

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With a Corps of Able Assistants and Contributors.
G. D. BRADTON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate Engravings, than any other Journal—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

Agricultural.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

BROOM-CORN CULTURE IN ILLINOIS.

At Kankakee, the ground is rolled as soon as the corn begins to appear above ground, or soon after. The roller is run *longitudinally* in rows. The shoe of the drill leaves a furrow in which the corn grows, so that by running lengthwise the rows the plants are protected from pressure and injury. The clods are crushed, the surface leveled, and the ground put in shape for the wheel cultivators, which are novel labor-saving contrivances. These wheel cultivators are drawn by two horses; cultivate three rows at a time, cultivating close up to the row. Like the drill, this cultivator is supported by wheels, and of such length and gauge as to allow the team to travel astride a center row, which it cultivates with two outside ones. The teeth of this cultivator are suspended from an axle, in a manner similar to the teeth of a wheat drill. And they resemble drill teeth, except that the points are larger. They adjust themselves to the surface, each acting independent of the other. A lever and chain lifts them out of the ground when desired, and renders the whole portable. Two men accompany it in the field—one to drive, the other to watch its operation, uncover any plants it may cover, clear it of corn roots, clods, &c. Twelve or thirteen acres are an average day's work; twenty-five acres is an average day's work throughout the season for two teams and four hands with two of these cultivators. When the corn is young, less, and when large, more is cultivated per day. This is so nicely gauged to work after the drill, that not five per centum of the plants are injured by this culture. Mr. VAIL told me it was the best implement they had for labor-saving. The crop is worked twice with this tool; and a third time (sometimes a fourth, depending upon the season,) an ordinary shovel plow, corn plow, or cultivator, is used.

Hon. M. L. DUNLAP, who accompanied me to visit the Champaign farm, told me that there, a scraper, of peculiar construction, and shovel plows, were used. I did not see the cultivating implements here,—I did notice that the ground on which last year's crop was grown, was in splendid condition—very clean indeed; and last season was a very weedy one.

HARVESTING.

The time of harvest depends upon the condition of the corn; and this depends upon the season and time of planting. I asked Mr. VAIL if he was guided by the maturity of the seed—if he waited for it to ripen. He said he did not. The length, color and size of the brush determined the time of cutting. The brush should be of a bright green color for most markets. If it was allowed to stand till ripe, it became red. It was not so tough then, nor regarded of so much value in market. He said, however, that in some seasons the brush became red long before the seed had matured. This was often the case in a wet season.

The work of tabling, cutting and binding is performed by men, women and children. McGREW & VAIL pay for this work from \$2.50 to \$4 per acre. This work is let out by the acre, being carefully supervised by the proprietors. The tabling is done by a man who breaks two rows of stalks together, about two and a half or

three feet from the ground. The stalks are not broken over at right-angles to the rows, but inclining from the operator in this position. Thus the tops are left in a position where it is light work for women and children to cut them. The brush should be cut about fifteen inches long. Some regard, however, should be had, in cutting, to the character of the market. In some markets more stalk is required—some preferring it two feet long. In others thirteen inches are long enough. On both these farms the brush is bound on the tables before moving. It is found best for each cutter to bind his or her own brush as fast as it is cut.

CLEANING OF SEED.
As soon as the brush is bound it is drawn to the stripping or thrashing tables. At Kankakee, a small portable steam engine furnishes the power which propels the stripping cylinders. These cylinders are about 3/4 feet long and 14 inches in diameter. Two sets of cylinders are used. A set consists of two wooden cylinders (size above given,) with two sets of teeth, so arranged that, while each of these cylinders are propelled in opposite directions, (one being above the other,) the teeth do not clash. The teeth are inserted in the cylinder as in the cylinder of a thrashing machine. They are three-fourths of an inch wide, an eighth of an inch thick, and two inches long. Each cylinder has two systems of teeth, one on each end, so that two men may work at each set, stripping. These cylinders are located outside a shed, which is boarded on the side where they are located, and open on three sides. The bound brush is laid on a table where the band is taken off, the brush opened and arranged in convenient handfuls for the stripper, who takes it up, thrusts the seed-end between the revolving cylinders where it is quickly cleaned of its seed; it is then laid carefully and regularly on a long, light wheelbarrow, with a tight, high frame, and is wheeled away to the drying houses. Thus four men are kept busy stripping; and, including the engineer and the men who put it up in the drying houses, it requires ten or twelve men to wait on these four strippers. The shed in which the stripping is done is fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide.

Judging by the fixtures, the process is substantially the same at Champaign. A three-horse treadmill power is used instead of steam. There is the same number of cylinders. The stripping building is a substantial barn, with a loft for storage, &c.

DRYING.

At Kankakee the dry-sheds are near the stripping shed. Two sheds, 175 feet long by 25 wide, accommodate the crop. Each shed is divided into four parts, each six and a half feet wide. Narrow boards, nailed to posts, leaving about nine inches space between the upper edge of the lower board, and that of the one next above it, form these partitions. On these narrow boards are laid light sawed sticks an inch and a half, or one inch by two inches square, reaching from one partition to another. On these sticks are laid the brush in tiers to dry—two sticks supporting a single layer of brush, the tops of the second layer overlapping the butts of the first. The brush is spread on these sticks about an inch and a half thick—leaving six or seven inches open space between the layers of brush, for the circulation of air. Twelve tiers of these layers are put in the two outside compartments of each of these long sheds, and 15 tiers, 175 feet long and 6 1/2 feet wide, in each of the two inner compartments. This gives an immense amount of drying surface—let us see—175x6 1/2=1,137 1/2 (square feet of surface on one side of a single tier of a single compartment,) x 108, (the number of tiers in the two sheds)=122,850x2, (the number of surfaces,)=245,700 feet of surface of broom-corn exposed to the air in the two sheds. Mr. McGREW told me it required about twelve or fifteen days of good weather to dry the brush in these sheds. The drying sheds at Champaign are put up in a similar manner.

BALING.

As soon as the brush is dry it is baled. INGERSOLL'S hay press is used. The bales are bound with five bands of No. 9 wire, and a wooden "cleat" on each corner.

VARIETIES OF BROOM-CORN.

I could learn but little concerning distinct varieties. A few years ago a dwarf broom-corn was planted at Kankakee, which promised to be profitable. I remember Mr. McGREW spoke highly of its qualities at the time. But the seed

got mixed with the larger variety, and its culture was abandoned. The brush grew in a sheath, and was very long—too long for brooms—and it was only available for manufacture into brushes and small ware of that character. Great pains is taken in the selection of seed. The object is to get the longest, finest, smoothest, most uniform and toughest brush. And the brush is improved by saving the seed of plants which combine these qualities in the highest degree. McGREW & VAIL now plant a kind which they call

SHULER'S SEED.

It was introduced from New England some years ago. I did not learn what variety is planted at Champaign. I saw some splendid seed in the drill boxes, and some bales of excellent brush in the barn there. Parties who desire to go into the broom-corn business should correspond with men of experience, and learn what is the best seed and where it can be obtained. The difference in the product will often more than pay the extra expense of getting the best.

PROFIT OF BROOM-CORN CULTURE.

I learned little in the shape of figures. No system of accounts with the crop had been kept by McGREW & VAIL. They did not represent it as being a very lucrative business. I had no opportunity to learn what JOHNSON & BOGARDUS may know of figures. But their neighbors say both these firms are making money. At Kankakee, they say that the cost of cultivating, harvesting and marketing an acre of broom-corn is at least double that of maize. I cannot see that it can be any less in Champaign Co. There, my friend DUNLAP, before named, says corn can be grown and marketed for twenty cents per bushel. I think fifty bushels per acre a fair average—cost \$10x2=\$20, cost of the acre of broom-corn. But put the cost of the latter at two and a half times that of the former, or \$25. A good yield of broom-corn is 800 pounds. Five hundred pounds is a good average, probably. The price ranges from \$75 to \$150 per ton. Mr. VAIL says there is little or no profit in its culture, if less than \$100 per ton is obtained for the crop. Adopting the above estimate of cost as correct, there is no profit in it at that average per acre, and that price per ton. But when you go above \$100 per ton, the profits begin to be apparent; and if you go up to 800 or 1,000 pounds per acre, as good land, good seed, good culture, and a good season will enable you to do, there is an added profit. The reader can make his own figures; but it seems to me, with the tools used, and the system perfected, there must be considerable profit in broom-corn culture, taking one year with another. I should like to see the accurate figures for a series of years—especially from some of these western cultivators.

NO MANURE IS USED

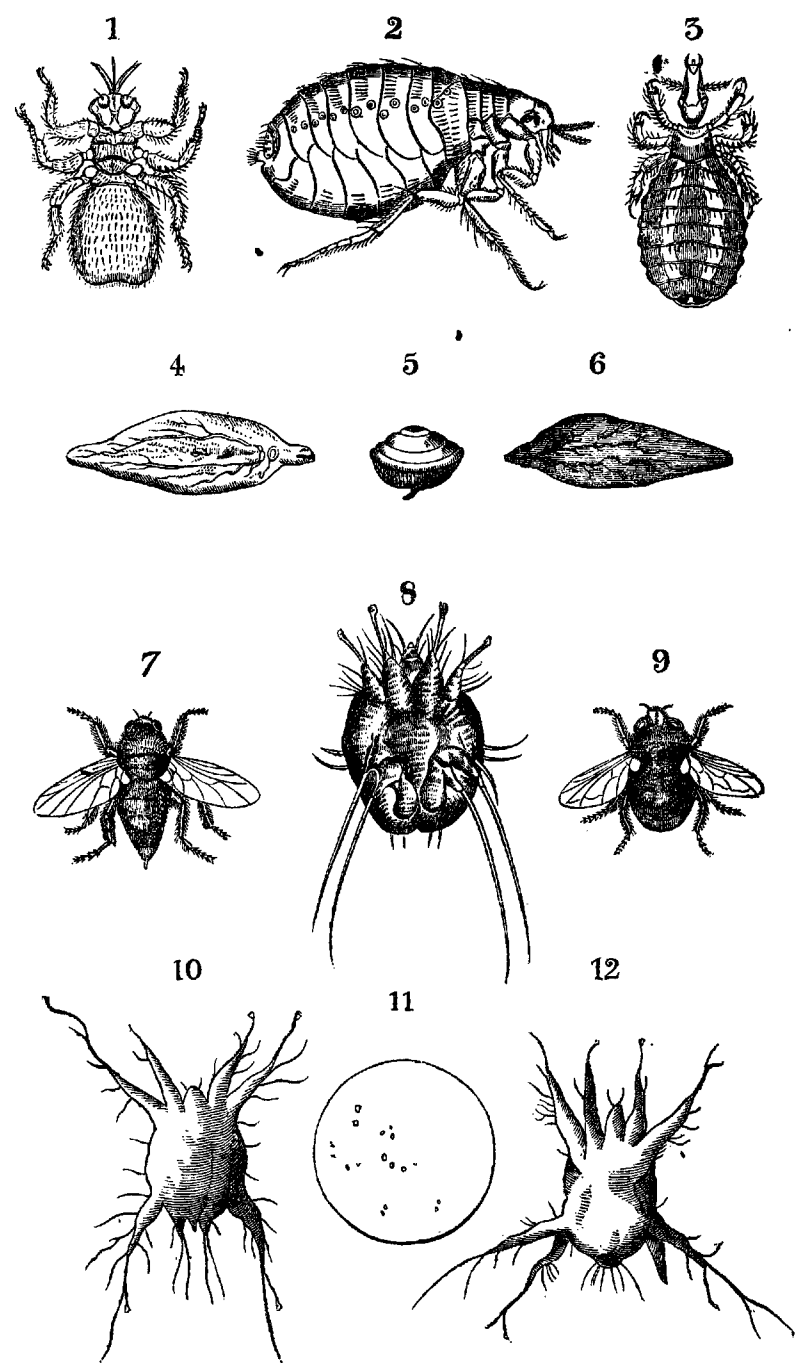
But manure is not ignored because it is thought to be useless. Better brush and more of it is obtained, even on our western lands, where it is applied to the soil. And it astonishes me that advantage is not taken of the proximity to towns to secure it and apply it. I should expect the brush would push out of the sheaf "red in the face," after broom-corn had been squeezed from the same soil a series of years without manuring. There ought to be some indications of indignation and protest from some source.

The amount being planted by these two firms indicates that some benefit is derived from its culture, in some way. McGREW & VAIL are planting 260 acres the present season, and I learned that JOHNSON & BOGARDUS are planting about 300 acres. If there was little profit and great risk, this specialty would be discarded for some crop involving less skill, and sure to pay a fair profit. It has been suggested to me that broom-corn men do not care to have their balances made public. Perhaps there is something in that.

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO SHEEP.

We are indebted to a Boston firm, who have recently published a small work on Sheep Husbandry, for the illustration portraying insects injurious to that class of animals, and also for the accompanying description:

FIGURE 1. A sheep-tick (*Melophagus ovinus*), common upon sheep. Antennae small, sunk in an eyelike cavity of the head; eyes small, oval, resembling two groups of ocelli; setae three, enclosed in two sheath-like, hairy, unjointed organs, (*labial palpi*), resembling otherwise those of the flea, (*Pulex*), and arising from the sides of a triangular labium; legs robust; tarsi with two stout serrated claws, each having at its base



INSECTS INJURIOUS TO SHEEP.

a blunt process; accompanying the claw is an elegant feathery tarsal brush, and on the under side of the last tarsal joint is a bilobed pectinate organ. It propagates rapidly, and is often found in great numbers on a single sheep, selecting the neck and shoulders. The dipping of sheep and lambs in a tobacco wash is said to prove a sure and safe remedy.

FIG. 2. A cat-flea, (*Pulex felis*), of a pale pitch-brown color; head naked, shining, smooth, with delicate scattered dots; coxae and femora nearly naked; the fifth joint of anterior tarsi, and the first joint of the posterior tarsi, longest. Besides, there are the dog-flea, (*P. canis*), fowl-flea, (*P. gallinae*), pigeon-flea, (*P. columbae*), and human flea, (*P. irritans*.)

FIG. 3. A kind of parasite, (*Haematopinus suis*), dusky, ferruginous; abdomen gray or ashy-yellow, flat and membranous, with a black, bony excrescence surrounding each of the white spiracles; legs long and thick; femur transversely striped; tibia very abruptly clavate, dark-colored at the end; tarsi with a large fleshy pulvillus. It infests pigs, cattle, horses, dogs, and other animals, and is of the family *Pediculidae*, and is, therefore, akin to *Pediculus vestimentis*, *P. capitis*, and *P. tabescentium*, the second species of which bagfuls were actually carried in times gone by to the palace of Montezuma, by the Mexicans and Peruvians, say Kirby and Spence, to cancel a poll-tax which was exacted. *Phthiriasis*, pedicular or lousy-disease, is not confined exclusively to the *profanum vulgus* of the human family, nor to the ill-fed and neglected of domesticated animals. It is a loathsome disease, produced by the excessive multiplication of lice. Dr. DUNGLISON, author of a medical lexicon, recommends tobacco as a remedy for this humiliating and sometimes fatal disease.

FIGS. 4, 5, 6. A fluke, (*Distoma hepaticum*), or plaiace, as sometimes called, from its resemblance

in form to a fish by that name, (represented in its usual size and appearance,) is an obovate, flat worm, from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a fourth in length. Its body is soft, depressed, or cylindrical, more or less elongated, not jointed; furnished with two distinct and isolated suckers,—one anterior, terminal, and containing a mouth, the other situated on the ventral surface between the middle and the anterior sixth of the body. The species are very numerous. It occurs in the gall-bladder and hepatic ducts of sheep when affected with the "rot," and is sometimes found in the horse, ox, goat, stag, and hare; also in the gall-bladder of man, whence it occasionally finds its way into the intestinal canal.

FIGS. 7, 9. A pair of gad-flies or sheep-bots, (*Estrus ovinus*.) Very troublesome insects, near woody places, in July and August. They are nearly half an inch long; forehead, a dusky red; the antennae or feelers, black; thorax, ashy-gray; abdomen, variegated; legs, pale red; wings, clear and unspotted. They deposit their eggs on the inside of the sheep's nostril, to prevent which the sheep flock together and hold down their heads. The eggs, when deposited, are soon hatched, and the grubs make their way immediately into the frontal and maxillary sinuses and other cavities of the head or horns, where they subsist until spring, when they make their exit through the nostrils to the ground, and in a few weeks become flies, ready for a new circuit. There is another species of flesh-fly that troubles sheep in May, by depositing its eggs about the head, selecting a sore place if there be any. Sheep-wash of tobacco and whale-oil are used as preventives.

FIG. 8. An itch-insect, (*Acarus scabiei*.) Body soft, white, oval-oblong or rounded; ventral surface with transverse and undulating rugae; dorsal surface with marginal irregularly concentric

Ladies' Department.

THE DYING SON TO HIS MOTHER.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. Sir beside me, dearest mother, Lay thy cool hand on my brow; It will soothe me as none other, To the soft and dreamy slumber That is stealing o'er me now.

RURAL LETTERS.—NO. I.

I've been thinking to-day, Mr. RURAL, that we country girls are not such losers by our retired life as gay city ladies imagine. True, we have not the advantages of refined society, of association with the great men and women of our country; but we have kind, loyal friends, untrammelled by fashion, free and independent as Nature made them, without the city's polish, but also, thank Heaven, without the city's vices.

HOW TO GET A HUSBAND.

FIRST.—You must have plenty of that uncommon article, "common sense." Now, remember this is absolutely necessary, because if you are shallow it will show itself in little silly sentences, actions, and sillier fixings on your persons, such as bows, ends, tassels, etc.

pers,—not to pick up one and rattle off a piece or two so fast you cannot understand it, nor any one who may hear you, but read it thoughtfully, and read it over again if you don't understand it. Be sure you know the meanings of all the words you read,—don't let them pass, but consult your dictionary. Read all in the paper, advertisements and all; don't say they don't interest you. They do interest you. You'll have a wider range of thought and know what is going on in the world.

FARMERS' WIVES OVERTAKED.

UNLESS made otherwise by a vicious training, a woman is as naturally tasteful, tidy and neat in herself, and as to all her surroundings, as the beautiful canary, which bathes herself every morning, and will not be satisfied until each rebellious feather is compelled to take the shape and place which nature designed. It is nothing short of brutality to war against those pure, elevating, and refining instincts of a woman's better nature, and it is a husband's highest duty, his interest, and should be his pleasure and his pride, to sympathize with his wife in the cultivation of these instincts, and to cheerfully afford her the necessary means, so far as he can do so consistently. No money is better spent on a farm, or anywhere else, than that which enables the wife to make herself, her children, her husband, and her house, appear fully up to their circumstances.

THE LADY AND HER THIMBLE.—As an instance of the force of habit, a lady remarked to us the other day that so accustomed was she to wearing her thimble when sewing, that she now never sits down to her sewing-machine without putting it on although it is of no service to her in the management of the machine. Her finger does not feel right without it. Yet notwithstanding the power of habit, this little implement seems in danger of going out of use, along with the bellows, the fire-dogs, tinder-boxes and many other familiar articles of domestic use, now superseded by new inventions. All sorts of sewing are now done by machinery, and the time will come when the needle and the thimble will be as little seen in the hands of women as the distaff and the spindle now are.

BEAUTIFY YOUR PREMISES.—Every person who owns a foot of earth, or has the lease of a southern wall, whereon to let a vine creep up, and lets May or June go by without improving the opportunity of doing something for their beautification, should be considered remiss in a very important duty. No matter if you don't own the house and yard you occupy, still plant flowers, and vines, and shrubbery, for your own comfort and your own heart's sake:

Let the flowers look upward in every place, Through this beautiful world of ours; For dear as the smile of an old friend's face, Is the smile of bright sweet flowers.

Choice Miscellany.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

WE knew it would rain, for all the morn A spirit on slender ropes of mist Was lowering its golden buckets down Into the vapory amethyst Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens— Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers, Dipping the jewels out of the sea To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

SUCCESS.

In a general sense, we may say that nothing is either wholly good or wholly bad. Every fortune has its penalty, and every misfortune its compensation. Success, therefore, is not absolute, but relative. CESAR and CROMWELL attained the highest place in their respective governments; but it cost CESAR his life, and CROMWELL his happiness. A man resolves to be rich, and he may succeed in that particular; but when you ask for his moral or intellectual attainments, it does not appear that he has much to boast of, because the exclusive education of a single faculty has been fatal to the growth of the rest.

POETICAL PARODIES AND PUNS.

PUNCH has given us a parody suggested by Miss Braddon, the unsuccessful actress who, finding that she could win her bread by literature and not otherwise, is writing novels with a perfect abandon:

"There was a young woman, And, what do you think? She lived upon nothing But paper, pens, ink. Paper, pens, ink, were the chief of her diet, And now this young woman will never be quiet."

"The French have taste in all they do, Which we are quite without; For Nature, that to them gave gout, To us gave only gout."

THE BLUES.—Cheerfulness and occupation are closely allied. Idleness are rarely happy. How should they be? The brain and muscles were made for action, and neither can be healthy without vigorous exercise. Into the lazy brain crawl spider-like fancies, filling it with cobwebs that shut out the light and make it a fit abode for "loathed melancholy."

LITERATURE FOR ALL USES.—Literature has furnished an acceptable instrument for every struggle of the age. In her golden book every one has registered his vote. She is a shield to righteousness and virtue, a temple to wisdom, a paradise to innocence, a cup of delight to love, a Jacob's ladder to the poet, but also a fierce weapon to party spirit, a plaything for trifling, a stimulant to wantonness, an easy chair to laziness, a spring-wheel to gossip, a fashion to vanity, a merchandise to the spirit of gain, and has served like a handmaid, all the great and little, pernicious and useful, noble and mean interests of the time.—Menzel.

WHISTLING.—"DIDACTICALLY DISCUSSED."

I ENVIED the boys their whistling apparatus, and after hearing them whistle until I was—well, considerably aged, I made up my mind to ascertain if this "harp of a thousand strings" didn't lie in the region of my palate somewhere. So at the end of six months, during which time I had attempted to tune my harp to strains harmonious, at least once each day, beginning at five in the morning and closing, with an impressive finale, at eight in the evening, I found myself, as I tho't, a most accomplished whistleress. I am inclined to think my guardian tho't so too, for 'twas about this time, in the twilight one evening, standing under the walnut tree in the yard, whistling Bonny Doon, Old Hundred, and snatches from other patriotic pieces, that I was impressed by hearing him elocutionize thus:—"BETSY ANN, is that you a whistling?" A still, small voice replied, "It am." "Well, you are a most interesting young woman, I declare! A girl whistling! You've heard about 'whistling girls and crowsing'?"—"No," I interrupted, "but I've heard this,

"Whistling girls and good fat sheep, Are the best stock a man can keep."

"So there! now! come!" As CHARLES F. BROWNE says, "Thus endeth the first scene." Argument—it is perfectly right and proper and genteel for a woman to whistle. Dr. HOLLAND says, if a woman can sing bass, and wants to sing bass, let her sing bass,—or something to that effect. And I, BETSY ANN, quite as reliable authority on the whistling question, say let her whistle if she can boast of that accomplishment. I've felt the muscles of my mouth contract most pleasantly before now, to see masculine exquisites stick up their ears and gaze around in perfect blank astonishment, to see BETSY ANN whistling—"Tis so unladylike! Ephelkustilcom! Her mouth looks full as well in a pucker as theirs, and then, it is invariably the accompaniment to heart happiness. Who ever heard a mad man, or a sad man, (I use the term in its general sense,) whistling? Whistle, whistle, whistle! I used to know when a certain lad in Hindostan went home in the evening, for he always went by whistling, and I gave him a blessing for it each night. This whistling is the real music after all, and if a man or woman has it in their heart, 'tis far better to whistle it out, than die "with all their music in them."

M. MINTWOOD. Athenaeum Lyceum, Alfred University, N. Y., 1863.

VIOLATING GOD'S LAWS.

It is beautiful to trace the analogy between the natural and the moral world; between the laws of the universe, by which we, as physical beings, are governed, and Divine administration as respects our moral nature. That we are governed by certain fixed, unalterable laws, as regards the physical world, none deny. Were we to throw ourselves from a lofty pinnacle, or leap from a mighty precipice, we would not expect to evade the accelerating power of gravity; neither would we expect to elude pain should we place our hand in the glowing embers. And the same is true in the moral world. If we acknowledge God to have established a form of government of which we are the moral subjects, it is equally absurd to violate with impunity any of those laws. People flatter themselves that, because the hand of justice is stayed—because the sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, the idea of the administration of a moral law is false; but here we may trace an analogy. We violate a law of our physical nature by indulging to excess our natural appetite, and often the intervening time ere we experience the result is so great that we fail to trace from cause to effect; yet we doubt not a cause must have existed, that that cause was the indulgence of a carnal appetite, and the effect, reaping the fruits thereof.

Because God's hearts are set to do evil, they riot in wickedness, trample under their feet the commands of GOD, "roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongue," until the law becomes of no effect. But in "Holy Writ" we read "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the LORD," and again it is written, "Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

God has made our moral nature of so delicate a texture that it is easily improved or impaired, improved by use, weakened by disuse. PORE did not come far short of the truth when he wrote, "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, That to be hated needs but to be seen; But to be seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

By frequent refusals to obey the faithful monitor, its voice may cease to be heard; but when summoned to the bar of God, and we would fain court the favor of Heaven, another voice will be heard to say, "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not." The Apostle PAUL declares that the "Gentiles, who have not the law, have a law unto themselves, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." If, then, the heathen, who have not the law, are without excuse, how great will be our condemnation if the law which is given us be violated. If aught be found against us when called to give an account of our stewardship, we shall invariably find the door of mercy forever closed. Mercy long abused, and the favor of God long rejected, are no longer to be trifled with, and we find our abode with the worm that never dies. SOLOMON says, in one of his Proverbs, "Rejoice, O, young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the way's of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things GOD will bring thee into judgment."

O SIN, how you paint your face! how you flatter us poor mortals on to death! You never appear to the sinner in your true character; you make fair promises, but you never fulfill one; your tongue is smoother than oil, but the poison of asps is under your lip!

Sabbath Musings.

DEATH IS LIFE.

It is not much this world can give, Much it can take away, And life is, at the longest, but A fleeting summer's day. The grave is but a resting place From this world's strife and care; Its terrors are but shadows grim, Which vanish into air. Soft music from a distant realm Falls on mine listening ear, And on its notes my soul is borne, With naught of earthly fear. The pearly gates are opening, I see each living ray Fall sparkling from the "great white throne," To win my soul away. No, 'tis not much this earth can give, Why wish we still to stay, When heaven's myriad voices Are calling us away. Ypsilanti, Mich., 1863.

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Because God's hearts are set to do evil, they riot in wickedness, trample under their feet the commands of GOD, "roll sin as a sweet morsel under their tongue," until the law becomes of no effect. But in "Holy Writ" we read "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the LORD," and again it is written, "Be not deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

God has made our moral nature of so delicate a texture that it is easily improved or impaired, improved by use, weakened by disuse. PORE did not come far short of the truth when he wrote, "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, That to be hated needs but to be seen; But to be seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

By frequent refusals to obey the faithful monitor, its voice may cease to be heard; but when summoned to the bar of God, and we would fain court the favor of Heaven, another voice will be heard to say, "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not." The Apostle PAUL declares that the "Gentiles, who have not the law, have a law unto themselves, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." If, then, the heathen, who have not the law, are without excuse, how great will be our condemnation if the law which is given us be violated. If aught be found against us when called to give an account of our stewardship, we shall invariably find the door of mercy forever closed. Mercy long abused, and the favor of God long rejected, are no longer to be trifled with, and we find our abode with the worm that never dies. SOLOMON says, in one of his Proverbs, "Rejoice, O, young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the way's of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things GOD will bring thee into judgment."

O SIN, how you paint your face! how you flatter us poor mortals on to death! You never appear to the sinner in your true character; you make fair promises, but you never fulfill one; your tongue is smoother than oil, but the poison of asps is under your lip! If ever Christianity appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies upon the tomb; when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them; and fills the breach with immortal hope in dying moments. TRIALS.—Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs. A CHARITABLE LESSON.—It would be uncharitable and severe to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them. In our adversity it is right with us, and in the night many beasts of prey range abroad that keep their dens through the day.

ON PICKET.

ONLY southern stars above me, In the wide, blue southern sky, As the hours of midnight hurry...

good stock, and I am none afraid to warrant they will turn out well and be a credit to whoever takes them in hand.

up her wedding rather than leave the deacon and his wife. They took her when she was a little baby, and have always done for her like an own child...

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A PUNY, week-old baby, red and forlorn, lay carefully wrapped in blankets, in the lap of a little girl who sat in a low chair...

But there was to be an obstacle thrown in the course of even this smooth-flowing love, at the eleventh hour, when in most cases, troubles have at last run themselves clear.

The next morning the left'nant said, "If you've a mind to make Deacon Haven's folks a visit to-day, I don't care if I take a ride with you after dinner, down there."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 14 letters.

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