

FEMALE EDUCATION.

ALL circumstances well examined, there can be no doubt Providence has willed that man should be the head of the human race, even as woman is its heart; that he should be the strength as she is the solace; that he should be its wisdom as she is its grace; and that he should be its mind, its impetus and its courage, as she is its sentiment, its charm and its consolation. Too great an amelioration could not be effected, in our opinion, in the system generally adopted, which far from correcting or even compensating the presumed intellectual inequality of the two sexes, generally serves only to increase it. By placing, for example, dancing and needlework at the extreme poles of female study, the one for its attraction, the other for its utility, and by not filling the immense interval with anything more valuable than mere monotonous, imperfect, superficial, and totally unphilosophical notions, this system has made of the greater number of female seminary, establishments which may be compared alike to nursery grounds for coquettes and sempstresses. It is never remembered that in domestic life conversation is of more importance than the needle or choreography; that a husband is neither a pacha nor a lazzarone, who must be perpetually intoxicated, or unceasingly patched; that there are upon the conjugal dial many long hours of calm intimacy, of cold tenderness; and that the husband makes another home elsewhere if his own hearth offers him only silence; or what is a hundred times worse, mere frivolous and monotonous discourse. Let the woman play the gossip at a given moment, that is all very well; let her superintend the laundry or the kitchen at another, that is also very well; but these duties only comprise two-thirds of her mission. Ought care not to be taken that during the rest of her time she could also be capable of becoming to her husband a rational friend, a cheerful partner, an interesting companion, or at least an efficient listener, whose natural intelligence, even if originally inferior to his own, shall by the help of education have been raised to the same level.

GUSTAVUS AND THE PEASANT GIRL.

Gustavus III., King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighborhood of his capital, observed a young peasant girl, of interesting appearance drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted up her pitcher, and with artless simplicity put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said: 'My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavor to fix you in a more agreeable situation.' 'Ah, sir!' replied the girl, 'I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed; but, even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate.' 'And why?' rejoined the king, somewhat surprised. 'Because,' answered the girl coloring, 'my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist or comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires from me.' 'Where is your mother?' asked the monarch. 'In that little cabin,' replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her. The king, whose feelings were interested in favor of his companion, went in, and beheld stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female weighed down with years and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her: 'I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition.' 'Alas, sir!' answered the venerable sufferer, 'I should be indeed to be pitied had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labors to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good,' she added, wiping away a tear. 'Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of occupying an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow creature, almost overpowered him; and putting a purse into the hand of the young village, he could only say: 'Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good bye, my amiable girl, you may depend on the promise of your king.' On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on the mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.

EMPLOYMENT.

We may lay it down as an invariable and incontrovertible principle, that no family can be happy without employment—regular diversified, continually-recurring employment. There may be the possession of wealth; there may be an ample and beautiful domain; there may be everything externally to enjoy;—but unless there be appropriate and varied engagement to occupy the body, engross the mind, and awaken the energies, there cannot be happiness. It is the active, industrious, persevering family that is the truly happy family; not the idle, the slothful, the useless—not the family that has no definite plan, no fixed and important object, no personal and collective energy.

Strength of understanding is one of the best guides to truth.

From the London People's Journal.

GAMMER GRUFFEL'S SPECTACLES.

BY CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

Old Gammer Gruffel used to say
She knew a rare optician,
Who vended wondrous spectacles
For perfecting the vision.
No sooner were they placed astride
The nose of blindest people,
That things quite undiscerned before
Grew large as any steeples.
The plainest faces owned some grace,
The humblest weed a blessing;
There was a sweetness everywhere,
Almost beyond expressing.
So dear old Gammer used to smile,
And tell us lads and lasses,
That, long ago, she christened them
Her Honey-finding Glasses.

In truth they were mysterious things,
And dealt in love, not money:
While other optics bitters found,
They somehow gathered honey.
And if 'twas but the smallest mite
For stores unseen they trusted,
And found that little morsel out,
However deeply crusted.
Oh! it was strange, 'twas really strange—
Thus said the good old lady—
You would have thought that what they sought
The wearer had already.
Such pleasant smiles they conjured up
From frowning lads and lasses:
'Twas all because they had a pair
Of Honey-finding Glasses.

Now, how d'ye like them, reader mine?
D'ye see old Gammer's meaning—
How all might have a store of sweets,
Just for the pains of gleaning;
How trusting for a little good,
That little good increaseth,
And hearts grow better 'neath the smile
Of love that never ceaseth?
Dear! what a pleasant world 'twould be,
If, from the Nile to Isis,
We sought for virtues in our friends,
Instead, alas, of vices!
What happy days we all should spend
With old folks, lads, or lasses,
If when we rose we first put on
Good Gammer Gruffel's Glasses!

CHARLES LAMB'S ADVICE TO BERNARD BARTON TOUCHING HIS HEALTH.

You are too much apprehensive about your complaint. I know many that are always ailing of it, and live on to a good old age. I know a merry fellow, (you partly know him) who, when his medical adviser told him he had drunk away all that part, congratulating himself (now his liver was gone) that he should be the longest liver of the two. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as you can—as ignorant as the world was before Galen—of the entire inner construction of the animal man; not to be conscious of a midriff; to hold kidneys save of sheep, &c.) be agreeable fiction; not to know whereabouts the gall grows; to account the circulation of the blood a mere idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like so many bad humours. Those medical gentry choose each his favorite part, one takes the lungs, another the aforesaid liver, and refers to that whatever in the animal economy is amiss. Above all use exercise, take a little more spirituous liquors, learn to smoke, continue to keep a good conscience, and avoid tamperings with hard terms of art—viscosity, schirrosity, and those bugbears by which simple patients are scared into their graves. Believe the general sense of the mercantile world, which holds that desks are not deadly. It is the mind, good B. B., and not the limbs, that taints by long sitting. Thing of the patience of tailors—think how long the Lord Chancellor sits—think of the brooding hen.

HOME PLEASURES.

Nothing is more beautiful than the exhibition of the simple, retiring, unostentatious, domestic virtues. A taste for home pleasures—pleasures which are refined and innocent—is the purest and most desirable to cultivate; and if happiness be not found at home, in the bosom of the family, it will not be realised elsewhere, especially in the midst of the selfish, grasping, noisy, mercenary, tumultuous, cold-hearted, deceitful world. It is in the quiet and well-regulated home that we must find our most grateful and endearing associations, and experience our richest, our holiest, our most vivid, our most permanent, enjoyments. It is at home, in the discharge of domestic duties, in the cultivation of domestic intercourse, in the development of domestic affections, and in seeking the domestic circle, to be useful, and to exemplify the Christian character in its transparency, benevolence, and loveliness, that we shall realise lastingly happiness.

AWFUL WARNING.

'My son,' said an old turbaned Turk, one day, taking his child by the hand, in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side, a Frenchman, just imported, in all the elegance of Parisian costume—'My son! look there! if you ever forget Allah and his prophet, you may come to look like that!

Communications.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE PIC NIC.

As there are a few particulars connected with the late *Pic Nic Party* to which, in your editorial notice of last week, you have not adverted, permit me to lay before your readers, in as few words as possible, a somewhat fuller, though perhaps less perfect narrative of the interesting proceedings of that day.

It had been previously *Resolved*, by the three neighboring Divisions, "that as the 11th July was the *Birth-day* of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in this County, that day should hereafter be celebrated as the *Anniversary*—not only of the *Northumberland* Division, but as the common anniversary of the *Northumberland, Caledonian and Newcastle Divisions*—thus giving to the 11th July a threefold greater interest than it would otherwise possess—a *celebrity*, which Heaven grant it may honorably sustain, till the blessed object it commemorates, be fully attained, and Drunkenness be driven from our land.

Resolutions were also previously passed—That the 11th July be celebrated by a *Water Excursion and Pic Nic Party*; that every *Son* be at liberty to take with him *two Daughters*, and every *Cadet one little Lady* companion; and that sundry public Guests, from the different localities—men of distinction, with their families—be invited to attend. It may be easily imagined that the several committees on whom devolved the preliminary fittings-up, and the carrying out of the whole scheme, agreeably to the programme they had previously issued, had no less an irksome, than a responsible duty to perform. How well they succeeded in accomplishing that duty, is well known to all who witnessed their praiseworthy and successful exertions.

The morning of the 11th July dawned delightfully. The sun stepped forth from his Eastern chamber with *smiling countenance and promising aspect*. His early beams fell that morning on 'faces fair' and ruddy, that *erst* had been locked, at so early an hour in the arms of Morpheus. Ere the orb of day had time to wipe away the morning mist from his venerable locks, the *hurry-burry* business of the basket had commenced in right good earnest.

Public notice had been given that the Steamer—previously placed at the disposal of the Committee by her generous owners, Messrs. Johnson & Mackie—would be ready to take on board the *Newcastle Division* at 9 o'clock, the *Caledonian Division* at half past nine, and the *Northumberland Division* at half past 10 o'clock.

To complete this the first part of the day's proceedings, the Steamer—all gorgeously arrayed with flags, banners, and a green arch, and with the Volunteer Brass Band on board—left Chatham, at an early hour, and returned with the *Newcastle and Caledonian Divisions and their guests*, precisely at 10 o'clock.

The whole of the Brethren of the three Divisions now hastily assembled in the large room of the Northumberland Division, from which—Regalia-clad—they marched in regular order, to the Steamboat wharf.

It is now drawing on to half past 10 o'clock, the hour at which all must be on board the Steamer, for *Black Brook*, and all are on board save the Sons.

Hark! the sound of music announces the approach of the whole fraternity. Their lofty banners float gaily in the gentle breeze, and glitter gorgeously in the morning sunbeam. The *little company of Cadets* have the lead! The *Northumberland Division, the first-born, are the foremost of the Sons*. The *Caledonian Division is the second*, and the *Newcastle Division bring up the rear*. The *Chatham Brass Band*, aided by volunteers from the Newcastle side, are winning laurels for themselves, so *spirit-stirring and appropriate are their performances*.

Now all are on board, and the 'et ceteras' have not been forgotten, as the depth of the two well-crammed boats astern, clearly proves. How 470 men and women, boys and girls, enjoyed themselves on the deck of a steamer, for about half an hour, on so joyous an occasion, may be very easily imagined; but to describe this, would puzzle the head of a Philadelphia lawyer. Many things conspired to bring a flow of happiness to the breasts of all on board.

On shore, we behold the beauty of the surrounding scenery: *forest trees, corn fields, and grass crops*, are slowly undulating under the shifting sunbeam, and in loveliest luxuriance present to the eye every variety of shade, from the darkest green to the palest lily white. All around us is the placid bosom of the noble River, over whose surface we are borne swiftly along, and above us is the clear blue canopy of heaven. Then, ever and anon, there are the recognitions of friends! *introductions and interchanges of civilities*, the occasional music of the Band, the cheerings of outward bound ships, *witticisms and repartees*. To all which, add the novelty of our situation; the beauty, *quiet and gallantry displayed on the deck*, and then, let no one wonder that this fast fleeting scene, was truly 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

Black Brook—or rather the Point selected for the *Pic Nic Engagement*, is at hand; the steamer has now reached the wharf, and a crowd ashore welcome our arrival. Among those on the wharf, two are instantly recognised as persons to whom the 'Sons' are deeply indebted, Mr and Mrs Alex. Fraser.

Scouts are now being despatched to reconnoitre, and select the grounds on which their respective companies are to stand the tug-of-war. Those of the said experts have fixed upon the finest places for making and sustaining the onslaught, who have secured spots the

coolest and most deeply shaded from the sun's scorching heat.

After a struggle of about an hour or two during which great power of muscle and consummate skill were displayed, alike by the 'Hectors' and 'Andromaches' of the day, a truce is proclaimed; and to our surprise it is discovered, that only a small portion of our intended victims have been cut up, and that the remainder are quite enough, and ready for a similar rencontre.

A breeze, cool and refreshing, from the Eastward, begins to fan the flushed faces of our whole party, and the sound of music has commenced to send its soft tale to the hearts of the listeners. There must surely be a strange sympathy existing between the hearts and the heels of Adam's race; for, as if touched by some *Electro-Biological* influence, a dozen or so of lads and lasses are tripping it, merrily on the 'light fantastic toe'; and that, too, on a soft, green carpet, which nature weaves annually for this and other purposes.

But all earthly pleasures are short-lived and evanescent. We no sooner have, than loose them. Like 'Aurora Borealis,' they shift more swiftly than our sight can trace them. *Dancing has its day*, and in sunny climes like this, 'tis a day of but short duration.

The items of the programme are little more than half told off. The towns of Chatham, Douglastown, and Newcastle, have yet to be visited, and receive a tender from the whole fraternity of their customary salutation of *Love, Purity, and Fidelity*. Time nor Tide will no man wait. 'Tis 4 o'clock; the tide is flowing, and the signal for sailing beckons us away.

Three cheers for Mr and Mrs Fraser are given with hearty good-will, and now we are retracing our steps—we are homeward bound. A few musical performances from the Brass Band, some Comic Songs by Maltby, and Negro Recitations and Songs by others, with an occasional Quadrille, Reel, and Contra Dance, serve to steal the time away on our short passage to Chatham.

When a little below Middle Island, the W. P. of the Northumberland Division, at the request of the Steamboat Committee, gave notice, that the steamer would, on our arrival at Chatham, bring up at the wharf we had left; that the Sons, headed by the Band, would march up in procession to Blackstock's wharf, where they would re-embark for Douglastown and Newcastle; and he added that if any of the Guests should feel disposed to land at Chatham, an opportunity would thus be afforded them to do so.

The steamer has now arrived at the steamboat wharf, Chatham; the Sons, headed by the Band, and with their full display of banners and flags, have marched off in good order, and in high spirits; few, if any, of the party feel disposed to leave the steamer.

Re-embarked, at Blackstock's wharf, a few minutes suffice to bring us to Douglastown. Here the three Divisions, as in Chatham, thread the streets of the town in procession, and return to the steamer. Very few have left us here. The steamer is still crowded, and harmony, love and hilarity prevail. No sooner have we again broke ground, than suddenly there spring from behind the many pyramid-looking wood-piles of Messrs. Gilmour, Rankin & Co., a throng of fine looking fellows, who instantly hats off, and ranged along the front of the long wharves, send us three hearty cheers, which are responded to with equal warmth, though not, perhaps, with equal energy.

At Newcastle, the approach of the steamer is now hailed, as in the morning, by the roar of cannon, and the plaudits of its population. An hour has sufficed to allow the three Divisions of the Sons to perambulate in procession the principal streets, and to enable the Daughters from Chatham and Douglastown to visit their friends, and view the public buildings, &c., of the County Town.

Having bade farewell to the Newcastle Division, and its Guests, the two lower Divisions, together with the remaining portion of the whole party, sail for home just at sundown.

The shades of evening, as they thicken over us, throw no dampening influence over the dancers. To it they stick, even while their Caledonian Brethren and friends are being landed at Douglastown; and joined by others, who there come on board, to it they stick, till both the sound of the music, and the splashing of the paddle wheels have ceased, and it is discovered that the steamer has reached the steamboat wharf, Chatham; and now we must part.

Various opinions are entertained respecting the best mode of celebrating the anniversaries of the Sons of Temperance. Some think that a *Soiree*, or Public Tea Party, at which friend and foe—all who please to pay for a ticket—could attend, might best promote the interests of the Temperance cause; and it cannot be denied that the effect produced by the reasonings and eloquence of a few select speakers, might be great and lasting. But the Sons in this quarter have hitherto had a different object in view. They well know that even in respectable society, an impression prevails of a very pernicious character, and one which is not easily eradicated, viz: that it is not possible to supply sources of amusement, wherewith to keep up conviviality, especially in a large company, even for an evening, without the aid of the wine cup, or the social glass. To this belief, the Sons' amply conceive they have now levelled, if not a death-blow, at least a staggerer! At the Pic Nics of the 11th July, 1849 and 1850, hundreds of people of both sexes, and of all ages, during the 'live long day,' enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, and returned to their homes in good spirits, and with 'buoyant heart and step'; their physical exertions, the influence of a scorching sun, and the lack of the stimula-