







Ladies' Department.

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

IN MEMORIAM.

Written on the Eleventh Anniversary of my Mother's Death, August 19, 1862.

BY MINNIE MINTWOOD.

MOTHER, O, Mother! beyond the tide, Over the river so deep and wide, With yearnings my heart has called for you...

Mother, O, Mother! could it come to you You came to me through the boundless sea? For I heard light footsteps upon the stair...

Mother, O, Mother! beyond the tide, Over the river so deep and wide, In the weary years that since have rolled, Coring my heart with a death-damp mold...

Mother, O, Mother! but three friends here! God cannot blame the uprising tear! Tears must moisten the dry heart strings...

Hilldale Farm, Tomp. Co., N. Y., 1862.

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

REPLY TO MINNIE MINTWOOD.

Two things you would like to know!—only two! Verily, you must be a happy mortal, if your need of knowledge can be satisfied by two things.

An incident occurred last New Year's Day, which, though rather old, will serve my purpose. Myself, in company with other gentlemen friends, were calling on those who kept "open house."

General laws have not changed since the world began. EVE gave the apple to ADAM, and he ate it. Please draw your own inference.

The other is, "Why will a man chew tobacco?" As I am a Yankee, I must prove myself a worthy descendant of noble sires, and perpetuate their time-honored customs.

Now, it's a favorite saying of my mother's, that one good turn deserves another, and there are several things that I'd like to know.

Another. Why will you persist in spoiling your pretty faces with lily white and vermilion?

Why will ladies marry those who chew and drink? (please bear in mind that I am addicted to neither of the vices, and why will they sue for breach of promise?)

In answering your questions, do not infer that I aspire to a situation in BARNUM'S Museum. As I am somewhat retiring, such publicity would not be at all pleasant.

AMERICAN BABIES.—I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed and kept in the background.

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

ABOUT the "gracefulness of those expanded skirts which sweep the ground," gathering all the filth and blocking up the way, so gentlemen have "nowhere" to walk, I confess I can't see it.

I am an unfashionable woman myself, as everybody about me knows; and I think it's a shame for women to abuse themselves, and others, as they do in various ways, by wearing such skirts.

Nor would I be an extreme. A dress can be of a reasonable latitude. It is presumable that we have feet and ankles; and if a neat shoe and hose were accidentally discernible, would gentlemen be shocked?

GYMNASTIC COSTUMES FOR LADIES.

DR. LEWIS, in his new work, "The Gymnastic," gives the following hints as to the proper costumes for ladies to wear in performing gymnastic exercises:

The most essential feature of the dress is perfect liberty about the waist and shoulders. The female costume may be never so short, if the waist or shoulders be trammelled, the exertions will serve no good purpose.

The present style of Garibaldi waist is very beautiful. It is particularly appropriate for gymnastics; as it allows the freest action of the arms and shoulders.

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.—It is almost frightful, and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common on-going of domestic and social life, which deserves nothing but to be instantly and forever forgotten.

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS.—If it were for me to direct how little girls and boys should be led to think of the wisdom and goodness and power of God, I think I should say, make them acquainted with the world of flowers.

THE DOLL'S MISSION.—The doll is one of the most imperious necessities, and at the same time one of the most charming instincts of female childhood.

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is the dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the doorstep; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love.

Choice Miscellany.

FATHER IS COMING.

THE clock is on the stroke of six, The father's work is done; Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire, And put the kettle on.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE STUDY OF NATURE.

THERE is no study that awakes such high and holy thoughts as that of Nature. Often while wandering in some beautiful grove, far away from the din and turmoil of busy life, we have felt raised above the scenes of earth, and it seemed as though we were communing with beings of another sphere.

God has endowed us with a mind so organized that we can appreciate the beauties which are ever spread before us; but we have become so accustomed to these scenes that many of us look with indifference upon them.

We would not condemn the admiration which we possess, in a greater or less degree, for the productions of man; for he must be inspired from Nature to produce great works.

All possess this love for the beautiful, but in some hearts it has been nearly obliterated by the vanities of earth. With too many, this beautiful world is but a dreary waste, wherein to languish out a miserable existence; but if, in all our acts, we strive to accomplish some good, and to do that which will conduce to the benefit of those around us, we shall feel elevated, and shall know that with us life has not been a failure.

There is sunshine for all, if we do not go through the world with our eyes shut; or rather, if we do not close our hearts to the beautiful truths in life. If we but learn to look upon the bright side of the picture, we will see many things in a different light than we do when we try to reason ourselves into the belief that life for us has no sunshine, but that everything is shrouded in gloom.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] PLAIN TALK TO THE MEN.

DEAR "COL."—If we women are to be allowed free speech in these RURALs, I would like very much to have my say about a few things, and I will be as brief as possible, and elucidate my subject; but I don't like to feel nervous about space, and that I must put it all in a very few words, or be set aside.

But they have all of their business so arranged that all of the resources of their arms, or trades, or merchandise flow into their own pockets, and are wholly under their control, and every time wife wants a sixpence for private use, she must go to you, O lord and master of terrestrial things!

As though a few shilling would supply all subluxary wants. "I want several dollars, for—" "Several dollars! Why, what have you done with that money I gave you awhile ago?"—ten, or fifteen, or twenty dollars, perhaps several weeks or months ago; and she has had her groceries to buy, supplies for the house and children, and so many ways and means for it to go, that though she economized closely, and denied herself the smallest luxury, yet it would disappear, and there were several little articles she really needed.

Now, sir, if she is a woman of fine feelings, and possessed of common sense, why do you speak to your wife in that way? And if you are a man of property, why do you place her in the position that she must beg of and give an account to you for every shilling?

Why can't you have the soul and generosity in you to place the interest of a certain sum, according to your means, at her disposal, and try whether she will abuse your kindness, or love you any the less, or your home will be any the less pleasant. Just please to try it.

It would be very hard if the case were reversed, and you had to go to her for every penny, and watch her good-natured moods, too, to avoid a harsh reproof or unjust censure. Plenty of men there are who are worth their thousands and tens of thousands, who never dreamed it possible to stretch their liberality so far as to give their wives the independence and pleasure of a small annuity for personal expenses.

Please consider these things, and if you never have been just before, begin now, and see how much it is in your power to increase your own happiness by enhancing the love and respect of the one you call wife.

MOVING.

PEOPLE who live in cities and move regularly every year from one good, furnished, right-side-up house to another, will think I give a very small reason for a very broad fact; but they do not know what they are talking about.

There is a stir in the one house—they are gone; there is a stir in the other—they are settled; and everything is wound up and set going for another year. We do these things differently in the country. We don't build a house by way of experiment and live in it a few years, then tear it down and build another.

AMERICAN HOPEFULNESS.—One of the American characteristics which most surprised the goodnatured Mr. Trollope in his recent journey through this country, is the imperturbable good humor and hopefulness of the people.

TRUK CULTURE.—Alas! how many examples are now present to memory of young men the most anxiously and expensively be-school-mastered, tutored, be-lectured, anything but educated; who have received arms and ammunition, instead of skill, strength, and courage.

"When a man takes more pleasure in earning money than in spending it," says a popular writer on economy, "he has taken the first step towards wealth." This is good in its place, but it may be well to be reminded, that when a man takes more pleasure in hoarding money than in doing good with it, he has taken a long step towards perdition.

NEVER speak evil of any one, on any pretense whatever.

Sabbath Musings.

"WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT."

THROUGH the weary day on his couch he lay, With the life-tide ebbing slow away, And the dew on his cold brow gathering fast...

When the tide goes out from the sea-girl lands It bears strange freight from the gleaming sands. The white-winged ships that silent wait For the foaming wave, or a wind that's late;

But from all that drift from the shore to the sea, Is the human soul to Eternity; Floating away from a silent shore, Like a faded ship to return no more.

For our parting spirit, pray, oh! pray! While the tide of life is ebbing away; That the soul may pass, o'er sunnier seas Than clasped of old the Hesperides.

LOST CHILDREN.

THE following beautiful sentiment, in regard to the future condition of children, is from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher:

"When God gives me a babe, I say, 'I thank God for this lamp lit in my family.' And when, after it has been a light in my household for two or three years, it pleases God to take it away, I can take the cup, bitter or sweet; I can say, 'My light has gone out; my heart is sacker; my hopes are desolated; my child is lost—my child is lost!'"

As believers in Christianity, which reveals God as our Father, and heaven as our eternal home, it is our privilege to feel that, when our children are taken from us, they are not lost to us, but only pass on before us to the spirit world, to become angelic beings around the burning throne of God and the Lamb.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings.

POWER OF RELIGION.—See, then, how powerful religion is; it commands the heart; it commands the vitals. Morality, that comes with a pruning knife, cuts off all sproutings, all wild luxuriations; but religion lays the axe at the root of the tree.

HUMAN TOIL.—The sentence of toil and the promise of glory have issued from the same throne. Even our troubles here may make the material of enjoyments above the circumscription of the earth.

THE LIFE WITHIN.—Our earthly lives may waste and wear like the dropping sand; but the inner life can never waste nor wear. Time writes no wrinkles upon its brow.

A BEAUTIFUL FANCY.—In the "Legend of the Tree of Life," published in New York, in 1776, occurs the following: "Trees and woods have twice saved the world—first by the ark, then by the cross; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree of Paradise, by that which was borne on the tree in Golgotha."

SINCERE desire after God, and actual communion with Him, constitutes the real life of religion.—Chapin.







OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

YOUTH of America, how can ye calmly List to the story of our bleeding land...

The Story-Teller.

MY FIRST YEAR OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

It is no fiction that I sit down to chronicle this evening. As I look back through the long vista of years...

from the bakery?" Frank looked at the dry, light slices on the breakfast table, as he spoke. "Yes, I think so. And some meat, Hattie. That forlorn old roast has lasted a fortnight, I am sure."

pettishly, "that you had married a housekeeper and I had gone into a convent!" His face flushed. "I was not finding fault, Hattie. I am as ignorant as yourself, and I am sure I could not get along with the countless details of kitchen work half as skillfully and cheerfully as you do."

Wit and Humor.

SOME LITTLE JOKERS.

WHY are two t's like hops? Because they make beer better. THE truth with "London pure milk" lives certainly at the bottom of a well.

Corner for the Young.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] "SONG FOR THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME." Air—"Chick-a-dee-dee."

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 63 letters. My 48, 13, 62, 23, 54, 27, 55, 34 is a name applied to a vehicle. My 20, 45, 58, 40, 16, 14, 56, 3 is a beautiful Southern tree.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 21 letters. My 4, 13, 6, 16, 5 is a county in Pennsylvania. My 11, 7, 10, 14 is a county in Ohio.

To Business Men.

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