







Ladies' Department.

CASTLES.

BY T. B. ADDRESS.

Time, that blunts the edge of things, Dries our tears and spoils our bliss;

She was seven and I was nine— Pretty people we to plan Life, and lay it grandly out—

Sang the river on the shoals, Sagg the robin on the tree;

Lightly fell the apple blooms, Paved the road with red and white;

Twenty years have come and gone; Drop the curtain, change the scene!

Other arms have clasped my Eve, Other lips have called her fair—

From this window I can see Up the road to Meadow Farm—

PATRIOTISM OF THE WOMEN.

THE patriotism of the North is fully aroused. The storming and taking of Fort Sumter by the rebels united all parties and classes north of Dixie's land, and our entire people are arrayed as one man against those who are striving to dismember the Union and desecrate the Constitution and Laws.

"Dear Madam: I hasten to reply to the communication which I received from you on Saturday evening, and am glad of the opportunity to correct some misapprehensions into which you have fallen as to the object and meaning of the present great uprising of the North.

"The question which moves the heart of the North as the heart of one man, is that of government or no government, freedom or anarchy, loyalty to the flag of our country or rebellion against it.

"The time for peace conventions, my dear Miss Johnson, is past. The time for government to use the voice of authority has come.

"I have worked heartily with you, my dear Madam, for the Mt. Vernon cause, and I do not believe that our labor is lost; but I cannot join you in what you now propose, because I know that it would be useless.

"With the fullest confidence in the power of the government to sustain itself even in this hour of its trial, and with the earnest prayer that every good man and true may rally to its support, I am most sincerely yours,

No man or woman can appropriate beauty without paying for it—in endowments, in fortune, in position, in self-surrender, or other valuable stock; and there are a great many who are too poor, too ordinary, too busy, too proud, to get any of these prices for it.

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

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

"I HAVE always taken that paper because it was my mother's favorite, and I never see it coming into the house without thinking of her," we heard a man in the prime of life say, the other day.

AGRICULTURE AND WOMEN.

AN American gentleman who lately visited England, was struck with the interest manifested by ladies, including those of the highest rank, in agriculture.

We could wish that our American ladies would adopt one of the few aristocratic tastes and habits which sit gracefully upon republican women, and which would be of equal advantage to the interests of agriculture and to their own delicate physical organizations.

Woman, of late years, has demonstrated her capacity of shining in many spheres once considered the peculiar province of man. Miss Herschel has discovered comets; Mrs. Somerville laid open the mathematical structure of the universe;

WOMAN'S DRESS.

A HEALTHY dress permits every organ in the body to perform its functions untrammelled. The fashionable style does not allow this free action of the vital parts, and hence the present feeble, crippled condition of the women of America.

The waist should be several inches longer than the body, a little shorter than the present fashion, and full in front, that the chest may enjoy the freest action.

Whalebones have no business in a woman's dress. They spoil all the beauty of outline which Powers and other great artists have found in the natural woman.

THE EVENING CLOUDS we see were made to-day—made of such trifles as the breaths of singing birds and singing flowers; the melted jewelry of the morning dews, the silver night dress of the rivers and the voice of prayer.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] LINES TO "NATE."

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

At every turn, on sea or land, A "Nate" we surely meet;

Though rumi-Nate the cud will chew, His habits are not bad;

Unfortu-Nate all strive to shun, But he waltzes each path;

There's stag-Nate, deaf, and dumb, and blind, More stupid than a load,

Procasti-Nate is oft embraced, Some long retain his hand;

There's fulmi-Nate, in frightful tones, Mankind his voice must hear

In-Nate and or-Nate tread the stage, The first with small display;

Sir nomi-Nate, men greet his face With most extatic joy,

Effemi-Nate, in lady's dress, A nymph to idolize;

Old obsti-Nate, a surly dog, Thinks he is wondrous stout;

Inordi-Nate no bounds can hold, Nor his ambition tame;

There's hiber-Nate, a cosy chap, With jolly smiling face;

Our frames to clothe inear-Nate deigns, His vestures—flesh and blood—

HARMONY AND PERFECTION OF CHARACTER.

WE admire harmony and perfection in nature, or the arts. Though we are not always aware what attracts us—what rivets our attention—when viewing the beautiful and the sublime; yet when we examine critically, harmony, or adaptation, is never wanting, and it is necessary to perfection.

But, how little we consider the necessity of harmony of character, without which there can never be any perfection. As soon might we expect perfect fruit from unpruned trees or a neglected garden, as from an unharmonized character or uncultivated mental powers.

Again, we are slaves to habits and are bound with the strongest shackles of custom. All have experienced in some degree the evils, the regrets, that follow in the train of long indulged sinful passions and feelings.

Such a character. Much as he has been lauded,—such as he has suffered from his own sad and imperfect representations of feelings,—much as his intellectual greatness has been, and is revered, and sometimes the better feelings of a crushed and debased humanity blazing, bursting, from his bleeding soul, inspiring his poems,—still we look upon him as a moral wreck.

Still, humanity has a brighter side, and there are many that look upon life with a better standpoint, and with a clearer vision. They bear all the burden of the present life cheerfully, pursuing the zigzag pathway of their earthly wanderings with hope, with patience, with resignation.

the fight of faith, and won the glorious reward of suffering for his Master's sake. JOHN MIMON, though poor, though aged, though blind, does not become discouraged while suffering these strangely combined afflictions.

NO RIGHT TO BE UGLY.

MEN or women, whatever their physical deformities may be, cannot be utterly ugly, except from moral and intellectual causes, and neither man nor woman has any right to be ugly, and that if either be so, it is his or her fault, misdemeanor, or crime; and that being ugly; they cannot expect the love of their fellow-creatures. No man can love an ugly woman; no woman can love an ugly man; and if fathers and mothers can love an ugly child, it is a very sore struggle, and may be duty after all, and not love.

Milton has not endowed his sublime fiend with the horns, dragon's tail, and other vulgar uglinesses of popular superstition. He was too great a poet and philosopher to fall into such an error. The physical beauty of his Satan was originally as great as that of the angels who had not fallen, in all outward attributes; but the hideousness was in the mind, and the mind moulded the body to its own character; and Satan, though he was, as Sydney Smith said, "a fine fellow" in one sense, was terribly ugly in another; sublimely horrible, and infinitely more fearful to think of than the grotesque compound of Satyr and Dragon whom we owe to the exuberant fancy and bad taste of the monks of the middle ages.

INFLUENCE OF SMILES.

A SMILE is indeed a thing of beauty. Whether living on the lips of gladness youth, or flickering on the dying features of worn-out age, it holds its beauty still. Whether making loveliness yet more winsome, or rendering ugliness less repulsive than its wont, a smile yet holds its nature—yet it is beautiful. Magic lurks therein, and sways the human heart as words never can—quickens its quiet pulse, or soothes and calms the hurried throbb as they may need.

CLOSING UP.

THE close of the week—how gratefully it comes to tolling and weary millions! Even those who reject religion and its institution, acknowledge the wise, if not divine, ordination of the Sabbath—a day of rest and peace—wise, because it answers one of the greatest human wants, as no other device could. As the shadows of evening fall on Saturday night, the mechanic and artisan will lay down their toil armor, and the finger-worn needle-woman will fold up her work—that brings, alas! too scanty pittance—and homeward from every busy haunt will go the hosts whose hands surround us with the comforts and luxuries of life.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hewn stones the habits that form it.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] G I V E H .

Give to him that asketh thee.—Matthew—6: 42.

Give to the needy with free hand, If God hath blest thy store;

Give to the spirit, crushed with grief, Thy sympathizing love,

Give to the erring wanderer, Lost in the maze of sin,

Again to love of virtue's ways, Again to worthy life,

Give what thou hast, though loving words Be all thou hast to give;

It is the SAVIOR'S great command, He will thy gift receive.

We have always loved the angels. In the innocence of childhood we fell asleep, soothed by a mother's sweet assurance that

"Holy angels guard thy bed;" and as we grew older, we delighted to think that a guardian angel continually watched over us, zealous for our good.

In the beautiful mythology of the Arabians, it is said that two angels unseen attend each one of us, to mark our good and evil deeds.

Revelation tells us in language plain, "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Yes, we may discern fancies, and rely confidently on this blessed assurance. Those glorious beings, fulfilling ever the behests of Deity, are engaged in a constant ministry of love. And for whom? "For them who shall be heirs of salvation."

Nothing is lost. The whole past is engraven on our hearts, as on an imperishable tablet. With the mind beclouded as it is in this world, we may be able only to desory the great events; but if not in this world, then in another the mist will be scattered, and we shall be able to read our lives over again, just as they have been spent. There is but one method by which the painful memories of the past may be removed. The heart that is washed in the atoning blood of Christ has in His grace an antidote both for sin and sorrow.

BUT ONE WAY.

THE one who has made the Savior his trust, and who is seeking to live as He lived, has nothing to fear in the utmost activity of memory. But he who has the guilt of his sins resting on his own soul, has reason to tremble. In some dark lane of life, in some hour of gloom, or in the last dread conflict, his sins may meet him again, and overwhelm him with the recollection. Or, if he escape in life, memory, which has recorded all, will be faithful to her trust, and woe be to the soul that has to answer for itself in another world.—Observer.

THE TWO ARCHITECTS.

"The high-priest rose up, with his brethren the priests, and they builded."—NUM. 3: 1.

TWO architects were once candidates for the building of a certain temple at Athens. The first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built.

PRAYER.—It is not the place of prayer that God examines; nor is it the words that God primarily regards; it is not the form in any sense that avails; it is the intense and ardent desire breathed from the depths of the heart into the ear of God which God answers exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

EVERY sinful outward word and deed, and every secret thought and purpose of the mind, re-acts upon the mind itself and leaves its own impression there as upon an ineffaceable tablet. Aside from all the influence our sin may exert upon others, it puts imperishable impressions upon our own minds.

A RELIGION that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish one from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.—Howe.

The Educator.

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

Your correspondent "W." says truly that "great improvements are needed among our rural population in the education of our children." Indeed, the American nation would be a more "healthy, wealthy, and wise" people, if all of its members were better trained and educated.

Now, in this state of things, why cannot we educate our boys at home? Let us all set aside, daily, one hour and a half in which our boys may study. As the mind is fresher in the morning than in the afternoon, the time should be taken from the forepart of the day.

The advantages of this plan are that it allows the mental training to proceed without stopping bodily exertion. My father once told me that he lost his health by suddenly changing his manner of life when he entered college.

Most parents might gain some hints from Herbert Spencer's "Education," published by D. Appleton & Co. The above plan can be adopted only by those parents who exact a ready and willing obedience from their children.

WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL EMPIRE.

WOMAN educates the heart; man educates the intellect; and in this fact consists the chief element of her superiority as an educator. The education of the intellect without that of the heart, may make demons; for the understanding, when divorced from the affections, is fit only to produce such monsters.

Aime-Martin, a French author, says that "out of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the crown of France, only three have loved the people; and, remarkable circumstance, all three were brought up by their mothers."

"Give us mothers who know how to educate their children;" this, under the blessings of God, would, ere long, result in the ushering in of a universal empire of intelligence, and law and righteousness, and peace and joy.

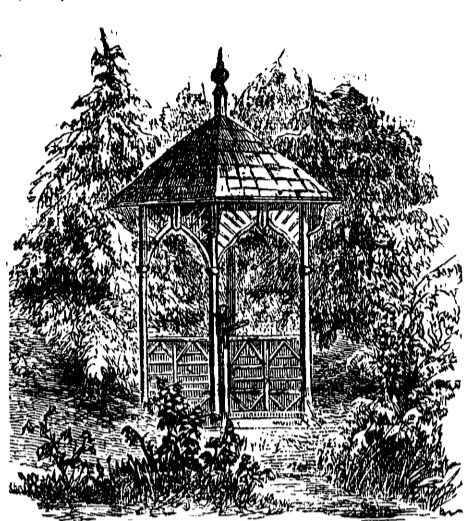
HOW TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE.

EDUCATION is an art or science which, despite the great improvements that have been made in it in modern times, is yet but in its infancy. The experience of almost every day teaches us how much the success of any one system of education depends upon the character and resolution of the instructor.

The Young Ruralist.

OUTSIDE DECORATIONS.

Nothing adds more to the good appearance of a farm than a little decoration in the garden and around the house, while all know that however good the house may be, or well-tilled the farm, an untidy garden and a few old tumble-down sheds in the yard, give to the whole place an untidy, slovenly aspect, that is exceedingly annoying to every person of good taste.



a better purpose. In previous numbers of the RURAL we have given simple designs for Seats, Summer Houses, &c., and now we present our young friends with one for a Pump House.

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

MUSIC.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have long thought that I would like to contribute my mite to our loved RURAL, but feared my inability to write anything acceptable.

In a late number I noticed a piece entitled "Thoughts on Music," which I thought very good,—likewise a piece of music by W. D. BRADBURY, which I have learned to sing and play; for I am fond of music,—yes, 'tis my great delight.

One of our illustrious forefathers said, "Give me liberty or give me death." I love liberty as well as any one, but next to liberty give me music, for I cannot be happy without it. I remember the advice of an aged lady to me when I was about twelve years of age.

"Give us mothers who know how to educate their children;" this, under the blessings of God, would, ere long, result in the ushering in of a universal empire of intelligence, and law and righteousness, and peace and joy. Will it not, therefore, be our special care, looking forward to the world's progress and the future elevation of the whole race of mankind, not only to educate carefully and thoroughly our sons for the spheres of life in which they may be called to move and act, but also our daughters, whose sphere of duty and influence is even more grand and glorious, and involves more terrible responsibilities than that which Providence assigns to our sons.

A GIRL WHO LOVES MUSIC AND THE RURAL. Union, Mon. Co., N. Y., 1861.

BEGIN TO SAVE.

Nothing is more certain than that when a man begins to lay by money, the desire to accumulate grows with the growth of his savings. The "nest egg" is the chief difficulty. A deposit once made, the self-denial necessary to enable the depositor to add to the initial sum becomes less irksome every day, until at length the thrifty individual derives a greater pleasure from the contemplation of his increasing store, than ever he experienced from the

outlay of money to gratify his tastes or pamper his appetites. He feels proud, too, of his own power of self-restraint, and is dignified in his own eyes by his prudent self-sacrifices.

Let it be understood, then, that any young man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow,—ay, or by the sweat of brain, and has sufficient determination to limit his wants as to save a few dollars for a beginning, is almost sure, by that very act, to lay the foundation of future comfort and competence.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 25, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Extracts from the Southern Press. As exhibiting the tone of the press throughout the South, we give extracts from the various papers which reach our sanctum, as follows:

AN INTERVIEW WITH GEN. SCOTT.—The Charleston Courier publishes a letter from a correspondent who was in Washington on the 1st inst., in which the writer thus describes an interview with Gen. Scott:—"I found him in his office in the War Department. He sat bolt upright, behind a table, where he had been writing, and apparently his mind is as clear and strong as ever.

HAVE WE A UNION?—The Baltimore Patriot answers this question in the most emphatic manner. After alluding to its efforts to avert this fratricidal conflict, it expresses confidence that the Union will be rendered firmer and stronger by this effort to destroy it, and adds:—"Let it not, then, be said that we have no Union. We have a Union, and it is folly to say we will not and cannot preserve it.

VIRGINIA'S RESOURCES.—When we read the following confession of the Richmond Examiner, a rabid secession sheet, we are only the more amazed at the madness which is hurrying on Virginia to ruin. The Examiner says:—"We believe that we inform the public with considerable accuracy on this point, when we declare that the State's public means of defense are simply nil.

A CHANGE OF TUNE.—When the report reached the extreme South that Gen. Scott had resigned, and was going to head the traitors, the people fired guns, rang bells, shed tears of joy, embraced each other in the streets, lanes and alleys, &c.

SOLD AND PAID FOR.—Vicksburg (Miss.) was probably the worst "sold" town in the South, on the rumored resignation of Gen. Scott. The Whig of that place thus announced the joyful tidings:—"Our town is again in a furious state of excitement at the news of General Scott's resignation.

THE UPRISING AT THE NORTH.—The Southern papers are consoling themselves with all sorts of odd conceptions about the spontaneous burst of loyal sentiment in the North. The Richmond Enquirer consoles itself with the reflection that it is but one of those temporary excitements which occur among the people of the free States.

"Just as they ran mad after Jenny Lind, the Japanese Tommy, Kossuth, Morus Multicaulis, Spirit Rappings, and every other new bubble, so they now unite in the great delirium of a civil war, and intoxicate their brains with thoughts of blood and plunder. When all the individuals of a nation have been occupied from their birth with ledgers and cash-books, dollars and cents, the humdrum existence of trade or traffic, a sensation becomes a necessity to their mental constitution. No people on earth need temporary excitement like the Yankees, are more eager to get it, or will pay more for it.

companies, running off to cities like Washington, by way of Annapolis, where no brickbats are on the road, but in three or four weeks the superfluous gas will be gone, and Yankees will be Yankees again."

DON'T LIKE THE BLOCKADE.—We have already announced the blockade of Norfolk, Va., by the naval forces of the Government. The following paragraph is from the Norfolk Herald of May 3d:—"The blockade of our harbor includes every conceivable avenue of approach to it—from the broad bosomed Chesapeake and its noble rivers to the creeks and coves which form their tributaries.

The Herald meets the matter with indifference, but the Richmond Whig "takes on dreadfully." Hear it:—"The base wretches at Washington have dared to interrupt and destroy the commerce of this Commonwealth. Vessels which the money of our people built—the fort, which Virginia entrusted to the common agent for her defence—are employed for the enforcement of this infamous tyranny.

STRENGTH AND IMPORTANCE OF FORTRESS MONROE.—The New Orleans Crescent admits and grieves that Fortress Monroe is the key to Virginia, and that it cannot be taken by the rebels. It says:—"If we only had possession of Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, our way would be clear. But the former is one of the strongest fortifications in the country. Its garrison is two thousand four hundred and fifty men, and it mounts three hundred and seventy-one guns.

THE SECESSION SPIRIT IN TENNESSEE.—The Louisville Journal says:—"As illustrative of the character of the tyranny established over souls in Tennessee, we may mention one circumstance out of the thousands which the Tennessee papers would not dare to mention. One of the first gentlemen of our city, a substantial man, whose word none would question, was recently in that State on business.

POINTS OF INTEREST. THE places noted below are points of special interest just at the present time, and as each is frequently mentioned in the journals of the day, a brief description may prove of value. PERRYVILLE is a pretty village of some six or eight houses and two hotels,—one of the latter kept by a Pennsylvanian,—that derives its only importance from being a station upon the Susquehanna river.

LAW OF TREASON.—Trading with an Enemy. THE legal rights of citizens, in time of war, to trade with an enemy, are not very well understood in this country. The following extract from Kent's Commentaries on the Law of Nations, will place the subject in a clear light before our readers: One of the immediate and important consequences of the declaration of war, is the absolute interruption and interdiction of all commercial correspondence, intercourse, and dealing between the subjects of the two countries.

One of the immediate and important consequences of the declaration of war, is the absolute interruption and interdiction of all commercial correspondence, intercourse, and dealing between the subjects of the two countries. The interdiction flows necessarily from the principle already stated, that a state respectively in hostility to each other; and to suffer individuals to carry on a friendly or commercial intercourse, while the two Governments were at war, would counteract the operations of war, and throw obstacles in the way of the public efforts, and lead to disorder, imbecility and treason.

from Turkey Point to the Delaware river is not less than thirty miles. If Turkey Point, or Worth's Point, opposite, be guarded by a small battery, (the mouth of the Elk is less than three miles wide, and the channel within one mile of shore), any attempt that might be made by secessionists from Baltimore to pass up the Elk and drain the canal would be effectually prevented.

PORT DEPOSIT, Md., is situated four miles from Perryville, on the same side of the river, in Cecil county. There is a volunteer company in the town, pledged, it is said, to the Union, and ready to respond to Gov. Hicks' requisition, whenever it is made. Some of the United States soldiers, from Camp Susquehanna strolled beyond camp limits a few days since, and entering a tavern at Port Deposit, caused great terror among some reputed secessionists, collected there. The United States flag has been nailed to a pole by some ardent individuals in Port Deposit, and before the troops were quartered at Perryville, they were accustomed to mount guard around it every night.

HAVRE DE GRACE has a population of four or five thousand. The Chesapeake, below Havre de Grace, is now dotted in every direction with Government transports, consisting of craft of every description,—tugs, sloops, Ericsson steamers, brigs, &c. Small boats are hugging the shores, on the look-out for treason traps, and scouting parties are continually landing at points along the bay to discover the feelings and intentions of the people. The lines of the camp at Perryville extend to the outskirts of the village, and to pass any sentry after dark is impossible. No man can get into camp by night from any quarter. The lanes, the fields, the dwellings, the bridges, are hemmed in by guards, who form continuous lines within each other, so that any sentry can summon the whole guard if necessary.

The Volunteer Army.

THE following list comprises the regiments which have passed through New York city on their way to Washington and vicinity:

Table with columns: Reg., Where from, No. Lists regiments from Rhode Island to Vermont with their respective numbers.

There are now in New York the following, which have been mustered into service and are ready to march:

Table with columns: Reg., Colonel, Men. Lists regiments such as Sheehan's Volunteers, Constitution Guard, Ninth Regiment, etc.

The following are nearly ready, and will be mustered into service in a few days:

Table with columns: Anderson Zouaves, Sheehan's Volunteers, Constitution Guard, Ninth Regiment, California Regiment, Steuben Regiment, Excelsior Brigade, Fifty-fifth Regiment, First Regiment, German Rifles, Eleventh Regiment, Second Regiment, Fire Zouaves, Astor Regiment, Ramsey's Volunteers, Second Regiment, S. L. G., Union Rangers, Bannockburn Battalion, Elite Corps (light infantry), First Regiment, Union Volunteers, Naval Brigade, Seventy-fifth Regiment, Montezuma Regiment, United Turner, Rifles, Union Volunteer Rifles, Westchester Chasseurs, Excelsior Regiment, British Volunteers, Garibaldi Guard.

Law of Treason.—Trading with an Enemy.

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The News Condenser.

The Kentucky Legislature is stirring up Gov. Magoffin. The new planet (the 65th) has been named Maximiliana. The Indiana Legislature adjourned on the 11th for ten days. One hundred and five Cincinnati printers have "gone to the war."

Special Notices.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

To those who wish to purchase a perfect "COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER," we would say that "BALL'S OHIO MOWER AND REAPER" is manufactured at the Auburn Prison by Messrs. Ross, Dixon & Pomeroy, sole proprietors for the State of New York, for the use of these valuable patents.

To All Our Readers.

Back Numbers of this Volume Free! To all who subscribe for the RURAL NEW-YORKER from May 1st to the end of the Year and Volume—eight months—we will, if desired, send the back numbers (from Jan'y 1st) Free.

WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present devalued state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our banks will not purchase it at any rate of discount.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES. Eggs, dozen, @30. Honey, box, @1.00. Butter, 1 lb., @12.50. Flour, winter wheat, @5.75.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 20.—FLOUR—Market heavy for common grades, and prices are stronger in favor of the buyer. Sales at \$4.90 per 100 lbs. for superfine State.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 15.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows: BEEF CATTLE—First quality, \$8.00 per 100 lbs.

ALBANY, May 20.—BEES.—The market is unusually large this week, and is expected by many hundreds, and much larger than is needed.

Cambridge, May 15.—At market—520 Beef Cattle, 85 stores, 2,200 Sheep and Lambs, and 3,500 Swine.

Toronto, May 15.—BEEF.—The supply of live stock in our market has been but moderate, though prices remain unchanged even in the absence of any delivery from farmers.

New York, May 15.—The market remains inactive for nearly all descriptions. Foreign fine are entirely neglected, there is a light steady demand for low medium quality.

Boston, May 15.—There is a fair demand for both foreign and domestic at steady prices. Saxony and Merino, fine, 40-42.

On the morning of May 8th, at St. Peter's Church, in this city, by the Rev. J. T. Carr, EUGENE M. KENDALL, of Rochester, and MISS LILLIE L. KELLY, of Brighton, N. Y.

A LADY of the Episcopal Church wishes to engage as lady's maid, or as governess to young children in a pious family. Would prefer the country.

BUNTING FLAGS BY MAIL.—Size, 8 by 12 in., 3 for 25 cts.; 12 for \$1. Size 12 by 24 in., 35 cts. single, 4 for \$1. Size 24 by 46 in., \$1.25 each.

THE ROCHESTER EVENING EXPRESS.—THE EVENING EXPRESS IS A CHEAP DAILY FOR ALL NEWSPAPER READERS. It contains all the telegraphic and other news of the day.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL FRUIT TREES.—We wish to employ a number of experienced and trustworthy men to sell trees, etc., from our Nurseries at liberal wages.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.—Glass Cloth Presser and Hemmers, AT REDUCED PRICES.

THOROUGH BRED STOCK.—The Subscribers, BRODIE, CAMPBELL & CO., are now engaged in breeding and importing Farm Stock of the first quality.

"WOMEN OF NEW YORK."—Mrs. Hankins' Curious New Book of Female Characters in the City, is very interesting and strictly moral.

"FAMILY NEWSPAPER."—Mrs. Hankins' Marvellous Pictures in the Sixth Volume Largest, nicest and best in the world for 75 cts. a year.

EXTRACT OF TOBACCO, FOR DIPPING SHEEP AND LAMBS, AND FOR DESTROYING ALL KINDS OF VERMIN ON OTHER ANIMALS.

COUNTRY AGENTS WANTED.—\$3 A DAY. Mrs. Hankins wants Agents at home or to travel for her Fictorial FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

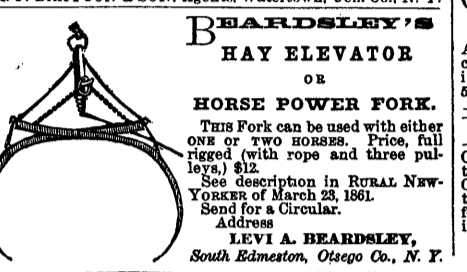
AMERICAN GUANO.—FROM JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, IMPORTED BY THE AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, & BUILDERS.—"An Irrepressible Conflict" is against him who offers you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, etc.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, & BUILDERS.—"An Irrepressible Conflict" is against him who offers you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, etc.

BAXTER'S VOLUNTEER'S MANUAL.—The latest and best military work published, containing Full Instructions for the Recruit, Arranged according to Scott's System of Military Tactics.

BUCKEYE MOWER AND REAPER. WITH FLEXIBLE FOLDING BAR. THE ONLY MACHINE WHICH COMBINES ALL THE REQUISITES OF A PERFECT HARVESTER.



BEARDSLEY'S HAY ELEVATOR OR HORSE POWER FORK. This Fork can be used with either one or two horses.

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COUNTRY AGENTS WANTED.—\$3 A DAY. Mrs. Hankins wants Agents at home or to travel for her Fictorial FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

AMERICAN GUANO.—FROM JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, IMPORTED BY THE AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, & BUILDERS.—"An Irrepressible Conflict" is against him who offers you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, etc.

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"GO MAD."

BY LIDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Go mad!" said a wicked demon, To Greece, in her classic height; So the Peloponnesus bristled...

The Story-Teller.

MY FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

I was just sixteen, and was spending the summer at my uncle JACK's, in Summerville, the most beautiful of all Connecticut's beautiful villages.

SIDNEY SMITH has said that "a sparrow fluttering about the church, is an antagonist which the most profound theologian in Europe is wholly unable to overcome."

Now my uncle JACK never missed anything that was going on in church, asleep or awake.

"Diamond out diamond," retorted I, as the congregation arose, and I saw that the individual in question was gazing earnestly at our pew.

I endeavored in vain after this to fix my thoughts earnestly on the beautiful church service.

Church was out, and we were sauntering leisurely along under the green arcades which shaded every street in Summerville, when JENNY whispered:

"Here he comes, CARRY," and she had scarcely finished ere "he" was at her side, and I was introduced to PHILIP DARRAH.

How pleasantly the weeks glided by, that beautiful summer-time. Oh! the drives, and the sails, and the picnics, and the fruit parties.

"Yes, sir," said I, turning around to my astonished uncle, "I am rich in good looks, (I was thought handsome) and she's such a skinny little thing, that it always puts one in mind of 'the dry bones, rattling.'"

highly as you do, CAD. Sixty thousand dollars with his own fortune is no trifle, child.

"Then he's not worth all my riches," said I, contemptuously; but I think now that I must have replaced the vase on the bouquet table with a little temper, for the water flew over my hands and a souvenir rose fell to pieces.

But for a week after this, in all our amusements, PHILIP DARRAH was by my side. ADALINE LOOMIS ogled and dressed and sung in vain.

"Miss CARRY," said PHIL, entering my uncle's parlor one evening, "we are going to make up an equestrian party for the day after to-morrow, and you must go.

"But I was never on a horse in my life, Mr. DARRAH. I am very sorry, but I can't go."

"Why you are the most courageous lady in our sailing parties. You are not afraid."

"Not at all afraid, but I should be frightfully awkward, and I do not care to risk my reputation."

"You could not be awkward," was the reply, in a low voice, and a tone that sent the blood dancing around my heart.

"Put a piece of black cloth underneath, and then fasten a hook here and there, if you can," she at length suggested.

So it was arranged, more to the satisfaction of the eye than to the comfort of my person, for I felt as if I was in a vice.

At last I heard the tramping of horses' feet, and saw the party stop at Mr. LOOMIS' for ADDY. I felt some misgivings at the moment, but when I saw her put her foot in PHIL DARRAH'S hand, and spring like a bird to her horse, the whole thing seemed so easy that I was reassured.

"Place your left foot on my hand, Miss CARRY, if you please," said PHIL, who saw that I did not know how to proceed when I got to the horse.

"Take the snaffle in your right hand, and then grasp the pommel," said my instructor.

"Not at all awkward," was the reply, "you will do famously when you are once on. You must permit me to give you some lessons. Now, spring from your right foot."

"Try again," said my instructor. "Let me take your foot in both my hands, then keep your left limb stiff, and I am sure we can manage it."

I did try again vigorously. I performed the rule action the second time, in spite of being told to keep my joints stiffened.

"Put your right limb over the pommel," was PHIL'S next order, with an annoyed look.

"The left hand!" exclaimed I, for I could argue if I could not ride horseback, "why, that's preposterous, — as if the right hand was not much stronger and more dexterous than the left."

"The left hand is the proper one, nevertheless," was the cool rejoinder of my companion, who was being vexed at the ridiculous aspect of affairs.

I happened to glance just then at my chamber window, and there was that vixen 'o' a JENNY peeping through the blinds, and laughing till the tears ran down her face.

Just then PHIL missed me, and looked around. There was an amused expression on his face as he caught sight of me in this comical position.

"Old Nick isn't used to it," "Old Nick!" I exclaimed. I was in despair. He was known as one of the roughest, most obstinate beasts in Summerville.

"If he would only canter it would be easier, but he won't," said PHIL, coming to my side.

All this was said with the comfortable feelings of a person who knew that he was riding splendidly, and looking supremely handsome.

What a contrast I presented! With what pins I could find, I had managed to stick one here and there in my bodice, between the bounces of Old Nick, but now it was requiring whichever hand I was not using to keep my hat straight and the hair out of my eyes.

After an eternity, it seemed to me, we reached Silver Spring. Never was a poor soul as glad of a respite from torture as I was.

How I dreaded to return home, only the uninitiated victim of a hard trotting horse can tell.

My return commenced with the old bounce, bounce, enlivened occasionally with a flap of the arms, very much like that of the wings of a rooster before he crows.

On and on went Old Nick and myself, I occasionally laughing in my delight at the rapid motion and easy pace, and giving the animal a cut if I found any indication of his flagging.

"On and on went Old Nick and myself, I occasionally laughing in my delight at the rapid motion and easy pace, and giving the animal a cut if I found any indication of his flagging.

At last I noticed that we had left the high road, and turned up a narrow lane. I had not time to wonder at our whereabouts, when, in the midst of

his full career, Old Nick stopped, with his head over a fence. He nearly had me over it too. The shock was awful, and I found myself entirely off the saddle, on the top of the pommel, with both arms around the horse's neck.

My ride had given me courage. I pulled and whipped, and coaxed, all to no purpose. The horse was as immovable, and as deaf to my tones of endearment, as the bronze one in the equestrian statue of Washington.

I looked around triumphantly, and said: "Oh, I have had a delightful ride. How much better Old Nick's canter is, (you call it a canter, don't you?) how much easier it is than that horrid trot."

"He never cantered a step in his life. He was running away with you," said PHIL, evidently out of all patience.

By this time the ladies of the party came up. Each had to tell how frightened she was, and ADDY LOOMIS declared she had nearly fainted—from joy, I suppose.

THE EDITOR CENSURED FOR OMISSION OF IMPORTANT DUTY TO THE PUBLIC. MR. MOORE—Sir: I hate to find fault with an editor. I am a modest man, and dislike exceedingly to take the position of a censor of the RURAL, especially so when I consider that I may be snubbed with the somewhat pertinent inquiry, "Do you not get your money's worth?"

Now, I like consistency. I advise you to scratch out that motto from your next issue and substitute a small rampart. "But what have I done?" you ask. I answer, "Nothing." It's of what you have left undone I speak.

No Medical Advertisements! Why, sir, you are infatuated. These form part and parcel of nearly every paper I take—or borrow—except yours. I can get along; but think of the poor man who takes no other paper—what can he know of those benefactors of mankind who have secured this lower world, ransacked the bowels of the earth, gone down in diving bells, and ascended to the skies in balloons, in search of remedial agents?

Mr. Editor, I think I can understand how, in sheer willfulness, you have stoutly 't' out against the 'Retired Physicians,' 'Disabled Clergymen,' &c., but how you have withstood the seductive influences of said Spalding, with his instructive, amusing, and profound advertisement, a column in length, is more than I can understand, when he so earnestly desires to point out to a diseased and suffering public the way to health and life.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 591. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Robert Anderson. Answer to Bouquet of Flowers:—Cuckoo-pink; Bur-gloss; Hare-bell; Carb-amine; Hawthorn; Frank-in-cense; King-cob; Polly-anthus; Japan-rose; Queen-rocket; Pride-of-China; Dew-plant.

it would rival in length, and in other ways, the famous sea serpent. Used as an auger, and "run into the ground," it would go deep enough for an oil well, and constitute, as you and your readers must all admit, the biggest kind of a "bore."

Please believe that I am your friend. Most of your friends praise you. A true friend will praise judiciously, but will administer reproof when needed, kindly, yet firmly.

RED CREEK.

Wit and Humor.

TOASTS BY THE TRADES.

FROM a list of professional toasts said to have been made at a New England celebration at Milwaukee, we take the following: By a Baker—"The Storm of Liberty"—It rose in the yeast—may it continue to give its light until it has leavened the whole world, and prepared for the last great baking.

By a Dry Goods Merchant—"Our National Flag"—May we never measure it by yards, nor sell it without a respectable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance.

By a Printer—"Plymouth Rock"—The imposing stone on which the form of our liberties was made up—may it be a type of their perpetuity.

By a Tailor—"The American Union"—Buttoned up by the patriotism of our ancestors—may its needle of virtuous indignation prick the goose that attempts to rip it asunder.

By a Miller—"The Mayflower"—Ground from the grist of oppression, it turned out no shorts.

By a Forwarder—"The Boston Tea Party"—May its memory be stored away by all who attempt to exact illegal commission.

By a Banker—"The Pilgrim Stock"—Above par in every market.

DEAR Jeff, you're a queer rara avis. 'Tis said that to Peace you're inclined. If that is the case, Mr. Davis, I'll give you a piece—of my mind. As with rebels you hold close communion, And strive with your country to cope, You'll find when you're 'out of the Union,' You'll be—at the end of your rope!

FINANCIAL.—A friend hands us the following epigrammatic illustration of the financial condition of affairs at Montgomery and Washington.

"Alas!" says Jeff Davis, "I'm sick of this job, Nary red can be shelled—there's nothing but Cobb."

Abe Lincoln keeps cool and enjoys the thing well— Full bags and full cribs—how these Yankees do shell.

A SAFE MAN TO INSURE.—By a steamboat explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown, unhurt, into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise all the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a bystander, and drawn out panting. "Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?" "Ye-yes, pretty hard, considerin'. Wasn't doin' it for myself, though; was a workin' for one of them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save them. I didn't care."

Corner for the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 17 letters. My 13, 5, 7, 15 is a small, pointed piece of metal. My 1, 7, 13, 10 is a metal. My 2, 9, 12, 7, 17 is a very useful piece of furniture. My 11, 2, 6, 16 is an animal. My 4, 8, 13, 14 is a part of a clock. My whole is the name of a United States Senator. Clayton, Len. Co., Mich., 1861. A. M. BAKER. Answer in two weeks.

ANALYTICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of three parts. My first, when a noun, is an ornament worn by a certain religious sect; when an adjective, it denotes a very unpleasant state of feeling. My second, when a verb, signifies 'to incise'; when a noun, it denotes an incision. My third, when a noun, is a tool used by mechanics; when a verb, it is always in the past tense. My whole is 'always a noun, and is used by farmers and mechanics.' Panama, N. Y., 1861. GARBUM. Answer in two weeks.

A PUZZLE.

G2t th2 b2st plp29 38 th2 w491d-74492's 95911 82w-y49k29. Tipton, 1861. J. W. A. Answer in two weeks.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WHAT is the number to which, if you add its half, its third, its fourth, and its sixth, and fifty-four more, it will then be tripled? Memphis, O., 1861. C. N. BATES. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 591.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Robert Anderson. Answer to Bouquet of Flowers:—Cuckoo-pink; Bur-gloss; Hare-bell; Carb-amine; Hawthorn; Frank-in-cense; King-cob; Polly-anthus; Japan-rose; Queen-rocket; Pride-of-China; Dew-plant. Answer to Riddle:—Severn, Severn, Eve. Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—A, \$10.40; B, \$8.80; C, \$5.60. Total, 24.80.

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