

Ladies' Department.

THE INDIAN FATHER

Powhatan the father of Pocahontas refused to give his younger daughter in marriage to Governor Dale though solicited, by him and her sister; saying to the messenger:—"Go back to your governor, and tell him that I value his love and peace; which, while I live, I will keep. Tell him that I love my daughter as my life; and though I have many children, I have none like her. If I could not see her, I would not live; and if I give her to you, I shall never see her."—*Scar's Description of the United States.*

White man, adieu; haste on your way
And tell your Governor hold,
All honour to his love I pay,
And would his friendship hold.

But her, my younger daughter fair,
The darling of my heart,
Who oft my warrior breast does cheer,
With her I cannot part.

Though she is not my only child,
I have more my love to claim;
Not one has e'er so sweetly smiled,
Or called their father's name.

She's graceful as the springing fawn,
She's beautiful as the flower
That lifts its head at dewy morn,
To deck some forest bower.

I could not live in forest wild,
I could not chase the deer,
If parted from my favorite child
Ill would my gray hairs fare.

My dearest child could I not see,
Dim would be each sunny day;
Weak grow my heart; grief speedily
Would wear my life away.

My Italian maid did I bestow,
To be the white man's bride,
Far from her kindred she must go,
And cross the Ocean wide.

Then I should see her face no more;
Tell my white brother so,
I'm growing old and near Death's shore,
Close not my life with woe.

Mrs. C. Dunn.

Woodstock, June 15, 1854.

A RECIPE FOR MAKING A GOOD TEMPERED HUSBAND.

"A decent country woman," said an English divine, "came to me one market-day and begged to speak with me. She told me with an air of secrecy that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and that knowing me to be a wise man I could tell her what would be the best remedy; is simple, said I: *always treat your husband with a smile.* The woman thanked me, dropped a courtesy and went away. A few months after she came again, bringing a couple of fine fowls. She told me with great satisfaction that I had cured her husband; and she begged my acceptance of the fowls in return. This was at once the victory of love and the reward of patience."

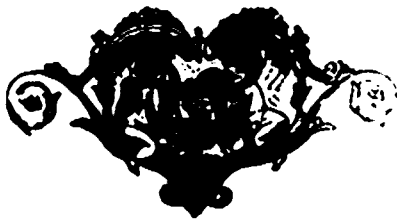
On the above anecdote we would make a few remarks. Domestic comfort is more dependent on the wife, and mother, than on the husband and father, and we much fear that too many men are driven to the public house for want of those smiles of affection, and those words of kindness, the power of which, few men are so hardened as not to feel. We learn from the Holy Scriptures, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."—Prov. xvi. Let every wife who would have a sober husband, do all she can to make her home, a home of peace and comfort. It is sad when a man has a cross, petulant, scolding wife, to drive him to a public-house, to receive the smiles of the publican, whose welcome is his ruin. We would say to every wife, "be clean in your person"

and keep your face as if you were a woman who had this consolation that you did not your husband to win your husband, and to keep him at home and that you cannot be charged with having driven him out by your frowns, who tried to keep him at home with your smiles.

INDIGNANT LOUVERNESS.—In Buffalo a few days since a gentleman temporarily residing there was flogged in a restaurant by a lady who charged him with making a disturbance in her family, by promising to marry sundry young ladies, he being a married man all the while. She warned him that if she ever caught him again he would receive another instalment of the lude. The *Rochester Advertiser* tells of another case where a citizen of that city proposed to wind up a spree with a ride in the country. His wife declined to accompany him because as she said, he was too drunk. At this he became enraged and proceeded to abuse her, whereupon she seized his whip and gave him a good wholesome flogging. Then wending her way to the Police Office she procured an officer to take him in custody for his conduct.

Musk.—The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes—above all, of musk. Her dressing-room at Malmaison was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison, has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been sufficient to remove the good Empress' musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

The North British (Scotland) Mail, under the head "A Broken Heart," records the death of Mrs. Brown, the wife of David Brown carpenter on board the Liverpool ship Alpine, Captain Hunter, which sailed from Alexandria, United States, on the 8th of February, and which has not since been heard of. Mrs. Brown's death was caused by the inconceivable grief occasioned by the fate of her husband.



Boys' Department.

THE NEWS BOY.

The news boy is coming—

We hear his glad song,

Through alley and street,

As he passes along.

He looks very rosyous.

When his patrons are gone,

With a smile on his face

His friends all he greets

With a hearty "good day,"

And an intelligent eye

He throws us his paper

As he passes by.

He leaves us, and away

To the mansion he goes,

And in at the door

His paper he throws.

He trudges on thus,

Through sunshine and rain,

And then, in a week

He greets us again.

Then who would extol

The news boy's name,

That thus climbs the ladder

That leads him to fame?

Oshawa, 1854.

PAMPHILIUS.

THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PURPOSE.

"I would not be so mean," said George Ward to a boy who stood by, while he put the candy he had just bought into his pocket.

"You have no right to call me mean," replied

what had occurred. "I thought you were what he thinks," he at length said. "I have four dollars now, and when I have sold my rub-bages I shall have another dollar. I shall not have enough," and his heart bounded joyfully, his step recovered its elasticity, and his pace quickened; as the pleasant thought removed the sting which the accusation of meanness had inflicted on his sensitive spirit. Exoron did not mean the same with him as with grown people. It had a limit. He hustened cheerfully home, or to the place he called home. He had no father or mother there; but in their stead, kind and loving friends. Mr. Porter had died two years before leaving a wife and four children without property to sustain them. Reuben was the eldest; and as he was old enough to assist in the labors of a farm, it was thought best that he should leave his mother Mr. Johnson, a neighbor, took him into his family, where he very soon became a great favorite.

There was one thing about the boy, however, that good Mrs. Johnson regarded as a great fault. It was what she called "a spirit of hoarding." She never gave him an orange or apple, that he did not carry to his room, instead of eating it. Perhaps his sisters at home, or dear little brother Benny, could tell what became of them.

Mrs. Johnson had noticed, too, in his drawer, a box, which was quite heavy with money. She did not believe he had bought so much as a fish-hook, since he had been in their family. If he should go on thus he would grow up to be a miser. Mr. Johnson smiled at his wife's earnestness, and remarked that with such an example of generosity as Reuben had constantly before him, he would not believe the child was in much danger from the fault she feared. "It must be remembered," he said, "that Reuben has his own way to make in this life. He must early learn to save, or he will always be poor. There are his mother and sisters, too, who need his aid."

In various ways Reuben added to his store. When the snow came, he made nice broad paths about the house, which so attracted the notice of a neighbor, that she asked if he might be allowed to make paths for her. He rose early that he might have time for his extra work, and was well paid for his efforts. The box grew heavier from week to week. *Reuben had almost enough.*

One day there was a barrel of flour left at Mrs. Porter's. She thought there must be a mistake about it; but the man said he was directed at the store to take it to that house. Mrs. Potter went immediately to learn about it, and what was her surprise to find that her son was the purchaser. How could he pay for a whole barrel of flour. "The money," said the merchant, "he brought in a box. It was small bits, which took me some time to count, but there was enough."

The mother called, with a full heart, at Mrs. Johnson's, and related what had occurred. Reuben wondered why his mother should cry so. He thought she would be happy. He was sure he was. He had been thinking of that barrel of flour, and now he felt more like laughing than crying. Those tears, noble boy are not tears of sorrow, but of the deepest joy.

You are more than repaid for your self-denial. You have persevered in your determination; you have resisted every temptation to deviate from the course which we marked out as right. You have borne meekly the charge of meanness so galling to your generous spirit, and now you receive your reward. You are happy and so is your mother, and so are your kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

That night Mr. Johnson remarked to his wife, as they sat together before the cheerful fire, that he had some idea of keeping the little miser and educating him. "A boy who could form such a purpose and keep it, will in all probability make a useful man." After years proved the correctness of this conclusion, for Reuben is now a man of intelligence and wealth.

THE "CITY OF GLASGOW"—AFFECTING.

The Jersey Blue has the following affecting story connected with the probable loss of this noble ship:

accustomed to the refinements and elegance of really good society being a stranger on our shores, he was glad to avail himself of an opportunity of conversing with us, and spoke freely of his past and of his hopes for the future. He had come over to Philadelphia, bringing with him a little son, apparently about twenty years of age, to select a residence for the rest of his family, which he had left in England, and to make all the arrangements necessary to their comfort when they should arrive. He had accomplished this—had taken and furnished a house in Philadelphia, and was expecting letters from his wife, informing him of her sailing with her children on the steamer *City of Manchester*.

We handed him a letter—it spoke of her expectations to sail in that steamer, and he went away with such glad anticipations as might be supposed to fill the heart of a husband and father long absent from the wife and children whom he soon expected to meet and embrace again. A few days passed and another foreign mail arrived, and with it a letter to our friend, from his wife, saying that she had not been able to make her arrangements in time to sail in the *Manchester*, but that she should certainly sail in the *Glasgow*. Some time after this, letters came, which she had mailed at the time of embarking in this ship; and now he was unspeakably happy with the almost certainty of seeing his wife and children in a very few days—for the New York mail steamers generally make the passage but a few days sooner than our screw steamers. Soon he, with many others, commenced going down every day to Queen street wharf to look for the incoming steamer.

But who shall speak of the horrors to come? Day after day did he, with the many others on that sad walk, go down to the wharf and strain his vision to descry, among the numerous vessels down the river, the anxiously-expected steamer. We saw him when the vessel had been some thirty days out, and were startled at his appearance. The plump, happy-seeming face, of one month before, was haggard as the face of Death—the eyes that so shortly before we had seen dance in the light of inward joy, were bloodshot, wild, and glaring upon us with a maniac expression. He walked mopingly away, but his face haunted us still. A few days after this, a steamer arrived, bringing the report that a vessel, somewhat resembling the *Glasgow*, had been seen off the Bahamas; this report brought him to us again. Oh, how that false hope had brightened his countenance! His eyes had regained their expression of intelligence, and he clung to this baseless hope as a drowning man to a straw.

We left the Post Office a few days after this. Yesterday we enquired concerning this wretched man, and was told that he had been for some time in the Lunatic Asylum, a raving maniac. May God reward him in eternity!

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

What shall I write of—let me see—
I rather think my ditty,
Will figure dull in company
So clear, so good, and witty.

Of Beauty?—No—for, though it's hard
To see her without kneeling,
Her lovely face is often marred
With ugly want of feeling.

Of pleasure?—Not a single line;
Experience makes me wiser,
Once, when I thought the world mine,
She laughed and said—"Good bye Sir."

Of love?—I wish I dare enquire
To write you something tender,
What use—my heart, so oft on fire,
Is roasted to a cinder.

Of Friendship?—Yes—then may our prove
Unchangeable undying;
Possessing all the warmth of love,
Without his track of flying.

Toronto, 14 June, 1854.

W. P.

CINCINNATI contains 160,000 inhabitants, but there are still racoons and wild rabbits within the corporation limits.