

Ladies' Department.

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

BY MILLY MERTON.

My darling babe—my beautiful, I'm gazing on him now; But his cheek is pale, and blue eyes closed, And icy-cold his brow.

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

I DON'T often write. I'm too old, and have too many cares. But I can't help it now. Endurance is no longer a virtue.

What in the name of all that is womanly, is the profit of quarrelling with coxcombs, who are too silly and shallow to attract attention in any other way than by writing about something they know nothing about, and likely never will, namely—Woman.

But pray, isn't there something really sensible, elevating, purifying and profitable to talk about in this department? Are we willing Sentimental "Sue," or Melancholy "Maggie," or Silly "Sally," should talk this ineffable nonsense to hopeless slipshod bachelors.

Now, pray, don't think I'm a vinegar-faced, old woman because I've talked plainly. I love all that is good and true—delight to see brightness and vivacity, spice and vim in all the discussions concerning the philosophy of social life.

Yours, sympathetically, MRS. JANE C. OVERTON.

Weedynook, Nov., 1862.

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

"THERE is a certain something about woman that makes it seem to us that her natural place is in the house, and makes us dislike to see her engaged in outdoor work."

Managing horses is another very unmaidenly thing. It is very common to have a poor, old, superannated horse that is perfectly safe for a woman to ride.

ed on it, when "goodness knows," if wagon, woman, and all went against his heels he wouldn't run. I don't mean such kind of horsemanship as this, for it is very fashionable for ladies to drive in this way, but I never could understand why girls couldn't be taught just as well as boys to catch a horse, harness it, unharness it, and make it "toe the mark," generally.

CONFIDENCE OF CHILDREN.

NEVER permit yourself, or any one, to repulse a child's simplicity of confidence, in the matter of either question or remark, by a contemptuous laugh at its ignorance.

Let one voice be heard in behalf of the timid, gentle, confiding child of your affections; and let not the simple, perchance foolish, question or remark, which in the ignorance of childhood it may utter, be responded to by the crushing burst of merriment, the cruel rebuke, or the harsh rebuff; for each time that this occurs you place a barrier between that child and knowledge, destroy its peace, awaken its distrust, and sever one of those delicate threads of affection by which God, for benevolent ends, has bound that child's heart to its parents, and upon which, under God's blessing, rests your only hope of guiding it through the snares of youth, and of recovering it from evil associations, should they for a season lure it from the rightful home of its affections and duty.

CORRECTION OF CHILDREN.

NEVER correct a child hastily, or in quickness of temper. The cases are rare, indeed, where immediate punishment is necessary or expedient.

How TO TREAT A WASP.—"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and an example. When the wasp now on the window entered you flew at it with a kind of violence.

THERE exists in the consolation given by a woman, a delicacy which has always something motherly, far-sighted, and complete; but when, to these words of peace and hope, are joined the grace of gesture, that eloquence of love which goes to the heart, and particularly when the benefactress is beautiful, it is impossible to resist.—Balzac.

I HAVE taken her into my heart by faith till we are "no more twain but one." No union of spirit can be imagined more perfect than may be realized perhaps, even here.—Smith.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] COME, SING TO ME.

BY ANNIE M. DRACH.

Come, sing to me, my soul is sad, Yet music sweet may soothe the pain, Waking up memories,—warm and glad,— Of joys that may be mine again.

Sing not to-day of broken ties, Sing not of blighted hopes, sweet friend, I would not hear of sad good-byes, Nor sorrow's dawning, but its end.

Thy song shall be of faithful hearts, That hoped and prayed thro' sorrow's night, 'Till, suddenly, the grief-cloud parts Before a burst of joy's glad light.

And if there come a tide of tears, 'Twill wait this weariness away, Which retheth like a cloud of years Upon my doubting heart to-day.

Then, after sleep hath sealed my eyes, And I awake, 'twill all be o'er, The sunshine of my soul will rise Unclouded, as it was before.

How strange we are!—the grief's to-day That o'er the heart have coldly crept, To-morrow, we may cast away, Smiling as though we had not wept.

It must be so! The joy and pain Making life's shadow and its light, But when the Better Land we gain, We know "there shall be no more night." Cambria, N. Y., 1862.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] BEAUTIES OF NATURE AND ART.

WHAT is beauty? Folly's shallow brain, Here asks what men of lore can scarce explain.

THE effect we comprehend, but cannot analyze the cause. We may trace its antecedents in association, adaptation to the sensibilities, or otherwise. But He who formed the beautiful, hath caused man's intellect to know and to feel its power.

But how shall we compare the rich specimens of artistic beauty with those grander, living ones in Nature's wide domain? How shall her rugged cliffs, and cloud-capped hills stand beside the steepest works of Art? Yet we would not depreciate the works of Art. Ah, there are beauties here indeed.

But, turn to Nature. View the dancing, murmuring stream; the forest, where a thousand songsters fit from branch to branch, where tiny flowers of various ray spring here and there, where deep ravine, and bubbling fountain charm the eye, and echoing grottoes lure the wanderer to a lone retreat.

How TO TREAT A WASP.—"Listen," said I, "listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and an example. When the wasp now on the window entered you flew at it with a kind of violence.

MONEY should be regarded with a certain seriousness; for it is the quintessence, or representative, of the gifts of Providence and the toil of man. It is hard to get and easy to spend. There is peril and blessedness in it. To the wise and good, it is the best of all servants; to the weak and foolish, it is the most terrible of all tyrants.

A BRIDE IN THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

WHAT more nominally romantic than an Oriental bride, a bride in Persia? And yet see how Dickens describes her, in "All the Year Round."

A Persian bride, when first brought, is a queer little body, fattened up with rice and sweetsmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put upon her eyes to make them soft and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds.

She wears a smart embroidered jacket, with short sleeves, and a pretty chemisette, of some light, white silk material, embroidered with gold threads; but her arms and neck, are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins, and trinkets as she can possibly get at.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

THE old chimney corner! It is endeared to the heart from the earliest recollections. What dreams have been dreamed there! What stories told! What bright hours passed! It was a place to think in, a place to weep in, to laugh in, and much the cozier place in the house to rest in.

It was there where you used to read fairy tales in your childhood, folded all so snug, and warm, and cozy, in its great warm lap, while the wind of a winter's night was whistling without.

Look back to the old house, where every room, every nook is so full of pleasant recollections—the family sitting-room, where were so many happy meetings; your own chamber, with its little window, "where the sun came peeping in at morn;" mother's room, still sacred with her presence.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

BETWEEN the years of 40 and 60 a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to attacks of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment.

HOPE writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

THOUGH love cannot dwell in a heart, friendship may; the latter takes less room and has no wings.

Sabbath Musings.

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

FATHER above, Look down from heaven, and let our prayer Thy pity move.

All glories Thine— Our souls in deep humility Before Thee bow.

By nature weak, Defiled by sin, Thy cleansing grace And strength we seek.

Wayward and blind, To guide our erring feet a light In Thee we find.

Thine is our breath, In Thee we live, on Thee depend From birth to death.

Remove our fears, And ever guide us safely through The vale of tears.

Thy watchful eye All dangers see, afar or near, In earth or sky.

The battle's rage, The ocean's fierce contending waves, Thy hand doth gauge.

Thou numberest Our days—Disease and Death obey Thy stern behest.

Sorrow to all In measure meet as seemeth good To Thee, doth fall.

The joys of love, From hearts that fondly cling to earth Thou dost remove.

Our idols vain, Worshiped in haughtiness of pride, Thou dost disdain.

Ambition's toil, And lust of hateful avarice, Thy will doth foil.

For discontent And grasping greed, Thou hast prepared Fit punishment.

The nations learn To fear Thee, when thy wrath in war Doth fiercely burn.

In pity, LORD, Regard our faults, and bend our will To keep Thy word.

Forgiveness free And gift of everlasting life Belong to Thee.

Thy power to save All men from just desert of sin, We humbly crave.

Do thou implore Oppression's wrong—and bless and keep Our friends in need.

Ever to shine Upon their path, vouchsafe to give A light divine.

Uncertain we Of death's approach, remind us still Watchful to be.

The holy Cross, Discerned by faith, our hope shall be When temptations tosa.

'Till time shall end, And call to judgment wakes the soul, Be Thou our friend.

The glory Thine: And everlasting praise to CHRIST; SAVIOR DIVINE.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] "IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

"THE ship was in the midst of the sea tossed with waves," and CHRIST their Savior was gone. The Master had constrained his disciples to get into a ship to go before him into the land of Genesareth, while he departed into a mountain alone to pray.

I have read the touching and beautiful scene of CHRIST walking upon the waters many times, as given by the apostle MATTHEW, and it always thrills my soul with renewed trust, and confidence, and faith, on the all-sufficient and all-powerful mercy and love of the blessed SAVIOR.

Silver Creek, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1862. AGNES PATTERSON.

Special Notices.

"THE MOVEMENT CURE." IN EVERY CHRONIC DISEASE...

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office. THERE IS BUT VERY LITTLE grain in any of the departments of trade...

Rochester Wholesale Prices. Flour and Grain. Eggs, dozen. 16 1/2c...

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Flour—Market opened heavy, with large receipts, and only a moderate demand...

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

PORK MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 15.—The pork packing season is now in full operation, and there was quite an active demand...

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The week has passed off with a moderate trade in the best grades, prices being maintained...

Died

In this city, on the 14th inst., F. ANN WEBSTER, wife of EDWARD WEBSTER, aged 43 years.

New Advertisements.

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BERKSHIRE BOAR FOR SALE.—Thoroughbred, fine form, 15 months old—good size.

CLOVER HULLER.—Second hand "WHITING'S PATENT," made at Mansfield, Ohio...

TULLY, 65 and 67 Exchange St. Rochester, N.Y.

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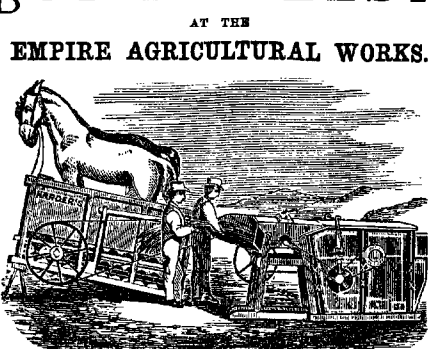
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These Bonds are the Cheapest Government Security now in the market...

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315 1/2 A TERM, of 14 WEEKS, PAYS for BOARD.

CARRIAGE HORSES WANTED!

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Equal to any in the World!!!

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