

## IV. Hints for Young Ladies.

If any young woman waste in trivial amusements, the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with: and above all if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they find ignorance severe mortification and a real evil. Let this animate their industry, and let a modest opinion of their capacities be an encouragement to them in their endeavours after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement; by this neglect they lose the sincerest pleasures, which would remain when almost every other forsakes them, of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.—*Mrs. Chapone.*

v. *Woman.*—How valuable are woman's labors as mother, nurse, and teacher, so much so that the two sexes are like the date tree; the male plant produces flowers only, the female fruit. We should remember, too, that Adam was created out of Paradise, and Eve in it, and something earthly therefore, still clings to Adam's race. Even in the heathen mythology, we find that though the gods often transformed themselves into beasts, the goddesses never did.—*Niag. Chron.*

The Ladies' Department must of necessity be a kind of *medley*, and the following, said by the *Niagara Chronicle* to be improved from an American paper, is given to amuse the ladies. Every true lover of the sex knows well, that the first view is the rule, the last the exception from it —

## VI. The Wife.

She clung to him with woman's love.

As ivy to the oak;

And on her head with crushing force,  
Earth's churning tempest broke.

And when the world looked cold on him,

And blight hung o'er his name,  
She soothed his cares with woman's love,  
And bade him rise again.

When care had furrow'd o'er his brow,

And clouded his young hours,  
She wove, amidst a crown of thorns,  
A wreath of love's own flowers.

And never did that wreath decay,  
Or one bright floweret wither,

For woman's tears e'er nourished them,  
That they might bloom forever.

'Tis ever thus with woman's love—  
True till life's storms have pass'd,  
And like the vine around the tree,  
It braves them to the last.

## The Wife.

## The other side of the Picture.

She clung to him with woman's hate,  
And frowned when'er he spoke,  
Whist o'er his head, with crushing force,  
She many broomsticks broke.

And when the world looked cold on him,  
And not with ruda disdain,  
She dressed his hair in woman's style—  
A poker o'er his brain!

When care had furrow'd o'er his brow,  
And clouded his young hours,  
She wove amidst his crown of thorns,  
A wreath of nettle flowers.

And never did that wreath decay,  
Nor fade one floweret, never;  
For woman's wrath aye nourished them,  
That they might bloom forever.

'Tis ever thus with woman's hate,  
To him she's wedded fast;  
If he's a weak submissive wretch,  
She'll trounce him to the last.

*Time.*—God who is liberal in all other gifts, shows us, by his own wise economy, how circumspect we should be in the management of our own time, for he never gives us two moments together. He only gives us the second when he takes away the first, and keeps the third in his own hands, leaving us in absolute uncertainty whether it shall become ours or not!

“Those nations which are most distinguished for their love of husbandry, whether of the garden or of the fields, have been most prosperous.”

## The British American Cultivator

(FOR 1847, NEW SERIES)

Published by EASTWOOD & Co. Yonge St. Toronto

Edited by W. G. EDMUNDSON.

It accompanies the *Provincial Advertiser*.—  
Both papers being afforded for One Dollar per annum.

All payments to be made invariably in advance  
and free of postage, addressed to the Publishers

Printed for the Proprietors, by J. CLELAND,  
BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, Post Office Lane,  
King Street, Toronto.