







Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. SIGHINGS.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

O, WINDS of night, around my door, Ye waft me back from Memory's shore...

To-night I strive in vain to hear The hope-birds stinging, sweet and clear...

The cold, damp mildew of distrust Casts o'er my soul its cankering rust...

Without I hear the icy rain Clashing against the window pane...

When will this wild heart-throbbing cease, And the calm, angel voice of peace...

Stand bravely up before the blast, O, Soul, and thou wilt learn at last...

Cambria, March, 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE AMIABLE WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHED.

MRS. BLAND is an exceedingly popular personage, indeed, esteemed quite a model by herself...

We do not mean amiability as defined by WEBSTER, but as understood by the class referred to...

True, they cannot understand lofty principle, nobility of soul, immutability of opinion...

Their motto is,—be always popular; for if a man, there is the hope of office...

So anxious mammas desire their daughters to copy Mrs. BLAND, who never offends Mrs. GRUNDY...

And did not this pattern for imitation,—this woman, par example, when her parents wished...

True, the poor young man soon after attained high eminence, and, in a pecuniary point of view...

HUMILITY OF LOVE.

We only prize those hearts that do not prize themselves! Love, by its nature, shrinks from any thought of groveling merchandise...

NOISY PEOPLE.—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.—Pope.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. WORKING DRESSES.

It is not my province to dictate any particular form of dress; but when, as is often the case, I see wives and daughters doing their necessary housework...

Now, just take some of those long dresses that have become faded at the bottom and in front, take out the front breadths...

Sisters, let me entreat you, do your duty faithfully, and when those dear ones return, you will not only meet a reward in their kind welcome...

This is no fancy advice; 'tis wrought out by experience of near two years, and my health is better. I can endure far more fatigue and enjoy life far better...

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

—THE young ladies of De Witt, Iowa, seem to have minds of their own. It is said they have resolved "that we will not countenance nor keep company with any young man that drinks beer or ale, or any intoxicating drink, as a beverage."

—A PARIS correspondent says there is in that city at this time a very lovely, very charming young lady, who is destined by an extraordinary fate to go through the world without being married. She is a dark beauty, with magnificent eyes, a glowing cheek, a lively expression...

—A ROCHESTER woman, with a name suggestive of "many cares," has written what ARTEMAS WARD would call a "sarkastick" article for the New York Observer...

"I agree with Madame DEMOREST that every woman intends sooner or later to marry, or, as 'Dame Durden' so pleasantly observes, 'to have a home of her own,' wherein to exercise all womanly graces and to give full scope to the affectional nature. And this is as it should be; woman ought to look forward to the possession of a husband and a home."

"Nobody seems to think of giving good counsel to men and broaching new theories, with intent to fathom their capabilities. Women, on the contrary, are presumed to possess inexhaustible capacities for assimilating advice. They are satiated with it, full to repletion, while men are in a state of insensate starvation—literally famishing for want of wholesome moral aliment."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. WALK BOLDLY FORTH.

BY MATE REY.

WALK boldly forth, with giant will, And grapple with the wrong; Let moral strength o'er every ill, Inspire and make you strong.

Rise high above Oppression's heel, Wherever he may tread; Stand firm for TRUTH, in woe or weal, Nor be by bigots led.

Step bravely forth, the gauntlet run, To resurrect the right, That it may shine like tropic sun, On earth's long, dismal night.

What though dark cowards 'long your path, Their darts and missiles fling,— God's love is shield 'gainst all their wrath, And proof to every sting.

Is armor no vile wretch can pierce With ball nor whetted blade; And Death, himself, however fierce, Is harmless in his raid.

Then be not blind nor led astray When vice looks fair and strong; But stand erect and fight your way For right against the wrong.

Though Manhood's cross weigh down like lead, And blood stain every sod, Remember how our fathers bled, And strike for Truth and God. Bristol, 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

JOURNALIZING.

By all means, keep a journal. Whatever your employment, make it a rule to write at least a few lines every day. If you have a fancy for it, keep a record of the weather, of family and neighborhood events, and, especially, of business transactions.

The farmer's account with his laborers, the merchant's with his patients, the common-school teacher's list of the attendance of his pupils,—each is a sort of diary or journal, but how poor and unprofitable in comparison with what it might and ought to be. It of course answers the purpose for which it is intended, that of enabling one to make a correct settlement of his dealings with others.

For instance, how much curious and interesting experience a well-kept physician's or teacher's diary would afford! And how much valuable instruction and suggestion might be gathered from a record of operations on a well-managed farm!

But let your journal be something more than a record of storm and sunshine, of sickness and health, of visits made and received, of local events and of business affairs. Let the best thought or thoughts of the day, close the entry in your journal. And if you have no fancy for keeping a regular diary; let it be altogether a thought journal.

Again, for purposes of literary improvement, the practice of writing something every day cannot be too highly commended. Brief, regular daily exercise benefits more than occasional, extended effort. Indeed, the best preparation for an elaborate attempt at composition, is the constant habit of gathering up in a book, kept for the purpose, the ideas, opinions, fancies, &c., that occupy the writer's attention.

REMARKS.—An experience of a good many years enables us to indorse what our correspondent has said above of the profit and pleasure derived from journalizing. We commend it especially to the young. By it you may take a step upward daily.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Big black eyes I care not for, They say, proudly, "I make war;" Eyes I like are soft and blue, They say, sweetly, "I love you."

No man ever offended his own conscience, but, first or last, it was revenged upon him for it.—South.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. HOSPITAL SKETCHES.—NO. III.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS.

ON the death of a patient, his effects are brought from the Ward-room, the body dressed in the best clothes in his possession, and then taken to the dead-house, with a label bearing his name, company and regiment pinned on his breast.

The time for funerals is 2 P. M. The band goes to the gate, and there the escort joins them, and all march with guns at "shoulder arms" to the Chaplain's rooms. An escort for a private is eight men; for a non-commissioned officer ten. At his rooms the Chaplain heads the procession, and all march to the dead-house.

In passing in and out of the ward, the same order is observed as in coming out of the dead-house. In the ward, the Chaplain stands at the head of the coffin, and the Ward Master and chief nurses at the foot as mourners, and if friends are present they occupy the same position.

In marching to the gate from the ward, the form is the same as to it. During the time a funeral train is passing all work and play ceases, and all who are able, form a line along the walk, with heads uncovered. At the gate the coffin is delivered to the hearse, with the ceremonies before mentioned.

Although we see so much of suffering and death that it does not make the impression on us that it once did, there is always something solemn and impressive about a military funeral which nothing else possesses.

The cemetery is situated some four miles from here, and all soldiers who have died in and around Louisville are buried there.

I. P. BATES.

Brown U. S. Hospital, Louisville, Ky.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

—It is reported that the title of TENNYSON'S new poem will be Boadicea.

—It is said that LAMARTINE, the French author, who is a widower, is about to marry a Parisian princess.

—It is asserted that General SCOTT has nearly completed his autobiography; and it is predicted that this book will create a sensation when published. Wherefore?

—JOHN G. WHITTIER, in a recent letter, asserts that WM. LLOYD GARRISON was the first New England editor to nominate HENRY CLAY for the Presidency.

—MR. SAY-SAY-GAH-COM-E-GISH-KINK and several of his companions, with equally cheerful names, all belonging to the Chippewa tribe of Indians, passed through Chicago recently, bound to Washington.

—PRINCE NAPOLEON having lately made an indiscreet speech at Paris, the Emperor sent for him and remonstrated. "But does not your majesty think exactly as I do about Poland, Italy and the Pope?" asked the Prince. "Perhaps so; but at any rate I hold my tongue!"

—THE DEATH of JOHN C. RIVES, of Washington, D. C., is announced. He was sixty-one years of age. Associated with FRANCIS P. BLAIR, he started the Congressional Globe, the latter acting as editor and Mr. RIVES as financial manager. He was a loyal and pure man—a strict churchman.

—THE London Herald notices that the foreign press persist in calling the infant son of the Prince of Wales the Duke of Cornwall. It says this is an utter mistake. His royal highness' father, the Prince, sits in the House of Lords as Duke of Cornwall—the Princedom of Wales being in no shape a parliamentary title. The infant Prince, after his christening, will be called by his Christian name, with the prefix of prince, until it may please the Crown to confer a peerage upon him.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for the Rural New-Yorker. THE SPRING SNOW-STORM.

BY CELIA L. G. MARKHAM.

I HAVE long been watching for the return of Spring with all the impatience of an invalid confined to the monotony of in-door life through the long dreary Winter. Eagerly have I gathered up and cherished every omen of the approach of "the time of singing birds," and blossoming of flowers. The lengthening days—the melting snows—the deepening blue of the sky—the occasional hours of golden sunshine—even the heavy rains were all rejoiced over and treasured up as confirmation strong; and as I daily watched the lessening of the dingy snow-banks by the fence-side, I said, "Surely, Spring will soon be here, when I may drink in health and strength with its life-giving breath."

Just then, through the still air, the clear, musical notes of a robin came to my ear. I started. It was as if a voice had called to me out of this scene of desolation, saying "God is faithful; why dost thou murmur, O unbelieving heart?" The bird kept on with his morning song. I looked for him. I could not see him; but I thought I had never heard such beautiful music before. And I said to myself, "Sweet harbinger of spring, I bless thee for thy voice of promise. Though no other sign is visible, thy prophecy is sure—nature's resurrection is at hand."

And I thought, we may learn a lesson for life from this. When the winter of the soul comes upon us, and lingers long and heavy about us,—when the dark clouds of adversity have darkened the sky, and hid the sunlight from us,—when the snows of sorrow have whitened the hills of life, and the fierce winds of despair wail around us,—when the joys which we have pressed to our hearts have faded and died, and we have buried them with many tears in the grave of the past,—when the world looks all cheerless and desolate around us, and the things of earth seem of little worth,—when tempted and sorrowing we carry life's burden with a heavy heart, and our faith grows weak, and we question GOD'S goodness;—then, when all other prophecies of future good fail; if we will but listen, we may hear the bird of hope, singing among the naked branches, and cheerless snows of our desolate life, of the glad spring time, when new joys shall blossom above the graves of the dead, as bright and fair as those which have perished.

Oh, then never let us turn a deaf ear to the hope-bird which sings in our hearts,—'tis GOD'S messenger of love. This is his song, "Though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." Let our stricken hearts listen and be comforted. GOD calls us by trials and suffering to put our trust in Him. He does not afflict willingly, and the sooner we let affliction do its work, the sooner will it be ended. Let us then, in the dark hours of temptation and trial, watch and pray in faith, inspired by the sweet singer to earnest effort and patient waiting. And when our toils and vigils are crowned by the realization of our hopes, we shall be rewarded by finding those heavenly joys which bloom luxuriantly only in that soil which has been watered by the tears of penitence, and enriched by the prayers of faith.

Webster, N. Y., March, 1864.

PETRARCH says five great enemies to peace inhabit with us, viz.:—Avarice, ambition, envy, anger and pride; and that if those enemies were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.







