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FEMALE TRIALS.

Mr. Editor—Will you have the kindness to publish the following article, on "Female Trials," which although not original, does none of its force or truth on that account. Indeed I may add, that if for no other reason than the truth it contains, it should be copied into every newspaper in the country. By complying with this request you will oblige many.

MOTHERS.

My heart always "sings within me" whenever I read selections made by editors of newspapers, which are designed for married ladies, setting forth our duty with relation to, and making our homes happy to our husbands, and we should always welcome them with a cheerful smile when they come in from the cares and fatigue of the day, and do all we can to make married life pleasant to them. And—Now this is well, I acknowledge, and I trust I strive daily to reduce as good a theory to practice. But let me enquire if the cares and fatigues of the wife are always—I might say ever—appreciated by the husband?

Shall I give a short sketch of domestic life as it is, not of course describing a family as it should be, but I wish to give a fair example of every day life, at home.

My neighbor, Mr. Benson, is a lawyer by profession, and is what the world calls a respectable man. His income is small, but he married a lady who was able to furnish their small house handsomely, and they have hopes of prosperity in reversion. Mrs. B. was educated in modern times, and somewhat fashionably; so that the host of evils which ignorant young house-keepers "were heir to," came thick and fast upon her, when she started on the duties and pilgrimage of matrimonial life.

But she had the advantage, energy of character and devoted love for her husband—two good stimulants in the path of duty. She braved, like a heroine, all the "teapot tempests" which often come from clouds "not so big as a man's hand," and in due time succeeded in winning a cheerful and faithful manager of their economical establishment.

Mr. B. between his wife twelve years, and is the mother of five children, the youngest but a babe, and the family are as happy as a large portion of families.

It is Monday morning, and this speaks of "unutterable things" to a New England wife who has been married a dozen years. Mr. Benson has had his breakfast in season—he kissed his children and gone to the office where the law books are—his books and papers are all in order, and Mr. B. sits down to answer a few agreeable demands upon his time which will evidently turn into cash.—He goes home to his dinner punctually at one o'clock—it is ready for him—he takes it quietly—perhaps it frolics ten minutes with the lady, and then hurries back to the office.—At the hour for tea, he goes home—everything is cheerful, and to quote the simple rhyme of an old song.

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,  
The kettle on for tea;  
Benson was in his rooking chair,  
And Mest as man could be.

But how has it been with Mrs. Benson through the day? She has an ill-natured girl in the kitchen who will do half the work only at nine shillings per week. Monday morning eight o'clock—four children must be ready for school—Mrs. B. must scold their faces

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

passed by; he stopped, gazed a moment at this interesting scene, and approaching, said to the child:

My little friend, whom do you love best, papa or mamma?

The question seemed to puzzle the child; he stopped eating, and dropped the hand with which he was conveying the morsel to his mouth, but did not reply.

him out of his difficulty. The thing was hard for them to decide, for though each wished to be well loved, each was too just to be willing to receive the preference. Then a struggle of generosity commenced between them; the father enumerated to his son all the motives he had for loving his tender mother, and she reminded him of all the kindnesses which his father had bestowed on him.

Yes, answer the gentleman ; but first remember who teaches you how to read, tells you pretty stories ; yes, think of your father.

The child glanced at his fresh bread and ripe peach—his mouth watered. He was going to answer when his mother added :

My dear, said the "stranger again, I am waiting for an answer; whom do you love best, your father or your mother?

It was father who made your bat.  
Yes, your mother plays with you every day.  
True, your father takes you out walking.

The child's face brightened up with joy ; the answer sprung up from his heart ; and scarce had the stranger finished his question, when the child exclaimed, " both alike."

therefore mother to her own husband. They had a son to whom she was great grandmo-

LE JARDIN DE MA TANTE.—Little children in France, love to repeat "Dans le jardin de ma tante," as well as English girls and boys.

Oh, qu'il est beau le trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante ! Dans le trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante, il y a un nid—Oh, qu'il est beau le nid, du trou, de l'arbre, du jardin, de ma tante ! Dans le nid, du trou,

Will some of our young friends give us a translation of the above ?

The people of the East measure time by

dow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the 7th

scriptions, one for her husband, and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them; and the apothecary replied, that it was so much for the man, and so much for the beast. The woman, finding that she

YOUTH.—A soil as rich and fruitful as the youthful mind cannot be too early cultivated. It should be invited to inquire, and have its attention directed to the countless objects that surround it, on which ever side it turns its

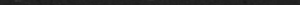
of the air; the fish which inhabit the seas and rivers, with their species, natures and habits their uses and their position and order in relation to the great universal family. The laws which govern the motions of the stars

isms, mode of government, social and political relations, trades, manufactures, arts and sciences. All these should be taught by easy and progressive lessons and examples, in order that the mind may be prepared for the

Some cult get as mad as fox because

she has been squirming and screwing along the pavement with a reasonable quantity of dry goods hung upon her in order to attract attention, but somehow or other the b'hoys won't go it; she can't make them love her

PERFECT CONSISTENCY:—We observe that in most of the plates in which the modern extremes of fashion which are represented in the fashionable magazines, the figures of the fash-



THE ARMOR OF LIGHT.

Let us put on the armor of light: God hath chosen us to be his soldiers, and hath called us forth into the field. Our fight is not a

terrible, the danger great. Let us not be unprovided : let us not stand open to the stroke of the enemy. Let us take unto us the whole armor of God : let our loins be girded with verity : let us put on the shield of faith

to the end. let it appear that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to cast down holds and imaginations, and every thing that is exalted a-

gainst the gates of hell, and resist all the assaults and quench all the fiery darts of the wicked ; then shall we eat of the fruit in the midst of Paradise, and shall receive the crown of everlasting glory.—Ro. Jewel.

you can, and at any price, provided it do not exceed the cost of barn dung, for you had better pay exorbitantly than not have some compost. A vigorous and very active artificial manure is composed of ashes, salt, gyp-

the autumn under cover, and turned several times before using it in the spring. As an application to corn it is invaluable, especially in the hill, and on soils rather light and warm. —*Saturday Empirum.*

Following ingredients. One quart proof whiskey, and half a pound soft soap, and half an ounce of camphor. The soap is to be dissolved in the whiskey, (or other proof spirit, and the camphor added after the mixture is poured into the bath. The mixture is

INCOMBUSTIBLE WASH.—Slake some stone

Take one quart of deco of Turps ising-  
gall, and one gallon of water; then boil the  
mixture, and skim it clean. To every five  
gallons of this mixture add one pound of alum,  
half a pound of copperas, by slow degrees  
three quarters of a pound of tartaric acid.

the roof, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting the wood; and render it incombustible from sparks falling upon it.—When laid upon brick work, it renders the brick impervious to rain or wet.

There are few voices in the world, but many echoes, and so the history of the world is chiefly the rise and progress of the thoughts and feelings of a few great men. Let a man

against their wall, and they cannot stand where they stood before, though they close their eyes never so stuffily.