

## SELECTED.

## THE BROKEN FLOWER.

AN APOLOGUE.

I walked out in the morning, when the mild Spring had spread her verdant mantle upon the fields and called forth the blossom and the bud—when the green shrub was expanding its leaves like the wings of the newly fledged bird, and the rills leapt gladly along in the sunlight,—and I marked and enjoyed the freshness and beauty of the scene; but a little flowret that bloomed lonely by the pathway arrested my attention, and I turned aside to contemplate its hues and admire the delicacy of its form. It was lovely, yet meek, and rich with fragrance, which it flung upon the light wings of the passing wind:—and I thought it an emblem of a young and guileless heart, it stood so unprotected in its innocence. I would not pluck it, although it looked so fair and inviting, but let it bloom upon its slender stem, to meet the sight of the next passer-by, and charm him with its sweetness.

I returned in the evening and sought for the gentle flower, but the cruel tread of the heedless stranger had been upon it and crushed it, and it lay on the ground broken and bleeding, unnoticed and alone. And I thought it, as it lay thus before me, an emblem of the human heart, when its delicate pride has been wounded by the thoughtless or the designing, who pass on their way and leave the stricken one to mourn in the silent desolation of the breast.

I moralized on the fate of the dying flower, and received from it a lesson which sunk deep into my mind. It taught me that only the great, the wealthy, and the powerful, are secure from aggression like this; and that their claims and pretensions are acknowledged and respected, whilst the humble, the innocent, and the unpretending, are slighted and despised, and their merits unseen and unrewarded.

Yet let not the proud one exult in the ascendancy which factitious advantages may have given him, nor the child of indigence lament the lowness of his lot; for peace and contentment may visit the cottage when they shun the lordly mansion, and the cares and discontents of the rich be excluded from the quiet hearthside of the poor—while even amid his bitterest repinings, the oppressed may find a consolation:—he knows that it will not be thus always—that but a few years will suffice to level all; that the wave of time is sweeping onward forever, however man may wish to stay its course when the heaven above him is unclouded; and that all the myriad barks which crowd its bosom will like be dashed upon the shore of oblivion, and their shattered wrecks sink beneath the stormy surface of its waters. G. H. S.

*Female Education.*—A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from the volume of extracts; pray like a professor, and sing like a syren; have her dressing room decorated with her own drawing table, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Semphronia herself, and yet we shall insist that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but “one thing is needful.” Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance. But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts, yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be, therefore, trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. Though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a wife, a mother, and a mistress of a family.

A young man told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. “Why, then, do you sleep without your shoes?” was the reply.