

THE HOME JOURNAL.

Volume III.

WINCHESTER, TENN., MAY 26, 1859.

Number 20.

The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATER.
"Pledged to no Party's arbitrary sway,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."
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UNREVEALED CRIMES.

When the news of a homicide, like that of Dr. Burdell, or that of Mr. Key, is passed from mouth to mouth across the whole country, the heart of the public is convulsed with a shudder of horror, and everybody says: "How terrible!" with one accord. But in truth, these published stabbings and shootings are not the terrible ones.—The most ghastly crimes are those which are shrouded in an eternal silence—the silence of homes and of graves.

Society is full of such tragedies—acted by quiet, peaceable citizens and their families—who would never be suspected of any indecorum whatever. Smooth-spoken, exemplary husbands who murder their wives, not by a sudden blow of the poignard or a pistol-shot, but by slow, continual torture; wives, who bear the most spotless reputation, yet who deliberately wear out their husbands' lives by petty acts of malice and hatred; children who torture their parents and parents who stifle all the best instincts and aspirations of their children—these are the worst criminals of society, and the ones that go unwhipped of human justice.

And it is the feeling of revolt against such crimes that produces most of the revealed ones. Until the mystery of the Burdell tragedy is known, who shall say what terrible wrongs were expiated by that terrible deed? "There is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue;" and when it comes, human nature loses its reasoning and self-governing attributes, unless they are marvelously powerful. Half the known murders on record, we fancy, might be traced to a long-continued feeling of intolerable injury, that, in the end, overcomes all judgment, and bursts forth, volcano-like, to scatter destruction and violence around.

WISDOM IN LOVE-MAKING.

I know that men usually shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation.

What such women most admire in men is not gallantry of courtes and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion, decision and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his brains win one. If a man stand before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is more than half won. The rest safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world, to a man who has got a man's soul in him.

If you have not got the spirit in you to come to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high souled woman, and you will be obliged to be content with the simple girl, who in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. But don't be in a hurry about the matter. Don't get into a feverish longing for marriage. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry.

The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with woman, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's pos-

session of the heart and of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, I say again.—You don't want a wife now, and you have not the slightest idea what kind of a wife you want by-and-bye. Go into female society if you can find that which improves you, for not otherwise can you spend your time better. Seek the society of good men. That is often more accessible to you than the other, and it is through that mostly that you will find your way to good and refined female society.

A MODEL SPEECH.

Among the proceedings of the Missouri Legislature, we find the following report of a speech delivered a few days before the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. The St. Louis Democrat thinks that Mr. Pitt resembles Lord Clatham, at least, in the particular of having "two legs and a nose on it."

Mr. Pitt offered the following:

Resolved, That the Speaker be authorized to cause to be printed and posted one hundred bills, announcing the 8th of January, 1859.

Mr. Abney—I move to lay that resolution on the table.

Mr. Pitt—Mr. Speaker, this House passed resolutions, sir, to celebrate in an appropriate manner, the 8th of January. This is a resolution simply asking that notice be given to the public of that day. We have declared an intention, and now, when we come to publish it, some gentleman is suddenly seized with the "retrenchment gripes," and squirms around like a long red worm on a pinhook. (Laughter.) Gentlemen keep continually talking about economy. I myself do not believe in tying the public purse with cob-web strings, but when retrenchment comes in contact with patriotism, it assumes the form of "smallness." Such economy is like that of old Skindin, who had a pair of boots made for his little boy without soles that they might last the longer. (Laughter.) Reverence the day we celebrate. It is fraught with reminiscences the most stirring, it brings to mind one of the grandest events ever recorded in letters of living fire on the walls of the temple of fame by the strong right arm of the god of war! On such occasions we should rise above party lines and political distinctions. Fievers fought under the banner of old Hickory, but, "by the eternal," I wish I had. (Laughter and applause.) If the old war horse was here now he would not know his own children from the side of Joseph's coat of many colors, Whigs, Know Nothings, Democrats, hard, soft, boiled, scrambled and fried; Lincolns, Douglasses and blatherskites! I belong to no party; I am free, unbilled, unattached, in the political pasture. Like a hob-tailed bull in dry time, I charge around in the high grass and fight my own flies. (Great laughter.) Gentlemen, let us show our liberality on patriotic occasions. Why, some men have no more patriotism than one could stuff in the eye of a knitting needle. Let us not squeeze live cents till the eagle on it squeals like a locomotive or an old maid. Let us print the bills, and inform the country that we are as full of patriotism as our Illinois swamps are of tadpoles. (Laughter.) I don't believe in doing things by halves.—Permit me, Mr. Speaker, to make a poetical quotation from one of the noblest authors:—

The Source of the Nile.—A letter from Marselles state that a fresh expedition has been organized for discovering the source of the Nile. The expedition is conducted by Miami, a Venetian, who has inhabited Cairo for the last ten years. He is a member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and the author of a map of the Valley of the Nile. He has carefully studied the various difficulties attending his perilous enterprise.

Blue Stocking.—The origin of this term dates back to a society of superior women, who were organized by Mrs. Montague, for purposes of intellectual conversation. Gentlemen were sometimes present at their meetings; and, among others, Mr. Stillingfleet, who always wore blue stockings. The eccentric feature of this gentleman's dress suggested a nickname for the society, (applied, no doubt, at first, by persons not qualified for admission into it) and has ever since been bestowed, by way of legacy, upon women who affect superior learning and intellectuality.

HANDSOME BRIDE AND HANDSOME PRESENT.—The fortunate husband of the beautiful daughter of Mr. Corcoran, the Washington banker, received with his wife a bridal present of \$1,000,000.

Restraints of Matrimony.—The first District School Board of New Orleans have resolved, "that hereafter no young lady teacher will be allowed to contract marriage while occupying the position of teacher, and that such an act on her part shall be virtually considered a resignation."

INDIGNATION.
(Suggested by a Picture.)
This to my face!—Thou form without a soul
And have I loved the harpings of a heart
Worthy a master's hand,—deep as the stars,
Embossing music at thy life's breath,
Thou Zephyr!—Thou vague wind!
A! whisper low
Thy measured nothings in the tingling ear
Of that weak, snoring girl!—like unto liars!
"This well!"
That I—a woman!—One of those
Who art, when Thou was young, drew from their spheres
The kneeling sun of God—whose golden springs
Or exquisite tenderness should feed the lip
Of godlike men!—That ever I should bend
To come with THEE, when twilight shadows fall
In silent majesty above the waves
From the up-towering ship—out by the side,
A! with, with, with—deep as the stars,
Dress of the mountain oak, myself the vine
That clings, and climbs, and woos up with the love
Of gods a first gift to man!

Oh, heaven! I think
The mercy that awaits that tender, young,
For the full tide of feeling could burst forth,
Loosed by my careless footstep—A! with, with, with—
Scorn's in the vacuous—the moon had no sun and
Reverend—Not me!—I am not pious,
But cannot stop. The happy with thy diadem
The uncertain path of this wretched one,
Bring them not to the level of my gaze.

INDIGNATION.

chant who had known his father, where his faithfulness and untiring devotion to his duties, won the confidence of all who knew him. During the first years of her widowhood, his mother had taught a private school for young ladies; and it was the boys' highest ambition to relieve her of this necessity, and give her the rest her feeble health required. I cannot tell you all his privations, his willing sacrifice of every recreation, his continued self-denial, that he might lighten the burdens of those so dear to him. Year after year, success crowned his efforts. In the village where his mother had passed the years of her childhood and the first years of her married life, he purchased a pleasant residence for her, and then a lucrative business beginning to rise in the West, he came here.

A Selected Story.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE

The carriage stopped at the door, and, in a few minutes, Margaret Hale entered the apartment, where her husband sat wholly absorbed in poring over day-books and ledgers.

"These tiresome accounts still!" she exclaimed. "Will you ever find time for anything but business, Ralph?—Have you no taste for anything beyond figures?"

"Margaret!" but the sadness in the tone was unheeded as she continued:—"We had such a charming evening at Mrs. C's. Capt. Hill related many interesting incidents of his residence in Egypt, and Mr. Warren, the famous young poet, read 'Maud,' and some of the most beautiful passages in 'Aurora Leigh.' I must read to you some of Romney's 'Great Thoughts on Duty.'"

She went hastily to her chamber for the volume. When she returned, her quiet entrance was unheard by her husband, whose pen was rapidly moving over the almost interminable columns of figures. With an expression of impatience, almost of scorn, resting on her face, she hastily turned away.

"And this is the end of all my dreams of marriage!" said she, as she reached her room. "He has a taste for druggery. His pursuits and tastes are all commonplace, and I must go from home to find the sympathy I need, to find those who will appreciate, with me, the books I love, and the beautiful in art for which he has neither eye nor ear. Why did he not marry a woman who had neither heart nor mind to be continually dissatisfied?"

In the room she had left, Ralph Hale sat, hour after hour, till his brain was weary, and his eyelids drooped. Then, laying aside his books, he remained a long time in deep thought.

"God bless my Margaret," he prayed, "and give me strength to bear all things. Give me power to make her happy."

Putting far away all thoughts of her husband's real nobleness of character, jealously preserving the memory of every slight difference in their tastes and pursuits, Margaret cherished the spirit of discontent, till it embittered every hour of her life, and sent suffering she never dreamed of to the heart of her husband, who would gladly have sacrificed every earthly good for her happiness.

A sudden and severe sickness came to her, while Ralph was in a distant city. One day during her slow recovery, the aged minister, who had baptized her in infancy, was sitting by her side.

"Margaret," he said, after steadfastly watching her troubled face, "you are very unhappy. I have seen it a long time. I should not recognize in you my once cheerful happy child.—May I know what great sorrow has come to you?"

Then, with sobs and tears she told him all her unhappiness.

After a short silence the old man spoke again, and there was sadness, almost sternness in his voice.

"Years ago, Margaret, a wealthy New York merchant became involved in a speculation, whose failure suddenly took from him the accumulated wealth of his years of commercial enterprise. There were a few years of weary, vain struggling to regain what he had lost; then deep despondency, a lingering disease, and death. His wife and four children were left penniless. The child, a boy of sixteen, had finished his preparatory studies, and was about to enter college. By this stroke, he found his prospects for the future clouded; but with a noble self-forgetfulness, he turned cheerfully into the way marked for him, and walked resolutely in it.

He obtained a situation with a mer-

chant who had known his father, where his faithfulness and untiring devotion to his duties, won the confidence of all who knew him. During the first years of her widowhood, his mother had taught a private school for young ladies; and it was the boys' highest ambition to relieve her of this necessity, and give her the rest her feeble health required. I cannot tell you all his privations, his willing sacrifice of every recreation, his continued self-denial, that he might lighten the burdens of those so dear to him. Year after year, success crowned his efforts. In the village where his mother had passed the years of her childhood and the first years of her married life, he purchased a pleasant residence for her, and then a lucrative business beginning to rise in the West, he came here.

At the time of his removal here, accident revealed to him the fact, that the widow and invalid daughter of one whose fortune was, by his father's advice, risked in that unfortunate speculation which had so changed his own life, were living in extreme poverty. To him they are indebted for the pleasant home that now shelters them, and for the delicate, thoughtful ministrations to their daily comfort.

Now, when the commercial world is clouded and disasters crowd thick and fast upon him, and upon others, his anxious thoughts turn to the mother, and suffering sister in the little village home, whose comfort depends upon him, to the other lonely fireside, to which his constant thoughtfulness imparts its own light, and to his own home, and the young wife, whose happiness is dearer to him than life. For this, Margaret, Ralph Hale gives his days to incessant toil, and willingly sacrifices the social pleasures he is so eminently fitted to enjoy.

I have been in these three homes. With a love that is almost reverence, his mother and sister speak his name, and with full hearts thank God for his life—that life so filled with the beauty of self-renunciation. The widow and daughter, whose hearts he has made glad, tell of his numberless acts of kindness, of his delicate and unceasing watchfulness, and daily they ask God's blessing on him, whose life is a blessing to others.

In his own home, the wife, whose love should bless him, whose gentle ministry should comfort and strengthen him, turns coldly from him, because he prefers the happiness of others to his own gratification, because the pressing duties of life claim all his waking hours, leaving him little leisure for the claims of Society, or for the high intellectual culture which few attain whose lives are not wholly devoted to it."

"Oh, Ralph, I have never known you! I have so cruelly misjudged you," said the weeping wife.

"PATCHULY."

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

At the boarding house where Dave and his friends put up, are a number of servant girls, and it is the idiosyncrasy of toilet articles, such as hair oil, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and his friend Robert were very careful of their respective toilets, and being in a courting way had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up by the druggist at one time; and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly oil would not last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair oil cruise was empty, they took the bottle which contained it, and straight they went to the drug store. There was a whispering conversation with a laughing clerk, and mixing various articles in a pint bottle, and the following was in the prescription book as the contents:

Of Lac Assafetida, which, for the information of our readers, we will state is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug—of this, one oz.
Of Liqueur Potasse, (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive power, having the power of taking the hair off a dog in ten seconds) one-half ounce.
Of Balsam of Fir, (the stickiest and gummiest article known) 1 oz.
Of Honey, 1 oz.
Of Alcohol, to make the ingredient fluid, one-half pint.

This was well "shook," and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil.

The next day (Sunday) Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church, and finally, traveled down stairs. But they came back another way in a few minutes, and ascended themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where, from a couple of pines of glass over the door, they could see every thing that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came in Dave's room.

"Whist, Molly," said a large red-headed one, "Misther Dave has some more of the oil, and his hair's as dry as powder; it's like a regular fix up with the folks all away." This was needed to, and they all went to oiling their locks, being very lavish with the fluid, which was quite thin in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red heads say:

"Whorra, that smells so!" with her nose turned skyward.

"Shure, it's the perfume, interrupted a short and dumpy specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Perfume, indeed," says red head—"that's not perfume—it's the rale bad smell!"

"Mebby," says the dumpy, it's Patch Clowdy. I've larraled folks say that Patch Clowdy smells driffl at first; for a person must get used to the smell before they like it. Shure it's a perfume used by the quality!"

This satisfied red head, and after a thorough "ting" they left the room,—in about two hours the boarders came home from church.

WOMAN AND HER EDUCATION.

How few women, even in this day, pre-eminent for intellectual progress, live for high and noble purposes. It is not true, that the home education, with the other influences surrounding their early years, as well as the sentiment of society relative to woman, tends to give her false ideas of life, and extinguish, instead of stimulating those desires for mental culture and development, and those aspirations after the lofty and noble, of which she, in common with man, is the possessor.

Much has been written and said upon woman's sphere. It has given a theme for the pen of the essayist, and a subject to the lecturer. The pulpit and platform have also defined "woman's province." Conservative men, apprehensive lest an extension of Woman's Rights might prove a serious encroachment upon their own prerogatives, have waxed warm upon the subject of "Woman's Rights Reformers," and edited the world with lengthy homilies upon "the Heaven-ordained sphere of woman," whilst, on the other hand, a class of reformers, (so called) headed by Mary Wolstonecraft, have advocated for woman the rights of suffrage, with a full participation in political privileges.

We have listened to both sides; have heard the wrongs of woman graphically depicted by the fair sufferers themselves, have viewed bright picture drawn by them, of "the good time coming," when woman would throw off her shackles, and assert her liberty; and at the risk of being branded as "old foggyish," we confess that our ideas concerning woman and her mission occupy the middle ground between these extremes.

If we cannot fully sympathize with the theory promulgated by Lucy Stone and her colleagues, still less affinity have we with those who regard woman, whilst unmarried, as a kind of sentimental, silly creature; a very good subject for love-sick, milk and water, Miss Nancyish, (warranted not to cut in the eye) kind of rhyme, which they dignify by the name of poetry; a toy to be fondled and caressed so long as no new object of fancy asserts its claim; the poetry of whose nature is supposed to be extinguished so soon as she becomes "Mrs. John Brown," and in her new position, regard her as a mere household drudge, "one who suckles fools, and chronicles small beer."

"Tis a wite proverb, that where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire, and we believe it requires no extraordinary effort of penetration in order to trace the fire that has caused these women to cry Reform, for are not most of the facts concerning woman's social position of such a character as to warrant this demand? Prominent among these is the subject of woman's education—and by this we would not be understood as referring merely to what is technically termed Education—the ordinary routine of school life—but the developing of the whole being, moral, mental and physical—and it is only necessary to give this comprehensive definition, in order to show how defective are the views concerning its nature; for with the many, the mechanical acquirement—and superficial in general—is of the ordinary branches taught at our schools, with a smattering of accomplishments, by way of a "finish," is a synonym for education. How few, comparatively, in the education of their daughters, appear to remember that they have bodies as well as minds, to be developed; how little is the law of sympathy existing between mind and body recognized, so that, by neglecting the exercise of the latter, its own vigor will not only be impaired, but it will react upon the former; how seldom do parents, taking life as a whole, conscious that Providence has assigned to woman the responsible position of wife and mother, train their daughters with a view to the proper fulfillment of these future duties. And is it not the fact, that the getting of a husband or "making a good match," as it is commonly expressed, entirely irrespective of the duties growing out of this position, is the grand ultimatum of the hopes of many parents concerning their daughters? Is it not true that, in numerous instances, the whole tendency of education is to advance this object? In the language of another, "Is it not painful to consider the low ideal which many parents set before their daughters as the grand object of their mutual aspiration?"

"To be trained for beautiful brides, or centres of meretricious observation at Summer watering places, or to be admired in the giddy whirl of the dance for graceful attitudes, and flashing beauty, what an object of life is this!"

"Who are taught to control their feelings, and show off their accomplishments, and by artificial conventional-

ities become as heartless as waxen images with glass eyes, in whom the chaste enamel of nature, and all the free blushes of native grace, have been polished off with the brush of artificial manners, a living gewgaw, a doll made up of musk, and rouge, and lace, a frame to hang flounces on, to go out into society, and become enamored by some mere popinjay and dandiprat, a kind of whiskered essence, and organized perfume—perchance to marry, and after a short lived excitement, to linger out a life of married imbecility and wretchedness."

We are aware that such aspirations on the part of parents, are not universal; yet, will not this picture find its counterpart in the homes of the majority of those who constitute what is called fashionable society? But when parents shall come to look upon the matter of female education as a subject of infinite importance, endeavoring to have the development of her body keep pace with that of her mind, instilling into her high-toned, moral principles, and so disciplining the faculties of her entire nature that she will be prepared to act well her part on life's chequered scene, and conscious of her own strength, will excite the admiration of sensible men, not on account of a few flimsy accomplishments, but for the sterling worth of her character, will we see a change in the social condition of woman; and not only would this tend to her own elevation, but it would have a reflex influence upon the sterner sex, (for is it not one of the earliest lessons of childhood that of the power of woman in forming the character of the races) who can estimate the effect upon the world, if the rising generation of girls were to be thus educated? if, instead of spending six or seven hours each day in the impure air of a school room, two or three of these were devoted to physical exercise, and if the time now used in studies for which the pupil has little or no predilection, was appropriated to the learning of fundamental truths, or such practical knowledge as would have a bearing upon her future usefulness. Many may think our ideas upon woman and her education very common-place; may think we entertain very matter of fact views of life; that, in short, we are mere utilitarians; but if they thus apprehend us, they are mistaken; we would not deprive women of accomplishments; we are far from being insensible to their mission, but would contend that they be subordinate to the useful in education.

We are aware that the pictures of woman, drawn by exuberant imaginations, are very pleasing to the fancy; such as those of her being shielded from the storms of life by her protector, man—as not permitting the winds of Heaven to visit her too roughly—a kind of homage such as was paid to her by the cavalier of old, whilst, at the same time, the majority of her sex were kept in a state of mental and almost physical slavery; but whilst such pictures appeal to our idealities, whilst the knight errant appears the beau ideal of a husband to the boarding school miss—who is sighing for some Romeo whose Juliet she shall be—yet, considering that this life of ours is an earnest business, that in its vicissitudes there are shadows as well as sunshine, that interwoven with the every day actualities of life are experiences, the issues of which will extend into Eternity, that the ordinary management of a household will furnish a field for the exercise of legislative wisdom, as well as executive power—is it not evident that the present "flashy" system of education is very defective, and is better calculated to make society a tawdry vanity fair, than a loving companionship of hearts and homes?"

In Alabama a farmer very recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market for short weight, and gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

A gentleman asked a negro boy if he would not have a pinch of snuff. "No," replied the darkey, respectfully, "me tank you—Pomp's nose not hungry."

PRESENT HAPPINESS.
Let us try to be happy! We may if we will.
Find some pleasure in life to o'er balance the ill;
There was never an evil, if well understood,
But what rightly managed, would turn to good.
If we were but as ready to look to the light,
As we are to sit moping because it is night,
We should own it a truth, both in word and in deed,
That who tries to be good is sure to succeed.
Amen.

A rural poet had just gotten up the following and retired to private life:
I wood not die in spring time
When frags begin to crawl—
wen kabbage plants are shuttin up,
no! I wood not die at all.

ites become as heartless as waxen images with glass eyes, in whom the chaste enamel of nature, and all the free blushes of native grace, have been polished off with the brush of artificial manners, a living gewgaw, a doll made up of musk, and rouge, and lace, a frame to hang flounces on, to go out into society, and become enamored by some mere popinjay and dandiprat, a kind of whiskered essence, and organized perfume—perchance to marry, and after a short lived excitement, to linger out a life of married imbecility and wretchedness."

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wen kabbage plants are shuttin up,
no! I wood not die at all.

ites become as heartless as waxen images with glass eyes, in whom the chaste enamel of nature, and all the free blushes of native grace, have been polished off with the brush of artificial manners, a living gewgaw, a doll made up of musk, and rouge, and lace, a frame to hang flounces on, to go out into society, and become enamored by some mere popinjay and dandiprat, a kind of whiskered essence, and organized perfume—perchance to marry, and after a short lived excitement, to linger out a life of married imbecility and wretchedness."

We are aware that such aspirations on the part of parents, are not universal; yet, will not this picture find its counterpart in the homes of the majority of those who constitute what is called fashionable society? But when parents shall come to look upon the matter of female education as a subject of infinite importance, endeavoring to have the development of her body keep pace with that of her mind, instilling into her high-toned, moral principles, and so disciplining the faculties of her entire nature that she will be prepared to act well her part on life's chequered scene, and conscious of her own strength, will excite the admiration of sensible men, not on account of a few flimsy accomplishments, but for the sterling worth of her character, will we see a change in the social condition of woman; and not only would this tend to her own elevation, but it would have a reflex influence upon the sterner sex, (for is it not one of the earliest lessons of childhood that of the power of woman in forming the character of the races) who can estimate the effect upon the world, if the rising generation of girls were to be thus educated? if, instead of spending six or seven hours each day in the impure air of a school room, two or three of these were devoted to physical exercise, and if the time now used in studies for which the pupil has little or no predilection, was appropriated to the learning of fundamental truths, or such practical knowledge as would have a bearing upon her future usefulness. Many may think our ideas upon woman and her education very common-place; may think we entertain very matter of fact views of life; that, in short, we are mere utilitarians; but if they thus apprehend us, they are mistaken; we would not deprive women of accomplishments; we are far from being insensible to their mission, but would contend that they be subordinate to the useful in education.

We are aware that the pictures of woman, drawn by exuberant imaginations, are very pleasing to the fancy; such as those of her being shielded from the storms of life by her protector, man—as not permitting the winds of Heaven to visit her too roughly—a kind of homage such as was paid to her by the cavalier of old, whilst, at the same time, the majority of her sex were kept in a state of mental and almost physical slavery; but whilst such pictures appeal to our idealities, whilst the knight errant appears the beau ideal of a husband to the boarding school miss—who is sighing for some Romeo whose Juliet she shall be—yet, considering that this life of ours is an earnest business, that in its vicissitudes there are shadows as well as sunshine, that interwoven with the every day actualities of life are experiences, the issues of which will extend into Eternity, that the ordinary management of a household will furnish a field for the exercise of legislative wisdom, as well as executive power—is it not evident that the present "flashy" system of education is very defective, and is better calculated to make society a tawdry vanity fair, than a loving companionship of hearts and homes?"