

SELECTED POETRY.

THE OCEAN.

[From the "Glasgow Free Press."]

Ocean! I love to view thy dark blue face,
To hear the rippling on thy shelvy shore:
To me, thy form hath greatness, grandeur, grace—
To me there's more than music in thy roar.
Washed by thy waves, like pearls the pebbles shine;
Thy shady shore is like a jewelled sky:
Why should I wonder thou wert deemed divine,
When Paphia, thy sweet daughter, rules on high?

Yet thou art false and fickle; and though now
Thy billows beat but softly on their bounds,
Anon, convulsed and tossed tempestuous, thou
Wilt, foaming furiously, batter down thy mounds:
Herein, an emblem of thy sister Earth;
Her monarchs now are firmest, fondest friends,
Anon, ambition gives Belona birth,
And war and woe the *Holy Treaty* ends!

When calm thou seem'st as Phœbus' flickering gleams
With glittering brilliance on thy glassy brow,
Like earthly glory, transient as its beams,
That shine as fiercely and as false as thou,—
Thy soft smooth wave the sailor's view beguiles,
With sunny surface hiding oft the storm,
Like friends who flatter when fair fortune smiles,
To hate the more when frowns her brow deform.

Thy boisterous billows batter the rude rock,
That towering proudly, dares thy fiercest storms,
While thunders sound the charge to every shock,
And bannered lightnings rear their forked forms;
An emblem then thou art of hellish hate—
Of Fortune's drearest, deepest, deadliest power—
Of Virtue, battling with the storms of fate,
And bearing bravely all their chilling showers.

A world of elemental power art thou,
An agitated universe of soul:—
What are a million *Cæsars* to thee now—
Ten million hosts to thy tremendous roll?
A spirit reigns within thee, and his will
Sighs in the breezes and thunders in the blast;
Telling of things invisible, yet still
To formless, viewless, voiceless, dark and vast!

Not only thy wild waves speak the track of time,
Aye, in rebellion, and resistless stream,
Terribly swift, yet solemnly sublime,
No power can stem, no penitence redeem;
Sweeping, but never spent: man marks in thee
Add the deep billows that no force can bill,
A Type of Time hid in Eternity,
Forever flowing, yet forever full!

From the Philadelphia Album.

PRIZE ESSAY, ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY A. C. THOMAS, ESQ.

Of the Second Grade House, South Carolina.

[Continued.]

But I may be proper to state our views on the extent to which, in our opinion, female education ought to be carried; and how we have to array ourselves, at once against the prejudices of society on this subject, and the necessity not to declare our opinion, that, with the exception of a few studies, such, for instance, as Political Economy, and some others, which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of the inquirer, the cultivation of the female mind ought to be co-extensive with that of the other sex. Here we know the upholders of modern darkness will exclaim, "What! Latin and Greek! Teach a lady Latin and Greek!" Nothing disconcerts, however, by such exclamations, we reply yes,—and Hebrew, too, if she chooses, and modern languages, and natural sciences, and rhetoric, and the belles-lettres, and whatever else can add a single intellectual charm to beings on whom the happiness of social intercourse so materially depends. There is no cause of alarm on this subject. Such an innovation carries with it nothing unnatural or unreasonable. On the contrary, reason and the spirit of the age imperiously demand it, and, sooner or later, it must unquestionably be accomplished. A century and a half ago, our ancestors, in the most unbridled sketch of their imaginations, could hardly have conceived of such an object as modern well educated woman, scanty as her attainments may be. But their notions were at war with reason, and accordingly we see they have been exploded: nor less recalcant are they to reason and the spirit of this age, who rest satisfied with the prevailing imperfect system, and despair of, or discourage, still higher degrees of intellectual refinement in that interesting sex.

We will now notice, particularly, some of the most popular objections to the system which we have been advocating. The most prominent of these is, that most of the studies contemplated by such a system would be of no practical benefit to the female, in the affairs of life. We are far from disputing the popular taste of utility, in estimating the real value of these attainments. On the contrary, we believe it a very wise and sensible rule, and so far from shrinking from its application to our subject, we are persuaded that, if its terms be properly settled and understood, it will fully abide this test. The rule, however, is rather vague in its terms; and when it

is asked, of what use to a female is a liberal education? what good does it do? the precise meaning of these terms must be settled. Now, in contemplating man, and what is conducive to his good, we must keep steadily in view the two great departments of his nature; the animal and the intellectual. We must not divorce them. If we do, and, more especially if, in so doing, we advance his animal above his intellectual capacities, we commit a shameful mutilation. Compounded, therefore, as man is of these two distinct natures, it is evident that what may be good for one may be bad for the other. Thus, the favourite indulgences of the epicure may be grateful to his animal nature, but they gradually subvert his intellect: and so these pursuits which enable us to accumulate wealth, and place within our reach the whole circle of animal gratifications, leave no room for the improvement & gratification of our intellectual capacities; which frequently, in the midst of material abundance, go stunted and starving thro' life. Now if the idea of good is to have relation, only, to those things which go to feed and sustain our perishable bodies, which make us rich, and place us above animal want, then, unquestionably, the whole round of literary tastes and attainments may be considered the greatest curses which can befall a human being; but we shall arrive at exactly the contrary conclusion, if we bear in mind the intellect of man, and the good, or rather, the sublime and indescribable enjoyment which this, the most dignified department of his nature, derives from cultivation. On this point, we might appeal to the consistency of our opponents. Would they be willing to expunge from the system of male education all those studies which are not pretended to be of any use, or to do any good, in the narrower and restricted, or, rather, as we would prefer calling it, the animal sense of these terms? In the controversy for example, which is now waging between what may be termed the *old school*, & certain *new lights* in literature, who of late years, have maintained the heresy that the study of the dead languages, even by the male sex, ought to be abolished, do the former pretend to rest the argument on the mere utility of these languages in the sense in which that time is applicable to reading, writing, and arithmetic? On the contrary, do they not rest the claims of these languages solely on their tendency to improve and gratify the taste and imagination? Why, then, debar from the high privileges of a liberal course of study, the softer sex, who are admitted to possess, at least, equally nice sensibilities and natures equally alive to every intellectual enjoyment, on grounds which are wholly rejected when applied to the male sex?

Another objection, frequently urged against a course of liberal education in females, is, that, in the multiplicity of studies which enter into such a course, they can find no time to devote to the most important of all studies to a female, that of domestic economy. It is not our purpose to disturb that wise distribution of duties and pursuits which society has established between the sexes. We are not for converting the fair and delicate part of creation into heroines and statesmen, or even into authoresses. He would certainly show himself but an equivocal friend to their best interests, who would seek to disqualify them for the peculiar duties of the domestic circle and to draw them out from that modest and unobtrusive sphere of action, into the noisy scenes of active life; to embroil them in the turmoils of business, or the jarring conflicts of masculine ambition. On the contrary, it is at home that woman is always the most lovely. That is her natural and appropriate sphere; and it is wide enough for the exhibition of all her virtues, and the gratification of all her tastes. Domestic economy is, undoubtedly, her peculiar department. If ignorant of this, she may almost be said to know nothing; and any system of female education, in which these accomplishments should be neglected, ought to be rejected as manifestly defective. But let us look a little further into this objection, even admitting it to be well founded in point of facts: Domestic economy is to a woman what the great business and duty of life is to a man. Now, by way of another appeal to the consistency of our opponents, we would ask them, do they reject the present system of male education, because young men come out of college, green in the ways of the world, unacquainted with human nature, and but little qualified to enter immediately on the great business of life? Such, unquestionably, is the fact; and so, to a certain extent, it must ever continue. A knowledge of mankind, a tact for business, can be acquired, only by experience. Precisely so with females. We cannot expect a young Miss, of sixteen to emerge from boarding-school an accomplished and thrifty housewife, and fully

qualified to take the head of a domestic establishment. The evil appears to be equally incident to both sexes, not so much growing out of any particular systems of education, as resulting from nature herself. Yet this objection is never urged against the present course of male education. If there be any difference in the two cases, it is evidently, in favour of female education: because, at school or at college there is no professor who can teach young men human nature. This is the acquisition of dear experience, in after life; whereas the principles and practice of female economy may be taught, very advantageously, to the pupils of a female boarding-school. This may constitute a regular part of their system of study; and if we are not misinformed, it has already been elevated to the dignity in some of our most celebrated seminaries. This last objection, therefore, appears to be as unsubstantial as the many others, with which the opponents of improvement endeavor to support their position.—We intended to have noticed a few more of these, but have already, far exceeded the limits which we prescribed for this discussion.

In conclusion notwithstanding our animadversions on some of the remaining errors of society on this subject, yet, on the whole, justice constrains us to acknowledge, in the present day, a considerable relaxation of prejudice, which we cannot but regard as a sure earnest of better things for the future. That the spirit of modern improvements, which appears, in its various objects, to aim at scarcely less than perfection, should, in this important pursuit, have entirely rested from its labours, and settled down contented with its present achievements, would be as unnatural as it would be lamentable. We console ourselves that such is not the fact. We recognize a gradual improvement, but we have to lament that it is by no means proportioned to the intrinsic importance of the subject itself, and much less to its relative importance, when compared with the other great and leading interests of society, which, in the present day, have been hurried forward with such a rapid and almost incredible pace, in the career of improvement. We hope some abler advocate may awaken the public to the importance of this subject; and that the time is not far distant when woman, already rich in so many attractions, shall find the consummation of them all in the due cultivation of those intellectual gifts which heaven has so bountifully bestowed upon her.

[The following chaste and beautiful production is from the pen of our late lamented and estimable young friend, OWEN EVANS, who died at Cincinnati, on the 2d of this month. It was the last effort of his pen, and seems almost to have been written under a presentiment of his own dissolution.]

From the Saturday Evening Chronicle. THE FUNERALS.

"Dull gravel-toned spoils the dance of youthful blood.
Strik'st out the simple from the clerk of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face."
YOUNG.

I was one of the numerous concourse assembled at the grave of Serena, to pay the last solemn rite to humanity. The pensive looks of all evinced how much they regretted the untimely fall of this flower of mortality. And she was indeed a flower cropped ere it was blown to full sweetness. I had seen her a few weeks before, the child of joy and grace, an answer to the highest fancies of her dotting parents; her form pleasing, her countenance marked with something peculiarly engaging, and hers the fast developing promise of matured beauty. But all this loveliness, this innocence, these earnestness of future bliss are now deposited within the coffin, and laid in the silent grave. Father, brothers, sisters, companions are weeping round; but who can tell the anguish of the mother? Her charming girl is taken from her forever, sickened fancy shows her child as she saw it in the playfulness of health, but dreadful reality shakes her frame with the thought of what it is, that instead of being warmed by her maternal bosom it is nursed by the cold clods of the earth.

The next day I followed to the tomb all that was mortal of the young stranger. He arrived at our village on a western tour, but could go no further. Disease had shattered his constitution, his strength forsook him, and he was compelled to seek a place among us where to repose his head in death. Nursed by strangers, far from earthly relatives, and with no companion but a peaceful mind, he serenely contemplated the approach of the ruthless messenger.—No murmur escaped his lips, no signs of impatience were observed on him, except that with a countenance betoken-

ing resignation, he sometimes gently expressed a wish to see his father and mother again. He was young and certainly amiable. But he died and was buried, and shed tears at his untimely end? Where was the comfortless friend the mourning brother or sister, the grief-stricken father, and where was the agonized mother? Ah Sempronius! thou wast indeed buried in a land of strangers. Solemnity there was at the funeral, but not the solemnity of aching hearts. It was but the "passing tribute of a sigh," but the cold homage of passengers to a monument of mortality. And deep-drawn sighs were heard, and tears were shed, the offspring of grief; last, lingering look into the mouth of the grave, before it shuts in forever the soul of this frame; no last, silent, burning, well! The earth is closed over the stranger, the small company dispersed, and the restraint which a sense of propriety imposed removed, they freely indulge in a converse on the news of the day, the general unheeded and forgotten.

Wanderer, such it is to die in a foreign land: such it is to leave society of kindred friends. Sempronius thy funeral was formal, but thou art beyond regret. Thy relations and friends will hear of thy fall, & then the tribute thy merit demands will be paid.

Struck with the contrast in the ceremonies of sepulture, I was compelled to acknowledge that our ardent affections are limited in their objects, are influenced by partiality and selfishness; and I was ready to doubt the existence of perfectly disinterested benevolence. At least I queried with myself, whether the congeniality acted as became human beings, in not feeling as much grief for the exit of Sempronius, as for that of Serena. Though I have a young friend, having of course neither wife nor child, who declares that he will not love as the scale of common sympathy, point out that his attachments are regulated by religious, intellectual and moral worth, yet what is called natural affection, the affection of consanguinity, relationship, is found to possess the first place in perhaps every other breast. We do not feel the same interest in a brother, a stranger, though we may be convinced they are equally deserving of our love, as in an abstract merit. And this, however, when it may appear in the eye of the general philanthropist, is so strongly, so immediately impressed on our minds by the architect of nature, that it seems fixed as one of the fundamental principles of our structure, as a law of our very being. It is the imperative voice of our origin, and who shall say to her, what does that? Whenever reason and nature disagree, whenever the former would put off something as indecorous in the laws of creation, and the latter manifestly decries that it shall be, reason, with all her plausible promises and fair-drawn deductions must bow submissive to the fiat of her mistress. In reference to the event I have just related, when I got out from the excitement the scenes inspired, and was coolly reflecting on what had been done, reason whispered me, that among men who are inhabitants of the same globe, decendants from the same Adam, with the same partial affection for a single individual, of a circle of individuals ought not to be indulged; that we ought to love by the scale of merit, for when we do not we are doing injustice; and that therefore we act unjustly when we open the floodgates of our affection on those who are connected with us by what the world calls kindred ties and lavish our good wishes and love on them; while another who happens to have no blood of ours in his veins, but is equal or even superior to our relatives in worth stands by as a being of another order, and must be satisfied with sharing our favour in a second degree. But nature cut short the investigation; "It is all in vain. I have laid a law on their hearts, I have marked down a channel in which their affections run, I have prescribed the lines within which their feelings play, and till man shall covet pain, till he shall grow fond of misery, till the order of his formation be radically changed, philosophy with all its hosts shall remain incapable of divesting him of partial affections. CAROLUS.

The single specked Parrot.—There is an Eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only these words: "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing the price at 100 rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot, "How much worth 100 rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?" The Mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed of his bargain he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed, as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"