







Ladies' Department.

RETROSPECT.

BY MINNIE MINTWOOD.

MOTHER, dear mother, 'tis ten weary years Since I last saw thee through glimmering tears; Ten years ago, when an angel came down, Bearing for thee a bright, beautiful crown; A crown, mother mine, which Jesus had made, To woo thee away where flowers never fade. As you went, my child-heart felt its first moan, Stricken and sad in my sorrowful home.

LETTER TO AUNT BETSEY.

We have always been taught to respect age, old age, where time has silvered the locks and left its impress in the furrowed cheek and brow,—where every look, word, and action, bespeak wisdom. As they glance back over life's pathway, they can see the follies of the past, the short-comings, the shoals and quicksands on which their bark narrowly escaped foundering. But do they always profit by the experience of the past? Is age always proof against woman's prerogative,—scolding? We think not.

WOMAN'S DUTIES—REPLY TO "MAUDE."

MANKIND, as far as moral perfection is concerned, are alarmingly deficient; yet, because of that deficiency, it does not follow that the condition of any is bettered by railing and accusation. But you appear to think, O MAUDE, that men, (with very few exceptions) never open their mouths to speak of females except it be to rail at and abuse them, and, to make the matter even, you commence the same kind of procedure, talking hard of newspaper writers who speak of the duties, obligations, and dependence of woman. I think you will admit that mankind are mutually dependent upon each other for sympathy, kindness, and love. Without the bestowing of these qualities by all, this world would be robbed of everything which tends to make life pleasant, and trials and cares would be added to our lot ten-fold.

good. If they speak and order concerning imaginary duties, or are ignorant how certain labors should be performed, and issue their word as law, then they are fools, and I advise MAUDE, (at the risk of being classed among them,) never to come in contact with one, as she values her happiness. If she is "tied" to an uncongenial partner, make straight her pathway to Indiana, where they relieve people of such burdens in a short time; or if not that, then turn the tables on them, (if she is a medium,) and instruct them in their duties—thus proving that women are as well qualified to judge of men's affairs as men are of women's. Do not fly off in a tangent, and abuse the whole race of man just because some few conceited ones have assumed all authority.

Choice Miscellany.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

DARK is the night, from the murky skies Not a ray doth cheer my longing eyes; Darker the way of my future lies! The storm beats wild on the window pain, The air is heavy with sleet and rain; Wilder yet is the storm in my brain!

RESURGAMUS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THEY say the battle has been lost—what then? There is no need of tears and doleful strains; The holy Cause for which we fought remains, And millions of unconquerable men.

OUR SORROW.

BY MARY J. CHOSMAN.

"SADDLED and bridled, and booted rode he, A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee; But hame cam' the saddle, s' bluidly to see, And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he!"

DEAR READER, I told you a few weeks ago that JAMIE had enlisted,—that we were lonely; but *lonely* is a very feeble word to-day. I remember what uncertainty the future then wore, but I know that over and above all, gilding with roseate light every fear and foreboding, were the rays, the beautiful rays, of hope; but only for a season. O, Thou who rulest destiny, be to us the shadow of a great rock in a weary land!

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

THEY came to us in our gayest seasons, when joyful groups are gathered around,—when care and anxiety seem banished from all hearts, and each wears the look of happiness.

DEATH AND THE DRY GOODS.

BY DON LLOYD WYMAN.

Eve's first apron was made of fig leaves, and so, without question, was Adam's earliest blouse. But as these were of Eden growth and fitted only for an Eden climate, when the reluctant wearers were driven from those favored shades, they were furnished with clothing made of skins. These two materials became the recognized types of all subsequent attire.

MUSIC OF EDEN.

How full of beauty and sublimity must have been the mind which called forth from chaos and desolation, order and symmetry—which planned the whole of Nature without copy, and drew from its exhaustless store all the myriad varieties with which our earth is teeming.

PEOPLE TO BE SHUNNED.

BUT there are human beings whom, if you are wise, you would not wish to know you too well. I mean the human beings (if such there should be) who think highly of you, who imagine you very clever and very amiable.

THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE North British Review, for May, thus closes an article on American affairs: "There surely cannot be a permanent retrogression and decay in a Nation planted in the noblest principles of right and liberty, and combining, in marvellously adjusted proportions, the vigorous and energetic elements of the world's master races, in the midst of which the tone is given and the march is led by that one of them which has never faltered in its onward course, and which is possessed of such tenacity and versatility, that it is everywhere successful.

Sabbath Musings.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY DON LLOYD WYMAN.

O, IF we knew the infinite love That God for all his children bears, We would not bend in frozen prayers To ask why MAMIE went above.

MUSIC OF EDEN.

How full of beauty and sublimity must have been the mind which called forth from chaos and desolation, order and symmetry—which planned the whole of Nature without copy, and drew from its exhaustless store all the myriad varieties with which our earth is teeming. Beneath the inspiring touch of heaven, all was unison and peace.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

GOOD reader, if you and I ever reach that Father's house, we will look back and see that the sharp-tongued, rough-visaged teacher, Disappointment, was one of our best guides to bring us thither. He often took us by thorny paths. He often stripped us of our overload of worldly goods.

DUTY OF A CREATURE TO ITS CREATOR.

IF a sculptor, after fashioning a piece of marble into a human figure, could inspire it with life and sense, could give it motion, and understanding, and speech, its first act, doubtless, would be to prostrate itself at the foot of its maker in subjection and thankfulness.

CHRISTIANITY AND ATHEISM.

IF the worst that can happen to the believer if he mistake, be the best that can happen to the unbeliever, if he be right, who without madness can run the venture? Who in his senses would choose to come within the possibility of infinite misery?—John Locke.

GOD WILL SEVERELY RECKON WITH THOSE THAT STRENGTHEN THE HANDS OF THE WICKED IN THEIR WICKEDNESS.

GOD will severely reckon with those that strengthen the hands of the wicked in their wickedness.







THE TWO FURROWS.

BY O. H. WEBB.

The Spring-time came, but not with mirth—
The banner of our trust,
And with it the best hopes of earth
Were trailing in the dust.

Harper's Weekly.

The Story-Teller.

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

A FARMER'S WIFE.

BY ERNESTINE HAMILTON.

"KITTIE'S coming home to-night, mother; it's a
good while to six, and the stage is so long coming I
guess I'll go down to the orchard and get some of
those great peaches she likes so well," said good
Farmer LEIGH.

large kitchen, and, a moment later, the happy, re-
united family were sitting around the well filled table.
The plain farmer had never received what is called a
good education, and if he ever made mistakes in
speaking, they were silently passed by, though for a
time, when the father had caught himself in a ludi-
crous mistake, his eyes would turn instinctively to
his college-bred son and his accomplished daughter.

knowledge of books, and a high range of thought,
KITTIE thought, "He is a farmer." And the thing
was decided in her own mind, that she didn't exactly
like him. This conclusion she communicated to
NED, ere they separated for the night, and NED only
laughed.

"Pray who is 'our shadow,' my dear young lady?"
queried NED.
"Farmer HASTINGS, of course, but it's half an
hour before sun-down now, and we've plenty of time,
do come, NED!" she said pleadingly.

Wit and Humor.
WAR WIT.
A OAD TO JEFF. DAVIS.
THE following from the Knickerbocker for July was
written by a genius that is bound to shine some day,
if he lives and does well:

SOME of the letters from volunteers are highly
interesting, and cannot fail, in many instances, to
cause the most sedate to smile at some of the inci-
dents of a soldier's life. One letter says to a friend,

THE SOUTHERN LOAN.—In the utter absence of
cash, the Southern loan-hunters are said to be receiv-
ing fresh subscriptions in the shape of notes some-
thing like the following:

Corner for the Young.
For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

A REBUS.
I'm a globe of light, a fairy sprite,
And often I do harm;
And yet, 'tis true, all know it, too,
My heart is very warm.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.
The area of a rectangular field is 4,710 square rods, and its
length exceeds its width by 18.5 rods. What is the length
and width of the field?
Castile, N. Y., 1861.
WILLIAM DUFF.

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