

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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**MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,**  
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## AGRICULTURAL.

### THE SWORD AND THE PLOWSHARE.

In looking over the past history of the world, the observing man cannot but feel surprised at the little advancement made in agricultural knowledge. Here and there a ray of light may be observed—some bright star shining for a season and giving promise of future good, but in a little while it is lost, and all again is gloom and darkness. That some of the ancient nations possessed considerable knowledge of agriculture we must admit, yet this knowledge is lost to the world, and even its extent and value is a matter of conjecture. War has been the deadliest foe of agriculture—it has been the profession of kings and princes—at once the occupation and the scourge of the people. War has presented the chief road to honor, and fame, and wealth, and consequently the young and the ambitious have sought glory on the tented field, to the entire neglect of the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, which was left to those too old, or too young, or too indolent to engage in the more active and honorable profession of war. This state of things rendered the business of tilling the soil unsafe as well as disgraceful, for the invading army often devastated the land, and the farmer beheld the fruits of months of toil swept away in a day. The sword, in Sacred Writ, is represented as the great adversary of the plow, and in the good time coming, when the earth shall be filled with peace and happiness, the spears are to be turned into pruning hooks and the swords into plowshares.

Advancement has been made in the science and practice of agriculture during the past hundred years, but in no thousand years, since thorns and briars first began to grow, has there been so much real and substantial progress in agricultural knowledge and practice as during the past fifty years of peace and good will among the nations of the earth. Men of science, and wealth, and the highest mental powers, have devoted their knowledge, intellect, and wealth, to the development of the resources of the earth, and those whom the world has delighted most to honor have been the most intelligent and zealous cultivators of the soil. It has not been considered beneath the dignity of princes and kings to encourage and actually engage in the noble and ennobling pursuit of agriculture. No saying of the great and good WASHINGTON, who, though engaged in necessary war, loved peace, is more often quoted or more universally believed, than that which declares that agriculture is the most honorable pursuit in which man can engage.

Within the last few years, the notes of war have been sounded in Europe, the Crimea has been deluged in blood, and the soil of ancient Italy has furnished graves for thousands of both friends and foes. This has had an injurious effect upon the agriculture of Europe, while it has been a source of profit to us, making an increased demand for our agricultural products at unusually high rates. For more than fifty years our country has been favored with peace. No ruthless enemy has invaded our coasts or desolated our land. He that sowed, sowed in confidence and reaped in safety. Our progress in the peaceful arts has been highly gratifying, and knowledge has increased and wealth abounded. With our agricultural implements we have astonished the world, and they are purchased or imitated by all civilized nations. Our surplus corn, and wheat, and meat find ready purchasers in the principal markets of the world, our flag is respected, and our nation honored. But we seem to be tired of peace, and surfeited with prosperity; and without a valid cause, without such reason as should satisfy a true patriot's heart, or an honest man's conscience, some of the States of this Union seem determined to bring upon us all the untold evils of civil war. They are even now turning their pruning hooks into spears and their plowshares into swords, and leaving the peaceful fields of agriculture for the passion, the vice, and the carnage of the camp. Such base ingratitude—such madness—has not been equaled since man's first crime.



THE CELEBRATED HORSE "CRUISER."

We present *Rural* readers a very spirited portrait of the horse *Cruiser*, an animal possessing a fame which is world-wide. He was bred by Lord Dorchester, for racing purposes, and when in his three year form was first favorite for the Derby, the great racing event of the year in England. Previous to the day set apart for the trial, bad temper displayed itself, and, if we are rightly informed, when brought to the score, he ran away with and severely injured his jockey, thus clouding the hopes and aspirations of his owner and supporters. He was returned to the stable, but his violence increased to such extent that it was necessary to confine him in a box stall, and the mere mention of his name was sufficient to send a thrill of fear through the veins of all the jockies in the kingdom. Several times his owner had almost concluded to shoot him, and would have done so were it not for the fact that he was the last representative of a strain of blood which was famous in the sporting annals of the "fast anchored isle."

*Cruiser* was thus a prisoner, when JOHN S. RABBY appeared before the English public as an expert in subduing horses with vicious dispositions, and making them useful and obedient. The animals experimented upon by Mr. RABBY in his earlier exhibitions were noted for evil habits, but *Cruiser* was unapproachable, and it was determined that the Yankee and this equine fury should meet and struggle for the mastery. Press and people were willing to award the meed of praise for whatever of merit there was in Mr. RABBY's system; "what had been accomplished was all very well,—but just try *Cruiser*!" Determined not to be frustrated in his plans, Mr. R. wrote

to Lord Dorchester, requesting that *Cruiser* be forwarded to him in London. His Lordship replied "that the horse could not be sent,—Mr. RABBY must go for him. He had not been out of his box for three years, and to approach him was impossible without endangering life."

We have not space to give the result in detail. Suffice it to say, Mr. RABBY introduced himself, the conflict was terrible, but mind gained a complete mastery over brute force. In course of time Mr. RABBY became proprietor of the animal,—the once dreaded *Cruiser* is now the pet of his conqueror, and is on exhibition at Niblo's Garden, New York city. *Cruiser* is dark brown, of medium size, and with heavier limbs than is usual in horses of such pure blood, and is as gentle and tractable as any stallion that can lay claim to high breeding.

In connection with the foregoing, a brief sketch of Mr. RABBY may not be uninteresting. He was born in Franklin county, Ohio, and is now in the thirty-third year of his age. His father was living in what was at that time almost a wilderness, neighbors being few and far between. JOHN, being the youngest child, had no playmates, and being of a sociable nature, he soon found companions among the farm horses and colts, and it was a source of pleasure to his father, while at work in the fields, to take him out with him, and as soon as he was verging on three years, he was set astride of the plow horse, and in this (to him) exalted position, had his natural fondness for the animal encouraged. At four he had his own pony, and soon became famous for riding out and visiting the neighbors, the nearest of whom were

several miles away from the homestead. When he was twelve his father gave him a colt which he broke to suit his own notions. This colt became one of the finest "trick horses." Stimulated by his success, he bought other colts, and took horses to educate. Such was his reputation, even while yet a youth, that he had pupils sent him from the distance of two or three hundred miles.

It was now conceived by him, says the *Old Spirit of the Times*, that his success and experience could be reduced into a system; he had dim ideas that what he accomplished was merely the result of intelligent treatment of an animal naturally superior, and that the Creator, having intended the horse for the companionship of immortal beings, must have given the exalted animal intellectual endowments in harmony with his destined purpose. With this developing idea he now for the first time practically noticed that colts, however wild, allowed calves, sheep, and other domestic animals, to associate with them; he, therefore, concluded that the colt was not by nature indifferent to society, but, on the contrary, was friendly with those who would offer no harm. With this notion he went to work and "scraped" up an intimacy with those wild colts, and soon was gratified to find his advances were not repulsed, but, on the contrary, rewarded with positive demonstrations of affection. The practical result immediately following this was, that he could catch and halter colts with perfect ease while others could not come within their reach by many rods. Now was established for the first time clearly in his mind the law of kindness, which is the entire foundation of his system.

### CAUSES OF DECAY.

For some time we have heard complaints of the unusual decay of fruits, roots, &c. No care in gathering or storing seems to insure success. Without being able to give any particular light on this subject, we call attention to some interesting facts by Prof. BERKELEY, who has given more attention to this question perhaps than any other living man.

Many productions, both of the farm and garden,—such as roots, tubers, and fruit, which contain a large proportion of water,—are subject to more or less rapid decay. Chemical changes are constantly taking place in the constituent parts; and in fruit especially, sugar is formed at the expense of the lignine and water. As soon, then, as the formation of sugar has arrived at its maximum, or, in other words, when the fruit is ripe, there is a tendency to further change, and decay commences. Carbonic acid is formed, the nitrogenized substance enters into a state of putrefaction, and the sugar undergoes fermentation. The more free the admission of atmospheric air, or its oxygen, the more rapid is the decay. This takes place either in detached spots, which soon become confluent, or the whole mass seems at once affected. In general, even when the cuticle is not ruptured, threads of mycelium, principally belonging to the most common species of *Penicillium*, *Aspergillus*, *Mucor*, and *Oidium*, will be found in the interstices

of the cells, the union of which is frequently completely destroyed, as in tissue affected by frost; but this is scarcely matter of surprise, as the subtle reproductive bodies of mold are capable of penetrating into the most hidden tissues, as is proved by myriads of facts. Mr. Hassall, indeed, has succeeded in producing rapid decay in the soundest fruit by inoculation; the decay, however, may perhaps be as much attributable to the inoculating of putrescent matter, in accordance with the experiments instituted, many years since, by DECAZARZ, and the more recent observations of LEBIG, as to the presence of the mold; though we are far from denying the powerful effects of the growth of fungi in promoting decomposition, living, as they do, at the expense of the substances on which they grow, which they could not do without producing chemical change.

In the case of tubers and vegetables, whether abounding in fecula or sugar, which are destined, in general, to another year's growth, decomposition seldom takes place from mere exposure to the air, except accompanied by such a degree of cold as destroys, to a greater or less extent, their tissues. Still, decay does take place very frequently when they are stored up for use, originating, generally, from numerous points in their substance, and rapidly extending, and passing at length into complete putrefaction. This has, of late years, attracted general notice, from its prevalence amongst potatoes,

and, indeed, other vegetable productions, especially turnips and parsnips. That this is due, in some measure, to weakness of the cellular tissue, is pretty well ascertained; but to what this weakness is owing, is still matter of doubt. It is not simply decomposition, in the regular course of nature, as in fruits; which decay only, in ordinary cases, when their proper functions have been performed. Potatoes are also subject to a dry decay, which is especially distinguished by the circumstance, that tubers so affected will not germinate; whereas, in the potato murrain, the pushing of the eyes is rather accelerated, probably from the partial conversion of fecula into sugar, and an excellent crop may be obtained from highly diseased tubers.

Decay frequently takes place, both in fruits and vegetables, from external injury. In delicate kinds, such as peaches, the damage is in a short time discernible; and, in all, it is soon more or less visible. The cells being ruptured, the vital powers are destroyed, and, in consequence, decomposition takes place; which, according to circumstances, increases with more or less rapidity; besides which, a fit matrix is at once established for the development of fungi.

The great thing in the preservation of fruits, special care having been taken to bruise them as little as possible in the gathering, is to exclude the access of oxygen. As regards the main produce of

the farm, the most approved method of preservation is to exclude the air, taking care to provide as good a drainage as possible, and to be beyond the possible action of frost. The late disease, however, in potatoes, baffled all precautions; and the decay has frequently been as great where every care was taken to exclude moisture, as where no such pains were taken. As a general rule, however, dryness and exclusion from the air are the grand points, together with such a degree of temperature as may not promote vegetation. Under such treatment, healthy produce will seldom decay, and any original tendency to decomposition will most probably be arrested.

The first thing necessary to the preservation of fruit or roots, is that they be well grown and well matured. When either is immature and watery, it is not in a condition for preservation, and decay soon commences. A potato that requires a long season for its growth, the top of which is usually killed by frost, cannot be depended upon for winter keeping. The Hubbard Squash, if well ripened, will keep sound until May; but specimens not fully ripened it is difficult to preserve until Christmas. Care in handling is another important matter. The least bruise causes the living fruit to become a decaying mass of corruption.

### MACHINERY AND THE WOMEN.

H. T. B. TO O. M.

A SINGLE lady, in Cayuga Co., who adds age to her other graces, is satisfied with her condition,—please don't understand me to say that she wouldn't get married if she —. I meant to remark that the lady aforesaid was satisfied that the women had been fairly dealt with in the matter of patent rights,—she believes the men folks, when they study how to save labor, study for the women as much as for themselves! "The lords (this informs us,) have not only tried their hands at improved implements for domestic labor-saving, but have been eminently successful therein."

"That 'old oaken bucket' no longer hangs in the well, to be lifted, by almost superhuman efforts, over the high curb, made so to keep the cattle out."

When Dr. LYMAN BEECHER and some of his family were capstined in their carriage, Mrs. STOWS jumped up, and devoutly exclaimed, "let us thank God that none of us are hurt." "Thank God for yourself," said the Doctor, "I'll examine my bones first." So, I imagine, a multitude of fair sisters will exclaim touching the "old oaken bucket" which still hangs in their wells. Even where pumps have been vouchsafed, a big stream does not always respond to a gentle touch,—frozen up in the winter, dry in the summer, rickety, raskety, the old thing has been wished at the bottom of the ocean many a time. Go to the barn-yard, and see if the man has not found out that a "hydraulic ram" will make water run up hill, and any good pipe will make it run down hill—for the benefit of cattle.

"The old iron dinner-pot, of near a hundred pounds, has been melted up, and makes a whole set of cooking utensils, nicely adapted to an elegant stove." That's a fact; but then you know how the miserable thing looks, with all its apertures, at the end of six months,—doors unhung, plates cracked, griddles in three pieces, tea-kettle nose off, boiler burst, and a general explosion among the women! The pipe had to be cleaned,—it never would burn wet or green wood,—though "warranted to bake perfectly," it always left the bottom of the loaf dough, and the top cinders,—a half year having expired, it's about time to send it back to be melted over into a new one, with, if possible, thinner plates and greater pretensions. If the "spirit of the age" would only consent, what terrible alternations from ecstasy to anguish might be avoided, by resolving the thing into the original dinner pot! To do the dear women justice, they really think the concentrated humbug "draws well," "bakes well," and is "large enough for our family," till the day after the warranty has expired, and the elegant polish has turned to rust and dinginess. The whole subject is so horribly suggestive that I can never pardon "old ma,—" your fair correspondent for broaching it.

"Then the coffee roaster, which SUSAN or JAMES (I would like to see a frizzle-headed boy make himself useful in-doors, just once,) can turn so easily while the coffee is browning,"—well, may be they do have one of those things in Cayuga County.

"And the mince mill, cutting the meat for pies as well as for sausages." I can explain that to your entire satisfaction. You see that cutting "sausage meat" fell to the men, and they generally went at it after wriggling round in their dozy chairs six times and making all manner of excuses. When, therefore, "in the course of human events," they saw a chance to make it easier, they produced a machine,—that it is ever applied, except very occasionally, to "cutting the meat for pies," you will permit me to doubt; querrybody knows there is but one in the neighborhood, and that was broken when last heard from.

"Even the castors on the large table saves many a hard lift." I submit, my dear madam, that you are over-enthus in that statement. You very well know there are next to no castors on the every day kitchen tables, and as for that new dining table, that never comes out except when the minister or Mrs. A. makes a visit, or it is our turn to give a Thanksgiving Dinner,—why, then, even the men folks share so largely in the general enthusiasm that they would, if politely asked, help out with a table,—from which I conclude that the few "castors" we have are superfluous.





Ladies' Department.

THE FIRST LOVE.

BY JANE E. HIGBY.

How fast the sands of time have run In life's deceitful glass; How much the changing years have done For WILLIS and his lass.

LITTLENESS.

It is one of my idiosyncrasies to have a particular fancy for objects that are diminutive; delicacy of proportion being, in my eye, almost a necessary attribute of beauty.

But, leaving this rather metaphysical side of my subject to wiser heads, I will proceed to enumerate a few of my favorites in the charmed circle of little things, premising, however, right here, that every general rule has exceptions, and that, in consequence there are some little creations in nature and art for which I have little affinity.

I have also a decided penchant for little hands, as part and parcel of the aforesaid little ladies—not quite so small, but as soft and white as snowflakes.

Next in my list come little feet, if I may be pardoned for introducing such a word to the fastidious ears of a refined public.

I like a little kid or satin slipper, just the size of the little foot, that is, on three-ply carpets or velvet tapestry; but I do not respect the good sense of the owners of such appendages, when they refuse to put on a thick leather shoe, or rubber boot, on a walking excursion, for fear people will think their feet are large.

I admire little children,—not little gentlemen and ladies, whom their mammae set up in the parlor, as stiff and prime as so many wax dolls, or take into the streets to be admired,—but bona fide children, who have been "brought up" in the country, and own sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks.

But, perhaps no flower is so great a favorite with me as the yellow butter-cup that glides the fields so gorgeously in summer time.

When I was a wee child; but many an other thing that looked like living ever so much longer, is gone. The butter-cups remind me of my tiny sister ANNIE. She used to gather these golden flowers, and in her infantile glee, tear the shining bits apart and scatter them to the winds.

But in accordance with my premises, I want to tell you of a thing or two of little size which I do not like, and never will.

One is a little dumpy man. Certainly no one is amenable for his size; but I do believe I should be unconsoled to my lot if I were a man, and little as that. I know some little men are talented,—some regular Lilliputs I have seen who were wondrously eloquent; but even in their highest flights of graceful oratory, I have always caught myself thinking, if not saying, "Ah me, what a pity Nature didn't clap an inch or two more on the top of your heads."

Next in my catalogue come little canes, little dandy canes, such as those elegant gentlemen carry to keep company for a conspicuous watch-chain and ornamented opera-glass. They think, these exquisite, that the ladies admire them for these embellishments; but they don't,—at least, common sense ones, like me, don't.

SHE JUST LOVED HIM.

"SHE JUST LOVED HIM," Aunt Eunice Clark says, when people ask her how she managed to bring up GEORGE so well. She speaks wisely, too, for the old lady never possessed a spark of what is called "government."

Now if Aunt Eunice had understood human nature, which she did not at all, and had managed GEORGE, she could not have calculated better, for GEORGE was one of those spirited boys whose combativeness is ever ready to overflow, and if any one forbid his doing anything he would surely do it from a spirit of opposition.

But as GEORGE grew older, he disappointed those who were ever predicting that he would always be a source of sorrow to his mother. He gradually left off his bad habits,—became industrious and kind to his mother, whose heart was filled with joy, for GEORGE was her only child.

He knew that she thought that CAROLINE MINTURN, although a dashing girl, was bad-tempered, and had no real love for household duties; while he knew that she had ever a smile of welcome for MARY HILL, whom, in his sensible moments, he could but acknowledge himself was much more amiable than CAROLINE.

GEORGE was melted. He never thought of that interview afterwards without a tenderer feeling towards his mother. Not many weeks after that, MARY HILL was his promised wife, and before the year was ended she became the mistress of his house and heart, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that MARY JUST FILLED HIS MOTHER'S AFFECTIONATE HEART.

Choice Miscellany.

THE LAST OF A NOBLE RACE.

BY J. W. BARBER.

[RALPH FARNHAM, the last of that noble band of patriots who fought onunker Hill, died at Acton, Maine, a few weeks since.]

DROPPING as the golden stars In the deep ethereal blue, Fading slowly, one by one, From the all-admiring view;

O'er the smiling hills of June, Nature spread her softest green, Beauty 'mid the roses lay All the smiling hills between;

From the fields of Lexington, And from Concord's bloody fray, Where the mountain eagle soared O'er freedom's natal day;

But those heroes have departed, Ripe in years and noble-hearted; As eternal scenes were dawning, Blest they that eventful morning,

They are gone, but living yet On the fair historic page, They may guide our rebel feet, Guide our haste and light our age.

When we consider the relation which man, in his original purity, bears to the Divine, we can not fail to realize the sublimity which filled the heart of the psalmist, when he uttered these words,—"For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

PERFECT GRATITUDE.

What an inclosed garden is the human heart in its primary stamp! True it is, that disobedient man has greatly marred its loveliness,—has torn away the lily and the rose, and planted in their stead the brier and the thorn,—but when on that bright morn which spake creation's birth, it came forth fresh from the hand of God, every plant fragrant, sweet, and fair, we do not wonder that its Maker looked upon and pronounced it "very good."

THE YEARS.—They do not go from us, but we from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving behind us some baggage, no longer serviceable on the march. Look back along the way we have trodden; there they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with them.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty spoiled.

A SHOWER OF MINT-DROPS.—If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they would hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and catching the willing drops, they assay them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grain, and grasses.

When, one short year since, we pressed the marble hand upon the lifeless breast, and smoothed for the last time the plaited locks upon the icy brow,—when we imprinted the warm kiss upon the ashy lip, sealed forever, and then laid her gently beneath the snow-white lily, think you, we knew not what gratitude was? Ah, yes! the silent heart can best express the meaning of that word, as kneeling beside a new-made mound, it thanks God for such a friend.

Permit a scene. Around the little family altar, as the shades of night are gathered close, and the evening zephyr sings a low lullaby, is assembled a band of dear ones. Every heart is lifted in silent worship as the chosen one thanks God for the full blessings of the day. Little hands are taught to clasp and turn towards heaven,—little hearts to bow in holy fear, and little voices to breathe—"My Father." Oh! we sometimes think that the angels around the great white throne must envy, as they linger with seraphic wings over such a scene, the beauty and holiness surrounding it, and would fain exchange their celestial duties, to return to earth and join such worshippers.

THE OXNIC.

There are some people who take to fault-finding as naturally as ducks take to the water,—they seem to be in their natural element only when snarling at somebody or something,—never looking upon or enjoying the bright side of life, but, like the poisonous spider, extracting venom from the fairest blossoms and the choicest fruits.

Reason should be our guide sometimes, but we may occasionally cast off its fetters, and permit imagination to reign unchecked a short time, "While we trace The mazes of the pleasant wilderness Around us."

It gives one such an air of coldness, and heartlessness, to be always controlled by reason, that it actually makes one almost repulsive. We should never think of loving such a person as we should one who sometimes permits nature's promptings and impulses to appear in his behavior, without being subdued by reason.

HAPPINESS.—TILLOTSON truly says that man counts happiness in a thousand shapes, and the faster he follows it, the swifter it flies from him. Almost everything promises happiness to us at a distance—such a step of honor, such a pitch of estate, such a fortune, or match for a child—but when we come nearer to it, either we fall short of it or it falls short of our expectations; and it is hard to say which of these is the greatest disappointment.

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Sabbath Musings.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY E. H. POOR.

Esop dim, clouded skies above thee, Hoar shadows all around thee, Yield not to despair,— Folded in the silver lining Of the dark clouds, soon a shining Surface they will wear.

"Life is but a troubled ocean," Dangerous storms must be thy portion Sailing o'er the tide; But no hidden rocks shall wreck thy keel, For thy Pilot safe will guide thee, O'er the waters wide.

"I WOULD NOT ALWAYS REASON."

So says the poet BRYANT, in one of his poetical effusions, and who does not agree with him in this respect? Who would be ever guided by cold reason, and be a faithful subject to her tyrannical sway? BRYANT is said to deal wisely with his themes, and this is a sage remark, quite worthy of the source from whence it came.

It must be dull enough to be always reasoning and philosophizing, with a grave, solemn mind and countenance, such as one must necessarily have under such circumstances; never relaxing the one from the excited state of its reasoning powers, or the other into a genial smile or a hearty laugh at some merry playfulness, or witty sally.

It is well to make it our counselor, but not to allow it to become a tyrant over us, restraining the deeper emotions, and making us beings of cool, deliberate calculation, with never one free, unrestrained thought, word or act.

WITH THEE ALWAYS.

HAVE friends proved false and left thee in thy extremity? Have adverse tides borne thee down, and left thee alone in the lowest depths of bitter anguish? If so, listen,—do you not hear, in accents soft and sweet, words like these:—"I am with thee always."

Then, when the sky gathers darkness, and raging tempests hurl fiery shafts in thy pathway, fear not, for He that stilled the tempest on Galilee has lost none of His power, and it is He who promiseth to be with thee "always, even unto the end of the world."

MEEING OUR OWN PRAYERS.—In eternity it will be a terrible thing for many a man to meet his own prayers. Their very language will condemn him; for he knew his duty and he did it not. Those fervent prayers, which the good man labored to make effectual, will be "shining ones" in white raiment to conduct their author into the banqueting-house of the Great King.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—"What are you doing?" said a minister, as he one day visited a feeble old man who lived in a hovel, and was sitting with a Bible open on his knee. "Oh, sir, I am sitting under His shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to my taste."







AN HOUR AT THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

I sat an hour to-day, John, Beside the old brook stream, Where were schoolboys in old times, When manhood was a dream. The brook is choked with fallen leaves, The pond is dried away— I scarce believe that you would know The dear old place to-day.

The Story-Teller.

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

FRED CARLTON'S VALENTINE: OR, LOVE VERSUS SKATES.

BY JESSIE CARVER.

FRED CARLTON was just twenty-one,—intelligent, good looking, and accomplished. His father occupied the honorable position of village lawyer in one of our western cities, and FRED, his only son, had ever been indulged in every wish or fancy. He had just returned from B— College, where he had graduated with the highest honors, and was now at home, waiting, like MICAWBER, for "something to turn up."—meanwhile, unlike that worthy individual, luxuriating in all the comforts of a happy home, gay society, and a freedom from care and restraint unknown to him since his boyish days.

seen going to the Dr.'s morning, noon, and night,—sometimes to get a recipe for his mother from Mrs. MEANS, or a prescription from the Dr. or some such errand, always happening to step into the parlor to speak to Miss BESSIE, and sometimes staying the remainder of the day. BESSIE,—little mix,—was well enough pleased to chat with him. She would play and sing little French songs for him, and he could hold worsteds, sharpen her pencils, and make himself generally useful. If she wanted to go to visit at any distance, FRED's pony and cutter and FRED's self were always at her command, and the ardent little flirt made good use of them.

—a confusion of lace paper, satin and cupids. On the inside he wrote a few lines,—the beauty of which consisted in their emanating from the writer's heart instead of brain,—not particularly original in construction, as "love" rhymed to "dove," and "bliss" with "kiss." Enclosing this in a huge envelope, he directed and mailed it himself, waiting at the Post-Office to see the doctor take it from the box, glance at the superscription over his spectacles, deposit it in his pocket, and walk slowly homeward. In vain FRED watched for his expected Valentine, but he seemed for once doomed to be neglected. Night-fall came, and yet no token of anything from BESSIE, or any other fair maid. As he went to his room to arrange his dress preparatory to making his usual evening call, he spied a little frame hanging beside the mirror, and upon examining it found it contained a pencil drawing; the subject, or outline, he could not make out in the fading twilight. He quickly procured a light, and to his grief and vexation, found it to be an exact sketch of his downfall and ducking upon the ice! The artist had done justice to the scene, and every point was faithfully depicted,—the old stump, supporting the mirror in an erect position, the glare of ice, so deceitfully smooth, but its shining surface just broken, as our unfortunate FRED sinks in its center, his arms aloft in the air, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself. The expression of his face was too comical, and spite of his chagrin and vexation, he could not help smiling at the truthfulness of the sketch. Beneath, in a delicate running hand, which he recognized too well, were these familiar lines—

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

It was the freshest of April mornings, with a soft wind, that had ruffled all manner of sweet scents from dimpled hollows, purpled over with young violets, and solitary brookside, fringed with white anemone stars, and wafted them into the city streets, to revive many a wearied dweller among paving stones. Mrs. Arden, standing at her window, looked down at the few feet of earth that city people dignified with the title of "garden," and felt the sunny spring influences even there.

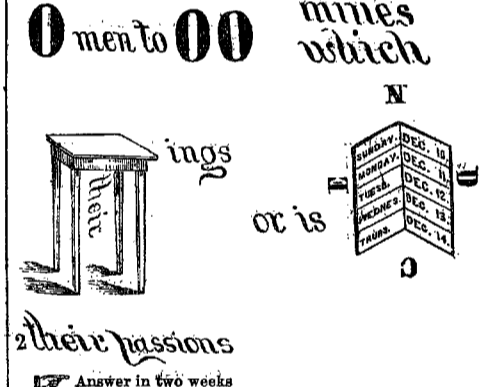
Wit and Humor.

ARTEMAS WARD ON SECESSION. ARTEMAS, the great Showman, gives a rich speech on secession in a late number of Vanity Fair. We quote the conclusion—endorsing the writer's views as to how and by whom the "fin" should be done, and admiring his patriotic stand relative to the stars and stripes: "I say to the South don't secede! I say to the gallant people of that sunny land, jes look up a few hundred of them tearin' & roarin' fellows of yorn in sum strong boxes, and send 'em over to Mexico. An' we people up North here will combine a ekal number of our addle brained rip snorters to the same lokality, and thar let 'em fight it out among themselves. No conekents, not the slightest, which licks. Why shouldn't the people who got up this fite do the fite? Get these ornery critters out of the way, & the sensible people of the North and South can fix the matter up very easy. And when 'is fite let both secessins resolve to mind their own business.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 26 letters. My 1 is an article. My 2, 6, 7, 8 is a common noun. My 10, 17, 18, 23 is a personal pronoun. My 15, 4, 20, 22 is a conjunctive adverb. My 6, 8, 9 is a common noun. My 15, 19, 22, 26, 18 is an irregular verb. My 9, 13, 12, 15, 10, 18 is a proper noun. My 25, 24, 11, 21, 18, 19 is an adverb of time. My 14, 1, 16, 17, 13, 10 is a verb in the infinitive mood. My whole is an old saying. Worcester, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1861. S. E. COX. Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Two ships, the Brooklyn and Star, are intending to cannonade Fort Moutrie and Fort Johnson, and wish to ascertain if they are near enough to have their guns take effect on the two forts. They know the distance between the forts to be 600 rods. They separate and measure the angles, and find them to be as follows:—At the Star, the angle subtended by the two forts was measured, and found to be 47° 25'; and that by Fort Moutrie and the other ship, was found to be 60° 19'; at the Brooklyn, the angle subtended by the two forts was measured, and found to be 48° 10'; and that by Fort Johnson and the other ship, was found to be 47° 40'. Required the distance between the two ships; the distances between the ships and the forts. R. D. MCCRACKEN. Rochester, N. Y., 1861. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 576.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—True love. Answer to Rebus:—When a great be empty, put coal on. When a great be full, stop putting coal on. Answer to Charade:—Eye-lash. Answer to Mathematical Problem:—32.933 + miles

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