZAR, to inform him of the fact that I, though not yet twenty, can mix, make, and bake just as good, light, wholesome bread as he or any other granivorous animal may wish to taste. If he did not live Down East and I Out West, I would invite him in to-morrow—which is my baking-day to attest the truth of the statement here made. I presume he thinks, since the grass is hidden with snow, that he will trim his hair and nails and go to eating bread—if he can get any made to suit his taste. I am glad he has a soul above dumplings, for I don't like them very well myself, especially the ones I make. The reason I did not send SYLVANUS any recipe (don't print this part), was because my brothers call my boiled dumplings a good substitute for small cannon-balls, and thinking he might not relish this kind, I did not send him my mode for preparing them. But I fear I am trespassing on the RURAL'S time and patience by making my first communication somewhat too long, so I will quit for the present.—HAGAN, Black Swamp, Ohio.

EDS. RURAL.—If NEBUCHADNEZZAR wishes to see the lady that can make extraordinary good bread, please tell him to call and spend a few days with me. Fearing he cannot come, I will inform him how to make it. To six quarts of flour, half a cup of potato yeast; a little salt; mix with milk or water—if water, add a little lard when kneaded the second time—mix at night, and it will be ready to bake in the morning.

POTATO YEAST.—Take eight good sized potatoes, grate them; boil a handful of hops in one quart of water, strain, and pour over the potatoes while hot; when nearly cold, add a little yeast; a teacup of sugar; a tablespoon of salt; set in a warm place to rise; when light, put away in a stone jar, in the cellar. This will keep good six weeks in cool weather.—A YOUNG MEXICAN, Mexico, N. Y.

SYLVANUS HEARD FROM.

Now, girls, see here. I want to be fair with you, but how am I to eat so many dumplings? If they are all as good as I believe they are, and the girls are as delicious and tempting as the dumplings—why—I have counted without my host. Verily, I confess to that degree of ignorance and unsophisticated simplicity that I never dreamed of there being but one way to make a dumpling, and, of course, but one to make it, and such an array of plump cheeks and rosy dumplings—or, I would say, rosy cheeks—ah! you see how it flusterfys my intellects—such an array—or, I mean, such a proof of the disinterested kindness and obliging disposition that dwells in the hearts of my countrywomen! What a libel on old bachelors—moping and smoking in dismal garrets when they might be feasting on the luxurious dumplings, sweetened with ——. But I am following "the dreamer" off into dreamland. Girls, when I get all ready, I'll come out your way and take a look—perhaps incog—so you need not brush or slick up a bit, for I shall wish to see how you look in checked aprons and hands in the flour, and how you do lots of other things that belong to a house-keeper's duties. It is my intention to marry a real, bona fide, healthy, working girl—one who works, not to please this one or that one, but for the pure love of employment and from a desire to be useful—just as I believe you all do. And now, JENNY, and MOLLY, and ANNA, and AGNES, &c., &c., accept my thanks for your kindness, with a hope for further acquaintance in the "good time coming." SYLVANUS. Bartown, N. Y., 1858.

LOAF CAKE.—I have found some excellent recipes in the column allotted to Domestic Economy, but not having seen any for Loaf Cake, will some of your many readers, that have one they know to be good, please send it through the RURAL, and oblige.—ANNA, North Chili, N. Y., 1858.

COEN BEEF.—To corn beef, my method is to cut it up and pack it in the barrel, and make a brine out of good rock salt, strong enough to bear up an egg, and pour on scalding hot.—R. G. B., Putney, N. Y., 1858.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE FLOWER-LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Through my heart's lone garden stealing, Filled with memories of the past, Mourned I, for the flowers of feeling Withered at life's wintry blast.

"Once the lowly-bending Violet, Like a spirit free from art, With the sweet Wild-Roses flourished In this garden of my heart."

"And the rosy Almond-blossoms, Hope's a sweet spell around them thrown, Downward looked with smiling faces On the dreary Anemone."

"That was long ago in childhood; But my eyes are full of tears, When I muse upon the freshness Of those unforgotten years."

"O'er my heart, so light and merry, Flow life's gleeful summer-hours; But the days, so precious, pined One by one my pious flowers."

"Yet one dainty thing I cherished, Watching every bud unclose, Till my heart was filled with fragrance By this beautiful White Rose."

"'Twas a free heart's sweetest emblem— Embrace-dower of my youth— 'Twas an angel-form appeared In the snowy garb of truth."

"But it faded—brown and dusky, Felt its withered leaves apart— And there swept a fearful tempest O'er this garden of my heart."

"Crimson rose-buds, just out starting, Blasted, and beside them grew Sorrowful Adonis-blossoms, And the sad, diademaful Rue."

"Crowned with mocking, Thistle-flowers Underneath the Judas-Tree— Sighing for the sweet White-Roses That I never more might see—"

"Thus thro' my heart's garden stealing, Filled with memories of the past, Mourned I, for the flowers of feeling Withered at life's wintry blast."

"But there rose a starry blossom, And its mystic language said— 'Look, despatching mortal, heavenward— There are angels o'er thy head.'"

"Upward in my sorrow glancing, Praying for a swift release, Came a snowy dove from Heaven With the 'Olive Branch of Peace.'"

"Round my forehead angel-fingers Twined the wreath with heavenly art— And a holy presence lingered In this garden of my heart."

Black Rock, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GLEANINGS.—No. IV.

"I WANT you to understand, WINNIE"—and my mother thrust her bonneted head in at the door—"I want you to understand that the bread is in the oven."

"Very easy of comprehension, I am sure. But what have I to do with the bread's being in the oven? I am perfectly willing it should remain there."

"A slight frown. 'Well, I wish you to attend to the baking of that bread, as I'm going out. Now, don't burn it up, WINNIE!'"

"I think I cannot, notwithstanding this pathetic appeal. I could not help it. I had a slight presentiment that the bread would be burned. Another moment she was gone, the bread safe in the oven, and I so comfortably seated in my arm-chair, that I hardly think I would have changed my position if all the bread in the universe were in one vast conflagration. But I really did mean to attend to that bread."

"What a snow-storm! I watched the pearly flakes—coagulating the while, something like this: What a pity folks can't live without eating. I positively think it is sad. However, 'what must be, must be,' and there's more truth than poetry in it, I imagine. Yet how much labor, expense, and care, would be abolished, could we subsist without victuals. Now, there's mamma, walking out in this snow-storm, never heeding the beautiful flakes—so large and feathery—never minding the human figures passing and re-passing; but burying on, worrying all the time because 'she's sure WINNIE will let the bread burn!'"

"(I wonder if it needs turning yet? I'll take it for granted that it don't.) People hurry, and worry, and drudge—that is, most of them do—from 'morn till dowy eve,' with the grim demon Care, ever urging them on. Is it, I wonder, because they ever have before their eyes, the truth that there is 'no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave' whether they are fast hastening? I wot not. For, if it were so, they would have thought less of secular affairs, and remembered mercy, faith, and judgment to come. I never believed in living a life of idleness, but I do think it is our duty to pause once in a while and bask in the sunshine—to stop now and then and gambol gaily on the green spots which dot our road-side. Now, if I were Mr. CARE MUCH, that bowed, anxious-looking man, I would look up my business, look, thoughts, and all, with my boxes and bales, and as I neared home, I would whisper 'Begone, dull care!' or shout 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' to the invisible spirit. Then I would surprise Mrs. CARE MUCH by being pleasant and sociable. Yes, I believe I would kiss her, and tell her she is the best little wife in the world. It would be a new scene in her life-drama, and I am sure Mrs. C. would like the change. Then I would have a regular game of romps with the children—those little ones who are almost afraid of the gloomy, taciturn man they call papa. I think Mr. CARE MUCH would feel like a 'new creature.'"

And Mrs. CARE MUCH—what a pale, weary look she has. No need of it, whatever. A mere slave to domestic drudgery. All useless. I would care less for 'creature comforts' and be more mindful of the souls of my family. I would not cook so much if I were her. I would have lighter, simpler food and fewer dishes. Perhaps husband would

frown and mutter, at first, but I would convince him that it was for his good as well as mine. It's my firm belief that what people eat, influences their thoughts and actions. Yes, there is many a short, unkind word concealed in that rich pie-crust—many a gloomy, weary feeling imbedded in masses of cake and floating in highly seasoned dishes.

Then, my domestic cares so much lightened, I would devote more time to husband and children, I would have an interesting book on hand, and, after supper, while he reclined on the sofa, I would read aloud to him, wooing his thoughts away from labor and care. I would tell the children stories; just such stories as I loved to hear when I was a child, and I would teach them of Heaven, and point out the way. In a short time I think Mr. CARE MUCH would be applying to the Legislature for a change of name.

Mamma at the door! Indignation and sorrow resting on her face—and a tin in each hand, filled with the blackened ruins of that bread. 'I know you would burn it, WIN—I felt sure of it. And now what shall I do?'"

Dear me! if I had not been minding the affairs of Mr. and Mrs. CARE MUCH, I might have remembered my own. However, if it does them any good I shall not care for one baking of bread. Rochester, Nov. 1858. WINNIE WILLIAM.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. HOOPOLGY, AGAIN.

I CONFESS myself surprised that any sensible reader of our RURAL should be so firm a supporter of this hoop delusion, still I do not consider myself vanquished, and, as the lady thinks I have only ridiculed her favorite science, I am ready now to meet her, together with every other hooped lady in christendom, with no other weapon than plain, common sense, and, if I am not victorious, then success go with them. Her first plea is 'heavy skirts.' No one disputes their being injurious, but 'common sense' asks, is a skirt which stands at an angle of forty-five degrees from the body, the remedy we need for this evil? A proper degree of heat is just as essential to health as the want of it, and how happens it that these hoops, which are so cool in summer, become so very warm in winter? With the Indian, I am ready to exclaim, 'It must be an evil breath that blows both hot and cold.' There is no sense in it—this is only one of the many excuses for this foolish fashion. It is very common to hear persons descend upon their merits, and say they shall always wear them, whatever change may come, but when the 'fickle goddess' proclaims 'thy days, oh, hoops, are ended!' the lady who still persists in wearing them will deserve a place in BARNUM'S MUSEUM. There is not one who will have the moral courage to do it. She says, too, 'she has never found them inconvenient in traveling.' I, too, have traveled in company with hoop, and, if I ever found anything a nuisance, it is that. With the frogs in the old fable, I can say, 'It may be sport for you who wear them, but it is death for us who are obliged to tolerate them.' Here is common sense again—every hooped lady occupies sufficient room for two, and as such should pay extra fare for the trouble she makes. If you wish to get out of an omnibus, you must crowd through, each one looking as if she would annihilate you for troubling her hoops. It is the same everywhere, in the car, in the street—they are nuisances, nothing else. I do not wonder 'penny editors' and 'street rowdies' ridicule them, so does every person who has one particle of 'common sense,' at heart, if not by word. Who makes these fashions? Some of them are Parisian, and what greater stain upon us as American women than this spang of foreign styles? But all do not come from there, they are manufactured in our cities by Mademoiselles and Madams, who never even saw Paris, and we, so eager for new things, follow them, and dare not say a word. Wear hoops, not I! They are of no practical benefit to the female race—they are nothing but a gigantic humbug. Cayuga, N. Y., 1858. ANSELIA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR MOTHER.

PEACE to her memory. She has gone. The heart that once beat so warmly—the voice that has so often gone up to God in prayer for us, is hushed, cold, silent in death. It is good to remember her as a friend—as a Christian friend—but, oh, how dear to remember her as a kind and affectionate mother. We are orphaned—not by every tie, but from a dear mother's sympathy and a mother's love. There is a void in our hearts—a loneliness we never before have realized. Grief softens our hearts, gives all worldly objects and worldly schemes a careless attention, and fits us for 'better natures' for an examination. She has left a quiet record. How sinful the wish to bring her back to these trying scenes—rather bless Him, who is merciful, and has taken the spirit to its reward. Death-bed scenes, the grave, and the absence of one beloved, will have their influence on the living—may it follow us to manhood and to 'green old age,' (should it be ours), Spirit Mother. Be our Guardian Angel, for Earthly ties are broken; But as heavenly bonds are dearer, Our hearts will love to cherish The fond memory of a 'beacon light,' Trimmed and kept by Angel hands. Onondaga, N. Y., 1858. A.

The cook, the housemaid, and the laundress are the pillars on which our domestic comfort rests. Without them, nothing is possible in family or individual life. The well-cooked dinner, the tidy room, the clean shirt, are the landmarks of true civilization. Below them all is barbarism.

SYMPATHY is much more catching than intelligence. Anybody can feel, but everybody cannot understand. Hence pity for a person brought into distress by his own acts, often outweighs all the conviction produced by a knowledge of his crimes.

We cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

Choice Miscellany.

DARE AND DO.

BY WILLIAM C. GAMBRON.

UPWARD—ONWARD! Fellow-workman; Ours the battle-field of life; Ne'er a foot to fensmen yielding, Pressing closer mid the strife! Forward! in the strength of manhood— Forward! in the fire of youth— Aim at something; ne'er surrender— Aim thee in the mail of truth.

Though thy ways be strawn with dangers, Summer rain-drops lay the dust; Faith and hope are two-edged weapons Which will ne'er belie thy trust. Shrink not, though a host surround thee, Onward! Duty's path pursue; All who gild the page of story, Knew these brave words—Dare and Do! Miller was a rough stone-mason; Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Keats, and Hood, Franklin, Jerrold, Burns, and Gifford, Had to toil as we for food. Yes: these men, with minds majestic, Sprang from ranks the rich call poor; Cast a halo round brown labor; Had to wrestle—fight—succeed.

Forward, then; bright eyes are beams; Fight, nor lose the Conqueror's Crown; Stretch thy right hand—seize thy birthright— Take it—wear it—'tis thine own; Slay the giants which beset thee; Rise to manhood—glory—fame; Take thy pen, and, in the volume Of the gifted, write thy name.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ELDER BROTHER.

ELDER BROTHER! Is there in any language another name, besides the matchless one of 'Mother,' so hallowed as this? It expresses more than father, sister, child, and even more than husband, or wife. A father is something to be esteemed and revered; a sister is the kind playmate of your childhood, and the loving sympathizer in after years, but her woman's nature, so like your own, precludes the possibility of great variety in tastes and emotions. A wife is to be loved, fondled, and protected; concerning a husband—although you may love and respect him, and though you make his interests your own, you feel he is not part of your real self—none of the blood of your loved family courses through his veins, and the natural impulses of the heart are not the same. To a female there can be no relation so dear, so pure, as that of brother. He is fond and proud of his sister; for her he will forego more privileges, and endure more hardships than even the interests of self would induce him to do. This is true of a brother, but elder brother—how infinitely above all this! Brother is a sweet word, full of melody to every sister's ear, but 'elder brother' is most peculiarly and emphatically so. For this reason, when CURSER graciously styled himself our great Elder Brother, he allowed us to bestow upon him a dearer appellation than even 'Abba, Father.'

Elder brother! What are the thoughts that throng your busy brain, as you repeat that phrase? Does it remind you of neglect and unkindness, of angry words, or haughty treatment? Oh, no! it brings up naught but the most pleasing recollections. In childhood, your 'elder brother' ever gave you the prettier toy—he led you over the smooth path—he climbed the rugged hill-side to secure for you the treasure which lay at the top—in all his woodland rambles, he gathered the flowers and the mosses for you, his loved sister. He could jump over the laughing brook which danced through the meadow, but he would make the stony bridge for your dainty feet to tread. He was ever ready to explain the meaning of a beautiful picture, or an exquisite piece of statuary. His collection of stories and anecdotes, which he related as he cracked nuts for you in the long winter evenings, was inexhaustible. His willing fingers placed the frame to support your feeble flowers, and formed the trellis for your little vine.

When he was in College, loving letters he wrote to you, detailing all the pleasing incidents in his college life; and when he came home in the vacation, what appropriate gifts he always brought to you! When you started for boarding-school, with what affectionate earnestness did he caution you against the snares and temptations into which you would be likely to fall! With how much tender sympathy did he listen to the recital of your little vexations, and with what joy did he learn of your happiness! With his similar tastes, and his strong, manly nature, he ennobled and strengthened you. With what fervency did he endeavor to lead you to know Christ! With what winning words and sweet entreaties did he tell you of a Savior's love, and urge you to accept a Redeemer's atonement! What solicitude did he ever manifest that the gentlemen into whose society you were thrown, should be of the best character! When the fortunate one at length arrived, and you were 'betrotted,' you loved your brother none the less because you had found a new love; he was still allowed the old place in your heart's affections.

In after years, when he and yourself are surrounded with family cares, he was still advising schemes for your happiness, and you looked up to that 'elder brother' with the same respect and affection that you did when a girl. And now that he has passed away from this world's cares, and your head is silvered with age, your form bent, and your step feeble, you still love to think of that sainted one, and his virtues lie deeply enshrined within your memory's casket. Angelica, N. Y., 1858. CORA L. LAYNER.

THE duties which we owe to our own moral being are the ground and condition of all other duties; and to set our nature at strife with itself for a good purpose, implies the same sort of prudence as a priest of Diana would have manifested, who should have proposed to dig up the celebrated charcol foundations of the mighty Temple of Ephesus, in order to furnish fuel for the burnt offerings on its altars. Truth, virtue, and happiness may be distinguished from each other, but cannot be divided; they subsist by a mutual coherence, which gives a shadow of divinity, even to our human nature.—Coleridge.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PHYSICIAN.

How largely is the world indebted to the medical profession. How much of the skill and knowledge that is the means of alleviating the woes of suffering humanity is committed to physicians; yet how few give them that respect and true sympathy every true member of the profession deserves. Whose toils more arduous—whose responsibilities more pressing—than his, who, regardless of personal comfort, in darkness and tempest hastens to obey the summons that calls him to the bedside of a suffering fellow creature, well aware that upon his promptitude life and death may depend. How many have toiled until prematurely old and care-worn; yet one-half the world regard their obligation to their physician as entirely a pecuniary one, nor think that a debt of love, and gratitude, and veneration is due to one who, under God, has raised them from the weary couch of pain—brought back from the borders of the tomb those dear as life itself, or ministered by the dying bed of departed ones. That there are those who are a disgrace to the profession, we will not deny,—that it has given to the world some of the loftiest specimens of philanthropy and manhood, we confidently affirm. We have no sympathy with that littleness that regards paltry dollars and cents as the only merited compensation of those who bear the lamp of science in the midst of pestilence, contagion, and death. We regard them as the instruments of God's benevolence—we reverence the profession and every member who worthily bears its insignia. Sherburne, N. Y., 1858. LINA LEE.

MONOTONY.

MONOTONY is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees; and that the only being who will do nothing cruel or useless, can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say, I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it. It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken (if they be stiff ones) by the same gaps. Pleasant and good it is to ride on the same horse, to sit in the same chair, to wear the same old coat. That man who offered twenty pounds reward for a lost carpet-bag full of old boots, was a sage, and I wish I knew him. Why should one change one's place, any more than one's wife and one's children? Is a hermit crab, slipping his tail out of one strange shell into another, in the hopes of its fitting him a little better, either a dignified, safe, or graceful animal? The oftener one sees, the better one knows; and the better one knows, the more one loves.—Fraser's Magazine.

SET A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Nothing is so easily done as to preach and talk of obligations which we are under to do justly and to walk humbly; but it is altogether a different matter to write, and preach, and talk by example. And yet, though the former be useful, how much more valuable and effective is the latter? What are those most beautiful essays on the cardinal virtues compared with the excellence of the life in which these virtues have a living and vital existence? It was not alone the doctrines, advanced with such dignified and persuasive eloquence by our Savior, nor the wonderful miracles performed by him, which made the hearts of men follow after him; these were rendered doubly effective by the example which he set at all times, even under the most trying circumstances.

And so it is now, in a humble sense, by more human hopes. Men may preach and the world will listen, but profit comes by example. A parent, for instance, inculcates gentleness to his children by many sound precepts, but they see him treat his beast in a rude and angry manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example, as a gentle and humane man, would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command. Men are just like children in this respect, and imitate a good example, while precept alone, will pass into one ear and out at the other.

THE NEWSPAPER.—On Wednesday week the Louisville (Ky.) Journal reached its twenty-eighth year, and its Editor, GEORGE D. PRENTICE, in a review thereof, feelingly remarks:—"The history of a newspaper is much of the world's history.—The daily paper is the day's history—it clasps the world's daylight. Bound in its daily columns, the world, with all its passing events, circles. In our modern life the newspaper is truly

A real world Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

"In it the steamship arrives and unloads her freightage; in it the lightning flashes for thought; in it the city booms, the corn blades glitter, the wheat rustles in its golden heads, the cattle low from a thousand hills, and the market hums; in it the spring blooms and the autumn blows; in it the poet sings, and with his song the low wind comes fresh and sweet over old meadows, and happy faces gleam from forgotten doors. Yes, the world turns every day in the daily newspaper. Its columns are freighted with the world's merchandize. Through their avenues ring merrily the marriage bells, and through them hearse move and funeral knells are tolled."

READING.—Reading is one of the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's poison.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE ANGEL OF HOPE.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

I COME to the sorrowing ends of earth, And lo! in their hearts, new joys find birth, When the wild, dark storm, the heaven enshrouds, I weave my brow in the blackest clouds; And the Mariner looks from the foaming wave To the bright land, stretching beyond the grave. I wave my wand in the Beggar's sight, And he dreams of a home in a palace bright, Where hunger, and cold, and want come not, And the bitter present is all forgot. Weary with toil and worn with care, The Laborer bends in weak despair, All life's energies must be given For the paltry bread on which to live, And he turns from his work with a weary sigh, Praying only that he 'might die.' But I speak to him of a coming time "Still in his manhood's glorious prime, When he shall sit at well-filled board, With granaries heaped, and gold well stored, His wife and little ones by his side, Filling his heart with a loving pride, Happy with books, and friends, and flowers, Dressing away life's golden hours, With the pleasant thought, his heart beats quick, And the anvil rings with the hammer's click, And the hours fly by on unseen wings, Bright with the joys which the future brings. When Friendship whispers a sad 'good-bye,' Or sorrowing Love with a tearful eye, Extends the parting hand, still near, To wipe from beauty's cheek the tear, I draw and pat with magic power The pleasures of the 'meeting hour.' If friends prove false as fortune falls, Or grim disease the young cheek pales, Or sorrow comes, all tears I dry, With visions of a bright hour night. And not alone of earth I sing, Around the dying hovering, I whisper that to Better Shore, Beyond the Unknown River's roar, And life's last hour in triumph dies, Like suns which set in gorgeous skies. New Haven, Conn., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ABSENT.

"They come at the gentle even-tide, The noble who have wandered; the lovely who have died." To NIGHT as I sit by the glowing fire-light listening to the wild wind's wail around, thoughts of loved ones far away twine around my heart, and down fond memory's hall comes echoing the gleeful tones I used to hear, causing me to rejoice again with the old-time gladness. But this is only a reverie. As I rouse from my dream, fainter and fainter, to my ear come these well-known sounds, while at my side the prattling voices of little brothers bid me turn from the mystic past, to listen to their words of childish love and innocence. Yet, they cannot disperse the sunny memories that crowd my heart to-night.

Arrayed in immortal beauty comes the form of one much loved, bringing to me glad tidings from the spirit-land, and portraying to my vision the beauties of her home in Paradise. List! she sings to me the exciting songs taught her by the Most High. Upon my cheek I feel her breath, and hovering o'er me her angel wings, "Daughter of earth!" she says, "thou hast a work to do. Lay aside all worldly ambition and glory, and improve the gift thy God has given thee. Go and minister, Unto the sorrowing and oppressed, And tell them of eternity's rest."

How refreshing to the weary heart these sacred communions with those who have long wandered from us, and who we never expect to meet this side of eternity. But we are fast hastening on to greet them, and our bark's mid wrecks and fears, are pushing their way through time's pathless deep, and when a few more winds and storms have beat against them, "Our Father" who ever stands at the helm will anchor us safely on the "fair banks of deliverance." ROSA BAKER. Onondaga Hill, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE'S VOYAGERS.

I know him, a man of years, with silver locks and gentle eyes, that give a genial warmth to his wan face, where dwells the smile of Content. His is a face that the friendless and the stranger love to look upon, for there they read the truth of Friendship. He was blessed with a companion that fully possessed his virtues, and where such hearts meet, what a halo of brightness must surround their pathway. Hers was a spirit to cheer the desponding and lonely—to lift the dark curtain of sorrow from wounded hearts, and shed a mother's love around their footsteps. Quietly life's current has borne them gently along—their way has been one of pleasure. Often had the golden sunlight of life scattered its life-giving rays about them. If ever dark clouds cast a shadow o'er the scene, it was but a momentary darkness that, when past, more fully revealed the brightness of those stars that shone forth in their congenial sky.

A change came—how great a change! The mother had disappeared beneath Death's dark waves; and as they closed over her, she whispered, "Peace—Peace." Alas! for the lone voyager, who is now upon Time's river companionless. But he looketh up, and saith—"My Father deeth all things well—in Him will I trust." Methinks I see him nearing the great Ocean of Eternity—no sunken rocks are in his pathway, nor falls the sullen roar of angry billows upon his ears. In calmness he awaits the heavenly breeze that will waft him to his glorious home. M. A. R. H. Shusan, N. Y., 1858.

There is not a spider hanging on a king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that growth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank, and to be a nothing.—Spurgeon.

HUMILITY.—The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.—S. Augustine.

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN APPEAL FOR MY SISTER TEACHERS.

It is not my purpose to introduce or advocate "Woman's Rights," but Teacher's Rights. At the late Teacher's Institute of Livingston Co., a resolution was passed to the effect that lady teachers should receive the same compensation as gentlemen. Recently, a lady, well qualified for teaching, mentioned the passing of such a resolution to a wealthy trustee of one of our district schools, and failed to elicit aught but an unfeeling rebuff. He virtually admitted that ladies are generally as well qualified, in an educational point of view, and are quite as successful in governing our district schools, but still maintained that they would not and should not receive an equal compensation for their labors. Why was this so? The question remained unanswered. Who can look upon such a man, other than being a hater of woman, her interests and well-being! How revolting to our ideas of justice when a stronger party preys upon a weaker, with no other motive than to crush the object within its power, because that power is superior. How our sympathies are enlisted in behalf of the oppressed, and how quickly we lend our aid to their rescue. Is it not wrong that man, who should be the protector of dependent woman and jealously watch over her interests to avenge the usurper of her rights, should rise up in rebellion to the voice of justice and crush unoffending woman to the dust? How strong is the contrast between such a course, and the zeal with which our cause was advocated by our noble brothers of the Institute.

It has been affirmed that gentlemen should leave the profession of teaching for the ladies. Altho' there are many other pursuits in which they may engage, not accessible to us, we do not wish to drive them from the field. We heartily desire their cooperation in this important and responsible vocation. Inevitably, the education of our youth would be incomplete if intrusted to either sex alone.—Man may chisel out the rough, unpolished statue, but to woman remains the task of adding a grace and beauty to the sculptured marble, which makes it almost breathe, as it approaches the perfection of the artist's ideal. All we ask is an equal compensation for an equal task as well performed. If we do it not as well we should not be employed, for certainly, our male teachers are none too competent. If we stand as high in our calling, why should there be any difference? Is the same amount of good of less value because woman is the instrument?

Woman labors under many disadvantages in arriving at the same degree of excellence as a teacher, to which man is a stranger. Is she obliged to obtain an education by her own hands? the reward which she has received for any labor has been so little as to render it nearly impossible for her to pursue a liberal course of study, and the poor remuneration she has received has made it but a small object to prepare for this profession. There are occupations in which a deficiency of physical strength renders woman incapable of performing the same amount of labor, but teaching cannot be included. But, notwithstanding difficulties, does she not stand as high in her calling as the other sex? Her occupation has been that of teaching since the days of Mother Eve.

All the great volume of mind which has led discovery, sounded the trump of freedom, enlarged the boundaries of science, beautified the halls of art, fathomed the depths of philosophy, or renovated the face of society, has been trained and moulded by insignificant woman. To the meek and holy Moses are we indebted for the only reliable narrative of a period of two thousand five hundred and fifty-three years. We do not know that he would ever have written the Pentateuch, had not his mother early taught him to "prefer suffering affliction with the people of God to enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season." Who but woman first instructed the heroes of Rome? There were noble mothers and daring sons, loving sisters and brave brothers, devoted wives and valiant husbands; and, coming down to the cherished days of our own revolution, we read of MARY and MARTHA WASHINGTON, and join with the "Father of our Country" himself in saying that, under God, they made him what he was. Woman is destined to be the teacher of mankind, and it remains with man to furnish a compensation for honest and persevering industry sufficient to enable her to become an intelligent instructor. If parsimonious committees drive our female teachers from the Common Schools, they will still teach through the sons and the brothers whom they educate at the social fireside. By the law-givers and the statesmen sent forth from the sacred precincts of home to hold in their honored hands the reins of government, they will teach. By that sweet and holy influence which it is the high privilege of woman to exert, she will teach. Parents, friends, people, do you hope to see your descendants and your country great, and good, and noble,—exalted in point of excellence and civilization,—educate your daughters and your sisters, for they are to be the prime instructors of the human family.

Upon the foundations laid in the nursery, are built the school-house and the academy, the college, and the Hall of State. After having laid the base, shall not woman also lay the corner-stone to this beautiful edifice, which is our Common School? Our female teachers, above any other of their sex, are worthy to be respected, assisted and sustained. They occupy that place in the social circle which is, of all, the most influential. They are not the uninformed, or the plebeian, neither are they the proud daughters of fashion. None but the truly refined mind,—too often well disciplined in the school of stern necessity, will assume such a task. In the teacher's own mind, the true ideal of character must be formed and approach realization ere she can understand, or mould the character of the pupil. Not having been nursed in the lap of luxury and wealth, her ideas of life and its end, embrace something higher than mere personal gratification or present happiness. Hers is not the "poetry of imaginative life," but "the simplicity of practical life," and she looks upon the gift of her being as a precious thing entrusted to her care, the projector of a battle in which to engage is an earnest reality. Her calling permits

her not to cherish a selfish and exacting spirit, but insure patience, forbearance and persevering effort. Such minds must renovate society, if it is done at all. Such, and such alone, should stand at the helm to guide the wayward mind of childhood across the great ocean of wisdom to be spanned by the venturesome youth. Strong minds and pure hearts should steer the precious craft till its captain learns to grasp the helm with the strength of manhood, and can himself guide it to anchorage in the sea of eternal rest. Ye who have been accustomed to spurn the efforts of those gentle applicants at the door of justice to equal their good brothers in the art of teaching, do not any longer discourage her who presides in your school-room, but lend her a helping hand in her noble endeavor, and she will abundantly repay your timely aid. *Elford, N. Y., Nov., 1855. JANE E. H.*

PUNCTUATION.

We present to the readers of the Journal in this article a more remarkable instance of the effect of punctuation in changing the meaning of the sentence than any previously given. It is taken from Colgrove's Grammar, published in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1852.

- Richard Green Parker says James Russell Lowell is a great genius.
Richard Green, Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
Richard Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
"Richard Green Parker," says James Russell Lowell, "is a great genius."
Richard, "Green Parker," says James Russell Lowell, "is a great genius."
Richard Green, "Parker," says James Russell Lowell, "is a great genius."
"Richard Green Parker," says James, "Russell Lowell is a great genius."
"Richard Green Parker," says James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
Richard Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
Richard Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
Richard, Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
Richard, Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
Richard Green, Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
Richard Green, Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
"Richard Green," Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."
"Richard," Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."

We have given two more readings than Mr. Colgrove; whether others may not also be given we leave the reader to ascertain. It is evident that each one of the above examples will admit of several elocutionary readings, which will add to the number of ideas that may be conveyed by the sentence.—Indiana School Journal.

COMPRESSION IN ORATORY.

ELOQUENCE we are persuaded, will never flourish in America, or at home, so long as the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with a breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock; and so it is with language. A gentle stream of persuasiveness may flow through the mind and leave no sediment; let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it.

It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Cataline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Aeschines; by this that Mark Antony, as Shakspeare, makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause; by this that Lady Macbeth makes us, for the moment, sympathizing with murder. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed; genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshaling of speeches, essays and books according to their length, deeming that a great work which covers a great space—this inordinate appetite for printed paper, which devours so much and so indiscriminately, that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection is forced to dread popularity and steer wide from it; the orator who must court popularity, is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.—Westminster Review.

NEVER DESPAIR.—True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object, and if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of all good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.—Von Knebel.

A LONG WALK AFTER A DIPLOMA.—One of the recent graduates at Oberlin, has, during his whole preparatory and collegiate course, boarded at his father's, several miles from the College, and walked back and forth daily to his recitations. From a careful computation, it appeared that at the time of his graduation he had walked ten thousand miles. He was apparently the youngest of his class, but he delivered a Hudibras poem on the Union, which was received with great favor. His diploma was well earned.

Useful Olio.

MUSICAL PRACTICE AMONG BIRDS.

MANY imagine that birds sing by instinct, and that their songs come to them without any labor or practice. But ornithologists, who have made the habits of the feathered tribe a life-study, hold a different theory, and tell of long and laborious practices in species and individuals, to acquire a facility and compass of song. The following information, from a practiced observer, will be new to many of our readers:

"Birds have their peculiar way of song. Some have a monotonous tone as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow bird has a continuous chatter, without any particular form of song. The cat bird is a mocker; the golden robin has a song of its own; but each one may have a song of its own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song sparrow has the most remarkable characteristics of song of any bird that sings.

Every male sparrow has seven independent songs of its own—no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same.

Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, though seldom; some will only sing them from five to ten times. But so far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many as a dozen birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it requires a great degree of patience, and a good ear, to come at the truth of the matter; but any one may watch a male bird while singing, and will find that he will change his tune in a few minutes, and then in a few minutes more.

A fine male sparrow has frequented the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs, always singing, within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual; another had taken possession of his hunting grounds, so he established himself a little one side. I noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed forever. No doubt old age claimed him as a victim. In other cases, I have known a singer to return to the same place, two, three and four years; but frequently not more than one. I think there is not a more interesting or remarkable fact in natural history, than the one I have related, and it is a fact you may confidently believe.—Fisk's Family Journal.

WITCHCRAFT IN EUROPE.

In the course of the century during which this fearful persecution was at its height in Germany—from 1580 to 1680—it is calculated that more than 100,000 individuals, nine-tenths of whom were women, were its victims. To the honor of humanity be it said, some voices were raised against this blood-thirsty practice, but they were drowned in the general clamor. In every part of Germany, Protestant or Catholic, the same atrocities were committed. At length, in the year 1631, the noble-hearted Count Frederik Stein, himself a member of the order of Jesuits—an order which had been amongst the most violent denouncers of sorcery—ventured to step boldly forward and declare that, among the many whom he had accompanied to the scaffold, there was not one whom he could confidently declare guilty. "Treat me so," he added, "treat in this manner the judges or heads of the Church, subject us to the same tortures, and see if you will not discover sorcerers in us all!" Despite this burst of generous indignation, it was not until 1694 that this incomprehensible insanity began to abate. The last so-called witch burnt in the German empire was a poor nun, aged seventy, in the year 1749, at Berg. But at Glarus, in German Switzerland, an execution of a similar nature took place as late as 1794. This time the victim was a servant girl, accused of having practiced diabolical arts to lame the child of her employers. Germany, indeed, seemed to live in an atmosphere of sorcery. The ground which Faith had lost Superstition made her own.

DURATION OF LARVA LIFE.

In the "Linnaeus Transactions" there is an interesting account, by Mr. Marsham, of the coming forth of the perfect form of *Bygonesis splendens*, an exotic insect, which is a wood borer in its larva shape, and which he infers, from the following circumstances, and have passed full twenty years in the larva state. In the year 1810 the perfect insect emerged from the wood of a desk made of foreign wood, for a public office, in 1789, from which the long period of its larva existence seems pretty clearly shown. It would seem that meat-eating larvae undergo their change most quickly, and that those feeding underground or in wood, are the most tardy in their transformations; while those which are leaf-feeders, such as those of butterflies, &c., hold a medium place. Bees remain about twenty days in the larva stage. The Coccus and the May bug are said to pass three years in the larva state; and the Beetle—*Oryctes nasicornis*—four years. The larva of the Stag Beetle does not change for six years; while some of the wood-eating larvae are supposed to live in that stage very much longer.—Insect Vivarium.

ROBERT FULTON.—Among a thousand individuals, you might readily point out Robert Fulton.—He was conspicuous for his gentlemanly bearing and freedom from embarrassment; for his extreme activity; his height somewhat over six feet; his slender yet energetic form, and well-commodated dress; for his full and curly dark brown hair, carelessly scattered over his forehead, and falling about his neck. His complexion was fair; his forehead high; his eyes dark and large and penetrating, and revolving in a capacious orbit of cavernous depth; his brow was thick, and evinced strength and determination; his nose was long and prominent; his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned, giving the impress of eloquent utterance, equally as his eyes displayed, according to phrenology, a pictorial talent and the benevolent affections.—Dr. Francis.

WINTER SHOES.

HALL'S Journal of Health gives the following sensible advice:—"Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and warm, and we may snap our fingers in joyous triumph at disease and the doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of Saint Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary, every-day use, as they allow the ready escape of toe odors, while they strengthen the ankles accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to an habitual boot-wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel.—Give direction, also, to have no cork or India rubber about the shoes, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow linen which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle—while we know that cork does, and after awhile becomes 'soggy' and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time, they will feel as 'easy as an old shoe,' and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity."

TREATMENT OF FROSTED FEET.—To cure the intolerable itching that follows frost bitten toes, it is necessary to totally exclude the air from the affected part. If it is not accompanied with swelling, gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol, applied so as to form a complete coat, is the easiest remedy that I know of. It dries soon, and does not adhere to the stockings, and generally lasts until they are well. If the flesh becomes swollen and painful, plasters of good sticking salve are of great service, but, if highly inflamed, any mild poultice that will exclude the oxygen of the air from the diseased part, and keep it moist, allowing the recuperative powers of nature to do the rest.—Selected.

The Young Ruralist.

DESCRIPTION OF SNOW-FLAKES.

Now that winter is with us, pinching our fingers and toes, and covering the earth with its pure and beautiful mantle, a few facts about the snow will not be uninteresting or unprofitable to our young readers. The size of the snow-flakes depends upon two causes: when the atmosphere abounds in vapor and the temperature is near 32° Fah., the flakes are large; and as the moisture diminishes and the cold increases, the snow becomes finer. In the former condition of the atmosphere it is not uncommon to see flakes that are an inch in diameter. The lower the temperature the less the diameter of the flakes. At 10° Fah. snow-flakes rarely exceed seven-hundredths of an inch in diameter. Snow has been known to fall with a temperature that caused the mercury to fall 12° and even to 20° below zero. But this is not common.

The snow-flakes have a great diversity of form, which, as every accurate observer will testify, constitute beautiful and regular crystals; and it is the copious reflection of light caused by these, that gives snow its brilliant whiteness.

The bulk of snow, just fallen, is ten or twelve times greater, (more or less, depending upon the temperature and moisture of the atmosphere,) than that of the water produced by melting it.



FORMS OF SNOW FLAKES.

Isolated crystals unite under angles of 30, 60 and 120 degrees. These by their different modes of union form several hundred distinct varieties of snow-flakes. Scoresby, an Arctic navigator of great celebrity has enumerated six hundred; and these are all comprised under five classes. According to Scoresby the star figure, (fig. 4) in the diagram given above, is observed when the thermometer is near the freezing point. The hexagon, (fig. 2) is seen both in moderate and very low temperature. The diagram given above presents only eight of the ninety-six figures delineated by Scoresby. From it, however, the reader may be led to observe for himself, the great variety of forms which Infinite Wisdom has given bodies of so small a bulk as snow-flakes.

The uses of snow are well known to the intelligent farmer. It has been properly styled, "the poor man's manure." It forms a warm covering for the soil, and thus defends vegetation from the severity of the winter. It also diminishes the intensity of the darkness during the long winter nights, and furnishes a favorable opportunity for the farmer to replenish his wood-pile, to move his fencing materials, and to carry his surplus produce to market. To the young folks we need not speak of the uses of snow. Indeed, the boys, and girls, too, we think could enlighten us on this point, for it is a long time since we went "consting," or took long rides of winter evenings behind fast steeds and jingling bells, and beside the girl that we thought the best in the whole town.

THE SEA STAR, OR STAR-FISH.

SCORES of times, in our younger days, after storms, or daring low water at "spring-tides," have we amused ourselves in catching and examining these singular fish. They are covered with a coriaceous crust, and have five or more rays proceeding from a centre, in which is situated the mouth. A prodigious number of tentacles, or short fleshy tubes, which seem at once calculated to catch prey, and to anchor the animal to the rocks, proceed from each ray. The mouth is armed with long teeth, for the purpose of breaking the shells on which the animals feed. The animal breathes by means of gills. The common, or five-rayed star-fish, (*Asterias rubens*, LIN.) which is the species here represented, has five angular rays, with prickly protuberances at the angles. When alive, it is usually of a brownish white color. In one of these, which he kept for some time, Mr. BIXLEY observed more than four thousand tentacles, on the under side of the rays.



In summer, when the water of the sea is warmed by the heat of the sun, they float on the surface, and in the dark they send forth a kind of shining light, resembling that of phosphorus.

They are often fastened to the rocks, and to the largest sea shells, as if to derive their nourishment from them. If they be taken and put into spirits of wine, they will continue for many years entire; but if they be left to the influence of the air, they are, in less than four and twenty hours, melted down into limpid and offensive water.

In all of this species, none are found to possess a vent for their excrements, but the same passage by which they devour their food, serves for the ejection of their forces. These animals, as was said, take such variety of figures, that it is impossible to describe them under one determinate shape; but, in general, their bodies resemble a truncated cone, whose base is applied to the rock to which they are found usually attached. Though generally transparent, yet they are found of different colors, some inclining to green, some to red, some to white, and some to brown. In some, their colors appear diffused over the whole surface; in some they are streaked, and in others often spotted. They are possessed of a very slow, progressive motion, and, in fine weather, they are continually seen stretching out and fishing for their prey.

REPLY TO QUESTIONS OF W. E. B., MINNESOTA.

"Is due East and West on a parallel to the equator?" Certainly not. The question implies that the meaning of East and West, as points, is not understood. Take one of the common definitions, as East is the direction in which the sun rises at the equinoxes, and West, where the sun sets at the equinoxes: or, East and West are the points where the equator cuts the horizon, and hence, when the sun is on the equator, it must rise at the east, and set at the west at all places. The next question is absurd on either of these definitions. For, when the sun is at the equator, it rises at the east point and disappears below the horizon at the west. At the poles of the earth, the east must be on a meridian, or coincide with the south line.

If "due East and West" were "on a parallel to the equator," we could not explain the phenomena presented. The equator is a circle lying east and west, but a parallel to it is not, as the earth is a globe or sphere, nearly. After the Vernal Equinox "the sun advances north" to the time of the summer solstice, or the longest day, and of course "continues to rise and set further north of east and west." The greater the latitude of the place, the further is the rising and setting of the sun "north of east and west." Take the time of summer solstice: at this city in latitude 43°, the sun rises and sets about thirty degrees north of east and west, on that day; at Cincinnati, latitude 39°, about twenty-eight degrees; at latitude 45°, or near St. Paul's, about thirty-five degrees; and at Hebron, Labrador, latitude 58°, about forty-six degrees "north of east and west," as any one may see on a globe. The questions are answered, and the subject explained once more, it is hoped, clearly and definitely. C. D.

THE INDIAN BEAN.

EDS. RURAL.—I have become a constant reader of your valuable sheet. My object in writing to you is to introduce a new kind of Bean; the seed came from the eastern border of the Indian Territory. My father, while traveling through that country, obtained the seed from an old settler; the bill of fare in his travels being pork and this kind of bean. They are called the Indian Bean. They resemble very much our common pea in shape.—I had about a gill of seed which I planted in a garden that my father gave me to plant, and to take care of. My folks think they are far superior to any other kind, even the Lima. They yield largely and I think it is a paying crop. They grow something like a pole bean, half-way between a pole and bush bean. The pods are from six to eight inches in length and they contain from fifteen to twenty beans, and they are well adapted to this climate. Cultivate them as you would the bush bean. I will send you a small sample and if you wish to try more, write me and I will send you a small package by mail.—F. S. A., Rockford, Ill.

REMARKS.—We never saw this bean before. It is of a reddish drab color, about the form and size of our common field pea, and looks more like a pea than a bean, and indeed has a good deal of pea taste. We will plant the sample sent us, and if as valuable as our young friend thinks, we shall consider them quite an addition to our list of vegetables.

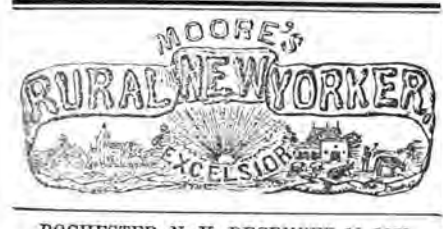
LIBRARIES.—Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of ancient sages, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and repose.—Lord Bacon.

Contents of the Rural for December 11, 1858.

Table listing various articles and their page numbers, including sections like AGRICULTURAL, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, and LITERARY.

List of New Advertisements this Week.

Brilliant Prospects for 1859—Beagle & Adams. Holiday Trade—Richard & Northern. Cattle, Sheep and Swine for Sale—E. G. Cook.



ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 11, 1858.

Our Tenth Volume.

As the present volume of the RURAL is rapidly drawing to a close, we confidently and earnestly invite all its friends to lend such aid as may be consistent with their views and engagements to maintain and augment the circulation and usefulness of the paper.

Meeting of Congress.

THE telegraph this A. M., (Tuesday) gives the initial movements of the Second Session of the Thirty-Fifth Congress. At roll call in the Senate about fifty Senators answered to their names.

At noon the Speaker called the House to order, when a prayer was offered. The roll was then called, and about 200 members responded to their names.

creditors to sue in the District Courts of the United States.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, introduced a bill for the construction of a Central Pacific Railroad. Mr. Dewar, of Pa., asked leave to introduce a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill increasing the duty on coal and iron, and, at the request of several gentlemen, including lead, sugar, and such other articles as need protection against foreign competition.

The Speaker was authorized to appoint the various Standing Committees.

Mr. Florence, from Penn., from the Committee appointed to wait on the President, reported that the latter would immediately communicate his annual message.

The message was received about 2 o'clock, read, referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and ordered to be printed.

The daily hour of meeting was fixed at 12 o'clock M., and the House adjourned.

A synopsis of the message came by telegraph, but we prefer to wait the receipt of a complete copy before giving any portion of it to our readers. We will endeavor to note all matters of general import it contains, together with the facts embodied in the Reports of the Heads of Departments, in our next.

Washington Matters.

THE President has received information from Japan that a full embassy from that country will appear at Washington in the spring.

Through the efforts of the State Department for an amelioration of the duty on flour in Brazil, an imperial decree has been issued reducing it 30 per cent. below the former tariff. This is considered an important concession.

Advices from Costa Rica from an official source express an earnest disposition to enter into arrangements for the settlement of the claim of the United States against that Republic.

It is said by a gentleman particularly interested, that while a recommendation will be made to Congress for a modification of the tariff with a view to increase the revenues, the means by which this should be effected will not be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury. The subject is already agitated in political circles as to whether there shall be a specific instead of an ad valorem duty on iron.

It is understood that the Executive intends to concentrate immediately as large a naval force as possible upon the Gulf of Mexico and coast of Central America.

It is said the Secretary of the Navy will recommend the construction of 20 or 25 vessels, probably sloops-of-war.

Letters to the Navy Department from the Commander of the frigate Wabash at Beyrout, state that no effort had been made by the authorities there to bring to trial the authors of the outrage on the American family at Jaffa. The Commander had informed the Pasha that he should insist upon their immediate trial, notwithstanding the wish that had been expressed to postpone it till all the miscreants had been captured. The Pasha evinced a disposition to do justice.

Chief Justice Ecker, of Utah, is in Washington for the purpose of conferring with the Administration relative to the affairs of that Territory. It is understood that he will earnestly protest against the proposed offering of the public lands there for sale, excepting under such restrictions as shall prevent their monopoly by the Mormon Church.

Interesting News from Arizona.

THE Overland Mail, which arrived at St. Louis on the 3d inst., brought six passengers, among them Mr. McKibbin, of California, and Lieut. Mowry, from Arizona. Lieut. Mowry left Gila City on the 4th of November, at which time some 150 men were digging gold, the average yield being about \$10 per day, with the rudest implements. Every part of the country yet prospected in the vicinity of the mines proved auriferous, and the opinion was current among old miners that no richer surface digging exists, even in the most favored portions of California. The mines are located on the neutral ground between the Yuma and Pinos Indians, and thus no danger is apprehended from hostile tribes. The Sonora Silver Mining Co. were sweltering a thousand ounces per week. Several other mines were also being actively worked. Lieut. Mowry brings several rich specimens from the silver mines, also about \$300 in gold from the Gila River diggings. Lieut. M. computes the population of the territory at 15,000, and gives glowing descriptions of the beauty and of the agricultural and grazing resources of the country.

A political meeting at Gila City, November 4th, passed resolutions endorsing the action of the Conventions held at Mesilla and Tucson, and asking Congress for a territorial organization.

Mr. McKibbin reports that the Apache Indians continued their depredations on the frontier of Sonora and Arizona. Seven out of a party of eight had been recently killed by a body of Mexicans, forty miles from Fort Buchanan.

The revolution in Sonora was in full progress. Governor Pesquiera had lost the support of the rich men and merchants of the province, on account of his failure to return a large sum of money borrowed from them, according to promise.

THE SANTA FE MAIL.—The Santa Fe mail of the 8th Oct., reached Independence on the 28th ult. The snow is a foot deep from the Arkansas river to Walworth creek. Weather very cold. A letter from Mr. CRENSHAW, one of the contractors on the route between Independence and Stockton, Cal., states that news had reached Santa Fe of a battle between Lt. BRADY's party of Surveyors and the Camanches, and that fears were entertained that the mails from Neosho to Albuquerque were lost. No particulars of the fight are given. No newspapers are received, but private letters say that no news of importance had reached Santa Fe from the Navajo country. The St. Joseph Gazette learns from a private letter from Santa Fe, Oct. 31st, that the Navajo Indians had attacked Fort Defiance, but were repulsed with a loss of ninety killed. Four troops were killed.

News Paragraphs.

GENERAL NIEL, of the French Engineers, has just published a "Journal of the Operations of the Siege of Sebastopol." He states that during the siege, which lasted 334 days, the French artillery threw into the town 510,000 round shot, 236,000 shells from howitzers, 350,000 shells from mortars, and 8,000 rockets: during the war the French infantry fired 25,000,000 cartridges.

LATEST advices from the West Coast of Africa represent it to be very sickly there—a French war steamer having lost 25 men within two weeks. Mention is made of the impressment of a French sailor from an American vessel, though no particulars are given.

THE Mississippian states that the experiment of exchanging all paper money of a denomination less than five dollars has succeeded perfectly in the State of Mississippi.

ALABASTER, of a very superior quality, is found in large deposits in the hills near the Missions of Soledad and San Antonio, in Monterey Co., California. It is clean, close-grained, very fine and translucent, and can be cut with a knife. Its color is a beautiful light cream.

An old man, named John Brobst, living in poverty in the Glades of Cumberland Co., Md., lately discovered that he owned a large tract of coal and iron land in Pennsylvania, has proved his title and sold his claim for \$2,000,000.

A YOUNG man in Cincinnati has sued a surgeon for \$20,000 damages for unnecessarily cutting off his leg. He alleges that ether was given him while in the hospital, and advantage taken of his unconsciousness for a nice operation.

ACCOUNTS from Washington Territory say it is not certain that two or more of our army officers who have fallen were not shot by their own men. The conduct of Col. Steptoe in that engagement is to be investigated, and orders have been issued requiring the presence of some of the army officers at Washington for that object.

FOUR overland mail routes to the Pacific coast have now been settled upon. The southern one will be open all the year, and the other three for summer travel. These routes belt the continent in parallels, and are so distributed that each division of the Union is brought into stage and railroad connection with all the others.

THE Howard Association of New Orleans publish a statement of their operations during the season of the epidemic; 3,414 cases were treated, of which only 771 proved fatal. The fund of the Association has dwindled from \$45,000 in August to \$1,900 in November.

THE Europa brings news of the death of Robert Owen, a social reformer who attracted much notice a few years ago. He was born in Wales in 1771.

Personal and Political.

IN the South Carolina Legislature, on the 2d inst., Hon. Jas. Chesnut, President of the Senate, was elected U. S. Senator on the 10th ballot. This is a signal triumph of the Conservatives.

Gov. BISSELL, of Illinois, has issued a Proclamation calling for a special election on the 5th of January to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Col. Harris, Representative in Congress.

HON. J. J. CRITTENDEN was called upon recently at his hotel in New York city, by a delegation from the "Whig" General Committee, and presented with addresses from that "body." Mr. Crittenden, in his reply, disclaimed any intention of being a candidate for the Presidency, and refused to accept of any nomination.

THE North Carolina Legislature has elected Thomas L. Clingman to fill out the balance of Mr. Biggs' term in the U. S. Senate, ending March 4th, 1861; and ex-Gov. Thomas Bragg for the full term, ending in 1865.

HON. JONATHAN KNIGHT died at Washington, Pa., Nov. 23. He was a member of Congress in 1854 from the 20th district of Pennsylvania.

THE Legislature of South Carolina is engaged in a tangled contest in regard to the re-opening of the Slave Trade. The supporters and opposers of the supremacy of Congress in the matter, are both sanguine as to the result. The contest entered into the election for Senator and Governor.

THE Legislature of Florida assembled at Tallahassee on the 22d ult. John Pinlayson, of Jefferson, was elected President of the Senate, and J. D. Galbraith, of Leon, Speaker of the House. Gov. Perry's Message discourages the idea of re-opening the slave trade, and favors the removal of the remaining Seminoles from Florida soil.

A DISPATCH from Martinsburg announces the death of Hon. Mr. Bedinger, Ex-Minister to Denmark. He returned home from Europe a few weeks ago, in good health, and since then partook of a complimentary dinner, tendered him by his fellow citizens, without regard to party. Mr. B. was formerly a member of Congress, and distinguished for the ability and energy he brought to the discharge of all his public duties.

THE election to fill the vacancy in Congress from the Reading district, Pa., caused by the resignation of J. Glancy Jones, took place the 30th ult. Gen. Wm. H. Keim, opposition, was elected, by about 400 majority.

HON. JOHN LETCHER has received the nomination for Governor from the Democratic State Convention of Virginia.

THE Territorial Mass Convention of the Conservative Element in Kansas, for the purpose of organizing an opposition to the Republicans, was held in Leavenworth on the 25th ult. The attendance was numerous, though but six counties were represented. The re-union and re-organization of the Democracy was advocated and hotly debated—a strong minority characterizing such action as premature. A series of resolutions petitioning Congress to repeal the land grants, asking aid for improvements, denouncing the Republican party, declaring in favor of excluding free negroes from the future State of Kansas, declaring the slave question a dead issue, and in favor of a modification of the pre-emption laws, were finally adopted, with a preamble determining upon the immediate organization of the Democracy of the Territory.

Literary Notices.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Volume I. From the second London edition. To which is added an Alphabetical Index. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1858.

THE "History of Civilization in England" is, to say the least, one of the very best books it has been our good fortune to peruse during the present year. We are not ready to adopt the philosophy of the author in many respects—in fact, have felt a spirit of hostility awakening at times—still there is so much to stimulate reflection and excite to inquiry, so much to promote investigation, and that in a path comparatively untrodden, that the first volume is finished with an intense desire to take hold upon what is to follow. The writer states that he has selected the progress of English civilization for his special study, "simply because, being less affected by agencies, not arising from itself, we can the more clearly discern in it the normal march of society, and the undisturbed operation of those great laws by which the fortunes of mankind are ultimately regulated." He selects England in preference to France because, although the English are greatly indebted to the French for improvement in taste, for refinement in manner, and, indeed, in all the amenities of life, yet they have borrowed nothing absolutely essential, nothing by which the destinies of nations are permanently altered, while France has borrowed from England some very valuable political institutions. And he prefers it to Germany, because the same objections are still more applicable to the Germans. The German intellect he regards as stimulated by the French into a sudden growth, and thus irregularly developed—being in fact hurried into an activity greater than the average civilization of the country requires; whence it results, that in no European nation do we find so wide an interval between the highest minds and the lowest—the German philosophers possessing a learning, and a reach of thought, which places them at the head of the civilized world, while the German people are more superstitious, more prejudiced, more really ignorant and unfit to guide themselves, than are the inhabitants either of France or of England.

In the only other country that might seem to claim the author's preference, America, he argues that "a civilization precisely the reverse of the Germanic, is seen. For while the stock of German knowledge is immense, but confined to one class, the stock of American knowledge is small, but distributed through all classes—there being no country to equal America in the scarcity of men of great learning, and in the scarcity of men of great ignorance. As in Germany, then, we find a serious failure in the diffusion of knowledge, so in America we find a no less serious one in its accumulation." Which failure is the more disadvantageous of the two, our author does not stay to decide. But he calls attention to the antithesis, with this comment on the state of the case:—"That as civilization is regulated by the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge, it is evident that no country can even approach to a complete and perfect pattern, if, cultivating one of these conditions to an excess, it neglects the cultivation of the other. Indeed, from this want of balance and equilibrium between the two elements of civilization, there have arisen in America and in Germany, those great but opposite evils, which, it is to be feared, will not be easily remedied; and which, until remedied, will certainly retard the progress of both countries, notwithstanding the temporary advantages which such one-sided energy does for the moment always procure."

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING; or Jerusalem as it Was, is it is, and as it is to Be. By J. T. BARCLAY, M. D., Missionary to Jerusalem. Philadelphia, James Challen & Sons; Rochester, E. Darrow & Bro., 1858.

THIS is a most beautiful book, of over 600 pages, large octavo, and as interesting as it is beautiful. The paper and the printing is of the very first class, and the engravings are elegant and numerous, consisting of five full page steel engravings, three colored drawings, or illuminations, nine lithographs, mostly maps and plans, and forty-five wood cuts. The author spent three years and a half in the holy city, and made some important discoveries among the ancient ruins. In a week or two, we shall give some extracts from this work, accompanied with illustrations. We know of no better present the coming holidays than this book.

HADJI IN SYRIA: or Three Years in Jerusalem. By SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON. Philadelphia, James Challen & Sons; Rochester, E. Darrow & Bro., 1858.

THIS is a little book of about 300 pages, and its writer, who spent three years in Jerusalem, is the daughter of the author of the work noticed above—"The City of the Great King." She gives a most interesting account of the domestic life of the people, and the sufferings of the women of the East. Her earnest appeal in behalf of the females of Oriental countries, is eloquent and affecting.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUR table is loaded with new publications. Among the works recently received, and awaiting examination and notice, are the following:

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLILE. In four volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. [Vols. I and II received.] For sale in Rochester by DEWEY.

DORA DRANE, or the East India Uncle; and MAGGIE MILLER, or Old Hagar's Secret. By Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Lena Rivers," "The Homestead on the Hillside," "Meadow Brook, or Rosa Lee," "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. New York: C. M. Saxton.

IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL. By Mrs. EMILY HORNBY. Philadelphia: Jas. Challen & Sons. Sold in Rochester by E. Darrow & Bro.

SELF-MADE MEN. By CHAS. C. B. SEYMOUR. New York: Harpers. Sold by DEWEY.

THE MODERN COOK; a Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches, comprising, in addition to English Cookery, the most approved and recherche systems of French, Italian and German Cookery—adapted as well for the largest establishments as for the use of private families. By CHAS. ELIAS FRANCESCELLI. From the sixth London edition, carefully revised and considerably enlarged. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by DEWEY.

BERTHA NOEL. A Story for Youth. By E. J. MAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by DEWEY.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, designed for Academies and High Schools. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D. New York: Harpers. Sold by DEWEY.

THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION: Its Extent, Causes and Effects throughout the World. [Being an Official Report to the Board of Alms-House Governors of the City of New York.] By WM. W. SAWYER, M. D. New York: Harpers. Sold by DEWEY.

SIR WALTER RALPH and HIS TIME. With other Papers. By CHAS. KINGSLY, author of "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Sold by DEWEY.

CORNELL'S GRAMMAR-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by DEWEY.

We have also been favored with eleven different volumes issued by the American Tract Society, the leading magazines for the month, various pamphlets, &c., &c.

THE Ontario Observer, Prince Albert, C. W., is a very neat and well-filled paper, but far from being creditable. For instance, of three different numbers before us, each contains from three to six or more articles copied from the RURAL without credit. Not very observing of the rule of mens and tum, that!

THE INDIAN WARS.—Dispatches from the Pacific coast received by the last California steamer from officers in command, in Washington Territory, state that the approach of winter has produced a cessation of Indian hostilities, but the impression prevails that they will recommence in spring.

The News Condenser.

— Postage stamps have just been introduced in Spain.
— Theodore Parker is ill again, having suffered a relapse.
— A rat-killing association has been founded in New York.
— Gen. Harney arrived at Portland, Oregon, on the 25th ult.
— The Opera singer Piccolomini has a salary of \$4,000 a month.
— The Liberals in Mexico were successful at latest accounts.
— Only 70,000 emigrants have arrived in New York this year.
— Gas was used in Belfast, Me., on Tuesday week for the first time.
— The emigration to Kansas has been quite large during the fall.
— The black tongue has made its appearance in several sections of Texas.
— The English papers complain heavily of our sending back their papers.
— Nebraska is a Sioux word, compounded of Ne, water, Abraska, a valley.
— The weather is very cold at the White Mountains, and the snow very deep.
— The Polish Revolution of 1830 was celebrated in New York on Monday week.
— Over a million barrels of lime are now manufactured yearly at Rockland, Me.
— The Indians are committing many outrages in the border settlement of Texas.
— A man in Philadelphia was recently fined \$16 for swearing and \$5 for getting drunk.
— Ex-Gov. Schley, of South Carolina, is dangerously ill, from a stroke of paralysis.
— Mayor Swann has vetoed the bill for the introduction of the engines in Baltimore.
— The last return of the army shows that Austria can bring into the field 427,000 men.
— The amount of specie now in the banks of Boston is very large, reaching \$9,437,000.
— Ex-Governor Medary, of Ohio, was sworn in Wednesday week, as Governor of Kansas.
— The Supervisors of Oneida Co., voted 20 to 12 against building a County Penitentiary.
— The boats on Lake Champlain have been laid up for the winter, and navigation is closed.
— There are millions of rich lands in Arkansas for sale by Government at 12 1/2 cents an acre.
— The Japan Treaty has arrived at Washington, together with dispatches from Consul Harris.
— On Wednesday, two Jewish Rabbis were arrested in New York for selling lottery tickets.
— A man was killed, a few days since, by falling from the top of the Clay Monument at Lexington.
— Judge Hark, of Cincinnati, was recently run over by a train of railroad cars, and injured fatally.
— Lead pencil marks in scratching election tickets have been decided illegal in York county, Penn.
— A white man in Maryland has been sentenced to 43 years imprisonment for enticing negroes to escape.
— The receipts of the city of Paris last year amounted to 26,000,000, and the expenses to \$23,000,000.
— It is said that slaves are diminishing in Fairfax Co., Va., and that there is an influx of Northern settlers.
— About 45 per cent of the children born in Rhode Island since 1852 have been of foreign parentage.
— A Kansas city paper of the 23d ult. announces the arrival of \$6,000 in gold dust in a kettle, from Cherry Creek.
— The Secretary of the Navy has issued orders to have every available vessel fitted out with the utmost dispatch.
— The New Jersey State Prison is full to overflowing, having nearly three hundred prisoners within its walls.
— A correspondent of the Picayune prophesies an immense sugar crop in Louisiana this season—say 400,000 hhd.
— The Register of the Treasury reports that the sale of public lands this year will amount to three millions of dollars.
— It is said that another effort will be made to get Oregon into the Union, as a State, at the next session of Congress.
— The Bostonians have determined to celebrate the forthcoming centennial anniversary of the birthday of Burns.
— An elephant that had escaped from a menagerie in Bolton, Yazoo Co., Miss., was pursued and killed on the 4th inst.
— There are 20 lotteries in the U. S., 15 of which are in the State of Maryland, and expire by their charter in April next.
— Kansas City people are in ecstasies over the fact that the St. Louis & Pacific Railroad has been located near that point.
— Rev. F. N. Ewing, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Bloomington, Ill., has recently inherited a fortune of \$100,000.
— The expenses of Stenben Co. have decreased since 1857—from what cause is not stated. By some miracle, we suppose.
— A man was fined \$43 in N. O., a few days since, for enclosing a letter in a newspaper, and posting the same to a correspondent.
— Another revolutionary movement has broken out in Sonora, which seems likely to overthrow the existing State Government.
— Considerable activity in real estate, with improving prices is noticed in New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other large cities.
— Gold has been found all along the valley of the South Platte, in Nebraska. In ravines, four dollars to a pan have been taken.
— At the recent election in Illinois, 252,000 votes were polled—more than any of the States, save New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.
— The people of Buffalo have, by a majority of 1716, decided in favor of an international bridge across the Niagara river at that place.
— The task of laying a telegraph cable from Florida to Cuba will be commenced forthwith, the subscriptions having been completed.
— The trial of the 62 indicted officials in New York has been put over to the next term, on account of difficulty in procuring jurors.
— Nearly fifteen million feet of sawed lumber have been shipped from Ottawa City, Canada, to the American markets during the season.
— Francis C. Walton, one of the members of the Kane Arctic expedition, was buried in Philadelphia, on Sunday. He died in destitution.
— The Court of Appeals has decided that County Courts have jurisdiction of actions to foreclose mortgages on lands within their counties.
— Preparations are made for a great lumber season in Maine. On the St. Croix river alone about 3,000 men and 500 teams will be employed.
— The editor of the Franklin (Louisiana) Banner speaks of having received an orange seventeen and five sixteenths of an inch in diameter.
— The navigation of the Mississippi river below St. Paul has been closed by ice. The mail will be carried by stages from St. Paul to La Crosse.

Choice Poetry.

THE WINTERS.

We did not fear them once—the dull grey morning
No cheerless burden on our spirits laid;
The long night watches did not bring us warning
That we were tenants of a house decayed.

The Sketch-Book.

LOVING AND PATIENT.

"A FAITHFUL wife, a tender mother, a true friend, the life of our departed sister was beautiful. She had trial, pain, suffering—the common lot of all; but there was this difference between our sister and many others—in her trials, pains and sufferings she was always loving and patient."

living lips uttered the words so faithfully kept by memory, they awakened no feeling of sympathy in his selfish heart. "Come from home!" He then said to himself, angrily, "Isn't this her home?"

How many hundreds of bereaved husbands are sitting in the shadow of grief to-day, mourning for the departed ones, whose loving presence was no more give warmth and light to their dwelling? Ah! what are their companion-thoughts? What their crowded memories? What their pictures from the past? Like those of Mr. Carson? Not all, we trust; yet, to all must come the recollection of acts or omissions, that the world, if we possessed, would hardly seem too much to give, if that great sacrifice could change the record.

over! He turned once or twice, probably; I thought he turned fifty times, there seemed such confusion of horns and feet revolving, flying through the air. But down he went; the water was deep and he disappeared, leaving a whirlpool of foam behind him, and making the river undulate far and wide with the concussion of his ponderous bulk.

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