

Miscellaneous.

Death of Julian the Apostate.

BY THE REV. J. M. NEALE.

It was not many years after the decease of the Emperor Constantine, that Julian became lord of the Roman Empire. He was brought up a Christian, and baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity; but for many years he was a pagan in his heart, and when he had the power he made open profession of heathenism.

But Satan who he served, stirred him up to advance his kingdom in a more effectual way than he had done by the persecutions of former Emperors. Julian professed to allow every man to worship God in what manner he pleased; he contented himself with laughing at Christianity, and making those who professed it as contemptible as he could.

So it was in this case. Christians, who would gladly have suffered for the name of Christ, could not bear ridicule; the Church suffered greatly; and it was the prayer of those who were the wisest and holiest Bishops, that God would either turn their Emperor's heart, or take him out of the world.

Julian determined to march against the Persians, who were still as great enemies to the Romans as they had been in the time of St. James, of Nisibis—and to this end he came to Antioch. Antioch was at this time one of the largest cities in the world; and its church held the third place among Christian churches.

At length the army came to a place where there were two ways to Persia. As the custom was, Julian consulted the omens to know which of the two he ought to choose. This was done by bringing animals to be sacrificed, and then cutting them open, and looking at the entrails; and whatever the augurs—that is, the soothsayers—judged from these, that was thought to be the advice and warning of the gods.

Well, on this occasion they strongly urged the Emperor not to march by one of these ways, because they said that the omens forewarned him of some mischief if he did. The philosophers laughed at this; and Julian took their part, and declared that let the soothsayers blame him as they pleased, he would march that way and none other.

So he entered into Syria, and had one or two successes, by which he was much encouraged, and for which he determined to offer ten bulls in sacrifice to Mars, the god of war. The altar was raised, the priests in their robes, and the soldiers drawn up round the spot; ten milk white bulls, crowned with flowers, were led across the smooth turf which surrounded the altar, and the sacrificers were preparing their hatchets, when, lo! nine out of the ten animals fell down dead.

Julian, instead of being terrified, was enraged; and he swore by Jupiter, that he would never more offer sacrifice to Mars. So he had heard of the proverb, "Those whom God will destroy, He first makes mad." So it was with Julian. The king of Persia was terrified at the mighty army that was coming against him, and he sent an embassy, offering very favorable conditions to the Romans if they would depart from out his land; but the Emperor's heart was hardened. He not only refused peace, but caused his fleet which had sailed up the Euphrates, to be burnt.

This was to show his courage—as if proving that he despaired to fly—but in reality it only showed his madness. Now, as the ladies unquestionably put so much nonsense into the gentleman's heads and heels, why cannot they, by way of variety, induce the male creatures to the cultivation of a little common sense and practical wisdom?

Why cannot our highly educated females make it fashionable, not only to know something, but to admit the fact? Why cannot they make it necessary that a man should be able to converse on solid and rational subjects, in order to be agreeable to his friends? Why should what is acquired with so much labor and diligence in the schools, become useless in after life?

"Nay, nay," answered the Emperor; "the Genius of the Empire protects us. Give me your shield, good Flavian; that will suffice." And he galloped to the post of danger. It was not long before a report went through the army, that the Persians were repulsed, and the Emperor wounded. The word went through the ranks to halt; and the surgeons surrounded Julian.

"It is but a slight wound," cried the Emperor; but the countenances of the physicians seemed to speak for differently. They soon extracted the dart, but the wound continued to bleed internally, and do what they would, they could not stop the blood.

At last the dying apostate called for a horse. "I will head another charge," he said; "the exercise will do me good." But it was in vain that he endeavored to mount; he fell back and was caught in the arms of his attendants.

Then it was, that filling his hand with his blood, he cast it into the air, crying out, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" Education and its Accomplishments. A change has gradually taken place in the system of education at the leading schools, public and private. We observe a great improvement in the attention paid to practical branches of education, and have been much gratified to find that the advance has been no less in the education of the gentle sex than of the ruder.

An old shipmaster in our hearing, recently exclaimed, "Why those girls could navigate a ship, anywhere, as well as I could." In the mathematics—the best mental discipline ever discovered—in the languages, in the various departments of natural philosophy, in history, and in belles lettres, the graduates of our first-class female schools exhibit a proficiency which would have delighted and astonished the learned women of a hundred years ago.

Practically and thoroughly educated ladies were comparatively rare, when some of the women whose names are now household words for wisdom, made their mark, and thus became to us traditions of wisdom. Accomplishments, so called, meaning music, dancing, and one or two of the modern languages, still hold their place. But we fear they hold a little more than their due place in the estimation of our fair friends themselves.

The study which is patiently gone through with, and the time and money which are expended to make them really as well as superficially learned, are not estimated at their due rate. We mean to say that our ladies count too much on their "accomplishments," that is to say their ornamental requirements, and do not perceive the worth of their solid acquisitions.

They seem to fear that learning of a graver description is underrated, and that educated women a reconsidered disagreeable. They fancy that pretty trifles are more desired than solid attainments, and that to be acceptable companions they must seem "accomplished," but not learned, as they value their power of attraction.

We think our fair friends are under a mistake. They rule the world, if they would but know it. Generally, they are supposed to be aware of the fact of their dominion; and yet they do not seem to act upon it. They give tone and character to society. Men learn to dance to please them, when for dancing, in the abstract, they do not carry a fiddle-string, and would much rather be excused from it. Men affect admiration for difficult music, merely because the ladies are presumed to like it; whereas were either men or women forced to confess what Dr. Samuel Johnson confessed without forcing, they would heartily agree with that honest old crab-tree. As he was noticed not to be enraptured with a very elaborate and scientific performance, the remark was made to him, by way of eliciting his commendation, that it was very difficult of execution. "Sir," thundered the Doctor, "I could wish it were impossible!"

Now, as the ladies unquestionably put so much nonsense into the gentleman's heads and heels, why cannot they, by way of variety, induce the male creatures to the cultivation of a little common sense and practical wisdom? Why cannot our highly educated females make it fashionable, not only to know something, but to admit the fact? Why cannot they make it necessary that a man should be able to converse on solid and rational subjects, in order to be agreeable to his friends? Why should what is acquired with so much labor and diligence in the schools, become useless in after life?

The basis of all intelligent and profitable conversation and intercourse is knowledge. Our fair countrywomen, when they leave school are certainly not deficient in useful acquirements. Why is it, then, that what is called fashionable life is so full of frivolity, and that scandal not infrequently takes the place of comparative harmless trifling? And why do so many married women, say with a sigh, that the commencement of their household cares is the beginning of their oblivion of things their brightest hours were spent in acquiring?

It has been charged by foreigners that our American society is too much under the direction of the young and unmarried, and that men and women are shelled too soon, and set aside as old-fashioned furniture, by their sons and daughters. We fear there is too much truth in the remark, and that young America, male and female, has too much the monopoly of the field. Give the solid fruits of education more value, and more prominence, and this evil would be corrected. Take away the now undue prominence of the trifles of society, and the brilliancy of accomplishments, and forms too stiff for the polka would not be crowded into the hall; fingers too inflexible for the piano keys would not be sentenced to idleness, and tongues not *au fait* to the last fashionable periffage, would not be drowned into silence.

The rising generation would not eclipse the risen so completely, and there might be deference paid to age and authority, where now there seems to be none. Men and women are superannuated too soon, in this country, by a score of years at least; and when youth has things all its own way, that way too often proves foolish and unprofitable, to say the best of it.

In behalf of the old fogies, then and in protest against the entire superceding of the useful by the ornamental, we beg to be heard. We ancients do know something; and could make it appear, if we could but be heard. And we would like, the evidence that our young friends know something, too. The mere presumption which arises from the fact that they have been "finished," is not enough. Finished certainly does not write "finis" to use all they are finished in. The circle of science which is taught in schools, or professes to be, ought to be of some practical value in life. Show out, young ladies, and if thereby you expose the emptiness of some fashionable male pates, it may force their owners to a review and a reading up, to the equal of the demands

of "society." Many a harebrain might be thus kept out of mischief, and much good, now unlearned of, be accomplished. Society is full of egregious shams, and the ladies connive at the imposition, and abet and increase it, by forbearing the tests which they are well able to apply. If the education which we boast is anything more than a superficial imposition; do, dear ladies, vindicate the honor of our schools and colleges, by frightening the men into something like manliness. You can set the fashion of knowing something. Pray do so; for it is a duty you owe to your country. Let us have woman's rights vindicated in this practicable a sensible manner.

A Romance of the Lost Island Calamity. NEW ORLEANS, 1859.—A story, strange and romantic enough to seem the invention of an imaginative mind, became known recently to a few persons in this city; yet however romantic or strange it may sound, the gentleman who communicated it to me assured me of its absolute truth, and gave me the names of the parties connected with the affair. At the time when that terrible catastrophe occurred at Lost Island, off the Southern coast of Louisiana, by which so many unfortunate people were swept boldly into the Gulf by the raging tempest, or overtaken and drowned by the rising flood that overwhelmed the low, sandy key, a middle aged gentleman and his family, consisting of a wife, and two or three children, were involved in the calamity.

In the midst of the thick gloom, the storm, the confusion and terror of the scene, the gentleman became separated from his little family and barely escaped with his life. The horror and distress of the poor man at the sudden loss of his dear ones may be imagined by those who love their own wives and children. For several days his friends feared that his mental sufferings would deprive him of reason, and one of them kindly invited him to make his home at his house in New Orleans, for a time, hoping that he would gradually come to look more calmly upon the misfortune that had befallen him.

It happened that with the family in which he thus became domesticated, was living a young and accomplished lady, of fine person and manners, who, having compassion upon the afflicted stranger, took upon herself the pious duty of doing every thing in her power to alleviate his sorrows and make him forget the past. She played and sang for him, and to him, rode with him, and finally laughed and joked with him—so fleeting and transitory are the greatest of human griefs when brought under the influence of the enjoyments and delights of life. In brief, she carried her consolations so far that the gentleman became enamored, infatuated, and offered her his hand and fortune. Whether she reciprocated his passion; or whether the fact that she was a poor school-teacher, and he a wealthy planter, influenced her decision upon his proposition, is not the question to be considered here. Suffice it to say that she accepted his offer, stipulating that, out of due respect to public opinion, a year must elapse before their union should be consummated. As time passed on preparations for a magnificent wedding proceeded. The gentleman purchased a splendid trowsers, laid out his plans for a bridal tour and for their subsequent domestic settlement, and in fact, every thing went on swimmingly until near the close of his term of probation. The event of a single day in this case as in thousands of others, served to destroy in an instant his matrimonial scheme, though whether his subsequent peace of mind and happiness were not promoted thereby is a question. A short time previous to the day assigned for his wedding he received a letter from his wife—still in the flesh—dated at Rio de Janeiro, informing him that she and one of their children was alive and well, and would probably be in his arms within a very short period.

It appears that amidst the destruction and chaos of the terrible storm in which it had been supposed she and her little ones were lost, Madame ——— clung to her youngest child and when the waves submerged the island and swept away every thing upon it, she floated out into the gulf upon certain fragments of the general wreck. Drifting, finally, after much suffering, into the track of sea-going vessels, to and from this port, she was picked up by an outward-bound ship and carried to Rio, no opportunity occurring, in the meantime, to send her back to the States. The voyage was a long one, and sickness had prevented her from taking passage in the first vessel that sailed for her native land, and by some fatality the letter which thus apprized him of her existence, reached his hands but a few hours previous to her own arrival. What followed can readily be imagined—how the sober staid, middle aged gentleman, doubtful whether to be disappointed or happy, broke the astounding news to his unsuspecting fiancée; how she, poor girl, went first into tears and then into hysterics, and was finally consoled by his peculiar liberality, and how all parties ultimately resumed their original positions and were happy, the wife not being permitted to know how narrowly her husband had escaped slipping his neck into a second matrimonial halter.

Italian Girls. The idea of a girl in Italy is indissolubly connected with that of being devoid of all moral sense, infallibly preferring wrong to right, and who can only be kept from harm and evil by the most incessant watchfulness. A mother's whole maternal duties towards her daughter seem considered in Italy to be comprehended in the one act of vigilance. "My daughter has never been twenty minutes at a time out of my sight," said an Italian countess boastfully; and by this declaration she appeared to think that she merited to rank in the world's esteem with the mother of Gracchi.

A girl belonging to the upper ranks of life in Italy is practically a prisoner until she marries. Into society she must not enter; neither in the morning *fete* or in the evening dance, is she permitted to display her charms and graces. An occasional walk with father or brother, is permitted; but she must not go out of the house unless accompanied by her nearest kindred. To be seen alone even but for a few yards from her father's door, would entail upon her the deepest disgrace and heaviest censure. Kept under a perpetual surveillance, every line she writes and every line she receives are subjected to rigid scrutiny.

The girl belonging to the humbler classes of society shares also, in a great degree, in the same restrictions on her liberty. The grown-up daughter of a woman keeping a lodging house in Florence could not profit by my offer to take her to see the ceremony of the Lavadina at Pitti Palace, solely because she was unable to procure escort to accompany her in a

ten minutes walk through the best part of the town to the place where I resided. A work girl going to her employer's house has to provide herself with some companion; and in emergencies I have sometimes seen a little child do duty as a duenna for the occasion. In the country the same rule prevails; no peasant girl is ever to be seen alone; and equality in the higher as in the lower classes of society, would any infringement of the social code, in this respect, be fatal to matrimonial expectations. Under these circumstances, the proceedings of unmarried English ladies excite the wonder and envy of their sex in Italy. Often have I been amused at the way in which the most commonplace exploits have been magnified into heroic actions; and not unfrequently did I find myself elevated to the dignity of a heroine, when utterly unconscious that I had in any way merited the name assigned to me. [Life in Tuscany by Mabel Sharma Crawford.]

Constant Employment. The man who is obliged to be constantly employed, to earn the necessities of life and support his family, knows not the unhappiness he prays for, when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in an humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined.

They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware! Ye know not what ye wish. No situation, however exalted; no wealth, however magnificent; no honors, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this—to be always contented with your lot, and never sigh for the splendor of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

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