

THE UNA



A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL. I.

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THE UNA,

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MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PROSPECTUS.

Usage makes it requisite to present our readers with a prospectus setting forth our plans, purposes, aims and objects.

Our plan is, therefore, to publish a paper monthly, devoted to the interests of woman, so long as such a paper shall be needed; or until there is a necessity for its more frequent appearance.

Our purpose is to speak clear, earnest words of truth and soberness, in a spirit of kindness. To discuss the rights, sphere, duty and destiny of woman, fully and fearlessly; and our aim will be, to secure the highest good of all. So far as our voice shall be heard it will be ever on the side of freedom. We shall not confine ourselves to any locality, set, sect, class or caste, for we hold to the solidarity of the race, and believe that if one member suffers, all suffer, and that the highest is made to atone for the lowest.

Our mystical name of the Una, signifying TRUTH, will be to us a constant suggestor of fidelity to all.

Our terms will be one dollar per year, in advance.

All communications designed for the paper, or on business, to be addressed to the editor, Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, Editor and Proprietor, Providence, R. I.

Religion must become a science in its doctrinal, as well as a devotion in its worship, before it can regain its lost influence."

[ORIGINAL]

LONG LANE;

OR,

RECOLLECTIONS OF KITTERY, LONG AGO.

A TALE.

BY CAROLINE HEALY DALL.

"through work and wail of years,

"She winneth a solemn strength."

"And so you do not call Maine classic ground?" said a bright eyed old lady, sitting, fifty years since, in the window of the parsonage at Kittery, and speaking to a fair young girl who stood beside her, knitting needles in hand, after ancient New England fashion. "The bright waves of yon Piscataqua are very dear to me, and I have half a mind to punish you, Mary, by not telling you a word about Long Lane!"

"Long Lane! dear grandmother, you could not be so cruel; oh! you do not know how earnestly I have longed to hear something of that dear old wilderness, where George and I held our childish pic-nics, where roses are plenty as violets in a hedgerow, and tulips, gooseberries and lilacs are snarled together in such a tangle! oh, dear grandmother, what do you know about Long Lane?"

"It was in the time of the Grants," mused the old lady.

"Maine may not be classic, but I am sure the Grants are," said Mary; "why that was long before I can remember, in the times when the Indians lurked behind every tree, when Mrs. Blaisted and Mary Bean were as good heroines as Mary Richardson and Effie Dean; oh, grandmother, there were no mill-wheels nor fishing smacks then!"

"It was almost before I can remember, dear," said the old lady, wiping her glasses, "and perhaps that is the reason why I like to talk about it. Such a terrible road as led to it, and such a stupid old farm horse as we had yoked into our low cart, when we went! Yes, Mary, there was then a house at Long Lane, and many a curious old relic of the Lady Ursula who built it. Sit

down, child, and I will tell you all about it. It was a fine summer afternoon, long before I was as old as you are, when my mother made me very happy by taking me as a reward for some extra stitching that I had put into my father's shirts, on a long promised visit to Madame Whipple at the Lane. I did not know much about the place, but I had heard that there was a perfect wilderness of flowers, and a summer house that overhung the river, and these two things were sufficient to make me dream of an Eden. Well do I remember how long we were in getting there, and how tired and impatient I became. At last the stupid old horse entered a winding avenue, shaded by tall trees and hedged by great tangles of barberry and sweet-briar, which after some minutes brought us to a little oval court, behind the cluster of low rambling buildings which were Madame Whipple's home. Here we left our horse, and walking round to the front which overlooked the river, a heavy gate admitted us to the garden. It was as much as my mother could do to lift the ponderous iron knocker, and a long time we kept it going before a sleepy looking servant girl let us in to a little semi-circular entry, dark and narrow as need be, and through that to a long, low parlor. You have never seen such a room, Mary. The walls were hung with a dark velvet paper, and the wainscot was nearly black. Through the middle of the room ran an immovable table. It was long and narrow, and was built into the house, of such massive oak as they cut on these shores two hundred years ago. The upper end was raised by two steps, and behind it stood a ponderous old chair that looked as if it might have belonged to a Cathedral. In this sat Madame Whipple. She had been a belle in her early days, and handsome as she still was, had lost the use of her limbs, and was confined to this stately position. She was not as old as I am now, but I thought her the queerest old creature that ever was seen. She wore a brown brocade, with a nice lawn kerchief pinned about her throat, and white apron to correspond. Her short sleeves had broad ruffles just below the

elbow, and gave way to black lace mits tied up with care. On her head was a lace cap with a very rich border, and a black velvet hood which partly covered this and was tied under her chin by a broad black ribbon, completed her dress. She received us warmly and told me almost immediately that she was sitting in the Lady Ursula's dinner chair, and at the head of her table. Her servants, she continued, sat below the steps and the salt-cellars rested between them and their Lady. I suppose I looked curious, for I should not have dared to ask a question of so stately a personage, but she went on to tell me that all the flowers in the garden had been planted by the Lady Ursula, and so long ago that they were the first ever seen in the "Grants." Then giving me a few directions Madame Whipple continued her talk with my mother, leaving me to find amusement for myself. I ran first into the entry, where it was almost too dark for me to make out the figures on a faded tapestry of the offering up of Isaac, which the Lady Ursula had wrought and hung there. In the kitchen I was astonished by the sight of a heavy mangle, and the enormous jaws of the old fire-place, against each jamb of which was built a low stone seat. Timidly creeping toward the nearer of these, I peeped up the chimney and saw the strange old wheels and tackle of a dilapidated smoke-jack. From one corner of the room swung out a long crane of ash-wood, and suspended from the end of it by a chain, was something that looked like an iron butter boat, with a bit of twisted rag laying over its lip. This was the kitchen lamp, in which all the fatty waste of the family was burnt. Not being able to puzzle out the figures on the dingy coat of arms over the mantle, I ran into the garden. I never saw so fine a garden as that. The currants, gooseberries, and lilacs, were all matted together, and such a profusion of unweeded roses and tulips, was never crowded into so small a space. I was not long in finding my way to the old summer-house. Covered with moss, and propped up by old garden posts, it looked as if nature had adopted it and made it part of the soil on which it stood. The river washed its walls. I climbed its craggy seat, and though I have seen the grand ancestral halls of the Lady Ursula since, I shall never forget, dear Mary, how much I enjoyed that afternoon, watching the white winged boats glancing in the sun, up and down the dear Piscataqua. At last my mother called me, and though I hurried to her, as the children of those days were wont, I could not help stopping to look at a strange sort of a saddle that hung in the shed. It was broad and had an opening on the upper side as if to accommodate some protuberance of the animal. It was hung with rich brass ornaments, and on a panel bronzed with time, I saw the crest of the Lady Ursula. While I stood gazing, the sleepy servant came to find me, and told me that long before there were any horses

in the country, the Lady Ursula rode upon a cow."

"Oh grandmother! is it there now; can I go to see it?"

"There are others like it, Mary, but this was destroyed in the fire which swept a few years later over Madame Whipple's deserted home."

"And did you never find out any more about the Lady Ursula, grandmother?"

"Oh yes!" answered the old lady, sighing, and as you have her blood in your veins and something of her faithful spirit, too, you shall hear it some day. I will not forget the odd things you like to hear, for your old grandmother cannot live long to tell you stories."

"Dear grandmother!" and the girl dropped her knitting to come and sit at the old lady's feet. It was near sunset, and the long shadows from the great elm which drooped by the parsonage gate, fell softly over her brow. * * *

It was some hours later. The tea equipage had been carried away, and behind the hall-screen of greenish silk in the far corner of the room, one tiny lamp attempted in vain to hide the moonlight. It streamed broadly into the room, illuminating the pleasant old lady in her chair, and the young girl who now rested against the window sill. Before them both lay the quaint old garden, whose useful vegetables had come up in fancy beds, set round with borders of pansies, marigolds and poppies. The latter bowed their flaunting colors to a gentle breeze, which was coming up the mouth of the river. Those who stood there saw the distant waves as they broke against the beach in the moonlight. "Now, dear grandmother!" and the girl turned with an appealing look.

"Well, Mary. The Lady Ursula was the daughter of Lord Thomas Cutts, of Glendale Abbey, England. At a very early age, she was betrothed to a Capt. Fowler in the Army. Her father disapproved the match, but the entreaties of a wife whom he idolized overcame his reluctance. Every thing was prepared for the wedding, when disturbances on the coast of Algiers, summoned Capt. Fowler away. It was thought best to defer the ceremony, and for a whole year the disappointment of the Lady Ursula was soothed by the tender letters which informed her of her lover's safety. At last came the terrible news that he had fallen in battle, and the severe illness which this occasioned her daughter, so tried the constitution of Lord Thomas's wife, that she soon drooped and died. The ambition of Ursula's father pointed the way to a wealthier alliance, but ere she ceased to struggle in secret with her sorrow, a sudden accident terminating his life, gave her new subjects of thought. The estate of Glendale was entailed upon her oldest brother, but soon after her father's death, the immense property of her mother, having been divided between herself and a brother, they decided to

seek a fortune in the new world. Lady Ursula's trials had given her a distaste to the gay society of her home, and they obtained a grant of land from Sir Fernando Gorges." "In what year was that, grandmother?" "I do not know, my child, it seems difficult to ascertain. Some grants of land were made to Gorges, as early as 1606, but I do not think any north of the Merrimac was made before 1622. It may have been about 1624, when the Lady Ursula set sail. Many a severe trial had the Lady in crossing the broad sea, and long enough she found it, ere she erected what could be called a comfortable shelter for her family. The grant secured to Major Cutts two islands adjoining the shore and the tract of land now called "Long Lane." He took possession of the islands, which on account of the unsettled state of the country, he connected with the main land by draw-bridges. At night these were raised to protect the inhabitants from the Indians. By day, they were lowered, to permit the inhabitants to go to their work. The people who settled this part of the country, my dear, Mary, were of noble families and lived in lordly style. New England could boast no others like them, and Virginia but very few. Major Cutts soon erected a large and convenient dwelling, with a reception room, capable of holding fifty or sixty guests." "Were you ever in it, grandmother?" "No, dear, but when I was a little girl my grandmother described to me her early home. The arms of the family decorated the panels, and tapestry wrought by the young ladies, covered the walls. On the mantel were some vases of colored glass, and some silver branches for candles. In one corner of it stood an ancient escritoire. It was always open, and there lay upon it a heavy armorial seal of silver, which was made into spoons, my dear Mary, on my marriage." "Oh, grandmother?"

"Hush, child! you have eaten curds with them a hundred times. The floor was waxed till it shone like glass. Some years after the house was built, the family accounts show that Major Cutts had thirty cows, several hundred sheep, and many horses. Every lady in the family had a horse and side-saddle, and they had soon a fine pleasure boat." "Did they have no minister, grandmother," said Mary in some astonishment.

"Not yet, my dear; there was no Queen's Chapel, and Portsmouth was called Strawberry Bank, then. A domestic chaplain read service for the family, morning and evening, and on Sundays."

"Were there any children, grandmother?"

"Yes, child, and they were taught all necessary matters, by their mother and the chaplain. They also learned to spin from a thrifty handmaid of Madame Cutts, and superintended as they grew older, the affairs of the Dairy."

"Well, dear grandmother, the Lady Ursula did not live on the island?"

"No, she went as I have told you, to the main land. It was a long time before the place assumed the form in which I saw it. But wealth gave her ample power. She had brought from Europe twenty men-servants, and a large number of female domestics. In a few years her house was richly furnished, vistas were cut through the trees, and smooth lawns or beds of rare exotics, took the place of straggling wild flowers and half burned stumps."

"How tedious she must have found it," said Mary.

"I do not think so, child. The Lady Ursula had a large family to superintend. She was a religious woman and she did not neglect her duty to her household. It was her sweet voice that led the morning and evening prayer. It was her white hand that presented the bitter draught to the wood-cutter or housemaid prostrated by fever. It was her clear intelligence that forestalled every danger, withstood every difficulty, and soon turned "Long Lane" into a "garden of delight."

"Dear Lady Ursula! What made her call it "Long Lane"?"

(Concluded in next number.)

THE REAL CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN.

BY THE REV. A. D. MAYO.

It is always well to know the actual position of a subject of great popular interest. For want of such knowledge, the advocates of public reform waste power, and earn misrepresentations from the world; especially in a question so complicated as the present, "woman's movement," it is necessary for us to understand where woman now is before we counsel her to move forwards or backwards, or to remain at rest. The following remarks, give the best result of my own reflection on this interesting feature of an important theme:

Ever since I have enjoyed the intelligent companionship of woman, a conviction has been gaining ground in my mind, that between her inward and outward life there is fixed a great gulf, not the one fixed there by Providence, but the result of false views of her nature.

Human life in this world is successful according as the soul gets fit expression in action. That life is best, in which thought, feeling, imagination and will can flow out at once, in appropriate channels of activity. The constant recoil of the spirit upon itself is a shock that few can endure; and only God can say how much of the sin in the world is only the inevitable collapse of a mind, that driven away again and again from the gates that open to life's noblest avenues, at last finds the door of Satan's house standing ajar, and with one push, and one step over the threshold, gains a sense of freedom which a Christian community had never given. Just in proportion to the difference between the life of thought and action, is

the danger that the energies will stave out into lawlessness, or into imbecility.

And in the opportunity to adjust these two lives, which is the problem of existence here, I rate the advantage of man over woman. I see a disparity between the inward force, and outward opportunity of man; and in the conflict all the means and appliances of our civilization are *on his side*. I see a greater disparity between the soul and the circumstances of woman, and in her harder contest, the world is *against her*. For she is now cheerfully recognized as an active force in only one spot. She is at home in the household, and every step beyond it is a step away from reputation. I say this, knowing that she does occupy many situations outside this; yet this is regarded as her central and legitimate sphere. Other positions are considered rather as temporary expedients, than as secure possessions; the pleasant or profitable episodes in a life which men regard as a failure, unless it is at last devoted almost exclusively to domestic relations. But that household, great as are its real responsibilities, claims but a small portion of the entire power of any human being; to provide for bodily comfort, to raise and educate children, to move in social life, however important, is not enough for a soul's whole occupation. It is not enough for man, it is not enough for woman. Either can live exclusively in it, but only by the same process; by a systematic treading down of a whole scale of the nature. This, man never would do. This, woman has been instructed to do, ever since the creation. If I have read history right, she obeyed this instruction best in savage life; and there she was a drudge and servant. Barbarism gave her a larger freedom; and from the slave, she became the companion of man in his sensuous life. Civilization, by substituting mental for brute force as a governing power, has invited her to increasing growth; till now she virtually occupies the whole field of human life in her thought, feeling and aspiration; and the most energetic of the sex have established her claim to every position in society, in the same way that man has established his; by the right of conquest. Every where I find women in America are thinking, hoping and feeling one class of things, and doing another, to a degree that is not true of man. Whoever becomes well acquainted with a circle of intelligent and religious women, must find that here is great force which belongs to the world, of which the world is deprived. For outside the charmed home circle, their occupations bear such a contrast to their capacities, that if the spectacle were not too mournful it would be almost too ridiculous; in truth, half the satire and humor of the romance of any modern literature is the exposure of this very fact.

I do not fear contradiction when I make the assertion that the inner life of woman now covers the whole ground of the life of man. She

hopes, thinks, feels and wills with man. So it is no longer an open question, what is woman's sphere? If it be her duty to limit her aspirations to the position in which the popular prejudice has fixed her, then the whole sex are sinners, for they are all over the boundary line. In every profession of outward life, the mind of woman has gone just as far as our social institutions would permit; a woman stands ready to honorably occupy any vacant spot in the various departments of labor. Every new avenue to education is crowded with women. The college that opens its doors finds them waiting outside; the medical school, though barricaded against her, is yielding to her patient demand; the pulpit has only to invite, and she is there; of literature she has already made a seizure; and instructions cannot be denied to her pre-eminent ability to teach. Art is fast becoming her's; and the secrets of the political canvass, and the legislature would reveal her potent influence. Thus she now stands; *in her inner, better life, concersant with every thing known and done among men*. She has broken over every limit man has set around her, whether man savage, man theological, or man philosophical, and now virtually makes herself felt every where in life. She has already decided what is her sphere; that it is the whole of modern life; and I take it she is authority in the question. I am aware this statement may be denied by those interested to deny it! I know that thoughtful women are every where more or less impressed with these facts, and speak them whenever their real opinions are uttered. And the sympathies of the mass of women who like the mass of men, do not think systematically, tend the same way.

I repeat, therefore, the question is not now, what is woman's sphere? She has answered that in her own soul; and there possesses every inch of ground worth the having, now occupied by man. The only question is! Now that in her thought she covers the whole of life; and now that the stronger of her sex have demonstrated her fitness to fill every profession, and share every right with man, shall those outward channels be open to her through which this new energy can refresh society, or shall they be turned back to embitter her life, or tempted out into wild and destructive ways of sin? This is the real question: not, what is woman's capacity, or desire? Every man who knows women truly, knows whither these tend. The real point now is: what shall be done with this fickleness of life in one half the community that now overflows in vice, stagnates into imbecility, or effervesces in frivolity? Shall it go on as now to make the regeneration of humanity more hopeless, or shall it be satisfied by a new class of natures and occupations?

"It is well known that the *organic* mysteries of Nature and of Rebellion are accessible to human understanding, though the knowledge of essential mysteries be inaccessible."

THE INTRODUCTION.

It is with diffidence, amounting almost to maidenly timidity, that we assume the editorial chair, for we confess ourselves inexperienced in the varied duties of its office; and in our younger days we have been in the habit of looking into the editor's sanctum, with a reverence amounting almost to awe, lest we should catch a glimpse of some stray thought ere it had received its baptismal robe. In later years our devout reverence for the fraternity has sadly diminished, while we have grown to have less regard for mere intellect. The care-worn, wearied air of some occupant of the chair, has excited our deepest commiseration. Anon, the hurried mein, the contracted brow and inky fingers grasping nervously the scissors (that were all too small) of some luckless wight who was seeking fame, through an ephemeral newspaper, has awakened a keen sense of the ridiculous, and given us a horror, too, of the lives of those who were working their brains for the public; and we have felt pitiful toward the poor finger-operatives, so cramped and wearied, and have thought of tales the whole machine might tell, if it only spoke of self; the disorderly, untasteful appearance of some little seven by nine fourth or fifth story den, the impure air rising from all the work-rooms below, the heat, the dust, the din, the want of exercise; the stooping, ungainly posture, crowding the lungs into the smallest possible space; the over-worked brain, the languid, spiritless expression when off duty, has suggested sad reflections; for we have recognized in them true and noble spirits, and we could not but ask how long they could survive this forced, unnatural life. And then we have said in our hearts, save us from such a life of toil, from sleepless nights, and days of anxiety. It suits not our taste, to grind and work our brain for every day use. It would drive away our sweet, pure communings in the inner life with the all-beautiful. But now that duty seems to point to this course, we cannot, from any selfish love of a dreamy life, withhold our hand from the work. We do not now, any more than in the past, act because others tell us it is our duty, but a deep conviction in our own soul prompts us to the labor.

In our editorial service we shall discuss with candor and earnestness, the Rights, Relations, Duties, Destiny and Sphere of Woman. Her Education—Literary, Scientific, and Artistic.—Her Avocation—Industrial, Commercial, and Professional. Her Interests—Pecuniary, Civil and Political. We shall seek to do this in the spirit of true Christian benignity; we shall complain little of wrongs, for individually we have suffered very few, but in our human sympathies, we have suffered from every infliction, upon the dependent class to which we belong. We bear in our heart of hearts, their sorrows, and carry their griefs; and to the wrong-doers we would say, come let us reason together of these things.—

Our antagonisms will grow less, because we shall see through a brighter medium, that the interests of the sexes are identical. We are not fond of promises, and untaught as we are in our vocation, we do not purpose to hold out any which may mislead. We have made a few resolutions, such as that, we are resolved not to be disturbed by untoward circumstances, for we have counted the cost ere we commenced our work. We mean also never to be in a hurry, never to get ambitious, avaricious, or ill-tempered, and to set all kinds of traps to catch sunbeams, and then with a liberal hand shower them on our friends. We mean to win by love and reason. We have no literary reputation of which to make an offering; and none to take care of in our progress. We bring good will, faith in principle, earnestness and all the industry which we can acquire, aided by the health we have been garnering in our peaceful home.

The deep, almost tragic meaning of the work precludes all possibility of trifling or glossing over what should be plainly told. THE UNA will not cover so wide a field as the paper proposed at the convention, nor is it offered as a substitute for that, nor will it cease to urge upon the friends of this movement the necessity of having daily and weekly journals with all the appliances for creating public sentiment and elevating the tone of the female mind, that would be used in a political campaign, or in awakening an interest on any other question. Women have been too well, and too long satisfied with Ladies' Books, Ladies' Magazines, and Miscellanies; it is time they should have stronger nourishment; and with a work so peculiarly their own, they need at least one paper which will give a correct history of its progress, and be a faithful exponent of its principles.

We have no expectations of a sinecure in our new office, for we have no large circle of friends pledged to sustain us. We issue our sheet in obedience to a call of duty, with no subscribers in advance; we send it unheralded even by a prospectus or few notices, and we crave for it a kindly welcome and generous sympathy. To our personal friends we look confidently for long subscription lists, and for aid with thought and pen, for we know in whom we trust; and to the host who have already rallied round the standard of equal rights we feel that there will be no need of pressing the claims of a paper having for its object what our name signifies, the over coming of evil with truth and love. We shall send out our specimen number to all whose names we are in possession of, and those who wish to have it continued are requested to return their subscription within the month, as our terms are one dollar in advance.

Should our subscription list warrant the expenditure, we shall send to the next convention a phonographic reporter, and shall in the future endeavor to preserve a correct history, not only of this specific movement, but of the public lives

of those engaged in it. There is also another motive to promptness which we shall present; and that is, that our contributors need the pay for their labor, and our printers for their work, and the *bread* problem is of quite as great interest as that of equal political rights. We do not present an array of names as contributors to our columns; we dislike all clap-trap measures, and shall therefore only say that we have generous promises from such sources as should render our paper a welcome visitant at Hestia's altar, where stands the pivot around which all reforms must cluster, and from which alone they can radiate in a truly beneficent spirit. We have said that we would have every soul have an utterance if they have anything to offer; and should a new fresh thought, come to us, clothed in ever so homely or plain a garb, we shall not reject, but give it place. But we shall also exercise our own taste and judgment with regard to all articles—even those of our dearest friends—trusting that we shall be understood as acting with only the single motive of promoting the best interests of our work. We have explained our plans and purposes, so far at least as seems best, and have given all the promises that we like to make, and have only farther to bid our friends for this month—*au revoir*.

We find the following very sensible remarks in a western paper, attributed to Fanny, which we suppose means Fanny Fern. We are not certain that we know Fanny's real name, but we are certain that we cordially agree with her in what she says here, although we cannot say so of all she writes.

"Can you tell me why it is, that in all the large hotels, reading rooms should be furnished exclusively for the benefit of the gentlemen?—why gentlemen must be found a special room for smoking, chewing and drinking?—why the gentleman who pays two dollars a day should have privileges allowed him that are granted a lady, for the same money, and all these extras besides, with the right of perfuming the whole house, even to the room she has paid for, for her own private use, with the odor of his selfish gratification?—the privilege of annoying her by spitting upon the hall floor, the stairs, the carpets, and filling the spittoons of the ladies' parlor with the nauseous offal of his gross indulgence? If his *superior* manly nature must have all these physical enjoyments, certainly it is no more fair that the ladies should share a small proportion of his mental pleasures, and that a few newspapers should be laid on the table of the ladies' parlor, to break the monotony of a boarding life, to quicken thought, stimulate interest, and help to break the ice of cold conventionalism, prompt acquaintance or interchange feeling and sentiment among those who are so frequently thrown together at our great hotels. This want is felt, and this injustice understood and spoken of by large numbers of intelligent women from Boston to St. Louis."

And again:

"Would not a well regulated and well selected reading room for ladies be a desirable place of resort for fathers, husbands, sons and brothers, who would fain escape (if they could get the news anywhere else) from those haunts,

"Where the dark fume clothes all the room," and where a young man loses, ere he is aware, the holy influence that his mother and sisters have hitherto held upon him?"

BLEAK HOUSE.

MRS. JELLABY.

We cannot but regret to see a writer of Mr. Dickens's intellectual power, and genial humor, turning his satirical talent so determinedly against many of the needful and important reforms of his time. In his present unfinished publication, Bleak House, he seems bent upon satirising all methods of female activity, except the fussy and wearisome benevolence of an Esther Summerson, with her omnipresent humility and basket of keys. Mrs. Jellaby, the principal personage in this satire, although caricatured to an extent which greatly injures the force of the delineation, yet shows more ability than any other character in the book. There is something rather charming in her distant look and her imperturbably gracious and winning manner. It is said that a distinguished philanthropist of our own country sat for the portrait. If so, the artist has caught something of her beauty, and has departed so far from his model that his wit loses its sting. But it is a little comical that her husband should be represented as so entirely weak and inefficient. When a man fails in his domestic duties, we are accustomed to suppose he has some ability for something else, though perhaps that is heresy. We are apt then to expect of woman that she shall summon all her energies, and do double duty to her fatherless family. How many such instances might easily be quoted. But Mr. Jellaby & Co. are victims to women who do not beat and abuse and brutalize their husbands, only neglect their comfort—a great neglect, we admit—sit with their heads against the wall, opening their foolish mouths like oysters, and let house and children go to ruin as they may.

Even more painful to us, is the bitterness of satire with which Mr. Dickens attacks the prison reform. That the attention to the ease and comfort of criminals does not include the whole of our duty to the perishing classes of society, is a truth too evident to need demonstration; but until we find that the performance of our duty renders us less alive to other appeals to our humanity, we shall not quarrel with even an excessive attention to any portion of our suffering brethren. When the innocent, but weak, ignorant, helpless boy is laid on his feverish bed in the loft over the stable in the establishment of the benevolent Mr. Jarudye, and left alone without doctor or nurse to his lonely delirium, and so to wander out in his madness into the bitter night, it only suggests to Mr. Dickens a satirical fling at model prisons. To us, had already occurred the humiliating thought, for sickness tells truths unintentionally of the superiority of the poor woman's charity. They had housed and fed the poor boy all day from their scanty means, fearing not contagion, but tending him carefully, and giving him human love which was what his sick soul needed, and but

for the fear of their intemperate husbands, would still have kept him and cared for him until able to care for himself.

Mr. Dickens has done good service to humanity in the past; we trust he will not be turned from that service now, by the height of his prosperity and reputation. It seems as if the dullness of this last work, compared with his previous ones, was ominous of a change, that his spirit and life were being lost as he bows the knee to conservatism.

L.

From the Manchester (England.) *Guardian.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the beautiful and with the grand;
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead them weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her,

Walk with the beautiful!

I hear thee say, "The beautiful! what is it?"

Oh, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou can't make it smile beside thy door.

Then love the beautiful!

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only.

Then love the beautiful!

Sigh for it! kiss it when 'tis in thy way;
Be its idolater as of a maiden.
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden

Comes with the beautiful!

Some boast its presence upon Helen's face;
Some in the pinion'd pipers of the skies;
But be not fool'd. Where'er thy eye might trace,
Searching the beautiful it will arise.

Then seek it everywhere!

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are singing
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believe
The beautiful is master of a star,
Thou mak'st it so; but art thyself deceiving

If otherwise thy faith.

Dost see the beauty in the violet cup?
I'll teach thee miracles. Walk on this heath,
And say to the neglected flowers, "Look up,
And be ye beautiful!" If thou hast faith,

They will obey thy word.

One thing, I warn thee; crook no knee to gold;
It is a witch of such almighty power
That it will turn thy young affections old.
I reach my hand to him who, hour by hour,

Preaches the beautiful.

WORKING OUT TAXES.—An amusing incident occurred a few months since in the town of P—, N. H. It is customary in the country towns for those who choose to do so, to pay their proportion of the highway tax in actual labor on the roads, at the rate of eight cents an hour, instead of paying the money. Two able-bodied and strong hearted women in P—, who found it very inconvenient to pay the ready cash required of them, determined to avail themselves of this custom. They accordingly presented themselves to the surveyor of the highway with their hoes in their hands, and demanded to be set to work. The good surveyor was sorely puzzled, such a thing as women working out their taxes had never been heard of, and yet the law made no provision against it. He consulted his

lawyer, who advised him that he had no power to refuse. Accordingly the two brave women worked and worked well, in spreading sand and gravel, saved their pennies, and we doubt not felt all the better for their labor.

We recommend the example to some of our fair friends who are suffering with dyspepsia and the other ills that idle flesh is heir to.

x.

DON'T CARRY COALS TO NEWCASTLE.—Many people make a grand mistake in endeavoring to adapt themselves in company to persons distinguished for particular attainments. The fault is in the endeavor to get into their vein, to be witty with witty people, to tell stories to good story-tellers, to discuss deep subjects with learned men, and generally to be sympathetically sucked into the drift of the nearest current. This is a mistake all round. No man's hobby will carry double. The attempt must fail; for if you are inferior to the man you measure weapons with, he sets you down for a bore, and is disgusted; if you clearly excel him, he feels that you are a bully, and he hates you. There are these two good reasons for being easy, natural, and yourself with every body; nothing else suits you, and nothing else is asked of you. There are two more reasons for the same thing; persons of good taste dislike anything else; and, moreover, you are wanted in your own natural shape to fit your company ball and socket fashion. Nothing packs society together so well as for some one to be hollow, just where some one else bulges. Be receptive, therefore, to the man of science, enjoy the joker without a struggle for supremacy, and play conductor for the electricity of the world; then if there is any thing in the fellows, you'll get it out of them, and contribute best to the enjoyment of the company; and besides, if there is nothing particular in you (which is barely possible, but still possible,) you won't expose yourself and annoy other people.

Dr. Elder.

THE TRUTH OF FICTION, AND ITS CHARM.—No one loves to be deceived, to be cheated, to be made a fool of with a lie; yet, fiction is almost universally agreeable. In public parable, allegory and tale, it comes acceptable to every style of mind and is employed for all manner of purposes. Making no pretensions to, and limited by none of the laws of narrative, truth and historic fact, it brings the truth of nature—the probable, the possible, the ideal—in their broadest range and utmost capabilities into the service of a favorite principle, and demonstrates its force and beauty, and practicability, in circumstantial details, which like a panorama, presents an image so like an experience that we realize it for all the purposes of knowledge, hope and resolution. Mental and moral discipline are richly supplied by it, and the temporary elevation of thought and sentiment which it affords is felt like a delicious enlargement of actual life.

The writer having the control of his machinery, enlists the highest feelings in the plot of his story, and takes care to gratify them fully in the issue, making the mechanism of the imagination work out the best wishes of the heart. In its progress, while the favorite interest and the admired characters are in peril, the reader, in brave and generous sympathy, adds his strength to the heroic effort, and his enthusiasm to the noble impulse, and grows capable, while he flatters himself that in like circumstances he would behave as magnanimously.—It is the attraction of a grand life, though only in the quiet reveries of the fancy, that wins us away in to the enchanted regions of fiction from the hard-featured facts and urgent demands of our actual life; and the delight in the illusion proves that in right conditions and under favoring circumstances, men would be as noble as poetry conceives, and their high destiny demands of them. Every aspiration for the highest right, every sympathetic emotion of virtue, however transient, unsteady, or misapplied, shows that we were created for honor and glory and immortality.

Dr. Elder.

SCHOOLS OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

While the great question of the relation of the sexes in political, ecclesiastical, and social life, yet remains a vast problem not easy to be solved, we are glad to welcome any movement of a practical character tending to develop the latent powers of woman, and give her a fair chance to take possession of her rightful position. Of this character are the Normal and High schools for girls, the Colleges for women, and the opportunities for medical education. Among the most interesting of these practical enterprises is that of establishing Schools of Design for women. Three institutions of this character are already in existence in the cities of Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. That in Philadelphia is the parent institution. It was established principally through the efforts of an able and energetic woman—Mrs. Peters—and has met with a success beyond her original expectations. Although the sudden death of Mrs. Hill, its principal teacher, by the destruction of the Henry Clay, last summer, gave a terrible blow to this school, it does not seem to have disheartened its patrons, but to have spurred them on to efforts to place it on a secure foundation.

The school in New York was very recently opened, and as we understand, is provided with large funds, and promises great success.

Of the school in Boston, as being more interesting from its vicinity to us, and as coming under our personal knowledge, we shall speak more at length. This school was established in October, 1851, and now numbers about eighty scholars. The principal of the school is Mr. Albert F. Bellows, whose qualifications as an artist, a teacher, and a man of earnest and reliable character, eminently fit him for the position he occupies. Miss J. M. Clarke, has the care of the Elementary drawing, and is a faithful and accomplished teacher. These pupils are prepared for the various departments of art which are now intimately connected with productive industry, and by which the pupils may hereafter earn a livelihood. Of these, wood engraving, lithography, and designing for various manufactures, are the principal ones. A large class are employed in wood engraving, and have produced work which compares very favorably with that of men who have been much longer engaged in the business. They have had the instruction of Mr. Baker, of the firm of Baker & Smith, and have been faithful to his thorough and careful teaching. One or two of the pupils are practicing designing and drawing on the blocks for the engravers.

Lithographic prints of much excellence have been produced. There is abundance of work for engravers—if it can be made to flow to the school—and the ability of women to execute it well, is already proved.

The most interesting branch, however, because it offers the widest and most varied pros-

pect of employment, is that of designing for manufactured goods. Many of the most gifted pupils of the school are now engaged in designing for printed flannels, muslins, and other similar goods. We hope the manufacturers of Providence and its vicinity, will give these young women an opportunity to exhibit their skill.

We have confined ourselves mainly to a concise statement of facts in this article, because it seems indeed to be all that is needful to commend the subject to our readers. Here is a new and important sphere of labor opened to woman—one which develops her intellect and imagination while training her powers of hand; one which does not expose her to the terrible ordeal of the excitement of a public life on the stage, or in the concert room, neither does it cramp her energies within a lonely chamber, and the drudgery of the needle, but enables her to mingle with her peers, engaged in similar occupations and enjoying similar culture.

One reflection in this connection we cannot refrain from making, and that is on the happiness of the pupils of these schools. Hours of despondency and of fear and disappointment certainly come, but it is the testimony of teachers and visitors both in the Philadelphia and Boston schools, that they never saw a more cheerful and happy assemblage. The improvement in the health of many who either come from an uncertain, aimless and dependent life, or from less congenial occupations, is very striking. "It seems to me as if I had never seen the world before," said one who had been nearly a year in the Boston school, as summer opened upon her, "every leaf and flower, every line in nature has become so beautiful and so full of interest."

These are significant and cheering truths, and encourage us to labor hopefully and cheerfully in the cause of the education of woman. Every step thus gained is sure and safe, and helps to make the change in her position which must eventually come, gradual and peaceful, and beneficial to all.

x.

FROM the *Windham Co. Free Democrat* we learn that our valued friend, Lucy Stone, has been doing great service to the cause of woman, in Brattleboro. That paper did not state whether her lecture was included in a Lyceum course, or was independent of that machinery. In Beverly, her lecture and the decision growing out of it upon woman's rights, was before the Lyceum, and we are told that it has awakened an interest there that will not soon be forgotten. We hear also, of the attention aroused by the lectures of Mrs. E. O. Smith, and rejoice that there are such faithful laborers in the field.

It is indifferent in what condition we are, if we are not in that we wish for.

Rahel.

The less tenderness a man has in his nature, the more he requires from others.

Rahel.

APOLOGY.

We regret being under the necessity of apologizing to our friends for the long delay in issuing our first number, and also for its not appearing in the perfect style we could have wished. We can only say, that in starting an enterprise of this kind, delays are sometimes unavoidable, in order to secure permanence; and the small size of our sheet will be remedied in the next number, as also the promptness of its issue.

WE have received from Mrs. Severance of Cleveland, Ohio, a valuable tract, No. 1, of the series to be published by the *Ohio Woman's Rights Association*. It is an able and beautifully written argument, and we trust will have a wide circulation. We know of no other pamphlet of equal size, which has so much real thought in it, as the one we have just perused. There are a few typographical errors which injure its appearance but not its real merit.

HEALTH OF THE SKIN.

Dirt upon the skin is not merely dirt, but dirtiness; and the latter is no sooner set up than it travels soulwards. The skin is given among other ends, as a vivacious sentinel to prevent the entrance into us of whatever is alien and impure. The purity of the sentinel is of the greatest value to this exercise of his functions. Dirty feeling does not know dirt when it comes, but is bribed by it, and lets it pass the barrier. Hence an unclean skin besides adulterating the feelings, admits a material adulteration to the organs. Furthermore, by clogging the pores, it prevents the beloved dirt from escaping outwards, until at length the body crusted over with itself, abrogates the skin functions and finds another and violent eruption in disease. For nobody can stop long in himself; he must go forth as a messenger of life or death to those about him. And when he ceases to transpire health, specific sickness is conceived in the struggle; the system makes new terms between itself and nature; a part of the privileges of life is ceded, and the various maladies appear. This is the history of one class of physical evils engendered by the neglected cleanliness, not of years alone but of generations.

The private health of the skin subsists in the public health; private cleanliness also in public as a man in his society. There may be excellent citizens in a debased community, and cleanly persons in a dirty town; but the surrounding influences are against them; and they are good and clean in spite of example, by mere manhood and as it were miracle.

WILKINSON.

"Orthodoxy and heterodoxy are words of angry darkness only, not of love and light."

"Great mysteries have been unveiled; greater still remain to be unravelled."

In the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Miss Strickland, we find the following interesting fact which was new to us, as we presume it will be to many others.

The question has often been asked, whether the female sovereigns have manifested any interest in elevating the position of woman. This one act of Mary's in her early reign, proves that she thought at least of their well-being, and had she been less unfortunate in her heart life she would in all probability have been a blessing to her sex.

During her progress through Lorraine, she had observed that the women and children were industriously and profitably occupied in plaiting and making straw hats. Perceiving, also, that the condition of the peasantry was much better in those districts where this domestic manufacture was practiced, than where it was not, she conceived a desire of introducing the same light and pleasant handicraft among her own subjects, as a means of enabling the mothers of large families, who had hitherto relied on receiving the alms of the church in time of distress, to earn their own livelihood, and to render their children instrumental in the same object. Under these impressions, Mary, whose talents as a peace Sovereign, like those of all the Stuarts, were much in advance of a ferocious age, engaged a company of the Lorraine straw plaiters to return with her to her own country, in order to instruct her country-women in their simple art; and thus was the first straw hat manufactory established in Scotland, under the kind auspices of a female Sovereign of eighteen, whose name, however clouded by calumny, is traditionally dear to the industrial classes, whose ancestors she strove to benefit. The calamities in which Mary Stuart was involved, deprived her little colony and pupils of the encouragement they would otherwise have received from her royal patronage. Still they struggled on through much adversity, and continued to exist, till her son James, who took kindly interest in his unfortunate mothers' straw plaiters, transplanted them and their useful craft to Luton, in Bedfordshire, after his accession to the English throne. Several generations, however, passed away before Mary's enlightened project for the employment of women and children in this department were fully realized by the general popularity of British straw bonnets, both at home and abroad. Those produced by Mary Stuart's Lorraine protégés were probably of the picturesque form which has been immortalized by Reuben's pencil, in his portrait of his second wife, Helena Ferman, known by the familiar name of *La Paissaise*.

Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge is thy distinction,—proclaims the voice of my inmost soul. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of piety,—no, for action was existence given thee; thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth.

Fichte.

God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened,—then we behold them,—and the time when we saw them not is like a dream

Emerson.

Those signs of evil which are commonly most manifest on the human features, are roughly divisible into these four kinds, the signs of pride, of sensuality, of fear and cruelty. Any one of which will destroy the ideal characters of the countenance and body.

Ruskin.

Modern Poets put a great deal of water in their ink.

Goethe.

From the Liverpool Times.

SHADY SOUNDS.

BY JOHN STEBBING, D.D.

I HEARD sweet whispers, such as were to sound,
What shadows are to form—melodious, deep,
They crept into my heart, and there they found
The chord they sought, and which they seem'd to
sweep,
Wooing it into harmony with those
Whose music wakes when weary hearts repose.

I know not whether of the past they spoke,
Those soft, low whispers, or of future things.
Perchance they were a little streamlet brook
From the eternal hills whence glory springs,
And all that to our human hearts is dear
Lives in the love that is unmixed'd with fear.

Long time may pass before again I hear
In my lone heart those shadowy sounds again:
They were enough to tell me there is near
This earth of ours, and weariness and pain,
A sphere involving spheres of fond delight,
Where life shall be all life, and day unmixed
with night.

FEMALE DOMINION.

Amidoro.—I think, Eulalia you have taken great pains in your writing, to defend your sex from the reproach of love of power.

Eulalia.—In so far as that is a reproach, I had rather that my sex would answer it by their conduct; but, in so far as we have a right to power, I would not willingly renounce it. We desire power only inasmuch as we are human beings; for what is power in the sense in which it is so often applied to woman, but the liberty to employ one's faculties in one's own way unobstructed,—the liberty of making the best of one's existence. Of this power every uncivilized man demands the arbitrary, every civilized, the regulated exercise; and perhaps the struggle for it in woman appears the more vehement, because nature, law and custom seem to oppress us as much as they favor men. What they possess, we must acquire; and one contends more strenuously for what one has labored for, than for what one has inherited.

Seyton.—And yet women now-a-days cannot complain, for they inherit as much or more than men; and I maintain that it is far more difficult to become an accomplished man than an accomplished woman. The expression, "he shall be thy master" is the formula of a barbarous age, which is long past. Men could not make any great advance in civilization without conceding the same rights to women; from the time women were educated, the balance stood even; and since they are more susceptible of education than men, the balance has, as experience shows, inclined in their favor.

Armidoro.—There is no question that in all civilized nations the woman must upon the whole gain the ascendancy; for the effect of the mutual influence of the sexes is to render the man more effeminate, and then he loses,—since his pre-eminence contends not in diminished, but in compressed force; on the contrary, if the woman borrows something from the man, she gains; for when her other gifts and graces are exalted by energy, a being is formed than which it is impossible to conceive one more perfect.

Seyton.—I have not gone into such profound speculations; it is, however, I think, well known that women rule and must rule; when, therefore, I make the acquaintance of one, I only observe where she rules—somewhere I assume beforehand.

Amelia.—And do you find what you seek?

Seyton.—Why not? Experiments in physical science are not much more easy to make. I find, universally, that the active woman, formed to acquire and to uphold, is master in the house; the beauty with her light and superficial graces and talents, master in large circles; the more profoundly instructed, in smaller ones.

Amelia.—So we are divided into three classes.

Sinclair.—Which are all, I think honorable enough; but they do not exhaust the subject. There is a fourth, of which we had better not speak, that you may not reproach us with ending our praise with blame.

Henrietta.—Our first three classes contain influence in the house, in large, and in small circles. What room remains for the exercise of our activity?

Sinclair.—Abundance. But I have the contrary in my head.

Henrietta.—Inactivity? And how? An inactive woman rule?

Sinclair.—Why not?

Henrietta.—But how?

Sinclair.—By passive resistance. Any one who, either from temper or from system, stubbornly maintains an attitude of negation, has a greater power than people think.

Amelia.—I am afraid we are falling into the usual tone in which men speak of women.

Henrietta.—Let him alone, Amelia, nothing is more innocuous than such opinions, and one always gains by hearing what others think of one. Well then—the negationers—what of them?

Sinclair.—I may speak here without reserve; in our dear fatherland there are few; in France, none, and precisely because both with us and our gallant neighbors, women enjoy national freedom; but in countries where they are greatly constrained, where external properties are anxiously and timorously observed, and public recreations rare, they are more common.

The sort of woman I mean, is mistress of the art of completely embittering the life of the person on whom she depends, by mere indifference, coldness and reserve, which are often clothed with an air of languor and illness.

Goethe.

THACKERAY.—Women are cruel critics, in cases such as that in which poor Fanny was implicated; and we like them to be so; for, besides the guard which a man places round his own harem, and the defences which a woman has in her heart, her faith, and honor, hasn't she all her own friends of her own sex to keep watch that she does not go astray, and to tear her to pieces if she is found erring! When our Mahmouds or Selims of Baker street, or Belgrave Square visit their Fatimas with condign punishment, their mothers sew up Fatima's sack for her, and her sisters-in-law see her well under water. And the present writer does not say nay. He protests most solemnly he is a Turk too. He wears a turban and a beard like another, and is all for the sack practice, Bismillah! But, oh you spotless, who have the right of capital punishment vested in you, at least be very cautious that you make away with the proper (if so she may be called) person. Be very sure of the fact before you order the barge out: and don't pop your subject into the Bosphorus until you are quite certain that she deserves it. This is all I would urge in poor Fatima's behalf, absolutely all—not a word more, by the beard of the Prophet. If she is guilty, down with her! heave over the sack, away with it into the Golden Horn, bubble and squeak, and justice being done, give away, men, and let us pull back to supper.

Pendennis.

“Our happiness depends, like that of animals, in satisfying all the passions that God has given us. No animal appears to feel tedium in its state of freedom; it is content and sleeps in perfect peace when it has eaten enough. This calm springs from the animals having such passions only as they can satisfy in their state of freedom. This rule ought to be the same for all beings. God must have proportioned the passions to the means of enjoyment.”

Fourier.

What are the aims which are at the same time duties? They are, the perfecting of ourselves; the happiness of others.

Kant.

“People are alarmed at the immensity of good things that harmony promises them.”

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, FEBRUARY 1, 1853.

WOMAN AS PHYSICALLY CONSIDERED.

THERE is a principle in human nature that wars against sudden and violent changes. They are painful; the sundering of old ties, the turning away from dear familiar haunts, where we have met sympathy and kindness; the uncertainty, the doubt, the shadowy darkness resting upon the fairest ideal life, makes us tremble in view of attacking those customs, habits of thought, institutions, or even forms of speech, which our reason objects to as without foundation in the highest right. Our feelings, which are at best but poor philosophers, cling to the past. The whole being rises in rebellion against having opinions, which are new and strange, thrust upon us.

"Let all things remain as they were in the days of our fathers," is the compromise which timidity makes with its most earnest solicitude. This love of the old, this clinging to things as they are, enters more or less largely into every nature. It is the conservative element, and essentially requisite to steady and harmonize the progressive with the past. The radical reformer of to-day may remember and smile at his own suffering in contemplation of the changes he saw necessary. It seemed like doing a violence to his own nature to commence a warfare on all that his fathers had loved; he would fain have worshipped as they did and have sat as they sat in their seat; but the live man rejected the theory that stagnation was the design of the divine economy. "First purity, then peace," is a law of conscience. Abuses and oppressions must be removed, and the earnest heart must work out its faith in despite of its fears. The ideal of a harmonious life presents itself vividly to the awakened heart. It is not a mere abstract question, an illusion, vague and distant and doubtful, but a present reality; and he bates not one jot of earnest effort, though long delayed.

What wonder then that with this love of things as they are, we find such a clinging to the old opinion of the weakness and inferiority of woman.

The prejudice is deeper seated and wider spread than perhaps any other feeling that has entered into the heart of man; and it remains for the last half of the nineteenth century to be shaken from centre to circumference by the discussion of this opinion, as well as by the claim of woman to a full and free investigation of all the rights and immunities that man enjoys, which he has won for himself or with her aid.

We propose then to inquire, was woman created physically inferior to man? And afterwards, whether she is mentally or morally his inferior?

If not, has she not the same right to self gov-

ernment that man has? Is there either justice or benevolence in keeping her under authority from the cradle to the grave?

Has the Christianity embodied in our civilization relieved her from the bondage which barbarism imposes in the belief of her inferiority and incapacities? Are philanthropy and inspiration satisfied in her present condition even in the most advanced civil and ecclesiastical institutions?

Humanity was the crowning work of creation. The great artist moulded from the virgin soil the faultless physical man, a model, doubtless, of divine perfection. Thus fashioned, he remained cold, pale and motionless as marble, though capable of earth and heaven. Every muscle fully developed, every organ designed to work in perfect harmony. But there was no vitality till the breath of the great Artificer was breathed upon him, and gave life; the air moved his quiescent lungs, the lungs aroused the heart, and the heart poured its purple life current upon the sensitive brain. The eyes opened upon the intrusive light that paints the outer world upon the inner mind, and through the unfolding ear the airy wavelets poured their tidings upon the ripe-born faculties.

But glorious as was this last, best work of the Infinite, the image of the maker was not yet complete. The reflection of the divine in humanity was not yet perfect. The largest life of the isolated creature, lay dormant, waiting for companionship and completion. The sleep of the soul deepened into the sleep of the senses, and wakened not until from the vitalized flesh another self, in form of perfect womanhood, arose, to reciprocate the life he gave her and confer upon his own all its noblest activities, uses, and significance.

When man awoke to consciousness, woman stood before him complete in all her divine accomplishments. He recognized her as his co-equal, and to them jointly was given dominion over all the earth. But even from him at that moment, we infer that the fulness of her human nature was veiled, and when he fell into sin, the veil was deepened and is still unremoved except to those who read Moses, through Christ, in whom there is neither bond or free, neither male nor female. It was not until after the fall that there was the least indication that woman could be under any other dominion than that of the divine law.

We have no purpose of entering upon a theological discussion as to which party was most in fault in the fall. We do not aver, as does Mrs. Hale, that woman sinned from a love of knowledge, and man from a mere sensual appetite.

Woman was the instrument, doubtless, of the fall, but are not her fortunes linked to the resurrection and the life as well as the suffering and death? Was not the promise to HER of a seed that should bruise the serpent's head?—

Our aim in these remarks, is to come to the physical organization of the sexes, and to prove that woman is not man's inferior.

We do not deny that man is endowed with larger bones and muscles, for we perceive a design in this, consistent with our own doctrine.—The material universe must first be subdued for human use before the beautiful could be developed. For this hard conflict the athletic form, and coarser muscles and stronger sinews are especially adapted, and to this superior fitness for an inferior service we ascribe the prevailing doctrine that might makes right. It obtains in the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom.—The tall tree with its wide-spreading branches prevents the growth of smaller trees and shrubs. The rank weed overshadows the modest flower and prevents its natural development. This right of the strongest, this tyranny of force, among the creatures whose life is without responsibility, and whose uses are wholly beyond and above themselves, is perfectly compatible with the system of creation, and violates none of its equities; but no such law rightfully obtains in the sphere of spirit life. The economy of rational and moral life is grounded upon the intrinsic equality of souls, and determines rank and office according to reason and justice, among its subjects. That which can die, may be devoted to that which must live, but the immortal is free. It owes duty to the Highest and benevolence to the lowest, but its life and destiny is its own. The dominion of muscles over mind is a monstrous usurpation—it is but a successful rebellion of brute force against the proper majesty of manhood.

It is one thing to know in what real strength consists, and another to exercise it wisely.

"It is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." If strength is physical power merely, then the horse is man's superior, or the race of giants that Frederick the Great selected as his body guard were the superiors of those men who ruled nations and changed their policy by the agency of thought, and not by force of arms and deeds of blood. No one will admit this; and therefore we are not concerned to show that woman is equal in the physical organization which gives dynamic force to man. We are not without examples indeed of even such equality as this, and this may serve to hint the probability of such undesirable equality under an adapted system of conditions; but nature clearly indicates a different intention. Woman is not and should not be a match for man in sheer muscular achievements; she may well spare this boast, for she is able to balance it bravely with her still greater capacity of endurance. In the sufferings of her hitherto sacrificial life, she has shown the constitutional as well as the moral strength of a higher heroism than, at his best, man can pretend to. The apostle to the Hebrews credits the "weaker vessel," not only with the

power of faith that raised the dead, but also with all the stern endurance which under torture refused to accept deliverance at the cost of apostacy. She also endured the trial of scourging, bonds, imprisonment and death, in the earliest age of Christian martyrdom. Whatever the body lacked the spirit well supplied, and she stands even in honors with her brother hero upon the dreadful record of physical trial and triumph.

Nevertheless, it is true that in the osseous system of the two there is a marked difference even in the substance of the bone, though chemically considered, of precisely the same elements; the texture is finer, the protuberances to which the muscles are attached, and which anatomists have taken so much pains to individualize and name, are smaller; while the breadth of the shoulders and the narrowness of the pelvis gives to man a motive power which the female can never attain, except in rare instances, even though she may pass through the same system of training. The slave women, the field hands, by their quickness and ingenuity, often accomplish as much work as the men, and endure far more, though they have not the motive power which would enable them to strike as heavy a blow as the man trained with them. It is worth remarking that we never think of making a durable cord of coarse packing cotton; if we would have one made which will combine the greatest strength with durability in the smallest possible space, we compose it of that thread or silk which will afford the greatest number of fibres; so those muscles which have the finest fibre and are most compact have the greatest power in their volume. The practiced eye of an anatomist would decide as readily to which sex a bundle of muscular fibres belonged as would the phrenologist with regard to the brain of Franklin and a born idiot.

The circulating and nervous systems are equally strongly marked, by this exquisite perfection, indicating the subtle spiritual-pervading of sex. Man exhibits the bolder outline; woman the more exquisite texture; each style of structure has its special excellency. It is to this higher organization of woman that she owes that greater tenacity of life which she possesses, for it is conceded by all medical writers that the average longevity of woman is greatly superior to man. In 1830 it was found that out of 8009 persons in the city of New York upwards of 70 years of age, 4103 were women, leaving 3824 men. The inference in favor of the sex in this respect is secured against the something greater exposure of men to disease and death by vice and accidents, by the fact that the proportion of births is at least as 13 to 12 against her.

This difference is a very large one in the total of so vast a population, and it ought even to enhance the superiority of woman's endurance, and increase the value of the fact of her great-

er aggregate longevity, when we reflect upon the murderous conditions under which she everywhere holds her life in modern societies. Reasoning from analogy, we rightly conclude that that mechanism is most perfect, though it be most complex and apparently most delicate, which sustains the greatest amount of pressure and endures the wear and tear of work the longest. To such excellence of organization, we are obliged to credit the capability of woman to endure the tax of maternity, while she is compelled to severe labor, as among savage nations, and among the working classes even in the highest states of civilization, or when not forced to labor, of doing a greater violence to the laws of her being, by living in that unquiet indolence which nurses sickly fancies and all the numerous ills which such a life is heir to. The physical weaknesses and slaveries of woman have nothing whatever to do with her original constitution; they form no part of her nature; they have been fixed upon her by the faults and follies of society in which she bears a part. Woman in a state of nature or in savage life bears all the burdens, performs all the hard domestic toil, carries the pack and hunting implements of her husband, together with her child, while he rides on horseback or follows the chase on foot, with no burden but his weapons. We hear nothing of the delicacy of such women.

Identity in organization would have destroyed the order and harmony of creation; but there can no more be superiority, growing out of mere power of endurance, than out of physical strength, or than there can be in relation to the different organs of the body, where each is equally necessary to form a whole:—[First Corinthians, XIIth chap. 14-25 verses.] We neither contend for or desire superiority; we claim simply equality of rights, on the broad ground of our humanity; and we think we can substantiate our claim to that, for we understand it to rest in the possession of that peculiar organization, and those grand endowments, which distinguish the higher intelligences from the lower orders of existence. In common with these inferior creatures, men have capabilities of suffering, enjoyment and action; but to these is superadded higher qualities that mark the distinction and prove his relationship to superior beings.

Beneath us, all the way up, there are no wide breaks, no sharply marked differences in the ascending scales; and from this we may infer that there is no great gulf of distance between us and those higher orders of beings which we are in the habit of speaking of, as the spiritual and angelic. From the very climax of sentient creation there must be an outstretching toward that which is above. Humanity is that order of being, or class, which have reason, conscience, benevolence, faith and reverence, superadded to all its other faculties, and as none will attempt to disprove that woman has all these gifts in largest measure, they cannot in justice deprive her of

what belongs to her in right of her humanity. In a few years we doubt not it will sound absurd to speak of woman's rights, or equal rights, for the plain reason that her equality of rights will come to be a postulate of social philosophy and the rank we claim for her will be no longer in debate, because it will be understood, settled and conceded. The ultimate aim and object of our common human nature will then be the the only problem to be solved.—Then this chasm of social and civil slavery will be bridged over, and the beautiful, varied natures of the two sexes will move forward in the harmony of adjusted relations toward the destiny of the race.

This reform has taken its position, and now ranks among the foremost in importance; and it is with the discussion of its topics that we are to be concerned. We are solicitous that it should stand rightly adjusted to the world and suffer no injury from the unsound theoretical principles and injudicious procedure of its friends, or from the spirit in which the discussion is maintained. We hold such natural relations each, to each, that neither the defiance, rebellion, revolution, assault, or defence incident to party antagonism are admissible, denunciation of the oppressors forms no part of our theory or mission. In this movement we must come at truth through calm, clear reason. Our work is to harmonize the contending elements by teaching truth; if others war against this truth, the responsibility is not ours. We have also to disclaim all sympathy with that sickly sentiment of some men and women, which would make of our lovers, husbands, brothers, and fathers, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, to minister to our pleasure. We love our human nature, weak and sinful as it is, and we desire not to be lifted out of it, by being called angels, and the mediators of man. If angels, then are we fallen angels, and more hopeless by far in our condition than the human sinner. We always grow suspicious when the term is applied, and shrink from the user of it, for we have little faith in its honesty, and much fear of its design and influence.

If we have been successful in showing that woman is not man's inferior in physical energy, properly estimated in that average or adjustment of endurance and action, which physical agency demands; or, if we are only allowed to have proved her organization relatively equal to her destined share of material toil and sufferings; if she is found capable of those functions in the world's hard work, which requires what man cannot perform and sustain, she is greatly relieved even on this narrow ground from all degradation of rank, all inferiority of position, all subordination of rights, which are our matters of complaint. And if we have shown that her excellencies, in this sphere are in reserve for higher conditions than society has yet reached, the misjudgments of a blind and partial ex-

perience will be corrected and removed from the pathway of that progress which is now fairly opening upon the world. The question of her alleged mental inferiority may yield a similar issue upon the investigation we intend to give it, and her moral and religious qualities will add their weight to balance the disturbed scale of prevalent opinion.

Our faith is clear that the difference will neither be against her, nor so great or fatal as the false hypothesis has hitherto been to her rights, liberties, and usefulness, in the world.

REASONS WHY WOMAN SHOULD DEFINE HER OWN SPHERE.

Dear Mrs. Davis:—I am full of joy in the thought that there is a truth, and a vitality in our cause that *must* triumph. In spite of tradition, and prejudice, and the misrepresentation of its professed friends, there is a principle involved that will be acknowledged to be truth, just in proportion as thought is awakened to its consideration.

This is not whether man or woman shall *rule*; whether woman shall take this or that position; but it is the principle of human accountability, *that male and female are accountable alike to God*.

My attention has been called to this particular point by recent conversations with a friend from Connecticut, who placing himself upon the plenary inspiration of the Bible, quoted St. Paul as a sufficient obstacle to all thought or inquiry in relation to woman's destiny.

"Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands in all things as unto the Lord," was frequently repeated with solemn gravity. The authority of Paul, seemed to him sufficient to induce and justify women in looking to man as her head and law giver. The "higher law" must come to her, through the crucible of his reason, and she must accept the version reverently, and submissively, as "your humble servant, my Lord!"

The idea that man must assume the responsibility of her conduct if he claim her obedience is not thought of. So the poor slave is expected to serve two masters.

If woman is accountable to God alone, for the improvement and use she makes of her various capabilities, she must have entire freedom of action in all directions, or the responsibility is assumed by the party who restricts her.

Therefore, unless man is to be the Judge of woman, and feels himself prepared to answer for the improvement of talents committed to her trust, he must in no wise interfere with her liberty to act entirely in accordance with her own sense of *right*.

If happiness is rightfully the chief end of man and woman, then there must also be liberty of choice in *its* pursuit. Admit this and the principle is conceded that we ask. Admit the inalienable right of every human being to fol-

low the dictate of his or her own conscience in life's varied aspects, and it is all we ask. Aye, this simple, self-evident truth is the great bugbear deemed by the unenlightened so subversive of all true order and harmony.

Yet, I feel that the present aspect of our cause is encouraging, notwithstanding the prejudices that exist in regard to it: for whenever the first principles are presented intelligently and kindly, they meet with a ready response from all free and generous hearts.

The ravings of dissatisfied, restless, turbulent, spirits, irreverent alike to God and man—who have no idea of the theory or philosophy of reform—but who denounce the present order, because they hate everything—and not because they *love* the truth—are not to be taken as representatives of the woman's rights movement.

We do not ask that woman shall be less submissive—less reverent, less gentle in her character, but that these should be all towards God, not towards man. We would have women better wives, better mothers; loving better their homes, their domestic duties; and better prepared to train up children for usefulness and virtue. We would have woman more truly feminine, for unless she is the *true* woman in all that is excellent and loving, she will only be a monster—a failure as splendid as that of many of our males, whose one-sided development has stifled all true manliness, and they appear but

"As some large form, monstrous, and full of venom."

If the true woman is incapable of sustaining any other relation to good purpose than that of wife and mother, she will soon feel her incapacity, and woman will be no more ready to neglect these in consequence of a larger liberty, than man is now.

The relation of husband and father is important and sacred; why not as well prohibit the man who sustains them from acting in any other, as the woman? Why not compel man, as we do woman, to assume these positions for the sake of something serious and important to do? Is not that a partial public sentiment that restricts one and not the other?

I admit that the duties of maternity, in the present arrangement of society rest *heavily* upon woman, and also that she has *peculiar* responsibilities to be met by herself alone.

To bear these nobly—honorably as she should, she needs "change—and change is rest." She needs to have her whole nature developed and strengthened by exercise; her attention directed to a larger circle of wants than those of her own household. She needs fully to apprehend the condition of the world; in fact, to realize the actual of the life she wishes her children to fill. This she cannot do, without some experience in its struggles and its triumphs.

The mother more than others, needs to feel the joy that is born of labor for the good of others. A joy allied to the angel's, and that will

make strong and heavenly her internal life. She needs expansion—stimuli—object. She needs disinterested purpose.

Doom the wife and mother to the cares of home life, sacred and beautiful as it is, and her nature is never satisfied, because it is never fully aroused and employed. The more time she spends, and the truer her devotion—the farther she comes short of her ideal perfection. Her nice arrangements and good order, all necessary to a perfect character, are when trusted in, but fig-leaf refuges for the arrested woman. She cowers and shrinks before the march of progress and great achievements that come without her aid. As she hears the voice of the Lord, she tumbles and hides herself in the garden. She withers, weakens, and dies, under premature old age.

Hold up before that pining mother, some lofty ideal, without and away from herself. Say to her "when your sweet home duties are well done—there is for you the crown of a larger work. Noble hearts with sympathy, and hope, mingle with yours, are waiting your co-operation in endeavor for the general good." Philanthropy points her to the still, but living streams that gleam among her quiet meadows. Science entices her by the brilliance of her gems! Fame waves her laurel garlands, and ambition holds up her golden crown, as the reward for all great and virtuous achievements. Then the inspired mother treads lightly over the thorns and trials of domestic life, intent upon the substantial and enduring, only. She labors with a new zeal to prepare her children for the destiny that opens before her so many sources of living pleasure.

There comes to her a joy from the vision of the future, that makes her present calm and serene. What matters it now, to her, whether she treads a listing or a Brussels carpet? A nobler destiny is hers, than to be the doll of a parlor. What matters it now, whether her children are dressed in silk or calico? She sees in them capabilities that are to expand into a glorious companionship with herself, in all that is valuable and of great account.

Happiness is the secret of health, and the pale woman freshens in a new youth. She wonders that life has seemed a burden when it has such vast, and varied, and glorious aspects.

But there are women who have passed honorably through the duties attendant upon maternity and are now free from these responsibilities. Such, with genial and loving souls, are often august in wisdom, and prudence. Again, there are others who have never had these duties to do, and whose restless, active souls are sighing for nobler objects than are found in the paths that are set apart for woman.

If then the domestic duties are so important, to be attended to with the undivided thought that is claimed of woman, why should not the man, who has them resting upon him equa-

with his wife, be relieved from public affairs by those well qualified—mature and unengaged women; and so the young father have leisure to train his family, whose sons, learning soon of society contempt for the opinions of disfranchised woman, need other authority than that considered by society on a par with the idiot, the insane and the criminal.

It may be urged that as the father is expected to provide for the family, therefore he needs the pay so liberally awarded the office-holder, as means for the support of those dependent on him.

Are there not women who need these lucrative offices, and this better pay, to sustain families deserted by husbands and fathers? We have seen to a deplorable extent the sad effects of this false public sentiment, that imposes upon woman alone, the duty of confinement to the children, in the California gold mania, that has broken up and wasted so many homes—the crowded steamers that leave our ports, weekly, tell how lightly the obligations of husband and father rests upon man! Believing that home duties are all for which woman is made, and fitted, he sees well to it that her arms are over full, and her shoulders burdened, while he feels at liberty even, to risk life, and health, and their joint earnings, in any wild adventure that promises gold or office, or favor, or honor.

Have we not known many a poor wife crushed into an early grave, by the cares of too numerous a family; the burden of which, she herself, was compelled to bear alone; while the man-parent was ever engaged in politics, or the pursuit of wealth, to bequeath to his proud sons; while the daughters who struggle with her, are doomed, because of the unfortunate caste that dishonors "females to the same iron hand that rested with terrible power upon their injured mother? Alas, for woman! The flattered—the deceived—the pet—the victim! We ask for her *freedom* to work out for herself another destiny. We ask for her inherent rights—the right of franchise—the rights of conscience—and the liberty to pursue happiness in her own way—defining for herself her sphere.

A. H. PRICE.

"WOMAN'S RECORD,"—by MRS. SARAH J. HALE.
Harper & Brothers, New York, 1853.

When we heard some three years ago, that Mrs. Hale was engaged upon a work of this kind, we felt a sense of pleasant expectation, that did not fade until we took the volume, all sky-blue and gold between our hands, and sat down to read it. Pleasant expectation, for we had always found in her, the faithful, toiling mother, and reverent woman. We did not expect to find in it the result of wide scholarship, or profound research; but we looked for a truthful, simple record at the least, and had little thought, or fear, of an encyclopedia written to sustain a theory. Some objections, however, may be made to the book, upon its face. The author was right in thinking that the world

wanted such a book: needed it, rather, for every laborer in the field, knows the extreme difficulty of ascertaining with accuracy, those details of the world's history, which relate to woman. But the world does not want it written thus. Wherever this "Record" penetrates, will be found at the very least a copy of the word of God—so that the lengthy biographies of scriptural characters, such as Eve, Rachel, Rebecca and the Virgin, seem to us wholly unnecessary and out of place. Such names might have demanded a reference to chapter and verse, but little more. Again, if this book was wanted, it was wanted by the people, not by the few women who can afford to pay five dollars for the illustrations and gold leaf, with which the publisher has loaded it. And here let us momentarily protest against the clap-trap fashion of gilding one edge of a book. In the volume before us, it seems unfortunately symbolical, to say the very least. Again, if it were wanted, it was to give information with regard to those who lived in distant countries, or remote ages; to gather up the scraps of reference scattered through the world's literature, and not to advertise the modern verses, nor relate the private histories of Grace Greenwood, Alice Carey, or even Miss Hale herself. We ought to let the next century choose, whom of all the many candidates for its honors, it will remember. We have no right to presume that old times will keep as 'everlasting,' all the golden roses that have bloomed along the columns of our newspapers. Again, we protest against writing an encyclopedia, and attaching to each character in it, a criticism upon the theology, morals and inadvertent influence of its possessor. In true biography the facts are eloquent, and God's lesson is taught through the *lives* not the *writer*. The latter has no right to take away from us the privileges of our instinct, and our common sense, and decide cases like a judge without a jury. The men of this country, have found it quite sufficiently arrogant in the women, to claim an *equality of freedom* with themselves, not a *similarity of nature*, but what they will think of this woman, who claims for her sex, not equality of freedom, but *superiority of nature*, we do not know. What they will think of the Eve, who sinned from love of knowledge, while her husband yielded to a gross desire; of the Cleopatra, who was better than Mark Antony, because she loved her country at the very moment when she was corrupting it to the heart's core with her magnificent vices; of the Aspasia, who was better than Pericles, and proving it by creating a class of licentious women at the moment when he was sacrificing heart and soul, and strength in behalf of Athens—what they will think of these things, we have no means of judging. But if as Mrs. Hale claims the women of the world stand between men and Heaven, to cheer the toilsome way, if woman is not human, only a lower angel, better under all circumstances of degradation than man; then we think the dedication to this volume thrown away. We feel that the "honor of the daughters" will not depend upon the *approval of the sons of the republic*, but rather upon their own, sustained by the elevation of nature which their advocates so loudly claim. For be it known, women were not formed of unorganized dust, but of the living flesh of Adam.

A more ingenious, special plea, than is constituted by the various prefaces, remarks, &c., contained in these nearly nine hundred pages, we have never read; and we purpose continuing in future papers, our remarks upon it. Somewhere in her book Mrs. Hale says, "she has no sympathy with those who are struggling in behalf of what are called woman's rights," called so, alas! because we are too ignorant to feel that they are "human rights;" and she goes on to say: "that it is useless to educate woman to compete with men in the arts, and that none have done anything in the way of mechanical invention." At this moment, the beautiful handiwork of the Princess Marie, of France, and our young Watertown artist, might refute the latter charge; but as we mean to break a friendly lance or two with the authoress, in this cause, at some future time, we avoid the subject now. Far more difficult will it be to take up the tangled web of theology and philosophy which hangs over Mrs. Hale's book, like the morning veil of gossamer over the spires of the young grass.

It must exhale with the strengthening of the early sunbeams; meantime let us stud it, if we may, with diamond dew. Not in vain, will her words have been written, if they stir some of our weak hearts into an indignant protest against her assumptions for us; if they rouse our consciences instead of flattering us with the foolish thought that we are made of "porcelain clay."

Deeply do we desire to know God, and love the Savior; truly do we reverence God's word, whether written on the scripture, or in the hearts of His people; all the less, therefore, do we know what to do when a writer presents the story of the fall, as if she had seen our first mother pluck a golden russet from the bough,—who extenuates the sin of Rebekah when she deceives her husband, as if she believed that the deception had been pre-arranged in private council with the Deity; who tells the story of Delilah, as if she truly believed that the strength of Sampson lay in his long hair, and not in his chaste manhood—in the clear head—that had never bowed to a passionate woman's will. We question beside, the morality of stating that Delilah owed no faith nor obedience to the man who was not her husband. The loved owes faith to the loving, the trusted to the trusted, within or without the marriage pale. Witness our instinctive reverence for Hester, in the Scarlet Letter, and Delilah sinned alike against the God of hosts, and the God of the heathen, when she betrayed her lover. It is a frequent penalty of unsatisfied love, that faith and singleness forsake it, but when they do, they rob it of all claim to the mercy of man, to the tender mercies of God. But if on these kindred subjects, any disclaimer should be entered, Mrs. Hale's loving and religious spirit would be the last to say us nay; we feel sure that she would not willingly imperil the youth by her advocacy of it, and that thought shall strengthen us to the task

IRON.

It is rumored that the new Emperor has directed a change in court costume, and that the ladies are to wear short skirts, coats and vests, but no pantaloons.

Of all the thieves fools are the worst—they rob you of time and temper.

Goethe.

LETTERS.

WE have a number of letters, some of them received before the convention, and some not until afterwards, which from time to time we shall present to our readers. We wish to assure our friends that it was not a fault, or intententional neglect that their valuable thoughts were not presented. We sought in vain for a fitting time to offer those which came to us, so rich in generous sympathy. We would have every human soul find its utterance, if it have ONE thought to present, but there was indeed no time to bring them forward. Every moment was occupied, and many went away whose hearts were full of a deep and earnest interest in the work, and who longed to express it, that they might be identified with the laborers. Diffidence, the embarrassment of making an effort to get the floor, or the fear that their untrained voices could not be heard, held them in silence.

We have heard from several such and rejoice to recognize them as faithful friends, achieving in a quiet way, place and position, which is the great work that woman is to do for herself.

Women may talk, and resolve, but this does not prove that they are competent to conduct a large mercantile business; to become physicians, professors, farmers, artists, &c. Mrs. Hale tells us "that the wife cannot work with the materials of earth, build cities, mould marble forms, &c." We could almost fancy, after that statement, that she had been passing the last twenty years with Rip Van Winkle, if her ponderous records of woman did not lie before us. As it is, we think she has shut herself into the enchanted castle, and knows not how women of the nineteenth century have meddled with things of earth.

We have visited the studio of a wife and seen her chiselling the bust of her husband, and we have seen the look of triumph with which the husband gazed on the work of her hands, when completed, and it was a work of which he might be proud, for it bore comparison, not ill, with some whose names have become far-famed, though she was all untutored in the art. We have heard of women who have invented useful machinery, but we believe that it is to man that we are indebted for the spinning, weaving, and sewing machines, which have so relieved women of certain kinds of toil, and also of avocations which gave them support, that now other fields of industry must open to them, or they be left in that idleness which ill befits a being created in God's own image.

We give below a letter from Mrs. Tyndale, whose life, is a refutation of the doctrine that woman can act only in the capacity of wife and mother.

N. A. P. 9 MO. 4TH, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—For a long time I have with others been antagonizing the manifestations of wrong, like an unskilful physician who directs his force to the removal of a hideous ulcer, but neg-

lects the source whence that ulcer springs, but now despair of accomplishing anything worthy of the effort that is made to remove evils, which must exist so long as society remains under its present organizations; whilst the system is impure how can we expect healthy secretions? is it not better rather that these inherent evils should appear on the surface, and expose the unsound condition of the social, political, and religious organizations of the day, and their inadequacy to the wants of man? The remedy is in man himself, and the evil requires to be seen and felt before it will be owned, and an effort made to change the poisoned avenues of life.

Whilst many of the most pure and just spirits of the age are devoting their whole energies to the correction of special evils, particularly those arising from the false position in which woman is placed. There are others, who do not feel content with anything short of a radical change in the organization of society, believing that harmony in life is what we ought to aim at. How this shall be accomplished ought to be the great question of the world, and demands the legislation of the most perfectly developed human beings.

There is a great amount of intellect at work, a great display of benevolence, and man begins to manifest his love to his fellow man, but how shall we have the benefit of the whole with our present partial and fragmentary cultivation.

We constantly see the weakness of those that are called strong, and the strength of those that are called weak. Let us make an effort at least to harmonize each other and build up some form of life that shall require the intellect of each for the benefit of the whole, and in that way realize the perfect man, each being as essential in the place he fills as is the head, hand, or foot, in the physical frame. This beautiful idea of St. Paul has been overlooked by Christians, and a false system of individual interests adopted in its stead.

Will the greatest advocate for the present organization of society, show us one department in the whole structure that works harmoniously. To particularize is but to give pain.

Let thought be awakened on the subject and the natural aspirations of the soul will direct us to its needs. We shall feel the necessity of fraternity that each may build the other up in harmonious association, where labor feels no degradation, but claims its heavenly origin. Well indeed was it to begin the world's history with an account of the labor and the laborer. In this beautiful human temple all will have their rights without contention, for each depends upon all, and all upon each other. In association only can the laws of attraction be realized, and human sympathy, that most needed and most neglected attribute of our nature, can there develop the rich treasures of the human heart.

I am aware that what I have written is not in accordance with the views of most of the ardent spirits engaged in the cause of woman. They have my heartfelt prayers for success; we are all working for the one end, but have different missions.

Affectionately your friend,
SARAH TYNDALE.

BROOKLINE, SEPT. 7TH, 1852.

Dear Mrs. Davis:—My heart is with you in the Convention, and if any way had opened for me I should have been there in person, for my mind was burdened with many things I wished to say there, and fearing I might not come I wrote some of these down and sent my letter to the Convention, to Samuel J. May, thinking it safest as he was on the spot to enclose it to him, for I was not *certain* you were going, I only surmised it.

There is one subject which it seemed to me ought to come up for discussion among the women of America, which has not yet been noted at the Conventions—i. e. the heavy burden man has had to bear in the support of wives and daughters; whilst they have been like pet-children at home, dandled on the knee of luxury, treading softly on Turkey carpets and surrounded with splendid furniture in elegant mansions, he has been *THEIR* drudge in

the counting-room, at the counter, in the manufactory or the printing-office, and in scores of other occupations, not to speak of the medical profession, the bar, and even the pulpit, where the *support* of a man's family is too often the *strongest* motive by which he is actuated in the pursuit of his calling. In all offices of Church and State, his ambition is appealed to and gratified to a certain extent, but even in these, he often finds the necessity of supporting a *handsome* family the most overwhelming temptation to surrender his manhood, in order, through the acquisition of office, to obtain means sufficient to meet the demands of artificial life. Many is the man whose grey hairs are brought down with sorrow to the grave from the heavy pecuniary responsibilities he has been constantly compelled to bear. Many is the man in nature's prime, who has been harrassed to death by the hazardous relations he has been forced to sustain in the mercantile world to gratify the desire of his wife and daughters to make a show in the world. These things are notoriously and lamentably true, and must continue to be so until woman is so educated and trained as to bear *her* part in the responsibilities of supporting a family. Until she *feels* experimentally this, it cannot be expected that she will learn those lessons of economy and moderation which will restrain her in the expenditure of funds, which *now* she knows not the burden of providing.

Another thought has struck me. To the fact of women in high life knowing nothing personally of the responsibility of laboring in any department of life for a support, must be attributed the very low wages which poor women receive. How can they truly sympathize with those in whose soul's stead they have never been. Charity they are willing to give to the poor, but competent wages they are not—a woman is expected to work for little or nothing. But when as a body, we feel the *burden* of making a support for *our* families, then will we open widely the hand of justice to laboring woman instead of the hand of charity. The latter has debased and enfeebled woman, the former will elevate, strengthen and bless her.

I have longed exceedingly to bring these things before you, and had I not expected to be present, should have done so more at length. It is too late now for me to do anything but merely suggest them.

My prayers and highest aspirations are with you. You have a great work to do—God grant you may do it with womanly wisdom, power and love.

Truly yours, ANGELINA G. WELD.

NORTH CONWAY, SEPT. 5TH, 1852.

To the Women assembled in Convention at Syracuse:

As I shall not have the privilege of meeting you this year at Syracuse, permit me to offer you a few thoughts on one of the subjects open for discussion.

Organization is a law of nature. True organization gives freedom and fullest efficiency to all the parts, whilst false organization hinders, cramps, and finally destroys. *Untimely* or *forced* organization is always fatal. Organization must spring from the very inner life and needs of its elements, and shape itself according to the ends for which it aggregates. In bringing into *one* these new elements, or rather old elements in new relations, we must beware of effete forms, adapted to the occasions of the past, and trust to the *inspired instincts* of the highest for an original form, which shall be large, fluent, free enough for the influx of new life with which it shall be filled.

Nature always progresses slowly—her richest products are ever the gradual unfoldings of tiny germs. She draws together by attraction, particles that can assimilate, which are thus prepared to enter into other and wider relations. Let us too, be true to the sacred law of affinity. It is a fact of every one's experience, that redoubled power comes ever to us from action with those who are one with us, to whom we belong; and that thus united, the sphere of one's sympathy and capacity for co-opera-

tion is enlarged; and always in a ratio, increasing—first in proportion to unity, and then to the numbers at one. Does this not seem the true law on which to base our organization? Shall we not seek to recognize and cultivate our affinities by some mutual work, it may be—with those who from intuitions, tendencies, and circumstances, are striving towards the ends held as most important by us; thus naturally aggregating, and deferring, unconsciously, perhaps, by another inevitable law, to the one most richly gifted in each respect; ripening gradually these little circles, these separate individuals which in due season, by the interlocking ties of sympathy and friendship, shall blend into an orderly whole. Let us at least be true to nature in this one regard, *let us not hasten*.

It is well to look bravely and fairly at the work we have in hand. What do we seek? Is it any thing less than the substitution of an entirely different order of society, based on love to God and man, with perfect justice to every individual; securing to each free scope for the fullest development of every talent entrusted by God.

Oh, had I but the eloquence, the power this inspiring thought should give to all, I would beseech you to ask an organization not for a special end but the *whole life*. As it is, let me beg you, one and all, who have devoted yourselves to this universal movement for humanity, to study with open and respectful minds, the aims and methods of those who seek to realize the *divine order of society on earth*. What is the aim of this earnest band? Is it not to discover the idea of the heavenly law given in regard to man in all his human relations? Is it not to make that injunction, to which all hearts respond,—to give to all what we would receive from all,—a fact, a life? Is it not to make it possible “to love our neighbor as our self?” Is it not “the realization of Christianity in every relation and detail of life?” and this on the simple and Christian basis, on the spiritual side, of the brotherhood and the oneness of the race; and on the material side of attractive industry, by which every person is called to execute those various tasks, which he or she can most effectually perform for the good of the whole, and for his or her own joy, being the spontaneous and delightful activity of all those powers which define the limits of the individual.

Is not the aim of this body one with yours—although, by the popular name thrust upon your movement, but a half truth is expected, and it seems to be narrowed of its real grandeur? Woman has no war with man. His highest good is as truly sought as her own, for they are inseparable. These two progressive movements *must* mutually aid each other, and I cannot but believe if the larger aim were at once sought, the whole work would sooner be accomplished, and the time and strength now spent on destroying the old, could be given with ten-fold force to the more congenial and appropriate work of constructing the new, leaving the old to die a natural death—for woman is by nature a *constructive*, not a destructive being.

The combined order woman would at once take her place as co-sovereign with man. *Integral* education would be the right of all, the fullest unfolding of every power of body and spirit of the human being. Pecuniary independence, without which woman can never take her true stand in society, will be her's from her youth, for every form of labor as of culture, would be open to all who chose to engage in it, and remuneration would ever be in proportion to the skill and amount of the performance without reference to the sex of the operative. The civil and political rights of woman would never be denied or questioned. Mingling in all spheres of life, woman would have an equal voice in the management of all departments in which she was engaged, and the Divine Law of fitness would rule in appointing the chiefs to all situations of trust and responsibility.

But it is mostly to what the social position of woman would be in the combined order, that I would direct your attention. Indeed, I know not how to speak in a brief space of the miracles which

here would be wrought. Surrounded by the stimulus of congenial society, and ennobling influences, removed from the terrible fear of want, man would not be driven to Intemperance, that foe to domestic peace, to find a fleeting manhood in its excitements, or to drown the fearful present in its transient annihilation; for from the happy present he would only willingly escape to the happier home above, for which a heavenly life on earth had prepared him. With a recognition of justice to every child of God, slavery or serfdom in any of its hideous or less obvious forms could not exist. A life of united interests and daily love would prepare all hearts for the reign of Christian peace, and the mighty power of landed armies would be turned from devastation and death to ends of universal good. Licentiousness, that most terrible scourge of the present time must vanish, when woman, independent and recognized, gives the tone to social life. I appeal to you, one and all, do you not know that modesty, purity, dignity, truth, are the innate laws of woman's soul; surely it is from the living force of these that every woman is not made false, vain, a hypocrite, by the pressure of the present surroundings. It is the false estimate of the external, it is want, the dread of starvation for herself or those dearer than self, as careful statistics show, which drive most women to degradation, which they *loathe*—and when these fears are removed and from man is demanded that virginal purity which he honors and knows to be due to himself, he will cease to be brutal and become a human being. Man and woman meeting on equal grounds, the beautiful balance of their natures could resist only in harmony. From marriage, the most holy and central sacrament of life, would be removed the corrupting causes which at present often terminate so fatally, by the established position and pecuniary independence, the enriching culture and varied resources of woman. By judicious economy of means and division of labor in all domestic arrangements, she would no longer be a slave to household cares; and her maternal duties, so sacred ever to the true woman's heart, would be perfectly reconciled with her highest intellectual and artistic aspirations. The individual family, the beautiful type of the great family of man, could meet in true relations, each with a free field, not curtailing the liberty of others, undisturbed by the jars and frictions which the narrow scope of the isolated household, and present system, so often engenders. Noble ambitions could never clash, for in creation God never repeats himself, and every individual in seeking the fulfilment of God's thought in him, would seek a differing end. Friendships would then bless the race, which would make earth a heaven, by their fulness of affection, by their oneness of being and of aim in life. Then would come the true church, a daily-life, culminating in the fullest realization of Heaven in Earth—*collective worship*;—ministered unto by true priests, whose lips had been touched by holy fire—and here, as in the healing art, would woman by her quick insight, her ready sympathy, her nearness to the spiritual world be most at home.

It was not my purpose to speak of the principles or methods of that small body of earnest seekers, known as Associationists, Phalanxers or Harmonians—but simply to call your attention to a movement, unheeded perhaps by many of you, which holds out such hopes for humanity. It is not to be supposed that a full realization could be attained in the life-time of any one present; nor ever, but by faithful devotion and life-long sacrifice of those baptized into this blessed faith; but the approximations—far off to be sure—already made by that small band of devoted workers, at the North American Phalanx in New Jersey, without adequate numbers, means, or experience, against all contending circumstances, prove that their hopes are based in realities.

I have spoken from my deepest convictions; my profound sympathy with both movements, leads me to see that both, though unconsciously, are working to one universal end, and I should be false to this great hope and faith for Humanity, not to sug-

gest it for your future investigation. But, friends, I do not doubt that the infinite riches of the God Father works through divers instrumentalities to the accomplishment of His purposes. Some among you may prefer to stick at once to the root, and work slowly up to the realization of the grand idea, whilst to others it would be more congenial to work to some *one* definite point. Let each do that which can be done most effectually—assured that by so doing their individual work, they could best hasten the great fulfilment sought by all. But, my friends, above all, let us each recognize that this work is not our own—let us simply be the mediums through which the Divine Life may flow to bless our race.

May the blessing of God, the peace of Christ, be with you—may the Holy Ghost descend upon and guide you in word and work.

In faith and hope,

ANNA Q. T. PARSONS.

ROCK FERRY, Liverpool, Eng., Aug. 31, 1852.

My Dear Mrs. Davis.—I have read with much interest the report of your Convention held in Oct. 1851, and I congratulate you most heartily not only on the increased number of those advocating your cause; but in their greater intelligence, and more enlarged views.

The woman's movement independent of the justice of its claim, has done, and is still doing, incalculable good, as a system of education for woman.

By tracing out the evils in society, that arise from her ignorance, and dependence, and showing her how, that ignorance and dependence may be removed, it is giving her more correct ideas of her position, as *it is*, and, as *it should be*, and preparing her morally and intellectually, for a life of more extended usefulness.

I trust her physical strength will not be found wanting; intentions avail but little, however good, without the power to make them active.

Margaret Fuller truly says that “a moment of action in one's self, is worth an age of apprehension through others.” For this reason, I would have the *physical education* of girls most sedulously attended to.

I am sorry to say, that in your National Schools (in many respects so excellent) I observed no provision for this. That abortive attempt at Calisthenics, which I witnessed with you in Providence, was the nearest approach to physical exercise among girls, that I saw in the country, and they might as well have tried to run a race with their feet tied together, as to move their arms in the tight fitting dresses they wore on that occasion.

An English physician who has written on Physiology says “girls are subject to no disease but education,” and many of its results incline me to to agree with him. Yet why should this be so? why does not education develop the *whole* human being instead of, as in many cases, only the most insignificant and worthless part of it? A woman pays dearly for delicacy, however interesting she may be, by a diseased life, and early death. Yet such is the fate of numbers of your countrywomen.

I was once remarking to a clergyman in Albany on the large proportion of young wives whom I had observed were buried in your cemeteries. He said that in his district, which was in New England, the wives died in the proportion of two and a half to one husband. He accounted for this mortality by saying that the girls were too delicately brought up, by which their constitutions were so weakened that after having two or three children they died of consumption.

However I need not enlarge further, on the advantages of health and strength, especially to you, who I know are sufficiently impressed with a sense of their importance. But I do hope that the *physical well-being* of woman, in its highest, and most comprehensive sense, will never be lost sight of by the advocates of “Woman's rights.”

Then may we hope that the Pioneers of this important movement, will be seconded by a race of women that will carry out the work so well begun,

and prove to the old world how much humanity is benefitted by the participation of woman in all those advantages of education and position that hitherto have been the monopoly of the other sex, which may account for many of the inconsistencies and barbarities that disgrace our much vaunted civilization.

I am delighted to learn that your schools of design are so successful, and that the women employed in the mint preserve their characters untainted, though constantly associated "with the root of all evil," (money.) I have only time to add my best wishes that your present meeting may be a successful, and a happy one, and to assure you of the warm interest taken in it by

Your sincere friend,
MARRION FINCH.

ROCHESTER, OHIO, Sept. 9th, 1852.

Dear Mrs. Davis.—I regret that I can only respond to your kind note by letter, since the preparation to emigrate to a new home, and the journey involved will render it altogether impossible for me to accept your kind invitation; but be assured that all my sympathies will be with you, and that I most deeply rejoice that you have called another National Convention, to take into consideration the subject so vitally important to human interests. The unbalancing of human relations through transgression, by which woman forfeited her original relations, is a part of human history that has been long received and accredited. At the same time the idea of a Redeemer whose mission was to restore all things to their original order has been as humbly received and incorporated into all the systems of christian theology; and yet the idea of woman's social emancipation, is now accounted almost infidel. How few turn back to primitive relations and find there the great marriage contract between man and woman! In the dawn of the first morning of human life, we find the relations of man and woman those of equal sovereignty over the newly created tenants of this beautiful earth.—It was one of the conditions of harmony, and essential to a perfect moral existence; it was the mingling of two elements, so constituted as to act and re-act upon each other, thereby keeping up a moral equilibrium. The want of this equilibrium in any of the relations of life leads to imperfection in some form. Transgression of physical law which involved the safety of the race, rendered it necessary that nature should interpose the penalty upon woman, of an increase of maternal anguish, since so large a proportion of her offspring must fall an early prey to the destroyer. This would render her own physical nature too weak to bear an equal part in the stern relations of men to the earth. Her absorbing care would prevent the mental growth that a better condition would foster; so that through sin she became so weak, both physically and mentally, that the prediction was fully verified; "thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

But is this a condition compatible with the theory of redemption? I cannot for a moment receive it as such; I believe the scheme to be so wide, so comprehensive, that the present as well as the future is involved.

The spirit of progress, the natural offspring of a system that unfolds the relationships of man to the *Infinite*, has made the elements bow at the bidding of human intelligence, and perform the labor once exacted from human muscles and sinews. Physical love is no longer ascendant over the more subtle powers of mind, and hence the sovereignty once claimed by virtue of its superior endowment has no longer a place. This is of itself a hint that a new order of things is already establishing itself in the earth. The reign of peace and good will are at hand; old things are passing away and new ones are rising up in their stead.

At such a junction it becomes us to inquire in regard to the causes of both good and evil in human relations. Comparing the condition and history of nations, we find that the degradation of woman's condition is a sure index of a low national scale, and that the more exalted her relations, the higher

will rank the virtue and intelligence of the people. From savage to barbarian, from barbarian to semi-barbarian, from semi-barbarian to civilized, and from civilized to enlightened, this rule holds good without the shadow of an exception. From this a great principle may be fairly deduced, especially when we find it harmonizing with certain other general laws. Then we inquire why there should be diversity in the endowments of man and woman; we find the obvious reason to be that a more perfect state of existence might be secured, and at the same time a perpetuation of similar existences. This has long been conceded in the natural, or rather physical relations of the sexes, but it has not been reached and acknowledged as fully with reference to the social and moral. And yet to the thinking mind it is just as apparent; no human relations are perfect that do not recognize the equal marriage covenant that God instituted between the sexes; and the great evils of society seem to have grown out of a want of a just perception and acknowledgment of these relations.—The reason for all this is apparent when we study the history of human relations. Laws, among men, have been, for the most part, either the enactment of despots who have swayed by the physical force which they could command, or else the concession which despots have reluctantly yielded to the counterbalancing physical force of their unwilling subjects. Hence it has been the exponent of what force would yield to force, rather than the free expression of the moral sentiments of a people. In our country this last has been professed, and to some little extent perhaps realized; but one element was wanting, and since it, like its predecessor, looked the true essence of vitality, and we see incorporated in it war and slavery, those twin monsters of physical force which lead to destruction.—How could it be otherwise, since it is immovided by the feminine element.

Great as was the advance made by our nation, it failed to recognize the fundamental principle of democracy, that every responsible human soul has a right to the representation of its moral nature, through the government of which it is a recognized member and supporter. The old physical force law, the Judaism of politics, still keeps out woman from an equal participation in its primary relations, even after the evangel of equal human rights has been proclaimed. Its old rites are still exacted, and even the apostles of the new and living way, are temporizing and consenting to its demands for circumcision and new moons and Sabbaths.

Those who see that of necessity all human relations must be essentially equal, are accused of invading nature's holy relations, and sending women from their true sphere. They may love man and become a sharer of a part of his relations, but a full marriage of two human souls, is a thing they dare not recognize; "what God has joined together, let not man put asunder." God has joined all the interests of man and woman in holy wedlock, but human law has sought to divorce them.

The objector meets us with the oft repeated cry, "would you unsex woman and render her the same selfish being that you find man, when immersed in the strife and chicanery attendant upon political relations?" Once, for all, let the answer be an emphatic NO!! But since, because men have here had no appropriate balance, all this evil has occurred, we feel that the moral harmony of the world demands woman's interest and influence. We ask to use it, not that we may become like men in our moral natures, but because that we are *unlike* them; and hence harmony demands the counterbalancing influence of our softer sympathies, our more gentle natures, to balance the stern, cold, calculating spirit of the other sex. We ask the acknowledgement of our equal rights, because we are women; and God instituted the marriage bond between all the relations which he created man and woman to sustain.

My observations in the old world have fully confirmed the sentiments that I had previously embraced. The want of the feminine elements in the governments of Europe, is even more apparent than in our own, and woman is treated with less af-

fection, and less deference. She becomes a more ready prey to all evil from the want of true self-respect; law makes her less than man; it steps in between her and the *Infinite*, and suffers a being constituted to be her equal companion, to take the responsibility of a moral relation. Hence, she the more readily undervalues herself, and stoops to his will even though she feels that by so doing she violates her own consciousness of right.

The work undertaken is not a sectional one, not a national one even, but one that will affect the whole human race. May such wisdom govern your deliberations that the great problem of woman's true relations may no longer be deemed enigmatical, but that her equal interest, and equal responsibility in all the relations of life may be fully vindicated. There is an old German prediction that the nineteenth century is to be the century of woman. Let us verify it by the exalted and pure lives that we live, demanding in all love and gentleness our true relations, and living them out with all meekness and fidelity.

Yours sincerely,
H. M. TRACY CUTLER.

MOUNT AIRY, Sept. 5th, 1852.

My dear Mrs. Mott:—It is with feelings of deep disappointment and regret, that I address you by letter at this late hour, for I had hoped instead, to have been with you, and mingled my voice with other true reformers for the right. But circumstances over which I have no control, have otherwise decided. But "circumstances" shall not prevent me (as they once did a great politician,) from speaking my mind on the important object of your assembling—the Elevation of Woman. Had I ten thousand voices with which to speak, I would raise them all for the cause of "Woman's Rights." Not for woman as woman simply, but for woman as the Mother of the Race—as the suffering one of humanity—who has ever groaned in bondage of spirit, and who alone can unfasten the chains of a world, and relieve it from physical, mental, and moral bondage. C. C. Burleigh once reproved me for holding out the idea, that if woman had power she would remove the evils of Slavery, War and Intemperance. I do not say I do feel that woman alone will do this, not that it can be done at once; but I do say and feel that vice and crime, error and ignorance, cannot be hopefully staid till woman is raised above her present condition—till she is free—till she stands as an equal with man, to give her aid and influence to doing every good work. Then when she joins hands in her redeemed state with the great, good, and true men, who are ever upon the battlements of truth, they will united make mighty progress for humanity. If they do not, then is there no hope. So long as woman is required to take care of the morals of the community and men to take charge of the politics, having each as it were, separate interests in those two great matters, we shall have a strange and incongruous state of things.

I was gravely told this week by a man holding high rank among men, and who has been a law-maker, and is now a law-giver in our State, that the mothers or the women of the country, were responsible for the habits, manners, customs and feelings of society; and in the same breath he declared that both the law of God and of nature, gave to man the mastery over woman, and that when woman was made an equal with man, chaos and confusion would have come again. Now I insist that we either be relieved from responsibility, or relieved from our bondage. If my husband is my superior—if he is the head and ruler by the unerring law of wisdom—if I must submit myself and my conscience into his keeping, "asking of him at home," the way of duty, and learn of him and him alone the way path of right, then is he responsible, and he only. Give me equal right and privilege as a partner and controller, then we stand equally responsible, and no more than equal.

Such are my views and feelings,—and holding them I cannot but plead for the elevation of my sex. Believing, that with freedom and real responsibility they would strive to fit themselves for

higher and nobler works than have hitherto enjoined their minds, the high and noble duty of doing *well*, whatever fell to their lot to do; more especially if that work should be the noblest and highest of all duties—rearing the sons and daughters of men.

Pardon this hasty expression of feeling; it is only written the hour that I have given up all hope of being with you, and this must leave here forthwith or not reach you at Syracuse. Words of love and cheer, to the earnest friends assembled with you. Give them my thought as you know and feel it to be, and say to them that nothing but duties of *home*, which should ever be our first, shall stand paramount to my duty to the cause of "Woman's Rights"—in other words the rights of Humanity.

Yours Truly,
FRANCES D. GAGE.

The following letter of the Rev. Mr. Pierce, speaks for itself. We leave all comments for the reader.

WALTHAM, Jan. 4th, 1853.

My Dear Madam.—In reply to your favor of the 1st inst., I would say, that seven years ago a circular was issued inviting the *Teachers* of Massachusetts to meet at Worcester, and form a *Teachers Association*. When the day arrived, the teachers assembled, both men and women. When the question of membership came up for discussion, the fact came out that it was not intended to admit *lady teachers as members* (*bona fide*) i. e. All the Teachers had been *invited*, but only about *one-fifth* were to be allowed to join the Association! The subject was discussed with considerable (yet with a *good deal* of) spirit by the polite, yet conservative Mr. Thayer, and others on *one side*, and by one Harriet Pierce, (you know her,) feebly sustained by her husband, on the *other*. The result was the formation and adoption of a constitution, of which the following are the articles:

ART. 1. This Society shall be called the *Massachusetts Teachers' Association*, and shall have for its objects, &c. &c.

ART. 2. Any practical *male* Teacher of good moral character within this Commonwealth may become a member of the association, &c.

ART. 4. Ladies engaged in teaching shall be invited to attend the regular meetings of the association.

By a subsequent vote of the association, ladies are invited to present *written* essays on topics.—They have sometimes so done, but the essays are always read by the clerk, or some other *gentleman*.

So you see, this shamelessly narrow and illiberal exclusion of females, conflicts not only with justice and right, and the best spirit of the age, but is palpably inconsistent both with the *letter* and the *spirit* of the *circular* above named; as well as with the *very name* of the society, viz: "Teachers' Association," from which Association four-fifths of the Teachers are excluded.

Article 12th, says: The Constitution may be altered at any regular meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at said meeting and voting thereon,—provided, that the motion for amendment shall be made at a previous meeting.

A year ago, I made a motion to alter and amend the 2d Article of the Constitution, by striking out the word "male" so that it may read, "any practical Teacher, &c."

At New Bedford this motion was acted upon, and as you know, lost.

Do not think this vote, though passed by the "Massachusetts Teachers' Association," is an expression of the feeling of the majority of the Teachers, even the *male* Teachers in Massachusetts. I believe they are essentially right on this subject.—Into all the county associations of Teachers throughout the State, females are admitted, except in dark and conservative *Essex*, from which county and *Suffolk* (where I believe, they have no association of Teachers,) there was a large delegation at New Bedford.

A full report of the doings of the meeting at N.

B., is given in the *Massachusetts Teacher*, for January. That journal, I presume, is taken by some of the Teachers in New Bedford. If I can get a copy of it in Boston at the publishers, I will send it to you. I shall try the motion again next year, and so on indefinitely.

Yours truly, C. PIERCE.

From the *Liverpool Mercury*.

VISIT OF THE MAYOR TO THE MODEL LODGING HOUSES FOR WORKINGMEN.

His Lordship The Mayor, Samuel Holme, Esq., visited the new lodging house in the city of Liverpool recently, accompanied by several gentlemen. From the report we gather that these houses have succeeded admirably in London and Leeds. We give an extract of a letter and the Mayor's speech—also an article written by one whose vision extends far enough to see that the other half of humanity need something done for them in the way of homes, employment, &c.

FROM W. BECKETT DENISON, BANKER TO LEEDS.—My lodging-house was adopted by throwing into one four or five old houses in the worst street in the worst part of Leeds. These old houses consisted of divisions into sets of rooms, where crowds of the filthiest and poorest of the Irish population lived, like rabbits in a warren, without any of the cleanliness of rabbits, and with as much filth as herds of pigs. I took all these houses on a long lease, and almost gutted them entirely. At an outlay of £250 I put the whole into complete repair, with new floors, and anything else new that was wanted. The house was divided, as conveniently as it was capable of, into various rooms—bedrooms, sitting-rooms, and kitchen. With a further outlay of £200 I provided furniture of every kind for bedrooms, sitting rooms, and kitchen, and the house was opened for the accommodation of 75 single men in April, 1851. A man and his wife have two rooms in the house, and all the responsibility is on the shoulders of the superintendent, on whose discretion and good management, I may mention, the whole success of every such establishment entirely depends. Besides them there is an assistant, to make the beds and do other work; and under him, again, there is another assistant, to look after the kitchen, &c. The rules, which are posted up in nearly every room, are simply that no bad behavior, either of word or action, is allowed in the house, and no spirits or beer may be brought into it. They are merely for the protection of every lodger from all annoyance. The lodgers are as independent as any gentlemen in chambers, so long as they observe the rules which are necessary for the good order and management of the establishment. In course of time the house became quite full, and as the kitchen was too small, and a very bad one, I took a lease of some more adjoining cottages, and at an additional outlay of £250 I built a new kitchen and two more new bedrooms. The house now accommodates 102 people, and is generally full. The lodgers pay 3d. a night, or 1s. 6d. a week; i. e., if they sleep here six nights in succession they have the seventh free; and for that, as you probably know, they have the fair and legitimate use of everything in the house—kitchen utensils of every kind, books, periodicals, and newspapers.

Of course for several months after the house was first opened many lodgers used to attempt to break the rules by coming in drunk, and using bad language when in the house; but finding that such conduct entailed their being turned out of the house, they made their choice, and *gave up their bad habits* rather than give up their lodgings. Several previously habitual drunkards have told me themselves that the going there has been the *saving* of them; and when they have been turned out for behaving badly, they have gone to the superintendent, when they have come to their senses, and implored him again and again to take them back.

Now, as to the paying part of the business—which, after all, is the *test* of the success of such

things as these. Without going into details, which, however, I am quite willing to show to any one who takes an interest in them, after allowing a liberal margin for repairs, which are necessarily great in an establishment of this kind (a margin of 10 per cent.), the *profit* on my outlay has hitherto been at a rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and this half year it will be still more. The success has been so complete, and so much more than I ever expected, in every point of view, morally and economically, that I am now building a similar establishment, by way of experiment, for women, the success of which, however, I am a good deal credulous about.

There is no doubt in the world that the building such establishments is not only a profitable investment of money for those who care only for themselves and their pockets, but it is a mode of investment which is productive of more actual perceptible good to that part of humanity which is so utterly neglected by that other part which is able to give help, than any other mode that I know of. There is room for half a dozen more of the same size as mine in Leeds; and of course, Liverpool needs them equally. But you must *prove* that one is profitable before you can hope to find the road to the hearts of people, and induce them to open their pockets to alleviate the misery lying close around their doors. When will people be made to understand that charity really begins at home; that the population immediately at our feet have a prior claim upon us to the inhabitants of Timbuctoo; and that one of the conditions of admission or roads to heaven is not the annual publication of one's name in the newspapers, as a subscriber to some society whose existence serves chiefly for the maintenance of a staff of clerks who have failed to maintain themselves? I admit quite that this is overdrawn, and that there are of course, innumerable public charities of the highest use and the greatest good. But charity, generally, is done far too much by deputy; and the notion that the mere giving money is sufficient is the salve applied to the consciences of far too many of us. However, this is all worth nothing, and will do no good, as truth seldom does. If I can tell you anything more which I have omitted here, I shall be happy to do so.

Mr. Wray next read the following letter, written by Mr. Greenhough, who had been an inmate of the establishment here for three weeks:

Model Lodging-house, Nov. 30, 1852.

REV. SIR.—Having been an inmate of this establishment for the last three weeks, I feel that I cannot leave Liverpool without offering my thanks to yourself and the committee of management for the comfort I have enjoyed here, and I beg leave, therefore, most respectfully to express them to you.

I am persuaded, sir, that establishments of this kind, and conducted as his, are calculated to do an immense amount of good, in raising the condition of the working classes both in mind and body; and I am sorry to find so few avail themselves of the benefits of it.

I think this arises from its not being made sufficiently known. I hope you will excuse my suggesting the propriety of an occasional advertisement, or greater circulation of the bills; a few posted near the railway would, I think, be beneficial.—I was two days in Liverpool looking for a respectable lodging, without success, until my attention was attracted by a letter in the *Liverpool Mercury*, written by one of the lodgers, and I came here and found what I wanted—and much more than I expected of comfort and attention. My own case had induced me to make this suggestion respectfully, as others may be similarly situated.

I cannot conclude this without bearing my testimony to the constant kindness and attention of Mr. and Mrs. Bird, and I shall remember it with grateful feelings, and do what I can in recommending such an excellently conducted establishment to others.

I remain, rev. sir, yours most respectfully,
W. GREENHOUGH.
(Hear, hear.)

The Hon. Rector CAMPBELL thanked the mayor, and also the committee and the other gentlemen who had exerted themselves in forwarding the interests of the establishment. He afterwards said that, in his opinion, the irreligion of the working classes was chiefly owing to their habits at their miserable homes. When a man went from his work to a cellar, which was occupied by a wife washing and everything in a state of filth, what comfort was there for the man to stop at home?—He, therefore, thought it right to contribute to the comforts of the working classes. (Hear, hear.)

The Mayor said that it was with great gratification he had witnessed the establishment which they had passed through that day. Being connected from his earliest period, with the laboring classes, he deemed it his solemn duty to be one of the first to subscribe his mite to a lodging-house such as that. Mr. Brassey and his brother also added their subscriptions. When they looked abroad at the state of society in our large towns, it was truly appalling. One cause of the miseries of the working classes arose from the houses in which they were obliged to live, and it was the knowledge of that fact that induced him to join Mr. Chadwick in obtaining an alteration in the construction of dwellings, so that the working classes might have the light of heaven; that they might live in better houses, where there were drainage and other comforts necessary to health. He was glad that what was about being carried out by the council of Liverpool was about being carried out in another direction. If the rich in London could join in clubs for their mutual benefit, he could not see why benevolence could not join, and extend the same principle in being beneficial to the poorer community. He then referred to the overcrowding of dwellings, and said he had seen sixteen or eighteen persons, of both sexes, huddling together on boards. With such a state of things as this, it was not likely that the minister of religion could have fair play; when the physical condition of these classes was worse than many persons kept their pigs. (Hear, hear.) Such was the state of society in our large towns, and he had no hesitation in saying that it had been an indication of the fall of many nations. If society was to be preserved, it was by the upper classes paying attention to the working classes. He rejoiced that this movement had been made, and it would afford him gratification, if this experiment was successful, to contribute an equal sum for one at the south end of the town. (Applause.) If the working classes would come to such institutions as these, where they could have the comforts of baths, the comforts of separation, and of cleanliness, and where they could live frugally, he was sure great good would arise. It was absolutely necessary, if they were to preserve the institutions of the land, that our population should live "soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." (Hear, hear.) He hoped the benefits of the institution might be extended. He should most cordially give it all the help in his power; and, instead of the committee being indebted to him, he was indebted to them, for giving him an opportunity of displaying his gratitude for being connected with the working classes. He desired to use the influence of his office for the improvement and the welfare of the population, and, if, at the termination of his office, he found that more of the working classes had been made comfortable by such institutions as those, it would afford him much happiness. (Hear, hear.)

To the Editors of the Liverpool Mercury:

GENTLEMEN.—In your impression of Tuesday last I read with much pleasure the speeches delivered at the Concert-hall on the Saturday night previous, and noted with gratification the list of distinguished local names who gave their countenance and support to the meeting. It is truly delightful thus to witness the rich and poor meeting together for the increase of human happiness and the moral development of virtuous habits—the one receiving the benefit and encouragement of advice, the other adding the grace of humility to the crown of riches. But amidst all the kindly feelings ex-

hibited towards the young men for their advancement in life and the general well being of the male portion of the laboring classes, there seemed to me to be something wanting to give a finish to the meeting, the absence of which tended to cast a chill over the proceedings, which all the excellent speeches on behalf of the male population could scarcely dissipate. There seemed to me, in glancing over the speeches, to have been a total absence of all allusion to the female portion of the community. No mention was made of the wives and daughters of the laboring classes, or of that numerous class of young women who are in service, far distant from their parents' home, or, perchance, bereft of those guardians of their youth, so essential to their virtue and integrity. These are not only entitled to the solicitude of the rich, but are an essential ingredient in the happiness of the laboring man—as, indeed, in the happiness of all men. The Saturday evening concerts may have been got up specially for young men; but it seems neglectful, nay, even envious—to make such frequent mention of young men without coupling their interest with the well being and happiness of the other sex. It becomes also more urgent that young women should have the serious consideration of the philanthropist, inasmuch as at the present time thousands of the male population are being drafted off to the army, navy, and militia, and vast numbers are leaving this country for distant colonies. When we consider the great proportion of unmarried women there is in this country to single men, it is almost appalling to the mind to think how great must be the forbearance, moral strength, and endurance of the female character. It becomes almost sickening, if not painful, to find so much said and done for young men, whilst young women, on the contrary, are so much neglected and despised. The consequences of raising young men so much in their own estimation and in their circumstances, without a corresponding exaltation of the weaker sex, may prove anything but satisfactory. Young women have already too much to depend upon the smiles and favors of the men: degrade them much lower, and we shall arrive at a state of society worse than barbarism. Already they walk the public streets in swarms, hundreds of them depending solely upon the fruition of their persons for food and shelter. Whilst for the young men are provided model lodging-houses, associations, trades, unions, concerts, reading rooms, &c.; for young women no home is provided in their hour of destitution, no shelter from the necessity of bartering their virtue for the support of life. The toils and duration of female occupations, moreover, are far greater and more incessant than the labor of the men. From six in the morning till midnight many of them labor almost without intermission, and their pay is direct inverse ratio to the work they perform. The household work they have to do is often attended with the constant supervision of an angry mistress; and it not unfrequently occurs that they have the more difficult task to perform of serving two or three masters in one house. It is seldom they hear a word of exhortation, and more seldom still the accents of kindness; and if, to flee from the ceaseless round of toil and vexation, they seek to change their pursuits, they find the female avocations so circumscribed and so over supplied, that nothing remains to them but to sink lower in the scale of industrious employment, or to pass the rubicon of a virtuous life. What is much wanted is a home for young women,—a place something like the Sailor's Home, with different compartments, partly conducted on charitable principles, and partly where a comfortable and cleanly home might be had for a fair and reasonable pay, and where work might be procured; where intellectual pursuits or pleasant evening amusements could be provided, and where the penitent transgressor may meet with shelter, whether she has a child or not, without being subjected to odiously rigid treatment, painful to bear, and repulsive to the youthful mind. At present there is no place for a mother and illegitimate child to go to: the mother must continue her old calling, and the child to be sent to the workhouse to die

from the absence of a mother's care and workhouse neglect. The penitentiary institution does not admit penitents with children; so that they have to destroy their child, or send it to the workhouse to die, before they can gain admission. With some such institution as this much good might be effected. Much might be said for the poor degraded women who accompany well-clothed laboring men without shoes and stockings, commonly called tramps; surely something might be done to raise them from the sink of pollution, and render them independent of so loathsome a trade, or at least to make their ruthless paramours more considerate towards them. With these few observations I will leave the matter in the hands of the public, trusting that they will not be considered inapposite to the occasion which has called them forth.

Yours, &c.,
Birkenhead, Dec. 4, 1852.

C. H.

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THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., MARCH, 1853.

NO. 2.

THE UNA,

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"True love is strong as God, wherefore it fears not man."

"When is a tomb-stone like a rush light?"
When for a late husband 'tis set up.

[ORIGINAL.]

LONG LANE;

OR

RECOLLECTIONS OF KITTERY, LONG AGO.

A TALE.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

— through work and wail of years,
"She winneth a solemn strength."

[Concluded.]

"After they had been some years in the 'Grants,' one of Major Cutts' children was to be married, and the Major was to give a grand entertainment for her, in honor, also, of his own wedding day. Sad as she felt, and grievous as had been the disappointment of her own early life, the Lady Ursula never refused to interest herself in the pleasures of those about her. A tender affection for her beautiful niece, induced her to transplant to the Island her finest bed of tulips. It was a warm evening in June, that she stood upon her lawn, superintending the operation. When it was over, she put her arm within that of her favorite attendant, a strong-minded and intelligent girl, and turned toward the river. She was still young. The dark curl of her lover still nestled against her yearning heart, and as she withdrew it to press it anew to her lips, she said bitterly, and half hiding her face in the bosom of the faithful girl: 'Would to God it were all over, and yon silvery waves were singing me to my last sleep.'"

"Cheer up, my Lady," spoke the stout heart of Hannah Illsley. "Cheer up, 'tis a *long lane* that has no turning."

"Perhaps the good girl had heard of the pointed attentions of the Governor of a neighboring province. Be that as it may, her words did not have the effect she anticipated. Her Lady smiled sadly, and lifting herself up, glanced rapidly over the broad hills she called her own."

"It is true, my faithful Hannah," she said, "Life has been a long, dark lane enough, since the hour of his departure, and I may fitly continue to dwell in such."

"And from that hour she called her pretty place, 'Long Lane.'"

The old lady paused, for the moonlight glittered on the tears that fell fast over Mary's knitting. "Come, cheer up child," she resumed, "you shall hear about the wedding fete before you sleep, that you may dream of dancing to your heart's content. I will finish the sad story of the Lady, in the broad summer noon to-morrow. For a whole week, all the servitors on the two domains, had been busied in preparing for the great occasion. The grass at the Island had been combed and cut, until it was as smooth as velvet. The walks leading up from the River, had been nicely gravelled, and fresh borders of wholesome box enclosed and shaded the Lady Ursula's pet tulips. The family were early astir. For the first time in her life, the Lady Ursula had put on the dress prepared for her bridal, and as Hannah Illsley shook out the folds in the long train of glittering satin, and laced the close bodice over her swelling breast, she saw a strange bloom on her Lady's cheek, and felt that it was a tear that gave the lustre to her eye. The Lady Ursula wore no powder, and over the glossy braids of her dark hair, the loving attendant fastened, more like a matron's cap than a bride's veil, some folds of costly lace. She had spent the night at the Island, and hearing the first notes of 'God save the King,' from Billy Ball's violin, she went down to the lawn where her brother was standing. The Major wore a suit of brown velvet, laced with gold, and a wig that would have covered twenty empty modern heads. Madam Cutts stood beside him. She wore a skirt of plum-colored damask, with a stomacher of white and silver. Double lace ruffles fell at each elbow, and her cap and hood were richly trimmed with the same. I am afraid you would have laughed, Mary, if you had looked down and seen, that she wore black velvet shoes with diamond buckles, and bright blue silk stockings."

"Oh grandmother, she ought to have belonged to Lady Montagu's set."

"Madame Cutts knew more about butter

foot note.

* This statement is absolutely frequent

than books," returned the old lady, smiling, "one of her daughters wore a bright yellow brocade, that was made over for me, when I was eight years old."

"A yellow brocade, with your light hair and blue eyes!" said Mary.

"Well," said the old lady, laughing again, "Nobody thought much of that then. But the Major's company must not be kept waiting. A drummer had joined Billy Ball, and together they thundered forth a welcome to a neighboring chaplain in his gown and cassock, and his lady in brown damask. Old Gen. Atkinson's scarlet velvet, was relieved by the white damask skirts of his daughters. The Governor followed in black velvet, while his Lady hung on his arm in a pink taffety trimmed with silver. The ladies wore hoops, high heeled shoes, and head dresses as high as a common house."

"Oh grandmother!" said Mary, "I cannot let you say that, even in the dark. *I feel you blush.*"

"My dear child," said the old lady, with mock solemnity, "were they not several stories high, and may I not tell one, in describing them? Out of their upper windows floated long banners of Brussels lace, that descended to the waist. When the guests approached the Major, they were announced by an usher, and offered cake, fruit and sack on a silver tray. After remaining near him for a time, they wandered round the Island or boated in parties on the River. At last they were called to dinner, and the family chaplain spread his hands over the board. "Oh God!" he said, while the impatient company feared to be detained too long. "Oh God! thy mercies have been so abundant, that to enumerate them is too great a task for time. Will thou entrust that work to us in eternity?" and sitting down, he bade them welcome to the table. At one end stood a large haunch of beef. At the other, chickens, hams, tongue and vegetables. Then came ducks and fish that were alive that morning; these were afterwards cleared away for the desert. High in the center of the table, stood a silver tub, that held four gallons, and rising from its polished sides like an immense pyramid of polished snow, were the frosted pancakes, Madame Cutts's especial pride. On one side of it, stood the boiled plum-pudding, beleaguered by custards and jellies, and on the other a tasty floating island, representing a ship at sea. An immense bowl of punch, and a silver ladle were at every guest's command. It was the boast of Major Cutts that nothing was consumed on the Island that day, save sugar and spirits, that had not been produced there, a boast that has never been echoed, I fancy, by any of his descendants. They staid two hours at table, and were called out upon the lawn, to partake of chocolate, cakes and cheese."

"Why grandmother, did they have no tea?"

"No, my child, nor till long afterward. The

first tea that was drunk in Maine, was however, made on the Island. One of the young ladies was returning from school, in Massachusetts, with a daughter of Gov. Vaughan; a severe storm detained her at Portsmouth several days, and at the Governor's table, she was first offered tea. Ashamed to own that she had never seen it, she followed Madame Vaughan's example, and adding the sugar and cream, carried it to her lips. She purchased a pound of tea, for which she gave a guinea, and sent to Boston for some cups and saucers."

"How strange that seems," said Mary, laughing.

"Yes," said her grandmother, but now you may put up your needles. Your father is waiting for his bowl of milk, and then it will be high time you were asleep." Mary sighed, but put away her work, and laid the family bible on a little table by the lamp. In the meantime, her grandmother shut the window, and placed beside it a large china bowl filled with milk, a far safer beverage than the pint of sack, with which many of the minister's brethren of that day were accustomed to put on their "night cap."

* * * * *

The sun had risen brightly—the humble duties of the morning had been performed, and the minister gone his daily round, among the sick and poor upon the fishermen's beach. Mary was once more at the window with her grandmother. The old lady sat beside a huge basket of long stockings; and Mary had in her lap some blue violets, gathered from the hedges. She was taking off the sepals of the calyx, for they were to be made into a simple remedy for sore throats.

"The sun shines bright enough to-day," said she at last. "You will have no better chance to tell your sad story, grandmother."

"I hardly like to tell it to you, pet," said the old lady. "I was thinking this very morning, how like you are to the picture of the Lady Ursula, which hangs in my dressing-room. I had hard work to prevent your father from calling you by her name."

"I am sorry he did not, grandmother. Somehow, it makes me think of a distant convent, on a high rock near the sea—mournful music of evening bells—and peasants at their ayes on their knees."

"Ay," said her grandmother, shuddering, "and of an early grave. But to the story, child. When the guests were gone, and Billy Ball and the drummer were seated to discuss a substantial supper, Hannah Illsley missed the Lady Ursula. Depressed beyond her wont, she had decided to return to the Lane that night. The moon was up, and her carriage had been a long time waiting, till at length her maid grew anxious. Enquiries ran rapidly round, for the very dogs loved that noble lady. At last one of her servants was found, who said

that he had brought her some letters, at least two hours before. They had come by horseback mail from Strawberry Bank, as they used to call the town of Portsmouth, and she had gone to the shore to read them. The family were immediately scattered, and it was not long before Major Cutts himself discovered her insensible form upon the bank. In her hand lay a letter from her long lost lover. He had been taken prisoner by the Algerines, but the war was over, exchanges were at last effected, and in those days of slow travelling, when there was scarce one daily coach between Oxford and London, he had hurried, as well as he could, to Grondale Abbey."

"Oh grandmother, how glad I am!"

"And so, was the Lady Ursula," said the old lady, drawing away, "and that was the reason that her blood stopped flowing, and she lay for hours as if she were dead on the floor of the banquet room. At last she came to herself, and began to comprehend her happiness, and when on the afternoon of the next day, the Major laid her in a litter supported on the shoulders of trusty attendants, while a guard of her own servants led the way to Long Lane, he whispered 'cheer up, my sweet Ursula, cheer up, wait but till the haying is over, and we will have a month's holiday, to usher in such a Christmas festival as the Province never saw.' And so the Lady Ursula determined. With a joyous heart she made her preparations, and like a girl of eighteen, moved among her maidens. All day long the sweet notes of her voice rung through the 'Long Lane,' that had now found a turning. It was as I have said, the haying season; July had come with its hurry and its heat. The Colonel was expected every hour, and leaving her maidens busy in preparation for his coming, the Lady Ursula went out one morning in a carriage alone to take refreshments to the hayingmakers, who were several miles away. The bread was placed upon the grass, and glancing round upon the happy faces of her assembled servants, words of heart-felt blessing, thrilled joyously upon her lips. Uplifting her hands, she looked towards Heaven; but the tones that should have followed, never reached a mortal ear. She fell, struck to the earth by the tomahawk of an Indian."

Mary turned very pale; at last she said, "How could God have let her die?"

"It may have been a mercy, my dear child," said the old lady, wiping her glasses; for they always grew dim when she told this story. "It may have been a mercy. The Lady Ursula was fit for Heaven, and sojourning among the heathen could hardly have tended to make the Colonel so."

Mary was silent. She was very well satisfied with a Colonel who had remained faithful through years of imprisonment, and had followed his lady to a new world.

"And what became of the men?" she asked at length.

"They were all butchered on the spot," answered her grandmother. "One fleeter than the rest, swam the river and alarmed the Major.—When he arrived the house had been rifled and the barns were in flames, but the enemy had gone. The massacre was so terrible that the bodies were interred where they lay, and a plain stone was erected to mark out the Lady's resting place."

"And the Colonel?"

"He re-embarked for his native land, my dear."

"Poor man!" said Mary; "I wonder if he lived alone all his days."

The old lady smiled a little, rather more than she was willing the young girl should see, but she answered quietly,

"I think not, my dear: for in my grandfather's time, who was judge of probate, a descendant of his visited this country in search of Lady Ursula's will, and claimed the estate which had long before been purchased by Col. Whipple. Nothing, however, could be done about it." At this moment a quick military step was heard without. Mary started, and far over the nicely polished floor fell the blue violets she had been picking. The uniform of a British officer brightened the doorway. "Ah, bonny Mary Stevens! was there none to guess that the shadow of a young love had already fallen on thy brow?"

Toronto, C. W.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT
OF THE

PROVIDENCE PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The third year of this Society's existence closes mid the smiles and approbation of an increasing number of friends, whose presence here to-day gives the confident assurance of continued prosperity and steady advancement. Though this is not exclusively a woman's association, yet it has nevertheless been conducted from its commencement entirely by women, and a large majority of the lectures delivered before us have been given by females. During the year just closed, fifty new members have been added to our list, while but few have dissolved their connexion with us, and those for sufficient reasons. Our library has been increased to 200 volumes; our meetings have been well, and for the last few months fully attended, and yet there is room, which we most cordially invite our friends to come in and occupy. If the expectations of the founders of this society have not been fully realized, they must at least be encouraged by its present prosperous condition. Besides meetings for reading and social discussions, there have been seventeen lectures before the society, only two of which were given by male physicians. In the two previous years, much assistance was received in the way of lectures from the faculty in our city. But during the present year, with the exception of one lecture from Dr. George Capron, on the "Vital Principle," and one from Dr. Stephen Webster, on "Considerations for Modern Physiologists," one from O.

S. Fowler on the "Perfection of Woman"—the association has drawn on its own intellectual resources for its means of scientific advancement.

The other lectures to which the society have listened with much interest, and we trust with no small profit, were delivered by Mrs. P. W. Davis, and Miss M. H. Mowry, of Providence, and Mrs. N. E. Clark, M. D., of Boston. These lectures embraced the following subjects, viz:—the osseous, muscular, arterial and venous systems, the spleen, the heart, the origin and history of medicine, &c. All these subjects were elaborately and clearly discussed by the lecturers, and the most exact knowledge of organic structure and function imparted to the audience. The success which has thus far attended our labors, should inspire us with renewed zeal and unremitting effort in pursuit of the great object before us, which is to send abroad in the community, and especially among females, a thorough knowledge of Physiology. No branch of human science is more intensely interesting as an abstract study, and none can be of more practical importance to human welfare. The utility of this knowledge cannot be over estimated; indeed we can scarcely appreciate its value. The value of any science or art, any measure of legislation, of moral or social reform, is to be estimated by the quality and magnitude of its results; its immediate, its remote, and its ultimate consequences.

All these results we cannot of course perceive, all consequences we cannot now understand, owing to the exceedingly limited range of our finite faculties; but some causes we can comprehend, some effects we positively know.

Those causes which diminish the sum of human enjoyment, and augment the amount of human woes, should be sought for, avoided and removed, while all which increase the happiness of the race, and tend to lessen its misery, should be discovered, and made manifest.

But what, let us ask, ascertains causes? What is that which perceives effects? What is it, that hopes and fears, that enjoys and suffers? that thinks and reasons, and calculates and aspires? What is it that bends the sturdy elements of this material earth to the ten thousand uses of human life? Aye, which measures the far off heavens, and weighs, as in a balance, the everlasting stars? What is it that reaches forth to the infinite, and asks for other spheres in which to unfold itself, and eternity even, to develop its capacity for continual progression? It is that invisible, intangible something, we call mind—that dweller *within* and among these curiously and beautifully arranged organs, whose construction and functions it is the object of this Association to investigate and understand. Inasmuch, therefore, as the spirit which permeates this physical frame, is of more consequence than all things else—the mightiest in power, the highest in position, and more than all, that which is immortal in its destination, should we not intently and earnestly strive to learn what is most conducive to its comfort, efficiency and elevation, while it tabernacles in the flesh? Let us see to it, that its aspirations be not hindered, its light be not dimmed, or its purity corrupted by its union with the material, which union is indispensable to its preparation for a higher and never-ending life? It is an admitted axiom that mind, while in the body, depends for its healthy and proper physical manifestations on a healthy and proper organization; and it is equally true, that a healthy physical organization cannot exist without care and system—that neither care or system can be employed without knowledge—

that knowledge can never be attained without effort, and never so readily, or so well, as by combined effort and mutual assistance.

Human physiology, then, should be thoroughly studied, not only on account of the immediate and direct gratification it affords the intellect, but because it shows us the best way to make our bodily organism serve the higher purposes of the soul. The physiological knowledge, (exceedingly limited though it may be,) which we may obtain in this Association, is not to be circumscribed to this our own day, neither to this our own generation.

It is a most ennobling and soul-stirring thought, that an established truth reaches down through countless generations into the far off and immeasurable future. The utmost stretch of the imagination can very faintly, if at all, conceive the results of its mission; and in this consists the great interest, as well as importance of the extensive spread of this science. Myriads of human beings are to come after us—they are to stand in our places, and occupy our positions on the stage of life. Can we then, remain indifferent to the further improvement of the race? And shall we not aim at that physical and mental purity, which shall benefit men in all coming time? We will cherish the pleasing thought that whatever of truth we may here learn, whatever of light or hope obtain, not to ourselves alone—not our children, or children's children only, but our remotest posterity shall thereby be benefitted. True, as individuals, or as a society, we are as a drop in the ocean of humanity—but who can look into the future and measure our influence? We can help mould the men who shall sway empires; we shall assist in framing characters, which will stamp their impress on our political and civil institutions, affecting the welfare of unborn millions. Future statesmen and legislators will feel our influence, though they know not whence it came. Let every woman, then, who comes in here for mutual improvement, stand forth in the full consciousness of her power to execute, and make this one firm resolve, that a portion, at least, of humanity, shall be constituted on a higher plane, through the application of the knowledge here obtained. Then shall we look upward and onward, and rejoice in believing that the inhabitants of earth shall one day become perfected in body and purified in spirit, and find no obstacle in the way of their endless progression.

For the Society:

S. R. HARRIS, Sec'y.

The existence of a faculty is the divine warrant for its exercise. Its capabilities are the natural charter of its activities. Its endowments indicate the purpose of their bestowal—just as every wheel and pulley in a machine is placed there to play its part. In the structure of the mind, which is clearly an aggregate of dissimilar powers, there is none redundant—not one; and neither original sin nor accidental abuse has changed their number or essential nature. If every mind answered truly to the idea of the Creator, it would be also true that every part and power of its complex constitution would be perfect in force and right in direction; but in fact it is not so. Though Nature, under the law that every creature shall bring forth after its own kind, preserves the number and character of the elementary faculties, so that the human mind has ever been, in these respects, the same, it has happened that the balance is broken and their harmony is lost. Constitutionally they are much deranged, and the education of circumstances disturbs and perverts them still more; so that abuse results, which is, toward God, sin—towards man, crime and injury—in the wrong-doer, corruption, bondage and moral disease. Elder.

THE REAL CONTROVERSY BETWEEN MAN
AND WOMAN.

BY THE REV. A. D. MAYO.

Continued.

Now what forbids that every profession, and every right of American society, should be open to receive woman when she demands the privilege? Only this forbids!—a *theory* of her nature and her duties, wholly unsupported by facts. The great vice of men is, the forming of theories about life, and the attempt to crowd human beings into their iron frame-work. And among the systems that have plagued the race, none has done more mischief than this concerning woman. Take it in either of its two modes of statement, and it fails to explain the facts of her nature and career. It is said that her *nature* is so constituted that domestic life, and what belongs to it, is the only legitimate occupation for her mind! How then, do you account for the fact that just in proportion to the elevation of her character, her mind overleaps these household limitations? How do you explain the present mental position of the better portion of the sex? To insist upon such a theory in the face of such facts, denotes a state of mind more apt at assertion than investigation: or if the more plausible statement is made, that woman may in her thought, feeling and fancy, range over the whole ground of life, and everywhere, except in the domestic circle, must employ man as her representative in action, there the theory equally fails; a simple appeal to woman's history upsets it, for now she has become partially domesticated in several professions; in various kinds of manual labor, in business, and in the instruction of the young. And here she proves that she needs no representative; indeed there is no position in active life which she has not occasionally occupied with such honor to herself and service to the community, as amounts to a complete refutation of this assertion. She has toiled efficiently; she has fought heroically; she has governed wisely; she has painted and sung, and written in prose and verse; she has straded, and been the mistress of property, and lectured, and preached. She has healed the sick, and instructed the ignorant, and been a leader in the world's charities and missions of philanthropy, and will any man have the face to say that noble women who have done these things, and are honored by the whole world for their doing, have lost their womanhood by their position? On the contrary, we men are wont to garnish our public speeches with their illustrious names when we would compliment the sex; though so ready to un-sex them to carry a point in a perilous controversy, whenever woman has been admitted, or has achieved a position in active life, there has she done well, and forced the world to respect her. True the advantage of generations of practical training is with man; but his partner has been a careful spectator of

his successes and failures; and only she knows how much of his active efficiency has been the fruit of her wisdom. One century of discipline in the actual responsibilities of outward activity would make woman in America the fit companion of man, in every noble enterprise of modern civilization.

But I confess to a little shame in arguing seriously against an assumption so arbitrary as this. I feel that I insult human nature even by reasoning against the supposition that one sphere of activity is sufficient to satisfy any immortal spirit. I have been accustomed to think that the soul was created in the image of God; that its active life, however large, is but the foreground in its vast perspective of latent power; that no criticism, no prophecy, could measure the force of a soul once regenerated by moving along the line of its eternal destiny. I do not know the being upon earth around whom I would dare to draw a circle of possibilities, and I would say to the man who presumes to measure the soul of woman by the square and compass of his theory, that he has yet to learn that criticism is one thing and life another; that he is not inspired to legislate for mind, but required to stand reverently before the development of that humanity whose capabilities and laws are truly known to God. If any minister, or lecturer, or legislator has so penetrated to the divine mysteries of human life as to tell me in just what currents it was foreordained to run, I may, or may not admire his surpassing insight, and I must say reverently of such wisdom, "*it is high, I cannot attain unto it.*" No, woman cannot be made a part of any manufactured social system—she must be her own interpreter; what she conceives in her soul, that must she bring forth in institution and act; and she will be greatly false to herself and to her brother, if she fails through any weakness to go over and take that land of promise which every year gleams before her with brighter invitations.

But, firmly as I am convinced of the reasonableness of what has now been said, I have no extravagant hope of a sudden radical change in woman's position. It is one thing to prove the absurdity of social customs, and another to change them. Associations are stronger than arguments; and woman will be recognized in new positions, not so much by proving that she belongs there, as by making herself strong enough to take them. The method of this reform is eminently practical. Every person of the female sex who *does* something well that her sisters have been supposed incompetent to do, is a new force in the advancement of this idea. She who is willing to be talked of, observed, opposed, even to suffer in the way of duty, is now the desirable advocate of the cause. Until women care enough about their 'rights' to take them in this way, their 'movement' will only be a mere movement of tongues. And man has a work to do here. He must, at least, remove the

legal barriers from around his companion, and place her where she can be true to herself and him. But, before the majority will do this, many of us can encourage woman to labor in new professions, according to her ability. Every active man knows there are certain difficulties at the entrance of his own profession; these he is bound to make as light as possible for his sister, because she enters there under peculiar disadvantages. It is now possible for competent women to occupy many positions beyond the domestic sphere; and we should welcome her wherever she is truly called. Man owes this to woman, and is honored in giving, as she is honored in receiving such aid.

Such are my convictions upon the present position of women in American society. I confess I do not understand how earnest and thoughtful men who really look this subject in the face can deny these conclusions in the abstract. Of course the great strife will be upon the practical side of the work. Until these things are *done* which women pretend to do, society will be incredulous. Therefore woman cannot expect much positive help from us. We can at least argue for her, and so far disarm the public's prejudice that the community will *look on* while she tries the experiment. The whole question therefore, practically, is a question of power. *What can woman do for the world now as it is?* Society cannot afford to entrust its dearest interests to the hands of the inefficient and visionary. It must live day after day, and if she cannot minister to its every day need, minister in such a way that her work will crave no apologies; I see not what she has a right to expect, and may I not be permitted to say to those who are interested in this work, is it not really woman's first duty to make herself to all intents and purposes, *woman?* to gain that culture, strength and consecration without which no great thing can be done in life? Then let her successively take every position she is competent to sustain; let her dread *failure*; let her come to her new ground well furnished, and quit it only with her life. It is wrong to represent this movement as a flood tide upon which women of all kinds can float down to success. It is not—it is a journey against a high wind which will blow down half the sex, and neither pride nor outraged feelings, nor violent self assurance will hold you up in this journey; only that celestial energy which is born in a soul devoted to God and humanity, will suffice. Half a martyrdom your present enterprise must be. But even with this it is infinite gain, for now you have a new object, an inspiring aim, which will never leave you alone. No misfortune, no neglect, no lot in life can shut you out of this place; for the least of you can look from the narrowest window upon this field stretching out to the horizon's verge, yet with one little spot where each can work. Serve this cause in your own natural way, *do what you can, what*

you know you can accomplish. If that work is not so high as another's it is *yours*, and it is necessary. For this temple you build, not only needs the priest at the altar, and the chorister in the choir, but those that serve the censor, and those that polish the silver vessels, and those that sweep the marble floors; even the meek saint that can only glide away into a shadowed corner and cover her face in prayer. Do your work and fear not, for conventionalism always ebbs before a living soul. Do your work, and be patient; nobody can predict when your great hope will become a fruition. It may be long delayed, it may be coming swiftly upon us.—May your lamps be lighted, that when the midnight cry is heard, you may arise and go out to hail the coming of the Lord.

"WOMAN'S RECORD,"—by MRS. SARAH J. HALE.
Harper & Brothers, New York, 1853.

"Not all thy former tale,
But this one word,—whether thy tale be true!"

KING JOHN.

It is a great mistake in preparing an encyclopedic of facts, to tincture it so thoroughly with our own peculiar religious views, that no reader can escape them. There is an inadvertent influence, which our convictions always must exert over all we say and do. But in Woman's Record, we find something more distinct than this. With liberal thinkers, all the argument, the lady-like reflections and orthodox views of the fall, are worse than thrown away. They excite at the outset, a sort of antagonism almost fatal to a fair appreciation.—Accustomed to regard the account of the creation, as the grandest poem ever written, and seeing in the account of the Fall, a beautiful myth, inspired by a knowledge of God's dealing with man, and the changed relations which must ensue between the child and the father, after the first disobedience, and *not* by an infallible scientific accuracy, we may fail in doing Mrs. Hale justice, but we will try to stand with her, upon her own ground, and test her conclusions by her only test, *the letter of the scripture*. That is an unworthy saying quoted in the preface, "women are pure, but not men;" "women are unselfish, but not men." Are those of us who have loved noble and devout men, willing to have it so? Would one of us willingly go to the altar with him we best love, if we believed that upon our righteousness his salvation would depend?—Does God shut himself out from his male children, and if woman is in truth an ever present mediator, pressing nearer to the angelic hosts than her brother, man, what was the need of "The Christ," and why, when he came did he not entrust his divine truths to twelve women rather than twelve men? We are confident Mrs. Hale overlooked the legitimate conclusions to be drawn from the theory which has so engaged her fancy. If we had a daughter fair and young, we should hardly forgive the woman who should utter those words in her hearing. Often in years past when we have entreated those who bore rule in fashionable circles, to dismiss from their companionship the profligate and the unworthy, we have been answered thus; and women who would shrink from the abandoned of their own sex with instinctive horror, associated freely with the abandoned of the other, on precise-

ly this ground. If we believed this, we should have no right to demand of men a chastity, a purity like our own; and that we will demand of them, and *no less*, so help us God; but rather *more*, to the end of time. The Bible countenances no distinction like this. Nowhere is it said of man, this much, and of woman, so much more, is needed for a perfect life. No, men and women are alike the children of God. His Infinite eye gazes deep into the soul of each; His Infinite love sustains each, and His Infinite power will answer the earnest prayers of either. For our proper station at man's side, no weakly, fancied superiority can compensate us. To him, as well as to us, was it said, "Be ye also perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

Many are the dangerous insinuations contained in the general preface, but they all seem to culminate in the biography of Eve. We cannot help smiling at the chronologist who has decided that Eve was created on Friday, Oct. 28th, 4004 B. C. and we cannot help wishing that Mrs. Hale had left our first mother where the bible leaves her, and each one of us to judge her for ourselves; but as she has not, her reviewers must follow in her steps. Were we desirous to prove that Adam was the superior of Eve, we could do it from Mrs. Hale's own premises, and by a process analogous to hers. After God had made Adam of the dust of the earth he breathed into him the breath of God, which is *life*. Woman, so far as the scripture suggests, derived her life, at second hand from Adam, and could not, therefore, have been so near to God. But this is childish trifling, unworthy alike of Mrs. Hale and us. No more childish however, than her own special plea. Whatever the first disobedience was, whether it was the plucking of a fruit, or the forbidden indulgence of any sensual desire, it separated Adam from God; that is, it clouded his own sight, so that he no longer saw the Father in his perfectness. Is it the purest nature that yields the first to sin, or fails the first in faith? If such argument as Mrs. Hale's were worth anything, would it not be as easy to prove that Eve was weaker than man, because she disobeyed, and tempted him to do the same, as to prove that it was because she was gifted with the noblest aspirations that the tempter addressed her first. They were together in the garden, but Adam does not heed the tempter. It is not till his wife urges him, that he yields; she whom God made to be a *help* unto him. How did she fulfil the purpose of her creation then?—Oh, we fear that our author has taken lessons in the Jesuit's school. Mrs. Hale assumes that at the period of the fall, woman yielded chiefly to the desire of knowledge, while man followed a gross appetite. "Ye shall be as Gods," said the serpent, and she ate. But here the letter of the scripture is against her, and we cannot help wishing she had used her keen discrimination for an honest purpose. "And when the woman saw that the tree was *good for food*, and that it was *pleasant to the eye*," says the Bible, "as well as to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat." It would be more generous and womanly to attribute Adam's disobedience to a love which prompted him to share her fate, than to a weak compliance without reason. We do not like Milton very well as a commentator, but he was more logical than Mrs. Hale. She thinks that the

sentence awarded to the guilty pair, sustains her decision as to their comparative guilt. If we could separate the sentences from each other, it would now devolve upon us, to show which was the more severe. But we cannot do this; sentence was passed upon the race, as well as upon the individuals. Thus God said to the man: "In the sweat of thy brow, shalt thou eat bread," and "from dust thou art, to dust thou shall return." And the experience of the age, shows that this is equally true of male and female. To the woman he said: "I will put enmity between the seed of the serpent, and thy seed;" but is not this clause, upon which Mrs. Hale expends so much plausible commentary, applicable to the race as well? Is not sin the enemy of man as well as woman, and is not the seed of the woman, the seed of the man also?

It will not do to crawl out of this dilemma on the ground of prophecy, and the assertion that Christ derived his human nature solely from his mother, for he must have shared the nature of both man and woman through the natural parents of the Virgin. The Virgin Mary had no miraculous birth, although the Catholic Church once tried to have it so. If it were a question which was "condemned like a felon to hard labor," decisions might differ, and many female writers be called to prove that the destiny of woman is unmitigated wretchedness. "The promise" was for Adam, as well as for her, and a common hope sustained the two. Nay, Abraham in a later age, believed more faithfully than Sarah.

Let no reader quarrel with the work we have been doing. The work before us may through the records it contains enhance the popular estimate of female capability; but the manner in which they have been treated, what we consider the low, *compromising* tone of the book, will do far more to depress public confidence in the judgment, catholicity and sound scholarship of woman. So spacious a web as this Mrs. Hale has woven, demands one sound shaking, that the rents in it may gape and show.

To fight shadows seems an unworthy task, but no labor undertaken in a true spirit, looks trivial to the Infinite eye, and we believe these articles will suggest many things we do not pause to say.

IRON.

THE HUMAN GALVANIC BATTERY.—The remarkable fact of the existence, in all parts of the body, of an alkaline liquid, the blood, and an acid liquid, the juice of the flesh, separated by a very thin membrane, and in contact with muscle and nerve, seems to have some relation to the fact now established of the existence of electric currents in the body, and particularly to those which occur when the muscles contract. The animal body may be regarded as a galvanic engine for the production of mechanical force. This force is derived from the food, and with food, is derived from the solar rays. A working man, it has been calculated, produces, in twenty-four hours, an amount of heating or thermal effect equal to raising 14,000,000 lbs. to the height of one foot,—heat being one form of mechanical effect. But, from causes connected with the range of temperature, he can only produce, in the form of actual work done, about as much mechanical effect as would raise 3,500,000 lbs. to the height of one foot, and that in twenty-four hours. Even this is a prodigious amount of force; and whether we regard it as derived from heat, electricity, or chemical action, it is ultimately derived from the luminous solar rays, on which vegetation depends.—*Gregory's Chemistry*.

The following beautiful lines are sent to us in manuscript by a friend. The author's name is not given. They have never been published before, we believe.

WE are parted! What is parting?

Is it the clasped hands?

The hot, hot tear-drops starting,

The breaking of old bands?

The blessing, words half spoken,

Half sobbed into the air—

The tender sweet love token,

The half unconscious prayer?

The cold and distant dwelling,

With days as long as years;

And the full heart, over-welling

With its vague and loving fears?

Do you call *that*, being parted?

I call it union true—

I say no link has started

Which binds your love to you.

You must stand in bitter grieving,

In the barren desert sands,

Falling off from old believing,

And with no help in your hands;

You must feel the love, close clasping

Was a lie, and a deceit;

And yet reach with eager grasping

Towards the dear beguiling cheat—

You must know the hopes you cherished

Were as baseless as the air!

And yet, marvel how they perished,

In your vain and blind despair—

You must wonder at your blindness,

Yet your clearer sight disdain:

In the midst of newer kindness

Lift the galling links again.

You must—it passes telling—

But you know no parting pain,

Till all this heart is swelling

Which may break, but not complain.

THE SKIN.

The effects of climate and circumstances, upon the skin, are not less remarkable than obvious; for it sympathizes directly with the places and spaces around it, and takes its complexion from them.—The inhabitants of the regions of gusty winds have weather-beaten faces, and lines as of the tempests blown howling into their skins. Mountain races have stony or granite features, as of rocks, abandoned to the barren air. The people of moist and marshy places look watery, and lymphatic. Those where extremes of temperature prevail for long periods, are leathern and shrivelled as though their skin had given up the contest with nature, and died upon their faces, &c. These events shew how much the skin is influenced by the circumstances about it.

It is equally certain that the surfaces of the body represented by the skin are the medium of contagion, which is the rail-way of public disease. For this organ which compasses all our parts until they form one true to itself, offers a sympathetic plane on which the health and disease of the community also tend to universal oneness or diffusion. There is no breach of continuity on the surface of mankind, but the skin of the poor joins to that of the rich; and epidemics run without ceremony, from one to the other: only more sparse as they spot the palaces, because cleanliness is more studied there.

After the stomach has taken care of our nourishment and the lungs have looked to our breath, the skin has to provide for both in a kind of infinitesimal sense. For it supplies us with food, and disburden us of excretions; though both its ailments and rejections are for the most part invisible; it also washes itself in air, and keeps itself in motion; the former by itself, the latter, under the superintendence of the lungs. The skin is the theatre of influences; the other organs we have mentioned, deal with more palpable stuff. There is a corresponding delicacy in the question of the public and private health of the skin.

Great however, is the plainness, and equally great the mystery of cleanliness. It is one of those terms that will hardly be chained to a physical sense; we no sooner begin to treat it than it buds like Aaron's rod, and blossoms into morals. Frequent ablutions wash away the *sordes* of our bodies, open our pores, enable us to emanate with freedom, and with freedom to take in what the atmosphere can yield us. The model and mirror of these effects is presented in our daily washing which makes us *feel clean*. This clean feeling is the basis of correct perceptions. It gives self respect, which marks us out from the things about us; makes us judicial among our associates; establishes a ring of healthy sentiments around us, and between us and other things, and enables us to discriminate between clean and unclean in whatever seeks to enter our feelings, or aspires to stay there. In short it places a cordon of pure life around our bodies, as a troop of angels around the bed and before the path of the faithful; between the life thus whitely washen and its objects, nothing intervenes to hinder immediate judgment and action so far as the surface is concerned. The light of the sky, and the vigor of the man kiss upon his skin and cement a covenant of justice, in which every predominance is conceded to the lordly organization.

WILKINSON.

A FRAGMENT.

"The sun broke forth one October morning, after many days of absence, and his gladdening beams fell like a shower of gold on the cold earth; and its chilled inhabitants began to move. The busy hum of life rose once more on the still air. I listened, a grasshopper beau was in mourning over a dead butterfly; proud little beauty he said, how short thy life; strange thou should die so young; thou wert gay and bright when I saw thee last, but thou wert too beautiful to live long. Oh ho! there is a sunbeam, and I must try and get into it, for I feel stiff and old, a little rheumatic, too, this morning from the cold; the sun is so chary of himself of late, that I have no patience; forsakes us just when we need him most; sure as there comes a north-easter he hides himself; no wonder thou couldst not stand such weather, poor little beauty, it is as much as I can endure, so fare thee well; and away he hopped, but his limbs were stiff and it was long ere he found the sunny spot where he could stretch himself out to die—for his time had also nearly waned.

A soft low voice murmured, "move me nearer, mother dear, let me see the blessed sun once more.

"Oh how good it is, how soft and warm; very soon, mother, thy child will be free as this gentle breeze and pure as this sunbeam; and mother dear, when I am gone and thou seest me no more, and this golden beam comes dancing in at the window, wilt thou not believe that thy child has returned to thee. Come to me, sweet mother, for it is fading away, and I see thee not, but I see angels and hear soft music."

The sunbeam lingered and played a moment over the face of the pale child, and made the golden hair look brighter, and then the spirit passed with it to its celestial home. The mother was comforted, for a halo rested on the head of her child.

"Yes I am thankful for the sunshine," said an old trembling voice, in a little worn out body, as her chair was drawn near a broken window, where the spiders were weaving their drapery, and hanging it as they wove; darting in and out of their

curiously wrought dwelling, in one corner of the window; sometimes mending a rent, or a broken thread and then stepping back, like a tidy housewife to view their handiwork.

But webs and dust could not shut out this sunbeam; it would dart its rays though, and glad that old heart once more. Clouds in their strange vagaries seem to represent almost every passion of the human heart. Wildly they rush onward, and onward; anon, stand still in sullen gloom, and again burst forth in tears or fit gently away and leave a calm, clear cerulian sky; suddenly there came one of those black, heavy clouds driving on; and like a gloomy face in a happy family circle, cast darkness on all that was bright before. The sun rolled on; his beams were scattered elsewhere, but we knew he would return, and that our hearts would be glad again, in his presence.

To all this I listened and was instructed, and I said I will rejoice in the light and not fear in the darkness, for God our father, lives and reigns.

A HINT FOR THE DOCTORS.—There exists in Philadelphia a very useful institution, which we think worthy of more publicity than it has hitherto had. Every one knows, who has ever been sick, what a priceless blessing is a good nurse. Every one knows, too, that it is a blessing, as rare as it is precious. Many a life has been lost through the incompetence or negligence of a nurse, and many an illness intensified and prolonged. The object of the *Philadelphia Nurse Society*—which has been in existence seventeen years—is to educate women for nurses, to provide nurses for the poor, and to secure to the nurses themselves regular employment and a proper home. For the promotion of these ends, a large house has been rented and furnished, in which the nurses reside when off duty, (at a charge which just covers the expense of their board,) and from which they are detailed when application is made for their services. In the house also, they receive instruction, from the physician, how to proceed in every possible crisis of disease, and instruction from the matron in the preparation of all those delicacies which a sick person needs. At the end of the course, the women are subjected to an examination, and are required to prepare, unassisted, a specimen of every dish and drink used in the sick room. Those who pass this examination are then obliged to attend a certain number of cases, if their management of which is satisfactory, the institution grants them a diploma, and they either become permanently attached to the Society, or practice on their own account. Each nurse, as application is made at the home, goes out in turn. If she is summoned to a family in good circumstances, she receives the usual payment of five dollars a week, or more, if the family is liberal; if the patient is poor, the charge is in proportion to what the Society thinks he can afford; if the patient is destitute, the Society pays the nurse two dollars a week, and assists, if necessary, the afflicted family. How useful an institution this is, every reader will perceive; and many will doubtless inquire whether it ought not to be imitated in other cities. We trust it may be. The originator and chief promoter of the *Philadelphia Nurse Society* is Dr. JOSEPH WARRINGTON, one of the most skillful of physicians, and one of the most benevolent of men. Dr. Warrington has spared time, from the demands of an immense practice, to labor for the establishment and prosperity of the Society, from its infancy to the present time. It has been, in fact, his *object*. The institution, which is now on a sure basis, will, we believe, long stand a monument to the public spirit and excellent heart of its worthy founder.—*Home Journal*.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A DAUGHTER.—The English papers report the case of a lady who recently waited upon her father's creditors, and paid them the full amount of their claims, some of which had been standing for twenty-five years. She had obtained an accession of her fortune, and signalized the event by removing a reproach from the memory of a deceased parent.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

BY FANNY FERN.

Men's Rights! Woman's Rights! I throw down the gauntlet for *Children's Rights*! Yes, little pets: Fanny Fern's about "takin' notes,"—and she'll "print 'em," if you don't get your dues. She has seen you seated by a pleasant window, in a railroad car, with your bright eyes dancing with delight, at the prospect of all the pretty things you were going to see, forcibly ejected by some overgrown Napoleon, who fancied your place, and thought in his wisdom that children had no taste for anything but sugar candy. Fanny Fern knew better. She knew that the pretty trees and flowers and bright blue sky gave your little soul a thrill of delight, though you could not tell why; and she knew that great big man's soul was a great deal smaller than yours, to sit there and read a stupid political paper, when such a glowing landscape was before him that he might have feasted his eyes upon, and she longed to wipe away the big tear that you did'n't dare to let fall; and she understood how a little girl or boy that did'n't get a ride every day in the year should not be quite able to swallow that great big lump in the throat, as he or she sat jammed down in a dark, crowded corner of the car, instead of sitting by that pleasant window. Yes, and Fanny has seen you sometimes, when you have been muffed up to the tip of your little nose in woolen wrappers, in a close, crowded church, nodding your little drowsy heads, and keeping time to the sixth-*lie* and seventh-*lie* of some pompous theologian, whose preaching would have been high Dutch to you, had you been wide awake.

And she has seen you sitting like little automata, in a badly-ventilated school-room, with your nervous little toes at just such an angle, for hours, under the tuition of Miss Nancy Nipper, who did'n't care a rush-light whether your spine was as crooked as the letter S or not, if the *Great Mogul Committee*, who marched in once a month to make the "grand tour," voted her a "model school marm."

Yes, and that aint all. She has seen you sent off to bed, just at the witching hour of candlelight, when some entertaining guest was in the middle of a delightful story, that you, poor miserable "little pitcher," was doomed never to hear the end of! Yes, and she has seen "the line and plummet" laid to you so rigidly, that you were driven to deceit and evasion; and then seen you punished for the very sin your tormentors helped you to commit. And she has seen your ears boxed just as hard for tearing a hole in your best pinafore, or breaking a china cup, as for telling a big lie as *Ananias and Sapphira* did.

And when by patient labor you have reared an edifice of tiny blocks (fairer in its architectural proportions to your infantile eye than any palace in ancient Rome,) she has seen it ruthlessly kicked into a shattered ruin by somebody in the house whose dinner hadn't digested!

Never mind. *I wish I was mother to the whole of you!* Such glorious times as we'd have! Reading pretty books that had no big words in 'em: going to school where you could sneeze without getting a rap on the head for not asking leave first, and going to church on the quiet, blessed Sabbath, where the minister, like the dear Saviour, *SOMETIMES* remembered to "take little children in his arms, and bless them."

Then if you asked me a question, I wouldn't pretend not to hear, or lazily tell you "I didn't know," or turn you off with some fabulons evasion, for your memory to chew for a end till you were old enough to see you had been fooled. And I'd never wear such a fashionable gown, that you couldn't climb on my lap whenever the fit took you; or refuse to kiss you for fear you'd ruffle my curls, or my collar, or my temper—not a bit of it! And then you should pay me with your merry laugh, and your little confiding hand slid ever trustingly in mine.

Oh! I tell you, my little pets, Fanny is sick of din and strife, and envy, and uncharitableness; and I'd rather, by ten thousand, live in a little

world full of fresh, guileless, loving little children, than in this great museum full of such *dry, dusty, withered hearts*.—*Olive Branch.*

We have received from our valued correspondent in Liverpool, a private letter, from which we give a few extracts:

MANOR PARK, ROCK FERRY, }

Liverpool, Jan. 21, 1853. }

My Dear Mrs. Davis :—Your interesting letter was forwarded to me while on a visit in Monmouthshire, about three miles from Tintern Abbey, a view of which you see on this page. It was founded by Walter Richard De Clare, in 1131, to expiate the sin of having robbed and murdered the native inhabitants by wholesale. It is a superb ruin, in the midst of a natural amphitheatre formed by richly wooded hills, at the foot of which may be seen the river Wye in the most graceful attitude, gliding and curling like a serpent, till it has insinuated itself into their confidence, and obtained their contributions; then it goes dancing off in triumph to the sea.

In England, no American woman is thought of now but Mrs. Stowe, who is expected here very shortly with her husband. Their expenses will be paid by the Glasgow people, who have raised besides, £500 to spend in a festival for her. Some Liverpool ladies are engaged in collecting money for the same purpose.

Mrs. Stowe's book is being translated into Welch. My sister who is in Munich, tells me it has gone through twenty-nine editions in Germany. She bought a German copy for about 2s. English.

Having missed the post, I will give you a few extracts from a letter from Miss Martineau.—After saying she agrees with the protest of Dr. Hunt, she says: "what we have to do, it seems to me to be, to make as many women clever as possible, and in as many ways which men must admit: all the while asserting our claims temperately and rationally as in the protest, and never saying a petulant word." It strikes me there is a fact bearing on this case which perhaps the American women do not know. Miss LYNN wrote very largely in the *Morning Chronicle* when it was first a political paper, and she says, "I have this day corrected the last proof of a reprint of the letters from Ireland, which I communicated this Autumn to the *Daily News*." The book is now out with her name on the title page. When these letters appeared in the *Daily News* they were supposed to be written by a man, and were read and praised by many who would not have looked at them had they known them to be the production of a woman. Here you see two single women supplying political knowledge to the nation through two London daily papers, and yet they are not considered capable of exercising the elective franchise. Miss Martineau is a house-keeper, and besides teaching politics and history, lectures on these subjects to her neighbors.

In the letters on Ireland, there is a short chapter on the women, in which she says, "There is something very impressive to the traveller in Ireland, in the conviction which grows upon him from stage to stage, that it is the industry of the women, which is in great part sustaining the country; though in one view there is moral beauty in the case, the symptom is a bad one. First, the men's wages are reduced to the low-

est point, and then capital turns to a lower paid class, to the exclusion of the men every where—the women can be employed in their stead. Beside workers in lace, knitters and 400,000 women and girls employed chiefly by the Glasgow merchants in sewing, she says, we observe women working almost every where.—In the flax field, there are more women than men; in the harvest fields, there are as many women as men. In the bog, it is the women who at half wages set up and turn and stack the peat. In Belfast, the warehouses we saw were more than half peopled with women; and at the flax works near the city, not only were women employed in spreading and drying, but in the rolling, roughing, and finishing, which had always till now been done by men. The men had struck for wages and their work was given to girls at eight pence per day.

"These Irish women seem like Solomon's virtuous woman—they leave nothing for the men to do but nurse the children. However, it will do one thing—it will prove the capability of females to do many things that hitherto have been considered beyond their power. If they had only the sense to look after the remuneration, and secure it to themselves, their condition would soon improve; but not only can their husbands claim all their earnings, but they are content to work at half the price of man."

Some printers struck for wages near Liverpool. The principals had some girls taught and have gradually filled the places of the men by women at about half their wages. A printer in Liverpool threatened to do the same if his men did not come to terms. The men under such circumstances emigrate and leave the women behind them. I look upon Mrs. Chisholm as the greatest benefactor the women have here. She has established an emigration society, to assist females in going out together. Helps wives to go out to their husbands, gives out-fits to single women. She is herself going out to Australia in the Spring with 900 women; but what is that? She has a list of 12,000 men who have left wives behind them in England.

Pray make notes of every thing interesting, that you may forget nothing when you come. I am quite alone; father and brothers in London, sister in Germany.

Your sincerely attached friend,

MARION FINCH.

Of Miss Hosmer, the gifted Boston lady-sculptor, the *Home Journal's* Roman correspondent says:—

"Miss Hosmer promises to become one of the most finished sculptors in the world. She is under the tuition of Mr. Gibson, and has moddled already a large bust of Venus, to Gibson's infinite amazement and delight; he takes all Rome to see it, and says there is not a sculptor in Rome who could do it better, while there are many who could not approach it."

Women's rights are sometimes recognized in Russia. The Duchess of Leuchtenberg has just been chosen to preside over the Imperial Academy of Sciences.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

Jean Paul.

If there is a language in the world for which there is no lexicon or grammar, it is that which a woman thinks in, but never speaks.—*My Novel.*

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, MARCH, 1853.

THE INTELLECT OF WOMAN.

In our article upon the physical constitution of woman, we asserted and endeavored to prove that there was such equality of availing force, such real equivalence, in its adjustment to different ends and uses, as rightfully overturns all pretension of supremacy in the other sex, on the ground of larger bones and stronger sinews. We asserted that the efficient force, is equal and *alike*, so far as it serves the same intention; and that it is *equally* effective, when the functions and destinies of the sexes differ; that she is as strong to do and endure, so far as parallelisms of use run, and comparison applies; and in energy of nerve and muscle, as capable as her brother man, in those offices which distinguish her sex from his. We affirm no superiority for her, as we allow none to him, in the things not relevant to their respective differences of nature. It would be grossly unphilosophical to speak of the skill and cunning of the hand, as superior to the strength of the foot, or the acuteness of vision, as transcending the delicacy of the ear.

The limbs of the reindeer are superior to those of the sloth; but it means nothing at all to say that the wings of a bird, are superior to the fins of a fish. Each kind is excellent in its own element. The difference of conditions makes all contrasts and comparisons stupidly senseless. They are both organs of locomotion. Anatomists see the analogies of structure which adapt them to their correspondent uses, but never speak of the superiority of either to the other. The eagle is king of birds, but he has no supremacy and no rank among the inhabitants of the sea.

We are illustrating a principle of logic now, and not the subject of this controversy. If woman were only *another man*, the difference might be ascertained in cubic inches and avoirdupois pounds, and their rank and power be determined by it. We recognize and accept all natural differences and even insist upon them. They are good alike for our defence and for our claims. The leg and foot might as well plead their greater bulk of bone and muscle, their massive strength and firmness, against the slightness of the arm, and the flexibility of the hand, as to confront the organization of woman with that of man. Coarseness and quantity cannot make good such claims against skill and quality. The hand can perform as much work measured by any scale, even that of dead weight itself, as the foot can in equal time accomplish. There is no ground for schism and no place for arrogance between them.

But we content ourselves with the argument of this matter offered in its proper place, and rehearse it now only for the use which the prin-

ples should serve in the inquiry which is to follow. Of the respective intellectual capabilities of the two sexes, we affirm an analogous principle.

There is a distinction of sex in every tissue, organ, action and function of their constitution, a difference in all the habitudes of body, intellect and feeling, in their voice, walk, breathing, circulation and even digestion. In nothing are they duplicates and repetitions of each other. No woman is so like any man, as any man is like every other man. What then? Does she not still breathe the same air, eat the same food, walk the same earth, feel the same moral obligations, live upon the same hopes, endure and enjoy the same general fortunes? And shall she be limited in her own proper life, and abridged of her natural rights, or denied their exercise because her agency is different? Just as food, light and air are the same, as to her brother, so are the necessary objects and conditions of her mental and moral life; and her wants, duties and capacities justly demand their equal liberty. Wherever a faculty is given, its freedom is implied and its exercise enjoined; and all laws and customs which interfere between means and ends, capacities and offices, are hindrances of the creative purpose.

The argument for restriction of privileges and denial of rights is always remarkable for its carelessness of logic and slippery generalities of reasoning. The oppressor asserts the incapacity of the oppressed for higher and better conditions. He urges besides, the slaves contentment with his station, and never fails to add that he is better and happier in bondage than he could be in freedom. History is cited to prove that he is better circumstanced than ever before. Exemption from the cares and risks of self-government is played off against all privations which are inflicted, and all the progress which is hindered; and holy writ, Jewish and Pagan, are twisted into authority for the support of this system.

Tyranny never stops to learn from that history which it pretends to reverence, how its own ancestry once suffered by a similar bondage, nor finds the correction of its false reasoning in its own experiences which so amply refute the theory of oppression held now for its own advantage. The descendants of the ancient English serf, at half a dozen removes, talks of the inferiority of the rabble in total forgetfulness of his ancestor's enthralment, or if the case in hand is that of a tribe or color of barbarians something different from his own, he is sure that they are by nature incapable of an equal destiny, for the simple reason that they have not yet achieved it! Driven from this ground of argument against right which rests only on the wrongs of the past, he turns to contemporaneous history, as confidently as the tyrant of his great grandfather did before him, and asks: "can these people with any safety or advantage to them-

selves be made free, and equal men, in the community? See how ignorant, incapable, and how indifferent they are."

The man who first said that "history is philosophy, teaching by example," invented an argument for cowards and knaves, without intending it. There must be a higher authority if there is any higher truth than it records. If men are to go forward, the light that guides them must come from the future, not the past. Experience at best, is only a *teacher*, it has no right to be the jailer of its graduates. Full development must turn its back upon its schoolmaster if it would go forward toward true greatness.

But let us turn for a moment to the "revered chronicle," and see what it testifies in the issue joined between us and our opponents; and afterwards we can weigh its force and ascertain its bearing upon the question.

In some departments of intellectual achievement, woman has already such competency, and made such attainments as should abate the confidence of our antagonists. We cannot quote all that would be to our purpose, nor adduce all the kinds of success which we are warranted in claiming, but enough is at hand for our purpose, and a little will suffice to indicate the rest.

First of her participation in political affairs, and in the conduct of business and civil duties. In a work on Germany we find the following statement:

"That early stage of civilization, immediately preceding the era of extensive commerce, was peculiarly propitious to women. They enjoyed all the rights and immunities of citizens. They went to the public councils or assemblies of their nations, heard their debates, and were called upon to deliver their opinions. They succeeded to the feudal inheritance, and when invested with its possessions they exerted all its incidental rights, though they usually deputed its military command to an approved warrior; they retained its honors and prerogatives; held courts, and exercised its jurisdiction. They assembled with the peers of the State, to deliberate, to judge and vote. These assemblies or councils belonged only to the feis, which were noble, hence the majority were excluded; but this could not prevent their advancing condition, for they were placed in positions to command respect, and therefore studied to deserve it; concerned with great affairs they were agitated with great passions. They partook of the greatness both of their civil functions and social labors. In the times of Tacitus they appeared in the Gothic Parliaments among the Franks, as well as the Anglo Saxons. As commerce extended, and man's power became more and more developed, woman's rights were encroached upon till in those very countries where she had stood by man's side, his acknowledged equal, she at last had left her, only the worsted needle and tambour frame. Frivolity and pettiness inevitably ensued. Reduced to slavery they could not keep alive in the heart of man the noble sentiment of patriotism."

What wonder that with woman degraded, the fire of freedom burns low on the German altar?—that its Genius is prostrate, and Justice hangs with

scowling visage over nations who have invited a foreign tyranny into the state by establishing a petty despotism in their own households. Political liberty cannot dwell with domestic bondage.

The causes which have stripped women of political power where it was once possessed, and excludes them where they have never yet administered it, are such as by no means impeach their capacity for such functions. The force of arms again and again has overborne the highest civilization of the ancient world. Greece has never recovered from her fall; "Egypt is the basest of the nations," and Rome lies buried in degenerate Italy. The descendants of the freest, greatest people of the earth are this day in a degraded bondage. But the wretched facts of the present cannot contradict the glorious monuments of the past. Man from his proudest heights has fallen by fraud and force into hopeless degradation and unresisting slavery; yet his crushing disabilities are not a proof of his natural incapacity. Why then should woman be prejudged and doomed, and her hopes repressed for no better reason?

Queens have governed the fairest portions of Europe in their best days, and their names are linked forever with the rising fortunes of the world. They have proved themselves as able in council, as comprehensive in policy, as wise in conduct, and as successful in administration as any sovereigns on the roll of fame. If there were upon the record but one Deborah of Israel, one Cleopatra of Egypt, one Elizabeth of England, one Isabella of Castile, one Catherine of Russia, whose names the world would not willingly let die, our reproach were taken away; but the names of women who ruled empires and governed armies, will stand thick and bright over all the pages of the race's story. Not even so many men as these would count, have ever risen from the ranks of a degraded caste, overcome adverse customs and opinions, and ascended into rank well earned and offices well filled. No where, and in no department of activity have all the resources of the female mind been favorably circumstanced for their culture and display. In the race of glory they *never* have an even start with their competitors for the prize, and they always carry weights which put them at desperate disadvantage. What they have thus achieved, therefore, truly entitles them to double honor.

We are sometimes asked for our Shakespeare, our Milton, and Dante. The boast is almost answered, and so far well answered by the women whose portraits glorify their works. There is something greater in the original than in the copy, in the living fact, than in its best practical presentment. The mere conception and report of these noble women make the fame of these inspired men; what then must be the divinities which inspired them? Steele is reported to have said of a noble woman thus, "to love

her was a liberal education." Critics seem unaware of the value of that worship which their hero writers render to the beautiful lives of their best creations. The time will yet come, when the painter will not be held above his subject, when that which he so faintly catches for his canvas will be valued above the picture.

As yet the best of masculine writers have succeeded better in drawing demons, chivalric homicides and villains, than heroic womanhood. That remains to be daguerreotyped to perfection by the sunlight of her own genius, and the world's vision must be opened to behold and understand its real glory. Poetry by an instinct made the muses feminine; the issue will prove it to have been a prophecy. Some installments of the promise have already been paid down and it will yet be redeemed, for it is a bond of fate.

No single faculty of the human intellect can be educated to perfection by itself; the whole soul must be brought up in compact array to the achievement of its highest enterprize. The battle field, the Senate chamber, the world of business, and all the avenues of an integral life, must be opened to it, and afford their training, and offer their occasions, before a mind can be furnished with the collateral and concurrent qualifications for any grand performance in epic poetry or classic literature.

How can the slumbering genius of our sex be awakened? "How, the mute, inglorious Miltons, the Cromwells, and Hamptons be brought from their obscurity, while the whole caste is excluded from the theatre of such exploits as they are challenged to display?

The enriching experience, the informing observations of the life that is flowing round us, is almost hidden from our eyes; its excitements are denied to our imagination, its strifes to our ambition; and how then can we compete with our highly favored rivals for an equal rank in what they call literature and art? But there will be a better, a purer style of art, and of literature in better times.

In whatever fairly lies within her reach, woman has nobly vindicated her pretensions. In the poetry of the affections, in the reflection of the inmost life, in the portraiture of manners, in the criticism of taste—in all that she is permitted to know, and do, and be, she has attained unquestionable excellence. The wide world is this day witness of her transcendent power in the most difficult and elegant departments of literary authorship. If the range and compass of her work are limited any where, it is just where her education and opportunities have been crippled and smothered by the system which enslaves her.

But genius is omnipotent, and swells away from restraining pressure, and makes its own occasions in despite of circumstances. This is true, and we are not without examples of such over-mastering might in the female mind.

Let us name a few of the many instances.—

We purposely pass over the heroism and commanding talents that have once in a while blazed out upon the battle field. The old time histories as well as the more modern barbarous and civilized wars have paid tribute to such merit as this often enough to stop the mouths of boasting manhood. We pass by these instances of renown for wholesale homicides, to notice the better deserving and more fitting fame that women have won in the peaceful and beneficent pursuits of learning.

Socrates, Plato and Pericles, at the feet of Aspasia, represent the homage of the science, philosophy and eloquence of Greece, in its proudest period, rendered to the intellect of a woman, worthy of such tribute. Her beauty drew its lustre from the higher charms of mind with which she was endowed. The jewel was worthy of the casket.

"Helena Carnaro was deemed worthy of the degree of mistress of the arts in the world renowned university of Padua, and would have received the degree of Doctor of Divinity but for the opposition of the Arch Bishop.

But little more than a century has passed since Agnesia Maria Gaetana, a Milanese of noble birth, made such progress in study that at nine years of age she composed a Latin discourse in favor of the liberal education of woman. At eleven, she read and spoke the Greek and mastered Hebrew. She then turned her attention to Mathematics, and at the age of nineteen supported one hundred and ninety-one theses before the most distinguished people of Milan. She succeeded her father in the Professor's chair at Bologna, and was made honorary reader to the University of that city, by Pope Benedict. Her great work, *Analytical Institutions*, was translated by Rev. John Colson of the University of Cambridge. The Commentators of Newton were acquainted with her works while in manuscript.

Laura Maria Catherine Bassi, another Italian lady, succeeded to the Professor's chair. A Priest, as a matter of amusement, first taught her French and Latin; afterwards, she was exercised in logic, metaphysics and philosophy, by a physician. Her master's knowledge was limited to the teachings of the schools, but the penetrating genius of Laura, could not be confined to these limits. Her scientific studies and even discoveries, left the faculty of Bologna, far behind her in the career of knowledge. She held public discussions on philosophy, in the presence of immense crowds, of ecclesiastics, noblemen, and ladies. On receiving her degree, her brow was encircled with a silver crown, ornamented with laurel leaves, presented by Dr. Bazzin, in the name of the faculty. In presenting her with the gown, the ensignia of her degree, he addressed to her a latin oration, to which she replied in an extemporaneous latin address; the elegance and delicacy of her language being considered truly wonderful. Every effort was made to sound the depths of her mind, but it was found that not one man could compete with her or meet her at all points, so various were her accomplishments, so subtle her wit, and so clear her understanding and judgment.

Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1554, astonished the Court of France and all the foreign ambassadors, by delivering a latin oration of her own composition, setting forth the capacity of women

for the highest mental culture. The accomplishments of Lady Jane Grey in the languages, had ever been the historian's delight, but her attainments proved more than mere accomplishments to her, for they disciplined her mind, strengthened her heart, enlarged her faith, and tempered her enthusiasm. The mother of Lord Bacon was distinguished as a linguist. She corresponded with Bishop Jewel, in Greek, and translated his apology from Latin so faultlessly that it needed not one correction. Her name is little known, while that of her son, who inherited her temperament and talents, will be carried down through ages. It was granted to him, to express his interior existence in the free outflow of his thoughts. The mother's life was merged in the son's renown, but it flows through it silent, deep and strong, till the last ebb of time.

Madame De Staël, enchanted France by her scholarship and wit, her influence spread over all Europe, winning her a lasting fame for political wisdom, as well as every style of literary excellence. Her works are still fresh and her rank high among the classics of the age. Her writings, in fact, mark an epoch in literature and politics—the finest models of strength, grace, compass and symmetry; combined excellencies which redeemed all her faults, and powers which compensated all the accidents of her sex and circumstances, in a disordered time.*

Here are a few of the great names which "like peaks of some sunk continent jut through oblivion's sea," to hint the richness of the soil that lies buried under the overwhelming flood. Twenty years ago, when Henry Clay was on the pinnacle of his fame, when Whittier said, "he is not yet fallen," Red Jacket, who had heard the story of his early struggle and had witnessed his great success, and admired his masterly eloquence, cried out, delighted, "Ah! I like the man that can swim all day against the current and drag his canoe after him." Such is the praise that woman justly earns by the triumphs she must win in the teeth of a fiercer current, and laden with a heavier burden than ever the orator of the west encountered or endured. In one of his great struggles, he asked for "fair play and clear day light;" the world gave it to him. The applause of listening Senates, the generous devotion of a nation supported him in his great efforts, and many a kind construction covered his deficiencies and exaggerated his deservings. Success under such conditions, is as nothing in comparison with the obstacles that throng an aspiring woman's pathway to equal reputation. We also ask fair play, open possibilities, and a just judgment of our desperate endeavors.

The female adventurer is at antagonism with false opinions and all the established order and institutions, laws, and customs of society. She puts in peril the grace and beauty of her life, and loses a sweeter reward than ever glory gave a conqueror, in every strife she undertakes for the accomplishment of a worthy life. Credit her then, with these sacrifices, give due

force to toil under such trials, and then imagine what she might be with all circumstances favoring her heroism and helping her capacities.

To the competent critic of modern poetry and fiction, we can trust the pretensions of our sex without an instance cited, without an argument adduced. Some other time and for another purpose, we shall turn our attention to the host of women's names, and the ample share of their works, which illustrate the literature of our age.

It is not needed here, for it is a point conceded. We are concerned now only with matters in dispute, and we turn therefore to the question of woman's pretensions to the walks of science; those sciences technically divided into the exact and the natural, or the philosophy of materialism, the knowledge of physics, the laws and mysteries of matter, its measures, weights and motions; and, along with these, political economy, law, medicine, theology.—These we will examine in such a manner as to answer the demand for our Newton, Cuvier, Kepler, Justinian, Blackstone, Jefferson and Marshall, or account for the lack, among women of their analogous.

We close this article, now already too long for our space, without concluding it, with an authority for the broadest position which we take, that must have is force with the most stubborn conservatism, if it has not quite lost its instincts. Says Socrates, who had known Aspasia and measured mental strength with her, "I have long held the opinion that the female sex are inferior to us in nothing except bodily strength, and that there should be but one mode of education for men and women, as the latter have the same natural genius." And he adds, after ample experience and observation of the trial and results, "We have been establishing the law which is not only possible but best for the state."

We ask a suspension of judgment and a candid hearing for what we have yet to say in defense of the advance position which we take, in the confidence of its truth and justice.

WILL IT BE PERMANENT.

The above question comes to us from various directions, and our answer must be the same to all. It will be permanent, if those who profess to feel that our objects are of paramount interest to every other, *will* to have it so.

We did not commence our work in any momentary fit of caprice. We had counted well the cost, and knew the sacrifices which it would involve, and we now know the labor attendant upon it.

We knew that there was an earnest call for reading on the subject, and that the great heart of womanhood needed a medium of communication. The voice, pen, and the press, are the engines for correcting public sentiment, and we need all the appliances that would be used in

any other great moral question. We must have the living voice to kindle the fire, but the fuel can only be supplied to keep it up, and the engineer to tend it constantly, by the public press.

There are some papers that advocate our cause nobly, and are doing good service to it; but they have never given that space or thought to it which it requires. Simple as the proposition of equality of right may appear, there is underlying it a deeper philosophy than has as yet been defined, and it must be evolved by those who have given to it the best thoughts of their lives.

There need be no apprehension that these papers will fall off in interest because ours has entered the field. It has never been the case that there was a diminution of interest in any subject, by any amount of well directed increase of means, which might be brought to bear. If those who say "that the emancipation of woman is the noblest moral work ever launched," are sincere, then let them not feel that there are others paramount to it in their affections; and not only will the UNA be abundantly sustained, but we shall have daily and weekly papers; and that class who are to work out their own redemption, will find an utterance that will amaze the cold sceptic who proclaims woman satisfied and happy in her present condition.

ENCOURAGING.

We find in the *Cincinnati Christian Press* an address given before the members of the Philadelphion, at a late meeting, by Mrs. Ernst, of that city, on the subject of woman's rights. The essay is marked throughout by good common sense, clearness of perception and delicacy of expression. One suggestion, on the subject of marriage we extract, and would give more if our space permitted:

"Could it be made unlawful and disgraceful for women to marry before twenty-one, they would have time for education, as men have; time for mental and physical development and maturity, and a much greater chance of choosing with judgment. As old Doctor Beecher once said of going to the theatre, "keep your children strictly from it till they are old enough to know better, and then they won't want to go." So keep your girls from marrying till they are old enough to know better, and half the time they would choose much more congenial partners.

They would all still marry, because it is more natural and far happier for them to do so. "For God setteth the solitary in families," for good to all, we know. But give girls something valuable to do for themselves, and they would never hurry into an engagement which mature life so often condemns and mourns over. Why should the law recognize them as fit to bind themselves to such a sacrifice of "free agency," both of body and mind, as marriage in some cases now is, before they are considered capable of taking care of property? Why should money be thought of more importance to be preserved from waste, than the moral and intellectual nature of an immortal being?"

*See letter from Miss Finch, for further illustrations of this point.

In the *Nantucket Mirror* we find that Miss Gardner, of that city, has also furnished an address for the Lyceum, read by Mrs. E. Barney, which is very highly spoken of as an intellectual effort, and we know that the Nantucket people are no mean judges of such productions; nor, we think, would a weak partiality for their towns-woman cause an over estimate of her lecture. We only wish she had voiced her own thoughts. But we hail with joy the opening of Lyceums to women in whatever way it is done, for it is another avenue to independent existence.

THE VOICES OF LIFE.

We have received this neat little volume of poems by Mrs. E. P. Lesdernier, published by Cornish and Lampert. We have read all the poems with interest, and would not allow this opportunity to pass without a notice. They have in them much variety, gracefulness, beauty, and strength, and give evidence of genius, which, had it found fewer obstacles to encounter, might have gladdened the pathway of many through life.

They breathe a sadder strain than we could wish the poet might ever feel, for his true mission is to give joy to the heart. Few could read the *Vigil of the Homeless*, without the tribute of a sigh or tear; or the *Voices of the Sea*, without fancying themselves upon its shores listening to its deep murmur.

We cannot however, forbear noticing the bad taste of the editor, who in his notes drags some portion of her private history before the public, and says that "her cause should be the passport to public favor," thus robbing her of the need due to her genius. No one wishes to have charity thrust upon them, either in form of amusement, in the purchase of books, or works of art. No one should have their necessities proclaimed when they come before the public as an author or an artist, for the purpose of awakening sympathy, and thus building up a meritorious reputation. Neither man or woman should have their works judged by their private lives. An artist must be measured by artistic rules; a poet by the laws of poesy; a reasoner by rules of logic and induction. It is unfair to the public and unsafe for the individual to be spoken of in any other way. Neither should the personal admiration we may feel, be allowed to come in to bias judgment. We often read notices of lecturers until we are convinced that we too shall be in rapture; but alas! what a letting down is the reality. So with books, nine out of ten have not a thought in them from beginning to end; but they find their way through this system of unmitigated puffing, into almost every library. The little book of poems which we commenced noticing, has its faults, but it has also merit; let it be judged of accordingly, and not by the editor's notes. It should be read for its sweet, sad strains, and its touching pathos

will reach many hearts, and in strong, high trust, will reprove the dead faith of the worlding.

AGNODICE.

Mrs. Editor—I have just read an incident in Athenian history which will encourage our female physicians by the spectacle of courage in liberty of true science; and may appeal by the example of the "principle gentlewomen" of Athens, to those modern gentlewomen who resist the new impulse in behalf of the medical education of woman. I give it as related by J. A. St. John, in his "Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece;" a book that is specially recommended to the attention of your readers, not only by its admirable portraiture of life in Greece, but by its full account of the condition of Grecian women.

"The simple delicacy of remoter ages required women to be attended, while becoming mothers, by individuals of their own sex. But the contrary practice, now general among civilized nations, prevailed early at Athens, where the study of medicine, in which the accoucheur's art is included, was prohibited to women and slaves. The consequences bear stronger testimony to the refined taste and truly feminine feelings of the Athenian ladies than a thousand panegyrics. Numbers, rather than submit to the inmodest injunction of fashion, declined all aid and perished in their harems; observing which, and moved strongly by the desire to preserve the lives of her noble minded countrywomen, a female citizen named Agnodice, disguised as a man, acquired a competent knowledge of the theory and practice of physic in the medical school of Herophilus; she then confided her secret to the women who universally determined to avail themselves of her services, and in consequence her practice became so extensive that the jealousy of the other practitioners was evidently excited. In revenge, therefore, as she still maintained her disguise, they preferred an accusation against her in the court of Areopagus, as a general seducer. To clear herself, Agnodice made known her sex, upon which the envious *Æsculapians* prosecuted her under the provisions of the old law. In behalf of their benefactress the principal gentlewomen appeared in court, and mingled the highest testimony in favor of Agnodice. With many bitter reproaches, they not only obtained her acquittal, but the repeal of the obnoxious law, and permission for any free woman to become an accoucheur."

St. John's *Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece*; vol. I, page 115.

LETTER.

The following brief, pertinent note, in answer to the *Una's* appearance, is from one whose name is justly entitled to honor. Mr. Updike was the author of the bill passed by the Rhode Island Legislature some years since, securing to married women the right to their own property.

It was fitting and proper that Rhode Island should be the first state to take this step, as she was the first to give religious toleration—to afford an asylum to the persecuted for opinion's sake—so let her be the first to strike from her constitution the single word which proscribes

woman, and puts her in a more hopeless position than a minor, a foreigner, a slave, or a criminal; for the child may come of age and claim his right to self-government, a foreigner may be naturalized, the slave be emancipated, or the criminal pardoned; but alas for woman, she is doomed to interminable nothingness among her brethren:

KINGSTON, R. I., Feb. 10th, 1853.

Dear Madam.—I received the *Una's* last evening and have perused it—I assure you that I am pleased that such a publication is to be issued in this State, and trust that it will receive the patronage that it deserves. It is to be hoped that the time will soon arrive when the old feudal doctrine of female slavery will be abrogated. Please to add my name to your list of subscribers. The money is enclosed.

With esteem, yours,

W. UPDIKE.

From the *Boston Liberator*.

BRATTLEBORO', (Vt.) Feb. 9, 1853.
DEAR SIR: 'It is not often that a single speech reverses the public sentiment of a whole town.' This was the expression used by a lady of this place yesterday, in describing to me the effect produced by the recent address of our friend LUCY STONE, on Woman's Rights.

During a stay of a few days in this place, I have derived no small pleasure from the universal testimony to the same effect. Among a large circle of relatives and acquaintances, I have not found a single exception to the general delight and admiration. Yet, among these are persons whom I know to have felt the strongest prejudices against this whole 'Woman's Rights' movement, and even against the public oratory of women; and who went to hear Miss Stone only by my urgent solicitation.

I believe Miss STONE was invited to come here in consequence of a lecture by Rev. A. L. Stone of Boston, in which the whole movement she represents was severely attacked. And so general was the spirit of ridicule created by that lecture, that serious fears were entertained lest it would be actually unsafe for a woman to lecture in Brattleboro—a place in many respects very conservative. But her lecture (which was fully attended) so charmed all who heard it, that there was not only the most respectful attention throughout, but the result appears to have been a change in public sympathy as I have described.

I mention this thus publicly, not merely as an act of justice to one of the most delightful public speakers whom I have ever heard, and a simple, noble, and most womanly woman, but for another purpose. I do not wish Miss Stone to wear herself out in the cause, but I do wish that its friends should endeavor to secure her services in all the large towns of Massachusetts, previous to the Constitutional Convention in May. The subject will most probably be brought before the Convention, and it is desirable, for the sake of reason and good taste, if not for humanity, that there should be men in that body, who, if they must still oppose the just claims of woman, can at least oppose them by some other weapon than insult and buffoonery. This, at least, may be hoped. But I am bound to add, that the entire argument for the equal political rights of the whole human race appears so simple and palpable, that it is a mystery to me how any man with a clear head (to say nothing of a heart) can for a moment resist it.

Yours, respectfully,

T. W. HIGGINSON.

Well ordered charity begins at home, say the selfists, in order to belie the gospel of Christ.

Love one human being purely, warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

Jean Paul.

AN ADDRESS.

We take pleasure in republishing Mrs. E. C. Stanton's address to the Legislature of New York, presented on the 21st of January, 1853. The Committee of Women, the first who have ever ventured in that State before the honorable body of law-makers, presented a petition of, we believe, more than twenty thousand names, praying for the Maine Law. They were received and listened to with respectful attention. It remains yet to be seen how deeply these sovereigns of the State were affected by the prayers of their wives, mothers, and sisters; and by the strong, earnest appeal of Mrs. S., which is an able argument against taxation without representation—as well as forcible in its demand for more stringent laws. It touches one point in legislation, in which we most cordially unite with her, viz: that of making drunkenness a just cause of divorce. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for believing that the Maine Law is but striking off the branches of the evil tree of intemperance, whose roots are fast twined round the home circle, and bedded deep, and strong, under the tables where sensual natures, inherited for generations, are fostered by the indulgence of mothers themselves; who take infinite delight in preparing the condiments and stimulating diet which increases the demand for stronger, and yet stronger stimulants, till even the fire-water must be drugged, to satisfy the depraved appetite. If there is any one position where we would have law interfere with the individual's own right of judgment—it should be to separate the wife from the intemperate husband, or *vice versa*—for we hold it criminal in the highest degree for persons of this class to be parents; "these are the sins which are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation." Our studies and disposition lead us to look for cause and effect, and we hesitate not to say that, we believe, the sensual indulgence of the table, creates a demand for other stimulants, and while there is a demand there will of necessity be a supply.

AN APPEAL FOR THE MAINE LAW.

Written by Mrs. Stanton, and read by Miss Anthony, in the Assembly Chamber, Jan. 21.

TO THE HONORABLE THE LEGISLATURE
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK:

This is, I believe, the first time in the history of our State, that Woman has come before this Honorable Body to state the legal disabilities under which, as women, we have thus far lived and labored. Though our grievances are many, and our causes of complaint, if set forth, would be as numerous as those made by our forefathers against their King; yet, in behalf of the women of this State, I appeal to you at this time, for the redress of those only, growing out of the legalized traffic in ardent spirits. We come not now to tell you of orphan's tears, widow's groans, and the blasted hopes of wretched wives and mothers. We come not with statistics to prove to you the enormity of this traffic, its pecuniary loss to state, family and individual. Nor, the amount of crime and misery it brings with it. No! oceans of eloquence have already been poured out, and volumes of statistics written on this question. You all know the wretched-

ness and poverty produced by this traffic, therefore we come not to reiterate what has been said a thousand times before, but we come to propose to you to do one of two things—either so remodel your State constitution, that woman may vote on this great political and social evil, and thus relieve herself of the terrible injustice that now oppresses her, or, be in fact what, as men, you now claim to be, her faithful representatives, her legal protectors, her chivalrous knights.

If you wisely choose the first proposition, and thus relieve yourselves of the burthen of all special legislation for one million and a half of disenfranchised subjects, giving us equal rights, as citizens, with all "white male citizens," then we have nothing to ask. Our course, under such circumstances, would be clear and simple. We should not long stand gaping into the heavens as our temperance saints now do, voting rum into high places, and then praying it to walk out. But if you still hug the delusion that you can legislate for us far better than we could for ourselves, and still insist on looking after our best interests, and protecting us in our sacred rights, at least permit us from time to time to tell you of our wants and needs. For, is it not fair to infer that in the progress of the race, as man is continually demanding for himself more enlarged liberty, that as his whole being develops, he requires new modes of action, and new laws to govern him, that woman too, following in the wake of her liege lord, may in the course of human events require some new privileges and immunities?

1st. Then, as our "faithful representatives," we ask you to give us the Maine Law, which has been so glorious in those States where it has been fairly tried. Now that we see a door of escape open, from the long line of calamities that intemperance has brought upon the head of woman, we would fain enter in and be at peace. We have long and impatiently waited for you to take some effective action on this abominable traffic, and now, feeling that the time has fully come, we pray you to act promptly and wisely. Let the work of today tell on all coming generations, that each one composing this august body may be enshrined with a grateful remembrance in the hearts of thousands, and thus form a more glorious era on the pages of future history than even the Revolution of 1776. But if you are not prepared to give us the Maine Law, and thus suppress this traffic altogether, then, as you love justice, remove from it all protection. Do not legalize it in any way. Let the trade be free and then let all contracts in which rum is involved be null and void. A man cannot come into court with his gambling debts, neither let him with his rum debts; for what better is rum-selling than gambling, or the rum-seller than the gamester? Then, do away with all license laws, and take no cognizance of the evil; for what a government licenses, it does not condemn. Now this traffic is either right or wrong. If right, let it be subject to the same laws as all other articles of commerce. If wrong, let those who carry it on be treated as criminals by the government, throwing on them the responsibility of all pauperism and crime they directly or indirectly produce.

The present position of our Government on this subject is most discouraging to the friends of temperance, and shows a lamentable want of high moral tone in those who make our laws, or those who make our law-makers. To make provision as to how or by whom this traffic shall be carried on, is to recognize in a certain class of men, the right to take the lives and property of their fellows. Upon what principles do our rum-sellers and distillers form themselves into a great monopoly in our midst, to work all manner of evil, to sow death and destruction on all sides? Because they are a majority, must we, a virtuous minority, submit to all kinds of imposition? Shall an apothecary be required to label his poisons, while the stamp of the Empire State shall recommend those of the rum-seller? Shall one pig in a respectable sty, because, forsooth, he is an offence to some lordly nose in the neighborhood, be removed by law as a nuisance, while these pestilential distilleries are allowed

to remain in our midst, infecting the atmosphere for miles around with their loathsome, disgusting odor—a stench in the nostrils of whole communities? Verily are these distillers and rum-sellers special pets of this Government. No other class of men could make themselves so disgusting to a community without being voted a nuisance at once, and disposed of as such. Now, we ask you as our representatives, to divorce yourself wholly from this abominable traffic. If you have not the strength to cut off the head of the giant, and kill him outright, then turn your backs upon him and refuse to shake hands with him in the market place.

But, above all, we conjure you not to let this session pass, without giving us a law making drunkenness a just cause of divorce. Such would be far greater in its permanent results than the Maine Law, even. Suppose we have the Maine Law today—you have then disposed of all intoxicating drinks; but you have still the animal natures,—the morbid appetite for stimulants and excitement entailed on generation after generation, which will work themselves out in some direction. But back up the Maine Law by the more important one on Divorce, and you make a permanent reform, in so regulating your laws on marriage, that the pure and noble of our sex may be sustained by the power of Government in dissolving all union with gross and vicious natures. It would create a strong public sentiment against drunkenness for you to declare, that, in your opinion, it is a crime so enormous, as to furnish just cause for the separation of man and wife. Inasmuch as such a law would be impracticable to the mass, in its first effects, it would meet with but little opposition, and, once passed, we have no fears that it would ever be repealed. It would be one of those onward steps never to be retaken.

2d. As our legal protectors, we ask you to release us from taxation. Under the present system the drunkard's wife is doubly taxed. As she has no right to what she has helped to earn, the rum-seller can take all she has for her husband's debts, and leave her to-day houseless, homeless and penniless. If then, as a widow, she have the energy to earn for herself and children a home of her own, then comes the State, and taxes her to support prisons, jails and poor-houses. Thus do you permit the rum-seller, first to strip her of her legal protector, and then tax her to support the pauperism and crime produced by his traffic. Verily, "no just government can be formed but by the consent of the governed." If you, gentlemen, were all afflicted with drunkards for your wives, your substance, your daily wages, could not be swept away by the rapacity of the rum-seller. You have in your hands the means of self-protection. Not so with us. The law gives to man the right to all he can get, and to what we get, too. The new property law protects what we inherit, but not what we jointly earn; hence you see how hopeless is the condition of the drunkard's wife. Look but one moment at her position. If she have inherited nothing, she owns nothing, no matter how intelligent, virtuous and industrious she may be; and if the joint property be wholly of her own earning, by your laws it is her husband's, be his character what it may, whether a tippler, a drunkard, or a sot. If she goes out to work by the day, she has no right to her wages, and if given to her, by your laws the husband may collect them again of her employers. Then he may abandon her for years,—making no provision for her or her children. And, if he return and find them in comfortable circumstances,—by your laws, he may make that home desolate, and spend their scanty earnings in riotous living. If the wife refuse to receive the vagrant as her liege lord, then, by your laws, he can rob her of her children,—and, no matter how tyrannical, loathsome, and utterly disgusting he may be, by your laws he is still her husband. And if found guilty of the only crime which gives just cause of divorce, of which your laws take cognizance,—she must, even then, pay some thirty dollars, or more, to put asunder what some Priest bound together,—for God hath joined those only who are one in spirit, and united by love.

Now, I ask you, as men, are these laws just? Are they such as you would like for yourself? The first object of government is to protect the weak against the strong—but such laws take from the weak all defence,—from the helpless all hope,—and hundreds of women, this very day, are suffering from this legal bondage. The drunkard's wife sits crushed and hopeless,—fearing to break the chains that grate on her naked heart,—she dies the victim of a false public sentiment,—whilst the Priest and the Law-Giver, coolly look on, and pronounce all very good. Seeing that you would consider women-voters a terrible scourge on the body politic,—if you would not have us press our claims to the exercise of our right to the elective franchise, see that we have justice at your hands. The women of this State are not satisfied with such representation and protection, as we have had thus far,—and unless our interests are better looked after,—unless you can give us more equitable laws—we demand the right to legislate ourselves.

3d. As our chivalrous knight, we ask you to go through no dangerous wars, to win laurels for our approval,—to break no lances, nor to perform any feats, on horse or foot,—to risk for us neither your fortunes, your lives, nor your sacred liberty. No! We only ask, that in your leisure hours, you will duly consider the unjust laws that now disgrace your statute books,—that you will unite with us against our national foe, Intemperance,—that you will lend us your influence to create a healthful public sentiment, that shall deny to drunkards the right of husbands and fathers,—that shall give the drunkard's wife her property, without taxation, and her children without fear of molestation. You would fain have women remain in the retirement of private life;—then protect her in her home. You love to look upon her as a sacred being: then make her so in her holiest relations. You wish to think of her as ever pure and virtuous; then help her to fly from all debasing contact with gross surroundings. We ask you to go forth on no Quixotic expedition to attack imaginary foes, or relieve imaginary sufferings. We ask your protection, not against the highway robber or ruthless bandit; but we, the women of the nineteenth century—your mothers, wives and sisters—ask you to throw around us a shield of defence against social tyranny and civil injustice—against a code of laws unworthy of Nero himself, so grievous are they in their bearing upon the poor and helpless of our sex. Alas! that such laws should now bear the sanction of our husbands, sires and sons. Alas! for this proud Republic, if its women, the repository of all that is noble and virtuous in national character, can command no higher honors, no purer homage, no juster laws at your hands.

ELIZABETH C. STANTON.

PROTEST.

Many hundred years ago it was taught by inspiration, that there "must be precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little." We fully accept this doctrine, and shall not, therefore, offer an apology for presenting the protest of Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, even though it has already appeared in several of our own papers, and some English journals. We cut it now from the Liverpool Mercury; and in its connection, some sensible remarks made upon it in that paper. The protest is in itself, a clear, cogent argument, and does not need sustaining upon any of its points. The life also of the writer has been an argument, more powerful in its effects than this protest; and it is the true life, that the world is now demanding. Can woman follow a trade or profession, acquire property, and maintain her independence, and still be none the less a woman in

all the higher, purer attributes, is the question? And we rejoice that there has been, and still are noble examples, to point to, in proof of this. When woman was first able to sustain herself in the literary world, it gave to hope a new spring, "re-created her from the dust"—since which time women have been struggling up, through all the difficulties and embarrassments of their lives, to a full, intellectual equality with man. The struggle for achievement in any new path until the victory is gained, is a severe one; for she is at antagonism with the whole world. Women look coldly, shrug their shoulders, insinuate that their former friend is intensely ambitious, or masculine, or perhaps, something worse.—Their disloyalty to each other has passed into a proverb, and in the meantime men, who somehow look upon women as their natural enemies, go to work deliberately and pile obstacle upon obstacle, in her arduous and soul-wearing way to achievement. They first very prudently seek to disarm their "fair antagonists" with flattery when they can, and "by might when they must," in order to keep her in her place; but let her really achieve through all these difficulties, either in literature, art, or science, and there is still nobility enough in human nature to bow reverently before the new revelation even though it be in woman's form.

Most women lack that physical courage, which will enable them to cope successfully with all the difficulties which beset their path, in the outset, but this does not prove inability, it only goes to show that these obstacles should be removed out of her way, for she has aspirations and desires beyond the kitchen, the parlor, and toilet. We cannot, in this connection, refrain from giving an extract from a letter of a friend in Dublin on this subject:

"The belief has taken strong hold on me that a main prop to the present abject condition of women is the difficulty in the way of their acquiring trades and professions when young, in order to their maintenance in the future.—While boys are taught employments, their sisters are kept dawdling at home, doing scraps of needle and fancy work, amusing themselves, paying visits, loitering out their existence; many of them, *most* perhaps, are readily trained into this mode of life; they adopt it as a matter of course; other young girls live so, and they follow their example, and think it is the right way for women to live; but I *know*, there are some who are dissatisfied, whose minds pine under this ill-usage and degradation, although they may not always know the cause; there comes an aching longing for an object to live for; it came on *me* with intensity; how I longed to be of that class of women who *must work to live!* Not being of this class, I was kept a comparative drone in my father's house, while my brothers who were as well able to live idle as I, were at work. It has been a rankling sore to me, that I, who see so clearly the duty of individual labor, either with head or hands, have been necessitated to live in idleness, and even if free to live otherwise, now I have grown up so ignorantly of any business or profession that I should be utterly at a loss to know what to turn to.—

This inability for self-support, brings with it a feeling of dependence, and must be the main cause of so many ill-assorted and miserable marriages. Then comes a train of abuses enough to make all within you writh with indignation."

Our friend speaks with deep feeling, and it is this which imparts to language all its power.—Take off the pressure, lift up the burden, O ye strong ones; give to woman freedom for the full play of all her powers, and there will then be harmony on earth.

We do not purpose that our paper shall be the organ of a mutual admiration party—we mean to do justice; the rights of one sex cannot conflict with the rights of another, nor those of one individual with another.

Dr. Hunt is one of a number of women, who have *achieved* wealth and position in this country. These women are taxed from twenty-five dollars, all the way up to one thousand, and yet they have no voice in the appropriation of these taxes. But our friend's protest speaks for itself:

To Frederic U. Tracy, Treasurer, and the Assessors and other Authorities of the City of Boston, and the Citizens generally :

Harriet K. Hunt, physician, a native and permanent resident of the city of Boston, and for many years a tax-payer therein, in making payment of her city taxes for the coming year, begs leave to protest against the injustice and inequality of levying taxes upon women, and at the same time refusing them any voice or vote in the imposition and expenditure of the same. The only classes of male persons, required to pay taxes, and not at the same time allowed the privilege of voting are aliens and minors. The objections in the case of aliens is their supposed want of interest in our institutions and knowledge of them. The objections in the case of minors is, the want of sufficient understanding. These objections cannot apply to women, natives of the city, all whose property interests are here, and who have accumulated, by their own sagacity and industry, the very property on which they are taxed. But this is not all; the alien, by going through the forms of naturalization, the minor on coming of age, obtain the right of voting, and so long as they continue to pay a mere poll-tax of a dollar and a half, they may continue to exercise it, though so ignorant as not to be able to sign their names, or read the very votes they put into the ballot-boxes. Even drunkards, felons, idiots or lunatics, if men, may still enjoy that right of voting, to which no woman, however large the amount of taxes she pays, however respectable her character, or useful her life, can ever attain. Wherein your remonstrant would enquire is the justice, equality or wisdom of this? That the rights and interests of the female part of the community are sometimes forgotten or disregarded in consequence of their deprivation of political rights, is strikingly evinced, as appears to your remonstrant, in the organization and administration of the city public schools. Though there are open, in this State and neighborhood, a great multitude of colleges and professional schools, for the education of boys and young men, yet the city has very properly provided two High Schools of its own, one Latin, the other English, of which the *male graduates* of the Grammar Schools may pursue their education still farther at the public expense. And why is not a like provision made for the girls? Why is the public provision for their education stopped short just as they have attained the age best fitted for progress, and the preliminary knowledge necessary to facilitate it, thus giving the advantage of superior culture to *ser*, not to *mind*? The fact that our colleges and professional schools

are closed against females, of which your remonstrant has had personal and painful experience,—having been in the year 1847, after twelve years of medical practice in Boston, refused permission to attend the lectures of Harvard Medical College.—That fact would seem to furnish an additional reason why the city should provide, at its own expense, those means of superior education which, by supplying our girls with occupation and objects of interest, would not only save them from lives of frivolity and emptiness, but which might open the way to many useful and lucrative pursuits, and so raise them above that *degrading dependence*, so fruitful a source of female misery.

Reserving a more full exposition of the subject to future occasions, your remonstrant in paying her tax for the current year, begs leave to protest against the injustice and inequalities above pointed out. This is respectfully submitted,

HARRIOT K. HUNT.

32 Green st., Boston, Oct. 18, 1852.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

BY ONE WHO HAS VISITED AMERICA.

It is an old adage, that where there is smoke there is fire, and we know that discontent and agitation are but the expression of some grievance or injustice that requires redress.

This rule is of general application, and we find ourselves compelled to apply it, in order to account for the rapid increase of that party in the United States who advocate the enfranchisement of women, demanding for them equality before the law, and the same civil, political, and social rights that are enjoyed by the citizens of the community.

That the present education of women tends to weakness and dependence—that the usages of society are unfavorable to the development of her faculties—that her position is one of undue suberviency—that she is not permitted the exercise of those rights and privileges possessed by the other sex—and that public opinion greatly circumscribes her sphere of usefulness and enjoyment—will be generally acknowledged.

It is a fact well established in this country, as well as in America, that bearing wrongs quietly and patiently is not the way to get them redressed. If women feel aggrieved at the restrictions under which they labor, it is necessary that they should first express their dissatisfaction, next draw public attention to the causes, then seek their removal. This rational course has been pursued by the women engaged in the movement in America.

The first convention was held at Salem, Ohio,* in April, 1850, when a few women assembled “to concert measures to secure all persons the recognition of equal rights, without distinction of sex or color.” Although they insisted on the equality of the sexes, but claimed for both the same opportunities of development, the sphere of each to be determined by capacity.

These points have been consistently maintained at all their subsequent conventions, nine or ten of which have been held in different states. The opinions promulgated by this party are now entertained by a large number of persons of both sexes in the most civilized and enlightened portions of the union.

Each convention is described as being “crowded with attentive and interested listeners.” The speakers (principally women) have greatly increased in numbers and intelligence. The *Westminster Review* (for July, 1851), in an excellent article on the subject, speaking of these conventions, says—“In regard to the quality of the speaking, the proceedings will bear advantageous comparison with those of any popular movement with which we are acquainted, either in this country or America; very

* The first conventions on the subject of woman's rights, were held in the summer of 1848, in Seneca Falls and Rochester, and were called by Elizabeth C. Stanton and others, who have since been earnest workers in the cause, and much of the present interest in the movement may be attributed to the ever ready pen of Mrs. S.

rarely in the oratory of public meetings is the part of verbiage and declamation so small, that of calm good sense and reason so considerable.” However, the advocates of this reform have not confined themselves to talking; last year eight young women received medical diplomas in Philadelphia. We hear of the Rev. Antoine Brown preaching at Boston; of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell practising as a physician in New York; and of Dr. H. K. Hunt at Boston. The last named lady is not altogether unknown to the British public, being the same “Miss Dr. H. K. Hunt” who is mentioned in the London *Times* of Sept. 30, 1852, in a leading article on the woman's convention held in Syracuse at the beginning of that month.

This champion of the rights of women is worthy of her high calling both in word and deed. With untiring energy and perseverance she succeeded in qualifying and establishing herself as a medical adviser of her own sex, and now, having made a fortune by her practice, she devotes her energies to the forwarding of any plan that she thinks will enlarge the resources or secure the independence of women. Her last move in this direction is a protest against the injustice of levying taxes on women and at the same time refusing them any voice in their imposition or expenditure.

On Sunday afternoon the new Emperor Napoleon went over to Versailles with his wife, dressed in a riding habit, to review the troops there. The Empress is an unsurpassed horsewoman. The idea of her reviewing the troops on horseback was a novelty, then she is pretty, and the stage effect was good, therefore, and the enthusiasm is in the *Patrie*.

Tribune.

Any person forwarding to us the sum of five dollars, will receive a sixth copy.—Those desirous of forming clubs, can have the *Una* at the following rates: for \$10, thirteen copies to one address; for \$20, twenty-five copies to one address.

REVIEW.

We have received from the author, JACQUES MATHIEU, *Le vol. et La Tyrannie Consacré par La Législation Francaise, &c.*

It is seldom we meet with a book of which our inclination would lead us to say so much as the one before us. But we are constrained by the limited interest of the subject among our readers, to pass it by without adverting farther to its contents, than simply enough to convey an idea of their character and render intelligible the brief translation we have appended. Who M. Jacques Mathieu may be we have no means of determining, beyond the title page of his work published at Nice, during the latter part of the past year. This pronounces him an ex-procureur of the Republic, and as his motto is taken from Proudhon we may reasonably suppose that it was to the liberality of his opinions he was indebted for his loss of situation and change of residence. We will not indeed vouch for the correctness of this surmise, for we profess to very little shrewdness in “guessing,” but we have fancied that such headlong radicalism, such bitterness of denunciation, could only spring from feelings of personal outrage, or from the forced rupture of the ties of family and home; and we are confirmed in this idea by the general tenor of the work; for while he reasons temperately and quietly of the evils of legislation, and the existant laws of France, he no sooner touches upon her rulers and officials than he launches out into a strain of prophetic and unmiti-

gated ferocity, which, beside betraying a sense of private wrong, is (considering the course affairs have since taken) sometimes sufficiently amusing.

But it is not of these things we would speak.—Passing by whatever may be of local or personal interest in this book, we arrive at one great fact, that comes refreshingly to our hearts. It is that the spirit of chivalric aspiration that has animated so many brave and loyal spirits to devote themselves and their noblest efforts to the realization of some purer and freer form of society is not yet extinct. It is that the sentiment of justice and equality among men, still survives, and shines forth in its essential truth, in spite of a “cold and coward age.” It is that those warm and ingenuous souls, dreamers and enthusiasts, though they may seem, who have striven in vain to turn the sluggish current of life into broader and nobler channels in which its whole course might be gladdened if they have not entirely succeeded, have at least left monuments of their labors and aspirations in books like this of M. Mathieu, or those of Fourier, Constant and others, that will descend from generation to generation, awakening hope in the weak, and inspiring courage in the strong, until at length, humanity imbued with their teaching, shall assert its rights and with one step reach the natural and appropriate destiny which these theorists have only faintly shadowed forth.

It may not be in our time perhaps, that these things will come to pass, but we can yet derive consolation from the assurance that these continued assaults upon the old and impoverished forms of society must eventually result in their overthrow. We can derive new strength and spirit from the thought that though we may fail to win laurels, we shall leave those behind who will not only win but wear them.

But we refrain from such reflections as may be too fanciful or even ludicrous for the ears of the prosaic present tensity of this day.

Reform has now no more legitimate field than that chosen by M. Mathieu, and although in this country we are as yet scarcely prepared to take the extreme ground that he proposes for his basis, we have yet seen enough of the evils of legislation to sympathize with him heartily, and to tender our God speed to his mission. We append one or two extracts from his book which will show its design and somewhat of its tenor better than we could, even if we were to enter into an elaborate disquisition upon it. For his liberal sentiments towards woman, if for no other, we would again wish him all success. At some future time we may give further translations.

“The eagles of the revolution draped in their idle vanity, have not deigned even to discuss the political incapacity of woman. Imitating in this the haughtiness which reaction always affects towards the people, they have found it easier to decree to her a lot, which instead of increasing their strength by her aid, and interesting her in their cause, weakens it by obliging her through the exclusion to which they have doomed her, to erect herself as a permanent barrier to their designs.

Ignorant of the destiny to which humanity should aspire, and the sacrifices which this end commends, she circumscribes her affections and her aspirations to the narrow circle of her family or her passions. The contract on which her dearest interests depend—the *interests of all who are dear to her*, is Hebrew to her. Thus she brings into ac-

tion the ascendancy of her love, her tears, her false reason to retain her hold upon the egotistical sphere of her preferences.

If she descend into the political arena, it is only for the profit and by the instigation of Jesuitism—and the tact, the perseverance which she displays on these occasions, amply attest the capacity which men deny to her.

This proves that she would be able to do as much good as she now does harm, were her mind to receive a different culture.

We cannot, without injustice, employ as arguments against her, the delicacy of her organization—or the mobility of her mind—since she is fitted as well as man for the endurance of both physical and moral fatigue, and is even firmer than he in her resolution. Her quickness of comprehension is equally superior to that of man. Besides, does she contribute less than he to the social charges? Does she not support her share of taxation? Is she not subject to the same laws as he? Is it not then logical that she should be called to participate in the regulation of social interests, or that the political incapacity she suffers should absolve her from the capacity recognized to her in matters of private interest?

No one will probably dare to pretend that a George Sand, a Flora Tristan, a Pauline Rolland would be less qualified to exercise political rights than any of the electors or eligibles of to-day, or former times.

Let us be brave in our injustice. We exclude her from political life, because we are the stronger, and we fashion our logic from our despotism.

A NEW PAPER.

We have received a circular, announcing a new paper, to be conducted by Drs. T. L. and Mary G. Nichols. It will be devoted to physical reform, and will, we doubt not, from their long experience, contain much practical and valuable information. We shall welcome it, for we have always placed the knowledge of those laws which govern the human organization as the basis for all reforms. This journal will be a quarto, of eight pages, of the size of the Water Cure Journal, at the very low price of 25 cts.

DEAR E.—It seems to us, that one of the greatest wants of the world at this time, is a more joyous spirit, a brighter hope, a truer trust in the good Father of all.

Schiller's beautiful hymn "to Joy," touches the heart :

Joy, thou brightest heaven-lit spark,
Daughter from the Elysian choir,
On thy holy ground we walk,
Reeling with extatic fire,
Thou can't bind in one again,
All that custom tears apart;
All mankind are brothers, when
Waves thy soft wing o'er the heart."

If we believed like little children, we should not fear and be anxious about the future. This month I give you my earnest thought on the intellect of woman. The physical, intellectual and moral nature of woman, seems to me but imperfectly understood, and on a knowledge of these, is based our entire work.

You ask, also, "are you not going to have an editor's table, an editor's drawer, an editor's easy chair, a green bag, &c., from which we shall have rich and racy gossip?" Some of these things we certainly have, but about the gossip we cannot say, for we mingle so little in the world, that its news is always stale ere it reaches us—our life is within the home circle. We might tell how gloriously beautiful was this morning, when

the sun first threw his rays upon the trees, hung with millions of prisms glittering like richest diamonds in his light, and made our inner walls like fairy land, how they seemed to mock us in their wild weird beauty, as we longed to make them linger and yet saw them melt away—but we saw them not from our editor's chair—long ere it was time for us to take our seat in that, they were gone, broken by the wind or melted in the sun. Our chair is a delightful sleepy hollow, and there, when we never dreamed of being an editor, we have sat and built castles in the air, more beautiful by far than the "fairest works of man." There our imagination has had full play; we have had then, clear visions of society, in a perfectly harmonious state, when there should be no more war, famine, pestilence or slavery; when woman should be no longer disfranchised, and looked upon as an inferior in her own household, when labor should be made attractive, and the sentiment that is but beginning to be broached, of the oneness, the solidarity of the race, shall come to be an accepted postulate.

It has been said that the best things ever written are unpublished letters, and we do not doubt it; they are written when the feelings are all alive, with pleasure or pain, and it is these strong emotions which give to the intellect the power of glowing, fervent expression. We think it quite possible for people to discipline themselves to such a degree that they can withhold expression of feeling, to a certain extent, but where there is an affluent nature, we do not believe there will be an inability to give it utterance. It gushes forth like the clear song of the wild bird in its joy at sunrise; it glances out from the eye like a sunbeam; it leaps forth laughing like the mountain rill. We believe this, for so we have found it among our friends. Where there is an inner life it must sometimes break forth in its fullness.

Here, we have revolved the theory of the succession of spiral movements of the earth, which is to so change its position, that its poles will be brought into equilibrium with the poles of the heavens, thus producing such a revolution as will equalize the climates of all parts of the globe, giving to all a perpetual spring; then the prophesies: such beautiful poems, in themselves promising that the "wilderness shall bud and blossom as the rose, and waters break out in it; and streams in the desert," shall come to be fulfilled. Then the burning tropics, cooled and refreshed, yielding still their beauties, will be freed from the swarms of insects, the venomous reptiles and wild beasts. The marshes sending forth miasmi, generating plague, pestilence and cholera, sweeping over the fairest portions of earth, will then be made to yield the useful or beautiful. The prosaic worldling may laugh at these waking dreams of ours, to which for the first time we are giving utterance; we know they will not "believe in the immensity of good things which harmony promises;" but what is that to us, who do believe that all progress is tending towards this grand result. Decay may come, but perfection must be first attained.

Our editor's table has not assumed in the slightest degree a professional air. We have not yet a large list of exchanges piled upon it. The Swiss vase filled with bright autumnal leaves and ferns still holds its place, and the same books, our favorite authors, have each their old nook. But there is one thing; the Una occupies a place where flowers have been wont to stand. When she was in the hands of the printers, a page or two at a time was sent for correction, looking fair and clean; but on examination we would find letters upside down,

words transposed and misplaced, &c. &c. After studying it carefully pen in hand, marking, as we thought, every error, our bantling looked much like a child that had been among the blackberry bushes. At length, our days of feverish anxiety about her appearance were over—for she came in her new baptismal robe, clean and fresh, with a number one on each corner; we took it with fear and trembling, for we doubted still our skill and ability in this new business of proof reading. Almost our first glance made the blood tingle in our cheeks. We saw words that should have been begun with capitals and were not, some sentences not properly punctuated. Public for poetry, and rebellion for revelation. Shades of our authors, pardon this murmur of your good thoughts, we exclaimed. We scarcely dared look farther, but our love for the we young thing impelled us like an over anxious mother to search for other faults; when lo, one of our very best friends is made to talk about the woman's tumbling in the garden. We had heard to be sure of her fall, but never her tumble; here was such a GRAND blunder, that we gave up to our mirth and laughed till the tears rolled down our cheeks.

We passed an entire day in preparing and mailing the Una to our friends. It was sent forth like Noah's dove to find a resting place, and a few hours only had elapsed ere the Olive leaf was returned in form of pleasant, cheering letters; and kindly notices of our work in some of the daily papers, for which we would here say we are very grateful; but our paper is so closely identified in our feelings—with our very selves, that we shall be excused from republishing these courteous notices of our work.

Letters from persons whom we have never known, have come to us filled with encouragement; thus we go to our work this month with a joyous, hopeful heart, for we believe that the redemption of our race draweth near. We indulge the cheering faith, that however high the bulwarks of prejudice: however strong and mighty the towers of opposition built against our cause, yet that we have many, and fast friends, in the very citadel of the enemy, and that if we go trusting in them, making our appeal directly to those standing above the walls and towers, we shall gain the victory without loss of life, or waste of ammunition, in battering down what is so easily repaired from within.—These towers of defence cannot be pushed inward, they must fall from the swelling life, into the deep trench that encircles them; therefore let us be in league with the good heart and reason, and let the cold, haughty pride of intellect and physical force alone. These must retreat before the living, acting heart. We believe with Burke that "our patience will do more for us than our force."

In our editor's drawer we have a sketch of the myth of Una, which, when our list of subscribers is somewhat enlarged, we intend to give them, for we find that some suppose it only means the *one*, a name which we are by no mean egotistical enough to assume; we make no claim to be *the one*, *the only one*, advocating high truth; but our chaste name has a deep-hidden and beautiful significance, which when understood, will reach all hearts. The element of beauty, should not be so severely excluded from any great moral movement; in ours it is a great fundamental principle, for we seek harmony.

Adieu.

IMPRATICABILITY.—I know it is common for men to say, that such and such things are perfectly right—very desirable; but that unfortunately, they are not practicable. Oh! no sir, no. Those things which are not practicable are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial, that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding, and a well directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us, that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world. If we cry like children, for the moon, like children we must cry on.

Burke.

THE IRON STEED.

Suggested by the late accident on the Andover Rail Road.

HARK ! hark ! to the neigh of the *Iron Steed*,
As he tramps along thro' the pleasant mead ;
He stays not to taste where the herbage gleams,
But he sucks the life of the limpid streams
To quench the thirst in his parching throat ;
And on, on, on ! 'tis a fearful sight
To see him plunge in blind mad might,
Clashing on thro' the winding way,
While vapory wings, from his shoulders float,
And rise, and stretch, in devious play ;
The last slight tip of the feathery curls,
You can scarce descry, till a new unfurls.
Now thro' the bridge we clatter away—
And now we are o'er the river,
A circling bend, and a heaving sway,
We glance down the chasm and shiver.
But on we fly with lightning speed
Of his fiery entrails born,
Little he reeks, and naught will heed
When life's tender ties are torn.
Staunch, fearless and strong,
He thundered along—
Burthened with priceless treasure,
Ah ! the life of one, as the life of all
Is dear in countless measure.
Unheeding we rest,
Lulled on danger's breast,
While the hope of speed continues,
And a million souls,
As the swift year rolls
Trust their lives to iron sinews.
But wo, wo, if in the mad run,
He stumble or crack but a link—
The coil is undone,
Life's last thread is spun,
In eternity's ocean we sink,
Yet hark to the neigh of the *Iron Steed* ?
As he thunders on thro' the pleasant mead,
He steps not to browse where the herbage gleams
But he sucks the life of the limpid streams
To quench the thirst of his parching throat—
On each shining drop he seems to gloat—
And the giant trees are his only food,
They fall neat the axe, like wheat 'neath the
sickle ;
While the sweat from the woodman's brow must
trickle,
As he cleaves the rough bole with busy mood.
But the Iron Horse hies
Under bending skies—
Now threading a tunnel's darksome maze,
"Fear not, a hand still guides thee ;
One yet that numbereth all thy days—
Omniscient arms enfold ye."
Now thro' the city, now the town,
Ever onward we proudly are dashing :
Now 'twixt cleft rocks, now up, now down,
It would seem that the furies are lashing.
Jars the sharp grail ?
That's dangers trail !
Ha ! the horrible crash and wildering cry
Are mingling together most fearfully—
And then naught but groans and confusion,
The Iron Horse power, too *strong* or *too weak*,
Has proven our trust but delusion.
And here lie the dead and mangled forms

But a moment ago warm life nourished,
Alas ! for the heart that is left to mourn
Its idol too suddenly perished ;
Not an instant of time was snatched to tell
Of the gasping wish for a last farewell ;
Death hovering darts on his helpless prey,
And our dearest hopes are but crumbling.
Here lies the steam horse a wasted wreck
Of the hot and fiery spirit—
Ye sought with a useless rein to check
When powers above ye steer it—
For a *Titan's fate*, with unerring blow,
The *mace* doth hurl that lays us low.

EMILY P. LEDERNIER.

Some of the papers facetiously talk of a liquor law which should allow the free and unlicensed sale of liquors, but require that every drinker should procure a license before he can legally purchase. That would not be bad. Let the license not come from a board of supervisors, who would prohibit this one because he is a Whig, or that one because he is a Democrat, and shut off the supplies from another because he is not right on the negro question; nor from judges who are liable to remonstrations for office—nor from committees who are easily swayed by political or local motives. Give the licensing to drink into the hands of women; make it necessary for a man to show a "permit" from his wife and his minor children before he can take a glass, —make a passport from the folks at home essential to his safe passage through the grogery gate, and we should have "a law as is a law." Two birds might be killed with one stone of such an enactment. The liquor question, which now is in everybody's mouth, and the matter of woman's rights, both might be satisfactorily compromised. What the women want who are hunting up their rights, is influence. This would give it. And the fast men fancy the show of many colored bottles behind the bar—this would give every grocery a picturesque corner and furnish convenient depots for the universal medicine.—*N. Y. Times.*

No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of paradise and Shakespeare, to open to me the worlds of imagination, and the working of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for intellectual companionship.

Dr. Channing.

"True love is the impulse of the will toward good, and the attraction of intellect toward truth. For the good is only in the true, and the true is inseparable from the good."

We have delayed the issue of our paper for nearly two weeks with the hope of being able to obtain larger and better paper. But papermakers, who are dependent on Providence, will not move one jot the faster for our fretting, so we have said again and again to ourselves, be patient, "patience is better than force." Our paper was engaged as we thought, in season, and we are assured that we shall have our year's supply before we need it for the April number.

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Boston, Feb. 20th.

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Providence, R. I., March 1, 1853.

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THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL. I.

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NO. 3.

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MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

From the National Era.

DEPENDENCE;
OR

WHAT MADE ONE WOMAN MEANLY PENSIVE.

"Don't forget to give me some money before you leave," said Mrs. Dean to her larger half.

"Money! What now! You want another silk dress, don't you? These women are forever wanting something. I gave you a dollar yesterday. What has become of that!"

Mrs. Dean bit her lip with suppressed emotion, and colored deeply. She was accustomed to such outbreaks; but there was more bitterness in his tone than usual, which made it less bearable.

"How much money do you want, and what do you want it for?" demanded Mr. Dean, after a slight pause.

"I want three or four dollars—enough to buy a collar and a pair of gloves."

"Three or four dollars; and it's three or four dollars every day. These constant demands will make a beggar of me."

"Then we shall be on the same footing," quietly returned the wife.

"Here," said Mr. Dean, handing her six dollars and a school bill. "This bill was sent to me last night, and Mary's teacher will doubtless call to-day for the amount. It is only three twenty-five, and the balance you can have for your fur-below's."

Mr. Dean tripped along the pavement, recognising, with a gracious smile, almost every person he met. Arrived at his office, he found his clerk, and inquired—

"Did you get through with those accounts last night?"

"Yes, and the balance-sheet presents a handsome sum in your favor. You are worth not less than \$150,000."

The employer looked well pleased, this was not far from his own calculation. He fell into a fit of musing. "And my business," thought he, "is worth \$2,000 per year. Then about \$100,000 of this is so invested that it brings me eight per cent. I have been very lucky. That railroad stock has

been profitable, and my last commercial venture was highly successful. My expenses, too, are rather light. My wife is an economist. Very few persons spend as little as we do, and live as handsomely." And the rich man congratulated himself upon the possession of wealth, and his large income, and his economical wife, and was thenceforth unusually affable and obliging to all who came in his way.

Let us return to his home. There sits his wife, where he left her, intently busy in making a pair of cuffs. They were finely wrought, and would correspond with the three-dollar collar that she saw yesterday, and intended to purchase. And why did Mrs. Dean consume her life-force in elaborate needle-work? Every little stitch diminished the power of the optic nerve; every half-hour thus employed was needed for other purposes. She felt this; but elaborate work must be worn, and such work her purse did not often permit her to buy. Disquietude was very apparent after her husband's departure. An occasional frown might have been seen, and her face alternately paled and flushed—

"As if back upon her brain,
The hot blood ebbed and flowed again."

"When we were poor, it was not thus," said she to herself. "A dollar then was expended less grudgingly than now. And it is so humiliating to ask, as though you were a beggar, and receive as though it were a charity, every cent you spend. We certainly have enough expended upon our living, but it is all for show, and very little for comfort. If it would answer for me to wear calico dresses and cotton gloves, I would be very willing to do it, and then would my dress harmonize throughout. But, no; my exterior must be like that of the wife of a millionaire, while such a dearth of real necessary clothing but few women would be able to exhibit. Our furniture is elegant, and our table good enough; but all that I buy must be got at reduced prices, and the money given me for family expenses is the smallest amount that will answer."

This train of thought was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Aiken, the teacher. Her bill was soon settled; but as Mrs. Dean really needed the money for her own expenses, and forgetting for a moment the wearisome days that had been spent in the school-room, and the culture that had been bestowed upon the mind of her child by the faithful preceptress before her, it was paid rather unwillingly. In addition to that, Miss Aiken wanted to raise a little sum, by voluntary contributions, to buy grace-hoops and dumb-bells and wands for the use of her pupils. This had been highly approved by all the mothers to whom the plan had been submitted. Some had contributed toward this object; others had referred Miss A. to their husbands, each presuming that hers would give all that was necessary.

"What amount do you require?" asked Mrs. Dean.

"If each of my patrons would contribute fifty cents, we should be well supplied; but even twenty-five cents, would enable us to get a number of articles which we now very much need."

There was a struggle in the mind of Mrs. Dean. She knew something of the necessity of these exercises, and furthermore she was ashamed to seem backward in such a matter. Then her own wants presented themselves, and she hesitated. At length she very reluctantly handed Miss Aiken twenty-five cents.

"I do hate to settle with women," said Miss Aiken, when she reached home. "They are so mean. They seem to feel that I am under obligation to instruct their children, without any compensation whatever. Mrs. James Dean has such a sordid disposition! After paying my bill very grudgingly, she showed her appreciation of my efforts to benefit her bow-backed daughter, by squeezing out twenty-five cents towards getting up the proposed exercises."

Mrs. Dean, on the departure of Miss Aiken, resumed her cogitations. "My position is very embarrassing," thought she. "I would gladly have given more, but a pair of gloves I must have; and if I go to that party this evening, I must have a collar. I have worn my old collars till I am ashamed to wear them any longer, and most of them are positively ragged. At dinner, I will ask Mr. Dean for more money. No, I will not, was the second thought; I will get some coarse articles, such as I can procure for what I have in hand. And that will be foolish, too; for my dress will be criticized, and Mr. Dean mortified. I think I will ask for more. No! no! I will not subject myself to another tirade to-day." And that was the final decision.

"Mother, see here," exclaimed little George; "Emma has thrown her shoe into the fire, and burned it."

"I am sorry," said the mother; "now I shall have to get a pair of shoes."

Presently a man from the country brought some dried peaches, which Mrs. Dean had bespoke, and for these she had to pay a dollar. His price was one dollar and a quarter for the lot; but he concluded to throw off the quarter, rather than take them away. He left the door, muttering—

"She's a keen one—mighty sharp for a bargain. Good deal of work to dry peaches—couldn't afford them for a dollar. Hate to deal with women—real skinflints."

"Helen, I suppose you intend to go to Kellogg's to-night," said Mr. Dean, at dinner time.

"I would rather decline the invitation," responded his companion.

"Oh, I think we had better go. The Livertons will be there. I shall be most happy to see my wife in her crimson velvet."

And Mr. Dean romped with the children, and exhibited a great exuberance of spirits.

"I have a mind to tell him all, and show exactly what I need," thought his wife. "I have not

other things to correspond with my velvet, and it is a dress I never wanted." Then the bitter taunt in the morning rang in her ears, and she said to herself, "No! I will suffer before I ask for anything for myself again."

"I hope to have the pleasure of seeing my wife on the street this afternoon," remarked Mr. Dean, as he closed the door after him.

"Yes," muttered the unhappy woman, "you may see her walking miles and miles, to hunt up something that is cheap—that will correspond with her very limited purse."

Mrs. Dean started to do her shopping. She went again to look at the three-dollar collars. The balance of the six dollars given her in the morning, added to a little change she previously had, made just two dollars and fifty cents.

"Can you not let me have one of these for two and a half, Mr. Gray?"

"We certainly could not, Mrs. Dean. You see the work is very fine. We have sold most of them for four dollars."

She was obliged to leave without the collar, and then Mr. Gray said to his first clerk—"What a niggard she is! How inexpressibly mean!"

"We found that out long ago," was the reply.

Little did they dream that she had not another farthing in her purse. Her effort to obtain fine work at a low price was fruitless. At length her little shoeless Emma came into her mind; she had forgotten the accident, and she stepped into a store, and priced some exquisite little gaiters. The shopman threw off a quarter, and let her have them for fifty cents; and when she left, he grumbled about it, saying "There is not a man in surer business and more easy circumstances in town than James Dean, and yet his wife is as close-fisted as a Jew. She squeezes a sixpence as though her fingers were a vice!" Thereupon the clerks laughed at her expense.

"Two dollars is all I have left," thought Mrs. Dean. It then occurred to her that she could get some lace, and put around a narrow collar she had at home. That would give it a fashionable look, and it would answer for the coming evening. This was done; and by much walking and talking, she managed to save ten cents, to pay for cleaning a pair of old white kids, which, she concluded, would answer for that night.

Mrs. Dean was quite an elegant woman, and she looked very charmingly at the party of which we have spoken. She was at heart a noble, a generous woman. She had no tendency to extravagance—of this her husband had never accused her; neither was she naturally penurious. But necessity, *actual necessity*, had made her appear mean and selfish in the eyes of the world. It was necessary for her to maintain a certain style so long as she moved in a fashionable circle, and this she found it difficult to do. All the rich and extravagant clothing she had—the elegant bracelets and other jewelry, the velvet and brocade, Mr. Dean purchased himself; and these, in his estimation, were the sum total of all that was needed.—At that time she was greatly in want of a common dressing-gown, of hose and pocket-handkerchiefs, and night-clothes, and these she resolved to get; for there were no such incongruities in her character as to make her satisfied with outward splendor and hidden poverty and want.

The next morning after the incidents related, Mrs. Dean at an early hour repaired to the shop of a jeweller, for the purpose of disposing of a bracelet that cost her husband one hundred dollars.

"I could not give you more than seventy-five, madam," said the dealer in jewels. "It probably cost more than that; but I do not find this kind of bracelet very saleable, and I should not be willing to increase the sum."

The bargain was concluded, and with her money Mrs. Dean purchased many necessary and useful articles for herself and children, and she enjoyed the luxury of many little comforts and conveniences to which she had for years before been a stranger. Mr. Dean frequently gave her funds for family expenses, but not a word was said about dress.

"Good for Mrs. Dean," observed Mr. Gray's

first clerk. "She has been here a dozen times within a month, and has not compromised her dignity by asking us to fall on one single article."

"Wonder what has happened to Mrs. Dean?" said a market man. "She don't hold on to her sixpences half as tight as usual."

One evening, about six months after the events I have related, Mr. Dean and his wife were having a cozy chat, during which he surprised her with a diamond ring.

"Thank you, dearest, you are very kind; but I do not wish to wear diamonds—I fear they will make a beggar of you," added she, very significantly, and a shade of sadness passed over her hitherto animated face.

"Well, I want you to wear *that* diamond at least," remarked the husband. "By the way, Helen, what has become of that bracelet I bought for you in London? I have not seen you wear it for a long time."

Mrs. Dean's face was suffused with crimson.—She did not want to disturb the harmony of their evening by an explanation and by defence of her conduct. She felt that it would be difficult to make him understand that her position was embarrassing—that he had placed her on a level with a mere dependent upon his bounty. But his searching eye was upon her, and he awaited a reply. "I have sold the bracelet, Mr. Dean."

"Sold it! The devil you have. What did you sell it for?"

"I sold it to supply myself with the necessities of life," she quickly answered.

"*Necessaries of life!*" exclaimed the enraged man. "One would think you were in a suffering condition, to see your surroundings."

"No, Mr. Dean; one would think I had all that heart could wish. So far as externals are concerned, I have more than is necessary. I have what you choose to get, and you generally choose to get whatever will gratify your own vanity and make a display. But I never have one cent at my command, save what is doled out in driblets; and I often need things, the necessity for which you cannot appreciate; and furthermore, I do not want to trouble you with them. But the children and myself have almost suffered for the want of shoes; and Charlie has had the cramp more than once in consequence. I never have a shilling to bestow on the poor, and I am often so reduced that I cannot bespeak a carriage, or pay for an omnibus ticket in a shower. Many a time I have had to wait hours for your return home, that I might get a dime to send for medicine for a sick child; and when Willie died—but no matter now.

The wife was convulsed with powerful emotions, every nerve throbbed with fear and agony. "It is a desperate game," thought she, "but I have been a beggar long enough." And she continued: "I have had to abuse myself by higgling with fish-women and jewing market-men. What is expended upon my own dress is abundantly sufficient, if I could have it under my own control, and exercise my own judgment. But now, while I wear a fifteen-dollar hat and a hundred-dollar shawl, I am sometimes unable to buy a pair of pins or a pair of boot-laces. Unless I can be made a little more independent, I shall sell any valuables I may have in possession that can be disposed of. As for coming to you for every farthing that I have to use, and rendering an account of its expenditure, *I shall not do it*. You may depend upon that."

The face of her "lord and master" was livid with rage. His eye glared with the fierceness of a tiger, and from his thin, pale lips proceeded such a volley of oaths, that she trembled and almost shrieked under the fury of the storm she had raised. He cruelly upbraided her, called her a fool, and said she was guilty of the basest ingratitude.

"*Ingratitude!*" exclaimed the wife—"if we are going to settle accounts, I will go to the past, and bring in a bill that you seem to have forgotten.—Who struggled with you in poverty? Who toiled early and late for the comforts that you were unable to procure? When our first-born cried for bread, and there was none to give him, whose

hands earned it? When you yourself was treading the downward path to ruin, who arrested your steps, and won you back to temperance? Who gently drew you aside from the gaming-table, and procured for you honorable employment? Who practiced frugality, and encouraged you to lay up the first fruits of honorable industry? Who labored in every way to promote your pecuniary interests? On whom did you rely for counsel? Who cheered and sustained you? And again, when the dark cloud of adversity seemed ready to overwhelm us, whose vigilant eye saw the danger, and whose prompt action dispelled the darkness? Who on bended knee has daily sought wisdom from on High to aid her in becoming a faithful mother to your children? Who has made it her study, for the last twenty years, to be to you a helper, a true and loving companion?"

"Enough! enough!" cried the husband, "say no more, for God's sake! Tell me what you want, and I will give it, though it be the half of my fortune."

Mr. Dean's anger had subsided. The Past—oh! he had almost forgotten it. Strange that memory should be so treacherous, especially about those things that ought to be remembered. The Past! it brought associations that humbled him. Never before had his wife hinted at his obligations to her, but now her every word burned into his soul the conviction of his own ingratitude. Noble woman that she was! He ought rather to worship than to upbraid. To her he owed everything; she made him what he was, and he knew it.

Do not suppose, dear reader, that there was any intentional wrong on the part of Mr. Dean. Far from it. Few men love their wives more than he loved his, and few have as much reason to do so. He thought the provision made for his family was abundant, and the smallness of the sums given to his wife would be a wholesome check to any propensity to extravagance she might acquire. He was somewhat tinted with the very common idea that women are reckless of expenditure whenever they have the means, and it cannot be denied that too many of them are; but there are some exceptions, and Mrs. Dean was one.

A person who has never been placed in the position of a dependent—who has never received as a gratuity what is his by right—who has never had funds doled out to him as grudgingly as they are put into contribution boxes, can have no idea how often the spirit is chafed, and fretted, and rebels at such a condition.

At length matters were amicably adjusted, and a certain amount was handed over to Mrs. Dean, in regular instalments, for family expenses, and another sum for her own wardrobe and that of her children. She was abundantly satisfied with the apportionment, and all their necessities were supplied. She had not as much expensive clothing as before, but was infinitely more comfortable; and Mr. Dean found that this arrangement had not increased their expenses twenty-five dollars per year.

The clerks and market-men and teachers never accused Mrs. Dean of penuriousness afterward; and in promoting any object of benevolence she was never backward. The happiness of the family was greatly increased, and on the first holiday that occurred after the scene related, Mr. Dean presented his wife with the bartered bracelet, as a Christmas gift. The sweet smile with which she thanked him, the heightened color, and the tear she silently dashed aside, showed that her woman's heart was touched by this indirect acknowledgment of his error.

Now, reader, do not say this is an untruthful picture. You may not be able to recognise the portrait of Mr. Dean, but others may. It is asserted by half the world that there never was a Pecksniff; and the other half say that Pecksniffs are very common. We judge of mankind by our own experience and observation; and although you may never have seen James Dean, Esq., yet I affirm that he is a real live man, and his residence is on State street, No. —; but I will not give that. For particulars, inquire of

LIZZIE LINN.

HOW TO MAKE A READER.

Mr. Cobden, in a late speech, said; "If you put into the hands of the rural peasant treatises on science, extracts from history, or books of travel, they will afford no stimulus or excitement to such people, and they either will not read them at all or they will very soon fall asleep over them. Follow them to the village green or to the public house and you will find that their conversation does not turn upon the wonderful Fall of Niagara, or the Vale Chamouni, or the exploits of Alexander, but you will hear him say this: "When did Tim Giles kill his pig?"—(laughter)—or, "How many quarters to the acre does Farmer Smith get from such a field of wheat?" Or if he travels at all from his village, it is only in the case of some great accident, or that of a bridge being swept away by some great flood. These are the topics that excite his sympathies, and to make him become a reader at all, you must encourage cheap local newspapers. Every market town should have its local sheet, containing all the local news of the neighborhood, report of accidents, the news of the petty and quarter sessions and county courts. These would excite his sympathies; these would make him a reader; when you have succeeded in this, you may then give him something more enlarged and comprehensive and wise."

One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving, on Christmas-day, a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning, every gable, gateway or barndoors, is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a long pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasants will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas-day, remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter. The carolling of birds about these poles made a Norwegian Christmas in the fields quite holy to me. On New-Year's day, in Norway, friends and acquaintances exchange calls and good wishes. In the corner of each reception room there stands a little table, furnished all through the day with wine and cakes, and due refreshments for the visitors; who talk, and compliment, and flirt, and sip wine, and nibble cake from house to house with great perseverance.—(Can there be imagined a prettier Christmas custom than that of the corn sheaf for the birds?)

It is a remarkable fact that sounds of all qualities and pitches move with equal rapidity. Quality and pitch should not be confounded with intensity. The loudest instrument in a band will be heard farthest, of course, but the notes of all travel *peri* *paru*, and reach the ear at the same instant. The transmission may be facilitated or impeded by contrivance or accident. The speaking tubes in hotels or dwellings shows how the ordinary tone of the voice may be conveyed perfectly between distant points. The length of the tube seems to be immaterial. In Paris the experiment has been tried in water pipes, a mile long, and the faintest whisper at one end was distinctly heard at the other.

JENNY LIND.—Some of the editors, reporters or gentlemen connected with the press, have been circulating the story that Jenny was soon to come again to America, that she and her husband quarrelled like cats and dogs, and that she was going to leave him. She writes to a gentleman in London that this is not so; she is an admirer of America, and may visit it again, sometime or other, but she does not know when, and that she and her husband live as lovingly together as need be, an unpleasant word never having been exchanged between them.

TRUE.—The Cayuga Chief says: The rumseller has a license to destroy a man in the most cruel and fatal manner. Let the same rumseller steal the *corpse* of the victim he destroys, and so ciety sends him to the State prison.

For the Una.

"PEPPERELL HOUSE,"

OR

A GLIMPSE OF MARY STEVENS' YOUTH.

"Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs, the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

Goldsmit.

"A fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but
a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon. Or rather, the
sun and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes,
but keeps his course truly."

King Henry 5th.

The Parsonage at Kittery Point stood upon gently rising ground. A long low range of rooms, it sloped down to the very sward at the back. Ample chimneys rose from its centre, and the absence of modern piazzas was well atoned for by the shade of the heavy elms that clustered about it. In front, a neat yet somewhat fanciful court-yard opened upon a small garden, whose mixed beds of flowers, fruit and vegetables were bordered by box, and arranged in so charming a manner, that it seemed a wholly ornamental rather than a useful spot. Within the hall, the nicely sanded floor, and the tall English clock, reminded many a school-boy of the next generation, of a passage in the "Deserted Village." To the right, a few steps led to the "Apostle's Chamber," a guest-room always kept in readiness in a minister's house of that period when no bolts or bars forbade a stranger to enter, after the family had retired to rest. It was distinguished in this case from other rooms of the same sort, only by an inviting air that seemed to hang round the white curtains, and gleam from the very depths of the oval mirror which hung between the windows.

To the left, the slanting rays of an afternoon sun, streamed through a door, which led to the common sitting room of the family. A few pots of flowers were arranged on the broad window-seats. High leather-backed chairs stood against the wall, and a long sofa of the same angular sort, stretched across one corner of the room. By the side of the minister's armchair in front of one of the windows, was a light-stand covered with heavy books, while in a recess, under a mirror hung with prisms, stood a small octagon table decorated with a service of rare china. Over the fireplace were pleasant portraits of the minister and his wife, a beautiful woman who had died long before, leaving him the sole charge of the daughter already introduced to the reader. The hearth was as bright and red as paint could make it, and the steel tops of the jetty fire-irons, gleamed in the sunset light like veritable diamonds. So at least, thought Arthur Blount, for he shaded his eyes as he entered the low doorway, and stood at Mary Stevens' side, before she had raised her from the brush and bell and tassel attached to the jamb by which she stood. They were both silent for a moment, ~~for~~ out before them, in all the radiance of sweet New England sum-

mer, stretched one of the loveliest landscapes in the world. The blue Piscataqua rippled away toward the ocean. Beyond it rose the few spires of Portsmouth, clouded by foliage of the most delicious green. Long, fairy-like bridges, connecting Newcastle and its forts with the town, stretched out toward the east, and the pleasant reaches of Kittery and Rye shaded off the picture on either side. Arthur gazed upon all this, and as Mary's eye involuntarily sought his, she read its asking, and throwing a light hood and mantle of black silk over her shoulders, they went out together. Arthur would have gone in the direction of the beach, but Mary's steps turned as if of course toward the narrow grassy path, through the heavy woods, called then and now, the Lover's Lane. She had paused a moment to gather a few white flowers, when a sudden step broke the stillness, and a man dressed in black, slender and bent as if under the pressure of some heavy sorrow, glided rapidly by her. So rapidly, that in the late afternoon Mary only wondered that she did not see his face.

"Who is that?" she asked, with a feeling of strange oppression. "Is it possible," said Blount with a somewhat incredulous air, that you have never seen "Handkerchief Moody?"

"Mr. Moody of York!" exclaimed Mary, turning pale, "and he had the black veil over his face! No, I have often climbed upon his knee, when I was a child, and frequently when he comes to visit Sir William, he brings me some Indian trinket in memory of those times, but I have never seen him in one of these fits. What can be the cause of so deep a depression?"

"I have heard," replied Arthur, "that when he was about ten years old, he accidentally shot his favorite playmate. The convulsions which followed the accident were only a prelude to a brain fever, and he has ever since been subject to occasional anguish of this sort. He is Judge of the Common Pleas, and I have seen him on the bench trembling in every limb, with his black veil over his face. On one occasion he said to Mr. Sewall, 'If the justice of God were but evident, I should be at that bar rather than on this bench, and atone by a violent death, for the innocent blood I have shed.' Mary shuddered. "Such remorse may be natural," she said at last, "but I cannot think it is right in the eyes of Him, who loves all the children of men, and scatters so lavishly even in these hidden forest paths, His treasures of Joy and Light." "No," answered the young officer, "but Moodie belongs to a susceptible and eccentric family. His brother is Sir William's chaplain." "I know him very well," said Mary, smiling. "Did he not sail for Louisberg with a hatchet over his shoulder, with which he threatened to cut down the images in the French churches?" "Yes, and it was he who once astonished all his hearers, by being guilty of a short grace. It was at the great entertainment

given to the officers of the expedition after Sir William's return." "I very much doubt his right to the honors of that Grace," returned Mary. "I have heard my grandmother quote the very same, as given at a far older entertainment on Cutt's Island." "There is nothing new under the sun," responded the young man, "but truly if it was not his own, his memory served him well. I have heard that he refused all salary, and so his wife and children often suffer for the necessities of life." "That is one of his many peculiarities," replied Mary; "he is one of those who may be said to commit high treason against virtue, he makes her service so painful a matter. But his brother? Is this sadness growing upon him? He was not wont to leave home, during its attacks." "I think it is," replied Arthur, "for he is on the point of quitting the bench to become a minister, and he assumes the veil so much more frequently than he used, that many people think he will end by wearing it altogether." "He has a gentler nature than the Rev. Chaplain," she said, but what she might have added, was cut short by the approach of a horseman, followed at some distance by one of the Pepperell livery. One glance at the broad bluff person of the rider, clad in the long embroidered waistcoat of the time, and made more portly than was necessary, by padded velvet and stiff military decorations, and Mary would have passed him with a gentle "Good Even." But Sir William Pepperell threw himself off his horse, and approached her cordially. He would have taken her cheeks between his hands, but Mary drew back with dignity. "I did not know you were returned, Sir William," she began. "And how should you," he retorted, less cheerfully, "it is six months since we began to miss the 'little Byron,' at Pepperell House, six whole months at least, since she inquired in person after her old friends!" "You wrong me, Sir William," gently responded the young girl, though Blount could see that her soft eyes were filling with tears. "You wrong me; Dr. Stevens must surely have explained to you the nature of the instructions he has laid upon his daughter." "It matters not, it matters not," returned the Knight, bluffly, "instructions that can be disregarded for the sake of a young popinjay like Blount, might well be forgotton in behalf of an old friend like me." "The young popinjay is much obliged to you," rejoined Arthur laughing, but Mary threw back her hood, and the dignity of her manner admitted no further trifling. "Good Even, Sir William," she said in her usual tone. "Good Even, you will apologise to your young friend to-morrow for having taken a cup too much to-night. If you are bound to Pepperell House, you may carry the news of my speedy coming. If the moon be bright, we shall call on Lady Pepperell before we return." In some discomfiture, the jovial commander mounted his horse, and Blount followed Mary as she passed hastily on,

"Sir William is just returned from a visit to his friend Gen. Waldron," she said, apologetically. "It is rumored that their friendship is to be cemented by a union between Andrew Pepperell and the General's daughter." A girl worthy of a better fate," muttered Arthur Blount, but Mary did not hear him, and she continued, "I think you have never seen the silver service presented by the city of London to our gallant Knight. Have you any objection to taking a short cut through the woods, and reaching Pepperell House soon after Sir William himself?" Arthur consented.

For some months Dr. Stevens had withdrawn Mary from the gay English society which frequented Pepperell House. There was something in its rude and jovial tone, something perhaps, in the hilarious manners of the Knight himself, that he almost dreaded for his gentle girl; but far beneath all the reasons which he offered to his daughter, lay the fear of 'having her withdrawn from his own protecting love, to be sheltered by that of a foreigner. Nor was this solely a selfish objection. Dr. Stevens could have steeled his heart to this most difficult duty of self denial, but already he saw tokens of the approaching dissatisfaction, which was to issue in revolution, and sever the Colonies from their Mother. Nurtured as Mary had been, he felt confident that he should secure her greatest happiness by such a course. No words had been exchanged of late between father and daughter, but Mary felt sure that she understood his wishes. Many of her admirers had not found it difficult to follow her from Sir William's stately mansion to her own quiet home, but one after another they found good reasons for discontinuing their visits, until only Arthur Blount remained their occasional guest. Often did Dr. Stevens wish that some blemish on the young man's character, or some slight irregularity, would give him a good excuse for checking the intercourse of the young people; and Mary herself, passed gently over in his case, familiarities that had raised an effectual barrier between her and others. No word of love had either of them spoken, but when Dr. Stevens met Arthur at dinner on this day, a cloud stole over his countenance, and as soon as the usual meal was over, he had withdrawn to his study, whither his daughter followed him. What passed there no one ever knew, but some hours after Mary came forth, looking more pale and quiet than usual, and so Arthur found her, standing by the chimney, too absorbed in thought to feel the fatigues of her strange position.

(To be Continued.)

ERRATA.—In the article on "The Intellect of Woman," in the March number, first paragraph, tenth line, read *where* for *when*. Third column, third paragraph, second line, after already insert the word *shown*. Fourth column, last paragraph, sixth line from the bottom, read *poetical* for *practical*. In the same on the last line, read *that* for *thus*.

MRS. SEVERANCE'S LECTURE.

HUMANITY—A DEFINITION, AND A PLEA.
We were present last evening at the Melodeon, among the twelve hundred who for an hour and a half were charmed with the eloquence and argument of Mrs. C. M. Severance; and while we express our own opinion, we believe we give that of the entire audience, in saying that in beauty of diction, logical reasoning, and original thought no lecture of the season is its rival. To some of its deductions we demur, but we admire that daring intellect, which, knowing its powers, dares, regardless of criticism and custom, to give full license to its aspirations, its projects and its "bright imaginings."

We cannot hope to give even the beauties of a lecture where gems of composition sparkled in every line. Were it published entire, the work would fail to give their full effect, for they would lack the earnestness and correct reading of the author.

The effort of the lecturer was to portray "Humanity" in its broadest relations to the race, within whose heights and depths are included, in all their mental or physical phases, "the rude and brawny Indian of the forest, the refined and emasculate Italian, the cultivated Greek of ancient civilization and the savage Hottentot and Esquimau, the uncultivated races of modern days, with all their extremes of dissimilarity,"—in short all who possess the "endowment of mental and moral faculties, giving the power of consecutive thought, of intelligent speech, and all the varied manifestations of mind and soul."

The broad ground was taken and ably sustained, that "no just and comprehensive classification can be made which shall not leave to *all* the freedom and rights of humanity, and claim for *all* equal opportunities of advancement;" for "no more justly could we disfranchise from the brotherhood of nations, the one which now, or in any past era, has given evidence of but a low order of mind and character, than the child of our own higher civilization, before years and education have developed *his* latent powers."

In the childhood of the human race, physical power was the standard by which all were judged. Later, mind and science took position, but only as the instruments of self-aggrandisement, without regard to the "inherent worthiness of all." "Man, save in the theories of scholars, the visions of dreamers, was still valued only as a convenience and tool of power."

"Later, and, at a more propitious stage of advancement, came Jesus, teaching more effectively by virtue of his claims the sublime truths of the one Brotherhood of man, the impartial Fatherhood of God, and the overshadowing of all the lesser and arbitrary relations of king and subject, and stronger and weaker, by these infinite, eternal ones."

"Little by little, as, silently and slowly, morn breaketh over mountain and plain tempering the light of advancing day to the eyes just opening from the dense darkness of the night-time, did these ideas advance upon the mists and blindness of the ages; until, from the days of Magna Charta, they have risen *never to set upon the Empire of Earth*, or throughout the reign of Time. The day of their dawning was not all cloudless; again and again have they been almost lost to mortal vision; but ever unextinguished and enduring, they have burst at length in meridian splendor across the wide waters, upon the land of the Pilgrim; the birthplace of Washington." The land upon whose shores, the masses of the old world, controlled there only by "dire necessity of unsleeping police, and ball and bayonet," are poured in an unceasing tide of emigration, "to become through the larger liberty and gentler restraints of judicious law, self-sustaining, loyal citizens of the Republic."

"We have outlined the idea that Kings reign by divine right, over the lives and conscience of their fellows, and have learned to know instead each human being as a sovereign by birthright."

"How this faith has changed the olden phase of aggressive war into *revolution* as a protest against

oppression, how it rings out unceasingly, its demands for free speech, free labor, free soil, free schools, free trade!—and how it has triumphed here, battling through, and over the opposition arrayed against each and all; and in free trade shall be triumphant as in the others—for it too is one link in the great chain of conquests for the universal man, the only consistent commerce of Democracy, the true benevolence of a world-wide Christianity; and however *now* beset with difficulties through the injustice of the capitalist toward the laborers of other lands, or of our own, mankind shall yet acknowledge and enjoy its wisest workings."

The sufferings of English operatives upon British soil, are no less real or severe, than if transferred to our own land and countrymen by birth or by adoption; and that is surely the most truly Democratic and Christian commerce, which shall meet most wisely and impartially the need of both, not saving the one by the sacrifice of the other!

"Upon you young gentlemen, now upon the theatre of action, or soon to play your parts thereon, upon you, has opened this day of better thought and effort."

"The mantle of past faiths, unbecoming in their scepticism of God and man, is falling tattered and worthless from your cramped limbs, only that you may gird yourselves in a more vigorous, generous heroism, to the sublime strife."

"Upon you, above all others, as sons of a Republic, under whose free institutions the worthiness and greatness of human nature has been so abundantly and worthily testified, is laid the obligation of giving entire freedom for its protection, and growth and grandeur, to *each human being* within the limits of your legislation."

"Spurn the unworthy ties of a blind partizanship, and scorn to act in antagonism to your clear, unbiased convictions, for any paltry, mistaken gain. Let your patriotism and your politics be as nobly catholic as the wide earth and the broad brotherhood of man."

"For you have been proven the safety of trusting man with freedom, and that not so much from Liberty as from unjust restraint, is there danger. And you will be the degenerate offspring of a noble race, and traitors to the truths your fathers taught and hallowed with their blood, if, all weaponed by their labors and successes, for the bloodless and worldwide triumph of Truth and Freedom, you cowardly, or carelessly shrink from the field and forsake the flag. If from a servile and disgraceful imitation of precedents, in violation of the sublime law of Progress, to whose marvellous music the world silently and surely marches on—you fail to fulfil your mission as a free people, in its entire scope and beauty—Yourselves you may avail to injure, and humanity be dishonored thereby. But yet it shall be crowned and vindicated. All mortal might is powerless before the forces of the Universe."

Having thus given an outline of the progressive development of the race, and shown that "the distinctions of physical force, and birth and rank, are the remains of barbarous and feudal ages, the sports and toys of a past childhood, and all unworthy our fuller manhood, our riper civilization, our freer Institutions and our professed Christianity; and certain to vanish before them," Mrs. Severance proceeded to argue, that in regard to those faculties which make up the accepted definition of Humanity, there are no radical differences of the sexes; and to ask that "woman's individual sovereignty be recognized as equally sacred with her brothers, that her Humanity be equally revered and cared for. That she be permitted to develop and strengthen her nature, and work out her will in a noble, heroic, useful life, under only the same restraints as her brother."

"That as physical strength is no longer the distinctive characteristic, or the highest desideratum of Humanity, so the lack of its larger measure, be no longer urged as proof of woman's inferiority, or a disqualification for the recognition and freedom of her Humanity—and that as *degree* of mental and moral endowment, or development, is not made the basis of such freedom and recognition for man, it be not so made for woman."

"That as the fullest freedom and largest cultivation have been found to be the favoring conditions for the development of the highest and purest humanity in man, so they are equally necessary and just for woman."

"We know that man may be much more than merely a good husband and father—that fitness for and fidelity in these relations, does not impair, but intensify his fitness and ability in other matters of business and of social life. And, we can see no proof that the woman nature is not under the dominion of the same law—and we claim it to be a law of humanity equally applicable to both, and requiring from woman no neglect of the duties of any relation, and only that time which is now devoted to listlessness or folly."

The idea that physical power was a *distinctive* characteristic of either sex, was scouted, as "like circumstances of training through successive generations impair it in one, and develops it equally in the other. Indeed physical strength continued longer the acknowledged essential of humanity, the credentials of its vested rights, the increasing multitude of our puny brothers, must perforce have forsaken their creed, or gymnasticized and galvanized themselves into vigor and muscle, else would the world's humanity have degenerated rapidly into a miserable remnant, a mere corporal's guard."

For too true it is, that beside the Athlete of ancient time, and the well developed ideal of the Artist, the mass of mankind in our day, look strangely like the woe-stricken, lean, lank, lathy regiment of the renowned Jack Falstaff."

The ideas of mental superiority, greater comprehensiveness of mind, and clearness and vigor of judgment in man, were also dissented from, and the distinguished women of the world cited as evidences of their incorrectness.

The different standard which custom has made for the sexes, was deprecated—"Thus with a physical constitution, which despite whatever dissimilarity to that of man, requires at least equal care and equally vigorous health, the woman is not allowed full liberty of muscle—must walk with measured step and pinioned arms, fettered by length and weight of clothing—while man, with bold, free tread and muscle in full play, may gain elasticity and vitality and vigor of mind and body as he lists. And in their education, technically so called, the same difference of standard obtains."

The young man is taught that an aimless life cannot be either a fruitful or happy one—that it is the first condition of a beneficent life, that it be commenced with a deliberately formed purpose, and the limits to the choice of that purpose are as absolute and boundless, as the universe of mind and matter. He is urged to grasp all things, to aim at all possible development of mind, and enlargement of personal effort and influence."

"But woman, being first assumed inferior, is therefore educated only in a partial routine—is reminded only and ever, that she must prepare to be the loving wife and mother; her choice lies only in that direction. She may not be good and great, or even honorable, *in and of herself*; but for and through another; must bend herself like a pliant reed, meet his nature, and do his bidding."

"And thus again, in the discharge of the reciprocal and equally imperative duties of conjugal relation—man is allowed to be, almost expected to become, stern, fearless, overbearing, unfaithful, for is he not born to conquer, and rule, and be obeyed implicitly! While woman must be all faithfulness, and submission and goodness, and if she fall, must fall so low as never to rise again—must be the uncomplaining recipient of all his harshness, the smiling ministrant to all his needs—the unquestioning child to all his arbitrary commands—the wife of his bosom, forsaken, endowed with all his worldly goods and gains, and yet the beggar of a pitiable at his hands!"

Want of space and time forbid us from giving even a brief sketch of the world imposed duties of woman, of the trials to which she is subjected, of the want of the law's protection in rights and property, of the husband's absolute power, of the world's apology for man's sins, and its want of

charity, and sweeping, bitter condemnation of woman's—all, powerfully and eloquently portrayed by the Lecturer,—or, of the heartfelt and beautifully conceived "plea" for a correction of these wrongs. Mrs. Severance concluded—

"But the future is before us to redeem the past—the glorious Future, which the illumined soul and hopeful heart of Poet and Prophet have foreseen—in which the true have ever believed and anchored serenely—and to which all may turn proudly and trustfully. Its newborn beauty breaks upon us—its baptism of love awaits us—its battle cry rings out before us.

Men of the Age! arise! be bold!
The hour calls for ye—and the Old
In sin and shame, awaits your stroke.
The New, in beauty and in strength,
Forth at your word shall leap at length,
As in the old-time, Gods awoke!

Faint not, that darkness lies on Earth!
E'en in its shadows powers have birth,
Which wax in growth and might, alway—
And, when, with deed and voice divine,
The Future's ray ye bid to shine,
All glorious, shall burst the day!

Fear not for allies—even now
With kindred heart and daring brow,
Unknown, they struggle as they can—
As God's great sun and moon look forth
Mirrored from sea, and stream, of earth—
So, Truth and Right, repeat themselves in Man.

And thus ye shall find helpers meet—
And thus shall God and angels greet
The triumph march of men—divine—
O'er the glad Earth for evermore
The song of Peace unbroken pour—
From all its homes, Heaven's torch light shine.

THE SALE OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—
We have been favored by a friend, largely engaged in the trade, with the following statistics respecting the sale of the various editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published in this country up to the present time. They certainly present facts unprecedented in the annals of book trade:—Mr. Appleyard has sold 20,000 at 6d.; Messrs. Clarke and Co. 200,000 at 6d., 200,000 at 1s., 40,000 at 2s. 6d., 5,000 at 3s. 6d., 25,000 at 4s., and 10,000 at 7s. 6d.; Messrs. Routledge and Co. have disposed of 200,000 at 1s., 10,000 at 2s. 6d., and 5,000 at 3s. 6d.; Messrs. Gall and Inglis have sold 20,000 at 9d. and 50,000 at 1s. Of Nelson's edition there have been sold 50,000 at 1s., 10,000 at 2s. 6d., and 5,000 at 3s. 6d.; of H. G. Bohn's, 50,000 at 1s., 10,000 at 2s. 6d., and 5,000 at 3s. 6d.; of Ingram and Cooke's, 5,000 at 2s., and 20,000 at 2s. 6d.; of Bosworth's, 5,000 at 3s. 6d.; of Partridge and Oakey's, 25,000 at 1s. 5,000 at 2s. 6d., and 5,000 at 3s. 6d.; of Sims and McIntyre's, 30,000 at 1s.; of S. Low, Son, and Co.'s, 2,000 at 10s. 6d.; of Black's, 2,000 at 10s. 6d. There are also many other editions, of which we have been unable to get the statistics; while Mrs. Stowe's exciting tale has likewise appeared piece-meal in dozens of cheap periodicals. There is, however, little doubt but that upwards of a million of copies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* have already been published in Great Britain.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Women are destined for their whole life to stand alone—to work alone. Is woman considered as a maiden, as a lover, a wife, a housewife, a mother, she always stands isolated—she is always alone—and will always be alone—and yet from each is demanded what it belongs to the whole sex to furnish.

GOETHE.

Him, I love, who desires the impossible.
To sow is not so difficult as to reap.

DEAR E.

Our last letter to you in the Una was so cut to pieces in order to crowd it into the smallest possible space, that you were not greatly benefitted by our gossip of Editorial life; this morning therefore, at the last hour, for the printer, we have decided to condense as we write, and not after it goes into his hands, be obliged to strike out whole sentences. However, it is much easier to strike out, than to write, at the call for copy, for we never could do anything to order; so wayward is our nature, that if told to write on any given subject we should be sure not to have one word to say; if directed to walk north, we should certainly have an irrepressible desire to go south.

And so you have not read "WOMAN AND THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT" in Putnam's Magazine. It will amuse you when you do. The writer is facetious, full of assertion, but not logical. It is a smooth, delicate, confection for the grown up babies of our sex, striped and colored with poison and flavored highly, with the essential oils, which will render it delightful to men whose philosophy reaches no further than the present day. We imagine that he must have held communion with naughty, lying spirits, for he speaks of "the immediate aims of the ladies who manage the movement as ludicrously unworthy." This seems a little malicious, for how can he know their motives of action? he does not make a single quotation from any printed address or resolution, and he must know, that they have no standard books; that there is no one, nor no clique, that are quoted as authority by the rest. The very beauty of this movement, is its spontaneity, its universality, its entire independence, of all that unwieldly machinery, that is a clog on other movements. The wail of the winds is not sadder nor more constant, than the groan of anguish from oppressed womanhood. There is one universal throb of her great heart; we feel its pulsations from the north, south, east and west, and we know that every one who acts, does so from the highest impulse of her inner life, and that she acts in her own peculiar way, and not because Mrs. A, B or C directs it. The conventions have been almost spontaneous gatherings, conducted in ignorance or defiance of parliamentary rules, and held in order by true Christian courtesy. Men have been in them in about equal numbers, and if they could have directed the movement so much better, as he says, why did they not do so, or at least hint that they were on the wrong track. If we had ever been disposed to believe in leadership, or managers, we have learned by being in *rappor*t with the minds we have that this is a current too broad and deep to be managed; it is swelling and widening silently, but surely, as it rolls on. We receive letters almost daily from persons who never heard a lecture, or read a book, but who nevertheless, speak the same language. The author

recognizes only a poor ambition in women who aspire to the professions; but he gives no real reasons for so absurd a charge, and therefore, it is not necessary for us to go into a logical argument at this time to defend them particularly, as we think him in this respect pre-answered in our columns by A. D. Mayo.

You know how we have prided ourselves on our peculiar womanliness, and the specially gentle, and feminine manners of nearly all engaged publicly in this movement. You may imagine then, how shocked we were at the hint given, that some of us might waken up on the other side of Jordan dressed in corduroys and top boots. Notwithstanding all the difficulties and embarrassments in woman's path, still we have thanked Allah, many a time, that we were born a woman. We like the distinctive features of sex; we have watched for the shades of difference that in contrast were to be blended in one. We love the glorious prophesies of the future; for it was a prophesy, "that made the Muses feminine," the symbol of Justice, of Mercy, of Plenty and the Genius of Liberty all perfectly developed women. Alack! well pride must have its fall, and ours would be a sad one, for we never aspired to be an angel, much less a man, although it is said "that women seeking to get out of their sphere, always 'aspire to be men, while men strive to be Gods?'

"Women, this author says, 'are incapable of philanthropy,' to us this seems ludicrous unsustained as it is by fact or philosophy. It is a simple assertion, that she is incapable of loving but one man, and her own children, and that if she goes beyond them it is through sympathy with this lover or husband. We have always thought it is true, with Jean Paul, that if we loved one human being purely, warmly, we should love all. He says, 'the heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun sees nothing from the dewdrop, to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.' But when bereft of this single love, or never having received it, facts prove that the heart of woman yearns to bless humanity, and that her life is one of entire abnegation of self and pure devotion on the altar of benevolence. Jesus taught no such narrow and self-exalting doctrine, when he recognized the two mites of the poor woman, as of more worth than all the rich man's gifts, for he gave to be seen of men, she from her pure love which was Godward, and its manifestation what it always is, a desire to do good to humanity.

This article however is of little moment, for it is only the same old specious arguments that we have always heard, based on false premises and dressed in new drapery. Its answer should follow in the same columns, that the antidote might reach the poisoned. Those who know the truth, are alike impervious to the shafts of ridicule, or the stronger weapons of force.

Do not fail to read the notice and report of

Mrs. C. M. Sevrance's lecture before the Cleveland Library Association. The one selected is from the Herald of that city, a paper not particularly friendly to female lecturers. Just previous to Mrs. S.'s lecture, Hon. Horace Mann, gave his obsolete ideas of woman there, but it is thought that had he heard Mrs. S. he would certainly have modified the tone of his lecture ere he repeated it before another audience. Many women have done well, but she excelleth them all; and better than all, it was in her own city.

Mrs. Reid, of Leeds, England, writes us that the political rights of women have been discussed of late in Parliament, and that a Mr. Fox made an able argument, recognizing it as something which must come in the progress of reform; although of the opinion that it is still too early to agitate the question. How long it should be deferred, the honorable gentleman does not vouch safe to say. Mrs. Reid is also preparing another work on the education of women, a supplement to her book which was published by Fowler & Wells, some three or four years ago.

Miss M. Legare has presented through the columns of the "Genius of Liberty," a somewhat lengthy memorial to women, on the importance of forming societies, for the mutual protection of females of irreproachable character. Her plan is not very clearly defined, but seems pointing to something like orders of Free Masons and Odd Fellows. To me those institutions have always seemed narrow, partial, even dangerous, benefitting the few, at the expense of the many. Let us, rather awaken in woman, a spirit so loyal and noble that she will be the friend of her sex every where. Let the idea of the oneness, technically speaking, "the solidarity of the race," take possession of the heart, and all these petty organizations will be abandoned. The grand idea of St. Paul was, that "the Church is one man, one new man." Swedenborg also teaches that "Heaven is in the form of a man;" this is the central fount of thought. The whole philosophy of the reorganization of society radiates from this sun-centre. Take the human body in all its diversity of organization and function, with its unity of being, sympathy, and issues, and the whole mystery is solved with the clearness and precision of physiological science, and the certainty of familiar experience. Let women fully receive these principles, and they will need no bond, or pledge, or symbol to make them true to each other. The stranger will find a home, and aid, and protection; the hungry be fed and the naked clothed. Aye, and pure and high-hearted women, will go down to their fallen sisters, because they are their sisters, and with gentle love restore them to self-respect. They will ask no story of the past, leaving the "dead to bury it's dead;" they will strive only for future harmony. But you ask, can society be thus harmonized without doing violence to its parts? Can the

eye direct with the hand in the same frame? If it is kept in its place in the head, it can. Give it its tower, its observatory, its defenses, and its exemption from collision with the nails and skin, and all is well, for they live upon the same blood and partake a common destiny. Organization is the grand want, but not of the few, it must be of the many, and the principle must be recognized that the highest must suffer for the lowest, just as in the human organization, the brain and nerves, suffer for an inflamed hand or foot, which they cannot recover. The brain and senses, the heart and arteries always die first; the muscles suffer next to nothing, in sympathy, but still, more than the bones, which feel no pain and do not perish till all the better tissues have paid the body's penalties. The lower natures have nothing to do in the redemption; the evils of the body cost them nothing except as they depend on the higher. They do not suffer directly in this community of feeling, but only as a consequence of the death or suffering of the higher organs. The crucifixion of Christ was a natural necessity of his higher life, and every one who approaches him in goodness must partake of his fate; but the atonement was not made to satisfy divine vengeance, neither in his case or that of any other philanthropist. These sorrows are the result of this integral life. "If any member of the body suffers," says the apostle, and so says philosophy, "all the members suffer with it, according to its goodness and susceptibility; hence we have not one, but many Saviours; and the highest must learn to bear meekly that which is to *atone* for the lowest. We have no fellowship with the feeling which says to the weak and fallen of our own sex, "stand aside, I am holier than thou," for we almost invariably find that spirit most rife among those who associate on terms of equality with the profligate of the other sex; apologizing for, and even accomodating themselves to their lesser vices, the small beginnings; forgetting, that it is the "little foxes which destroy the vine." It is true that if we would give sight to the blind we must call them to us, and "put our hands upon them," as Jesus did, not by coming down to their level, but by bringing them through the power of a strong pure spirit up to us; freeing them from temptation to evil, and imparting strength to resist the circumstances by which they may be surrounded.

There is one want felt as universally as that of a love which is broad enough to receive the stranger, to clothe the naked, and feed the hungry, without inquiry as to their name, place, or position; and it is a home for homeless women, where the tastes, sentiments, and feelings, may find gratification. Many women with considerable capacity for usefulness, and having but small means, are stowed away in city boarding houses, with nothing to do, and nothing to love, till the feelings turned back upon themselves,

makes life a burden to them. In Catholic countries, and among Catholics, this evil is obviated by Convents. Now what we want, is something similar, without the nun's vows and the asceticism. Not an assylum, not a charitable institution, but a home, a real home, where the heart could rest and life be made a blessing. We have a letter touching the subject, from which we are tempted to give a few extracts this bright spring morning, while the birds are so blithe and the fresh spring flowers are bursting into life, breathing forth their quiet joy in fragrance that gladdens the heart and awakens hope; for in all these beauties harmony is surely promised.

After giving some account of the new Union, at Raritan Bay, N. J., and referring to the want of pleasant homes for unmarried women, she says, "It seems to me that something charming of this kind might grow up here. If ladies who have for their whole fortune some one or two thousand dollars, would buy stock in this union, they could have beautiful independent homes and cheap board, with leisure for the most refined pursuits, and be in the midst of agreeable society—to which they would not be confined for life as the nun is, for they could go away when they pleased. Let me particularize: a lady for instance, has \$2500; for a thousand she can build a portion of the great building which may give her three or four fine rooms as entirely separate from other rooms, as a house in a block is separated from others which have a common roof and piazza. The remaining \$1500 will give her an income of \$90 per year; that will pay for board and clothing, if she is not a gourmand of an extraordinary character, and dresses with simple elegance. Experience at the North American Phalanx has proved this. If she wants but two rooms her house will cost less and she will have the more capital remaining. The cooking and washing are done by the association, the rest of the work she does herself or hires done. I now speak as though she did not enter into the associated industry; she can take less or more of this upon her and receive allowance accordingly. If a sufficient number of such women join, all the domestic work would be divided among them according to their own agreement or attraction, and thus preclude altogether, the vulgarity of hired labor, while no one would have more to do than now almost every woman in an isolated household does whatever is her rank or property. Some women may have no more money than will build them two rooms; such might gain their board, &c., if they are capable by the domestic labor they could undertake. Here, to take, this labor does not alter their social position, or put them into low company. In short, it seems to me that a good many ladies of small means, or discontented in life and wasting it without objects, might make themselves homes at Raritan Bay, and support themselves by labor, which

would be so facilitated by machinery, and so sweetened by genial society, that it would become altogether an enjoyment, and their small capitals added to the stock which is already \$40,000, would aid the great work." This is worthy of consideration by parents, guardians, single women, and by large capitalists too, for the stock there will very soon pay a dividend, and is a safe investment until it does. Our letter, dear E., is long and we are told that editors never write letters through their own columns to their personal friends—but why should every paper be conducted like every other? Why may we not be ourself here as elsewhere.

ADIEU.

ON FLATTERY.—Flattery is like the book which St. John eat when "in the spirit on the Lord's Day" at Patmos—it is sweet in the mouth but it is bitter in the belly; it pleases for a moment, but, by increasing his vanity—of which every man carries too heavy a load—it disqualifies him from struggling successfully with adversity, when the true friend of man overtakes him.

Let a person find out his own peculiar weakness, and be ever suspicious of himself on that side. Let a passionate man, for example, resolve always to show less resentment than reason might justify; there is no danger of his erring on that side. Let a talkative man resolve always to say less than the most talkative person in the company he is in. If one has reason to suspect himself of loving money too much, let him give always at least somewhat more than has been given by a noted miser.

SPLEEN ENNUI.—A disease familiar to all idle persons, and an inseparable companion to such as live at ease, a life out of action, and have no calling or ordinary employment to busy themselves about; that have little business, and though they have, such is their laziness they will not compose themselves to it, especially, if they have formerly been brought up to business, and upon a sudden come to lead a sedentary life, it crucifies their souls, and seizes on them in an instant; and is such a torture, that as wise as Seneca saith—*walo mihi male quam molliter esse*: I had rather be sick than idle.—*Anatomy of Melancholy*.

"In the middle of the 15th century, Slaves who escaped from other governments unto France, were declared free by the government, on the ground that their kings were too angust to reign over any but freemen."

As every dew drop on every flower碰 reflects the whole disk of the sun, and refracts its light in all the colors of the rainbow, and as all the stars of the firmament sleep in the bosom of each woodland lake, so the Deity bends to enshrine himself in each individual soul, so that the poorest in earthly wealth need not be disinherited of Heaven's joys.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse, in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

There is nothing purer than honesty: nothing sweeter than charity; nothing brighter than virtue; nothing warmer than love; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, and brightest, the holiest, and the most steadfast happiness.

THE TIPPINGS.—Rev. D. Wayland, president of Brown University, has been examining the table tipping experiments, usually attributed to electricity or spirits. He decides that it is not electricity, but thinks it is governed by some heretofore undiscovered law of nature.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, APRIL 1, 1853.

THE INTELLECT OF WOMAN.

We have in our former numbers admitted all the differences in sex which we deem requisite for argument, and to establish the principle that woman is not a recast of man with a little more or a little less of certain faculties. The affinities which relate the sexes are not like those of chemistry, springing out of total unlikeness; nor are the reciprocal adjustments mechanical, according to the coarse suggestions of Hon. Horace Mann in his lecture upon woman, where he compares them to "knives and forks and hooks and eyes;" but the principal and noblest relations arise out of the *varied similitudes* which everywhere in the sphere of moral and intellectual life constitutes social attractiveness. In chemistry, combination takes place with the shock of a conflict; acid and alkali meet in strife and find tranquility only in the nullification of their differences; but vital, moral, and rational unions are founded in the harmony of resemblances. The aggregation of identities make nothing but bulk and quantity; diversity among kindred things and variety among accordant qualities, blend into unity with harmony. The sexes are thus alike in essence, and thus varied in manifestation and action; and in their natural reciprocities is to be found the perfected humanity out of the great strife with the material elements which surround us, with the savage beasts which inhabit the earth, and the not less savage men who occupy it; in the early periods of human societies, there have arisen a multitude of arts and sciences, which being concerned with these physical, brute, and barbarous antagonisms, are naturally and necessarily related to the stronger frame and coarser capacities of the masculine character. The natural sciences are all occupied with the objects and phenomena of the material world, and the exact sciences are but the guides and handmaids of their philosophy. Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Astronomy, Anatomy, Physiology, Remedial Medicine and Surgery, Navigation, Mechanics and Architecture, are all but so many modes of dealing with physical nature in its rudest forms of resistance to human dominion, and Mathematics in its entire range is but the law of motion, weight and measure of these.

Therefore in the first struggle of mind with this broad range of physical phenomena, is the appointed task of the masculine intellect. It is in exact keeping with the idea of functions distributed according to specialty of endowments, that men should be the first discoverers and cultivators of all these robust sciences, and adjust them to their higher uses, before they could appropriately fall within the office of female administration. The facts of history, past and

contemporaneous, are in accordance, and moreover present the noteworthy, but little noticed truth, that while women exhibit but little activity in the discovery and development of this class of sciences, they everywhere show themselves the best TEACHERS of them. In the making of elementary books, and in the office of personal tuition, their successes are regarded with a wonder which the idea of inferiority makes a puzzle to superficial thinkers.

A single example is at hand which is in itself so conclusive that it might be relied upon for ample demonstration. More than thirty years since a series of books, entitled "Conversations on Chemistry," "Conversations on Natural Philosophy," and "Conversations on Botany," were produced by Mrs. Marcet, of England, in which, for the first time, the principles of these sciences were reduced into popular form, and given at once in such fullness and clearness, that children could comprehend them, and adepts derive new and available views of the subjects to which they had devoted their lives.

It was said of Socrates that "he brought philosophy down from the clouds to dwell among men." If ever this feat was literally accomplished, it was done in those well known publications of Mrs. Marcet. The majority of general scholars, and even professional men, know little more of these sciences which she first translated into common sense, than she taught them; and the most of them would this day be as ignorant of their first principles as their own servants, had it not been for her works. These books have been pillaged, altered, and tortured into a hundred forms since, but their method has maintained its ground against all changes, by addition and improvement. They gave character to a new era in the history of scientific education, and the first editions will compare even now advantageously with the best of their more modern imitations, in every thing except the engraving of the diagrams, illustrations, and the style of binding. She also wrote works on political economy; her last was "Conversations on Land and Water."—Mrs. Marcet's name has never been given on the title page of the American editions of her work, because scientific men have fancied it a fiction.*

Mary Sommerville is another example. Her "Physical Geography," "Connection of the Physical Sciences," and "Mechanism of the Heavens," only need be mentioned. Speaking of the first named, BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE says: "Nowhere, except in her own previous work, 'The Connexion of the Physical Sciences,' is there to be found so large a share of well selected information so lucidly set forth." * * * "We hold," continues the reviewer, "such presents as Mrs. Sommerville has bestowed upon the public to be of incalculable value, disseminating more sound information

than all the literary and scientific institutions will accomplish in a whole cycle of their existence." The authorities in criticism of both continents are equally emphatic in their admiration. It is safe to say that there is nothing in Astronomy, Physical Geography, Botany, and their kindred sciences, which women have not learned as well and taught far better than men. From this interesting fact we derive the support of practical demonstration for the idea that when science shall have perfected itself in any department of nature, women will be found the happiest in their apprehension and methods of presenting and communicating it. Knowledge grows more simple as it grows profound and complete, it constantly approaches the character of intuition as it rises towards perfection, and so comes even into better adjustment to the manner of feminine intellect.

Swedenborg in describing the education of Eve, who was taught beautiful spirit-lessons by representations of scenes, formed in the plastic atmosphere, by sportive children fluttering around her, and by fruits pendant from the groves of Paradise, says she was instructed in all scientific truths; particularly those of the human frame, the brain, and the living fibres.

Our proper answer to man's reproach for his chaos of knowledge is, "our eyes are not adapted to the mixture of light and darkness in which you grope so grotesquely, but when the day is well separated from the night we will see more clearly than you. We are later born, and destined to a later because a higher development. Where you end we begin, in all that is especially adapted to our respective capacities."—Woman is not incapable of those kinds of knowledge in which she has as yet been least conspicuous; she is only less suited to the crude, awkward struggle of science in its barbarism; its matured and perfected truths are as familiar and easy to her as innate ideas. She would weary of numbers if she had no rule of aggregating and summing them up but simple addition; multiplication brings the process nearer to her use, and the still higher rules are fitted to her taste and talents. It is a finer and a richer comprehension which waits for the best forms and clearer certainties, than is that which serves the subordinate office of their preparation.

It is absurd to say that the faculties which can seize discovery when it approaches maturity, and give it then its most perfect effect and array, are inferior in use and dignity, to those which did the rough work of quarrying them out of the mines of thought. The genius that comprehends is surely as rich as that which unfolds a truth, and may even employ and administer it better. The latest inventions, when they are great improvements, in fact discredit the boast of earlier and ruder achievements in the same kind. Opinion needs correction on this matter. Things that have been hard to do, are therefore supposed to be great. Easier

methods have less pretension, but more merit. Every scientific wonder-worker, be it observed, does as much to deprecate his predecessors as to exalt himself. The history of improvement is also a record of mistakes. The hand loom which was somebody's glory, makes a sorry figure in the presence of the power loom; and so many a hard earned honor of past centuries will rank with the rubbish of those that are to come, and the wonder will be, not that men have done so much, but that they have been so long about it, and were so proud of their childish performances. The pigeon had a swift wing, and the pack horse a strong back, in their time, but the telegraph and locomotive throw them far into the shade; and these will doubtless yield their honors to agencies as much their superiors. When that day arrives, the boasts of manhood may be only historical, and serve merely to apologize for the horrors which still stand charged against him in other functions of life and society, which he has hitherto usurped and mismanaged. We appeal to the future. The functions of material life are rapidly passing into female hands! A girl of sixteen years of age is already doing the work of twenty men in manufactories and the arts; and her prentice pioneer is turned into other beginnings; processes which will in their turn fall within her administration as they are fitted for it.

Mechanics is the office of manhood, till its principles and appliances are perfected; then, what now seems his prerogative will appear to have been only his service. His exclusive dominion will pass away with exclusive fitness; just as civilization displaces barbarism. In the heroism of arms he still maintains his "bad eminence," but there is something of warning for for him even here. In the beginning of the middle ages, chivalry was monopolized by the strong arm, the stout heart, and hard head. It was the only honorable profession among men, and their highest distinction. Now, a schoolmaster is worth an army of knights in armor upon the tented field; engineers are more important than generals, and a consumptive student, without a drop of good red blood in his veins, may be a brilliant conqueror. A woman may yet be a match for a host; what then will become of the pride, and pomp, and "circumstance, of glorious war?" Politics and statesmanship, still resting so much upon the force of armaments, must come under the jurisdiction of simple justice, give up the employment of physical force, and rise to a sphere of mind and feeling fit for woman's administration. The judgment of that better day will vindicate the qualities which withhold her from the honors of heroism in homicide, and of sovereignty through perfidy, and stratagem. The policy of government, now so intricate, so dark a contexture of fraud and force that the worst men are its best ministers, will also be redeemed and reformed, so that the

acknowledged excellencies of feminine morality and woman's directness and clearness of intellect, will be the highest qualification for national government. To our womanly way of thinking, the brotherhood of political divinities must settle the question of government forms with the Socialists, the Associationists, and the radical Democracy, who are everywhere challenging the form and organization of national systems, before they can safely parade their incomparable wisdom against us. We have looked on, while Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, were worrying the world with their debates about tariffs, strict construction, and the policy of national prosperity; feeling little but the stunning confusion of the conflict, and only quite relieved of difficulty and assured in our own opinion, when we read their obituaries. They were directly opposed, but they were miraculously gifted; the nation's welfare depended upon every one, and alike upon all of them. They settled *nothing*, but we would have been lost without them; and what will the world do now that they are dead, and not one question settled that they fought about all their lives! !

It will do for you, gentlemen, to impose upon each other, with such gossip as this, but as soon as the world is fairly through its suffering and grieving over the works of these your God-likes, it will sit down and laugh heartily at them. We are not imposed upon by loud, or profound talk, even when we sit quietly and seem to listen. Can any wise man with a dozen diplomas in his pocket, answer at a tea party to the satisfaction of his auditors or himself, whether or why, the government is obliged to educate all the children of the community at public expense? how far such education should be carried; and if limited short of artistic, and professional, on what principle? Will he be able to inform us on what principle the public lands are given gratis to the people, or why withheld? On what principle railroads and canals are constructed at the national cost, or why not? Why monopoly of land is permitted and perpetual entailment forbidden? Why the government must coin our specie, and not furnish the paper currency? Why women are taxed, governed and punished, but neither represented nor educated in the higher schools? Come, brethren, we have asked you to reason of these things. Will you justify one in a thousand of these pretences, settle one in a thousand of your government problems? and we will then compare judgments with you, and may be, by that time we will be able to produce women to match your Jeffersons, Madisons, Clays and Calhouns; aye, your Cromwells and Hamptons. It is time to stop, or the dullness of your legal history will be disagreeably relieved, even to you, by being turned into an unmasked satire. Statutory legislation is doing its best to bury your law learning in its heaps of rubbish. Seriously, would it not save you time to burn the rec-

ord, and try to get at the justice of the new times by the light of the latest wisdom, without the foolish endeavor to justify it, and apologize for the barbarous subtlety of the past, by your customary compromises and laborious concordances? If it keeps thirty-one states and one federal legislature, busy half of every year to make new laws, it must be because half the time is spent in repealing the old ones. We recommend purgation by fire, as the shortest and safest. The Caliph Omar has suffered some discredit for his short method with the Alexandrian Library, and he was, perhaps, too indiscriminate, but we can imagine how his torch might illuminate the world now with general advantage.

About once a month we see, and now indeed oftener even, the prophetic sentence, "LAW REFORM," in the newspapers, and we never look on a shelf of law books and see the label "Revised Statutes" on the backs of a dozen volumes in a row, without thinking of that Alexandrian bonfire for the rest of the lumber, and for the revised statutes too, when they shall themselves be revised. Our respects are paid to your sky-full of political luminaries; keep them for a boast till we have made you ashamed of them. We answer all that is demanded in this behalf, by pointing to the wrongs, abuses, confusion and learned wrangle, in our courts of justice and our halls of legislation; and then to the piteous spectacle of social corruption, ignorance and oppression, which all these labors so much vaunted, are confessedly incompetent to remove. As an illustration of our principle, look at the time consumed in the past winter's legislation to procure the passage of bills to regulate the hours of labor, or to reduce the day's work of an adult to ten hours; and at the anomalous clause in that same bill in this State, allowing children to be worked eleven hours.

Nobody pauses now to defend the improvements that might be found in the feudal system over that which preceded it. It is the trick of the present ever to boast itself over the past. WE are anticipating the period when our light respect for that which everywhere affronts us, will be held just. Nor do we a whit underestimate the talents of historical great men. They are great in their way, compared with each other; they get a great deal of glory, and by their own standard deserve it, doubtless. But the question between men and women is, the intrinsic worth of all this paraded superiority. We answer, it is superiority in inferior things. It is the bone and muscle of mind, contrasted with the nerve and artery of it, under tests which touch only the ruggedest and coarsest qualities of power. Woman is not the strong struggler in the regions of materialism, mechanics, bloody warfare, and political gymnastics; but the science of all these cleared of falsehood; the natural honest truth comes to her clearly, and is adapted to her management.

GLoucester, Mass., Aug. 24, 1852.

MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS.

Dear Madam:—I hoped to be present at the Woman's Convention in September, and perhaps to contribute my part to your discussion; but as I am prevented from doing this, I cannot withhold a brief expression of my interest in the objects for which you have assembled.

I have never questioned what I understand to be the central principle of the reform in which you are engaged. I believe that every mature soul is responsible directly to God, not only for its opinions and faith, but of the details of actual life. In every crisis of duty, there can only, at last, be consultation between one Spirit and its Creator. The idea that woman is responsible to man for her belief or her conduct, in any other sense than that man is responsible to woman, I am bound to reject, not as a believer in any modern theory of "Woman's Rights," but as a believer in that religion which recognizes neither male nor female in its imperative claim upon the individual conscience.

If this be true, I know not by what logic the obligation of woman to form her own ideal of life, and preserve the career which her reason and conscience dictates, can be derived. The sphere of activity in which any person will shine, is always an open question until answered by actual experience. I may admire the wisdom of the man who has discovered that half the people in the world are incompetent to act out of one circle of duty; but until the fact has been demonstrated by the universal failure of your sex everywhere outside that fatal line, I must admire, rather than believe. The position of every individual, if real, must be achieved by conquest. I must convince the world that I am a true minister of the gospel, if I would claim its respect and support. And when a woman, in the exercise of the best powers and opportunities given her of God, tells me she must buy and sell, or instruct the young, or heal the sick, or paint, or play, or act upon the stage, or "call sinners to repentance," I can say but one thing—just what I must say to the man who affirms the same;—"my friend, show me your ability to serve society in this way, and all creation cannot deprive you of your right. If you can do this to which you aspire, can do it naturally and well, then yourself and everybody will be the better because of it. And whoever says you have forfeited any grace or virtue of womanhood by such an act, betrays by the very accusation an utter incompetency to judge upon the highest interests of human responsibility and obligation."

And the affirmative of such a rule of judgment need not surprise the most conservative person; since it is to a greater extent than is supposed, the actual belief of the community. I hardly know a village in New England which does not number among its trades' people at least one woman who has established in some department of mercantile exchange, a reputation that is accepted. Many a woman who would be scared to be seen at your Convention, is glad to be cured of her own and her children's ails by our good friend Dr. Harriet Hunt. I have never heard that the admiration of the theatre goers of Mrs. Mowatt's "Parthenia," was cooled by the fact that this estimable woman is, in her way, a public instructor. While the Lectures of Mrs. Oakes Smith are such as

thousands of people have listened to with pleasure; while the historical researches of Mrs. Putnam, and the scientific acquirements of Miss Mitchell, demand respect; while women in every department of American life, except those in which we yet stand before the world as experimentors, have been and are recognized for "their work sake." It seems to me that the discussion about "Woman's Sphere," is petty and meaningless. "Woman's Sphere" is actually anywhere she will make it, and there it always will be.

I therefore believe the method of this reform is that declared by God when he said to Adam:—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." There is no "royal road" to womanhood, as there certainly is none to manhood. I do not feel competent to say what can be done by public legislation to relieve woman from a condition of pecuniary dependence, and political vassalage. But I suppose these changes will naturally come at the end, rather than the beginning of your work. When women have vindicated their ability to occupy successfully a wider circle of employments than now, their voice must be heard in demand of the property they have earned, and the social rights of which they are now deprived. It is the work of man to remove present disabilities, to encourage and welcome every exercise of genuine power in woman; for he is stronger by every faculty developed and used by her. Yet of the vast work to be done, how little can he do. Many speak, and write, and rejoice over every new manifestation of womanly power; yet if she continue false to her higher instincts, frivolous in society, weakly dependent at home, and in all ways below a christian ideal of womanhood, what can he do but deplore her infatuation, and behave as her *actual condition* demands. I do not think your sex are more culpable than my own; but until I can behold some individual consecrated to a true life, more clearness of perception, and firmness of conduct in regions outside the wall of the household than man, I shall not form extravagant expectations for the immediate success of your valuable undertaking. Some of the advocates of your reform underrate its magnitude and difficulty. What I propose is nothing less than a general elevation of sex. You would make the ignorant wise, the weak strong, the vain serious, the proud meek, the irreligious devoted—to see the difficulties of their present position, and rise out of them into new womanhood. In fact, your "movement" is a part of the great onward march of society, and it must be exposed to the reverses and the dangers from fanaticism, and even from outward hostility and inward faithlessness, that hindered the progress of the race.

I do not write this, you know my friend, to discourage, rather to inspire. I believe no man or woman is qualified to criticise society, or teach the people who is unable to look existing evils full in the face, and calculate with precision the small probabilities of immediate success, without despondency or diminution of zeal. This work will be a sword dividing the true from the untrue. You must expect to see those who have entered it from any motive less exalted than a determination to be themselves what they teach, fall away in weariness and disgust. Yet all the more honorable will it be to those who are content to remain

But we have no Shakspeares; not exactly, but we have his twin sisters plenteously, in all that is our's of his endowments. Neither our life or our training compass all that length and breadth, and depth, of the great curse with which he, by sex and circumstances, was so conversant. Neither have we a Byron, nor a Milton. No, for we are not qualified for the office of biography, and portraiture, to the demons. We lack that style of innate experiences. We lack the genuine infernal inspiration.—When Elizabeth Barrett Browning writes the "Drama of Exile," she does not succeed so much better in pandemonium than in paradise, as to stultify the noblest nature she undertakes. It was not she, that made herself immortal in *Paradise Lost*, and ridiculous in "*Paradise Regained*." Oh, we decline the comparison in those things, where success would be our worst condemnation. Against Shakspeare we make no impeachment; the woman in him, in so large a measure, made him the universal and immortal poet of the race. His comprehension of the masculine evil of the world, he had by direct inspiration, or by the opportunities, the training, or the outline lineaments of the sex in himself. Either sex is by possibility capable of all this, which has distinguished the Bard of Avon from the world of authorship; but our's has been restrained of that development in all directions, which must produce the peer of the English prophet, sorcerer, singer, seer, double-sexed revealer, of the universal human nature.

In all this discussion we have met the facts as they stood, in their least favorable presentation for us; we have said little of the instances in which women have made great attainments in the sciences. They are not so few or feeble as to be mere exceptions, but they are not necessary to our apprehension of the true ground of this controversy. We will exhibit them as opportunity offers hereafter, and must now dismiss this topic; nor will we draw the intended conclusions and general reflections, until we have treated woman morally considered, then we may have time to take up some of the dropped stitches—and woman-like, make our fabric strong and whole—and as we progress we purpose that without turning aside from our own plan, we shall fully answer the article in Putnam's Magazine of March.

*It is stated on good authority, that the daughter of a Mechanic in Charlestown, Mass., has from attraction lately mastered an abstruse work of Le Places, translated by Dr. Bowditch, which work was not understood by one hundred men in the United States, and that there were not thirty persons in the world who would master it from inclination alone.

We are very sorry to say to the inquirers for the first number of the *Una*, that the edition is entirely exhausted.

We hope the apology for Aspasia will be carefully read.

Respect is what we owe; love what we give.

and there obviate the fatal conditions of human efforts to push onward the good and true. I believe you are doing much for your sex: and in that mode which will "tell" inevitably upon society. I find every where a new spirit of self respect and personal independence; a new hope, and often works corresponding to it among the young women I know; a reasonable portion of which I am certain, is due to your efforts. And I believe cultivated men are becoming ashamed to treat your assertions with open ridicule or quiet contempt; but at least occupy the position of inquirers to a greater degree than ever before, while the popular sympathies are certainly more enlisted every year for your success. For myself, though constitutionally averse to sectarian action, whether in Christianity or any reform that springs from its principles, I do not intend to be wanting in my efforts in this direction, and hope for the best, from public instructions where I have been placed by Providence, to repay in some measure that inestimable debt which I and every man owe to the sex which is our best instructors this side of Heaven in every thing manly and excellent.

With great respect, I remain yours in truth,
A. D. MAYO.

For the Una.

A VOICE FROM ENGLAND.

This paper is written with the view of pointing out a few of the most popular objections urged by persons of both sexes in England, against "the Woman's movement question," now agitating the public mind in the United States of America.

The anchor upon which men fasten their most weighty objections is this: women, say they, *have* always been subject to men; they *have* never taken a prominent and *leading part* in the world's history, which proves that they *have been* incapable of so doing. Granted. How is this? Why because the world has been hitherto governed mainly by *physical force*—*might has been right!*

Men have the strong muscles, and muscular power has, to a very great extent, (as it does altogether in savage life) ruled.

The consequence is that the weak and more delicately organized portion of humanity have been down-trodden and oppressed—subject to the strong.

A brighter dawn awaits us. Moral and intellectual force are beginning to be felt supreme! They contend with mere animal powers. A higher state of civilization is gradually unfolding itself, and matter is being held in subordination to mind. The very lightning can now be grasped and rendered subservient to our will!

Again, men say, they do not like "strong-minded, intellectual women." It is not surprising that men of a selfish, tyrannical disposition, should prefer women of a *plastic character*!—They are more easily imposed upon by them, and may be cajoled or forced into submission, being mere creatures of passion and impulse, instead of rational, thinking beings, who require to be treated as such. One would suppose that no man of sound mind and right feeling, would object to a woman because she had a *strong mind*. The stronger the better, one would naturally think; partial strength, like a little knowledge, may be a dangerous thing. Our aim should be, the full development of *all* our powers, physical and mental. Then should

we be able to ascertain, with some degree of accuracy, "what is woman's sphere?"

Primarily, we want freedom for the development of our powers. This can never be accomplished so long as women are dependent on men for their daily bread, their clothing, their all. They must be little better than slaves, who get by fawning and pandering to their lords and masters, the favors and benefits they require. Let women be placed on an independent footing; enable them to earn and spend money in their own right. We shall then see them thinking, acting human beings; not simple appendages to men, to be cowed down into good behavior, too often by mere power.

This reminds me that I once knew a husband—aye, and a good husband too—who deducted half a crown from his wife's weekly stipend, if she absented herself from Sabbath worship.

We constantly hear weak minded women say they are quite satisfied with their present position. They have no desire to have a vote, to come forward in public, or to do anything towards getting an independent living. They always remind me of little canaries, who have been caged and fed all their lives. You give them their liberty the poor things are overwhelmed, and with fluttering wings and palpitating heart, they fly back to their prison-house, and cling to its bars till some kind hand opens the door; when they rush in, clasp their perch, compose themselves, peck some of the food provided for them, and offer up a song of thankfulness.

This total loss of natural power is not felt by them, so long as they have a kind, considerate friend to administer to their several necessities. Deprive them of this, they pine, droop, and die!

And such, alas! is too often the fate of gentle, loving, dependent, weak woman—poetic, but how sad!

SOLIDARITY.

We are obliged to an unknown friend who left the following definition of Solidarity upon our table:

In the Prospectus of the *Una* occurs the word Solidarity; having been asked the meaning of the term, and finding an explanation among the extracts I am fond of making in the course of my reading, and supposing that a definition of it may be acceptable to many of your readers, I herewith forward the same. It was an unusual omission for me not to give due credit to the source of my information; but as the extract was made not recently its origin has defied my power of recollection.

"SOLIDARITE."

"This is a favorite word of Kossuth's. It is French and has not yet found its way into our dictionaries. It expresses, generally, that the life of man is not exclusively the life of an individual, but life which he possess jointly with his race; that men live in *solido*,—soldered together, in one, if we may say so; that each man is an indivisible, indissoluble of the life of all men, and all men are indivisible parts of each man. St. Paul gives its meaning thus: 'For as we have many members in one body, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.' See also

Ephesians, iv. 25., and other places. No word in English conveys what is expressed by *solidarite*, or *solidarity* as it is now generally written.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"PLEASANT PAGES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE," is the title of a new book just issued by Gould & Lincoln, Boston. This little work, designed to aid home education, is a *really* useful book. Its daily lessons are simple, and beautifully arranged for each day in the week. Beginning with a moral lesson for Monday, succeeded by conversations on History, Natural History, Physical Geography, &c., closing on Saturday with a lesson in which the first principles of Geometrical drawing are taught with care and accuracy. In glancing over these pages we have found stories from books that were treasures to us in our childhood; and a thousand of those questions that so perplex mothers, and that are met with an, "I don't know, don't be troublesome," are answered here in a manner so agreeable as to make it a pleasure to read them to the little eager learners.

CHAMBERS' REPOSITORY OF INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING PAPERS, by the same publishers, is a neat little volume of Stories, Biographical Sketches, &c. The life and letters of Madame Sévigné, are worth the price of the book. The Cotton Metropolis gives a painful, but we doubt not true picture of the condition of the manufacturing city of Manchester, improving it is true, but still sad are its tones of coloring.

For the Una.

PARKMAN, O., March 23, 1853.

DEAR MADAM:—

Among the many papers which find their way to my secluded home, there came one, not long since, bearing the mystic name of "*Una*." At first I took it for some wandering speculation which had come way out to "Hio," seeking for friends where there was but little prospect of finding them. But a second glance, more searching than the first, obliterated that impression; for, in the mysterious stranger, I detected, without the trouble of putting on my spectacles, the countenance of a friend. A thousand times welcome to Ohio—a thousand times welcome to our homes and hearts is the representative of the noble women of New England. Steady in purpose, strong in faith and diligent in labor, your Buckeye sisters stand by your sides.

Entire unanimity of thought and action among the friends of the woman's rights movement cannot be expected. And so long as every eye is fixed upon the same goal, and each one is seeking for the best way to reach it, these little sectional differences will produce no permanent mischief. The main current will still continue to roll on, bearing down and overcoming all obstacles with as much ease and power as it would have done if these little differences among its tributaries had never existed. Let different opinions be candidly discussed; for no "gag law," like a thousand mill stones, should hang upon the woman's rights movement. Congressmen may submit to such degrading impositions; but *women*—never!

With respectful deference,
Believe me "one of us."

HARRIET N. TORREY.

For the Una.

ASPASIA.

"Now brother, what mair haes ye to speer?
I've answers aneuch, ye need nae fear.
When women for answers are at a stand,
The North sea bottom will be dry land."

Old Danish Ballad.

The progress of every reform depends very much upon the character of those who first engage in it. William Ladd gave the impress of his own gentle spirit, to the movement in behalf of peace, and Clarkson, and Wilberforce, stamped with unmistakeable integrity and earnestness that in behalf of the American slave. Aspasia, of Miletus, was the first woman who endeavored *systematically* to elevate the condition of her sex;—the first perhaps who had it in her power, from a lofty station which she adorned with irresistible fascinations, to point out to them clearly, new paths to usefulness, honor and enjoyment. It becomes of importance therefore, that the character of Aspasia should be fully understood. As it is evident that other hands than those of Mrs. Hale, have compiled many of the sketches of which her book consists, we ought not perhaps to charge her with the extremely prejudicial account of the Milesian, given in these pages. Nor would we, but that she endorses them a second time when she says in the Preface, "She was the creature of the corrupt institutions, which man by his superior physical strength, sensuous passions and unjust laws, had imposed on social life." It is true that Mrs. Hale acknowledges that the popular opinion with regard to Aspasia has been disputed, but she speaks of it as an opinion merely, and gives it no weightier authority than an "on dit." This new Encyclopedia should have been written with as much spirit and freshness, if not with as much research as the "Conversations-Lexicon," but the tone of some of the articles, betrays the leading of some far older compilation. The charges brought against Aspasia are simply, that she induced Pericles to divorce his wife and marry her, that she brought on the Peloponnesian war, that she founded at Athens a school of courtesans, and that she held impious opinions concerning the popular gods. It belongs to those who make such charges to prove them, but they had their origin in the stupid pages of Lemprière who saw Greek life through French glasses, and maligned by not comprehending. For a long time, his was the only classical dictionary within easy reach, and we believe we are justified in saying that it still exerts a wider popular influence, than any book of its kind. There is, therefore, a continual repetition of the saying that Aspasia was a "courtesan," as if people hoped as Göthe says, to destroy our "organs of intelligence, by compelling us to believe what we so often hear." A few years ago, the publication of "Savage Landor's," "Aspasia and Pericles," and Mrs. Child's exquisite romance of "Philothea," set English scholars to thinking upon this subject. They had more effect at first than that one fine chapter of Thirlwall, because everybody reads romance, and few people study History, but since that time, the publication of Thirlwall and Grote, of excellent translations of Plato, Aristophanes and Xenophon, leave no excuse for such ignorance as is displayed in the volume before us, unless indeed, it be that the author considered the subject of inferior importance. So do not we.

alluded to.

1. The first question is that of the divorce. Thirlwall, the only competent judge who enlarges upon this accusation says, "we can hardly doubt that it was Aspasia who first disturbed this union, but it was dissolved by mutual consent, and Pericles associated himself with others of her kindred in giving her away to her third husband." Grote says, "the union which had *never been comfortable*, was dissolved by mutual consent." Look now, at the facts of the case. Would Pericles have wished to *divorce* his wife, if Aspasia had been of the loose character generally attributed to her? and could this woman, one of the great family of the Alkmaeonids, if we are not mistaken, be kept away without exasperating her relatives, especially her two sons by Pericles, Xanthippus and Paralus, without forming a second party in the state, at the very least, inimical to Aspasia? *

2. She was accused of occasioning the Peloponnesian war. By whom? The comic poet Aristophanes in a broad farce, which gives us the gossip of the streets, not the sober facts of history. Thukydides never mentions her name in connexion with the war, and modern historians have not thought it worth while to advert to the rumor.

3. Graver still, she was accused of depraving Athenian women to gratify the passions of Pericles. By whom? Once more, by the comic poet Hermippus, and his master, and superior, Aristophanes. Hermippus was so obscure a person, that it is only Aspasia's fame that has preserved him from oblivion, and a competent authority speaks of him only as a man who preferred a charge of impiety against Aspasia. Plutarch and Athenaeus repeat the story, the latter quoting in behalf of it the lines of Aristophanes. The reputation of an intellectual woman was thus sacrificed to the pun of a comedian; and Grote in speaking of this and a similar story, says, "This is one of the many errors in Grecian history, arising from the practice of construing passages of comedy, as if they were serious and literal facts." The same charge was made by the same person, at the same time, against the sculptor Phidias.

The public mind has already acquitted the sculptor, and following the example of the Athenians themselves, it must at length acquit the woman. Plato says that Aspasia was the preceptress of Sokrates. A few years after, the same charges were brought against her pupil, and Plato "the sublime-one" composed for him an "Apology," which still challenges the reverence of the world. Where shall we find the *Apology of Aspasia*? If not in the pupillage of Sokrates, at least in the tears of Pericles! Pericles, the noble, the history of whose administration reads like a romance, whose stern virtue withstood every temptation, and by imitating his worthless and unprincipled son, furnished rumor and comedy, and political opposition with all the charges that were afterward brought against him. Thus Pericles clung to Aspasia, as to his chief earthly good, the inspirer of all his greatness, the promoter of his loftiest thought. "After weathering this storm," says Thirlwall, alluding to her trial, "he seems to have recovered his former high and firm position, which was never again endangered, save by one very transient gust." Is it credible that this would have been the case, had the acquittal of Aspasia

been a prejudiced one, and had the people at large believed her to be in truth, the ulcer which was eating out the heart of the state? From the charge of impiety, we do not care to defend Aspasia. It accused her of daring to believe in a purer deity than Zeus, and of following Anaxagoras in declaring that the earth moved round the sun. We hope she did both. The same charge was brought against Pericles himself, Zeus, Protagoras and Phidias. Later, against the philosopher Sokrates as well. We do not know what to make of Mrs. Hale's expression the "Æschines of Sokrates." Sokrates left not a syllable behind him. All that we know of him who has been called the "Greek Chief," we know from the dialogues of Plato, and the Memorabilia of Sokrates. Æschines, it is true, was one of his disciples, but the only three dialogues which bear his name, are supposed to be spurious. Aspasia came from Miletus into Greece. The freer life of the Islands of the Archipelago, and the provincial cities, nurtured at that time many women of rare scholarship and intellectual graces. She came up to Athens to see the distinguished men, with which the city swarmed, as country girls of our time have sometimes gone up to Boston, enamored of Orphic Alcott, the Greek Emerson, or Parker of the steady will. She found the Athenian women living in a seclusion which would have suffocated her. The sexes had not progressed in company, and at the very period when Athens shone resplendent through her philosophers, statesmen and artists, her women were timid, inert beings, incapable of inspiring a true affection, or exercising any mental ascendancy. What wonder that the mind of Aspasia had greater charms for the men of Athens than the beauty of her person, though that was confessedly great? The law of Athens recognized no legal marriage with a foreigner, and the children of such connections are declared illegitimate. Pericles married Aspasia in such left handed fashion as the law did permit, lived with her publicly, and with her alone. Afterward the son of this union was legitimated by the proper tribunals. Placed by Pericles at the head of Athenian society, Aspasia used all her influence to draw the Greek women into the society of their husbands, and to awake in them, love for literature and art. She summoned them to her table, she visited with them the studios of Phidias, and such other artists as Pericles was at that time employing for the glory of Athens. It was no wonder that the young yielded to the seductions of her society more readily than those whose habits were fixed, hence the scandals that the vulgar reported. It was no wonder that "fast young men about town," then as now, railed at what they could not appreciate, and were glad to accuse her of impiety, who only wished to find better gods for their worship than Djongans or Aphrodite. But in spite of all this, rich and honored citizens carried their wives to the saloons of Pericles, to catch, if they might, the fascinations of her wit. Sokrates went—although Xantippe doubtless pouted—and was silent. When she spoke, Plato tuned the rhythmic cadence of his dialogues to the music of her words, and the grave Anaxagoras and Zeno were glad to talk with her of God and his law, apart from irrelevant sophisms or empty *nympns*. Look at the scandal of that day; was it not the counter-

part of this of ours? At first, she was "odd." Then, "bold, setting the conventions of decent society at defiance." "Who but a courtesan would sit in the presence of men unveiled?" "What but a sensual supremacy could explain the power of her words over Perikles?" "She was talented and ambitious, *she managed him.*" "Yes, it was she who taught him eloquence, who composed his orations, who planned the magnificent structures he erected, and wisely turned the current of his activity into her own channels!" And this was a crime of course. A man may labor for his wife, and enfold her in the beautiful drapery of his renown, but a wife may not do this for her husband! This charge, literally taken, had no need to be true. Perikles was the great statesman and orator before he ever saw Aspasia. He needed her intellectual strength only to assure himself of her straightforward sympathy and pure insight! Yes, for it is only the good and pure who can inspire lasting affection; and there is hardly such a love on record as that Perikles bore to Aspasia. As we dwell upon it, it fills our eyes with sweet human tears, or swells our heart with bitter indignation, as we reflect how few there still are, capable of inspiring it, or appreciating its power. Aspasia and Perikles! inseparably united are their names in the memory of man. We cannot think of either alone, and their forms arise before the mind's eye, as beautiful in proportion, as unsullied in integrity, as magnificent in destiny, as wedded love was ever permitted to make two human beings, before the light of Christ's presence was shed over the earth.

IRON

EQUAL POLITICAL RIGHTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Fellow Citizens:—In May next, a Convention will assemble to revise the Constitution of the Commonwealth. At such a time, it is the right and duty of every one to point out whatever he deems erroneous and imperfect in that Instrument, and press its amendment upon public attention.—We deem the extension to woman of all civil rights, a measure of vital importance to the welfare and progress of the State. On every principle of natural justice, as well as by the nature of our Institutions, she is as fully entitled as man to vote, and to be eligible to office. In governments based on force, it might be pretended, with some plausibility, that woman, being supposed physically weaker than man, should be excluded from the State. But ours is a government professedly resting on the consent of the governed. Woman surely is as competent to give that consent as man.

Our Revolution claimed that *taxation and representation* should be coextensive. While, then, the property and labor of women are subject to taxation, she is entitled to a voice in fixing the amount of taxes, and the use of them when collected,—is entitled to a voice in making the laws that regulate punishments.

It would be a disgrace to our Schools and civil Institutions, for any one to argue that a Massachusetts woman, who has enjoyed the full advantage of all their culture, is not as competent to form an opinion on civil matters, as the illiterate foreigner, landed but a few years before upon our shores,—unable to read or write,—by no means free from early prejudices, and little acquainted with our Institutions. Yet such men are allowed to vote.

Woman, as wife, mother, daughter, and owner of property, has important rights to be protected. The whole history of legislation, so unequal between the sexes, shews that she cannot safely trust these to the other sex. Neither her rights as mother, wife, daughter, or laborer, have ever received full legislative protection. Besides, our Institu-

tions are not based on the idea of one class or sect receiving protection from another; but on the well recognized rule, that each class or sect is entitled to such civil rights as will enable it to protect itself.

The exercise of civil rights is one of the best means of education. Interest in great questions, and the discussion of them under momentous responsibility, call forth all the faculties, and nerve them to their fullest strength.

The grant of these rights, on the part of society, would quickly lead to the enjoyment by woman of a share in the higher grades of professional employment. Indeed, without these, mere book study is often but a waste of time. The learning for which no use is found or anticipated, is too frequently forgotten almost as soon as acquired.

The influence of such a share on the moral condition of society is still more important. Crowded now into few employments, women starve each other by close competition; and too often vice borrows overwhelming power of temptation from poverty. Open to women a great variety of employments, and her wages in each will rise; the energy and enterprise of the more highly endowed will find full scope in honest effort, and the frightful vice of our cities will be stopped at its fountain head.

We hint, very briefly, at these matters. A circular like this will not allow room for more.

Some may think it too soon to expect any action from the Convention. Many facts lead us to think that public opinion is more advanced on this question than is generally supposed. Beside, there can be no time so proper to call public attention to a radical change in our civil polity as now, when the whole frame work of our Government is to be subjected to examination and discussion. It is never too early to begin the discussion of any desired change. To urge our claim on the Convention, is to bring the question before the proper tribunal, and secure, at the same time, the immediate attention of the general public.

Massachusetts, though she has led the way in most other reforms, has in this fallen behind her rivals, consenting to learn, as to the protection of the property of married women, of many younger States. Let us redeem for her the old pre-eminence, and urge her to set a noble example in this, the most important of all civil reforms. To this end, we ask you to join with us in the accompanying petition to the Constitutional Convention.

Abby Kelley Foster, Abby May Alcott,
Lucy Stone, Thomas T. Stone,
Thomas W. Higginson, John W. Browne,
Ann Green Phillips, Francis Jackson,
Wendell Phillips, Josiah F. Flagg,
Anna Q. T. Parsons, Mary Flagg,
Theodore Parker, Elizabeth Smith,
William L. Bowditch, Eliza Barney,
Samuel E. Sewall, Abby H. Price,
Ellis Gray Loring, William C. Neil,
Charles K. Whipple, Samuel May, Jr.,
Wm. L. Garrison, Robert F. Wallcutt,
Harriot K. Hunt, Robert Morris,
A Bronson Alcott.

Mrs. M. TRACY CUTLER has been delivering a series of lectures in Cleveland, embodying her impressions during a recent visit to England, France and Ireland. Judging from the sketch in the *True Democrat* they were of unusual interest.

Pythagorus counselled that they should so associate with a wife, the companion of life, as to be mindful that other compacts are engraved in tables and pillars, but those with wives are inserted in children. That they should likewise endeavor to be beloved by their off-spring, not through nature of which they were not the cause, but through deliberate choice; for this is voluntary beneficence.

JAMBlichus.

Guess at the wound and heal with secret hand.

COLERIDGE.

EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

"In this secluded situation," said the mistress, "I have been obliged to dispense entirely with the instruction of masters."

"Perhaps," thought I, "because they sometimes insinuate themselves into the good graces of their unsuspecting pupils."

But the Domina, who read this suspicion in my eyes, had totally other reasons in her mind. "No," said she, that excessive anxiety to keep young girls from the flatteries of men is far more dangerous than the most reprehensible heedlessness. It is as if one were to rear in a hot house, plants which are afterwards to be exposed to the open air. As the vigorous plant can resist the assaults of the weather, so a sound judgment, and feelings not pampered into mawkish sensibility, can offer a steady resistance to the suggestions of folly or vice."

It was therefore, not any moral timorousness which determined her to dispense with the lessons of masters, but the superficiality of their teaching, and the entire uselessness of the most so-called accomplishments, the only tendency of which is to rob young women of valuable time, and to inspire them with ludicrous and tiresome pretensions.

"The formation of the moral character," she continued, "is the main thing in female education, and I have therefore to object to so-called accomplishments; they afford dangerous food to vanity and egotism. But my chief objection to masters, is their superficiality. If one finds in the world a half-honest teacher who has something like a profound and accurate knowledge of language and science, he will not devote himself to the instruction of women; or, if wished to do so, people will not have him. The pride of men regards our sex as unworthy of serious and profound studies. But how does this determination to condemn us to indistinctness of ideas and triviality of mind, avenge itself on them? Have you ever happened to be a witness of domestic brawls?—of genuine feminine altercations? Where do you hear single argument? Where is a particle of reason evinced in the replies? Senseless contradiction, endless repetitions, are, to the despair of all belonging to them, the arguments of obstinate and shrewish women. Whence is this, if it does not arise from the superficiality of their education? Believe me, if women were taught to think, reason would not be so entirely thrown away upon them. "This tyrannical denial of solid instruction recoils, however, in various ways on men, with whom it originates. For the nature of the lot they draw when they marry, depends not on the principles of their wives, but solely on their temperament, which it is very difficult to ascertain before hand. Now, a man educates even his domestic animals; he will have his dog intelligent, his horse docile, his ox steady;—how can it then be a matter of such indifference to him, whether his wife in the conduct of her household, in the early education of his children, in the intimate conversation of domestic life, display reason, reflection and clearness of mind? Married people want to talk with each other in a reasonable manner on various subjects, and of these, many can only be brought to any conclusion by inference clearly deduced from principles. Now, talk of principles with women, as they are generally educated!"

"And then domestic life,—what resources of happiness might it afford if women were capable of furnishing more food to the conversation of instructed men! Is it not melancholy to see that each sex has its own separate society? Really, as I have a taste for whatever is decided, I should prefer the harem of the Turks to these assemblies of both sexes, in which the women talk scandal in one corner and the men politics in another;—as if there could be no community of interests or pleasures between them.

"These things would arrange themselves naturally if the groundwork were put upon good footing.

In order to accomplish this, I have devised a new system, in which the reason is constantly exercised. You will not deny, that without grammar there is no such thing as logic. Now let any one

try to teach the grammar of the modern tongues without the help of the ancient. My young pupils certainly learned the most colloquial phrases of French, they tortured German after the fashion of our part of the country; but in all this there was no precision, clearness, nor coherence, any more than in the books which we are forced to use in education. But as I perceived the meaning of what learned men have more than once explained to me, as to the causes of the want of all distinctness and accuracy in women's language, I esteemed myself fortunate in the discovery that my excellent assistant is a schoolmaster's daughter and a good Latin scholar. To avoid frightening my young girls with learning, or exciting the derision of men, I gave out that the Latin was only subsidiary to music,—for this too we study fundamentally or not at all, and therefore we sing the old corali with the Latin text. This pretext answers very well; and, to give my young ladies courage, I put my own hand to the work, and learned my *musica*, *musor* like the least of them. "But you are going to ask what I mean to do as to Latin books, to most of which I believe some objections may justly be urged, "I answer that the important matter for us women is not so much to read Latin books, as to learn a language which possesses so many forms, so much certainty and precision."

RUMOHR.

COLUMBUS, Georgia, March 7, 1853.

MRS. DAVIS—DEAR MADAM—

In the "Home Journal" of this week, I see a notice of "the Una," which it is said, is devoted to the discussion of "the rights, relations, duties, destiny and sphere of woman." I am delighted to see there is a periodical of the kind in existence, for the age and the condition of our sex require that the "limited sphere" and natural abilities, *resources*, (*especially* so limited when one is actually thrown upon her own energies and ingenuity) should be enquired into. As for myself, I have shed "ocean's of tears" to think I could not have been born a hundred years hence, when *man* will not *monopolize* every line of business! By that time our sex, in case of *adversity* will find other resources for an *honest* and honorable support, besides the school-room and the *needle*. How *few resources* we have, to gain the "bread of life!" And why is this? Something is wrong! Public opinion is *wrong*. Every week I look about in this city with astonishment, to see how men prosper and make money in business which I could succeed in, were it not that public opinion is—man can only engage in such pursuits—for which he demands a very high price for his services!

Ladies who engage in teaching here, including all the accomplishments—can get only about \$500 annually. Professional gentlemen make fortunes! Gentlemen Dentists come from the North here, and clear three thousand dollars a year—they furnish elegant rooms, and live sumptuously, and at one end of the year invariably go North to see their friends—and return with "cards" and "patients" awaiting their arrival. How is it with Ladies? Those who engage in teaching are obliged to stay several years, incessantly engaged at the round of their duties—and with all possible economy after the expiration of a few years, they are alone enabled to return to the land of their birth with a bare competency!

As for myself, I want some other vocation besides teaching music. But in the present condition of society, I can engage in no department, unless it is in "making shirts," or "keeping a boarding house!" I am a strong advocate for the rights of women, in all respects, and would be very glad to do anything, to pass any ordeal or trial, in order to open *new avenues*

for a livelihood and throw off the tremendous shackles that now humble us to the dust. But I feel that I owe you an apology for thus intruding upon your time. No one could wish you more success, in your noble enterprise than I do, with *all my heart*. I have a great desire to see the "Una," which I hope you will send me without delay. Direct to

Mrs. H. L. CLARKE.

B—, August 23d.

MY DEAR MRS. D.—

You shall assuredly have the credit of being one not "weary in well doing," for here comes another letter inviting me to a third Convention; would that I could be there, for my whole heart is with you. "Sow thy seed in the morning and withhold not thy hand at even for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that." Your first letter found me in a hopeless state of mind, and I answered you, that Conventions could do no good; but the reports, so full of good sense and strong argument, soon removed all my prejudices and awakened my warmest enthusiasm, and were I not obliged to hold a daily Convention with my five girls, beginning at sunrise, and adjourning only at bed time, I should be with you in this meeting, which you plead for so earnestly, but I cannot neglect a mother's duties even for a day, lest my children should grow up to disclaim the principles their mother loves. I am practically carrying out your theories and the only question on which I should wish to speak in the Convention, would be the education of girls to some trade or profession, precisely the same that would be done if the family consisted of boys. If they never have occasion to use the knowledge, the time it took to acquire it, is not lost, it is a good discipline, beside the enjoyment of following the attraction which led to the choice; for I am fully satisfied that *every* one has a natural attraction to some industrial avocation or study, which would give a charm to life if pursued. No wiser aphorism has been uttered in modern times than that "attractions are proportioned to destinies." Let us then give to our daughters freedom to follow theirs, in choosing a trade or profession, and I maintain, that, if taught early, the lesson of self reliance, they will as naturally seek some avenue for independence as young men.

I could scarcely consent that my daughters should be sempstresses, but I would not object to their being florists, farmers, cabinet makers, upholsters, lawyers, doctors or preachers, my only prayer would be to save them from stitching from early morn till late at night. I never hear the click of needle and thimble, that "Hood's Song of the Shirt" does not ring in my ear and touch some chord in my heart. The sewing machine, blessings on its inventor, will save the lives, and health, of thousands of women. And if women are to redeem the race, which I verily believe they are to do, they must be strong, vigorous, and self relying, temperate, just, merciful, loving truth and righteousness, and I am fully persuaded that the mother who is inspired with these lofty sentiments, will ingraft them in the heart of her child, "for what we love we can make others love."

I hail this reform as the greatest which has ever yet been launched, and were I not actively engaged in it, I think I could not be happy. I have never been what is technically called a reformer, but this comes to me so like a full gospel that I have no wish to withhold my hand from it. In your present meeting may there be harmony and as great an amount of good sense as in the past.

L. A. C.

NEW DOCTORS.

At the last commencement of the Female Medical College, in Philadelphia, nine women graduated, and the exercises are spoken of as having been very interesting. Some of these new workers, have already chosen their field of labor, and judging from their letters, have begun practice with hopeful hearts. The faculty proffered a diploma, complimentary to Miss Hunt, of Boston; henceforth she may write her name M. D., without any infringement of professional etiquette. It must have been rather amusing after practising eighteen years, holding quietly to her right to do so, to be recognized now as entitled to those mystic letters which may mean many things, reversing them, she might say God made me a physician.

NEW PETITION.—In the neighboring city of Boston, there are meetings held once a week for the purpose of discussing everything. At one of the late ones, it was proposed that a petition should be put in circulation that all men milliners, and men dress makers, shall be exempt from doing military duty, or that should they hire a substitute, it shall not be one of their own profession. It is estimated that there are over four hundred men milliners in the city of Boston.

AN ALMANAC.—"Pauline Roland, and Jeannie Duroine," have published in PARIS a Woman's Rights Almanac. It contains some sixty or seventy pages of reading matter—short, forcibly written articles, noticing all the principal features of the movement, both at home and in this country. We have seen but one copy, and had only time to read the article upon our Conventions, and one upon the dress reform, in the United States—commending it fully and entirely.

The spelling of the proper names in the defence of Aspasia, it will be observed is peculiar; but it is in accordance with that of Grote, the latest historian of Greece, and is not therefore to be disputed. We had made an errata for the article on The Intellect of Woman, (correcting three or four words,) which fell into the printer's hands too early, for we had not yet finished reading it through. On the twenty-sixth page, last of the second paragraph, the word *analogous* is printed for *analogue's*; if the reader will change this, he will find the sentence to make more sense. Whether we shall ever see all the errors in the proof, as quickly as we do after the full sheet is printed or not, we cannot tell; but this we know, that we are growing critical, and quick to detect blunders in other papers as well as our own, and sometimes it gives a comfortable sort of feeling not to find perfection any where. We always own to our human nature.

"Polite society—a place where manners pass for too much, and morals for too little."

OBITUARIES, EPITAPHS, ETC.

BY NILLA.

A wise man once said, it is never safe to eulogise a man until he is dead, for you don't know what he may do; but if we may judge from Obituaries and Epitaphs, it is supposed that any amount of praise will pass current after death.

In a search after truth, an obituary would be the last place to look for a fair statement of character or capabilities, for one ring of the pure metal we should find nine of adulterated coin. Like a lawyer's plea, a fair case is to be made out, and a few plausible lies, more or less, do not matter! Indeed they are seldom written to be believed; it is only a harmless flourish of trumpets after the "battle of life" is over. Even if the sorrow be real to a few hearts, it is the foolishest folly to parade one's grief to the public. What do the crowd of idle eyes care for our particular bereavement? After a glance at the formidable length of the obituary, wherein the virtues, good deeds, and capabilities of our "esteemed friend" or "deceased partner" are inventoried, they will wonder that any can be so simple as to believe that other people can be interested in their individual family sorrows; and query at the same time, whether printers get pay for such things, or if that long column finds place only through the Editor's humanity and kind-heartedness?

The "devoted husband," the "attentive mother," or the "tender-hearted and affectionate wife" cost but a few strokes of the pen, and are often the price paid to conscience for remembered unkindness or neglect.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith made a marriage of policy; it was a fair bargain, Mr. John being one of "our first men," and Mrs. John had the money-bags—it was a joint-stock concern, a matter of trade, he having the "blood" and she the "money." As might be expected, in their matrimonial life they met a succession of squalls and bad weather, for Mr. John had a will of his own, and Mrs. John was afflicted with the same infirmity! They contrived to worry through a half-dozen years or so, when one morning the daily papers, who earn their bread by such small seizures, announced to the world—"A MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT!" The sudden and dreadful death of Mrs. John Smith, by tumbling down the nursery stairs with a water-pitcher! Whether Mr. John pushed her or not, the newspapers didn't say! At all events, he cannot feel so *very bad*; he would snap his fingers if he dared; but as the world seems to expect it, he tries to look sorry; orders the whole household into mourning, crapes the door-knob, and with a stealthy cat-like tread glides about the house, lest Mrs. John, poor dear, should be disturbed!—has the Undertaker undertake an imposing funeral, and gets a good-natured or quizzical friend to write a flourishing obituary, particularizing all the unknown virtues of the "dear departed," winding up with the refreshing intelligence that Mrs. Smith leaves an "affectionate and inconsolable partner, and two lovely children to mourn her loss." Mr. John reads it with a feeling of incredulous bewilderment, but resolves to act the forlorn to the best of his ability; dresses himself in the somberest weeds, eschews balls and other like gayeties, cuts all the acquaintances he wishes to be rid of, and looks solemn as a hearse on the approach of any clergyman, or good Dorcas-woman of the congregation. But ere six months are over, we hear of him ogling the pretty girls in the omnibusses, inquiring after "pretty and interesting widows," and send-

ing choice bouquets to Bob Jones' little sister Annie. The "inconsolable" is looking round for a *consoler*—he is evidently as "comfortable as can be expected," considering!

He finds it irksome not to have a piece of *home property* all to himself; life is too tame, a little more spice would render it more palatable; and so a second "bone of his bone" is installed at the head of affairs, to scold the servants, whip the children, and keep Mr. John's buttons in order!

Another thing, good reader, under this head, and to this I know all newspaper men will respond—in announcing a marriage or death, do let it be done in a short straight-forward manner. In New York, on the 15th, of the croup, John A., son of John and A. M. Smith, aged nine months!

What do the crowd of daily readers of the "Post" or "Journal," care for the precise age, and particular account of the demise of the dear little Johnny? What use is there in parading it, "Died, at New York city, at the residence of John Smith, two hundred and — Fifth Avenue, firm of Aspinwall, Smith & Co., after a severe illness of the catarrhal croup, which he bore with unexampled patience, John Augustus, infant son of John and Arrabella Matilda Smith, aged nine months, three weeks and four days!" And then perhaps will follow three or four stanzas of well-meant but decidedly limping poetry, which tells the reader, that although Arrabella Matilda has lost her baby, he is certainly gone to heaven, and is perhaps an Angel already!

Now, we all know, that babies' graves are sunny spots where the angels love to rest; we are not so heathenish in these days of universal enlightenment, as to fall into the error of certain Limitarians; therefore, "Mrs. Arrabella Matilda," when you lose another baby, we will excuse the poetry, and take it for granted that he is better off than he would have been in the Fifth avenue!

Funeral Sermons belong to the same genus as Obituaries. Old Esq. Plausible dies, and having been a church member in his youth, a sermon must be pronounced over him—Neighbors throng the aisles, curious to hear what Parson Sweetsir can say about him, yet none expect to hear the truth; they would feel aggrieved if they did; they came to listen to a eulogy not a history! Parson Sweetsir is acquainted with the facts. He knows as well as any one, that old Plausible was a pettifogging politician, an oily old hypocrite, but it will not do to betray this knowledge; he has a case to make fair to the world; he must slide carefully over the slippery places, glaze over the defects, using as much *putty* as he will bear, and make him just as much of a saint as his conscience will let him.

After a little, a pompous monument is erected in the fore-ground of a neighboring cemetery by the remaining Plausibles, and upon it an epitaph finds its place, which reads very like the obituary and sermon, and has as small a grain of truth to leaven it!

If there is any one class of writings over which the "Father of Lies" must rejoice, it is this self-same grave-yard literature, Obituaries, Funeral Sermons, and Epitaphs; for they are under his peculiar supervision and patronage!

Moneys received for the "UNA" in March.

J A Armstrong	\$1	A Burns	1
G W Atkinson	1	E Babbitt	1
H Anthony	1	R Buffum	1
S B Anthony	1	L Brown	1

C Bradley	1	J G Johnson	1
J Botume	1	R Jackson	1
N Barney	1	J Knapp	1
J Barney	1	A E Kimbell	1
B B Brownell	1	M E Kelley	1
H A Burleigh	1	C S Lord	1
G Bate	1	A Lyon	1
J H Burnham	1	E Littlehale	1
Wm Brown	1	S M Lynde	1
A M Baird	1	A Ladd	1
M Boyd	1	S May, Jr.	1
G Brown	1	U S M'Allister	1
W S Burges	1	P Mae	1
H J Burroughs	1	A Merill	1
G Bradford	1	D A Munday	1
Wm Bache	1	W G B Mowry	1
A L Brown	1	A Miller	1
S A Burtis	1	J North	1
S Branch	1	J Neal	1
S Chickering	1	H P Osgood	1
J Congdon	1	J Ogden	1
H B Clark	1	A Potter	1
R Crosby	1	J B Pierce	1
R Cleverly	1	W Phillips	1
A D Cook	1	Parks	1
M Corlia	1	A Q T Parsons	1
Wm Crosby	1	S Poole	10
T Coleman	1	J Pitman	1
D F Child	5	E Preston	50
M Cross	1	R S Post	1
N E Clark	1	N Packard	1
Cramphine	1	M Padelford	1
M Calvert	1	R Brummer	1
A L Clark	1	C Potter	1
A B S Cole	1	A Post	1
A B Child	1	B P Parker	1
G Clark	1	J D Pierce	1
M B Curtis	1	S Rand	5
Wm Durfee	1	A Robinson	1
H B Draper	1	M Rice	1
A F Draper	1	J B Robb	2
E Daniels	1	T Richmond	1
L Dicke	1	O Richardson	1
R Dixon	1	S E McReynolds	1
H M Darlington	1	E A Reed	1
E Doton	1	E Roop	1
C Eldridge	1	T Riddle	1
S H Earle	1	S Southwick	1
M B Earle	1	J L Snow	1
J Fisher	1	C Starbuck	1
L F Fowler	1	J Sutcliff	1
L Ford	1	J Smith	1
M C Foote	1	S Stiles	1
L Goddard	1	L Salisbury	1
S Gardner	1	C A F Stebin	1
Griffith	1	P Speakman	1
M E J Gage	1	J Tarr	1
E G Hedge	1	H Thompson	1
L Hall	1	J Tenney	1
M A Hilton	1	R Tilden	1
H Howard	1	E Tabor	1
M Haskell	1	M Tyson	1
B Hill	1	M Welsh	1
J W Higgenson	1	E B Wilson	1
J B Howland	1	S M Whipple	1
D A Hughs	1	M White	50
E Haight	1	M Woodworth	1
L Humphry	1	M C Wilson	1
C W Hubbard	1	R White	1
J E Hills	1	S Wall	1
W Hathaway	1	A Wyman	1
R Hills	1	R T Woodard	1
D Harman	1	P H Willard	5
M H Halowell	1	E G Wright	1
M Heaton	1	R Wilson	1
R Hallett	1	L White	1
P Jager	1	Y Christie	1
F Jackson	1		
R A S Jamrey	1		

TO E. O. S.

"Eos, fair Goddess of the Morn!" whose eyes
Drive back night's wandering ghosts.
Horn's Orion.

When issuing from the realms of "Shadow Land,"
I see thee mid the Orient's kindling bloom,
With mystic lilies gleaming in thy hand,
Gathered by dream-light in the dusky gloom
Of bower enchanted, I behold again
The fabled Goddess of the Morning, veiled
In fleecy clouds. Thy cheek, so softly paled
With memories of the Night's mysterious reign,
And something of the star-light burning still
In thy deep, dreamy eyes, do but fulfil
The vision more divinely to my thought:
While all the cheerful hopes enkindling round
thee—
Warm hopes, wherewith thy prescient soul hath
crowned thee—
Are with the breath of morning fragrance fraught.

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

CABAL.

Let us first prove the necessity of the cabalistic vehicle. Most men and still more women are only happy inasmuch as they have intrigues to engage in, or to forward. If they cannot play first fiddle they like to cut some figure. Intrigue, whether of love or ambition, is an ailment so necessary to the human mind, that when you collect a party, you are obliged in all countries, to supply it with card-tables, to engross the minds by a semblance of cabalistic strife and to prevent apathy, that would very quickly spring up if the assembly had no intrigue to carry on. Female parties are reproached on account of their patty plots respecting matters of dress, the gew-gaws of fashion; the men on their part do just the same in the cause of elections, and children for their mischievous farces, so that the whole of society can decline the verb "I cabal, you cabal, he cabals."

This want of intrigue impels us to seek in the theatre and in romances, an image of cabal, a shadow of the tenth passion of which we are deprived. The classes accustomed to intrigue, the courtiers, the stock-jobbers, and women of gallantry, know no greater torment than that of being suddenly deprived of intrigue by some mishap or exile that excludes them from the cabalistic arena. Transport me intriguers into a sweet country home, very moral, very monotonous, living on boiled turnips and moral stews, confining its pleasures to the contemplation of simple nature and rural cares, and you will see the intriguers dry up with *ennui*. The philosophers themselves who want to make us all the enemies of cabal and intrigue, are its warmest partisans; and if the authorities did not restrain them, they would knock over without interruption the social world by their cabals, clubs and pamphlets. There is not one of them who does not seek to show himself on the arenas of intrigue, especially at court, and who does not worry himself to escape from the moral languor of domestic life. The women have still more ardor than the men for the spirit of intrigue.

If the spirit of cabal were a vice displeasing to God, if this spirit were not necessary to his system of harmony, why should he have given the property of the cabalistic to all the masses? This mania is the essence of all meetings, and yet God only wishes to operate upon the masses and not upon individuals.

Fourier.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.—A car full of passengers, recently passed over the Western Railroad, in which occurred a simple but touching scene worthy of record. One of the passengers was a woman, carrying in her arms, a child who annoyed every one by its petulance and cries. Mile after mile the passengers bore the infliction of its noise, which rather increased than diminished, until, at last, it became furious, and the passengers nearly so. There were open complaints, and one man

shouted—"take the child out." The train stopped at a station, when an old gentleman arose and made the simple statement that the father of the child had died recently, away from home, that the mother had been on a visit to her friends, and had died while on the visit, that her dead body was on board the train, and that the child was in the arms of a woman who was a stranger to it. It was enough. There was a tear in nearly every eye, and all were melted into patience. All selfishness was lost in thinking of the desolation of the poor little wanderer, who would have found a warm welcome in hands that, a moment before, would almost have visited it with a blow.—*Hartford Times.*

GRACE GREENWOOD IN ITALY.—From a private letter from Grace Greenwood, who is still residing at Rome, we are tempted to extract a few lines, which will be sure to interest her friends and admirers—whose name is legion. She writes:—"I have had a delightful tour thus far, and I am enjoying every hour I spend in glorious Italy. The climate seems peculiarly fitted for me—or I for it—for I never was so well, so strong and hearty as I have been since I landed in Genoa—nearly two months ago. I like life in Rome exceedingly—for it is a double life—that of the beautiful present—noble and lovely in its sun-gilded and flower-wreathed ruin—and that of the glorious past. I never felt so profoundly grateful to God for the gift of a poetic temperament as I have done since I found myself in Italy—for it is the *poetry* of this land, of Rome especially, in which I have the most exquisite enjoyment—a pleasure unceasing and inexpressible. I know that no one can feel more keenly and constantly than I the sentiment of its art, or recognize more reverently the silent, invisible presence of the spirit of its ancient glory and power, haunting its wondrous ruins, and solemnizing its delicious art. 'Rome! Rome! Rome!' I repeat many times a day, half mournfully, half exultingly—sad for her desolation, yet feeling that 'it is good (for me) to be here.' My imagination labors daily at the Titanic work of reconstructing palaces and temples from the grand fragments that yet remain: and sometimes ancient Rome shines and turns before me, in such perfection of grandeur, that I open my eyes to what she is with a sort of bewilderment. But enough of this. Mr. Mosier, the sculptor, sometime sends me the *Home Journal*—which I am always delighted to see. It reminds me more of old times—has a more pleasant and familiar home-face than any other paper. [Grace Greenwood has been, throughout all her tour, extremely fortunate in having the *entry* to the most agreeable "sets." In London, she was the frequent guest of eminent literary and noble personages, her sketches of whom have added much to the value of her letters. Upon her return home, these letters will be collected and published in a volume, which, we venture to predict, will be a very successful publication.—*Home Journal.*]

GOETHE'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS SISTER.—Her eyes were not the finest that I have ever seen, but the deepest; those behind which one expected the most. If they expressed a preference, an affection, their glance was like no other, and yet this expression was not tender as that which comes out of the heart and brings with it something of longing and desire; this expression came out of the soul, it was full and rich, it seemed to wish only to give, not to receive.

Friends may and must have secrets from one another, but they are not secrets to each other.

GOETHE.

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THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., MAY 2, 1853.

NO. 4.

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MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

"PEPPERELL HOUSE,"

OR

A GLIMPSE OF MARY STEVENS' YOUTH.

BY CAROLINE HEALY DALL.

"Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild :
There, where a few torn shrubs, the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

Goldsmith.

"A fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but
a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon. Or rather, the
sun and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes,
but keeps his course truly."

King Henry, 5th.

(Continued.)

It was quite dark when they reached the large square mansion, which went by the name of Pepperell House. All that wealth could do, had been done, but that could not deprive the building of a somewhat provincial air. A firm wall built of English brick, surrounded the grounds, and protected the young fruit trees from the easterly gales. Quaint hedges of box, cut into grotesque shapes, looked in the pure moonlight like inlaid bands of jet, and many evergreen trees standing about the court yard, were indebted far more to the gardener's shears, than to any law of nature, for their peculiar forms. As they approached the broad, well-lighted hall, a brilliant, graceful figure bounded out, exclaiming in a somewhat masculine tone, "and so my little Harriet has come at last, well attended, by my faith." Mary checked the noisy flow of words to introduce to her companion Elizabeth Pepperell, now Mrs. Col. Sparhawk, who had been absent during his previous visit to Kittery. "I have bribed my escort by a promise to show him Sir William's service of

plate," she said. "It is a shame that you should compel me to say that no servitor of your's ever needed a bribe," replied Elizabeth Sparhawk. "But come in to Lady Pepperell, of course she does not expect you. Let me tell you though, young discretion, Dr. Stevens has been here to-day, and promised to send you to the bridal festivities, will you or will you not, do you hear?" "I hear," replied Mary gently, "and so does Capt. Blount; but whether he understands or no, it might befit Mrs. Sparhawk to enquire." "Lecturing, before you are over the threshold, by all that is comfortable! Mamma!" continued the lively woman, stepping forward into what seemed an empty saloon, "Mamma, whom of all strangers is the very last you expect?" At the end of the room, set in the strong light of a cluster of wax candles, stood a tall embroidery frame, and before Mrs. Sparhawk concluded, a tiny figure tripped down from a flight of steps behind it, and came forward to greet the guests. Lady Pepperell's form was so extremely small, that the broad lace ruffs, which the fashion of the times compelled her to wear, seemed completely to swallow up her person, and the heavy falls which drooped over her elbow, entirely concealed her beautiful arm. Her face had a gentle, sweet expression, and when she spoke her voice hardly rose above a whisper. "Elizabeth gives you her usual noisy welcome," she said, as Mary stooped to kiss her, and then turned to greet Capt. Blount. A slight rustling drew Mary's attention to the window, where closely sheltered by the curtains, sat the person who had passed her in the woods. Whatever pain she felt at the moment, her womanly tact came to her aid, and accomplished all that modern science does in its treatment of the insane. Stepping lightly toward him, with her left hand she threw back the ominous veil, while with her right she seized Mr. Moodie's. "Are you playing hide and seek with me, my old friend," she said, "or are times so changed that I must buy trinkets to show my regard for you?" The light of sweet human love quivered

over that pale face, tears started in the mournful eyes, and entirely forgetful of a mood that had been on him for days, the young man rose and came forward with Mary to the company. Elizabeth Sparhawk caught her friend's kind intention, and as he passed her to bow low to Capt. Blount, gently removed the barrier to human sympathy, which fluttered behind his head. A general conversation ensued. They all went together to look at the service of plate. Though small, it was very beautiful. A table of solid silver, somewhat long for its breadth, sustained a miniature dinner service of the same. The largest article, a soup tureen holding about three pints, bore the arms of the city of London. The whole affair was elegantly engraved, and in the centre of the table, a panel bore an inscription in old English letters, purporting that Sir William Pepperell, commander of the Provincial forces in New England, having reduced the city of Louisberg in 1745, was knighted by George II for the same, and rewarded on a subsequent visit to England, by this precious gift from the city of London. The reading of this inscription brought up brilliant anecdotes of the siege, and Moodie told in a striking and graceful manner, touching stories of the heroism of the young French girls, which brought tears to Elizabeth Sparhawk's eyes. "I shall expect you soon," she whispered, as she parted from Mary; "we are all gone Waldron-mad."

Mary and Arthur pursued their way in silence, till she paused behind some rocks, that jutting boldly up from the Point, sheltered them from all observers. Here it was necessary to part, Arthur's duties carried him toward the Fort, it was not far from the parsonage gate, and Mary was safe among her own people. "Part!" he repeated, and seizing her hand, drew her towards him. He did not speak, but those dark eloquent eyes entreated, if eyes ever did, for one sweet parting kiss. Mary read them truly by the light of the moon, but drew very gently back. "There are those who would pretend to misunderstand you, dear Arthur," she said, "but I cannot. It must not be; you leave us

she answered.

in the morning, perhaps we shall never meet again." "I have never spoken to you of love," replied Arthur, as soon as he could master his voice, "but it was only because I could not do it with propriety. There is no barrier now. My uncle is dead, I go home to claim my estate; let me return to claim Mary Stevens for my wife?" He did not see how her whole frame shivered as he spoke, nor hear the rapid beating of her heart. When she answered him, her voice was sweet and low; no faltering betrayed what she had suffered. "Dear Arthur, no words have passed between us, but if you think I love you, you think right. Yet there are causes which ought to separate us, and must. Forgive me, if the voice in my heart has been too strong. If I have ever said stay, when I should have said go, I hoped, I thought, —but it is all over now. Let us part as we have lived, nor give each other any pleasure which the experience of future years may change into a pang." "They may well call you Harriet Byron," thought Arthur,—"prudent and cold indeed." He was unjust, as men always are at such moments. Mary read his heart, and it made her own ache. Before she could answer, he extended his arms, and said mournfully, "once, dear Mary, once, before I leave you forever?" "To what purpose, Arthur?" she answered hoarsely. "Oh, my friend, it would not be difficult to lay my head upon your shoulder and weep there till you had comforted me; but at this moment, when I know that it is my duty to break every tie that unites us, why should I give you this new and strong one to my heart? Should the time ever come when destiny shall unite either of us, to another, will it not be best to remember this moment so?" "And you can think calmly of such an hour. Oh, Mary!" "Not calmly, Arthur, God forbid! Nothing at this moment clouds my soul but the thought of you. I will not wrong you. You shall not give me, what you will one day wish to give your bride. And now farewell!" "Cruel, cruel Dr. Stevens," exclaimed the young man, bitterly.—"Not cruel, Arthur, for he loves us both, and the time will come when we shall see it so. In the meantime, let us pray, and may God help us!" For the first time, her voice faltered, and now Arthur thought of her, not of himself. "Let me at least go home with you, Mary?" "No, Arthur, I could not part with you there; go, and God bless you." He pressed her hand once, twice, thrice, to his impassioned lips, and strode away on the rocks. "It is all over," thought Mary, "and how dark this moonlight looks!" She rose and tried to climb the rocks, but the elastic strength of the young girl was gone, and crippled, bent and faltering, she made her way to the Parsonage. Prayers were over, yet strange to say, the minister yet sat beside his untasted bowl of milk. Mary would gladly have gone to her own room, but she knew she

must not. She did not throw off her hood, but went in to bid him "Good Night." "A somewhat late hour this, for *solitary rambles*," he said, coldly receiving her usual kiss. "Father, I have not been alone, but doing what you believe to be my duty. God help me if you are mistaken." He did not raise his eyes, or he would have been alarmed to see how pale and ill she looked, but the tone touched his heart, and he put his arms around her. She glided from them, and reached her chamber.

* * * * *

More than a week had passed away; the sun rose gloriously from the bosom of the ocean, lighting up with tender, radiant gleams the blue ripples of the Piscataqua, touching the tops of the trees with fire, and finally lingering like a halo, round the snowy pillows of the bed where Mary Stevens was lying. She had been ill ever since her walk with Arthur. Her bodily frame had not proved strong enough to sustain her under a struggle so severe; but Mary Stevens had a firm and pious mind. Having wholly decided to part with her lover, she deluded herself by no vain sophistries. Praying daily, "Lead me not into Temptation," she did not walk into it of her own accord, and her recovery was hastened by the clear and definite action of her own mind. This morning she lay with her hands clasped upon her breast, and her meek eyes turned toward the Beach. Beautiful as the spring day might be, she was unconscious of its charms. She was thinking of Arthur, of his future and her own. It seemed strange to her, that in the mercy of Providence, two beings who loved Him and each other so well, should be called upon to separate. "However," she said to herself, at last: "We cannot see the end from the beginning. It is neither marrying nor the *not* marrying that is the end of life; not happiness nor misery.—It is the growth of our spiritual nature. What should I do now, if I could not trust my Father in Heaven? If I did not believe that he would strengthen me to the end? Is it not those whom God loveth that he chasteneth?" As she pondered thus, she thought of the Pepperell family, and their long prosperity, of him whom all the neighbors called, the lucky Yankee boy. She remembered how often she had heard him say, that he could travel from Kittery Point to Saco, without stepping off his own land, or eating any thing but his own game.—She remembered how his mercantile success had culminated in the splendid events of the siege, and she thought how proud he must have felt, where after vindicating himself from the unjust aspersions of his enemies, he was knighted by the King's own hand, and received the thanks of the city of London. Now, she thought, all his honors were to be strengthened by the splendid marriage of his son. She thought of Lady Pepperell whose mind was as

small as her person. Of Sir William, who led a gay, external life, roughly hospitable indeed, but hardly benevolent, and she wondered if this were to go on forever; if such were in truth the persons whom God delighted to honor. More than once her mind wandered from these speculations, to the portrait of the Lady Ursula, which had been brought from her grandmother's dressing room, at her request. Her eyes were filling with sympathetic tears as she gazed; when she heard a heavy step upon the stairs, and hastily swallowing her emotion, composed herself in time to receive her father.—His thin locks falling from under a black skull cap and the white bands which indicated his vocation, contrasted somewhat oddly with his rich brocaded dressing gown. He came up to Mary's bedside, and she saw the traces of deep emotion upon his countenance.

"To-morrow is the day of the ordination," she exclaimed; "are you going away?"

"Yes, Mary, I must leave you for a season; but I cannot go, without telling you that Arthur is still in the neighborhood."

A flush rose to Mary's cheek. "I am very sorry, dear father; why did he not go away?"

"He heard that you were ill, my daughter, and could not."

"Oh father!" The tears came at last. Escaping from those thin, transparent lids, and running down over her pale cheeks.

"My daughter," said Dr. Stevens solemnly, "it is not yet too late. I may have asked of you more than you are able to do. God forbid that I should. Do you wish to see Arthur again?"

In her heart how ardently she wished! But when the hot tears had passed like rain, she lifted her poor aching head and said, "It is no matter what I wish, dear father. The question is not whether I am weak or strong; but what is my duty? Leave me to do it."

"But, Mary, I cannot lose you in the struggle. What if Arthur were here?"

"I should not see him."

"Mary, he is here."

"Dear father!" said the poor girl, clasping her hands, "you do not know how much harder you make it all. Tell him that I love him, but I cannot see him. Tell him I shall live and not die, and he must trust as I do, in the Father above us both."

And these were her last words to her lover. Soon after, the morning prayers were said in her room, and Mary asked her father to call on Lady Pepperell as he went on his way to Boston. "Let her come and take me away in her coach," said she. "Neither Arthur nor I wish to do wrong; but I am weak and cannot trust myself. Let me go and comfort poor Mr. Moodie, or help old Mrs. Rattray with her confessions."

"You are not strong enough, child," gently remonstrated her grandmother.

"No, dear grandmother, but I soon shall be.

Change of air and scene, change of thought and occupation as well. All these will do me good.

(To be Continued.)

For the Una.

Cheltenham, Sept. 1.

HYPATIA.

"The gazing crowds proclaimed me fair,
Ere Autumn came, my green leaves fell,
And now they smile, and call me good,
Perhaps I like that name as well."

BAUD DE VERRE.

*It would be unpardonable in a Journal devoted to the elevation of woman, to be silent in regard to a character like that of Hypatia. Our article on Aspasia may seem to many, only a maladroit instance of special pleading. Dainty dames may hold their garments as they pass us by, and prudent papas may choose to hang *that* sheet in a strong draught for ventilation's sake. But all that is conservative and prudent, as well as all that is scholarly and pure, must reverence the name of "Hypatia,"—a name consecrated by the praise of her enemies, and challenging the devoted admiration of men, whose learning remains a proverb to the present day. Years ago we heard her name fall from the lips of a public lecturer. Scanty were the facts he gave us, but the outline was classic and bold, and its details were burnt in upon our brain with terrible fidelity. We have never forgotten her, and if child that we then were, we ransacked our Cyclopedias in vain, for something to sate our thirsty brain, we have revenged ourselves ever since by gathering every fragment that time has let fall concerning her.*

Theon the younger, the father of Hypatia, was the head of the Platonic school, at Alexandria, at the close of the fourth century. He is sometimes called a heathen, and it is said that his religious opinions occasioned the death of his daughter, by exciting the rage of the populace. But this word heathen has a certain significance in modern times, which would be out of place, if applied to Theon. We know that by the Athenian populace, both Plato and Sokrates, his master, were considered infidels and scoffers. The charge made against Sokrates, on his trial, was, that he did not believe in the State Gods, and that he corrupted the Athenian youth by teaching them not to believe. Under these circumstances a superficial observer might have supposed that on the first spread of Christianity the Platonists would have fallen readily into the true church. But it was not so, and for very sufficient reasons. Platonism became the strong hold of the old Greek faith, for no where else could those who wished to defend its saving power, find a fulcrum for their lever. Only this was spiritual enough to confront the newer faith. As for Platonists themselves there were two reasons for their retaining their first position. First, the amount of absolute truth which pure reason had found for them among the ruins of the popular mythology, and secondly the exaggerated miracles, which preceded and heralded the rising of the Star of Bethlehem. They could not forget, when they heard that Jesus was the son of 'God,' that his star had risen in the East, and that far-off potentates had come to worship him, how similar legends told of the grand old Greeks, had degenerated into weak corrupting myths, lying like ulcers in the warm heart of their nation.

We shall see as we proceed, whether the character of the Christians of the fourth century headed by Bishop Cyril, was of such a sort as to influence a man like Theon, or give him practical proof of the Divine origin of the Beatitudes. Theon is known as a commentator on Ptolemy, and the editor of Euclid. Here and there he has added a demonstration to Euclid, and those that are known to be his, do honor to his reputation. In religion, we might term him a Deist, for like all Platonists, he believed in one Supreme Being, the Father and Inspire of Men. These views he of course imparted to his daughter, who began at a very early age to show an aptitude for learning. He was not content with teaching her philosophy and letters. He gave her as sound a knowledge of the sciences, as the period admitted. All that he knew himself, he imparted to her, and the result was, that we find Hypatia occupying a position unparalleled in ancient or modern times. She is said to have written a book, "on the Astronomical Canon of Diophantes," and another "on the Conics of Apollonius," and all this before she reached her twenty-seventh year! The historian Sokrates, one of her enemies, tells her story with a simple candor, which ought to be a lesson to historians of all ages and parties. "She arrived," he says, "at so eminent a degree of learning, that she excelled all the philosophers of her own times, and succeeded her father in that Platonic school derived from Ptolemy, and expounded all the precepts of philosophy to those who would hear her. Wherefore all studious persons flocked to her from all parts, and she addressed both them and the magistrates with singular modesty." At this time her literary tastes must have led her to recoil from the representatives of the Christian Church, resident in Alexandria. The Alexandrian Library, the loss of whose treasures, has occasioned one of the staple lamentations of scholars, consisted of two parts. The larger portion termed the Royal Library and the Museum, were burned in the siege of the city, by Julius Caesar. Instead of them, Antony gave to Cleopatra the Library of Pergamus. But the Library in the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, consisting of three hundred thousand volumes, remained until the reign of Theodosius the Great. During the childhood, perhaps it may have been the girlhood of Hypatia, a crowd of fanatical Christians, headed by their Archbishop, and following the orders of a Christian Emperor, had rushed to the sacred portals of the Serapion, stormed and destroyed it. The books which she had been accustomed to read, which seemed to her the truest riches of that imperial city, were now burned or destroyed. It becomes us, also to remember that we owe this great loss, not to Arabs under Omar, but to Christians, rallying under the banner of the Prince of Peace. It were little wonder'd if Hypatia refused to believe on Him. Day after day, as she went to the Academy, the ruins of this splendid Library stared her in the face, and gentle as she was, she must have thought with a grief that was all but anger, on the mistaken Zealots who had destroyed it. Hypatia was never wedded, but she was betrothed to a person named Isidore. If this were the Isidore of Pelusium, mentioned by Linda, to whom also we owe the fact of her betrothal, the only Isidore known to us, who was the cotemporary of Hypatia, the pop-

ulace may have been wholly at fault with regard to her religious faith. He is stated to have written three thousand letters elucidating the Holy Scriptures, and the terrible death of his mistress must have had little tendency to convert one not of the faith before. The highest testimony to her character, is furnished in the fact, that though surrounded by bitter enemies, not a word was ever breathed by one of them against its virgin purity. Pleasant it is to think of this lovely woman, clothed in wisdom as in a garment, and honored by the flower of the whole civilized world. Among her pupils was that Christian Platonist, Synesius, afterwards Bishop of Ptolemais. He tells his brother in a letter, to salute Hypatia, and "that happy society which enjoys the blessing of her divine voice." His affection for her fell little short of adoration, and he would not even publish what he wrote, without her approbation and consent. In the height of her beauty, her fame and her usefulness, the storm gathered over Hypatia's head. Beside other causes of tumult, Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, encouraged the bitterest persecution of the Jews in the city. Orestes, the Roman Governor, was the friend of Hypatia, and it is supposed that she interceded with him in behalf of this unhappy, unoffending people. Orestes, perhaps felt that Hypatia's wonderful power of persuasion, might find a fit field before the Bishop. At all events, an intimacy grew up between them, highly displeasing to Cyril. At first he directed the energies of his Christian mob, toward the hapless Orestes, but when he escaped with his life, he allowed the calumny to spread that it was Hypatia who stood between the prefect and the Bishop, and prevented the return of peace to the city. So incited, a restless crowd, headed by a fanatic, beset her chariot one day as she returned from the Academy, and after dragging her at her horses heels through the streets of the city, carried her to a church, and stripping her naked, tore her flesh with broken bits of tile and shells, until she died, when her limbs were torn apart and burned in the public square. "This," continues the ecclesiastical Sokrates, "brought no small disgrace upon the Alexandrian Church." And so in truth it should! This woman, strong in intellect, beautiful in person, and spotless in virtue, fared worse at the hands of the populace, than the supposed courtesan of Athens, who was thought to minister to the basest passions of its ruler. And why? Because she was suspected of having an opinion and an influence in public affairs. Because she was deemed worthy to sit in the councils of Church and State! It is said, we know not on what authority, that the Emperor would have punished the murderers, but for the interference of Orestes, who corrupted his advisers. This does not look as if the Governor were spotless, and one would think that having nearly lost his life in a similar mob, his interests would have lain in another direction.

April 9, 1852.

IRON.

NOTICE.

Any persons having a spare copy of the first number of the Una, will greatly oblige us by returning it to our address, as most of our permanent subscribers are anxious to have the first number, and our edition was nearly exhausted by our gratuitous circulation.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Among the most striking facts in the present position of woman, is her eminence as a novel writer. The novel writer of this day is to the public what the bard was of old, more than preachers, more than legislators; he moulds the thoughts, he sways the feelings of the common people. To this sphere, wide and free and influential as it is, woman is at last fully admitted—she takes her stand side by side with man—and though here as everywhere, her action is free, her peculiar organization is fully manifest, yet without qualification we assert that she ranks as the equal of man in value and in influence. In numbers man may still have the advantage; but is any writer in Sweden known to the American public, save the warm-hearted, womanly Frederika Bremer. If Dumas surpasses in facility, and Eugene Sue in fearful intensity—the author of *Consuelo* and *Spiridiu*—do they equal her in depth of feeling, in insight into woman's nature, in proud elevation of thought and spirit. In England the Bulwers and the Jameses fill up the pauses in the cigar smoking of frivolous young men; the Thackerays and the Warrens touch more genial hearts, and Dickens serves the cause of humanity alike with tears and laughter; but which of these so move the whole better nature, as Harriet Martineau, as Currer Bell and Mrs. Gaskell. In our own country, while we admit the surpassing power of Hawthorne in imagination, and in new and subtle analysis, yet who would not yield up all the brilliancy and power of his page, for the honest, heart-warmth, and earnest faith of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Perhaps at some future time the pages of the *UNA* will afford scope for a fuller comparison of these and others who deserve to be classed with them; at present we wish to call attention to the last work of one of those who are most honoring the cause of woman, Mrs. Gaskell. "Mary Barton" surprised every one by its power. "Moreland Cottage" charmed us all by its simple sweetness. "Ruth" shows that neither power nor sweetness is exhausted, and that the true woman, unchanged by success, has still earnest words to speak.

"Ruth" is a story of a young and beautiful girl, left poor and alone at the age of fifteen, to earn her living as a dress maker. Into the dreary, toilsome monotony of her life, enters Mr. Bellingham, a denizen of the sphere of ease and luxury, and elegance, to fill it with love and beauty, and unconscious gladness. Before a suspicion of the innocence of their intercourse has fallen upon her, her dream is rudely broken by her employer's discovery of this acquaintance; she is dismissed from her place, and in her agonized helplessness yields to the tempter who is showing her a life of joy, and love, and beauty. The result is too easily seen—cherished for a short time, then suddenly deserted—she is left so utterly desolate that she seeks for death as a relief. She is saved by the hand of benevolence; her sinful history concealed for a time, and she rises through repentance to peace, and a pure and holy life. Her child becomes her darling and her world of love. At length she meets her betrayer, who at first seeks to renew their guilty connection, and at last offers her an *honorable* marriage. But the years which have purified her,

have debased him into greater selfishness and worldliness, and she rejects all he can offer. Subsequently her story is accidentally known in the town where she lives, and she is cast off by all except the family who had cherished her so faithfully. Driven from society and employment, she suffers keenly for herself and her boy, but still recognizes God's merciful love, and is steadfast to her faith and her duty. At length she begins to nurse the poor and the sick, and at last becomes the village nurse. During the prevalence of a severe typhus fever, her services are so freely, so piously rendered, as to win her the love and respect which had been wrenched from her; and her son who had once hid himself from the light in shame of his birth, says proudly before the people "she is my mother." Her former lover is seized with the fever; while he is delirious she tends him, and aids his recovery, but is herself seized with the disease and dies.

This meagre sketch seemed necessary to preface our remarks on this book. Its moral tone is pure, high, and free. The natural but unjustifiable error of the minister and his sister, in concealing her sin, is shown to produce the inevitable results of all sin. Ruth meets in a doubly aggravated form, all the evil which they would shield her from, while the thought of this falsehood, and this result, is ever weighing upon and maiming their lives. Yet that minister's family is a most happy sketch—the gentle deformed man—refined, earnest, conscientious, shrinking from no duty, yet with clinging affections tender as a woman's, binding him to every familiar thing. And Faith, the good, earnest, active, cheerful sister, strong in her opinions as in her feelings, not to be driven from them by intimidation, but to be won by the best claim upon her care and love, is in most excellent unison with him; while Sally, the servant, blunt, honest, generous, but loving her own will and her own ways, enriches the book with good sense and quaint humor combined. Ruth is simple, beautiful, true; as exquisite a creation in her refined beauty and gentle strength, as even Shakespeare could conceive.

Most beautiful is she in the motherly relation. It seems as if God had meant to give a redeeming angel to woman, tempted by "the dangerous pliancy of her nature" into this sin. The pledge of her guilt and her shame, it is yet a voice from heaven recalling her to a struggle for purity and strength. It is the world's harshness that too often drives her into neglect of its demands. But Ruth welcomes the child as a pardoning mercy from God, and her first words of thoughtfulness are a child's covenant with its Father. "I will be so good." And she is good. For him she is brave and thoughtful, self sacrificing and devoted; and at length to spare him the horrors from without, with her own lips reveals to him her shame.

The other characters are generally well drawn. Jemima Bradshaw is a genuine woman, full of strong feeling and impulse, longing to burst her bonds, and yet feeling their power in her inmost soul. Her father, the stern, rigid satarist and shrewd business man, is too well known in New England to need a description.

The style of the book is simple, quiet, and everywhere refined and graceful. It has the tone of a well educated, rather than a learned woman.

The writer's personality never appears, save as through her creations you feel the influence of a true, harmonious religious nature. The descriptions of nature and its effect on different moods in the observer, are very beautiful, and show the poetic weight and feeling of beauty which belong to our ideal of woman.

In reading this book, a comparison is unavoidable with that brilliant story by our countryman, which burst upon us so suddenly a short time since—"The Scarlet Letter." We almost feel as if the latter might have suggested to Mrs. Gaskell the work under consideration. But how great is the contrast. The one is full of intense self introspection, analysis so searching that it exposes what no human eye should ever see; its characters seem to dwell not in our own New England soil, but in a strange poetic dream land.—The Scarlet Letter, with its mysterious significance, blazes on us like a fearful vision of sin and punishment. It is an awful exhibition of the power of evil, and like the lurid glare of lightning, seems to fill the air with storm. Ruth shows us the power of good, and it is warm and genial as the sunshine, sad as life often is sad, but still severe, hopeful, faithful. One has the far reaching imagination, and keen intellect of a man; the other the earnest thought, and tender love of a woman. With pride and hope for our sex do we feel that here she has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.

X.

HAGAR, by Alice Cary, is a poor imitation of Hawthorne in its tone, but so very weak that it seems a harmless sort of thing. It is all unreal, artificial, and lifeless. It has no artistic merit, no aim or purpose but to give utterance to sickly, morbid fancies. We could almost imagine the author had been down into one of Dante's hells to get her inspiration for the last chapter of horrors. Once she does try to have a little playful satire upon progressive women, but the point was broken long before in the daily papers. A witticism must be very fine to bear repeating. She takes pains to say that she does believe there is a God in heaven. When people write or speak truly from a great heart, strong in faith, and filled with love to God, they will be under no necessity of proclaiming this belief; it will speak of itself. It is painful to write thus of any woman's work, but the world is all too full of bad poor books now, and women will never be elevated by such literary trash as this.

VILLETTÉ.—It was refreshing to turn to Currer Bell's new work, after reading *Hagar*. *Villette* is replete with interest, it fascinates through its strong healthy tone. In contrast it is like the fresh mountain breeze after a sultry summer's day. Currer Bell has real genius, whose wings are not clipped by any sickly sentimentality. No one can read this book without having their courage renewed, their self reliance and persevering industry stimulated. We like Currer Bell's heroines specially; they are plain, even homely, but they are loveable, and are loved for their real self that dwells within, loved with all the poetry of love. Life is now so artificial that even though the spirit does build its own house, it cannot always build the exterior beautiful; it may only give an outline of beauty, and fill up rudely; but itself is there,

and may be full of grace and loveliness. Lucy Snow is the ghost of Jane Eyre, but Jane was woman enough to bear being exhumed, or to have her ghost return every five years. Lucy Snow is pale, small, and shadowy; ghosts are apt to be so; but she has all Jane's spirit, energy, feeling and self control. We like her, for she was an earnest worker.

BOSTON, April 12, 1853.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS.

Last evening Dr. Harriet K. Hunt gave a lecture on the woman's movement educationally considered, with especial reference to the establishment of a High School for girls in this city. She had a fine intelligent audience, the new hall at the corner of Dover street being about half full. Her lecture was full of rich thought and admirable suggestion, enlivened by her keen satire and good natured wit. Her style is defective in method and arrangement; her sentences are long and involved; and the peculiar expressions borrowed from her Swedenborgian associations, sometimes render her meaning obscure to an ordinary listener. The strict intellectual discipline in early life which she is striving to secure for others, would have saved her from these errors. Her voice is clear and strong, and her manner simple, earnest, and easy. She seems imbued with a living interest in the subject, and to have no thought of herself, but as connected with it. The fault of her method of speaking is a too rapid enunciation, and want of sufficient pause between the paragraphs of her lecture and the divisions of her subject. In person she is neither young nor handsome, but looks healthy, honest, intelligent, thoroughly in earnest, good natured, and able to stand her ground *womanfully*.

In the course of her lecture she gave a rapid sketch of the first settlement of America, claiming a symbolic meaning for the fact, that it was taken possession of in the name of a woman, and that a woman welcomed the first Englishmen to its shores. She alluded to the prominent part which women had taken at various times, especially referring to Anne Hutchinson, whose zeal and sufferings in the cause of religious liberty have done much for the enfranchisement of mind in this country.

She then gave an account of the rise and progress of the so called woman's movement in the United States; spoke of the first convention at Seneca Falls, of the gatherings at Worcester, Westchester, &c., of the establishment of People's Colleges for both sexes in New York and Ohio, of her own rejection by the Medical College as a pupil, of the resolutions of the medical students against her admission in 1851, and of her protest against the payment of taxes without representation in 1853.

She gave an admirable description of the scene which led her to this last step. "I went," she said, "to the City Clerk's office for a slight alteration in my tax bill, no diminution. While waiting there I observed a long, lank, tallow-faced Irish boy come in, without intelligence in his face, or character in his head. He presented a paper to the clerk. I asked, 'Is that a naturalization paper? Will you permit me to see it?' I looked at it and

found that this stupid, ignorant lad, who probably did not know whether Boston was in Massachusetts or Mississippi, was entitled to the privileges of a citizen of Boston, while I, a native of Boston, having earned my property by my own professional labor, and paid taxes on it for nearly twenty years, had not the right to vote how my money should be expended, or what should be taught in the primary schools. From that moment I resolved to protest against such injustice."

She then spoke more particularly of the attempt to establish a High School in Boston some years since, and of its abandonment. The reasons for abandoning it were two—its great expense, and the immense number of pupils who thronged to it—none being willing to leave it as long as they could remain. Dr. Hunt might well say these were strange reasons in a city like Boston. It can afford hundreds of thousands for almshouses, for jails, for processions, dinners, fire-works, &c., but not to educate its daughters. She said she had known many a school languish for want of pupils, but never one before from a superabundance.

In conclusion, she proposed a petition to the Mayor and Aldermen, asking for the immediate establishment of a high school, to be opened the ensuing autumn.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Jenckes claimed that women were not alone in their interest on this subject, but that he had advocated it for many years; and stated that the city of Boston was liable to an indictment for not complying with the State law for establishing high schools. An animated discussion followed on the best means of bringing forward this subject, in which Mr. Jenckes, Henry C. Wright, John S. Sargent, Mrs. Alcott, and others, took part; and at a late hour the meeting adjourned to Washington Hall, on the following Monday, where the subject may be more fully considered.

This may be considered a new step in our movement. Miss Hunt came forward, not apologetically, but as a matter of course; and spoke not to defend her right to speech, but to advance a definite object. She was well received, and justly treated, and the good temper, as well as quick wit which she showed, in her conduct of the discussion which followed, were equally honorable to herself and agreeable to the audience. They separated with the consciousness of having passed a most agreeable evening, as well as of having received a new impetus to thought, and a new stimulus to exertion on the great subject of woman's education.

Yours truly, L.

PLAINFIELD, April 8, 1853.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

I hope you will pardon my seeming neglect in not sooner responding to your kind letter, and noticing the receipt of your truly able paper. The Una arrived during our absence of some six weeks from home, and on my return, I found such a host of duties reaching out their hands to welcome me, and grasping me so cordially that it has taken some time to get an honorable release from their importunity. But now that stockings are darned, coats mended, and mittens dispensed with for the season, I have begun to look after my old companion, the pen. What force in its right direction! John Hays was right. The pen is the all powerful lever. With the press to multiply its impressions, it far surpasses the power of Grecian eloquence. Success to all who dare use it freely, boldly.

Everywhere I see the indications that the work of human redemption is being more fully understood. The foundation of rights is being investigated, and with this must come light, such light that the partialisms of former ages will be recognized as falsities. Massachusetts,

my own dear native state, I see is to be again the theatre where a great revolution is to commence. There are brave hearts there, as brave as Warren's or Sherman's, or Hancock's or Adams', and they will stand in no more awe of sovereign authority than these old heroes; though, according to the spirit of the times, they will use only moral weapons. May they prove as virtuous, for there are as great wrongs there to right.

A case was stated to me a few days since, which illustrates the spirit that prevails in some hearts there, and proves that woman's interests are not safe in the hands of men, notwithstanding the gallantry so often boasted. Some years since a lady who was keeping a large boarding house in Boston, married a gentleman whose circumstances turned out less prosperous than she had a right to suppose; and a few days after her personal property had become legally his; an officer called and levied an attachment upon her splendid furniture, etc., to satisfy the joint creditors of her husband and his brothers.

As this interfered sadly with the lady's business arrangements, a friend stepped in and bought the furniture, and allowed her to retain it, while the proceeds went to satisfy the demands of the creditors. Shortly after, he embraced Millerism, and thinking the world so nearly at an end, he made no efforts to engage in business, and finally so embarrassed his wife's proceedings, that she was forced to abandon her business and leave Boston. At last some friends interested themselves, and Capt. Aspinwall gave her a ticket on his first trip to California. Her husband accompanied her, but broken in spirits and failing in health, he was a tax upon her exertions for the remaining year and a half of his life. By efforts almost superhuman, she succeeded in amassing a small fortune, besides caring for him and paying an immense doctor's bill during a protracted illness. But now comes the magnanimity of the law and the gallantry of manhood. The brother, for whose debts she had once been plundered, finding that she had loaned a few thousands to a gentleman who was returning to the States, serves a writ of injunction upon him, magnanimously intending to divide with the lady, and give her one third of her hard earned property, while he coolly pockets the remaining two thirds.

The cause is still pending in one of our Western courts; we shall watch with interest to see what are the results. Had all the transactions taken place in any of the northern states, there could not be the slightest legal defense set up by the lady in question, but she would have to submit to the legal robbery with the best possible grace. Now, the fact that California has a code more in accordance with the Law French, which allows a woman to conduct business without reference to the estate of her husband, leaves a strong ground of defense. But with such laws existing, there can be no question in the minds of sensible women as to the necessity of reform in the provisions of our statutes. Every day brings fresh evidence that your work is one demanded by the best interests of humanity.

Yours truly,
H. M. TRACY CUTLER.

If you dislike people, shun their society, but do not express your dislike, or utter complaints against them.

Truth is a rock of strength sufficient to bear the universe; error a mire in which bodies sink in proportion to their gravity.

April 18th, 1853.

Dear Una:—How came you to think that the article in Putnam's Magazine about "Woman and the Woman's Movement," would amuse me? You know or ought to know, that I have not the head for such things as Mr. James writes. I read a pamphlet or tract of his once which I very much liked, and thought I understood it, too; but soon afterwards he published another which purported to be a further unfolding of the subject, and then I found that in fact I understood neither. I confess that both he and Emerson oppress and exhaust me, each in his own, though a very different way. James writes as if he scorned to be understood, as if anything that can be understood at all were not worth his utterance. Emerson differs from him in endeavoring to say everything that every body thinks and feels, but he makes his sentences always seem as if they could not hold all their own meaning. They are both transcendental, I suppose, but James is only dialectic, while Emerson is oracular. It is all alike metaphysics to me. I know, I really admire them both in my woman way, and perhaps all the more for not understanding them. I think I will not read the Putnam article. I am most concerned now to understand the affirmative side of the question, that I may, if I have occasion to question it, see exactly how it is met and disposed of by the old enemy, when it is fairly arrayed in the field of controversy. Wherever I go it is talked about, but in such a way as serves no purpose of enlightenment or of conviction. So few people talk well who talk much; so few are willing to talk well, who can do so, and so few social parties will permit good talking, that I am hopeless of benefit from conversational discussion. A few evenings since, our friend W——, rather surprised me with a specimen of his fine logical and didactic style of parlor preaching. It was sound, thorough, candid, and as unaffected as his private letters; but while I was all alive with the happiness of learning and approving, the beautiful Miss B——, interrupted him with "what do you think, Mr. W——, about the rappings?" She seemed to feel his mental superiority had some vague notion that he was thinking, and I suppose, desired to have her share in a conversation that was threatening just then to shade her peculiar brilliancy. The company, too, although of the best, (but a little too large for any good purpose,) seemed relieved, and a dozen tongues were soon rattling about the wonderful facts that every body repeats to every body else ten times a day, upon the engrossing but most unimproving subject.—Mr. W. turned to me in his amiable and patient way, but I had not the courage to sit as his sole auditor and appropriate him to myself. In a few moments he was gossiping nonentities as politely as if he liked such mental dissipation. I asked him yesterday why clever men economized their intellect so scrupulously when they converse with ladies? "Oh, said he, evasively, they don't like pedantry, and they are right; there is an arrogance in earnest efforts which the easy equality of social intercourse forbids." Come, said I, tell me what makes you think so? "Why, to tell you the truth?" he replied, "I overheard Miss B——, complain of me the other evening, 'that I talked like a book' and that she didn't like people who spoiled even-

ing parties by monopolizing the conversation, and prosed when they should be entertaining." Just at this moment, in came Miss B——, in all the glory of her spring array; her card case in one hand, her sun-shade in the other; and there was an end of the discussion for that time. She took her position on the sofa, in the exacting attitude of a reigning beauty; he fell into the attitude of a practiced dandy, and together they performed the ceremony of a morning call to me and a delightful accidental meeting to each other, all done up in the latest fashion plate style. You should have seen him as he lifted his hat to me on the pavement, after standing ten minutes for our last words, as Miss B—— and I played off our extatic endearments at the door. There was a twinkle in his eye, which said plainly enough, "you see, Miss Emma, and please make a note of it." The note I made ran thus: Miss B—— is certainly very beautiful; it is a great happiness to know her no better than she wishes to be known; fascinating to see as much of her as she is careful to display.—She is certainly not "a strong minded woman"; and, it is possible that Mr. B—— is actually paying his addresses to her?

Can anything be done for the reformation of the moral manners of social intercourse? I am, as you know, neither a radical nor a blue. I have not the courage required for the one nor the talents of the other. But there is something in me that makes me weary of this eternal crowd of make-believers and emptiness. My infirmity makes me sedentary; I am unattractive in person, and the forecast of my future makes me serious. The nearest and dearest objects of affection are denied to me; I cannot earn even the right to sleep in such idleness as my conditions of life compel, and I feel as if I shall be afraid to die; as I am unworthy to live. It seems to me that the heaviest penalties of the sex lie upon those who would most gladly be innocent of its delinquencies. Is this what you mean in your last letter to me, by saying that "the highest must suffer for the lowest—the brain and heart for the evils in the inferior members?" Alas, that seems to me to be the privilege, the compensation of the heroism that devotes itself to the redemption of the world. My suffering is unrealized by this great joy; I am suffering only for myself, and without ambition as without capacity. I am divided between the alterations of wishing happiness at one moment and forgetfulness at another, feeling that they are both unattainable, and for highest reasons, both alike undesirable and impossible.

This morning as I passed along the street a couple of half dressed little girls suspended their rope dancing for the moment, and gazed at me with mingled curiosity and pity. One of them said to the other, "the poor cripple, it's a pity of her." "Ah, my poor girls," thought I, "I am a cripple, indeed, and in a sense deeper, far deeper than you have the sense to know; but you are also of the sex that will teach you yet the fuller meaning of the word."

A year ago, I remember—how well I remember it—Mr. W—— and three or four others were talking about Miss F——, then one of the grandest young women in the city; possessed of the rarest personal and intellectual advantages, and cultiva-

ted far beyond the standard limits allowed to us—a musician, a scholar and a wit, with such womanly majesty of mein and address that Kossuth pronounced her the poetical impersonation of America! "I learn that Miss F—— is engaged," said one of the ladies. "I know nothing of the facts, Mr. W——, but I doubt it." Why do you doubt it? asked I, curiously, for he looked as if he had reasons for his opinion. "Oh, I don't know" said he, in his shy way, when he is caught thinking in the presence of ladies, "I rather think she is born out of time and place; the earth is, I suppose, about a foot deep of such woman dust as she will make." That speech fell upon me like a night mare; I have watched her ever since as if the fate of womanhood depended upon the issue. Must that noble girl marry a fool and a fortune, and through the rest of her life serve only to expose the one, and display the other? I wish I could tell you what I have seen of her since. Heaven pity us! She has made and broken off two engagements within the year, and now she bears the confession of recklessness, desperation and unprincipled conformity to the society around her in her very face. She has grown arrogant, wilful, ugly; her voice is harsh, her gestures violent and her whole manner unquiet and disagreeable, and with it all she has grown mean! she fawns upon the magnates of fashion whom she scorns in her secret heart, and she has only not become quite sufficiently demoralized to sell herself in the market of fashion to a husband for the glitter of a position. By the time she is hardened enough for that, she will be too cheap for the purchaser.

It seems to me that the best must die not only an atonement, as you say, for the worst, but when they judge themselves unworthy of such grace.—They must perish for differences of their own excellencies, and their disproportion to the conditions which surround them. Woman dust! Yes it is deep all over the surface of the earth; and sacrifice is not yet ended. The last words that I heard from Miss F—— were a scathing satire upon "woman's rights" and "strong minded women." I looked earnestly in her face; she seemed conscious of the truth her lips were falsifying, and five minutes afterwards, aside, she said to me, "I am ashamed of my sex, they are fit only for slavery, and nobody but a fool would take any trouble with them or for them."

There it was, all out, and I said in my heart, "dust to dust," but alas, for the crumbling of heart and hope, of power and principle, and all that is divine in woman! For an hour after she devoted herself to Mr. W——, and he neglected Miss B—— for her. How false and hollow—what a region of outsides society is.

I am not answering your letter, but how naturally our thoughts tend towards the same points.—You speak of a new association, a new societary organization, got up, I believe, to remedy some of the evils of which this miserable world is suffering. Fourierism I had thought was mainly a system for organizing labor, and promising only at a remote and distant day to redeem the better cultured sufferers of civilization from their great wretchedness, or at least offering them only the enjoyment that springs from a beneficent agency in the great reformation. This, indeed, is enough for the strong,

the generous and the hopeful—for the apostles and martyrs of progress. I wish I also could do something for its furtherance worthy of the life that is given to me, but "dust, woman-dust"—the doom is upon me, I am worthless and therefore hopeless. And this is not all; the future world cannot be so severed from the present that we can forget it.—The sorrow of inefficiency here, must surely damp the joy of happiness there. There is our hope, the hope of that solidarity which a correspondent of yours explains in part, and is, I suppose, even more fully embraced in St. Paul's declaration that "the whole family in heaven and earth is one;" Ephesians iii, 15. There, in that world where angels are made ministers to them that are the heirs of salvation here, with better instrumentalities than such as I possess in this life, we may repair the delinquencies we now commit and endure, and so abate the remorse which they impose.

My whole head is sick, my whole heart is faint, because "the hurt of the daughters of my people is not healed." I add my public moan to the worldwide "cry of the human." It is but another call to you to endure your toil and bear its reproach while you look for the new heaven and the new earth. I am never so glad as when your letters come to me, never so melancholy as when I think of the difference there is between those who have so much as you have to give, and those who need so much as I need to receive.

Looking out from my window I see a crowd of men busy in building a house. How strong and brave that robust hod carrier seems as he ascends the ladder with his load. How much nobler than I am with this great weight on my heart. His is the happiness of strength, rude but useful. If this wretched frame would let me I think I too might have the gladness of work well done. If I were but grandly suffering for others while strong in myself, it would be blessedness. I must have better health or—how that word haunts me—with the proud, the vain and the worthless of my sisterhood I will soon add a few more grains to deepen that growing layer of woman dust.

EMMA.

The Anti Lanceet, is a new paper just issued at Pawtucket, R. I. It is in pamphlet form, 32 pages, and has, as associate editors, J. Emerson Kent, M. D., Abraham Livezey, M. D., Wm. Turner, M. D., and John Coleman, M. D. The names of its corresponding contributors speak well for its future interest. It advocates the education of women in the medical profession; and aims to treat those subjects which come legitimately within the range of such a paper, in a suitable manner for the people. It proposes to republish Dr. Dickson's work on the Chronotherm system. This alone would be worth the price of the journal, which is \$1.50.

Lucy Stone has given two Lectures in Metropolitan Hall. They are well spoken of in the Tribune, both as to matter and manner, and fully reported. The account came too late for us to do more than notice the fact, which is of importance, although we would have liked to give the whole report, for we find the argument so well sustained with illustrative facts, that they should have a place where they will be preserved.

LORD THURLUN—the characteristics which ensured his success.

From Lord Campbell's Lives of the Lord Chancellors.

In truth his success was certain. With the respectable share he possessed of real talents and of valuable acquirements, together with his physical advantages of dark complexion, strongly marked features, piercing eyes, bushy eyebrows, and sonorous voice, all worked to the best effect by an immeasurable share of *self-confidence*,—he could not fail. This last quality was the chief cause of his greatness.

Of him, Lady Mary Wortley Montague seems to have been speaking prophetically, if, according to her evident meaning, you substituted "self-confidence," for "impudence,"—which properly belongs only to a shameless imposition. "A moderate merit" writes she, "with a large share of *impudence*, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it." The first necessary qualification is *impudence*, and (as Demosthenes said of action in oratory) the second is *impudence*, and the third is impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune.

Your friends, Lord Halifax, Robert Walpole, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably *impudent*. The ministry is like a play at count; there's a little door to get in, and a crowd without—shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick on the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by everybody, his clothes torn, almost squeezed to death—and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself."

When Thurlun appeared in court with his silk robe and full bottom wig—lowering frowns and contemptuous smiles successively passing across his visage as the arguments on the judgment proceeded—the solicitors could not behold him without some secret awe, and without believing that he was possessed of some mysterious powers which he could bring into activity in their service. When he had an opportunity of opening his mouth, he spoke in a sort of oracular or judicial tone, as if he had an undoubted right to pronounce the verdict or judgment in favor of his client. He appeared to think that his opponent was guilty of great presumption in controverting any of his positions, and unless his cause was desperately bad (when he would spontaneously give it up) he tried to convey the notion that the Judges, if they showed any disposition to decide against him, were chargeable with gross ignorance, or were actuated by some corrupt motive. By such arts he was in first rate business, and all of a sudden—from extreme poverty—in the receipt of a very large income. I do not find that he was counsel in any celebrated cases before he was Solicitor General; but Burrow and the other contemporary reporters, show that during the eight following years, he argued many of the most important questions of law which came on for decision in Westminster Hall.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—*Locke.*

We are very sorry to say to the inquirers for the first number of the *Una*, that the edition is entirely exhausted.

For the *Una*.

TO MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Like dusky fly athwart the summer night
Shrinking from all the glare of common day,
I did but lift my wings and straight a ray
(Itself enkindled in the starry light
That nursed thy mystic eyes) knew at the sight
Thy shadow-loving orbs* soft turned away
Where lights supernal round their visions play,
As o'er the cloud the rainbow lingers bright,
Sweet Sister Soul! I knew thee from afar—
Knew the deep meaning of thy bended head
Inclined to voices from some distant star
As one who listens for a Lover's tread;
Thou art Eurydice bent, pale to hear
The Lute of Orpheus stealing to her ear.

E. OAKES SMITH.

BROOKLYN, April 23, 1853.

*Those who are best acquainted with Mrs. Whitman, will have observed her pretty habit of shading her eyes, much in the manner of the Countess of Albany, celebrated by Alfieri.

Mrs. J. G. SWISSELM'S LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS, by J. C. Riker,

Is a neat, tasteful volume, of over two hundred pages, full of instruction about the government of life in the little every day duties that go to make up the great whole. We read the letters as they appeared in the Saturday Visitor, and felt then that they must be invaluable to many a poor neglected girl, for mothers do neglect their daughters shockingly; the word is, oh! "they will learn by experience," but that is often a severe teacher. The book is inscribed to her mother; a beautiful tribute for a daughter, to one who has guided them through the early mysteries of life, lovingly and truly. The closing sentence of the last letter, is too true to be passed over. "There is no better safeguard against the evils that exist in the world, than a well cultivated mind. Read, read good books, read aloud to your friends, then think and talk about what you have read, and to you the world will be a beautiful world, worthy of its great Creator, and the people in it will be your brothers and sisters—the great majority of them very loveable, in spite of their faults." From reading this you may wish to read the book, and city girls may learn from it as well as the girls of the country.

We have given place this month to the very able essay of Rev. T. W. Higginson on "Woman and her Wishes," for we felt that its circulation previous to the convention might do something toward creating a public sentiment more favorable to granting her wishes, than has existed. We knew the article would be directly to the point, therefore we did not hesitate to give it the place that "Woman Morally Considered" should have occupied, for we have two thirds of the year yet before us, and perhaps a life time to work out our theories in; and we are not in the least in a hurry, as we promised we never would be.

Mrs. Lydia Ann Carter, of Rochester, is an accredited agent for the *Una* in that city, and Mrs. Mary B. Converse, of Buffalo,

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, MAY 2, 1853.

For the Una.

WOMAN AND HER WISHES.

BY T. W. HIGGINSON,

Minister of the Worcester Free Church.

"Every book of knowledge which is known to Oosana or to Vreehaspatee, is by nature implanted in the understandings of women." This is the creed gallantly announced in that wise book of Oriental lore, the *Heetopades* of Veeshnoo Sarma. Probably it is from an extreme reliance on this inward illumination that we have from the same quarter of the globe the valuable suggestion: "Daughters should be made emulous of acquiring the virtues of their sex, but should be altogether forbidden to read and write." But we have changed all that beneath our western star of empire. Those who once could not with propriety learn their letters, now have those letters conferred upon them as honorable appendages; and the maidens who once must not know A from B, may now acquire not only their A. B., but their A. M., their M. D., their F. R. S., and their A. A. S.;—and are still grasping for more.

It must be confessed, however, that most of us look with distrust upon these feminine suffixes as grammatical innovations, and are not yet prepared to go beyond the simpler combinations of the alphabet. But we all go thus far. It is a point conceded that girls shall be "educated," which is our convenient synonyme for going to school. The most conservative grant this. And the sole question now open between these and the most radical is not—shall a woman have schooling?—but, what shall she do with her schooling when she has it?

I do not mean to say that the facilities of tuition allowed to girls, as yet equal those extended to boys; but they are evidently becoming equalized.

As regards our Massachusetts school system, there appears to be no difference *out of Boston*, in the opportunities given to the sexes, while the use made of those opportunities by female pupils is on an average greater, because they have more leisure than the non-collegiate portion of the boys. Everywhere but in Boston there is the same High School course open for the daughters, as for the sons of the people. At public examinations I have seen contests of male and female intellect, on the bloodless field of the black-board, which it tried men's souls to watch. I have seen delicate girls whose slight fingers could scarcely grasp the huge chalk bullet with which the field was won, meet and vanquish the most staggering propositions in Conic Sections, which would (*crede experto*) scatter a Senior Class at some colleges, as if the chalk bullet were a bombshell. Let no one henceforward deny that our plans of school tuition, such as

they are, have been fairly extended to girls also. Beyond this, however, the equality has hardly reached.

The colleges of Massachusetts are all masculine. The treasures and associations of Cambridge, to which so many young men have owed the impulse and the enlightenment of their whole lives, are inaccessible to a woman, save as the casual courtesy of librarian or professor may give her a passing glance into Gore Hall. And it is a remarkable fact that simultaneously with the establishment of Antioch College in Ohio, which opens an equal academic provision for women, under the presidency of the father of our Massachusetts school system, we see in our own state the first instance of unequal educational legislation, in the proposed bill establishing male scholarships in colleges. The merits of the measure in other respects I do not disparage, but it is certainly liable to this objection. It is estimated that, even now, every graduate of Harvard has received a gratuity of about \$1000, chiefly from private endowments, over and above his bills for tuition; and it is now proposed that the public shall vote, to a portion of these, \$100 per annum in addition; thus still farther increasing the disproportion already created.

We are apt to felicitate ourselves, however, on the great progress achieved in female education. Perhaps we are too indiscriminate in the rejoicing. There never was a time when there were not highly educated women, according to the standard of their age. Isis and Minerva show the value set upon feminine intellect by the ancients. We forget the noble tribute of Plato to feminine intellect, in his *Banquet*. We forget the cordial recognition by Cicero of the eloquence of Laelia. We forget the long line of learned and accomplished English women from Lady Jane Grey to Elizabeth Barrett. We forget that wonderful people, the Spanish Arabs, among whom women were public lecturers and secretaries of kings, while Christian Europe was sunk in darkness. Let me aid in rescuing from oblivion the name of Ayesha, daughter of Ahmed ben Mohammed ben Kadim, of Cordova, who was reckoned the most learned woman of her age (the tenth century) in poetry, mathematics, medicine and the other sciences which then and there flourished. In the words of the Moorish historian, "She was beautiful like a rising sun, fine and slender like a young aloe bending its head to the Southern breezes; if she ran she looked like an antelope disappointing the sportsmen by her rapid flight; and if occupied in study or meditation, her eyes resembled the soft and melting eyes of the gazelle, looking from the top of the rock upon the burning sands of the desert.—She was a well of science, a mountain of discretion, an ocean of learning." This was the Arab definition of what enlightened and chivalrous Anglo Saxons would call facetiously a blue-

stocking, or more seriously, an "unsexed woman."

Following the Arab practice, there were female professors of the classics and of rhetoric at Salamanca and Alcala, under Ferdinand and Isabella. At the revival of letters in Italy, the intellectual influence of Lucrezia Borgia is ranked by Roscoe with that of his hero Leo X. Vittoria Colonna and Veronica Gambara ranked as the equals and friends of Bembo and Michael Angelo; and Tiraboschi declared the Rimatrici or female poets of the 15th century to be little inferior either in number or merit to the Rimatori or male poets. And Pope Clement XIV (Ganganelli) wrote in 1763 to a lady who had sent him her translation of Locke, expressing his satisfaction that the succession of learned women was still maintained in Italy.

These I cite merely as specimens of the abundant facts to be had for the asking. If I had at hand the once renowned work of Peter Paul de Ribera, published in the 18th century, and entitled "The Immortal Triumphs and Heroic Enterprises of 845 Women;" or if I had the privilege of consulting the library of Count Leopold Ferri, sold at Padua in 1847, consisting solely of the works of female authors, and amounting to 30,000 volumes,—I would go more thoroughly into this branch of the subject.

I think it must, however, be conceded on the most cursory examination, that the superiority of modern female tuition consists less in its high standard, than in its general diffusion. But when we reach this point another serious question arises.

For it is obvious that tuition in schools is a mere preliminary to the rotation of life, and every system must be judged by its connexion as a whole. Now the great defect of our plan of schooling for girls appears to be this, that it recognizes for them no object in existence except matrimony. This will be comparatively harmless if we assume that every woman is to be married at twenty, but as this is the experience of only a small minority, there would seem to be a deficiency in the arrangement. And in view of the probable fact that at this moment full one third of the women in Massachusetts are either unmarried or childless, there certainly appears to be a flaw from the outset in our educational plans.

The schooling of boys is *prospective*; what a source of mental and moral stimulus is indicated by that one word. All acquired faculties are to be brought to bear upon some definite end. The high-school prepares for the academy; the academy for college; college for the professional school, perhaps; and all for some vocation where "knowledge is power." Nay, who has not seen some indolent young man, who, after wasting all the opportunities of his earlier career, was yet galvanized into industry by the professional school, because the final pressure of an immediate aim was then applied.

But what adequate aim has the tuition of girls? To fit them to be wives and mothers? But so has the boy the probable destiny of becoming a father; the father has commonly more oversight of at least the intellectual training of the children, than has the mother; and yet the young man has the prospect of this sacred responsibility to rouse him, and all the incentives likewise, of professional and public duty. And if this accumulation of motives so often fails to act upon the boy, how can we expect that one alone will be sufficient for his sister.

To illustrate the manner in which this becomes apparent to an intelligent practical instructor, I quote the testimony of Mr. Smythe, of Oswego, N. Y., in a Teacher's Convention a year or more ago:

"Mr. Smythe spoke from practical experience, having taught a large school of both girls and boys, and he had observed, that up to a certain point, their capacities or their progress was about equal. Perhaps the girls even showed more aptitude; but at that point they flagged, and there was a perceptible difference thenceforward. He had asked one young lady the reason of this, and she explained it thus: 'The boys are going into college; they have all before them; but we, having nothing more to do, we are going 'no where.' There was, he thought, an equality of talent in girls and boys; and if the former failed to evince it on any point, the failure arose from a want of stimulus. *They had no aim in society worthy to inspire them.*'"

I cannot deny the truth of this. I have too often been asked, almost with tears, by young and well educated girls, to suggest to them some employment that should fill the demands of heart and intellect; something to absorb their time and thoughts. A pupil in a School of Design once told me that in her opinion the majority of the scholars sought the occupation not as a means of support, nor to gratify an artistic taste, but solely for the sake of an interesting employment. And in seeing the imperfect attempts to invent such employments, and the results, good in their way, but so wholly inadequate; I have almost sighed with these discontented ones, over the one-sided benevolence of society; and felt that to give "education," without giving an object, was but to strengthen the wings of a caged bird.

Nothing can hide from me the conviction that an immortal soul needs for its sustenance something more than visiting and gardening, and novel-reading, and a crochet-needle, and the occasional manufacture of sponge cake.—Yet what else constitutes the recognized material for the life of most "well-educated" young ladies from eighteen to twenty-five—that "life so blameless and aimless." Some, I admit, are married; some teach school, (the one miserably-underpaid occupation left open for the graduates of our high-schools—the Procrustes-bed of all young female intellect.) A few remarkable characters will of course mark out an independent path for themselves,

in spite of discouragement. A few find ready for them in the charge of younger brothers and sisters, a noble duty. A few have so strong a natural propensity for study that they pursue it by themselves—though this is rare. Some enter mechanical occupations, which are at least useful as employing their hands and energies, if not their intellects.

But for most of those of average energy, "to this complexion must they come at last." "It is a sad thing to me (said an accomplished female teacher in my hearing) to watch my fine girls after they leave school, and see the expression of intellect gradually fade out of their faces, for want of an object to employ it."

I do not claim that all young women share these dissatisfactions. They are confined to the thoughtful and the noble. The empty and the indolent find such a life satisfactory enough. "Why do you dislike to leave school?" (said one young lady once, within our knowledge, to another). "Because I shall then have nothing to do," she answered. "Nothing to do! (was the astonished reply)—why, there is plenty to do, cannot you stay at home and make pretty little things to wear, as other girls do?" "But I don't care for that, (pleaded the spirited and thoughtful maiden)—I don't think I was created and educated merely to make pretty little things to wear." But the protest was of no avail.

With the exclusion of women from intellectual employments, is an accompanying exclusion from other of the more lucrative occupations, upon which I will not now dwell, "not because there is so little to be said upon it, but because there is so much." This prohibition extends even into the employments peculiarly fitted for woman, as the retail dry goods trade in our cities, which employs tens of thousands. The new Schools of Design open an admirable field for them, but one in which they already find opposition, on the ground that the introduction of female labor will create a reduction of wages in the vocation; an explanation yet more discreditable to the community than the fact which it explains. In Lowell the average wages of women are estimated at \$2 00 per week (deducting board)—those of men at \$4 80 for labor no longer, and often no more difficult. In some of our towns female grammar school teachers are paid \$175 per annum, and male teachers \$500 for schools of the same grade, and smaller. The haunts of sin and shame in our great cities, can tell some of the results of these criminal irregularities.

But the question of employment, important though it be, is still a secondary one. Indeed, it will ultimately settle itself. It is not apparent that *men* have anything to do with it, except to secure fair play, which is less difficult here than in some other matters. Energetic women will make their way into the avocations suited to them, and the barrier once broken down, others will follow. *La carrière ouverte*

aux talents, is the only motto. No one can anticipate the results, and it is useless to dogmatize. "Let them be sea-captains if they will," said Margaret Fuller, speaking only perhaps in some vague memory of readings in Herodotus, and of the deeds of Artemisia at Salamis;—but soon after, the newspapers were celebrating the name and fame of Miss Betsey Miller, captain for these dozen years of the Scotch brig Cleopatra. Yet woman, it would appear, is "constitutionally disqualified for action." It would be pleasant to see the grave author of this phrase on board Capt. Betsey's brig, beating into the port of Belfast in a gale of wind. It is to be feared, however, that he would be constitutionally disqualified for remaining above the hatchways.

The test of sphere is success. If Miss Miller can walk the quarter deck, if Madame Grange can argue cases in court, if Mrs. W—— can conduct the complex business transactions of a great Paris house, if Maria Mitchell can discover comets, and Harriet Hosmer carve statues; if Appolonia Jagiello can fight in one European revolution, and Mrs. Putnam vindicate another (besides having the gift of tongues);—if Harriet Hunt can really cure diseases, and Lucretia Mott and Antoinette Brown can preach good sermons, and Mrs. Swishelm and Mrs. Nichols edit successful newspapers:—then all these are points gained forever, and the case is settled so far. Nor can any one of these be set aside as an exceptional case, until it is shown that it is not, on the other hand, a test case; an evidence that there are many others who would, with a little less discouragement, have done the same things.

For that there are great discouragements it is useless and ungenerous to deny. For every obstacle that a man of genius is admired for surmounting, a woman surmounts an hundred. If any one of the aforesaid women has attained to her position without actual resistance or ridicule, then *that* is the exception, for these things are the rule. Margaret Fuller's biographers did not stoop to tell the whole story of the petty insults and annoyances which she incurred in the simple effort to take the place which belonged to her. Some critics have doubted the propriety of Elizabeth Barrett's venturing to write such vigorous verses; woman should be "the lovely subject of poetry," these gallant gentlemen think, not its author;—they do not, however, contract for the production of the article from their own brains, of a quality equivalent to the *Dream of Exile*. Even *Punch* considers female physicians to be fair game; as if the wonder were not that any delicate woman should employ any other.

The first lesson usually impressed upon a girl is, that the object of her instruction is to make her more pleasing and ornamental; but of her brother's to make him more wise and useful. Parents, pulpit and pedagogue commonly teach

her the same gospel. If she opens book or newspaper, she finds the same theory. I forget from what feeble journal I cut the following: "A sensible lady writes to us as follows: 'Woman's true mission, about which so much has been written, is to make herself as charming and bewitching as possible to the gentlemen.' Yet what is this but Milton's "He for God only, she for God in him!" We have but to turn to the books nearest at hand for abundant illustrations of the same thing.

"Women ought not to interfere in history, (says an eminent writer), for history demands action, and for action they are constitutionally disqualified!" (Shades of Queen Bess and Margaret of Anjou, of the Countess of Derby, Flora McDonald and Grace Darling!)

"This difficult statement requires some qualification, (says another) if the reader be young, inexperienced, or a female."

Goethe said that "Dilettanti, and especially women, have but weak ideas of poetry."

It seems hardly credible that even Dr. Channing in an Essay "on Exclusion and Denunciation in Religion," should have reflected quite severely on "women forgetting the tenderness of their sex and arguing on theology." For if, as a recent Convention preacher declared, "among the redeemed, up to this time, an immense majority are women," one would suppose that their experimental knowledge of religious matters might partially counterbalance a trifling deficiency in the Hebrew tongue—which is not, indeed, a quite universal accomplishment among the male sex.

It is strange to see that when men try to rise highest in their advice to women, they so seldom rise beyond this thought, that the position of woman is but secondary and relative. An eminent Boston teacher, who has done much for female education, astonished me when I read in the "School and Schoolmaster" his unequal appeals for the school boy and school girl.

"That boy on yonder bench may be a Washington or a Marshall. * * * * That fair-haired girl may be [what?—not a Guion or a Roland, an Edgeworth or a Somerville—no, but] the future *mother* of a Washington or a Marshall! By inspiring her heart with the highest principles, you may do much to advance humanity by forming a sublime specimen of a just man." And so on.

I have heard the indignation expressed by young women on occasions like this; once especially after a Normal School examination, when this had been the burden of the addresses of the excellent gentlemen there present—"They all spoke" said the indignant girls, "as if the whole aim of a woman's existence was to be married, and we all wished that we might never be married, so as to prove that there were other noble duties in life, for us as well as for young men. They would not have spoken so to them."

Now with this immense difference, that precisely where the stimulus is applied to young men, there the pressure of discouragement is laid on girls—it cannot be expected that the faculties of the latter for different employments should be developed with equal ease. The varied functions suitable to women will be filled more slowly, for the same reason that it takes twice as long to ascend the Ohio against the current as to descend by its aid. But it has well been asked "if woman's mind be really so feeble, why is she left to struggle alone with all those difficulties which are so sedulously removed from the path of man?"

There is, moreover, this inconvenience, that although greater strength may in certain cases be developed by this encounter with prejudice, it is apt likewise to mar the symmetry and grace of the character; and hence the occasional charge of unfeminine unattractiveness against distinguished women. Mill, with his usual penetration, enumerates among common fallacies, the impression, that when one extraordinary member of a class is rendered conceited or offensive by the isolation,—the whole class, if elevated, would show the same qualities. Make education and station accessible to all women, and the source of annoyance will disappear.

I repeat, however, that even the question of employments is a secondary one. The avocations of many men are as little stimulating to the intellectual nature as those of women. Comparatively few men are educated by their employments. The great educator of American men is the ballot box, with its accompaniments.

By "its accompaniments" I mean the whole world of public life, public measures, public interests and public office. From direct participation in this school of instruction, the American woman is not only more rigidly excluded than the woman of any other Christian nation; but this takes place under circumstances of peculiar aggravation, precisely because more importance is attributed to this sphere among the Americans than elsewhere. It is a startling fact that in the land where the right of political action is most universal, most prized, and most jealously guarded *among men*, it should be most scrupulously denied to women. In most European countries the sexes stand nearly on a level in this respect; the distinction is not of sex, but of station. A few men can be kings, peers and prime ministers—a few women can be queens, peeresses and regents. The masses of both sexes are equally far removed from direct participation in public affairs, and hence woman, as *woman*, is neither degraded nor defrauded.

Indeed some of the most eminent European statesmen and thinkers of the last century, have argued against the principle of universal suffrage, on the ground that it must necessarily, if consistently established, include women also.

This was the case, for instance, with Pitt and Coleridge. Talleyrand said, "To see one half of the human race excluded by the other half from all participation in government, is a political phenomenon, which, on abstract principles, it is impossible to explain." "The principle of an aristocracy is admitted (says De Tocqueville) the moment we reject an absolutely universal suffrage."

On the other hand, among English democrats,—as Godwin, Bentham and the authors of the People's Charter, there is the same ready recognition of the abstract right of woman to this prerogative.

And yet in the United States, in which alone the experiment of Democracy is claimed to have been tried;—here, where all our institutions must stand or fall by their conformity to the abstract idea of equality;—here, where moreover (says De Tocqueville again) "politics are existence, and exclusion from politics seems like exclusion from existence;"—here, one half the race is still excluded. Tennyson sums it all up in his "Princess:"

"Millions of throats will bawl for Civil Rights
—No woman named!"

Not to name her is, in a democratic government, to ignore her existence. And hence one cannot be surprised to read in one of the ablest commentaries on American institutions, the cool general remark—"In the Free States, except criminals and paupers, *there is no class of persons* who do not exercise the elective franchise." Women are not even a "class of persons;" they are fairly dropped from the human race. And very naturally, since we have grown accustomed to recognize an "universal suffrage" which does not include them.

It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, we Americans are remarkably polite to women. It will take a good many bows and delicate homages to atone for this unexpected result of free institutions,—to leave one-half the population with less access to political power than they have under monarchies. With an awkward impulse of compensation, we attempt to atone for our fraud by courtesies. We rob woman of her right to the soil she stands upon, and then beg leave to offer her a chair. "Chivalry," said the brilliant German woman Rahel, "was a poetical *lie*, necessary to restore the equality of the sexes." Is our American chivalry of the same stamp?

The most fascinating of modern Catholic writers, Digby, brings it as a charge against republican institutions, that they are "in the highest degree inimical to the influence and importance of women." And one can hardly deny their tendency to fix more permanently that withdrawal of rights and substitution of favors, which has always been the ground of complaint among intelligent women. It is singular too that in a country where the customary standard of female schools is higher than anywhere else, the

opportunity of females for public service should be less than in most of the nations of Europe.

In England, "in a reported case, it is stated by counsel, and substantially assented to by the court, that a woman is capable of serving in almost all the offices of the kingdom; such as those of Queen, Marshal, Great Chamberlain, and Constable of England, the Champion of England, Commissioner of Sewers, Governor of a Workhouse, Sexton, [parish clerk,] Keeper of the Prison, of the Gate House, of the Dean and Chapter, of Westminster, Returning Officer for Members of Parliament, and Constable, the latter of which is in some respects judicial. The office of Jailer is frequently exercised by a woman."

In an action at law it has been determined that an unmarried woman, having a freehold, might vote for Members of Parliament; and it is recorded that Lady Pakington returned two. The office of Grand Chamberlain in 1822 was filled by two women; and that of clerk of the crown, in the court of Queen's Bench, has been granted to a female.

At the coronation of King Richard II, Dame Margaret Dimock, wife of Sir John Dimock, came into court and "claimed the place to be the king's champion, by the virtue of the tenure of her manor of Serinby in Lincolnshire, to challenge and defy all such as opposed the king's right to the crown." The Countess of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery, had the office of hereditary sheriff of Westmoreland, and exercised it in person. At the assizes at Appleby she sat with the judges on the bench.

In more ancient times the Anglo Saxon Chronicle states that Wesburg, Queen to Wight-red, assisted at the Wittanagemot held at Berghamsted. William of Malmesbury speaks of a parliament convoked by King Edgar in which he was assisted by his mother Alfgiva. Matthew of Westminster tells us that Canute in a national assembly, "acted by the advice of Queen Emma and the bishops and nobility of England."

It is a remarkable fact that one of the most important treaties of modern Europe—the peace of Cambray in 1529—was negotiated solely by Margaret, the aunt of Charles V., and Louisa, mother of Francis I.

It is strange to turn from such a wide variety of public stations to the very different provisions of our own country, which is yet so much more liberal of office to its male population. "In the United States, (says Judge Hurlbut) a woman may administer upon the estate of her deceased husband, and she has occasionally held a subordinate place in the Post Office Department. She has, therefore, a sort of post-mortem and post-mistress notoriety; but with the exception of handling letters administrative and letters mailed, she is the submissive creature of the old common law." This would seem rather an inadequate result, for woman, of American Revolution, Declaration of Independence and Constitution; and even suggests doubtful comparisons with the days when "the Great Squaw Sachem" ruled the inhabitants of Eastern Massachusetts from Mystic to Agawam.

It would seem that under the circumstances the rising protest of American women, though it may

annoy men, can hardly surprise them. I have chosen to begin with the consideration of education, because that is a point commonly conceded, and therefore a good fulcrum for the lever. But much more remains behind. It is not the sole grievance of woman that she has not even her full share of school-education.

Nor is the complaint only, that any system of "education" is utterly imperfect which provides for woman *only schools*, and not functions.

Nor is it the whole of the grievance that the employments easily accessible to women are few, unintellectual and underpaid.

Nor is it all, that the denial of equal political rights being an absolute wrong, must necessarily be in many ways a practical wrong. Is not each individual, male or female, an unit before God? Has not woman, equally with man, an individual body to be protected, and an individual soul to be saved? Must she not see, feel, know, speak, think, act for herself, and not through another? We hear much said of the value of the "franchise of a freeman," say women. But why should Franchise belong to Francis more than to Frances, when the three words are etymologically the same, and should be practically so;—all signifying simply Freedom. Nay, as things now stand, Frank may grow up a vulgar, ignorant ruffian,—and Fanny may have the mental calibre and culture of Margaret Fuller or Mary Lowell Putnam,—the self-devoted energy of Dorothea Dix or Mary Ware:—yet it will make no difference. The man must count as one in the State, the woman counts zero; a relation, as mathematicians agree, of *infinite* inferiority.

But this is not all. Nor is it all that this exclusion is a thing done without "the consent of the governed." Here, in Massachusetts, we think it a daring responsibility to hold a Constitutional Convention, or even to pass a Liquor Law, without a popular vote thereon. When was the popular vote taken, in which woman relinquished even the rights conceded to them by their English ancestors? At any given moment, there is probably a clear majority of women over men, in this commonwealth. Have this majority consented to their present subjection? No, they have had no opportunity to consent, they have never been asked; they have only *acquiesced*, as the black majority in South Carolina acquiesce, because that very subjection has made them both ignorant and timid.

Nor is it all, that we thus lose the services of the purest half of the human race from our public offices. Not one of these admirable women, whom I have named, may have a direct voice in legislating for a hospital or a prison; not one of those accomplished ones can have a place in even a school-committee;—to say nothing of those grander cares of state which were yet freely granted to Elizabeth of England and to Maria Theresa.

Nor is it all, that female labor thus loses its guarantee of protection, which Political Economy has always recognized as an important feature of free institutions. "To give energy to industrial enterprise (says one American writer, unconscious of the covert satire), the dignity of labor should be sustained; the franchise of a freeman should be granted to the humblest laborer who has not forfeited his right by crime. In the responsibilities

of a freeman he will find the strongest motives to exertion. Besides, so far as government can by its action affect his confidence of a just remuneration for his toil, he feels that a remedy is in his hands by the ballot-box." But where are all these encouragements for women?

Nor is it all, that with the right to labor, all the other rights of woman are equally endangered, by this exclusion from direct power.

For the great grievance alleged by all women who make complaint of grievances is this; that all these details are but part of a *system*, which lies at the basis of all our organizations, assumes at the outset the inferiority of woman, merges every married woman in her husband, and imposes upon every single woman the injustice of taxation without representation;—symbolic of the general fact that she incurs many of the responsibilities of freedom without its rights.

"Husband and wife, (says Blackstone,) are held to be one person in law, so that the very being and existence of the woman is suspended during the *cōverture*, or entirely merged and incorporated in that of the husband."

Nor is this to be an empty claim. "The husband has the right (says another legal authority) of imposing such corporeal restraints as he may deem necessary for securing to himself the fulfillment of the obligations imposed on the wife. He may, in the plenitude of his power, adopt every act of physical coercion which does not endanger the life or health of the wife."

"In short, (says Judge Hurlbut) a woman is courted and wedded as an angel, and yet denied the dignity of a rational and moral being ever after."

The protest of women, therefore, is not against a special abuse, but against a whole system of injustice; and the peculiar importance of political suffrage to woman is only because it seems to be the most essential and reasonable point to begin with. Once recognize the political equality of the sexes, and all the questions of legal, social, educational and professional equality will soon settle themselves.

It is not to be denied that the subject is coming rapidly into discussion, and bids fair to be ably handled. On the one side are the reports of three large and estimable "Woman's Rights' Conventions" in Worcester and Syracuse; together with a series of ten tracts by the same indefatigable band of agitators. On the other side are the fixed observances of church and state; nearly every stripling editor in the land has winged his goosequill in defense of established institutions; reverend divines have quoted Scripture, and grave professors quoted Aristophanes; and nothing has been left undone except to reprint old John Knox's tract of A. D., 1553, entitled "Blast of a Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women."

It is an unfortunate fact for this last party, that every argument they use appears to be vitiated by the fact, that it has been used heretofore in defense of every oligarchy and every slavery. The rebellious females are assured, first, that they do not really wish for any farther political rights; second, that they do not need them; third, that they are not fit for them. To which the fair malcontents reply, like malcontents in all ages, fair or foul; first, that they know what they wish,—second, that they know what they need,—third, that

they know what they are fit for, and propose to secure it.

I. Upon the first point, I can only here say, that men have, as men, nothing to do with it. This essay is entitled "Woman and her wishes," because I conceive that to be, *for men*, the main point at issue. The final choice must be made by women themselves. The final question must be, what does woman, after all, desire. It may be still as difficult to ascertain this as in the days of the wandering knight, whereof the legend is older than Chaucer; but it is essential. I do not understand, however, that any man is called upon to settle this question. We are not to interfere, except to secure fair play. I have not heard that the most ardent apostles have proposed to compel any woman to make stump-speeches against her will; or march a fainting sisterhood to the polls, under a police in Bloomer costume. Let there only be fair play. The highest demand of each,—that is her destiny. "Let them be sea-captains *if they will*, and that is all.

II. Upon the second point, that women do not need additional rights, there is more to be said.

I do not understand it to be asserted by any one that women have no influence because they have no direct political power. Margaret Fuller is right on this point; "it needs only that she be a good cook, or a good scold, to secure her *influence*, if that were all." There never was a time when she had not this, however totally the theory of society may have excluded her. Demosthenes confessed that "measures which the statesman has meditated a whole year, may be overturned in a day by a woman." The shrewd Ganganelli (Pope Clement XIV.) said well that "many women who appeared only as the wives of princes or ambassadors, and who are not even mentioned in history, have frequently been the cause of the grandest exploits. Their counsels have prevailed, and the husbands have had all the honor due to the sagacity of their wives." And Montesquieu complains of those who "judge of a government by the men at the head of affairs, and not also by the women who sway those men." "Soignez les femmes," Napoleon used to say to his emissaries, "secure the women!"

It is upon a different ground that the complaint proceeds. "Women should not merely have a share in the power of man—for of that omnipotent nature will not suffer her to be defrauded,—but it should be a *chartered* power, too fully recognized to be abused." "It is always best (remarks another advocate) to add open responsibility, where there must at any rate be concealed power."

The question lies here. Woman must have influence somehow;—shall she have it simply, directly, openly, responsibly;—or, on the other hand, by coaxings, caresses, dimples, dinners, fawnings, frownings, frettings, and lectures after the manner of Mrs. Caudle? It is possibly true, as Miss Bremer's heroine says, that a woman may obtain anything she wishes of her husband, by always keeping something nice to pop into his mouth;—but it is quite questionable whether such a relation can rank any higher in the scale of creation, than do the loves of Nutcracker and Sugar Dolly in the German tale.

Besides, there is this fatal difficulty, that woman with all her powers of domestic coaxing and coercion, has never yet coaxed or coerced her partner into doing her simple justice. Shall we never get beyond the absurd theory that every woman is legally and politically represented by her husband, and hence has an adequate guarantee? The answer is that she has been so represented ever since representation began; and the result appears to be, that among the Anglo Saxon race generally, the laws regulating female property are at this moment so bad, that Lord Brougham is reported to have declared it useless to attempt to amend them; "there must be a total re-construction before a married woman can have any justice."

The wrong lies not so much in any special statute, as in the fundamental theory of the law. Yet no candid man can read the statutes on this subject, of the most enlightened nation, without admitting that they were obviously made by *man*,—not with a view to woman's interests, but to his own. Our Massachusetts laws may not be so bad as the law repealed in Vermont in 1850, which *confiscated to the State* one half the property of every childless widow, unless more distant heirs could be found. But they must compel from every generous person the admission that neither justice nor gallantry has yet availed to procure anything like impartiality in the legal provisions for the two sexes. With what decent figment of justice, then, can man, thus dishonored, claim a continuance of this suicidal confidence?

There is something respectable in the frank barbarism of the old Russian nuptial consecration, "Here, wolf, take thy lamb." But we cannot easily extend the same charity to the civilized wolf of England and America, clad in the sheep's clothing of a volume of Revised Statutes;—caressing the person of the bride, and confiscating her property.

For I believe that our laws do give some protection to the person, and that our courts would hardly sustain the opinion of the English Justice Buller, that the husband might lawfully "correct" his wife with a stick not larger than his thumb—"so great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England," as Blackstone says. But if he should do so, I see but an imperfect remedy. For no woman's cause had ever a trial by a jury of her peers; she may not even have half the jury composed of such as herself, though this privilege is given to foreigners under the English laws. And the wrongs of the outraged wife, or the bereaved mother, can only be adjudged by a masculine tribunal.

It was thought very ludicrous when the female petitioners in New York craved permission to address the Assembly in person, instead of leaving their cause to men. But I apprehend that if that change were made here, the spectacle would not again be seen, of a bill to protect the property of married women being refused a third reading, by a large majority, in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, "after a considerable discussion, mostly of a *humorous character*."

The perfection of woman's character (said Coleridge) is to be characterless. Every man would like to have an Ophelia or a Desdemona for a wife." This last proposition is perhaps too universal a statement; yet grant it, and the sad ques-

tion still recurs, "But what was the fate of Ophelia and Desdemona?"

III. To the third suggestion that woman is not *fitted* for any additional political rights, there is much to be said; and yet little that has not been said by others.

1. For instance, it can hardly be seriously urged that women are not qualified to vote intelligently, since the direct and irresistible protest of the address of the petitioners to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention.

"It would be a disgrace to our schools and civil institutions to argue that a Massachusetts woman, who has enjoyed the full benefit of all their culture, is not as competent to form an opinion on civil matters, as the illiterate foreigner, landed but a few years before upon our shores,—unable to read or write,—not free from early prejudices—and little acquainted with our institutions. Yet such *men* are allowed to vote."

2. Another argument is met as explicitly by a resolution of the first Woman's Rights' Convention in Worcester.

Resolved. That it is as absurd to deny all women their civil rights, because the cares of household and family take up all the time of some, as it would be to exclude the whole male sex from Congress, because some men are sailors or soldiers, in active service, or merchants, whose business requires all their attention and energies.

3. It is said that women are not now familiar with political affairs. Certainly they are not, for they have no stimulus to be. Give them the same object in informing themselves;—and the natural American appetite for newspapers will be developed as readily in women as in men.

4. There is fear of undue publicity. "Place woman unbonneted and unshawled before the public gaze, (wrote the exquisite critic of the New York Christian Inquirer) and what becomes of her modesty, her virtue?" But surely the question of publicity is already settled, to the utmost extent. At least every man must be silent who acquiesces in the drama, the opera or the concert. I will not dwell on the exposures of the theatre, or the indelicacies of the ballet. But if Jenny Lind was "an angel of purity and benevolence" for consenting to stand, chanting and enchanting, before three thousand excited admirers; if Madame Sontag could give a full-dress rehearsal (which does not commonly imply a superfluity of costume) for the special edification of the clergy of Boston,—and be rewarded with duplicate Bibles;—it is really hard to see why a humble woman in a Quaker dress,—yes, or any other—may not bear her testimony against sin, before as large an audience as can be assembled to hear her.

"Oh, but men say, "it seems different, somehow, to hear a Quaker woman speak in public!" Yes, but is it different? Are right and reason to depend on the colors one happens to wear? It has been said that "a saint in ermine is twice a saint in lawn." But why is a drab-colored Amazon more tolerable than any other?

We repress a woman's tongue in public and then complain if she uses it disproportionately in private. But if she has anything worth saying in the one case, why not in the other? Surely there is no want of physical power. Jenny Lind can fill as large a concert-room as Lablache. Nay, there is

another aspect to the argument. Often, at conventions of men, amid the roughness and the gruffness of tone, the stammering and the hesitating, when I have recalled to my ear the clear delicious voice of Lucy Stone, "gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman," yet penetrating with its quiet fascination to the utmost corners of the hall—never loud to the nearest, never faint to the farthest, and bearing on its quiet current all pure womanly thoughts and noble aspirations—I have almost wondered at the tolerance of Paul in suffering a *man* to speak in public.

And let those who, even after this, cling to the idle thought, that such a public career is incompatible with the more modest graces, (which are becoming, not to feminine character only, but to human character;) let such persons read the stainless record of Elizabeth Fry's inner life, in the most intoxicating periods of her noble career.

"It was indeed an act of faith," says her journal in describing a public address, "I have a feeling of unfitness and unworthiness for these services, more than I can express. On entering the assembly I hardly dared look up; when I did, I thought there must be fifteen hundred persons present; but I may, I think, say it was, before I ended, a glorious time; the power of the good Spirit appeared to reign over us."

5. But the great anxiety, after all, seems to be for the Dinner. Men insist, like the German Jean Paul, on having a wife who shall cook them something good. I confess to some sympathy with these. I too, wish to save the dinner. Yet it seems more important, after all, to save the soul. It is a significant fact, that several female authors, as Mrs. Child and Miss Leslie, have had to *work their passage* into literature by compiling cookery-books first; just as Miss Martineau thinks it well to vindicate Mrs. Somerville's right to use the telescope, by proving that she has an eye to the tea-table also. Let us consent to this, and only supplicate, that after the cookery book is written and the table set, the soul of the woman may be considered as free. Let us value the dinner; for it is well that labor should have its material basis, as life has; but let us remember that a woman who provides for that, and that only, is after all but a half-woman, of whom Mrs. Jellyby is the other half.

It is to be admitted, however, that among the "domestic virtues" there are functions nobler than the culinary department. Yet how strange the blindness that hopes to educate them by crushing all other faculties. And how strange a narrowness of estimate is often left, even after this blindness is partially removed. For instance, some critic said, after speaking very cordially of Mrs. Mill's able article on "The Enfranchisement of Woman," in the Westminster Review, that "it was to be hoped, however, that the mother of J. S. Mill would always regard it as her chief honor to have reared her distinguished son." But in the name of common sense, why so? Is it not as much to be an useful woman, as to rear an useful man? Why postpone the honor from generation to generation; or when will it be overtaken? Or rather, what incompatibility between parental and social duties? The father may be as important in the rearing of the child as the mother; (indeed Jean Paul says with exquisite truthfulness, that the mother marks

the commas and semicolons in the son's life, but the father the colons and periods;) yet it is not considered the whole duty of man to be a good father. John Adams contrived to train John Quincy Adams, and to be a parent and guardian of American liberty likewise;—why should woman content herself with one-half the mission?

And there are facts enough to vindicate our statement. Victoria is at the head of a kingdom and of a household,—and neither of them a small one; and she fulfills both vocations well. I was once told by the most eminent of American Quakers, that it was generally admitted among this body, that the female members most publicly useful, are also the best wives and mothers. Certainly the twenty-five grandchildren of Elizabeth Fry rose up to call her blessed none the less, because she was the valued adviser of all the leading British statesmen, and the guest or correspondent of half the sovereigns of Europe. Nay, it is touching to read that in the very height of her public labors, "Mrs. Fry's maternal experience led her to give some advice about the babies' dress, (at the Paris *Enfants Trouvés*) that it might afford them more liberty of movement."

6. In the disorder now sometimes exhibited at our caucuses and town-meetings, there is plainly an argument, not for the exclusion, but for the admission of women. They have been excluded quite too long. Observe the different character of public dinners since their admission there, which yet would have seemed as unpardonable to our grandfathers. Such is my faith in the moral power of woman that I fear we cannot spare her from these scenes of temptation. There was wisdom in that hearty recognition given by a party of rough California miners to some brave New England women who were crossing the Isthmus, in the rainy season, to join their husbands. "Three cheers (said they) for the ladies who have come to make us better."

We need the feminine element in our public affairs to make us better. I cannot agree with those who deny that there are certain differences of temperament between the sexes; God had a great purpose in these; let us not deny them, nor let us waste them. It is precisely these feminine attributes which we need in all the spheres of life.—Wherever the experiment has been tried, (as among the Quakers) it has proved successful: it will yet be tried farther. The noble influence of Manuelita Rosas, in Paraguay, over the policy of the stern dictator, her father, is but a hint of what is yet to come when such influences shall be openly legitimated. Woman, as a class, may be deceived, but not wholly depraved; society may impair her sense, but not her self-devotion. Her foot has been cramped in China, and her head everywhere; but her heart is uncramped. We need in our politics and our society a little more heart. The anti-slavery movement, (the other great political reform of this country) had hardly made its way to the masses till a woman undertook to explain it. And the Western editor's objection to the "Woman's Right's movement" seems to me to be one of its strong points, that "if it should prevail, we may yet see some Mrs. Stowe in the Presidential chair."

It sounds strange to American ears to speak of

a woman as head of a nation. But our English ancestors, three centuries ago, living under the government of a woman, would have been equally astonished to hear of a commoner as being at the head of a nation. Any innovation seems daring until it is made, and when once made it is called "an institution," and then any farther change is daring.

The fatal inconsistency of those who protest against any innovation in the position of woman, lies in the fact that they have tolerated so many innovations already. Once admit that she has been wronged, and the question then recurs, whether she has yet been fully righted. We have conceded too much to refuse farther concessions. She must be a slave or an equal; there is no middle ground. If it is plainly reasonable that the two sexes shall study together in the same High school, then it cannot be hopelessly ridiculous that they should study together in college also. If it is common sense to make a woman deputy postmaster, then it cannot be the climax of absurdity to make her postmaster general—on even the higher officer who is the postmaster's master. Methinks I hear again the old shout of the nobles at Prague "Moriamur pro rege nostro—*Harriet Beecher!*"

It is feared lest there be a confusion in the nature of the two sexes from these wild propositions. But nature commonly provides adequate means in seeking an end. If those distinctions are not strong enough to protect themselves, it is useless to try to guard them. Lucy Stone said, "woman's nature was stamped and sealed by the Creator, and there is no danger of her unsexing herself, while his eye watches her." Nature has everything to dread from constraint, nothing from liberty. The only demand of our female reformers, is to be set free. Then let the decision be made by those whose business it is. "Woman and her wishes," is the title of this essay,—not woman controlled by the wishes of man. As the powers of the body are divided between the sexes (physicians say) giving man the greater power of exertion, and woman the greatest power of endurance; so it can hardly be doubted that a shading of difference without inferiority, runs through all the spiritual natures of women and of men. Of these let there be a union, such as God has joined and man cannot put asunder;—an equal union of hearts, of homes, of lives, of rights, of powers; not tyranny on the one side, disguised as courtesy,—nor criminal self-extinction on the other side, where God demands only a noble and mutual self-consecration.

"Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm,
Then comes the crowning race of human kind."

•••
Iceland was discovered in 860; settled in 870; became an independent republic 928; was Christianized in the year 1000; in 1365 became voluntarily subject to Norway; 1387 fell, together with Norway, under the dominion of Denmark, and remains to this day a Danish Province. For nine hundred years the dress, habits, manners, and character of the people (sixty thousand in number) have remained unchanged.

There are 282,823 Quakers in the United States, and 714 meeting houses.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—Mrs. Bernard has been nominated and confirmed postmistress at West Point.

HOME, APRIL 18th.

DEAR E.

This morning opened upon us like the eye of God. In right regal splendor the sun came up, and with one royal, all conquering glance, scattered the clouds, or drank them up, and left the sky one vast expanse of blue. Nature invited, and though the last night's shower still glittered upon the grass, we donned our long boots and gipsy hat, and went to the woods for wild flowers. A soft southern breeze was playing with the feathery pines, swaying them gracefully from side to side, and whispering fond words to them from afar. We sometimes found it difficult to keep our footing among the fallen leaves on the hill side; but the breath of spring so gladdened our hearts that we sped up and down them, grasping here a bush, and there clinging to a tree, to catch breath till the gaiety of childhood returned; and in the exuberance of joy we gathered the wintergreen and twined a wreath for our hat, and while doing so we chirped to a robin that was watching our movements from a bush near by. There was a strange, earnest interest in his look, as he bent his head to us and swayed lightly back and forth, on the slender branch. The red berries half tempted him, but his large development of caution held him back. When the birds and flowers were made, there must have been a day of jubilee; they are so brilliant and beautiful they make sad hearts joyful.

There is a little brook wanders here in the most fantastic and elfish manner, at one time leaping and dancing over the rocks, then hiding in a meadow, or under the hill, to come dashing out in some unexpected place, like a child full of joy, playing hide and seek, but not waiting to be sought, springs upon you where you least look for him. The waters were high, but we found a few of the stones that we tumbled in here some two or three years ago; and so jumped from one to another, and came to where the flowers grew. We brushed away the leaves and sat down to gather our favorite, the Trailing Arbutus. It seemed almost a sin to pluck and carry them away from their sweet home. They spring from their cold moss bed, like the virtues that are nursed in the school of adversity, and their delicate pink hue is the more beautiful that there is no other flower to compare with them. The spirits of the flowers bore their perfume to us. Mingling with the songs of the birds, was the rippling of the wavelets, the soft notes of the breeze, and the breathing of the buds. A concert of divinest harmony. As I listened, the last lines of a beautiful poem to this flower, which I read long ago, recurred to me—

"When of all that the world bestows,
I turn to nature for calm repose,
How faint my spirit in some far glen
Would fold her wings mid thy flowers again!"

Few there are who do not need this calm repose with nature, this deep converse with that which speaks directly to the inner life. We

need spiritual communion, but the celestial is above the spiritual, as the spiritual is above the terrestrial, and we ascend into that, only when we come alone to the fountain of light. Heaven is not a place, but a state, and we may be alone in that, alone in a universe. But I almost forgot that you cannot in five minutes' walk find nature; that everything about you is artificial, red brick walls, stone pavements with straight rows of starved trees, boxed up, as sickly and unnatural in their life as those who have grown up with them. Necessary evils, you will say cities are; granted, but we have grown away from them, and their evils glare out, and stare us in the face where we once only saw what dazzled and made us half wild with delight.

You ask after the prospects of the Una. Thank you, she is doing well, she has lived three months, and become a little known. We have a large list of exchanges now, and nearly all have welcomed us to ^{our} new life right cordially; some, a little non-committal to our doctrines, but, on the whole, we have no fault to find, thus far, and the more we work for our great cause the dearer it becomes to us, and the broader its scope and influence appears. We have not been disappointed in our friends, they have given us the aid we looked for so confidently, in extending our circulation, and we cannot express warmly enough our gratitude to them for this new proof of their confidence. They have also done well in contributing to our columns.

A few days since there fell into our hands the private journal of a seamstress, from which we are to give extracts as suits our tastes and purposes. It is the history of the toils, trials, temptations and victories, of one who passed from the non-producing class to one of the producers; who learned to use her hands to get bread, bread for herself and sisters. It may help to solve the problem of our wants.

In Rochester there has recently been a large meeting of the seamstresses, attended and participated in we observe by many others. One gentleman said he would board a dozen of the women six weeks if they would all stand out for higher wages. The advance asked on fixed rates was 20 per cent.; this was considered as too little. The committee appointed to draft resolutions, was also instructed to call another meeting, if the employers refused to accede to the advance of wages. We noticed another point in the report. It says: "There are persons employed in sewing who ought not to be; the daughters of tradesmen, mechanics, and even thrifty farmer's wives and daughters, who are able to support them, should be ashamed to throw themselves into competition with poor needle women. If the spirit which leads them to do this, is that which shrinks from receiving support from some other hard toiler, the word *shame* should not be applied to them. Point them to something beside the needle to aid their

newly awakened spirit of self-reliance. But encourage them by all means in labor of some kind. Why should a farmer's or a merchant's daughter hang upon her father for support any more than his son after he is of age.

In the New York Day Book we find that in consequence of the "Printers Union," (formed we believe for self protection) women have been introduced to check mate a combination called by the capitalists tyranical. This opens a new and profitable field of labor to women, but when they have acquired the trade we hope they will offer themselves as members of the Printer's Union, and thus secure the full benefit to themselves of the opening. Type setting is no new business for women; the "Olive Branch," of Boston, is nearly, if not entirely, set up by female compositors. The composing room being a fine, comfortable, carpeted apartment, with pleasant air, &c. It is stated in the Day Book that "thus far the girls have done well, and are learning very fast, and what is more, that they are anxious to become good compositors." He farther states, "we have no doubt that they will be able in a month's time to set twenty thousand ems a week; this at printers' prices, will amount to over \$5 50. "There is no reason why thousands of them should not be employed in this way, and as all California and Oregon are open to men, some of them had better start for the diggins." Since we have been daily at the printing office, and have stood watching the words grow in the stick, the work has become very attractive to us, and we have imagined what we would do, if the office were only ours; how bright, clean and tidy we would make it, and what nice women we would have setting the type for WOMAN'S RIGHTS' books and papers, and how rapidly and neatly they would fold, mail, &c. Indeed, there are a thousand things women might do, and they *must* find them out, for the sewing machines will do in an hour what a woman could not in a day.

To-day's Tribune gives an account of a meeting of the waiters, in New York. Its object—to elevate their class. This we like; a just self respect entitles them to the respect of others. They, too, were demanding an increase of wages; this reminded us of some impressions made in a visit a few months since to the great city. We stopped at one of the fashionable hotels; in the morning, knowing that we could have breakfast at any hour before eleven, we did not hasten at the first ringing of the bell. On passing into the hall from our room, we saw a fine looking woman bringing two large pails of water, and presently she commenced the laborious task of scouring the floor on her hands and knees. In the Ordinary, a morning paper was handed us to read while our breakfast was in preparation; after glancing over its columns, we looked about to see what was going on. At a table a little distance from us sat a young, healthy, strong looking man, folding napkins

elaborately, to grace the dinner table, another was rubbing goblets and wine glasses; two others were removing the breakfast cloths, and folding them, while two others were spreading the dinner cloths; another was letting down and arranging the window shades, another fixing the salt cellars and castors, and another rubbing the forks and spoons; two others occupied themselves with our breakfast. Thus near a dozen strong, healthy, vigorous men were doing light duties, that any set of girls of twelve years could do equally well. On returning to our room we stopped to talk with the woman who was cleaning the hall. Of her we learned that she worked for \$2.50 per week; that she had a child and an aged mother to support; that every night after her work was done, wearied as she might be, she went home to sleep. Why was not the wear of her muscles, the expenditure of her strength, of equal worth with the labor of those men who were receiving from twelve to sixteen, and eighteen dollars per month? We did not ask if the woman was honest, and in thinking of her we felt that were we called to sit upon a jury where one in her class should be brought up for theft, we should be very lenient, and very difficult to convince of her guilt. We saw two other women scouring back stairs, and carrying heavy pails of water up and down long flights; one of these was a worn, sickly creature, the hectic already burning in her cheek. Delicate woman, thought we; man's idol, his "stainless ideal of perfection," your graces how perfect, how divine!" The same morning we stepped into a car to ride up town, it was already nearly filled; a gentleman however rose, with the utmost suavity, and proffered us his seat, a pleasant comfortable one, and remained standing until another was vacated. Presently a woman with two children entered; the day was piercing cold, her dress, an old faded cotton gown, and shawl. She turned her large liquid eye, soft as a gazelle's, from side to side, looking imploringly for a seat; but there was none for her until she reached the extreme end of the car and crouched down by the door, where the cold wind blew upon her each time it was opened; there she folded more closely to her chilled heart her babe, and strained over it the old shawl. And so, we said to ourselves, it was not our womanhood which procured this seat, but our soft, warm cloak and furs. Women are divided into two classes; one class are indeed the idols of men, their play things, their pets, their household divinities; birds and flowers, are not gayer in their attire, or freer from care than these women—but alas! the contrast which poverty marks. A poor woman is not out of her sphere sawing wood, picking rags in the gutters, peddling fish in the street, in short doing any hard drudgery which will give her a subsistence. She may plough in the field, yoked with the bullock, (in countries where this is usual) work on the

quays, act as porter, and fight her way through, for she has the physical strength, the bone and muscle to conquer, and "might makes right"—she comes here only in competition with the material. I have said there were two classes, but thank heaven there is a third, small but increasing; a class of "strong minded women" who will not consent to be slaves or toys; their love of harmony is such that it drives them from either extreme, and they aspire to be always the companions of men in all holy faiths and pure good works.

We attended the examination of the normal schools in our city a few days since; the largest proportion of the pupils were young ladies who had passed through the high schools. We will make no invidious comparisons between the sexes in the trial of mental powers. It is sufficient to say that we were delighted with the scholarship and the ability displayed to impart instruction, and other evidence of the truth of our theory, that women excel as teachers. But with all this superior ability, the young men of the same class will receive double the salaries as teachers, that the most accomplished scholars among the girls can command. A male teacher receives from \$50 to \$75 per month, while a female can obtain only \$15 or \$20; and who will say that the duties of one are less arduous than the other? You, dear E., have a work to do in your circle, to help correct public sentiment, and to insist on the *right*; shrink not from that word, it has in it a world of meaning, and is not antagonistic in its true signification.

Fourteen years ago, Colonel Gorman, now Governor of Minnesota, introduced and supported in the Indiana Legislature, a bill so far recognizing woman, as to give her the right to, and the control of, her property. It passed the House, but was lost in the Senate. Mr. Gorman was called to Texas. R. Owen was soon after elected, took up the bill and advocated its passage, for which act the women held him in such grateful remembrance as to present him with a service of silver.

We shall look for your observations on life with interest, your stand point being a little different from that of any other of our correspondents. Our morning gossip with you must draw to a close, or we shall be guilty of a sin that some newspaper readers consider as the unpardonable one, viz: that of spinning long yarns; but if they will send us short, strong skeins, we will give place to them most cheerfully.

Adieu. Ed.

It may appear a little presumptuous for us in our extreme youth, to give any notices of old long established papers; it seems quite natural for us to wait a year or so, and only call attention to those younger than ourselves; but the Tribune, that for years we have looked upon as a good and welcome friend wherever we went, comes to us in a handsome new dress, a fair margin wide columns, and clear type, with an abundance of good reading. Long life and prosperity to it.

We did not see the revised proof of the article on Aspasia, and on reading it find that there are mistakes in it which materially injure the strength and force of the article. We shall not attempt to correct the typographical errors, simply those words and names which change its sense. We feel that we ought to ask pardon of our readers for having to make an errata two months in succession, but we had never in our lives looked at a proof until we issued the first number of the Una, and to own the truth, we often get quite bewildered over the ugly words and the dropped stitches in our own articles, and scarcely know what we did mean in the outset; and when the manuscript of our correspondents is not distinct, we are still more puzzled for them, for our intuitions go no farther than our own theories.

In the first column of Aspasia, seventh line, read *African* for *American*. In the twenty-third, *Lempriere* for *Lemprieu*. In the first paragraph, second column, fifteenth line, *put* for *kept*, and *Xantippus* for *Anthippus*, also *Paralus* for *Pailus*. In the third paragraph, twelfth line, *irritating* for *imitating*. In the third column, ninth line, *Zeno* for *Zeus*; fifteenth line, *Christ* for *chief*; seventh line, *Xenophon* for *Sokrates*; eleventh line from the bottom, *Dyonisus* for *Diongens*; second line from the bottom, *myths* for *nymphs*. The spelling of the names being changed from the usual mode to the old Greek, and the difficulty of deciphering the remainder, led to the blunders so mortifying to ourselves.

We have reason to request our correspondents to be particular in writing proper names, both in their articles and also in sending the names of subscribers. We have found ourselves under the necessity of spending half an hour to find some little obscure town, forwarded without any county, and but for the post mark we should not know the state. So, persons living in large cities have often sent their subscription, closing their letters with "yours &c." giving the initial of the first, and perhaps the whole of the last name, that with close study we could make out. We have always forwarded the papers in such cases, but in a few days we have had sometimes a sharp letter because the paper was not received. Now all we have to say to this is, friends, we have no instincts by which we can find out your middle names, your street or place of business, your state or county. We are anxious that our subscribers should have all their papers, and we have not fretted over the waste of our own time about this matter; but nevertheless, we would like to have a thought given to it.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Ohio Woman's Rights' Association, will be held at Ravenna, Ohio, on the 25th and 26th of May inst. This being the first annual meeting of this organization, a full attendance is very desirable.

From the Yates County Whig.

A VALENTINE.

A dew drop in a violet lay,
And sparkling in a morning ray,
It seemed a bright and beaming star,
Decended from its throne afar,
And nestled in the blossoms's breast,
To seek serene and quiet rest.

A sunbeam kissed a crested wave,
That rose, a gray old rock to lave :
And ere its weight of angry swell,
Against the opposing barrier fell,
Beneath that radiance forming mild,
The stormy billow danced and smiled !

Many a calm and cloudless hour,
May life confer on thy heart flower :
And I would be, while all is fair,
A gem of Friendship, twinkling there ;
But should some dark and deep unrest,
Be to thy care-worn bosom prest,
Then may my friendship be to thee,
Like sunlight on the foaming sea !

KATE KONNAL.

••••• STUDY MEN, NOT BOOKS.

Oh, but books are such safe company ! They keep your secrets well; they never boast that they made your eyes glisten, or your cheek flush, or your heart throb. You may take up your favorite author, and love him at a distance, just as warmly as you like, for all the sweet faces and glowing thoughts that have winged your lonely hours so fleetly and so sweetly. Then you may close the book, and lean your cheek against the cover, as if it were the face of a dear friend ; shut your eyes and soliloquise to your heart's content, without fear of misconstruction, even if you should exclaim, in the fullness of your enthusiasm, "what an adorable soul that man has !" You may put the volume under your pillow, and let your eyes and the first ray of morning light fall on it together, and no Argus eye shall rob you of that delicious pleasure, no carping old maid or straight-faced Pharisee shall cry out, "it is not proper!"

You may have a thousand petty, provoking, irritating annoyances through the day, and you shall come back again to your dear old book, and forget them all in dream land. It shall be a friend that shall be always at hand ; that shall never try you by caprice, or pain you by forgetfulness, or wound you by distrust.

"Study men!"

Well, try it once ! I don't believe there's any neutral territory where that interesting study can be pursued as it should be ? Before you get to the end of the first chapter they'll be making love to you from the mere force of habit—and because silks and calicos, and delaines naturally suggest it.

It's just as natural to 'em as to sneeze when a ray of sunshine flashes suddenly in their faces ; "Study men !" That's a game, my dear, that two can play at ! Do you suppose they are going to sit quietly down and let you dissect their heart, without returning the compliment ! No, indeed ! that's where they differ slightly from "books!"—always expect an equivalent.

Men are a curious study ! Sometimes it pays to read to "the end of the volume," and then again—it don't—mostly the latter.

FANNY FERN.

The Duchess of Sutherland's Petition to the ladies of the United States, it is said, is on the way here, to be entrusted to Mrs. Stowe, whose absence was not calculated upon. One of these papers is said to be signed by half a million of ladies, and another by 160,000.

The idle should not be classed among the living ; they are a sort of dead men that can't be buried.

Subscriptions received from March 25th to April 20th, 1853.

R W Bennet	\$1	M Goddard	1
C H Allen	1	Ira Grey	1
E Allen	1	F F Hussey	1
M E Butler	2	A Humphrey	1
L Ballou	1	Rev. S S Huting	1
T Bowers	1	E Hawkins	1
M Babcock	1	R Jackson	1
S Curry	1	F Johnson	1
M J Colburn	1	S Johnson	1
L Collins	1	A Jewet	1
H Clark	1	A P Ketchum	1
M R Clark	1	J P Knowles	1
E Chase	1	M W Mann	5
T Cavan	1	M A Maynard	1
W H Channing	1.	E H Merrill	1
S S Cushing	1	D B Mowrey	1
J Carew	1	M H Mills	1
S Child	1	Mrs. Nye	1
C M Drake	1	N Nash	1
M B Dodge	1	S Norton	1
Sarah Dow	1	E Phelps	1
Wm Dall	1	P Pillsbury	1
C Eldridge	1	N A Pickett	1
S H Earle	1	M G Porter	1
M B Earle	1	W M Parker	1
L S French	1	J W Roberts	1
Wm Francis	1	S M Spelman	1
M Flint	1	C M Severance	1
T P Fogg	1	J Southwick	1
J C Folsom	1	D Thomas	1
J T Fisher	1	M J Tilden	1
H G Gladding	1	C C Thayer	1
J Gladding	1	N D Wheeler	1
H W Gilbert	1	E M Watson	1
S Gould	1	G T Waters	1
C A Goodman	1	Dr. York	1

LIVERPOOL,

Ralph Heap, Esq	1	Mrs. Chappel	1
Miss Harris	3	Mrs. Sanderson	1
Smith Harrison	1	Mrs. E Finch	1
Marion Finch	1	John Finch, S'r.	1

Mrs. Schneider, a missionary from Asia Minor, whose husband is still laboring successfully in the cause of missions in the country, address'd a large audience in St Paul's Church in this city, on Wednesday evening. She is an interesting speaker, and gave an encouraging account of the progress the missionaries are making in and around Constantinople. Hundreds of the Turks have embraced the Christian faith, and new fields of labor are continually opening for evangelization. Owing to the persecutions and privations which missionaries were obliged to undergo, the average of their life there has been computed at five years; but Mr. and Mrs. Schneider have been laboring in the field for nineteen years, and are still in the vigor of life and the prime of usefulness.—*Lancaster Evening Express.*

Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing, and repining, are all idle and profitless employments.

Lay by a good store of patience, but be sure and put it where you can find it.

A CARD.

MRS. N. E. CLARK, M. D., 49 Hancock street, opposite the reservoir. At home to see patients from 12 to 2, and from 3 to 5 P. M., unless professionally absent.

Mornings reserved for visiting patients. Obstetrical and all diseases of women and children carefully treated.

Boston, Feb. 20th.

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THE UNA,

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Providence, R. I., March 1, 1853.

N. E. SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

THE third term will commence Feb. 27, 1853. Pupils will be received on application at the school on or before that day.

Designs for Delaines, Calicos, Muslins, printed Flannels, Paper Hangings, &c., executed at the school—also designs for wood engravings—vignettes—initial letters, &c., Lithography and wood engravings neatly and promptly done at the school. Thorndike's Building, Summer street, Boston.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS TRACTS.

THE following series of Tracts is now in press, and will be ready for sale in a few days, at the prices named below :

No. I. A Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Women. Third edition. By SAMUEL J. MAY. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. II. The Speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS, to the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. III. "On the Rights of the Female Sex to an education as thorough and extended as is provided for the Male." A Report, by Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, read at the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. IV. "Enfranchisement of Women"—an admirable article from the Westminster Review; and Miss HUNT's Protest against taxation of Women. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. V. "The Sanctity of Marriage." By Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. VI. Speech of Mrs. C. I. H. NICHOLS to the Worcester Convention, Oct., 1851, "On the Responsibilities of Women." Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. VII. Speech of Mrs. M. E. J. GAGE, to the Convention in Syracuse, Sept., 1852. Historical evidence of the talents and energy of the female sex. Single copy, 5 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. VIII. "No need of a permanent organization": A Letter from Mrs. ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD to the Convention at Syracuse. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. IX. Speech of Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, to the Convention at Syracuse, containing her criticism upon the remarks of the Hon. Mr. Roebeek, in the British Parliament. Also, the Declaration of Rights, issued by the Convention of Women, at Seneca Falls, Sept., 1848. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. X. Letters from Mrs. E. C. STANTON—1st, to the Convention at Worcester, Oct., 1850; 2d, to the Convention at Syracuse, Sept., 1852. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

N. B. Copies of this Report, at 12 1/2 cents, single, \$10 per hundred, and any of the above named Tracts may be obtained of J. E. MASTERS, or S. I. MAY, Syracuse, N. Y., or Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTTE, Philadelphia; Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH and Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, New York; ROBERT F. WALCUT, BOSTON; Mrs. EMILY ROBINSON, Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio. Pay the postage.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE 1, 1853.

NO. 5.

THE UNA,

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sent to one address for five dollars.

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or on business, to be addressed to the Editor,

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

"PEPPERELL HOUSE,"

OR

A GLIMPSE OF MARY STEVENS' YOUTH.

BY CAROLINE HEALY DALL.

"Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs, the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

Goldsmith.

"A fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but
a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon. Or rather the
sun and not the moon, for it shines bright and never changes,
but keeps his course truly." King Henry 5th.

(Concluded.)

Lady Pepperell came, in a state coach, that glittered with gay trappings; and attended by liveried servants, she carried the poor child away. It was as Mary predicted. As soon as she found that she could be of use to others, her vital strength returned. Preparations were making to receive the bride. Andrew's house, elegantly appointed for one of that period, was finished, and one afternoon Mrs. Sparhawk called Mary, to look at an elegant diamond ring, which Andrew had just purchased. As she gazed upon the brilliant hoop, Mary Stevens' eyes grew dim.

"Perhaps I am very foolish," she said, in answer to Col. Sparhawk's enquiring glance, "but a wedding seems so very serious a thing to me, that I do not like to see you all so gay about it. Even as I look at this brilliant ring, I see black enamel taking the place of the bright gold, and 'Obit,' written thereon."

Elizabeth Sparhawk put her hands playfully over Mary's lips. "Hush, hush, you raven," she exclaimed. "You have borrowed Mr. Moo-

die's black suit!" But alas! the vision was prophetic. The next morning Mary saw young Pepperell depart. She herself assisted in packing into his saddle bags the last decorations for the bride. In a few days she was to follow him with Sir William and Lady Mary, and the wedding was to be celebrated, with a magnificence unknown in the Province. The gay nothings suitable to the occasion, would not fall from her lips, and Mrs. Sparhawk who accompanied her brother, rallied her upon her distraction.

"I do not think I am distracted," said Mary, in reply to some enquiries of Lady Pepperell, after they were left alone, "I am in my sober senses, and they are crazy with the wine of joy. After my late experience, it is not wonderful that I should think all happiness somewhat insecure." Lady Pepperell sat musing for a few moments.

"Mary!" said she, at last, with the suddenness with which one welcomes a bright idea, "Mary! did you ever see the letter my father wrote me on my marriage?"

"No, Madam."

"I will go and get it this very moment, it may do you good," and the active little woman tripped away. Lady Mary Pepperell had been the daughter of a certain wealthy merchant, a Mr. Grove Hirst, of Boston, New England, who printed for her, and all young ladies, a certain letter, which to his own thinking indicated with precision the only road to matrimonial bliss. A copy of this letter, bound in sky blue velvet, printed on white satin, and delicately clasped with gold, Lady Pepperell now put into Mary's hand. Nothing short of the strict nature of the Puritan school in which she had been reared, would have enabled Mary to peruse this strange document with gravity. Descending to all the minutia of female employment, the author seemed to be deficient in all needful mental perspective. His good wife must never work one moment after dusk on Saturday night; never lay aside her knitting till she reached the middle of her needle; must rise with the sun; pass one hour every day with her housekeeper;

visit every apartment from the garret to the cellar, at least, once a week; must attend to the brewing of her beer; the baking of her bread; and interest every member of her family in religious duties.

"A proper climax," thought Mary, as she read this last, "but preceded by such a medley of instructions!" and she wondered what would be her own father's thought, if he were called to part with her. "I may not live to see your wedding day, dear Mary," said the little lady affectionately, "but put that book away, and let it remind you of me when the hour comes."

It was the second evening after Andrew Pepperell's departure. Mary had assisted Lady Pepperell and her maid, to make the preparations necessary for their own. A heavy northeast rain had set in and detained Sir William beyond his usual hour. His Lady had retired to prepare for an early start. With a feeling of foreboding heavy at her heart, Mary sat down at her open Bibie. For a day or two she had observed a gloom upon Sir William's countenance, and with her eyes fixed upon the significant words, "For it was the preparation day," she sat trying to give her disjointed thoughts a form. Could it be possible that anything was going wrong with Andrew? Why did Sir William look so black when Lady Mary asked at what hour she should order the coach? She knew but little of Andrew, and that not in his favor. What should she think of Sir William's hurrying to Portsmouth every day the moment breakfast was over, returning always in somewhat less than full possession of himself. He, the temperate Sir William! Again her eye rested upon the words,

"For it was the preparation day."

At this moment her quick ear caught the clatter of hoofs without. Thinking only to greet the master of the house, she rose with her candle in her hand, but before she could reach it, the hall-door flew open, and two figures in long riding cloaks drenched to the skin, stood before her. "Elizabeth! Andrew!" was all

that she could say; but not one word in answer. Andrew Pepperell seized the candle in her hand, and with a face purpled and convulsed with passion, strode away to his room. Elizabeth, white as a ghost, sank upon the nearest chair. With a perfect disinterestedness that few women possess, Mary staid to ask no questions. She rang for lights, and the moment they came, passed her arm gently round Elizabeth Sparhawk's waist, and led her to her own room. A warm bed, hot draughts, and the usual precautions of that period could not prevent her teeth from chattering, while her whole frame shook. When everything had been done, Mary asked, "Where is Col. Sparhawk?"

"Gone to meet Sir William."

Mary went down to the housekeeper, to beg that Lady Pepperell might not be disturbed. She found the servants all assembled in the Hall. Looks of consternation on all their faces. No one seemed to know what to make of this sudden return. The servant who had gone with the riding party, was attending to the horses, and as little inclined to speak as the over-ridden animals themselves. Two hours went by, and Sir William came at last. Mary heard his sword clank against the stone pavement of the court-yard, when he dismounted, and came to meet him. One glance told her that she and every body had seen the last of the cheerful, jovial Sir William Pepperell.

A settled moroseness brooded over his fine countenance; he bent his shoulders as if they smarted under a recent blow, and when Mary feebly begged that Lady Pepperell might not be disturbed, he answered rudely, "No one need disturb her, let her sleep her last, quiet sleep." Colonel Sparhawk was pale but calm.

He followed Mary into the Hall. "Are there any questions it is proper I should ask?" she said, looking timidly up into his face. "There is but little to tell you, Mary," he replied, with his usual grave courtesy. "When we reached General Waldron's, we found the lady unwilling to receive us. Guests had already arrived from a distance, and preparations were making on the most magnificent scale. But at this last moment, said the lady, when she finally gave us audience, she felt justified in withdrawing from an engagement to one, whom she found to be absorbed in low company and low pleasures." "And Andrew?" "He answered not a word, asked no questions, made no defence."

"God help him!" ejaculated Mary.

"Nay! Let Him rather help Sir William," returned the Colonel. "It is no trifle when a man has reached his years, to find himself and his family the sport of the country. As for Andrew let him bake as he has brewed. I would have detained them both upon the road, but the boy would not wait, and Elizabeth dreaded to have him meet his father wholly unprepared."

"Poor Andrew!" said Mary, sighing; "It was

but an ungentle reward for his long devotion, at the very best." She turned to go up stairs, but his most unlucky saddle-bags obstructed the way. She turned aside to put them under lock and key, and as she closed the press, heard the low rumbling of distant thunder, and saw that the key glistened in the moonlight. Mary went to the window and opened it. The wind had changed. A light southerly breeze came up the river and the clouds were drifting rapidly before it. "It will be a hot day to-morrow," she said to the old housekeeper as she turned away.

Yes, it was a hot day, a day long remembered in Portsmouth, as the "hot Saturday." On this day, men dropped dead at their haying in the field, and horses before they reached their stalls. Cattle lay with dry lips, gasping in the shade, and the white waves caught a coppery glare from the hot atmosphere, that mocked the very thought of coolness. Mary felt the heat at dawn. She was up and dressed when Lady Pepperell's bell rang, and answered it herself. It was hard to disturb the peaceful serenity of that child-like face.

"Where is Sir William?" was her first question when Mary entered. "I was too weary last night. I really believe it is after the hour at which I ordered the coach."

"I should have called you," answered Mary, "but we are not going to the General's to-day." "Not going!" and then all had to be explained. She bore it, as such women always do, silently grieving; but exerting herself meanwhile for the comfort of her daughter and husband. Most of all, she dreaded to see Andrew, but she need not. When she went down he had already gone on horseback to Portsmouth.

Sir William yielded nothing to her gentle advances. The mortification stung him to the quick, and when he spoke, it was but to mutter bitterly, "Would to God that he were dead!" Elizabeth Sparhawk tossed restlessly upon her bed, her faithful husband watching beside her. Mary, like an angel of comfort, wandered from one to the other. No one in that house thought of the heat, rather of the fires of pride, that blast the human soul, and desolate as they sweep on.

It was some hours after noon, Lady Pepperell had gone for a moment to the hall, and Mary was sitting by an upper window. At a distance she discerned a crowd of persons making their way toward the house, by the dusty upper road. They came tumultuously but slowly on, bearing something with them, reverently carried. The heaviness at Mary's heart interpreted the whole. In a moment she was at the head of the stairs, "Lady Pepperell! dear Lady Mary is here in Mrs. Sparhawk's room!"

She was none too quick, the door had scarcely closed upon Lady Pepperell's form, when Mary heard the heavy muffled tread of many

feet, and the deep drawing of many breaths, as something heavy was again deposited. "Would to God that he were dead!" Say it again Sir William? But there is no need; from the armchair where he has sat since yester-night, the stricken father sees and understands it all.

* * * * *

It was not suicide, only the heat, and this death of the young heir, and all the terrible casualties of that terrible day, so swallowed up all memory of the intended marriage that when the public again thought of Sir William, it was only with the tenderest commiseration. And they had need. Mrs. Sparhawk recovered from a sickness that seized the very centre of life. Lady Pepperell lifted her meek eyes and bent her gentle lips to smile once more, but to Sir William came no change. No company came now to his hospitable board, no glass of wine tempted his lips to gossip of the fleet at Louisburg. A stern unmitigated fate was written on his brow, and as soon as the health of Mrs. Sparhawk would permit, his friend Sewall was summoned from York to draw up a new will. He had but one ambition,—to perpetuate his name, and he now directed all his energies to the securing of his wealth and title to his daughter's son, who was to take the name of Pepperell.

"A strange pride in a reputation, a strange anxiety for the honor of his posterity," muttered Sewall to the housekeeper, as they left the room. "There is something ungodly in this uneasy mind. Would you wonder now, mistress Rattray, if you or I lived to see all these family honors scattered to the wind?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated the faithful woman, "but my master has never been himself since the hour of Mr. Andrew's death."

As they passed through the hall, they found Mrs. Sparhawk paying some money to a stranger. Mr. Sewall paused to look at something in her hand. It was a diamond ring. The hoop of virgin gold, had been replaced by one of black enamel, and a crystal behind the stones, protected a lock of Andrew Pepperell's hair. On the hoop was written,

Andrew Pepperell Obit. Aug. —, 18—, Aet. 26.

When the first days of suffering were over, Mary would gladly have returned to her quiet home, but Mrs. Sparhawk who had lost her infant during her distressing illness, and Lady Mary who knew not what to make of Sir William in his changed mood, begged that she would stay; so Mary went daily to lighten her grandmother's cares for a few hours, still making Pepperell House her home. She was not sorry that she did so. A few weeks after Andrew's sudden death, with no healthful change to body or spirit, Sir William passed away. If there were such a thing as slow apoplexy, he might be said to have died of that, for his countenance grew rigid and purple after the death of his son, and it was apparent to all beholders that he preserved its calmness by al-

most unprecedented effort. It cost Mary no little pain to remain at Pepperell House until after the funeral, but she considered it a duty owed to her friends and she did not shrink. The body was splendidly confined, covered with a black velvet pall embroidered with the Pepperell escutcheon. It lay in state in the great hall for a week, and hundreds came to visit it. It was Mary who covered every mirror with a white veil, superintended the sable hangings of the house, and arranged the plumes upon the canopy which sheltered the body. When the work was done, she paused to look about her. Upon every panel was painted the Pepperell Arms. On one side of the mantle were painted those of the Sparhawks; on the other, a vacant compartment had been left for those of the Waldrons, when Andrew Pepperell should have the right to quarter them with his own. Mary sighed. At this moment Elizabeth Sparhawk came to find her.

"You are wearying yourself, dear Mary, with all this parade," she said, "Come away with me, let us leave this useless pomp."

"It was Sir William's wish," said Mary gently. "It is that of the towns-people. It cannot be useless to respect the wishes of the dead. It helps us, if not them; but as I arrayed these candles at the head and foot of the bier, I could not but think of the Savior lifted down from the cross and laid unhonored beneath the friendly stone."

A week after, all that was mortal of Sir William was carried to the village church. The Pepperell and Sparhawk pews were hung with black, and a sermon was preached over his remains. According to the custom of the period, the females of the family remained at home. Sitting at Lady Pepperell's window, Mary watched the crowd upon the beach. The long procession had entered the church, and hundreds who could not enter were grouped about the doors and windows, trying to catch the preacher's words. Those to whom this seemed hopeless were already lighting huge fires upon the sands, and cutting up the two oxen provided for the occasion. Soon the servitors of the family distributed bread, spirits, and beer among the people, and preparations were made in the great Hall, to entertain with suitable magnificence, rich wines and richer viands, the dignitaries of the land who honored the occasion with their presence. Long before it was over, Mary Stevens' eyes were closed in sleep, and Mrs. Raffray gently lifted the tired girl away from the window, and laid her on Lady Pepperell's bed. Nothing need now detain her; her father and grandmother came early on the morrow to take her away, and when Mary rested her head upon the shoulder of the latter, she said plaintively, "It is good to be at home once more."

Many years had passed, the war was over. What remained of the Pepperell family, was headed by the young Sir William, the child of Elizabeth Sparhawk, resident in London. The vast estates of the family, stretching as the first Sir William proudly boasted from Kittery Point to Saco, were already confiscated. But the service of plate, the guerdon of the "brave Yankee boy," had been carefully preserved. The Colonial authorities considered their own honor involved in the honor of Sir William Pepperell, and instead of melting down the splendid gift of the City of London, enclosed it in an iron box, and sent it to Boston, to be shipped for Liverpool, in a vessel just ready to sail. What became of it afterwards is not known; some persons thinking that it went to the bottom in the Liverpool ship; others, that it ignobly purchased the bread of the young heir. Be that as it may, so valuable did the Provincial authorities consider it, that Sheriff Moulton, of York, attended by an armed escort, was appointed to convey it to Boston. The tidings reached Kittery and Portsmouth a little in advance of the procession, and crowds assembled on the public ways to see it pass. Against the broken slab, which covered the tomb of Sir William, under the now shattered and dismantled walls of the Pepperell and Sparhawk grounds, stood a clergyman and his wife. Those who came here with us, some four years ago, will see beneath the pallor of extreme ill health, the unmistakeable sweetness which adorned the countenance of Mary Stevens. She led by the hand a little boy, whose brilliant eyes and flowing curls, attracted the notice of the neighboring loungers. His teeth were of a dazzling whiteness, and the radiance of his smile entranced every eye. As the Sheriff rode by, he drew in his horse, and tossed the little fellow a sprig of berried winter-green from his button hole. The boy bounded forward to catch it, and a natural anxiety induced his mother to move a little nearer to the crowd. "Neighbor," said a Kittery fish-woman, in heavy clogs and a short red petticoat, turning to our English officer who had been but lately released from his parole at the Fort: "Neighbor what has become of the Arthur Blount, that in his young days and yours, used to be such a favorite at the Big House?"

"He is become a ~~sick~~ man, if that will content you, mother," answered the officer, somewhat shortly, "but we of the 49th are apt to think he disgraced us. He resigned his commission at the beginning of the war."

A faltering voice, called, "Joseph!" and the boy moved away with his parents. It was the first time and the last, that Mary heard her lover's name spoken, after the death of Andrew Pepperell.

* * * * *

Another score of years had gone by. At the close of a warm summer's afternoon, two per-

sons might have been seen walking toward the Point. One was a young English midshipman, and the other, something tells us, we have met before. Never did a human face beam with a diviner light. A beauty not of earth, hovered around those lips of radiant sweetness as he discoursed with his companion. Their steps had turned from the deserted Parsonage toward the dilapidated tomb of Sir Wm. Pepperell. Near them lay heaps of broken bricks that had once formed the garden wall, and three deserted mansions, whose windows were broken in, and whose underpinning had been torn away, stood ~~the~~ monuments of his former prosperity. "It was during the war," said the clergyman, sadly, as he followed the direction of the young man's eyes, "the loyalty of the family provoked the ire of the soldiers, and they destroyed every thing they could. That building to the East, which seems in the best preservation, dates from the period of your father's last visit. It was intended for young Andrew Pepperell, but Sir William and Lady Mary never entered it, after his unhappy death. So tragic was his fate, and so deep the interest that it excited, that a sacred awe restrained the more ruthless hands whenever they approached it. It was left a monument of man's mistaken pride."

"I thank you," said the boy, "for bringing me hither, I shall love my father's memory better, now that I have made a pilgrimage to this spot."

"Then live more worthily in consequence," returned the clergyman solemnly. "If there ever comes a period, when the fascinations of wealth and rank tempt you to forget the brotherhood of all, remember ~~the~~ moment when you stand at the grave of one, who placed his salvation therein. The name that he fondly hoped to make immortal is hardly remembered here in his native town. The young heir is dead, you tell me, leaving no successor, and but a few weeks ago, the charity of a distant connection alone saved two of his grandsons from dying in the almshouse. Never was there a more striking instance of the vanity of human wishes."

"But tell me," said the young man, a generous admiration kindling in his eye, "tell me, are there no times when you too, feel the need of this lesson? If not of wealth or rank, surely the dangers of a reputation and influence so surprising as yours, must sometimes require such a check."

The young clergyman sadly shook his head. "My Heavenly Father has been kind," he answered; "the state of my health precludes any such possibility. If at one moment, I should weakly attribute to my own efforts, a success which flows only from his All-Bountiful Love, the next, I might find myself convulsed by sufferings which would rebuke my vanity, since no human hand can alleviate them, and teach, nay, compel me to await with humility, that heaven-

ly summons, which can never be far off while they are so near."

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—I have given to the public, because I so dearly prized them myself, the traditions which in the stories of "Long Lane" and "Pepperell House" cluster about the name of Mary Stevens. The semi-historical personage indicated by this name, was dear to many hearts, and because she was and is so dear, I have wished to associate her with traditions which I hold in the handwriting of her collateral relatives. For this purpose I have ante-dated her birth about thirty years, and the literary and historic anachronisms which the critic or antiquarian may detect, occur in consequence, and were intentional. It will hardly be necessary to tell the candid critic that the words "fifty years since" which occur in the third line of the story of "Long Lane," are a misprint. They should be replaced by the phrase, "near a century ago." My sources of information are private letters and garrulous chronicles in manuscripts as old as my story. Most of the facts are already in print, but scattered through volumes of *Historical Collections*, or appended as notes to abstruse and dusty researches, they fail to make an impression on the popular heart. The only lineal descendant of Sir William that I know of, herself entrusted to me, the records of her family, and the widely scattered kindred of Mary Stevens, will but love me the better I trust, that I have loved her so tenderly and so long.

Those persons who feel that the interest of such traditions is only local, mistake the human heart. Everywhere the sweet patience and uncompromising fidelity of the Lady Ursula, the noble self-sacrifice of Mary Stevens, will meet with reverent appreciation. Everywhere the sturdy industry and fierce ambition of Sir William will appeal to human vanity, while the terrible vicissitudes of his fate, and that of his family, will constitute a lesson that he "who runs may read."

Toronto, Canada, Feb. 24, 1853.

STRAY LEAVES
FROM A SEAMSTRESSES JOURNAL.

1851, May 16. A rent of five dollars per month. I have two small rooms, a cooking stove, a dresser, two beds, and a few other useful articles to serve in the way of housekeeping. A sick mother and two young sisters depending wholly upon me. Four backs to clothe, four mouths to feed, and one pair of hands to do it. One with a heart strong enough to say I will. But "how" is the question? I have neither space nor place to teach. There is but one mode. I must sew, must invent patterns and fanciful things for the rich. I must hide away my pride and sensitiveness and go forth and seek work. I must strictly prohibit myself from retrospection, from every thing which can weaken me in my resolves never to be dependent on those who would make me feel they grudged me my bread. I am strong, full of life and vigor. Many a time in the past I have longed for responsibilities, now I shall understand all its meaning. I must not make my own theories a failure, for I have said that woman was equal to any emergency, that she had worlds of latent strength to be developed at the right time. But will my fierce pride, my unbending spirit bear, not only the falling off of all old friends, but distrust, contempt, and all that must be met among a new, strange set of people? Be it as it may, none shall see me quail or know that I have fears for the future. My mother, my blessed mother, can I not be cheerful for thee? She moans in her unquiet sleep, poor heart broken one! God grant that thou be not taken from me!

Live, live, but to smile upon and give me counsel, and I will work.

This morning, when I had made a coal fire and cleaned the stoves and done all the household duties, how tenderly she took my hand in hers and said, "these were not made for such hard service." "Oh yes, they were dearest," I replied, and laughed, although it seemed as though it would take all the waters in the fountain to cleanse them; but it was an innocent stain, and coal smut washes away easily, it leaves no black on the conscience. Nor does change of circumstances humiliate me. I feel that I was born to rule over circumstance, "that unspiritual God," born to bend it to my will.

Twelve, chimes the distant clock, mysterious hour quicker grows the pulse, louder the heart beats. The healthy and happy, sleep, the gay, dance, and the care takers, who have not yet learned to trust in an overruling Providence, are thinking of the morrow. "He feeds the young ravens, not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge, even the very hairs of our heads are all numbered." Peace anxious soul, trust. Listen, what says my mother. "Bread, where shall I find bread for them?" and a trembling response in my heart answers "where?"

June—Two months have passed and I have found little time to talk with thee, my book, my friend. I have toiled, have striven earnestly, and have done much, for I have kept absolute want from our door; but now in this season of sweet odorous flowers in the country, and of noisome vapors here, how much I long for money, that I might carry these pale sickly ones away. Ah! the fresh sea breeze and the green fields would give these new life, poor mourner.

Let me review the time. I have found some, for whom I have worked, just and considerate, and others, grasping, unjust and ready to claim the last stitch for a penny. My theories have been, that the natural impulses of the heart were all good, that there was sufficient good in the world to counterbalance the evil. How stands the practical account with men now, with women I should say?

On June twelfth, I carried home Mrs. Evelyn's cape, on which I had spent nearly three weeks of constant labor, with some help from my mother. She looked at it a little sourly, and asked what do you charge? Ten dollars, madam. "Ten dollars! that is an exorbitant price, could you not say eight?" "No madam, I can ill afford to do the work for that sum, and would not work another even for that price." She then went into another room, where were several ladies. The first words which I heard were "What a love of a cape?" "Oh, it's a beauty!" "Where did you get it?"

"Guess how much it cost?"
"Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, and so on."

Mrs. Evelyn returned, and while endeavoring to conceal the triumphant expression of her countenance, drew an elegant purse from her pocket, and said, "I will pay you five dollars now, it will not be convenient for me to pay the whole. You can call again."

A great indignation swelled my heart, and I said, "I will take the cape then, madam, for it is positively not possible for me to wait for my money."

Mrs. E. opened her eyes with astonishment; she was unprepared for a decision so bold and abruptly avowed. She is a weak woman and trembled at the sternness which gathered about my mouth. We confronted each other, our eyes met, she quailed before me, and handed me the ten dollars; and her look said as plainly as possible, "oh, go away as quickly as you can, you great, strong, ferocious woman." I seized the money, lest if her fright should pass away, she might higgle about the price again; and I felt, that I was bartering for my blood, my flesh, my nerves, for every one quivered as I went out of that house. Was this pride? Yes, and a laudable pride too, for I have always hated injustice.

The same morning, I took home the plain sewing to good Mrs. Hale. The color still lingered in

my cheeks when I rang the bell at her door—and perhaps, a tear still moistened my eye; for she rose gently as a mother would and bade me take an easy chair to rest me and then asked most tenderly for my health. A great lump swelled up instantly in my throat and I could only say, "I am perfectly well, thank you," and then burst into a hysterical fit of weeping. However, I was soon able to control myself and to say—I had met with something unpleasant which had quite unnerved me; and I would thank her for a glass of water. I was both thirsty and hungry. I had taken neither supper nor breakfast, and had walked two good miles, designing to get this money that we might have a dinner. And then, I had been detained a long time with the admiration bestowed upon the cape, and the higgling about the price for it. And why had I not eaten? My appetite always forsakes me when there is a scanty board. I should have lived in those good old times when they roasted whole oxen, and made mammoth pies, then my appetite would have been unfailing. Mrs. H. was kind, gentle and considerate. She sent for cake and wine, and paid me, in full for my work. She gave me what is of more worth than money, sympathy. In two days after, she was not; for her spirit had been called to take possession of "that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." I felt as though a friend of humanity had been taken; and I soon realized that I mourned her loss for my own sake. Poverty makes one selfish.

I blush to think how I grudged to give those needles to Mrs. Martyn to-day. True she is coarse and abrupt, and rushed in without knocking. Her tall, gaunt figure, and wizarded face, so sharp and keen, makes one think of a fierce northeaster, whistling and driving among the rocks. Poor creature, she did not stay to gossip, but she must have the needles.

Her first question was like herself, "you ha'nt got a few needles you could let me have for this afternoon, have you?"

"What sizes do you wish?"

"Well, I guess sevens will do, I mostly use them; or eights, but this cloth I am sewing on now is so hard I break a great many, and I really can't make nothing while I do. I am going to get my job done to-night, and carry 'em home myself, and see if they won't give me two cents more on this lot."

"What do you do?" said I.

"Why slop-work, and I get only a shilling, (12 1-2 cents) for making a shirt; and with this cloth, I can't make more'n six in a week no how. But I mustn't stay here, or I shan't get through to-night. Good day."

Is it indeed true that there are men rolling in wealth in this city, and thus grinding the poor? "Oh! God, how long shall thy poor cry unto Thee, and Thou regard them not?" How long shall one class live in sensual indulgence, and another starve and wear out soul and body in toil, unrequited toil? On those plaited bosoms, stitched by women's fingers, there are no stains of tears or blood; but oh man, each tiny stitch is done with a nerve drawn from the center of her life. They are dyed in her blood; but it is bleached to snowy whiteness; there is no pure air for her, to give to it a crimson hue.

A year ago, and women said I was too large, too ruddy for beauty; but the color is fast fading out of my cheek, the blue lines on my forehead are more distinct, and my eyes grow larger. * * * Dr. L. visits my mother. She is visibly worse, he cannot give her even temporary ease. Still he comes. He shows us sympathy. * * * * I dare not trust my eyes to meet his, and yet I am conscious that his rest upon me. Why should I tremble at his presence? Why be so silent, so fearful? Is it that in suffering we grow weak, and the heart finds out its necessities and yearns for human sympathies? Hush! weak, pining, rebellious nature; love is not for you; perhaps, not even human sympathy. Seek it not, rest satisfied with doing your duties. Cast aside your womanly, weak yearnings, for a strong arm to lean upon; and be yourself, calm, cheerful, confident. I have

succeeded for six months. Why fear or falter? God, even my God, will sustain me. * * * *

Oct. 12.—Dr. L. will come to-night, and then, poor sufferer, he may revive thy hope again, he is so joyous, so strong and brave, at times elegant enough in his manner to grace the court of a queen, then stern, hard and cold, his grey eyes become leaden, and his countenance assumes the look of granite, rough, weather beaten, almost ferocious. I know not how to analyze his character; drawn to him at one moment as though he were my master spirit, the next my whole nature rebels; I see and feel him a tyrant, and long for the trial of strength with him; when he is gentle then am I subdued, and a feeling of tender dependence creeps over me; I could love, but I must not, will not, though fierce the struggle, nothing shall come between me and duty.

As if to shame me for a wandering thought, my poor mother moans in her sleep; I stood by her with the lamp, and gazed on her still, calm smile, and listened to catch the words; she is passing away, my guardian angel how gladly would I toil, and toil on, to retain thee with me in person.—Alas! I shall never know a love equal in kind or degree, to that I hear to thee, thou pure and gentle one. He came, and went; he spoke and looked gently, but I, I, watch alone by the dying. Yes, she must go, his hope lives no longer.

Sunrise.—I have lingered watching, loving, and working, till the sun again glares upon the earth, and comes like an unhidden guest into the chamber of sorrow. Once I rejoiced with the new light of every day, now I shrink and crave the darkness. My mother, oh my mother dear! fold me once more to your heart and give me peace.

Poor, worn, weary one, thou wilt soon be at rest with those thou lovest— * * * * * She sleeps, no sound shall disturb her more. I felt her pulse, and watched it recede till it was gone, and then she gently turned those nearly glazed eyes upon me, and her last words were best of good daughters—be a mother to you—the death rattle came—I listened, but no word more reached my strained ear. Poor little Mary and Ella, how timid, fearful and hopeless, they look on this cold clay. Yes, my little ones, I will be more than sister to you. I will be the mother she has been to me.

I have performed all the last offices for you, and now I must go forth for means to get your last home, the cold shroud, the narrow house; the bit of land—oh! that thank heaven, is secured, and thou canst lie by his side. * * * * * Thou art beautiful now "that life's fevered dream is over," the smile of youth hath gathered round thy lips; does thy spirit still linger and know how fondly we do love duties for thee? * * * * * The poor have few friends. There will be no long train to follow thee to thy resting place, no rich pall, no nodding plumes, no sables displayed or worn, to hide the coldness of our hearts. * * * * If the poor have few friends, those they do have are genuine. The poor seamstresses in this neighborhood have shown that they have hearts that are easily touched with the griefs of others.

Mrs. Martyn has not forgotten the hour's time I gave her, to help her when her work got behind-hand on account of her little boy's falling down stairs. She came and washed the floors of our two little rooms, and even took home, unknown to me, all the washing, and did it nicely. Little Maria, the deformed girl, brought her solitary rose bud, and a few geranium leaves, to put about the corpse; and old lady Marsh cut all her white Artemesias, to bring as a love-offering to the dear beautiful lady. Thus have these people called our sweet mother. * * * * *

We have laid her gently to rest in a sheltered nook by the side of him she loved, and now my duties are to be again renewed. To-night when I laid my little Ella in bed, she looked up very quietly and said, "sister, if I should die, you would not have to work so hard would you? It would be very pleasant to go and live again with papa and mamma."

"My darling; sister is quite happy in working

for you, do not talk of dying"—you must live for me to love; think how lonely Lucy and Mary would be without little Ella.

"But sister, bread and milk cost money, and winter is coming, and how can you get it, and shoes too? mamma said we must be careful not to waste a crumb, for you had to work for it all. I have asked God to give us our daily bread, but I see that you have to pay money for it, if I do."

"My dear, what made you think of this to-night?"

"Because, sister, I found a hole in my shoe, and I was so sorry, and I tried so hard to mend it; and then I stuck the needle in my thumb, and it aches me so bad."

Poor child, her thumb was badly swollen, and I went to make a poultice of bread and milk for it, when I found that my basin in which the milk was set was leaking; the wax had worn off from a little hole, and half, at least, of our breakfast was on the floor. How petty it makes life, to be obliged to feel such trifles, but so it was. I thought of breakfast, but decided that Ella must have a poultice at all events, and trust for our breakfast. Then I thought "He hears the young ravens"—I will trust for these children and fear not. An hour after, and a low rap came at my door; the time was unusual, and I opened almost fearfully. Mrs. Martyn entered, and brought with her, two little cheese cakes and half a dozen apples, which she said her "brother from the country had brought her that day, and she "thought, may be the child might like 'em." * * * * *

This morning I called again upon Mrs. Broadson for the money due since July. I could not ride, for the reason that I had not one sixpence to pay for it; the distance is over two miles. I enquired for her, and was told, as usual, that she was engaged. I replied, say to your mistress that I wish to see her on very important business. I had written her twice that I had pressing need of the money; to these letters she had not replied. I sent up my name, and at last was directed to her boudoir.

The room was richly, even elegantly furnished; the seats luxurious, the carpet soft and pleasant to the feet, a bright fire burned in the grate, coal enough to warm our rooms for several days, at least as much as we should use in many. The poor do not need much fire, they are used to cold rooms, empty stomachs, and thin clothing; they don't mind it, thought I. Mrs. B. entered and put an end to my musing. She was elaborately dressed in a pink cashmere morning wrapper, open with an embroidered skirt, on which I had spent days of labor. Her huge feet were cased in pink slippers, jewels of value glittered in her ears; on her bosom and her fingers that could boast no aristocratic taper, were loaded with pearls, diamonds and rubies. I took in all this at one glance, and calculated the expense of her dress and my bill; I will add the interest, I said internally.

Mrs. Broadson. "Good morning, Miss, I forgot your name!"

"Vernon," I replied quite coolly.

"Oh yes!"

"Your mother has died since you were here last."

"Yes." Another pause.

"Will it suit you madame to pay this bill this morning?"

"Well, 'tisn't really convenient! How much is it?"

"Fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents."

"So much as that! Let me look at it. Have you the items?"

"They are all there, Madame, except the interest, which I have cast since I sat here."

"Interest! interest, indeed! Who ever heard of interest on any thing of this kind?"

"It may not be usual, but I have waited a long time, and have been obliged to borrow, and make various turns to provide necessaries for my family, and I need all of this now." And I emphasized the word now.

"I suppose you wish to get some mourning; I

have a suit as good as new, that I had when Ma died, that I will let you have. It's not much out of fashion. I will get it for you."

"Do not trouble yourself, I do not wish to see it, for I have no intention of putting on black."

"Well, that's strange. Who ever heard of such a thing; and when you could have such a good suit, (not much out of date, either, for it's only two years since I left it off,) for half cost; and I will throw in the bonnet, for that will want doing up."

My feelings of scorn, contempt, and burning indignation, for the woman held me silent for a moment, I felt as though I could annihilate her with one breath; but I must have the money—my necessities rose before me, and I said quite meekly—

"Mrs. Broadson, I cannot afford mourning—my sisters must have bread," (the word stuck in my throat,) "and fire to warm them—and I must have money to supply these things."

"Well, w'ont half the sum do to-day?"

"I must have all, to-day," I replied, in desperation, "or be turned from my rooms, without a place to lay my head;"—for then came to my mind our house rent.

Just at that moment a young man of a calm, quiet, gentlemanly appearance, entered the room, and said, "Sister, why do you not pay her all, and at once?"

She replied, "Such a trifile cannot be of much consequence to her. These people always make such a fuss about a little."

"A trifile to you, but not to her," he replied—and taking up the bill, he said, after a moment, "You have made a slight mistake," (here pointing to the child's dress, the price of making, only \$1 75.) "I have heard my sister and others say it was worth five dollars."

I was relieved, and replied, "I charged no more, and shall be glad to have even that amount."

He at once pulled out his purse, which I recognized as one that I had made and sold at cost of the material. He paid me, and I took my leave, only resolving that I would never work for Mrs. B. again.

How is it, that with all my toil, we grow every day poorer! Am I a less skillful manager than others? Less an economist? I think not; for who but me could have made a child a frock from an old umbrella cover? And yet my little Ella looks quite tidy in the blue cotton gown. Antique it may be in its style, but it is clean.

[To be continued.]

• • •
"If your husband looks grave, let him alone; don't disturb or annoy him."

Oh, pshaw! when I'm married, the soberer my husband looked, the more fun I'd rattle about his ears. "Don't disturb him!" I guess so! I'd salt his coffee—and pepper his tea—and sugar his beef-steak—and tread on his toes—and hide his newspaper—and sew up his pockets—and put pins in his slippers—and dip his cigars in water—and wouldnt stop for the Great Mogul, till I had shortened his face to my liking. Certainly he'd 'get vexed,' there wouldnt be any fun in teasing him if he didn't, and that would give his melancholy blood a good healthful start, and his eyes would snap and sparkle, and he'd say, 'Fanny, will you be quiet or not?' and I should laugh and pull his whiskers, and say, decidedly, 'Not!' and then I should tell him I had'n't the slightest idea how handsome he looked when he was vexed, and then he would pretend not to hear the compliment—but would pull up his dickey, and take a sly peep in the glass (for all that!) and then he'd begin to grow amiable, and get off his stilts, and be just as agreeable all the rest of the evening as if he wasnt my husband, and all because I didnt follow that stupid piece of advice, 'to let him alone.' Just as if I didn't know! Just imagine me, Fanny, sitting down on a cricket in the corner, with my forefinger in my mouth, looking out the sides of my eyes, and waiting till that man got ready to speak to me! You can see at once it would be—he—Well, the amount of it is, I shouldn't do it.—Fanny Fern.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG WOMEN CONCERNING
EDUCATION.

(Extract from a Lecture.)

BY REV. A. D. MAYO.

It seems a very late day to urge woman to cultivate her mind. One would think the necessity of mental culture was now almost self-evident; yet I suspect there is room for preaching in this direction. My observation has convinced me that the need of education is not felt so much as it ought to be, either by young women in regard to themselves, or by those whose duty it is to advise them. The notion yet lingers in the community, and is adopted, too, by large numbers of people, that a woman does not require so much intellectual culture as a man; that her sphere of life being chiefly domestic does not call for a great outlay of knowledge and mental power; and therefore, that an earnest devotion to the improvement of her mind is to her a secondary duty. I know a great many fathers, husbands, and brothers still half-believe this, or do not believe the opposite fact strongly enough to labor as they should to furnish the means of a generous culture to their female friends. And the worst of the matter is, that a vast number of women, old and young, accept and act upon this false idea. If I were writing an essay upon education addressed to mature and thoughtful people, I should treat this exploded piece of nonsense with the contempt it deserves. But I am now speaking to young women who may not exactly see through this popular fallacy without assistance. So, bear with me, fathers, mothers and teachers, while I expose to our young friends the foolishness of this opinion.

You must never forget, young women, that you are living souls, and not "domestic animals." The idea that you do not need mental culture is founded on the latter of these statements. If woman is simply a creature given to humanity, to do a certain amount of housework, and give life to and keep alive a family of children, then I suppose this notion I have mentioned is correct. But I am here, my young friends, to inform you that you are not domestic animals or machines, but living souls. You are *women* only by virtue of possessing these immortal souls, and you need mental education, not because you are, or are not destined to occupy a domestic sphere, but because you are young *women*. To become a woman you need strength, clearness, and delicacy of mind, and as much knowledge as will suffice to feed that soul within you that always cries out for food. You were made to be strong, truthful and good, and mental discipline is essential to that result. You were made to live forever, to live for the sake of becoming a nobler being every day of your existence, and ignorance, and intellectual weakness, are in direct opposition to this benevolent intention of Providence. While you are in this world you may be engaged chiefly in domestic duties; but whether you are the slave or the mistress of those duties, depends greatly upon your intelligence. A *woman*, *keeping house*, and a *house keeper* are different persons. Cultivate your mind because you are a woman, and have a soul, and a soul demands knowledge and power as its natural food. Give your intellect all the strength and force you can, for a reason above all considerations of temporary expe-

dency. When you have become a well educated woman, then it is of comparatively little consequence what you do. Whether your sphere of action is public or private you will be a different being, and do a woman's work in the world better because of your intelligence. The obligation of a man to cultivate his mind does not come from the fact that he is to be a lawyer, a minister, or doctor, a merchant or farmer, or a shipmaster, but from the fact that he has a mind given him by God, to educate, for the development of which he is responsible to God. He needs wisdom and knowledge chiefly because he is a man, not chiefly to help him do a particular kind of useful work. So a woman needs wisdom and knowledge for the same reason; not because she is to be a housekeeper, a school teacher, or an authoress; but because the neglect of her mind is a want of reverence to her Creator who gave it her, not to despise but to cultivate.

You can therefore inform those who use this argument, that your obligation to educate yourselves does not depend upon your position in life, but upon the need of your nature as woman. You may also assail such people on their own ground, and ask them a few questions of this kind;—you say I am destined to live in domestic life. What is this domestic sphere? Look at it a moment with a housekeeper's and mother's eye. One part of it consists in preparing food for the daily support of life. But who will be apt to do this the best? Certainly the most intelligent woman in regard to the preparation of meats and vegetables, and the constitution of the human body. The cook holds the health and comfort of the house at her disposal, and if you ask me to make bread that won't sour, and suppers that won't give you the nightmare, and a table that will keep you in good health and spirits, then teach me Chemistry and Physiology, and whatever is to be known about these matters of eating and drinking. The cooks are now poisoning the people because the people think mental culture unnecessary in the kitchen; but just in proportion as mental culture does get into the kitchen, will gout, dyspepsia, and fever, and a hundred other infernal diseases go out of the drawing room windows. Another part of domestic life is economy. A prodigal wife or daughter can waste a fortune faster than a man can make it; and do you think I shall be a better manager of your goods to be an ignorant and frivolous, than an intelligent and sensible woman? Pray tell me what occupation in the house is below the need of education? Is it the arrangement of the rooms where the best hours of life are spent? Is it the care of the sick? Is it the preparation of dress? Neither of these; for all of these things will be performed best by the most intelligent women. Is it the care of children? You tell me my lot will be to train the young. How am I to do this? There is no occupation under heaven so difficult, which demands such a cultivation of faculties, such wisdom, strength, prudence and patience as this of moulding the character of a child. And how am I to do this stupendous work, if my mind is left undisciplined and unstored with knowledge? Unless I learn to use my reason, to think, and investigate, and remember, and compare, unless my mind is enlarged, and elevated, above my own petty conceits and selfishness by the contact with better minds;

tell me how I can acquit myself in this duty? Thus may your daughters speak to you,—fathers and mothers; and have you any good answer to give them? Will you cast this girl out into society with no habits of thought, and judgment, with a head empty, or full of low prejudices and foolish fancies, subject to the contagion of every false opinion, and unable to make her way through the questions which lie around every woman? If you do, she must be either the common or fashionable drudge of domestic life, must stagger through existence weighed down by cares that a good education would convert to pleasures; and the best thing she was made to do, the training of childhood, she cannot do honorably. If you neglect to educate your daughters from any such delusion as this, you are doing as much mischief to society as you well can; for the family that sends out an ignorant, weak minded young woman into the world is so far an enemy to all social good!

You need the best mental culture you can obtain to live in the narrowest domestic life, and much of the sickness, poverty, and discomfort, to say nothing of the sin of society, is the result of the ignorance and imbecility of woman. But no one of you will always be engaged in the household.

Every woman has opportunities for doing good outside her own house and family, duties to others which are as imperative as to her own. Observe the daily life of any large minded woman, and see how much of it requires the best culture for its success. The courtesies and fashions of polite society, the amusements of the community, the ordering of public charity, and the daily contact with everything done by men, demand intelligence in woman. You *must* have influence upon the other sex in every thing they do. Your opinions upon literature, business, politics, religion, and social customs, much as some may affect to despise them, do exert a controlling influence. And whether these opinions shall be on the right or wrong side, and that vast power, bless or curse the world, depends very much on your competence to think on such themes. A generation of ignorant and frivolous women will destroy any government, or church, or social state ever invented. You are the judges on all questions discussed in the world, and your judgment can make men foolish or wise. And the time is rapidly approaching when you will be called to assume other practical duties than now. I am not so enthusiastic as many in regard to the advancement of woman; but any man with half an eye open can see that she is ere long to be called to occupy new professions, to fill up new avenues of labor and in many ways to be more the companion of man than of old. This result is inevitable, but its success, is not so inevitable. Woman *must* teach, and trade, and labor, and write, and speak in public, and heal the sick to a greater degree than formerly. All our social movements are drifting her this way, and neither she nor man can prevent it. But whether she is going into new walks of life to help or hinder the world depends altogether upon herself, depends much upon her own desire to qualify herself for what the world now demands.

Thus, whether you regard the native demands of your soul, the sphere of domestic life, or the wider arena of public responsibility, the demand

for culture is equally imperative. Let nothing stand between you and that mental training which is one essential ingredient in the wisdom which of all things becometh a large and complete womanhood. Be wise now, before the evil days when the care of middle life shall come like an armed host, and you be found with only the wreck of a frivolous youth to encounter and arrange them. Without mental power and skill, they will lead you in the housekeeper's chains through a wearisome and confused life. With intelligence they will but form the materials out of which you may construct a beautiful and enduring character.

The following communication was handed us by a pale, delicate looking woman, a farmer's wife—and we give it a place, not doubting but it may find many others similarly situated who will read the clear conclusions arrived at in the conclave.

A CONVENTION IN THE INNER LIFE.

A woman in humble circumstances whose health seemed gradually declining, was advised to employ some one to aid her in her domestic duties that she might have rest and spend most of her time in the open air for the restoration of her health, that most precious boon of life; but was unable to decide upon the propriety of such a procedure, until she had called upon an assembly already convened to dispose of such questions.

Reason first took the floor, opened the case and remarked: "that a person, suffering under disease, created by overdoing, &c., want of pure unconfined air, should be released from labor in the house and inhale in abundance one of the greatest restoratives of nature—air; and all assistance rendered necessary for the improvement and perfection of health should be secured regardless of expense."

Acquisitiveness quickly arose and said: "that the remarks of *Reason* were imprudent and fallacious; that he was wholly inexperienced in making and saving money, and having never been compelled to labor for his own support, knew not how to appreciate money hardly earned, or he never would approve of spending it in such a way, when the invalid might just as well omit the unnecessary part of her work, such as cleaning house, arranging furniture, &c., and save the expense of a maid for more useful purposes."

Order declared, that he could never agree with the latter, that neatness and cleanliness were unnecessary; for it was very painful to him to see them neglected.

Approbateness, in a fascinating tone said: he should approve of her saving the money for the purpose of buying handsome things for her house and children. He could not approve of disorder, for how great would be her mortification if people should find her house untidy.

Mirthfulness laughed outright, at the preceding remarks, and proposed that *Approbateness* be elected to fill the presidential chair of the union, for having exhibited such profundity of reasoning.

Self-Esteem hoped she had more dignity and self-approval than to let *Approbateness* control her, to the injury of her health.

Conscientiousness, an honest gentleman, uniting with the latter, advised her never to do wrong for the purpose of eliciting praise from any one, but to obey the dictates of the inner monitor.

Parental Love rose quickly, and remarked,

that *Approbateness* manifested a weakness in wishing any one to appropriate hard earnings to vanity and display; but that children were such precious and lovely gems, it would be excusable to toil and even to risk health, to provide for their education and happiness.

The last remarks drew forth a reply from *Benevolence*, a man full of kindness, who added that as conubial and Parental Love had already observed how much her husband and children were bound to her, he therefore would recommend her to do every thing in her power for the continuance of their happiness.

Vitaliveness, a strong, influential person, took the ground, that she ought to strive against death with all her might, let the consequences be what they might; for he believed existence was the sole object of desire.

To which, *Benevolence* responded, that he thought her tenacity to life was owing to the wish to be useful to her family and others.

Alimentiveness was listened to with surprise, when he opposed *Reason's* opinions, that she was troubled with dyspepsia and ought to be very particular in respect to her diet. For said he, it is my opinion that it matters little what quality or quantity of food she eats so she enjoys it.

The giant form of *Cautiousness* arose and entreated her as she regarded her life, to be deaf to the statement of the last speaker: it was a snare, concealed by the alluring words, gratification and pleasure, in which she might fall.

Veneration agreed with caution, and declared it was a sin against the good Father to trifl with the organization of man: a being made a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor.

Sublimity made a long speech, ascending to the stars, but it was little to the point, and was followed by *Continuity*, who hoped the minds of the assembly would not be withdrawn from the subject before them.

Human Nature noticed, that many presented only selfish motives, to act upon such was ignoble.

Individuality was anxious to hear a decision, so great was the diversity of opinions advanced.

Time said the hour for an adjournment had arrived.

When *Common Sense*, who till now had sat silently listening to the various arguments, begged leave to present two pictures for their consideration. Suppose a tender mother to become debilitated and nervous, from a multiplicity of cares, and continues to work on, harder than she is able; very soon, weary days and sleepless nights attend her; and she frets at the veriest trifles. Ere long her beloved husband and children, notice the change, and not understanding the cause, withhold their sympathy and treat her like a pevish, unreasonable woman. Listening to the dictates of *Acquisitiveness* and *Approbateness*, she toils and despairs, till her health utterly gives way, and she rests in the grave. Too late, her bereaved family discover her mistake, and their own blindness. While a woman similarly situated, having small means and much work—with children no less troublesome—whose strength is not equal to her daily task—with a healthy and sound mind, perceives the danger at a distance, and resolutely resolves to shun it. For this purpose she retrenches all her expenses, buys no superfluities and even denies herself many comforts to which she is accustomed, to gain money to hire assistance in the labors of her house. Then she finds leisure to ramble in the

woods attended by her children and as she reclines among the trees, they gather fresh flowers and cover her with kisses. Now it is, that she teaches them to discern the beauty of the earth and sky—each varied tint and changing light—and points them to their great author.

Continuing her efforts for months, carefully observing the laws of health, she bathes and she walks—she eats simply and rests herself when weary, until she feels this gradual return of her vital powers. The cost of this period of rest may not be counted by dollars; it was invaluable to her, for the opportunities it afforded, cultivating the hearts of her children by warming her own, and her husband was more than repaid by her complete recovery.

When the speaker sat down, *Individuality* without hesitation, put the question to vote. Which of the two acted rightly?

It was unanimous in favor of the latter.

Having been appointed to draft the debate, we hereunto set our hand and seal,

LANGUAGE,
EVENTUALITY.

Dear Una:

When any man particularly distinguishes himself in our behalf, it seems to me, that your columns are a fitting place, wherein to acknowledge the act. I therefore, beg leave to present this letter for publication; as the modesty of the Ex-Mayor may persuade him to withhold it.

Your friend,

M. O. P. E.

PROVIDENCE, May 24, 1853.

To Hon. A. C. Barstow:

Sir,—Although a stranger to you personally, the fame of your deeds has reached my ears, and I feel constrained to address you. Particularly, your last public act, as a woman, I am bound to acknowledge.

When has a son of Rhode Island brought such honor upon the State, as did you, in New York, last week?

Permit me to congratulate you, upon the distinguished court you made to woman! How condescending was your bearing! How gallant your deportment! Why, sir, had you lived in the time of the Crusades, when chivalry was a profession, you would have been dubbed a "Knight of the Garter!"

I am penetrated with the belief, that your mother must have been a Volumnia, to have given birth to such a son—your sister a paragon, from being allied to such a brother—and your wife—O she, she must have become well nigh immaculate, from having striven to attain the lofty standard of excellence held up to her, by her husband!

All lovers of truth, must prefer you honor, for the bold stand you took on the side of freedom!

Husband, brother and lover, must, henceforth sound your praises, for that you defended the rights of wife, sister and mistress! But more than this, than these, than all, must womankind rise up to crown you as victor in her cause—and cry, "All Hail! to our champion!"

Forgive my enthusiasm—and pardon its expression—and allow me to subscribe myself, with the highest consideration for your qualities as a man.

Yours, &c., &c., &c.

M. O. P. E.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, JUNE 1, 1853.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

It is well known that prophecy is understood only in its fulfilment: "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head,"—and "a virgin shall bear a son," were utterly incomprehensible until the fact took actual form, and the qualified witness could cry "behold the man." The inferences of reason and the predictions of philosophy, dealing with the things subject to human agency, and involved in the destiny of the race, are constantly disappointing calculation. The things of this life, as well as of the next, are seen as through a glass darkly; we know in part and prophecy in part, until that which is perfect shall come to render the truth entire. Doctor Johnson said "Experience which is constantly contradicting human theories, is the only test of truth." But even experience of the past is found as false of the future as the wildest speculations is, when it is taken to be the measure and rule of opinion in matters relating to the fortunes and functions of civilized society. Science may discover the qualities and laws of matter, and foretell its changes, but philosophy has no measure for the movements of men. We know something of our own nature, but we know, also, that still more remains unknown. The oracle within us gives but one answer to all our inquiries—*progress*; its one demand is *sacrifice*, and its constant injunction, *obedience*. This is the revelation of God to his children, whether he speaks through the prophets of Judea, the apostles of Jesus, the priests of paganism, or the voice of inspiration in every human heart.

The lessons of this truth have borne upon us oppressively since we have undertaken our present work; and more than ever, in endeavoring to find form and utterance for the thoughts which urged us to pen these articles upon the distinctive nature of rights and duties of woman. We felt the subject to be covered by a veil of thick darkness from the eyes of the multitude; we believed that it is perhaps not fully understood by any; and we felt our own incompetency to its adequate treatment; but we have the courage to try, and must find the fortitude to endure our own reproach where we fail.

We have offered some reflections upon the physical and intellectual character of woman, some explanation and apology for the slight estimate which she has won in the world's judgment in these respects, and some indication of her claims to a higher position and better fortune. Would it were worthier; but the task is yet a study rather than an attainment to ourselves.

In some species of physical ability woman is obviously inferior—in some others, as decidedly superior, to the sex which rules and oppresses

her. In some species of intellectual capacity, she has as yet exhibited but little efficiency; in others, she has shown transcendent power. In the period of barbarism, and in that slight advance of human society which we call civilization, it happens that the ruder forms of power are more required than the excellencies which distinguish her, and she has therefore suffered depreciation, with its consequent oppression. In morals we are constrained to say she has been as much misunderstood, though in a very different way, but, strangely enough, with equal injury to her just rights, among her brethren. Held always and everywhere in a state of subordination, varying from the rudest forms of personal bondage to the boasted indulgence of refined conditions, but through all these changes still an unchanged slave, her lot has equally circumscribed her virtues, and her crimes—forbade

"The appliances of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

The negative kind of virtues which belonged as much to her state of bondage as to her natural constitution, have been the theme of an idle admiration till prose and poetry are loaded with her praise for the grace and goodness of submission. Denied an integral life, her best and highest qualities systematically suppressed, and her whole existence rendered merely complimentary to that of her master, she is repaid for all this loss by making her whole reputation fairly and merely complimentary. Madame De Staél might justly say that "most women have no character at all," for it was the fashion to hold her the theme of song only while she lived, and a pretty subject for an elegy when she was dead.

With her life all smothered on one side, it was but natural that it should be exaggerated on the other; and it was just as natural she should be compensated for being cruelly overruled, by being foolishly over-praised. Women are not better, judged by a just and generous standard, than men. If the virgin was a woman, her divine son was a man. This more than justice, habitually accorded to her moral nature, is but the cover for that greatly less than justice, which she has suffered in judgment and treatment at the hands of men. We ask for her less flattery, less adulation and more equity, fewer compliments and more completeness—fewer fair words and more fair treatment. We ask equal opportunity for free development, equal access to advantageous positions, equal wages for equal work, and equal rights for equal capacities. We cannot live upon incense, and we would not live upon alms. We are unwilling to be worshipped, for well we know that in the world's religion it means turning us out of the earth, under pretence of sending us to heaven. We are the abolitionists of slavery among

women, and demand emancipation on the soil, not colonization in the clouds.

The historians of savage life uniformly report women there, as more brutalized than men. Their enslavement accounts for the difference. In semi-civilized countries they are mere animals, because there, nothing above their instincts is cultivated. In the most advanced societies they are, as criminal, as cruel and tyrannical as their conditions happen to induce. Mary and Elizabeth, of England, were in their way, quite as wicked as their infamous father. The latter, had all his vigor, and more than his ability for governing a kingdom. Catherine the second of Russia was as licentious as Charles the second. The Jews had a Jezebel as well as a Deborah. The women in the Amphitheatre of Rome were as impatient for the death of the Gladiators, as the sternest of their men. They were as ready, even in the United States, to present banners as bibles to the invaders of Mexico; and all the world knows, that the smiles of the fair are the reward of the brave butchers of women and children in the most christian nations. The difference, in the morals of the sexes is just the difference of their culture and conditions; both alike, can exhibit the virtues of slavery and its vices, the faculties of freedom and its glories. Where women are without money, they will not be swindlers in stocks and fraudulent banks; where they have no political administration, they will not have its corruptions; and wherever public opinion keeps them out of the grog shops, they will be sober; but gambling, smoking, drinking, swearing and fighting, are as easy to them as to their brethren, whenever they have the liberties of vice as large as the other sex. The parental instinct is stronger, the devotion of conjugal love is more intense, and the taste for refining luxury is more delicate; but if they were "first at the tomb and last at the cross," nature made them like enough to men, to be first in the transgression.

We put these things thus strongly, for we feel persuaded of their truth; and assured, that better doctrines will result from just premises than can any way arise from the prevalent prejudices in favor of the sex. For justification, we appeal to the complete history of any people under the sun. The narrative of the bible is full of facts that sustain us; the history of court, and camp, and country, of peace and war, of politics and manners, in every kingdom of Europe, is an ample confirmation of the opinions we avow. Novels, comedy, tragedy, and epic poetry, are remarkable for employing the wickedness of women, as among the most important elements of mischief on which the plot turns. The Indian women are equally fierce with the bloodiest brave, for the torture of their victims.

The clear conclusion after a fair survey of all the evidence is, that inherently and essentially, there is no real difference between the sexes, in

this point, so much hackneyed by superficial scribblers and holiday orators. That there is a great difference in this matter in the society which now and here surrounds us, is wholly owing, as we think, to the institutions and customs which among us, alike restrain the crimes and repress the virtues of our women; it is not a question of sex, but a question of conditions, not a difference between man and woman, but a difference between freedom and slavery. The crimes of the slaves in South Carolina, are pilfering, and, once in a dozen years or so, murder. These are all the social offences which they can commit. The crimes of New York, from Wall street to the Five Points, are reckoned by the legion, and have no limits to their atrocity and perfidy. The morals of women in our best modern societies, show the restraints of their manner of enslavement, and display also the excellencies possible to, and favored by their conditions. Indeed, the whole bearing of the argument against us is, that women would run into the same excess of wickedness if they were admitted to the opportunity of similar temptations with men. Yet the same declaimers have their mouths full of honied words about superior natural purity and goodness of the *gentler sex*.

If sin be a moral taint of the soul, derived from the apostacy of our first parents, men and women are in the same condemnation, or in the language of St Paul "the scripture hath concluded all under sin." Galatians 3:22. If moral evil be regarded as the abuse of the free faculties of the heart and mind, women are liable to their full proportion of transgression and delinquency. Whether by inheritance or by their own agency, there is no difference in the liability, and none in the result but that which accident determines. We claim equality here too, as elsewhere, and cannot accept a gratuitous exemption, at the cost of so much restraint and wrong as men would impose upon us, to justify at once their praise and our slavery.— Any people, or class, of men or women, who will wrongfully accept privileges, are sure to be robbed of rights that more than balance them. Noblemen pay for their stars and garters by surrendering their independence to the sovereign who confers the honors. Women have to exchange the noblest rights of their humanity, for the paltry privileges and fulsome flatteries which they habitually receive. Men do not mar their own fair proportions of faculty and action to secure the affections of domestic life; why need women be cramped, crippled and crushed into idiocy to make them lovely and beloved? Is this weakness, indeed that "which constitutes the arms of her omnipotence to the imagination of man." Oh, publish it not, for very shame our cheeks crimson with the thought. We desire something besides man's tenderness, we ask reverence; that kind of worship will ennoble us and exalt him in rendering it. There is a love that

goes down to its object, careful, kind, and compassionate; that is a love for infancy, helplessness and misfortune. There is also a love that runs upon a level with the head and heart of the lover, and that is the regard due to full womanhood. This is the greatest, noblest necessity of our nature. We are not worthily loved in this condition of infancy and wardship. Let us have our equal rank, the appanage of honorable offices and rational freedom. Any thing less, any thing else, is a bitter mockery; and the pretence of any thing more is a cruel imposture, for it is as impossible as it is false, and it excludes that true affection which is the very life of our life. You tell us that we are angels, but instead of the wings of that pretty bird of paradise, we are handcuffed with golden bracelets, and yoked with necklaces, and are asked to wear these symbols of our slavery as the ornaments of our dependency. Our privileges by birth and nature are taken away to insure our purity. You tell us that we are the objects of a constant care, the recipients of an unlimited bounty; but the reward for the toil and trials of our service in matrimony is food and clothing, and for our work in your shops and houses, less than half wages. You tell us that we are guarded by your armies and your police from harm; but you take away our right of self government as the price of such security, while you show that your own safety and rights are too dear to you to be bartered away to masters for the same advantages of protection. We are thinking, angel must mean fool in your vocabulary, and purity must mean incapacity, or you would not rivet them so closely together upon us. Infants are called little angels, and they are credited with a similar purity and innocence until they can stand alone. The one explains the other, and we repudiate the flattery because we honestly think we do not deserve it, and because we would avoid the consequences which are sure to follow.

Holding ourselves to be reasonable beings, we will listen to you if you address us as fellow citizens, or even fellow sinners; and if you have anything to show why, for our faults or our defects, inherent or acquired, we should be despiled of our glorious humanity, we will defend ourselves as we best can, or take our doom as a *penalty* but not as a *favor*. When we complain of injustice and you admit the facts, do not answer that we are too pure, too lovely, too angelic to receive justice at your hands, but show us why, and wherein, we deserve such injury.

The moral and religious endowments of our common nature, are the things in which we have our least distant resemblance to the Deity who made us; our hearts and souls long for such emancipation as will enable us to grow Godward. Do you really fear that depravation would come of such liberty and opportunity of growth? We answer that women are vicious in proportion as they are degraded; that they

are weak, silly, mean and false, in the degree that they are enslaved; and, as we never have been fully enfranchised, experience cannot testify to the danger which you profess to fear. We answer in a word that we are human, and can only fulfil our destiny in freedom. We remind you that we are responsible to God, and ought not to be crippled in our capacities by men; that we were created for ourselves as well as for our human relations, and must have the freedom that an unlimited development demands. We are willing to obey the laws which God has made; we acknowledge the obligations of natural morality and social duty, and will as faithfully observe and respect the civil laws which we shall help, as citizens, to enact; but we protest against the tyranny of legislation without representation; against the justice of that government which is without the consent of the governed; and following in your footsteps we charge all the wrongs under which the sex suffer, upon the false principle and unjust practice which excludes the responsible subjects of law from the halls where it is framed and the courts and jury boxes where it is administered. To sum up the aims of this appeal, we ask to be regarded, respected, and treated as human beings, of full age and natural abilities, as equal fellow sinners, and not as infants or beautiful angels, to whom the rules of civil and social justice do not apply.

We will resume the consideration of the moral nature of woman, with a view to display its distinctive and peculiar qualities and aptitudes affirmatively, and so far as we can analytically. It is the really difficult part of our subject, and demands the best efforts and most candid and earnest consideration of our readers. ED.

For the Una.
LIFE.

Life is a glorious, beautiful mystery!
Life is a various, wonderful history!

Full of the deeds of men,
Full of the needs of men,
Full of all beauty and darkness and light:
Life is half tenderness, love and beatitude!
Life is half treachery, hate and ingratitude!
Dark with the wiles of men,
Bright with the smiles of men,
Full of sweet warnings that dawn on the night.
Life is a pilgrimage, traveled full wearily!
Life is a morning walk, tripping right cheerily!
Holy with Sabbath chimes,
Gory with ruthless crimes,
Beaming with blessed hope—black with despair,
Life is a passage-way, on to eternity!
Life is a school, teaching truth and fraternity!
Blest for the working man,
Curst for the shirking man,
Asking no more than the weakest can bear.

WESTERN EDUCATION.—A party of twenty-nine females, bound for the West, under the direction of Ex-Gov. Slade, were at the Clarendon Hotel, Buffalo, on Monday. They are to become teachers of the rising generation, out in the regions of sunset.

HOME, May 17.

MY DEAR E.:—

Your letter to the UNA was sad in its tone, sadder than real workers ever indulge in. Labor, which is prayer, brings confidence and trust to the soul. "Woman dust" may cover the earth three feet deep or so, but hope "recreates" from this very dust, true, noble, strong women; women who can labor and wait for the return of their harvest; women who can discern from afar, the first gleam of light, and go cheerfully to their toil, renewed and refreshed from the fountain of all good. I would not be understood to say that these women are as symmetrically developed as they would have been in a true order of society, but they have grown strong, brave, and patient to endure; and these are virtues not to be despised in the present age. The gifted woman, who, looking out upon the world, and seeing the deep needs of humanity, dares to scoff at the weaknesses of her sex, is certainly to be pitied—not flattered and worshipped in her weak selfishness, for it is only that after all. Angels, there are none. The nearest approach to them is in the beautiful innocence of childhood. The soft, serious, liquid light, that gleams in baby eyes, is angelic, but the first lessons of deceit and self consciousness, dims their lustre, and gradually the pure clear light fades away, and a veil shuts out our gaze from the soul, which was to us all beauty.

* * * * *

You declare yourself "neither a radical or a blue," but it would be difficult to find any one who has enriched the literature of our country more than yourself. Your prose and poems have been everywhere read, and the writer loved and revered for their sake. Professional you may not count yourself, for you have not written for fame or fortune, but because you must have an utterance for your free thought

An old gentleman at the West inquires how literary women live, whether they have families and do their own work, or whether they devote all their time to the quill? And also, how reformers manage their domestic life? The first question we could not answer, for we never made the shadow of a claim to being a literary woman, and we could not substantiate it if we were to do so, hence we turn it over to you, for we know that you have the entree to all the literary homes, and can give a day's or week's experience with ease, not only of your own life, but that of many others. As to our being a reformer, there are lingering doubts in our mind about our right of appropriating that name also. If reformer means the making war upon every thing in which we see wrong and evil, we fear that we should fall below the mark. But if the name will cover a wider field, and may be taken in its true, legitimate sense, of being a re-organizer, a co-worker with the highest in rebuilding and reuniting the broken fragments of the beautiful,

then we shall rejoice in the name which is now so despised, scorned, and misunderstood. He asks whether we are mistress of a family? do our own work, including washing, scrubbing, &c., and says there are many in Ohio who do so. We never proclaim our ability to perform either mental or physical labor, but we have somewhat to say, on the score of economy, while on this head. No one woman is capable of performing all the labor of an isolated household, consisting of five or six members. She cannot be wife, mother, cook, chambermaid, seamstress, &c.—a single pair of hands were never designed for all these multifarious duties. There can be no attraction to all, and a part, if attempted, will be negligently done. A woman thus overworked, can have nothing to impart to her children but fretful or frivolous conversation; and worse still, she can only entail upon them a legacy of weak organizations, subject to scrofula, nervous diseases, &c. While on the score of economy, it may not be amiss just to remind men, who think all these unending duties belong to women, that these machines may wear out, and that it is very expensive to look up another piece of kitchen furniture of like kind and quality. Our old friend says there is no higher place, for man or woman, than the kitchen and dining room. We so far agree with him as to think a woman commits an unpardonable sin against good manners and morals, who is not sufficiently in her kitchen to see that she always sets before her family good wholesome food, tastefully arranged—and lastly, that she never presents them with sour, burnt, or heavy bread. Neglect of these things, marks the ignorant, careless, or indifferent wife and mother—and no matter how well she may talk, write, sing, dance or play, we are sure there is a very great lack in her character, the brain has not been well arranged in the packing process. But no wife or mother can be justified in spending day after day, catering to the depraved appetites about her. Men may permit it, nay demand it, and then when the wife is well worn in this battle with kettles, scuttles, and scullions, with whisks, pots, pans, and poker, he wearies of her and himself, because he feels no nerve, and finds no brain in his household but his own; and like Frederick the Great, he is ready to exclaim "I am tired of ruling slaves." How could he expect brains in the head of a woman who was always watching some boiling, frying or stewing process, over a fire so perpetual that the Salamander might come forth at any moment; or in children where the mother was thus occupied. Aye, the "woman dust" begins to haunt me, and I shrink from contemplating this waste of heart and head. "When will people learn to eat to live, and not live to eat?" said a lady to me, after spending a long forenoon in the kitchen, combining various dishes for a family dinner. On seating myself at table, I could but be

amazed at the amount of labor performed by one pair of hands, and marveled that her husband did not deem her a paragon, instead of exclaiming, "wife, this steak is all burnt to a crisp."

* * * * *

We have received letters from London, containing some account of the Woman's Education League, the Constitution of which we shall publish, and also the prospectus of a Woman's Advocate, which is in preparation for publication.

The women of England are evidently in earnest in the prosecution of their great work, and we shall confidently look, ere long, to see the present revolution in China followed by a rebellion among the women against having their feet crippled, and with a demand to have their chop-sticks at the same board with their masters. So much of reform would not surely take them far out of their legitimate *sphere*.

* * * * *

In one of our western exchanges, we find a long and very pleasant notice of a course of lectures given by Miss Olive Wait, on Moral influence and Moral training. It is said that mountains of prejudice were swept away. We learn that Miss Wait purposes to resume her lectures in the autumn.

* * * * *

We have been reading the report of the preliminary meeting for a World's Temperance Convention, and must say that we are rather surprised at the temerity of the women to suppose that they made a part of the world, and so answer to that call. We could have told them beforehand, that that was not the place for them. Their work in this truly great movement is to get up temperance tea-parties, raise funds, in whatever way they can; travel from house to house, in snow and mud, to look after the drunkard's family, or stay at home and endure the bitter, burning shame and agony of a drunkard's wife, or as a step higher, they may take the petitions and gather names to pray for Legislative enactments. Legislatures may put aside State business to hear them and respectfully receive a committee from 28,000 women praying for aid to suppress this giant wrong, but it is not to be expected that in a world's convention, called for a great *moral movement*, that they should be admitted. The thing is absurd, preposterous. For our own part, we admire the fearlessness of our ex-Mayor, the D. D.'s and the Reverends, who with such grace and wit voted the women in, and then voted them out. The ex-Mayor even refusing to preside if they were admitted. There was in this a brave disinterestedness worthy of all commendation, for honor is honor, if its only the Presidential chair in a temperance meeting.

The cause is safe in the hands of such brave knights as need not the "recompence of reward," and have no regard for the smiles of the fair, nor fear of their power, but bravely go forward and with a right stalwart arm conquer

the foe. The great drama commenced in 1840, in the attempt to exclude women from public service in the anti-slavery cause, has had scenes innumerable, but this, the fourth act, is richer than all the others, inasmuch as it has the power to call a *whole world's* convention on the same day and in the same city in which the half world's convention will assemble. We may seem to have treated this subject lightly; but the wily, witty, wicked Talleyrand says that language was given to conceal not express the feelings.

At the recent Hale dinner, in Boston, women were invited to attend and treated as equal human beings, not flattered and befooled out of their money, but addressed courteously, and one lady invited by the president to speak. We marked one point, the tickets for ladies were put at half price; this was just and right; until women have full remuneration for their labor, they should never pay but half price, and we wonder that railroad corporations, steamboat companies, &c., don't think of it. Its all wrong, we don't like to be considered in law a child, and then have to pay the full price of a man for any little trip we may wish to make. ED.

We beg pardon of our friend, for appropriating some of the tit-bits in his letter, but they are so racy in their character and bring the scenes they describe so vividly before us, that we know our readers will enjoy them.

NEW YORK, May 18.

"We expected to see you, during the eventful Anniversary week, just passed, and we are sorry, for your own, as well as our sakes, that you were not here.

The Anti-Slavery meeting was grand; altogether beyond our expectations. True, Furness and Parker disappointed us, by their absence, but we had such speeches from Garrison, Quincy, Lucy Stone and Phillips, as made us prouder than ever of our cause and its advocates. And then Beecher! with what a manly step he came to our platform and bore his testimony against slavery; making only such an allusion to the differences between himself and us, as the occasion required. Our friends were all delighted with him; and he was not ashamed of us. This was the only meeting at which he spoke during the whole week. * * * He did not mean to speak, but was called up by cries from the audience.

* * * * * Our business meetings were also deeply interesting, and the prospects of the Society have never before looked so bright since 1840.

On Thursday, Mr. ——— received a small company at dinner, at the Irving house. Among those present, were Beecher and Garrison, Hale, (John P.) and Quincy, John Jay and Phillips, Samuel May, jr., and myself. We did have a good time! To see Garrison and Beecher "cheek by jowl" on Religion, was a rare treat, I assure you. The two men have a pretty fair appreciation of each other; and are not so far apart as the world thinks.

Beecher preached a great sermon to-day, all about reforms and reformers. He began, by tell-

ing us what mighty questions were up for consideration, and how impossible it was to dodge them, and how unmanly it was, even to *try* to do so. Woman's Rights was among the questions he specified; and he declared that it must be met and settled by argument and reason. At the close, he alluded to his attendance at the A. S. Anniversary—said of Garrison, "that he had done what few men in the world had dared to do—he had stood like a pyramid for twenty years, for what he believed a great principle!" Phillips he called the "golden mouthed"—the "most eloquent of all the sons of New England"—a "man, with whom he did not in all respects agree, but who always made him ashamed of himself by the richness of his life!" I don't pretend to use his precise words, but this is the substance.

Such a fuss as the women have kicked up among the old fogies on the temperance platform! There was a meeting called to prepare for a World's Temperance Convention, and the delegates from the N. Y. State Woman's Temperance Society presented themselves, to the utter dismay of your Providence Mayor, (who happened to be in the chair) the smooth-faced D. D.'s, and the reverend black coats in general. I cannot tell the whole story, but you will see it in the papers. The women were voted out by a small majority; and last evening, they had a great rally at the Tabernacle preliminary to a "Whole World's Temperance Convention," which they propose to hold here at the very time appointed for the meeting of the "Half-World's Convention."

Miss Anthony, presided, Dr. Snodgrass made a speech. Miss Clark, of Le Roy, spoke briefly but well, and then came Lucy Stone, "the bright particular star" of the evening. * * Charles Burleigh was called out afterwards, and "brought down the house," in spite of his beard; and Douglass, being called up in the same way, closed the affair in the happiest manner. The Tabernacle was full, at a shilling a head. These are stirring times indeed! * * * * *

Yours unabatedly! I."

It is too bad, that some of the happiest hits must be repressed—but a private letter, is a private letter, and must be held sacred! ED.

BOSTON, May 20, 1853.

Dear Mrs. Davis:—

Last week, at New York city, we had a foretaste of what woman is to expect, when she attempts to exercise her equal rights as a human being. In conformity with a resolution adopted by the Mass Temperance Convention, recently held in this city, a call was issued, inviting the *friends of Temperance*, to meet in New York, May 11th, and prepare for a "World's Temperance Convention." Under that call, the Woman's State Society, of New York, an active and efficient body, sent several delegates; but though regularly elected, their credentials were rejected with scorn. The chairman of the committee on credentials reported, that the callers of the Convention never intended to include women. Think of it, a *World's Convention*, in which woman is voted as not of the world!

Rev. Dr. Hewitt, affirmed that "it was a shame, a burning shame," for us to be there; and though it was entirely out of order, he discussed the ques-

tion of Woman's Rights, taking the ground that woman should be no where but at home.

Rev. E. W. Jackson, gave it as his opinion, "that we came there expressly to disturb." Rev. Mr. Fowler, of Utica, showed the same contempt for woman that he did last year, at the meeting of the N. Y. State Temperance Society. Rev. Mr. Chambers was particularly bitter. It would have been well for those women who have been accustomed to accept the foolish flattery of men, to have been present, to see the *real estimate* in which woman is held by these men who surely represent a large class.

The President of the meeting, Hon. Mr. Barstow, Mayor of your city, indignantly refused to put the motion made, that Susan B. Anthony should be on a committee, declaring "that he would rather resign than do it."

He said it was "not fit that woman should be in such places." After we left, (if the papers reported him correctly,) he used language, which proved that he was not fit to be where decent people are. It was next to impossible for us, or our friends to get a hearing. The "previous question" was called, or we were voted out of order, or half a dozen of the opposing party, talking at once, kept ours silent. Rev. T. W. Higginson, by whose resolution at the Boston meeting, this meeting was called, bore himself nobly on the occasion. He declined serving on a committee, from which women were excluded, and when it became apparent that only half the world could be represented by that meeting, he entered his protest against the proceedings, and in behalf of the excluded, invited those who were in favor of a whole world's Temperance Convention, to meet that afternoon at the house of Dr. Hall. A large minority withdrew, including several ministers, and made arrangements for a Convention that knows "neither male nor female." It will be held sometime during the World's Fair, in New York.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, to protest against the above proceedings, and although 12 1-2 cents were charged at the door, every seat was occupied, and much of the "standing room" also. The verdict of that meeting was in favor of a *whole World's Convention*.

These same gentlemen (?) who excluded us, held a meeting subsequently in Metropolitan Hall. There, your Mayor Barstow said, "God has placed woman in the moral world, where he has the sun, in the physical, to regulate, enlighten and cheer."

C. C. Burleigh, alluding to this remark, in our meeting at the Tabernacle, said, "then he calls his Convention, in which Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury and Neptune are appointed a committee of arrangements, and says that the sun, shall be excluded."

At this same meeting, *ladies* were especially invited to vote, "as though they had a heart in it." In a resolution, about to be adopted, ladies, too, were especially invited to give their money, to aid these very men, by whom every soul of us had been insulted. I am sorry to say that some gave.

But taught such lessons, by such masters, woman, will one day be wiser.

Yours for humanity, without distinction of sex,
LUCY STONE.

EXTRACTS

from an Appeal to American Christians on behalf of
the Ladies' Medical Missionary Society.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

A few ladies of Philadelphia have lately formed an association for the purpose of advancing educational and Christian improvement. The following preamble from their "Rules," &c., will best define their plans:—

"Believing that God, in committing the care of the young especially to woman, imposes on her the duty of preparing herself, in the best possible manner, for her important vocations, among which are the care of her own health, the physical well-being of her children, and tendance on the sick, suffering, and helpless; and finding, also, that the BIBLE recognizes and approves *only woman* in the sacred office of *midwife*, therefore we, who give our names to this benevolent association, agree to unite in the following purposes:—

"1st. To co-operate with the efforts now being made in this city of Philadelphia, to qualify women to become physicians for their own sex and for children.

"2d. To give kindly encouragement to those females who are engaged in medical studies.

"3d. To give aid and sympathy to any among them who may desire to become missionaries, and go, in the spirit of love, to carry to the poor suffering women of heathendom, not only the blessings of the healing art, which Christian men can rarely, if ever, bear to females in those lands, but also the higher and holier knowledge of the true God, and of salvation through his Son, Jesus Christ."

In Boston, "The Female Medical Education Society" was organized and opened its School in November, 1848. In April, 1850, the Society was incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature. After a protracted debate and severe scrutiny of the subject, only four votes were cast against it; which proves most conclusively the favorable opinion this respectable body of men entertained for female medical education. The School thus incorporated has received from sixty to seventy female students, many of whom have already gone into practice as nurses and midwives; but, as a full course of medical lectures was not given, none have graduated as physicians. The plan is now to be perfected, and we may expect it to prosper greatly. The "Society" pledged to support this College, numbers, we believe, nearly two thousand persons, among whom are found the names of distinguished statesmen, clergymen, physicians, merchants, and "honorable women not a few." New England has fully sanctioned the medical education of women. Indeed, the "physicians of Boston" deserve much respect for their liberal views in regard to this effort to reinstate woman in the natural and Scriptural custom of tendance on her own sex, which must also include all necessary knowledge of the diseases of childhood.

But Boston is not alone in this great, because good, work. "The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania" was incorporated in 1849, and opened at Philadelphia in 1850. During these two years, it has numbered about sixty students in all, though a number were only attendants on particular branches. Its plan of studies and lectures corresponds with those of the male medical colleges in this city; its students are very assiduous, and give promise of much usefulness; and several are expected to graduate at the close of the present session.

The views and reasons which have led to the establishment of the two colleges thus briefly noticed, may be best understood by extracts from their own publications. The following is from the Introductory Lecture of one of the Faculty, who opened the "Female College" at Philadelphia:—

"The education of Females as Practitioners of Medicine is not the only aim or intention of the Trustees and Faculty; they desire, by a complete course of lectures in medical science, to show her the delicate and beautiful machinery which her Creator has formed, that thus she may be enabled to aid the suffering, make the path of the departing

less rugged, and teach her associates to repel in advance the insidious approaches of disease, to which she now, from ignorance of their effects, too freely exposes herself and her offspring."

In April, 1851, the "Female Medical Education Society of Boston" asked the Legislature for aid. The committee to whom the petition was referred made a favorable report, from which we will quote—

"FEMALE PRACTITIONERS IN MIDWIFERY."—Your committee have no hesitancy in expressing the opinion that there ought to be a class of thoroughly educated females for this department of professional duty. So far from being a departure of woman from the duties appropriate to her sex, it appears peculiarly her province. And it seems an unfortunate oversight, that this branch of female education has thus far been neglected in our country. In the countries of the Old World, women have filled this office from the days of the "Hebrew Midwives" to the present time. The governments of most of the European States provide institutions for the education and training of this class of persons, and allow none to practice but those who are properly qualified."

"FEMALE PHYSICIANS."—The education of females as physicians is specified as one of the objects of the society that petitions for aid. It is not, however, expected that they are to supplant the present medical profession, but rather be auxiliary to it, thus rendering it more complete and useful. There is at present a want in this respect that has been felt and expressed by many physicians; and, in reference to which, the testimony of an eminent medical authority will here be presented.

Professor Meigs, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in his recent work on the Diseases of Females, thus speaks upon this point: "The relations between the sexes are of so delicate a character, that the duties of the medical practitioner are necessarily more difficult when he comes to take charge of any one of the great host of female complaints, than when he is called to treat any of the more general disorders. So great, indeed, is the embarrassment, that I am persuaded that much of the ill success of treatment may justly be traced thereto."

* * * * *

"All these evils of medical practice spring not, in the main, from any want of competency in medicines or medical men; but from the delicacy of the relations existing between the sexes; and, in a good degree, from a want of information among the population in general as to the import, and meaning, and tendency of disorders manifested by a certain train of symptoms."

"It is perhaps best, upon the whole, that this great degree of modesty should exist, even to the extent of putting a bar to researches, without which no very clear and understandable notions can be obtained of the sexual disorders. I confess I am proud to say that, in this country, generally, certainly in many parts of it, there are women who prefer to suffer the extremity of danger and pain, rather than waive those scruples of delicacy which prevent their maladies from being fully explored. I say it is an evidence of the dominion of a fine morality in our society."

In cases where these difficulties are nearly or quite insurmountable, Dr. Meigs recommends the call of a midwife, if one is to be found, to assist in the investigation; thus giving his testimony in favor of having a class of educated women of this description, if it be only to act as *assistants* to physicians.

It is obvious, however, that the evils in question may readily be removed by the education of females as physicians for their own sex.

To these reasons might be urged others equally important, and one of such serious magnitude as no Christian should overlook. It is proved by data which cannot be questioned, that the practice of midwifery by men is not only injurious, but destructive of human life. In Boston, for several past years, out of 4000 annual births, the dead-born have averaged 300 yearly, or one in every fourteen. In the Hospital of Maternity, in Paris, entirely under a Female Superintendent, Madame Boivin,

out of 21,502 births, only 783 were still born, a fraction over one in twenty-eight; about half the ratio in Boston!!!

Let these facts be considered, and we do not see how any conscientious man or woman can withhold approval of this plan of female medical education and practice. It is not new. The intrusion of men into the department of midwifery was first permitted by the profligate Louis XIV., in the case of his mistress, Madame La Valliere, in order to conceal her shame. The unnatural and degrading practice has never been prevalent on the Continent of Europe; not even now in France, where there are, in the city of Paris alone, over six hundred licensed midwives, and several hundred are every year educated by Government for the provinces.

It is in England and the northern and middle portion of the United States that man-midwifery chiefly prevails. Yet it is but about eighty years since it was first ventured upon in America. It cannot long continue, now that public attention is called to the subject, and it is found that, in nine-tenths of the world, female physicians for their own sex are, and ever have been, employed successfully, and that there is actually less feeble ness among women in those countries than in our own, where constitutional ill health in the mothers is fast making us a nation of invalids. This is not directly the fault of the regular physicians, perhaps, but results, indirectly, from the increased ignorance of women respecting their own diseases and those of their children, since the practice has been monopolized by men. This ignorance leads people of both sexes often to employ quacks and resort to poisonous nostrums.

Ignorance and mystery always induce superstition, and the false is then worshiped for the true. Why else do we see, in this city of Philadelphia, the boasted seat of Medical Science, where six colleges for the regular training of doctors are located, that quackery lifts its head like a second tower of Babel, and steam-engines are driving onward the manufacture of pills and potions, as though these were to support the nation? The inventors and preparers of these medicines win the confidence of the people from the regular physician, and gain wealth while he studies in vain—because he has kept his art in concealment, particularly from woman, who is the real conservator of health, as of home. Let the good and learned physicians of Philadelphia open schools for training female medical students, and permit any lady who pays the matriculation fee of five dollars to attend one course of lectures, and their halls would be crowded. The study of medicine belongs to woman's department of knowledge; its practice is in harmony with the duties of mother and nurse, which she must fulfil. It is not going out of her sphere to prescribe for the sick; she must do this by the fireside, the bedside, in the "inner chamber," where her true place is. It is man who is there out of his sphere. And now let the effort be to give all females that knowledge of the laws of health and of their own frames which will lead them to improve the modes of training children and preserve them from the need of medical treatment.

Then, when real diseases occurred, and danger was apprehended, the most worthy and eminent physicians would be employed, trusted, honored. Quackery would be swept away as superstitious notions are when the people are enlightened, and the learned Professor of Medicine would no longer be eclipsed by every pretender who can prepare a pill and pay for a puff.

But this Appeal, which "The Ladies' Medical Missionary Society" now makes to the Christian public, is mainly in aid of preparing the wives of missionaries to act as physicians for the women and children among whom their station either domestic or foreign may be found. And, more important still, we wish to aid in educating pious unmarried ladies who may be willing to go out as Medical Missionaries. What a blessing to a mission family to be accompanied by a competent female physician, who would be an adviser as well as comforter in the hour of sickness! She might act as Teacher till called to her profession; and,

though she would practice gratuitously among the poor in heathen lands, yet, when an entrance was gained to the more wealthy, she would doubtless receive rich presents, and be able to assist, materially, the cause of missions.

All heathen people have a high reverence for medical knowledge. Should they find Christian ladies accomplished in this science, would it not greatly raise the sex in the estimation of those nations, where one of the most serious impediments to moral improvement is the degradation and ignorance to which their females have been for centuries consigned?

Vaccination is difficult of introduction among the people of the East, though suffering dreadfully from the ravages of the small-pox. The American Missionary at Siam writes that thousands of children were last year swept away by this disease in the country around him. Female physicians could win their way among these poor children much easier than doctors of the other sex.—Surely the ability of American women to learn and practice *vaccination* will not be questioned, when the more difficult art of *inoculation* was discovered by the women of Turkey, and introduced into Europe by an English woman! Inoculation is one of the greatest triumphs of remedial skill over a sure, loathsome, and deadly disease which the annals of Medical Art record. Its discovery belongs to women.* I name it here to show that they are gifted with genius for the profession, and only need to be educated to excel in the preventive department.

Let pious, intelligent women be fitly prepared, and what a mission-field for doing good would be opened! In India, China, Turkey, and all over the heathen world, they would, in their character of physicians, find access to the homes and the harem where women dwell, and where the good seed sown would bear an hundred fold, because it would take root in the bosom of the sufferer, and in the heart of childhood.

Such were the views and hopes of the ladies who formed this Association. We have been, thus far, greatly encouraged. Our Society was organized November 12th—not one month ago. Already we number over fifty members and donors; and, what is of more value than money, we have received the cordial approval of eminent clergymen belonging to each of the great denominations of Protestant Christians.

We hope for much favor. We seek to unite all hearts in the good work, as the following from our "Constitution" will show:—

"RULE VI. As the objects of this Society are to open the way of improvement for their sex in the duties especially belonging to women, and also to offer a wider sphere of doing good to such as wish to work in the Saviour's cause, therefore we invite the co-operation of Christians in every part of our land. Any association of ladies formed for the same object, and paying annually into our treasury, shall receive an annual report: and these co-operating societies may each recommend a female student to the care of the Executive Committee, and designate the individual beneficiary to whose aid its contribution is to be devoted.

"Persons making donations may specify the particular religious denomination their bounty is intended to benefit. The Executive Committee will faithfully fulfil these trusts."

The New England and Pennsylvania Female Medical Colleges are now on a similar plan. A term is to commence in February at Boston. Our Society will be able to pay the tuition fees of that course for four female students—one from each de-

*What appears to be another great discovery in Medical Science has lately been made by Mrs. Emma Willard, viz: "The Theory of Respiration; or, How to Cure the Cholera." The Committee appointed by the "New York State Teachers' Association" to examine this discovery, have reported that they "believe the Theory to be TRUE." The New York State Legislature will have the subject again examined. Should this cure of the cholera prove efficient, it will rank next in importance to the discovery of inoculation.

nomination, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist—should suitable ladies be commended by the Missionary Boards. The wife of some missionary may desire to avail herself of this opportunity. In short, we are willing to begin now, and trust in the Providence of God for means to go on.

Those who are ready to aid us, we invite to send their names and offerings.

One dollar, annually, constitutes a Member.

Twenty dollars makes a Life-Member.

Five dollars constitutes a Benefactor.

Donations of fifty dollars or more give the rank of Patron.

Communications may be addressed to the *Treasurer*,

Mrs. THOMAS WOOD, 323 Arch Street,

Or to

Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, 297 Chestnut Street,
Secretary of the Ladies' Medical Missionary Society.

PHILADELPHIA, December 9th, 1851.

MYSTERIOUS.—On a cold stormy afternoon, in the latter part of March, a girl some eleven years of age and thinly clad, was seen walking back and forth several times in front of the residence of Mr. Edmund Morris, one and a half miles east of this village. Soon, shivering with cold, she asked admittance into the house and the privilege of warming herself by the fire. The lady of Mr. Morris and his family were at once interested in the forlorn condition of the little stranger. They gave her food, and with kind words sought to assuage the grief portrayed in her looks and actions.

They found the child intelligent and remarkably sensitive. Her story ran thus. She is the child of English parents, who emigrated to this country some six years ago, and settled in the city of Buffalo—were wealthy and commanded the luxuries of life. She had a twin sister, who died two years since. Her father became intemperate—her mother died soon after her sister. In less than a year her father married, and died in less than a year thereafter. She had been left there by her step mother, who was passing with her on the railroad from New York to Albany. They stopped at the Poughkeepsie station, when the mother took her into the sitting room of the station house and had her change her clothes for common ones, or such as she wore every day when at home. The woman then walked with her through the village, and out as far as she then was, and left her, by saying she wished to call on a friend in a house near by, and that she would soon return, and take her to the railroad station. To keep warm, she had walked in front of Mr. M.'s until the cold impelled her to seek admittance. Her name, she said, is Fanny E. Edwin.

This story, and the appearance of the girl, made her an object of tender solicitude with Mr. M. and his family. They promised her a home; bought her clothing, and lavished on her their best attentions. She is fond of reading—can play tolerably well for one of her age, on the piano. But at the end of some four weeks from the time she entered that house, she disappeared, leaving all the clothing, and everything provided for her save a pair of shoes. How, and whither she went, is truly a mystery.—*Poughkeepsie American.*

Preparing for publication, in London, *THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE*; a monthly paper of 16 pages, Demy Svo., Price 2d. Devoted to the Amelioration of the Social State, through THE ELEVATION OF WOMAN.

The contemplated Advocate of truth and justice, designed as the organ of the WOMAN'S ELEVATION LEAGUE, will plead for the Social, Moral, Professional, Pecuniary and Civil Elevation of Woman, as the only sure and irrefragable movement towards the civilization of the whole human race.

At the present time, while some of our leading Journals as well as our Weekly publications, some of our Pulpits as well as our Platforms, and even our House of Commons as well as several Members of the House of Lords, are evincing an interest and directing attention to the existing position

of Woman—while the persuasion and conviction are daily widening and deepening, that through the *influences* of Woman especially, the melioration and advancement of Humanity must be achieved—while various Political and Theological sects and parties, are looking to *Woman* as the concentration of their hopes and fears, in their contemplation of the future—while the multitudinous off-springs of the English-press do not present a single Periodical consecrated to the exposition and advocacy of Woman's position, claims, and elevation—the Members of the *Council of the Woman's Elevation League* conceive that they will be supplying a deficiency in the representation of Public-opinion and rendering Society an essential service, by setting on foot a Publication wherein the views, opinions, and sentiments of *thinking minds* may be communicated, on the hitherto neglected topics—the *Office* and *Influences* of Woman.

The Proprietors expect Articles for and against the Elevation of Woman; and though the Editors of *The Woman's Advocate* will make room for Articles opposed to the movement on behalf of Woman, they particularly solicit the clear statement of Facts relative to woman's wrongs, the degradation of the Sex, the oppression of Helplessness, the claims of injured Innocence, the necessity of Woman's elevation—in short, they solicit the communication of whatever may tend to the solution of the great problem—Woman,

"The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

As this undertaking is purely a labor of love, the *Council* seeks assistance during the period requisite for bringing the contemplated Periodical fairly before the public—and, hereby, affords an opportunity to the Friends of Humanity to evince their willingness to aid the cause, by filling up the accompanying Form, or by inclosing Postage-stamps to the Secretaries, the Receipt of which will be announced in different Newspapers.

Under the head of "*Fashionable Folly*," the Boston Journal says that unnecessarily long as ladies' dresses were the past season, another tuck has been let out, and if anything are still longer than they were. Elegant silks, costly brocades, beautiful dress patterns of every shade and hue, are kicked along the side walks by pretty feet, or are dragged after them as useless and unpleasing appendages. Any one walking up Washington street on a pleasant afternoon, will meet crowds of fashionably dressed women with the extra ornament of a couple of inches of dust and dirt around the bottom of their dresses. Four flounces of silk, and one of street dust and ashes, may be fashionable, but the latter is anything but ornamental, or in accordance with good taste.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

The national peculiarities of a people are shown as strongly in the naming of ships, as in more consequential matters.

The Spaniard displays the religious tendency of his mind by such titles as "*The Holy Trinity*" and "*The Twelve Apostles*."

The French exhibit their sensuality in the "*Prima Donna*" and "*Madame Ceritos*." The industry and love of money of the Dutch shows itself in such titles as the "*Beaver*" and "*Gold Hunter*." John Bull's ugliness comes out in the shape of "*Spittfires*" and "*Boxers*," "*Thunderers*" and "*Devastation*." Jonathan goes his length on speed, progression, and universal dominion, a peculiarity that shows itself in such names as "*Flying Cloud*," "*Sovereign of the Seas*," "*West Wind*," "*Wild Pigeon*," "*Empress of the Deep*," and "*Frightened Lightning*." In our opinion a philosopher could get up quite a truthful history of a people without consulting any other documents than the stems of their ships.—*Dutchman.*

A Spanish proverb says: "A little in the morning is enough, enough at dinner is but little, and a little at night is too much." Remember this, and be preserved from indigestion and sleepless nights.

We give another letter of our friend Emma. It is a mirror held up for those who are in the habit of supposing, that because they have large principles they have nothing to gain in this movement. Nothing to gain and everything to lose.

Mr. W's opinions are but the opinions of the world. He calls the people the rude and vulgar. "The multitude" heard and received Christ's teachings gladly; but the Scribes and Pharisees stood aloof. Kossuth the great Apostle of freedom goes to the masses for inspiration, religiously believing that "the voice of the people is the voice of God."

We claim that the heart is never ignorant; because the mysteries of feeling are as full of wonder as those of the intellect. There is much in the soul above intellect; there are these distinct energies by which we seize upon and appropriate high truth; and this enthusiasm is far above the intellect, for the soul in its love of the divine, derives its inspiration thence.

They who receive the gospel must become as little children in their charity, which is love. But there is a step even more difficult to take; they must labor on patiently, being willing that their names should be cast out as evil and they themselves should be counted as fools for the truths sake. With returning health, we look confidently for clearer and more discriminating views in our friend E.

DEAR UNA:—I have been wondering, ever since you commenced your publication, and it has been a subject of conversation among my friends, why so many capable women who believe its doctrines and desire their spread and adoption, afford the movement no countenance either by word or deed. It cannot be that they are indifferent, or slavish or cowardly, for there would be little hope for the redemption of women generally, if this class, the most advanced and the most capable, were for such reasons indisposed. I do not believe that the lowest, the most ignorant and helpless class of people are always the most reliable in enterprises of reform. They are prone to insurrection and rebellion, but, surely, they are not the only, or the best agents of prudent and permanently progressive reforms; they are not the persons to reconstruct society with really improved institutions. I have had a long talk with Mr. W—about this matter; I wish I could give you his thoughts, but, in fact, I have secured but little besides the impressions and convictions which the conversation produced. He says that the vulgar are no more sincere or honest than the refined; that selfishness as much as principle, leads them to support the right; for being the wronged party, as the world goes, they have every thing to gain by it, and therefore are always found to be the first and the readiest to accept reformatory truth and obey it. This view of the matter relieved me, for I could not reconcile myself to the notion that education and refinement must needs enfeeble the conscience; nor, that wealth and power always corrupt the life. If it were so, better have no reforms and no elevation of the lower grades; they would only grow worse for all such improvement of their condition. Is that logical? It agrees with my sentiment, and that is the only criticism that I feel safe in trusting to.

But then, if your cause is right and just and wise and necessary, why do the ladies that I speak of withhold themselves? Mr. W—replies to this question, that it is because a commitment

and efficient advocacy of the movement would require their social crucifixion, and although they are disciples in sentiment, it is quite another thing to be heroines and martyrs. Greater sacrifices and higher duties are required of them than from those who have less available ability for the service. They are less oppressed in their own circumstances, and more restrained by operation from active exertion than those are whom society is less concerned about. They can neither marry, dress, walk, ride, speak, or think as freely as the less fortunate and less respected. An Indian preaching upon the text "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven," said that the reason why the savages accepted the gospel so much more freely and simply than the whites was because the former had so many things to encumber them, but the poor Indian had nothing to do but throw away his blanket and run at the call of the master. There is something in that, something that leaves us the confidence that they are not all against us who are not openly for us; and the comfort of this idea is, we are not condemned where we are unsupported.

This thing of fighting the world's battles is rough work, as you must know. No matter what may be the temper or taste of reformers, the powers that be, *will hold* and treat them as antagonists; witness the lives of the prophets and apostles and of their master. Those who said "We have left all and followed thee" really surrendered less, suffered less, and accomplished less than St. Paul, who is, in fact, the founder and authority of the christian as it is among us. In him the scholar, the philosopher, the orator, the man of standing, and the saint, all met, and he is accordingly the very chief of the apostles; and the heart and intellect of christendom accepts and obeys his ministry.

My conclusion is that the hearts of the women of culture, all over the country, are with you and, after they have for a while "persecuted this way" they will preach the faith they once destroyed with proportionate zeal and success.

Your present work is well addressed to the best taste of our sex, and where there is so correct consideration for it, there is, of course, a just understanding of it. You have accepted the responsibilities and, may I say, the exposure of your present position. May you find ample compensation for all that it costs you. Victory changes reproach into fame—it is not, that I wish for you, but the peace within which the world can neither give nor take away.

I do not know what has put me in this vein of philosophizing to-day, unless it be the recent contact with a logical mind. I am not sure that I have done justice to the apprehensions which I have been trying to alter, but failure in this would be a less matter, if I could escape an oppressive sense of my own insincerity. I think and dream and talk far above the pitch and drift of my life. I cannot resolve to deserve my own self respect. Perhaps it is this which has put me upon a defence or apology for the delinquent ladies of my set.

But what can we do that we are capable of, and—don't laugh at me—it would suit us to do? There are, it seems to me, two modes of serving the cause—one direct and the other indirect; both of which are equally right and necessary to the great end. But the trouble is that the indirect requires *genius*, of which we perhaps have very little among us; and the direct demands *courage*, of which we certainly have not much.

Of the former class there are happily not a few instances upon the record of literature and science, which have gloriously vindicated woman's capacity for the great uses of life. Bailey, More, Barney, De Stael, Edgeworth, Martineau, Barrett, Lee, Fuller, Child, Stowe, Marcey, Somerville, Bremer, Austin, Jamieson, Landon, Hemans, Mitford, Currier, Bell, and many another "name that the world would not willingly let die," have right worthily vindicated the intellect of the sex; but the crowd of mediocre anthoresses is large enough already without the help of mere middling people to as-

sist in their share of the demonstration, or give it increased effect in our favor. The prospect of high service is not very flattering in this direction. A genius is one of a million, and the vocation of the remainder must be in some other sphere and style of service.

Moreover, the *trade* of literature is not very attractive to womanly taste. I confess that I am not willing to be disenchanted of any little admiration that I occasionally feel for the productions of the thousand and one local celebrities of the day, (especially those who bear those pretty alliterative *nommes de plume*, which crowd the newspapers,) by encountering them in person. Gentlemen not at all illiberal have a justifiable repugnance to those "literary wretches," and I have a disrelish for them which I am sure is not a prejudice of sex. A great deal of the respectability of talents, that is thus struggling for *utterance* and notice, would be better directed if it were devoted to *action* in the thousand fields of enterprise which are now inviting our occupation. Nine tenths of the talents of women are excluded by taste and prudence from literary competition for fame. There is nothing in such a life that any one who has any resources within herself ought to covet. Aspiration is common, genius is uncommon, inquietude is very common, and pretence is even below common.

That way is hedged against us. What shall we do? I mean what will we do? Alas, it is probable that too many of us will "stand still" as Mr. W—says, "and wait for the salvation of the *Ladies*." This is a bitter, at least a biting perversion of the text, but it fits the perversion of our lives.

I am betraying my friends, yet I love them; they are really so good and beautiful, so worthy of the love and honor which they receive, and, withal, they suffer so much, both from the faults and the misfortunes of their position, that it is not in my heart to blame them—very much. Keep them in view, do not misunderstand them, work for them, work upon them; they also are the objects of your labor, for they are, as much as the lowest of the caste, victims of the great wrong.

By the direct method of furthering the cause of woman's elevation, of course, I mean the active, open advocacy of the right before the people, in all the forms and modes that can conquer an obstacle or gain an effective voice in its favor. Conventions, lectures, appeals and remonstrances of every kind, directed to the public in primary assemblies, and to the law makers in their official character, as well as to the wide world through the press. The avocations of trade and business including the learned professions, must be carried by resolute endeavor and actual occupation. If women are ready for their rights, they will take them, first at the points that are unguarded, and afterwards, those which will be surrendered to the demands of justice and reason. This opens work, and a way to it to every woman in the land that is worthy of the call.

In this real and practical enterprise, the great struggle lies; and here the trial, the toil, and suffering are to be encountered. I do not say talk and resolve less and work together, each in her own way. Exhortation and exertion must go hand in hand to victory; and criticism should be left to those who will do nothing else. Even this may be of service, however intended. Whoever fears it overmuch will not be needed, at least, she could be spared, for the work will certainly go on; Providence will find the means and agents, and they will use the opportunity.

The very thought of all this great progress strengthens me, even me. My own despair is nothing. I feel as I do on ship board or in a railroad car; I am not of the least consequence to the movement, but it goes on and carries me with it. It is a joy to know that we are not standing still and that my worthlessness is not fatal to the interest that I have at heart.

The summer opens again, and the world looks so fresh and young. Nature is neither sick, sorry, nor sinful. She is not making preparation to spend the summer at the watering places, but to improve

the time for the happiness of man, and beast, and bird, and flower. She is busy but not burdened, and is not wondering what she will do with herself in the hot weather; she is not flirting like Miss B——, fretting like Miss F——, nor mourning with me. She is not a *Miss*, a misfortune, or a mistake, but a mistress in all her glorious domain. Would that her children were worthy of her and in harmony with her. In truth I am very sad. If I were well, would I be any better? I might be loving and loved, perhaps suffering in some other fashion, but with the strength to bear it, and the happy consciousness of that strength. But then, would I be thinking, wishing, praying with all the life of my soul? I am not content, yet I would fear to change conditions with those whose lives I do not envy; for in their situation I might be like them.

EMMA.

The essay published in our last number, entitled "Woman and her Wishes," is already out in pamphlet form with the following brief and beautiful address to the members of the mass convention, given upon its first page.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.—The publication in our newspapers of the list of members of your honorable body, has won the just tribute of men of all parties to the happy result of the selection. Never, it is thought, has Massachusetts witnessed a political assembly of more eminent or accomplished men. And yet there are a few to whom the daring thought has occurred,—that to convoke such ability and learning, only to decide whether our Legislatures shall be hereafter elected by towns or by districts, is somewhat like the course of Columbus in assembling the dignitaries of his nation to decide whether an egg could be best poised upon the larger or the smaller end. A question which was necessarily settled, after all, by a compromise,—as this will be.

But as at that moment, there lay within the brain of the young Genoese a dream which although denounced by prelates and derided by statesmen, was yet destined to add another half to the visible earth; so there is brooding in the soul of this generation, a vision of the greatest of all political discoveries, which when accepted, will double the intellectual resources of society,—and give a new world, not to Castile and Leon only, but to Massachusetts and the human race.

And lastly, as we owe the labor and the laurels of Columbus only to the liberal statesmanship of a woman, it is surely a noble hope, that the future Isabellas of this nation may point the way for their oppressed sisters of Europe to a suffrage truly universal, and a political freedom bounded neither by station nor by sex.

T. W. H.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1853.

Dear Madam,—

I send enclosed one dollar, with which I desire to render myself a subscriber to your paper for a year.

I freely declare, that while I have long been convinced that the movement now on foot, to make woman, equally with man, the absolute judge of her own wants, capacities, affinities and adaptations, is one loudly demanded by justice and *fairness*, and only opposed by obstinate bigotry, absurd prejudice, and a meanness of spirit too deep to be characterized by words, I was so remiss in my duty as never to have thought of sending for the paper under your care, until thereto especially instigated by my charming, chatty, bright hearted friend, who has recently been a sojourner under your roof. In her last, there is such an imperious *ukase* that were I ever so reluctant, I should hardly venture on the rash experiment of disobedience.

But I am not reluctant at all, for I shall be glad to read you from week to week, and so give systematic form, perchance, to a conviction already as strong as it needs to be. I *ache* daily, to see the little lily-livered popinjoy's stand behind our counters, selling calicoes, ribbons, laces, mantillas, and even petticoats, chemises and drawers to ladies themselves!!! While hundreds, nay, thousands of gentle souls, as true and good from God's hand as any that ever breathed, are daily falling exhausted from the slippery edge of the precipice that beetles above the dread deep of vice and misery. And all this under the inexorable spell of a great lie—the lie that woman will be unsexed if she steps beyond the narrow and degrading limit of a few almost menial employments in this great world of diversified labor. Well, the wrong is so abominably overdone, and so angrily insisted on, that its own excess and intemperance will help all the sooner to extinguish it. These clouds will roll away, by and by, and when an equal and unquestioned participation in the benefits of whatsoever occupation she deems herself fit for, shall have made woman the equal of man in pecuniary freedom and independence, I think there are some reforms in the spirit which informs the relations of the sexes, some other deified lies, which need deposing and extirpating, which will be worth and will command the attention of the good and the true.

Yours is the work first to be done, and I wish you God speed in it, from the bottom of my heart.

I am, dear Madam,

Very respectfully and truly yours.

Dear Una,

In Philadelphia, 'twas said, that notwithstanding the Unitarians boast of freedom from what they term "the orthodox superstition," they still seem to have collected in their churches, all the materials for a grand burning.

They have first, a Furniss, then Green-wood, Coal, Bellows, Sparks and Burnup.

Speaking of this, the other day, a lively friend of mine gave me the following, which I send to you:

A list of names of ministers who are or have been in the Church of Scotland.

Thirteen Scots, one French, one Ireland, one Welch, and one Home; fifteen Browns, five Whites, two Grays, three Reds, two Blacks and one Green; three Roses, a Primrose, a Gowan, a Hood, a Wood, a Forest, a Hill, a Craig and a Cairn; twelve Pebbles, seven Burns, and a Burnside; a Peat, a Bog and five Muirs; a Foot, a Proudfoot, a Shank, two Cruikshanks, and a pair of Pattons; a Laird and a Freeland; ten Grants and a Charter; two Guns and a Cannon; a Lamb and a Kid, a Lyon, a Hog and a Bullock; one Baillie, nineteen Smiths, six Taylors, four Millers, three Baxters, three Cooks, three Gardeners, a Shepard, a Herdsman, a Clark and two Foremen; four Walkers, two Stalkers, a Hopper, a Trotter, and a Flail; four Hunters, a Falconer, a Forrester, a Fisher, two Martins, five Stirlings, a Swan and a Crow; two Smalls, two Littles, one Meiklejohn and one Littlejohn; two Youngs and one Auld; two Singers, two Songsters, one Harper and a Piper; a Lee and a Story; a Bell and a Spark; a pair of Tanse and two Cupples, joined with Hope, Patience and Love.

The second number of NICHOLS'S JOURNAL has reached us. It retains the same clear healthy tone of the first, and will do good to those who read and heed its words of truth. It is eminently the people's paper,—cheap, readable, and handsome in dress and appearance.

We wish to call attention to the advertisement of the Female Medical College, of Pennsylvania, more particularly for the reason that women are appointed to professorships with equal rights, honors and duties. The faculty of that institution have acted wisely, in seeking out and conferring honor upon those who entered

into the study and practice of medicine, while it was a subject of reproach, a matter of ridicule, and when in doing so, a woman lost caste even with her own sex. It will be observed, that Miss Mowry, M. D., of our city, has accepted one of the professorships.

Miss M. was one of the earliest female students of medicine in this country, pursuing her course with such aid as she could obtain, persevering unwaveringly, when mountains of prejudice and obstacles were in her path—she received certificates of fitness to practice the healing art from physicians who had extended to her a helping hand. Unambitious of distinction, retiring in her nature, she has shunned rather than sought notoriety. Her persevering industry, her gentle and quiet sympathy by the bed of suffering, have been rewarded by the love and confidence of many, who, as she goes into this new field of usefulness, will rejoice, if she shall receive the honor, and emolument, she so richly deserves.

Subscriptions received from April 20, to May 20

Elizabeth Allen	\$1	Henry Whiting	1
Samuel Ashley	1	Wells Wallbridge	1
Mrs. E. Baker	1	A. J. Williams	1
H. A. Bisbee	1	W. Yardley	1
E. Blackwell, M. D.,	1	Sarah D. Knowles	1
Mary Boyd	1	Lucy R. Lamb	50 cts.
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FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue five months (21 weeks) closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.

Hilborn Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.

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Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty.

DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.,
229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

From the Liberator.

TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

The Dutchess of Sutherland, by reputation one of the most beautiful of a beautiful array of women, is the lady of whom Mrs. Norton has borne such noble testimony in the following lines :

Ah, easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not
crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt, to see what turn the world
would take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words, and holy wishes, and true tears;
The ioved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying
years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted slander's dart with their indignant
scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts
which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceiv-ed.

But, like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam,
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing—
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide.

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint, false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thy own good thoughts thy heart its
mercy drew.

And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after times
Shall set some value on his votive lay;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many with which thy life is stored.

So when these lines, made in a mournful hour,
Are idly opened to the stranger's eye,
A dream of thee, aroused by fancy's power,
Shall be the first to wander floating by;
And they who never saw thy lovely face,
Shall pause, to conjure up a vision of its grace!

WOMAN'S RIGHTS. ENDORSING NOTES.—The Governor of Missouri, in his late Message, made one admirable suggestion, that *no man shall be allowed to endorse another man's note without the consent of the endorser's wife*, or rather, that no endorsement without such consent shall be valid. The Governor well says :

"An evil of great magnitude exists in our country, to cure which a suitable remedy has been looked for in vain. The evil alluded to is the practice of endorsing in private transactions. If a man is bound to sell his real estate for a fair price, and to receive the full value in hard money paid down, the law still requires the consent and signature of his wife before she can be divested of her interest in it. The wisdom of this law has seldom been

doubted. It might be well, then, before a man, in a convivial moment, or when overcome by the persuasions of an imprudent friend, or deceived by the false representations of a bad man, puts his whole estate—the earnings of a long and laborious life, and of much toil and care—in jeopardy of the law, to require him at least to get the consent and signature of his wife. If she is to be reduced to poverty, it may be as well to let her consent to it. This might remedy the evil to some extent, by adding a little more time, reflection and caution to all such transactions, without preventing much of the good resulting from this practice. Experience has shown that the wife is a good adviser and safe counsellor."

Mr. Polk of the Missouri Senate has introduced a bill framed in accordance with this suggestion. We trust one of the same sort will soon be before our Legislature.—*Mackenzie's Weekly Messenger.*

A good conscience is more to be desired than all the riches of the East. How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day, without condemning himself! A good conscience is the finest opiate.

PURSUANT to a vote of adjournment, passed at the WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION, held at Syracuse Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th of 1852, a Convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, the 5th and 6th of Oct. 1853, to consider the question of the rights of citizenship, and in how far women are entitled thereto.

All persons, men and women, who are willing to discuss the great questions of human rights, irrespective of sex, are invited to attend—to participate in the proceedings of the Convention, and thus aid, by casting their mite into the treasury of thought, in evolving the truth.

In behalf of the Committee,

E. OAKES SMITH, Pres't.
Brooklyn, May 16, 1853—3m.

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE COLLEGE.
At Perkiomen Bridge, Montgomery Co., Penn.

DESIGNED to extend to young women all the educational facilities enjoyed by the other sex at our most respectable Colleges.

An able Board of Teachers is provided, and every needful means for imparting a thorough and systematic course of instruction in all the branches of a liberal and useful education.

Young ladies can pursue the ordinary collegiate course, or one having more direct reference to qualifying themselves for business pursuits.

The Institution having obtained a liberal charter from the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, is legally authorised to confer the usual collegiate honors and degrees upon its pupils.

The location is easy of access, healthy and delightful. The domestic accommodations are genteel, and the expenses moderate.

For catalogues giving full particulars address the Rector as above.

J. WARRENNE SUNDERLAND.
June 1—3m.

NOTICE.

V. B. PALMER is an agent for the UNA in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, *if* Location in Boston, corner of Court and Tremont streets; in Tribune Buildings, New York; in Philadelphia, N. W. corner of Third and Chestnut streets.

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Boston, Feb. 20th.

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Providence, R. I., March 1, 1853.

N. E. SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

THE third term will commence Feb. 27, 1853. Pupils will be received on application at the school on or before that day.

Designs for Delines, Calicos, Muslins, printed Flannels, Paper Hangings, &c., executed at the school—also designs for wood engravings—vignettes—initial letters, &c., Lithography and wood engravings neatly and promptly done at the school. Thorndike's Building, Summer street, Boston.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS TRACTS.

THE following series of Tracts is now in press, and will be ready for sale in a few days, at the prices named below:

No. I. A Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Women. Third edition. By SAMUEL J. MAY. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. II. The Speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS, to the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. III. "On the Rights of the Female Sex to an education as thorough and extended as is provided for the Male." A Report, by Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, read at the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. IV. "Enfranchisement of Women"—an admirable article from the Westminster Review; and Miss HUNT's Protest against taxation of Women. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. V. "The Sanctity of Marriage." By Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

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No. VII. Speech of Mrs. M. E. J. GAGE, to the Convention in Syracuse, Sept., 1852. Historical evidence of the talents and energy of the female sex. Single copy, 5 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

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No. X. Letters from Mrs. E. C. STANTON—1st, to the Convention at Worcester, Oct., 1850; 2d, to the Convention at Syracuse, Sept., 1852. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

N. B. Copies of this Report, at 12 1/2 cents, single, \$10 per hundred, and any of the above named Tracts may be obtained of J. E. MASTERS, or S. J. MAY, Syracuse, N. Y., or Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTTE, Philadelphia; Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH and Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, New York; ROBERT F. WALCUT, BOSTON; Mrs. EMILY ROBINSON, Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio. Pay the postage.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JULY 1, 1853.

NO. 6.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.
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or on business, to be addressed to the Editor,

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

"AUNT BECKY:"

"AN AUNT AS IS AN AUNT."

BY NILLA.

Becky Sisson was an invalid by profession. She was one of those people who *enjoy* miserable health. If we might trust her own account in the matter she had every variety of disease a doctor ever dreamed of. Not a neighbor could have the head-ache, rheumatism or dyspepsia, the back-ache or the gout, but Becky Sisson knew all about it, she was troubled in just the same way herself! The oldest "inhabitant" never remembered the time that Becky Sisson was well, she was never remembered to have been even *better*! Some uncharitable people would hint in spite of her "*ipse dixit*" that she was well enough if she would but think so and let alone doctoring. Let alone doctoring! For such a magnanimous self-denial, "Aunt Becky" had no disposition. Years before I was ushered into this mortal world the habit had become a life-settlement. Her ailments were her property; her peculiar perquisites; her outfit for the voyage of life! Her eyes turned inward-searching for aches, pains, cramps and stitches. No pointer was ever better on a scent than "Aunt Becky;" she was forever nosing round for some new disorder to make capital of; when found she was perfectly certain that was what was the matter with her; she had passed through all the premonitory symptoms and was already possessed of every legitimate ache and pain laid down in the books.

With scrupulous care and nice accuracy she watched for further developments.

She would have been a rare catch had she but have lived in this age of homeopathy.—She could tell how many times she had coughed, winked or sneezed during each twenty-four: like a watch-dog she slept with one eye open lest something should escape her. But "Aunt Becky" lived when the enjoyment of miserable health cost something, and she believed too in "treating a case actively." Oil and senna had to her olfactories, the odor of a sweet-smelling savor, and rhubarb, quinine, and salts were as familiar to her as her daily food.

Not a Doctor within a twenty-miles ride but that knew "Becky Sisson," for an M. D. affixed to a person's name, possessed to "Aunt Becky" a peculiar signification. It was a mystic symbol, a sign for her to reverence, and straitway her poor body, that "lying-in-hospital," that "house-of-refuge" for the whole category of "ills which flesh is heir to," was offered up, a free-will offering to the tender mercies of their vials of wrath, powders and lotions, blisters and poultices! (Yet some medical men did hint, in private, that brown-bread pills suited Becky Sisson best!) She knew, which Dr. had the sharpest lancets, and who drove the fastest horses; she could tell a sulky a mile off, and had even been known to make her manners to a pair of saddle bags!

No one knew exactly Becky Sisson's age, that was a point about which she was nervous, yet if one might judge from what she had "passed through," we might safely conclude that Methusaleh's hour-glass had fallen as an heir-loom to the Sisson family for the benefit of such of its members as "enjoyed" miserable health! Becky Sisson might have been pretty in her youth, she might have been fair when she was a baby, but as I remember her, her complexion was a sort of compound of cheese and putty, the natural result of bile and opium. The long habit of complaint had given an angular expression to her whole face; her lips were drawn down at the corners as though the

weight of the tales of woe which they had recited had been too much for them! Her voice too, had that nasal twang significant of those people who "enjoy miserable health," half drawl, half whine, like a cracked bassoon!

Many a time has some one of us children been called from our first nap to run for the Doctor. "Tell him to come quick, for I can't live so," was ever her parting injunction; and yet she must have surprised herself, for she did live so, just so for full twenty years! To see Aunt Becky undressed, one would have supposed she had served in the old French war, and in the Revolution beside, for her whole frame, the house *she lived in*, was seamed, scarred and indented into as many lines and angles as a school-map, indeed it was an Atlas to Aunt Becky, *her map of the world!* To us youngsters it was as puzzling and awful as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, but she needed no key, no "Rosetta stone" to facilitate her acquaintance with the subject. She had each scar and discoloration chronologically arranged; here were the marks of seatons, there she had been cupped, those, were the memorials of tartar-emetic plasters, or the indentations of issues! Aunt Becky had a gift at description, she was perfectly familiar with this, her book of life: each scar was to her the heading of a new chapter. She would run through the index as perseveringly as a pedlar describes the wares hid in his trunk.

"Mother used to say I was healthy enough when I was a baby, but I have'nt seen a well day since, notwithstanding I have tried *everything*! None of the Doctors seem to understand my case. Dr. Billious thought my liver was affected, and kept doctoring me for that, and oh the sights of stuff I did throw up! Dr. Gastric as soon as he came, said I had'nt a mite more bile than he had, that my stomach was what ailed me; he tried his best, why he said he had given me medicine enough to kill three ordinary folks, but it did'nt have a mite of effect upon me! When the new Doctor settled down at the Mill, I tried him, for he seemed to cure ev-

erything; he said my lung was what was the matter, that one was entirely gone, and the other as large as two ought to be! He put on those tartar-emetic plasters, and I used to rub my side with croton oil every night and morning, but after all I didn't see but I had just as much pain as before, only it seemed to get round rather more into my back; and that set me to thinking, whether or no it mightn't be the spine complaint! I sent for Dr. Vertebra right off, and he said as soon as he saw it, that my back-bone was as crooked as the letter S! He put in those seatons where you see the scars; I don't think, however, that he helped me as much as the other back-Doctor did I had after him! He took out all the seatons, and just put on a sort of a jacket made out of brass, and that seemed to give me more support than anything else! Cupping too has helped me some, and I always keep an issue open in my arm. I have doctored my blood considerable: I paid thirty-nine dollars for sarsaparilla all at one time!

Poor Aunt Becky! thirty-nine dollars indeed! thirty-nine hundred would be a small estimate for the money she had offered up on the shrine of her "enjoyment!" Yet Becky Sisson was mortal after all! She made a mistake, a thing she was never known to do before; this, is how it happened; she thought she would take a spoon full or so of salts just to cleanse her stomach, and by some mistake, took oxalic acid instead. Before the Doctor got to her, she was too far gone, nothing could save her!

Why, said the Doctor, (it was old Dr. Slow-boy they sent for,) I might have come sooner, but she has sent for me so many times, and always told me she shouldnt live, that I thought she was only "crying wolf" as usual!

They held an inquest upon Aunt Becky, and twelve men of acute penetration decided she died from an accident, but if I had been consulted, I should have said—DEATH FROM THE ENJOYMENT OF MISERABLE HEALTH!

SURPRISING.

After the first side of our paper was struck off, with the shadow of Aunt Becky Sisson upon it, we received Godey's Lady's Book, and to our surprise found it therein, marked No. 1, as belonging to a series. Now we know that we have five or six of the shadows in our own drawer, and can give no account of this appearing in the Lady's Book. We knew it had been sent there, and recalled by the author, for our Una; we knew we had the original manuscript, clean and uninjured, and so printed it. The explanation and settlement we shall leave to the author, and the editor. The character is a good one, but we do not like to publish and not give credit, or even seem in any way to fail in due courtesy. We hope cousin Watt, Patty Nettlewood, and Dolly Dolorous, or any of our other shadows, will not get spirited away from us.

Very well; our friend may think that a disguised hand, and the suppression of his name, will keep us in the dark; we are not easily cheated, but we can keep a secret, and an editorial secret is very safe in our possession. If we could not guess, and did not know on whom to fall back if a storm should rise about our ears, we should just keep the letter for our own good, and never say a word to our readers about it; though we own that we have such kindly love for them we wish them to enjoy everything we do.

For the Una.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER.

MADAM,

In your second number you say that "the best things ever written are unpublished letters." I happen to have one to spare. For very obvious reasons I suppress the address. I have even altered the initial letter to escape the application.

D.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 1st, 1852.

My Dear D.—What a dismaly dignified distress you have put yourself into about the deplorable delusions which have come upon the age! Don't fret yourself. Your philosophy has nothing in it that entitles it to treat our superstition with contempt. It behaves just now as if it had used up all the logic in the language to cover its own nakedness, and had left itself nothing but hard words to throw at the impudent opinions which challenge its shabby pretensions. "Swedenborg, Mesmer, Joe Smith, Jackson Davis, Miss Fox, Fourier, Spurzheim and the rest of the Tom fool family humbug!" Why, one would think you had learned your latin in the fish market! you may treat yourself to the comfort of feeling that your Hunker College diploma authorizes all this superciliousness, but the democratic audacity of the times cares very little for the fastidiousness of the school of forlorn fogies. When a boy holds off and only makes mouths at a bully, it is understood that he considers his beauty, as much as his dignity, in danger. I am candidly of opinion that the regulars would gain no honors in the ring with these rowdies in literature, faith and philosophy. They are a rugged lot of left-handed hard-hitters, and the dandy scientifics are dead sure of a black eye in every encounter. It is a free fight, my dear fellow, and if you are not sure of your weapons and confident of your luck, take a friend's advice and keep in the shade. Hunkerism has no choice left to it but submission, or a drubbing. If you have no stomach for either, take care that you don't coax the catastrophe upon your devoted head. The old school tacticians of Europe complained bitterly that Napoleon not only beat them out of their boots, but that he violated all the established rules of warfare in the doing of it. That didn't alter the result however. Complaints and explanations won't restore a battle after it is lost. "Take physic, pomp, or take care of yourself."—[Shakespeare].

You are right in the fact, but you are not right in your complaint, that the age of marvels has returned upon the world. Within the last century we have a revival of supernaturalism, just because the thing was in itself inevitable, or in the philosophical sense of the word, necessary; and I take leave to say that it was necessary in every good meaning of the term. In whatever form it comes, thank Providence that the undivine dynasty of reason, which has the credit of overthrowing the superstitions of the middle ages, is encountering a subtler foe in the spiritualism of the present day. Magic, witchcraft, necromancy, with oracles, angels and all the forms of immediate revelation, went down under the mechanical philosophy and the severely incredulous spirit of protestantism. The reformed religion, with even more potency than the exact sciences, addressed itself to the task of

disenchanting the earth of its spiritual machinery, and blotting out the myriad intermediate agencies which personated the Divine Providence in the Gentile, Jewish and early Christian creeds. The 30,000 Gods of Greece, the multitude in the Pantheon of Rome, the spiritual hierarchy of the East, and the ruder and simpler mythology of the North and west of Europe, were all discredited by the new faith, and the government of the world fell under the jurisdiction of uniform laws, whose mysteries mathematics alone can unlock; and interpositions if allowed at all, are reserved for the direct and immediate personal attention of the Supreme Being himself, who is at the same time held to be unchangeable and without shadow of turning in all his ways. Our religion is as rigid as rationalism itself in excluding miracles and accommodation from the affairs of the present life; and the people and powers of the supernatural world are swept away as corruptions of faith and occasions of sin. The invocation of the saints is denounced, and even the ministry of angels, on the ground that it savors too much of Paganism, is permitted to remain only as an occult tenet of speculative theology, but denied any ascertained authority or practical force in the creed of the reformation.—All the assumptions of natural religion, all the fond inventions of the human heart, have fallen under the law, and our relations with the dead of our households are forbidden to traverse the barrier of their graves. We may pray for the dying till the last pulse has ceased at the heart, and the last film settled on the eye, but on the instant that the unconscious subject has escaped its clay, a wish for his welfare becomes a presumptuous sin! The societies of the heavens and the earth are divorced, for all the purposes of real intercommunication, and the celestial hierarchy is utterly stripped of its old-time office of superintending the destinies of men and nations. Such a bare-boned materialism as this cannot expect to hold the live warm heart of humanity in its skeleton gripe forever. A grain of wheat will live for century in the ice, the germ of a rose will creep round a stone and pierce the hardest baked clay that crushes it; for life will and must deliver itself from the clutches of the insensate lump. It was natural enough that the hard-fisted philosophy of physical facts should thus overshadow the faith of fancy and intuition, while engaged in its great conflict with the insurgent forces of the material creation. Mind ebbs and flows like the sea. While the revolutions of the globe continue, high tide in one quarter drains the shores in another. Before the rise of the inductive philosophy, matter was thought to be vitalized in every atom by intelligent agents, directed by presiding spirits, malignant or benign, in a way that entirely subverted the method of law and took away all reliance upon the constancy of nature's phenomena. Bacon and Luther reduced it all to clock-work, wound up to go between attraction and repulsion till it runs down and is taken in hand by the maker for repairs.

In this, reformed christianity is fundamentally distinguished from Paganism, from the religion of nature and from the spontaneous theology of the passions and of poetry. The Jupiter of Greece and Rome was not confounded with the Supreme Being. Their primal divinity was neither born, made, defined nor known. The Gods whom they directly worshipped were either portions and emanations of the Eternal essence, or departed spirits of heroes and illustrious men, exalted to celestial offices and invested with the government of nature. The absolute Supreme sustained and controlled the universe, but the subordinate functionaries exercised the liberties and discretion of a delegated administration; there was large margin left for the free play of motives in the agents, and of influence upon them. This is what was meant by the belief that the Gods ruled in the heavens and the earth, but were themselves limited by the fates.

The theoretical system of the New Testament is not so wholly unlike this doctrine as totally to discredit it. The Father is as unsearchable and as distant in our creed as in theirs, and our man-

maker, world-creator and vicegerent divinity is so far human that "he can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and disposed to modify and accommodate the system of existence to our necessities. While he sojourned in the flesh the laws of nature were every day subjected to the impulses of a temporary benevolence, and he gave a like dominion over them to his disciples. His life was a constant demonstration of **PROVIDENCE OVERRULING MATERIALISM**. Not a book, not a chapter, of our bible but teaches the same doctrine and encourages its confidence. Prayer supposes it, religion assumes it; if it is not true, we are "without God and without hope in the world." If the old testament is in any respect obsolete, it is nevertheless historical evidence; but the new leaves no doubt, and requires no support. In the book called the *Acts of the Apostles*, angels are as numerous and as essential to the action of the story as the human agents themselves; and in the narratives of the Evangelists their interventions mark every crisis and mingle in every movement of the wonderful history.

Pray tell me, my good friend, are you a Christian, or are you a philosopher? If you don't like either horn of the dilemma, and prefer that neutralized composition of contradictions called a "christian philosopher," be frank and give me the anatomy of the creature. I want to understand it.

The contempt which you entertain for what you are pleased to call superstition, is in effect an insolent assault upon the holiest and most necessary of faiths; and you may rest assured that the instincts of the soul will not meanly surrender to the sneers of science. Why, man alive, that *matter* which you think so respectable a fixed fact, is, according to your own showing, inert, dead as a door nail; and the *laws*, those convenient resources of your impudence, what are they but the *rules* by which intelligence carries on the system of being. Rules or laws are not powers or forces, they are but methods in which power, properly so called, operates itself. And how do you know that the process of existence is not carried on by a regency, a hierarchy, of living intelligencies, a committee of the whole on the state of the Universe? Take that curl out of your lip and answer for yourself.

You see I don't consider myself in your debt for any particular politeness. Any man that says Swedenborg, Fourier, Spurzheim and humbug, to me, must ask forgiveness before it would be of any use to him. It would be absolutely profane to speak so of Bacon, Newton, and Columbus; yet they were but children in knowledge and achievement to those men whom you revile. Moses and the Prophets, Jesus and the Apostles, are not of your party; Shakespeare is the only really immortal name in your callender, and you cannot claim him by any affinity of faith or feeling. Behave yourself; you may as well, for the flood of time is going to wash the world clean of your stupid style of orthodoxy.

You miserable mummy! there is life, whether you know it or not, in the light and heat of the sun; there is spirit in the air which feeds the living creation. Everything alive within us denies the sadocean philosophy. Nothing in the universe is dead; no movement in the creation is merely mechanical. Life cannot fellowship with death. We call the vitality of zinc and copper electricity, but it is the metallic passion, and touches our nerves like their own fire. Tut, man, even a sherry cobbler might soften your clay into sense though a college-baked to a brick-bat.

The spiritual agency which the world's instincts hold by inheritance from nature, and which all religious consecrate, is an easy translation of experience out of the known into the unknown sphere of existence. The human family is one; its individuals are all members one of another; the dependencies and reciprocities of our natural life indicate and assure the relations which must subsist between all the realms of rational existence, and "philosophy, falsely so called," cannot finally wrench us away from our union with the worlds above us, and from actual communion with their saints—with David, Daniel and Mary, with Py-

thagoras, Matthew and Paul; with the spirits which inspired the classic oracles, the sybils of barbarous Rome and the Druids of our ancestors.—The sages and the little children of all ages, though they could neither state the theory nor defend it, all alike accepted and rested in it, and all for the very same reason, that it is the truth of nature, and necessary to the truth of every hope and trust of the human soul. What headway or resistance can logic make against a universal intuition?

Superstition! The word is evidently from the latin *superstio*, those who stand up or survive after the battle of life. The Romans built altars to their dead; they kept their places open in the domestic circle; they held them fast in the arms of affection, and insisted upon an unbroken intercourse with their loved ones disembodied; and the immortality of the soul was accordingly as clear to them and as positive, as to our North American savages who yielded not so much to death as to lie down in their graves in submission, but were buried in the sitting posture, with their faces to the sunrise, and their parched corn and implements of the chase ready for the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit! There are facts for you, with a meaning in them; and testimony enough to prove them.

Philosophy, indeed! with nothing but its capital of doubts to boast, and nothing but the logic of negation to defend them! I tell you it is destined to change places in the world's judgment, (when it gets wiser and better) with the faith which it scorns, and to receive the just retribution of contempt for its empty pride. The inductive system of speculative philosophy was a born infidel to all spirituality, its devotion a shallow hypocrisy, its baptism a presumptuous imposture. We are afloat, sir, afloat; our sails filled with the breath of heaven, our intuitions, touched and kindled with the true polar attraction, point steadily to the star of hope, and we have the chart of inspiration for our guide on the voyage. All's well; but if you like your anchorage in the mud, if you prefer your fog-bank to our sunshine, turn into your bunk, and don't bother us with your dismal disbelief in the science of navigation. Some of our light craft may be wrecked, but you, you miserable hulk, you will do nothing but rot. Our recourse is good upon the underwriter, but you have no insurance.

I know nothing by observation of Davis's revelations, or of the Miss Fox's table tipplings and spirit rappings, and, in fact, I care nothing about them. Whosoever believes has the witness in himself of all that concerns him; he *knows* as much as he can receive. It is for such forlornities as you who doubt everything and then doubt your doubts, to require knocking, tilting and kicking into a belief. Judge, by your contempt of these, how respectable is the kind of demonstration, which you and your school require for everything. Here you have it peddled up and down the country at twenty-five cents a ticket, children half price. Much good may it do you. There is nothing more amusing to me than to see an elephant faint, because the company is not select. Why don't you tear down the canvass and expose the show; that would take all the wonder out of it. Oh, fy, fy! You that know so much about, and believe so much in, facts, and are all the time complaining that they trick you! Ain't you ashamed! The fight is all in your own field, and you must stand up to it or pull down your colors.

Spurzheim would convince you, Fourier would convert you, Swedenborg would make you all over new. If you cannot stand that, keep out of their reach and call them humbugs, but don't indulge your temper upon the rappings. My dear fellow, they are—why they are—*bona fide* physical phenomena! don't treat them with contempt, or Lord Bacon will be down like the judgment day upon you. You must not countenance locomotives and telegraphs, if you turn up your nose at these. If I thought you had the heart to be grateful for the favor, I believe I would pity you; but, for the sake of the best possible adjustment to the case I believe I will laugh at you.

I am beginning to think you relish the works of Milton because he wrote *paradise lost*. Your dis-

like of the works of the Mormons who are bravely endeavoring to achieve a paradise regained, looks like it. Poor fellow; how you will suffer if the world don't stop. The child is sea-sick and the ship won't anchor in the middle of the ocean! If all the world were dead how nicely you could keep tavern. Did you ever think of that? It is a chance, don't despair.

Very Respectfully,

W. E.

FERN LEAVES—From *Fanny's Portfolio*. For sale by G. H. Whitney, Westminster street.

This is certainly a most charming book, beautifully printed on the finest paper, and prettily illustrated; but that is not the best of it, though it is a great recommendation. It is fresh, natural, and genuine. Full of keen, delicate, irony, curiously quaint humor and touching pathos; one can never take it up without finding something to meet them in any mood or humor. Every article is complete in itself, and it can be read while waiting a moment for the carriage, or for the kettle to boil. It is just the book to lie any where about house, to fill up odd moments with, and make people better. It will cheer and amuse, or find a tender place in the heart and make people in their pleasant homes think of the orphan, the lone widow, or the desolate outcast.

It suits the sick room. The invalid can read a page or two, lay down the book and the thoughts will be turned away from self to some sunny place abroad, or to some other sufferer, and so they will be made better. Fanny has a genuine love for humanity, is full of tender sympathy with children, she looks through their eyes into the depths of their young pure souls, and receives them as angels—and gives them a tender welcome.

The definition of true hospitality is thus given by Emerson:

"I pray you, oh excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gate; nor a bed chamber made at too great a cost; these things if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let the stranger see, if he will in your looks, accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparingly and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love and honor, and courtesy, flow in all thy deeds.

Mrs. Lucy F. Perkins has been appointed postmistress at Barraboo, Wisconsin. We are glad that the government recognizes the woman's rights' cause. Three postmistresses have recently been appointed in Pennsylvania.

POST MISTRESS AT PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.—Mrs. Emily R. Hooe has been appointed Post-mistress at this place, vice B. W. Brisbois, removed.—*Prairie du Chien Courier*.

A FEMALE ELECTED TO OFFICE.—Miss Olivia Rose has been actually elected Register of Deeds for the Eastern District of Lincoln county, Maine. The vote was—Miss Rose, 496; Mr. Sylvester, 205; scattering 40. Miss R. had been for some time an assistant in the office.

For the Una.

The following facts copied from the "Tribune" are of too frequent occurrence. Patrick Fitzgerald is just found guilty of shooting his wife, under the influence of liquor. Thomas Neary, found guilty of beating his wife's brains out, while he was crazy drunk. The deed was done before the eyes of his children, whom he threatened to kill, if they made a noise.

John Murphy, at Fall River, last week, tied his wife to the bed and poured sulphuric acid down her throat, thereby killing her. He had drank a pint of gin, a few hours before.

I have always been deeply impressed with the sacredness of the marriage relation. "They twain shall be made one," had for me, a holy, a mystic meaning—"What God hath joined together let not man put asunder" were words that conveyed to my mind a "union of essential natures," not an accidental, conventional, or circumstantial agreement to live together, sanctioned by legal statutes and sanctified by the blessing of a clergyman—Like Antoinette de Bourignon who was enraptured with the Bible description of holiness, and traversed many countries in search of one, who embodied the saying of John, "Whoso dwelleth in Love dwelleth in God and God in him"—I looked for this spirit affiliation of two souls—this "spirit interwoven existence"—marriage in its loftiest sense. Such a marriage surrounds with celestial blessings the children of its love—But in the present stage of development of the human race, it is worse than idle to say, that there are marriages, except where the paired natures are spiritually united—Man has instituted a legal marriage in imitation of his Maker's divinely authorized one—It is, so far as I can see, the best, the wisest thing that could have been done, it was necessary to close the flood gates of licentiousness, to secure to civilized society, order, decorum, the family relation, to secure to children legal protectors, a home, a maintenance. I have no fault to find with the law which puts its stamp on marriage. True, it is only the veneering of the institution, but it is all man had grown old enough to do—that law has been in an external sense his salvation; whoever therefore does ought to lessen the reverence for even the legal institution of marriage, does just so much to destroy morality and uproot the foundations of society. To repeal that law would be to open the door of passion indulgence, if not of unbridled licentiousness. To guard the family compact carefully, stringently, is the duty of government, if it legislate at all, and legislate it must in the present low state of society. But the legislators of our country are now imperatively called upon to enact a law to unbind, as well as to bind. The Divorce law ought to make Drunkenness a legal plea for divorce. When the marriage contract which they have sanctioned is broken, and the helpless wife and innocent children are the victims of brutality and intemperance, they have no right, in justice, or humanity, to compel a woman to live with a drunkard, and pass through scenes in her daily life, over which decency must draw a veil; scenes, which the virtuous among them, if they could witness, would make "their ears to tingle and bring the burning blush of shame," that man could perpetrate what no other animal, what no beast, however low in the scale of creation, ever has perpetrated. Or if she flee the loathed, contaminating contact, she must endure the still greater suffering of having her children torn from her. Again, while the law says to the tempted wretch, Drink, Drink, abundantly! the egis of law protects *you*; does not justice and mercy plead for another law which will give to the drunkard's offspring the money received from the Distiller and Rumseller for the licenses they purchase? If our legislators will persist in throwing over the destroyers of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" the panoply of their authority, let the helpless ones who have been robbed of their fathers, yea and sometimes of their

mothers also, be clothed, fed and educated by the "price of blood" products of the license liquor law. A law making intemperance a plea for divorce is called for by a million beings, shrieking from the pit of despair, whither they have been hurled by the law-sanctioned sin of intemperance. Let me mention two facts. A man went home a few nights since, so drunk that he could scarcely stand—his wife had very recently given birth to an infant. He entered the room reeling, swearing, cursing, and with difficulty made his way to the bed—the affrighted mother snatched up her babe in time to save it; he tumbled into the bed, and she was compelled to prepare a place on the floor in the same apartment for herself and child to sleep. To sleep did I say? Oh no! sleep came not. I will not give the history of my friend. She died, as many die, a sacrifice to the brutality of an intemperate husband. After her decease her private papers fell into my hands. Among many agonizing descriptions of bodily and mental suffering, I found the following—"Reason reels. Oh God! have mercy. Let madness come. 'Twere bliss to be a maniac. It may not be—fibre by fibre thy heart must be torn asunder, and as the last life drop oozes out, it will trace in letters of blood 'a victim to Drunkenness.' And so she perished; so thousands perish, and the law-giver passes by on the other side nor stops to read the bloody memorial of her fate which waves over her sepulchre.

Woman is blest with a power of endurance which eminently fits her for the situation she occupies in the domestic circle, where, with few exceptions, she is treated as a drudge, or a doll, an abused tool of passion, or a nonentity. But there is a point beyond which endurance ought not to go. If a woman believes it to be her duty to remain with her husband under any circumstances, I have nothing to object: there are cases when this may be the noblest course. Let her endure till the life-cords snap. But while she does homage to what seems to her a sacred contract, let her beware how she contributes to the increase of a race who will come into existence with perverted propensities, and be reared in an atmosphere of discordance, if not of vice. Let her do all she can to reform, to conciliate, to elevate, to soothe the one to whom she has bound herself by voluntary ties; such efforts are sometimes crowned by glorious results; but let her firmly, steadfastly, affectionately refuse to subject herself to the man who dishonors her and himself by vice, or by unkindness, or even where there is an undefined feeling of repulsion, resulting from the delicacy of those unseen spiritual influences, which only elevated and refined souls experience. Let her be true to herself, true to the god-like essence within her. I know one such woman, who resisted all threats, entreaties and endeavors to move her purpose, a purpose conceived in sorrow, brought forth in anguish, and baptized in tears,—who sedulously ministered to the comfort of her husband; thus manifesting that she was not governed by caprice. Far from seeking a twin heart elsewhere, she patiently endured the withering of her heart's virgin love, the blighting of her highest hopes. She bore it for her children's sake, "thankful to save from the wreck of happiness these treasures, over whom but for her the waves of desolation would have surged." But it is exceedingly rare to find a woman who has strength to take this stand; educated as women are in the faith, that they are to be obedient servants, not equal companions, that they were created *for* man not *with* him, they have a superstitious dread of refusing compliance with his will. A woman told me that her husband said, if she should pursue such a course he would seek gratification elsewhere, and on her would rest the sin of his unfaithfulness.—Unaccustomed to take deep and broad views, she verily believed that to save him from a crime she must submit to legal prostitution. She did not see that to prevent him from committing an overt act already committed in his heart, she sunk herself in a gulf of degradation quite as horrible.

Sisters, let me earnestly and tenderly invite your attention to this subject. By living with in-

temperate and vicious men, you degrade yourselves, defile the temple of the holy spirit, and stab the peace of society. The majority of you have no means of preventing personal violence; you have no separate apartment sacred to chastity; your limited households will not admit of this. For you I see no remedy but divorce, and some alteration in the law which takes from the mother's arms her children. Ponder well your condition and your responsibilities, and let your petitions throng our legislative halls, until your grievances are redressed, and you are acknowledged as human beings having divine rights as well as your brethren.

A POET'S DAY DREAM.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON, author of Pictures of Sweden Improvisatore, &c.

This is a charming little book, fully equaling its predecessors, designed for the young, but should be read by the old, for it tells wholesome truths in a few words and a kindly spirit. His love of the beautiful leads him to study nature, and in doing so it becomes suggestive and illustrative of the best lessons. He understands the songs of the birds, the voice of spring as she carols through the leafless forests calling out the flowers, and breathing over the meadows, changing their countenance as by magic. He talks familiarly with the fairies; and paints the great grief of a child so vividly that the tear starts warm and fresh in eyes that have grown weary of weeping over their own sorrows. We shall make frequent extracts from this book, but will give now only the story of the "frightful poultry yard." It is as follows:

The sun had set, and the fowls flew up to their perches; one of them—she had white feathers and short legs—laid her eggs with all due regularity, and was, as a hen, in every way respectable—as she was about to go to roost, pecked herself with her bill, and down fell one of her little feathers.

"There it goes!" said she, "and the more I pluck out the handsomer I shall become!" But this was only said in jest—for she was the gayest among all the fowls, although, as before said, extremely respectable. So she fell asleep. There was darkness all around; hen was perched by hen, but the one who was placed nearest to her was not asleep. She heard and she did not hear, as people are so often obliged to do in this world in order to live in peace; but she could not resist saying to her next neighbor, "Have you heard what has just been said? I blame no one,—but there is a hen who has determined to pluck her feathers out, by way of making herself beautiful! Were I the cock, I would despise and discard her!"

A little way above the hen-roost lived an owl, with its mate and owlets; they had quick ears in that family, they overheard every word that the talkative fowl had said, and they stared with their large eyes, and the matron owl fanned herself with her wings. "Oh po—only listen! But you surely heard what was said? I heard it with my own ears. Actually one of these hens had so far forgotten all propriety, that she is sitting there and plucking off all her feathers, and allowing the cock to look at her thus denuded!"

"Prenez garde aux enfants!" exclaimed the father of the young owls; "Children should not hear of such doings!"

"I shall go and tell the owl who is our opposite neighbor, about it though; she is a good sort of friendly creature;" and away flew the mother owl.

"Hu-hu! whuh!" hooted they both together, while they made the best of their way to a pigeon-house near. "Have you heard the news? uh! uh! A hen has plucked out all her feathers for the cock's sake; and she is freezing to death—if not already dead, uh! uh!"

"Where? where?" cooed the pigeons.

"In the neighboring poultry-yard. I have al-

most as good as seen it myself ; it seems an incredible story to tell—but *it is very true.*"

"We believe every word of it," said the pigeon's and down they flew to the poultry-yard.

"There is a hen—nay some say there are two hens, who have plucked off all their own feathers, to look different from the rest, and attract the attention of the cock. It was a dangerous proceeding—enough to give them cold and make them die of fever—and they are both dead."

"Wake up ! wake up !" crowed the cock, as he flew on the wooden paling ; his eyes were still heavy with sleep, but he crowed away notwithstanding. "Three hens have died of unhappy love for a cock ! They have plucked out all their feathers. It is a shocking story, but it cannot be concealed."

"It cannot be concealed !" repeated the bats ; and the hens clucked and the cocks crowed—and so the report travelled from poultry-yard to poultry-yard, till at length it came back to the place where it had originated. It was there told that five hens had plucked out their feathers, in order to see which of them had become the thinnest from their unfortunate love for the cock,—that they had attacked each other in a desperate manner, and fought till each, bathed in its blood, had fallen down dead, to the everlasting disgrace of their families, and to the great loss of their owner.

The hen, who had dropped the light little feather, naturally did not recognise herself to be the heroine of the tale, and, as she was a very respectable fowl, she said, "For my part I can feel nothing but contempt for these hens ; but there are too many of the same calibre ! Such scandalous occurrences cannot be concealed, and I do not doubt the story will find its way into the newspapers. It is only what these wretched hens have deserved, and their families to boot."

The story did get into the newspapers ; it was actually printed ; and it is very true that one little feather can be magnified into five fowls !

From the New York Tribune.

EUROPE IN 1853.

"The cause of Republican Liberty is prostrate in Europe ! joyfully exclaim the panders and sycophants of Despotism, and the false Priests who varnish gigantic crimes for hire, confidently predict that for that cause there is no resurrection. Yes, 'Freedom is in its tomb,' say they to each other ; 'and we have rolled a great stone against the door—who shall dare to remove it ?' Let those who incline to believe, or even fear, that such crimes as those which crushed the Liberties of France, Hungary and Italy can permanently prosper, read the following SPEECH OF VICTOR HUGO, at the funeral in the Isle of Jersey of an humble French Republican—therefore an exile and a proscrip— and be ashamed of their practical Atheism. A nobler, more impressive, more appropriate, more affecting Speech we never read, and its perusal strengthens our conviction that the dread right of Despotism rapidly draws to a close. Read it, Republicans of every land ! and rejoice that Justice is the inexorable law of the Universe, the immediate characteristic of God !

The Evening Post anticipates us in the translation of this noble Funeral oration, as follows :

In the last days of April the French refugees in the Isle of Jersey followed one of their comrades to the field of final repose—VICTOR HUGO had been requested to pronounce in the name of all, the last farewell. His discourse was as follows :

CITIZENS : The man to whom we have come to say the last farewell, Jean Bosquet, of Tarn et Garonne, was a noble soldier of democracy. We have seen him an inflexible exile, waste away sorrowfully among us. A yearning for home was gnawing at his heart ; he felt that the recollection of all he had left behind him was slowly poisoning him ; he might have seen again his absent friends, the beloved places—his native city, his house : He had but to say a word. That execrable humiliation which M. Bonaparte calls amnesty, or pardon, was offered to him ; he honestly rejected it—and he is dead. He was only thirty-four years of age. And now—there he lies.

I will not add praises to this simple life, to this grand death. Let him repose in peace in this obscure grave, where the earth will soon cover him, and whence his soul has gone to seek the eternal hopes of the tomb.

Let him sleep here, this republican ; and let the people know that there are still proud and pure hearts devoted to its cause. Let the republic know that men will perish rather than forsake her. Let France know that men die because they can see her no more.

Let him sleep, this patriot, in the land of the stranger ! And we, his companions in conflict and in adversity, we, who closed his eyes ; if his native city, his family, his friends, ask us : "Where is he ?" we will answer : "Dead in exile !" as the soldiery, when the name of Latour d'Auvergne was called, answered ; "Dead on the field of honour !"

Citizens ! To day, in France, apostacy is joyous. The old land of the 14th of July and of the 10th of August, assists at the hideous spread of treason, and at the triumphal march of traitors.—Not one unworthy action, which is not immediately rewarded. A mayor breaks the law—he is made a prefect ; a soldier dishonors his flag—he is made a general ; a priest sells his religion—he is made a bishop ; a judge prostitutes justice—he is made a senator ; a prince, an adventurer commits every crime, from the base trick which would shame a pickpocket, to the cruelty which would make an assassin shudder—and he becomes an emperor.—Around and about these men are the sounds of triumphal music, boquets, and dancing, addresses, applause, and genuflexions. Servility comes to congratulate ignominy.

Citizens ! These men have their festivals ; well—we, too, have ours. When one of the companions of our banishment, wasted by home-sickness, exhausted by the slow fever of old habits broken up, and the affections lacerated, gives way at last, and dies after having drunk to the dregs all the agonies of proscription, we follow his bier covered with a black cloth ; we come to the side of his grave ; we, too, kneel, not to success, but to the tomb ; we bend over our buried brother, and we say to him : "Friend, we congratulate thee because thou hast been valiant ; we congratulate thee because thou hast been generous and intrepid ; we congratulate thee because thou hast been faithful ; we congratulate thee because thou hast offered up to thy republican faith the last breath of thy body, the last pulsation of thy heart ; we congratulate thee because thou hast suffered ; we congratulate thee that thou art dead !" Then we raise our heads again, and we move away, our hearts full of a sombre joy. Such are the festivals of exiles. This is the austere and serene thought which is at the bottom of our souls ; and in the presence of this sepulchre, of this grief which seems to swallow up a man, the presence of this appearance of annihilation, we feel ourselves strengthened in our principles and in our convictions. The man whose mind is made up, never treads more firmly than on the shifting soil of the tomb. And our eyes fixed upon this dead body, upon this being who has faded away, upon this shadow which has vanished, we, unshaken believers, glorify that which is immortal, and that which is eternal ; Liberty and God. Yes—God ! Never should a tomb be closed, until this great, this living word has fallen into it ! The dead claim it, and we are not the men to refuse it. Let the free and religious people among whom we live understand well, that the men of progress, the men of democracy, the men of revolution, know that the destiny of the soul is two-fold ; and that the abnegation they show in this life proves how profoundly they rely upon another.

Their faith in this grand and mysterious future resists even the repulsive spectacle which the enslaved Catholic clergy has presented since the second of December. At this moment, Roman papism startles the human conscience. Yes, I say it, and my heart is full of bitterness when I think of so much abjectness and shame : these priests, who, for money, for places, for crosses and mitres, for

the love of temporal goods, bless and glorify perjury, murder and treason ; these churches, where *Te Deums* are sung in honor of crowned crime ; yes, these churches and these priests would be enough to shake the strongest convictions in the firmest souls, if beyond the church we did not see a heaven ; and above the priest, a God. And here, citizens, on the threshold of this open tomb—in the midst of this thoughtful throng which surrounds this grave, the moment has come to sound a solemn word, that may take root and spring up in every conscience.

Citizens ! At this present hour, this fatal hour which will be marked in times to come, the principle of absolutism the old principle of the past, triumphs all over Europe. It triumphs as it should triumph, by the sword, the axe, and the cord, by massacres and musketry ; by tortures and the scaffold. Despotism, that Moloch surrounded by human bones, celebrates her fearful mysteries in open sunlight, under the pontificate of the Haynau, a Bonaparte, and a Radetzky. In Hungary, the gallows ; in France, the guillotine, transportation and exile. In the Papal States alone, I cite the Pope, who calls himself *le roi de doucour* ; in the Papal States alone, in the last three years, sixteen hundred and forty patriots (the figures are authentic) have perished by shooting or hanging, without counting the innumerable many who are buried alive in dungeons. At this moment, the continent, as in the worst periods of history, is encumbered with scaffolds and corpses ; and if, when the day comes, revolution should seek to make for herself a flag of the winding sheets of the victims, the shadow of that black flag would cover all Europe. This blood, which is flowing in streams and in torrents, all this blood, democrats, is yours.

And yet, citizens, in the presence of this *saturnalia* of murder, in the presence of these infamous tribunals, where assassins sit in the robes of the judge, in the presence of all these dear and sacred corpses, in the presence of this dismal and ferocious victory of reaction ; I declare solemnly in the name of the exiles of Jersey, who have given me the authority to do so ; and I say it too in the home of all republican exiles—and not one true republican voice will contradict me—I declare before this coffin of an exile, the second one we have lowered into the grave within ten days, we the exiles, we the victims, we abjure, for the great and inevitable day of revolutionary triumph, all feeling, all desire, all idea of bloody retribution.

The guilty will be chastised ; certainly—they will be ; all of them, and severely ! this must be ; but not one head shall fall ; not one drop of blood, not one splash from the scaffold, shall stain the spotless robe of the republic of February. The herd even of the brigand of December shall be respected with honor by the progressive. The revolution will make a grander example of that man by changing his imperial purple for the jacket of the galley slave. No, we will not return on them by the scaffold. We repudiate the old senseless law of retaliation. The law of retaliation, like the monarchy, is a part of the past ; we repudiate the past.

The death penalty, gloriously abolished by the Republic of 1848, re-established odiously by Louis Bonaparte, is abolished by us, and forever. We have taken with us into exile the sacred doctrine of progress ; we will faithfully bring it back to France. What we ask and wish of the future is justice, and not vengeance. And besides, the sight of slaves drunk with wine sufficed to give the Spartans a disgust for intemperance, so it is enough for us, as Republicans, to see kings intoxicated with blood, to have forever a horror of scaffolds.

Yes, we declare it, and we call to witness this sea which binds Jersey to France, these fields, this quiet nature around us, this England which is listening to us. The men of the revolution—whatever the Bonapartist calumniators may say—wish to re-enter France not as exterminators, but as brothers. We call to witness our words, this holy heaven which glitters above us, shedding thoughts of peace and concord upon our hearts ; we call to witness our dead brother, who lies in that grave,

and who, while I speak, murmurs in his shroud, "Yes, my brothers, reject death! I have accepted it myself; I would not have it for others."

Citizens! These thoughts are in every man's mind, and I am only the interpreter of them. The day of bloody revolutions has passed; for what remains to be done, the indomitable law of progress will suffice. And moreover, let us be tranquil; everything combats for us in the great battles we have still to fight—battles, whose evident necessity does not disturb the serenity of the thinker; battles, in which revolutionary energy will equal the desperation of monarchy; battles in which might, joined with right, will overthrow violence allied to usurpation; superb, glorious, enthusiastic, decisive battles, the event of which cannot be doubtful, and which will be the Tolbiacs, the Hastings and the Austerlitzes of democracy. Citizens! the epoch of the dissolution of the old world has arrived.—The law of Providence has condemned the old despots. Time, the shadowy grave digger, is burying them. Each declining day plunges them deeper into nothingness. God is throwing years upon thrones as we throw spades-full of earth upon a coffin.

And now, brothers, as we separate, let us shout the cry of triumph; let us shout the cry of awakening! It is near the grave that one should speak of the resurrection. Yes, indeed, the future, an impending future, I repeat it, promises to us the victory of the Democratic idea in France; the future promises to us the victory of the Social idea. It promises more: it promises that in every climate, under every sun, upon every continent, in America as well as in Europe, an end shall come to oppression and to slavery. After the hard trials we are experiencing, what we want is not only the emancipation of this or that class of men which has suffered long—the abolition of this or that right; all this we shall have, but this is not enough. What we must have and what we shall get—never doubt it—what I, for my part, from the depths of this darkness of exile, contemplate with rapture, is the deliverance of every nation, the enfranchisement of all mankind! Friends, our sufferings give us a claim upon Providence. God owes us a reward. He is a faithful debtor, we shall receive it. Let us then cherish a manly faith, and make our sacrifice with gladness. Oppressed of all nations, offer up your wounds; Poles, offer your misery; Hungarians, offer your gibbet; Italians, offer your cross; heroic transported brothers of Cayenne of Africa, offer your chains; exiles, offer your proscription; and thou, O martyr! offer thy death to the liberty of human race! **VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!**

OHIO WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION.

We had purposed giving a full report of the meeting of the OHIO WOMAN'S RIGHTS ASSOCIATION, but the report did not reach us until too late for the June number of our paper, hence we can do little more than give an abstract of the annual report and resolutions adopted. In absence of Mrs. H. T. Cutler, Mrs. L. M. Severance presided, and upon taking the chair presented a short opening address which we give below:

SISTERS, BROTHERS AND FRIENDS,

By the removal from our State, of her who had been chosen as President of our Association, the duties of that office, have most unexpectedly to myself, and most unfortunately for you I fear, devolved upon me. Utterly inexperienced as I am in the *duties* and equally unambitious of the dignities of such office, I can but hope for your forbearance, while I offer my poor services, *freely* and *heartily* to your acceptance.

I would gladly have given more time and thought to the preparation of something worthy of the occasion, but under the pressure of multiplied cares, domestic and other, and the lack of health and vigor, I have not been able to do so.

This will, however, I trust, be abundantly compensated by the aid of the many who have been gathered to labor and counsel with us. Our cause is too high and urgent and sacred, for the intrusion of egotisms. This we all feel, and none looking candidly about them upon the earnest faces of this assembly, and considering dispassionately the question we meet to argue, but must feel that a solemn, sincere purpose, and no mere personal ambition has called us together. Other places and times for this there are, for such as seek them.—But, with the wail of universal womanhood upon our ear we cannot choose to turn aside for such low aims.

It is perhaps to be expected, and certainly to be regretted, that a movement like ours, should seem antagonistic, and awaken an opposition *not always* over courteous. Intrinsically, our claims involve no antagonism, and imply no bitterness. We demand no admission of *superiority*. We ask no opportunity to array ourselves in unseemly armor, and cross swords with our brother—but, with the broad and rich earth about us, and a richer, worthier nature within, we ask only that the needs of the one, physical and spiritual, be fittingly met; and a generous opportunity be granted for honorable, and independent sustenance upon the other, and in no vain ambition of man's brief authority, is it, that in all deliberateness, we urge as first and foremost, the right of suffrage for woman. For so wide spread is the theory of woman's inferiority, so unconsciously, and yet undeniably is she made everywhere at the fireside, the altar, and on the highway, only the graceful dependant of another, that in no other way can we so surely rouse her to the recognition of her individual worth and responsibility, her independent selfhood, as by securing for her the rights of citizenship, the privileges of freemen. And we ask these for her upon no theory of equality, no assumption of identity with man in physical and mental nature, but upon the broad basis of her humanity. What woman is in mental nature, and may become, is not in any wise to say, since so little opportunity for development has yet been vouchsafed her. It remains for us, and for our children to *demonstrate* and decide. And herein we have much to do, since *example* is stronger than *precept*, and one noble, courageous, successful effort will silence opposition, and command approval, more than all else. Let us then encourage and aid to the extent of our ability, the efforts of all who seek a truer, fuller, broader life. Desiring a wise prudence in the choice of occupation, to the end that no failures may dishearten her, or embarrass our cause, let woman go boldly and hopefully onward in whatever path her Creator has given her strength and zeal to work, and she shall find both blessings and commendation in so doing.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT BY MRS. E. ROBINSON.

One year has passed since the formation of our Society. Compared with the magnitude and importance of the work, we have done little. Yet the cause has been steadily and manifestly progressing. Our association is small and unpopular. It has to encounter the interested opposition of those who hold the political power, and control the moulding influences of society, and to meet even the prejudices of those it labors to elevate.

The report of the Treasurer will show the amount of money that has been received by the Committee, and also how it has been expended. Immediately upon entering upon their duties, the Executive committee sought to procure public advocates of our principles, but we regret to say that our efforts were unsuccessful. We found none among us who could devote their time and labors to this work, and the able public advocates of this cause at the East have found abundant and profitable employment nearer home.

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The subject has been discussed in many places during the year, and public attention called to it in various ways. Conventions have not been as frequent or numerous as desirable for the want of public speakers, and the shrinking of many capa-

ble and earnest-hearted women from the responsibility of such occasions. Two county conventions of considerable interest were held in Morgan and Morrow counties. The latter, after a very able discussion of the question in all its bearings, adopted an excellent series of resolutions, and left, as we learn, a most favorable impression on the surrounding community. For the good influence of the former we are in no small sense indebted to the efforts of Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, who has from the commencement of our enterprise been its firm and efficient laborer. She has promoted it publicly in conventions, and advocated it by her pen directly and indirectly, through every channel of her varied correspondence. Her good deeds among us will be long and gratefully remembered.

We may, here, and not inappropriately mention the Woman's State Temperance Convention, held in Columbus the last winter; a movement which not only efficiently aided that sacred cause, but also made manifest to many of the previously doubting, woman's ability to appear as its public defenders. We hope that Conventions of this character will be increased in number and influence—not that in any of these public demonstrations we deem the separation of the sexes desirable, but until public opinion shall concede the equal right to woman in these matters as to men, and until she shall, herself, be somewhat more educated to this species of responsibility, we deem it well that such movements should be made under her special guidance and control.

At the request of the Committee, Mrs. C. M. SEVERANCE prepared an excellent Tract, two editions of which have been published, one by the Committee, and one by the friends in Cleveland. Nearly all of both editions have been circulated.—They have also published in tract form an article from the pen of Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, concisely but lucidly setting forth our object, particularly for those who are uninformed with respect to our purposes and plans.

Perhaps no surer evidence of the actual progress of our cause in the past year can be found, than in the changed and changing character of the literary and political papers of our State in regard to it. By the majority of these papers our cause and its advocates have been treated with marked respect, and a disposition has been manifested by many of them to give us direct aid by the circulation of important facts and arguments. Their critical remarks upon the public efforts of woman have been fair and candid. For such efforts and for our cause we ask no exemption from criticism, we rather challenge it as our right, and as the right of community. Let both be judged by their own intrinsic merit. We ask nothing on the scale of gallantry. We detest that mock obsequiousness which is bound by its code of flattery to appease whatsoever women may say or do, because she is a woman. We only ask what in most cases we have received, fair and impartial judgment. A portion of the press, in a sort of transition state remains silent, while another portion still, seems unwilling to let an opportunity pass for a vulgar joke or supercilious sneer. But unpopular sentiment which is slowly advancing to the right, will gradually correct the evils with this class of papers as far as possible. They are but indices of public opinion, and will as soon represent one side of the question as the other. We have little to do with them, except to mark where they point as indication of progress.

The result of our labors have been seen, and our object advanced, by a large number of women assuming new vocations and new responsibilities; and we have occasion for congratulation that these new responsibilities have been discharged in a manner to prove that woman's right to extend her sphere to new fields of enterprise and improvement is no idle or self-conceited claim, but one which the common interests of both men and women demand, and which woman's own capabilities authorize her to claim.

The already successful efforts of women as Authors, as Editors, as popular and Scientific Lec-

turers, a few as Physicians, many as efficient advocates of important reforms, as Artisans, as Merchants, Clerks and Book Keepers, is cause of encouragement to the timid and doubtful, and fore-stall all disposition to cavil, in the honorable opposer. Recently an increased number of females have found employment in printing offices, and the public, so far as it takes cognizance of the fact highly approves and suddenly discovers a peculiar fitness in woman for the employment. So we conceive it will ever be, as women come into new departments of labor, suited to their physical capabilities. Society will become immediately reconciled to it, but always ready to oppose the next step of progress.

Not only is the sphere of woman's activity extended, but facilities for her improvement are happily multiplying. Instances increase of classical schools and colleges affording facilities alike for all—the Medical College of Philadelphia, designed exclusively for women—other increasing means for acquiring a knowledge of the medical profession, among which we notice with cordial approbation, Dr. K. G. Thomas' school at Marlboro, and the voluntary association located at Cleveland designed to afford aid to persons of limited means, who design to enter the profession. These and other kindred means, are supplies to meet the demands of a rising ambition for usefulness and improvement.

Our coadjutors in some other States have been active during the past year. A Committee of the National Convention held at Syracuse have put in circulation a series of most admirable tracts.

For the efforts we have made we conceive our cause has made unexampled progress.

Our first Woman's Rights' Convention in Ohio met in Salem, a few weeks previous to the meeting of the Constitutional Convention of 1850.—The object was to investigate the subject of human rights, their origin and basis, and the social condition of woman. It sent a memorial to the Constitutional Convention, requesting that in the new Constitution they were about to form for the State of Ohio, women should be secured not only the right of suffrage, but all the political and legal rights they had guaranteed to men. Petitions to the same effect were widely circulated and more generally signed than the petitioners anticipated—were presented, and received thirteen votes in their favor. The same Convention gave twenty-one votes in favor of colored men exercising the right of suffrage. The claims of the memorial and petitions were based on the ground of natural justice, and on this same impregnable basis we continue the issue, and recommend the same course to those who may hereafter agitate the subject in new localities, believing that *natural right* is the *strongest right*, and takes precedence of all other rights, and is the proper antidote for conventional wrongs.

The primary causes that have led to this demonstration are manifold and will suggest themselves to the reflecting mind. But the most important of the immediate causes is the discussion of human rights in the anti-slavery enterprise; and the example of a few heroic women, impelled by a spirit of self-sacrificing benevolence or an ambition that spurned the control of limitation of the sphere which society had assigned them, who went forth as public speakers, or engaged in occupations which have previously been deemed masculine, has done much to direct public attention to the subject.

The resolutions reported were further discussed, and adopted as follows :

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That as equality knows no difference of sex, the law of equal rights, or equal freedom, applies to the whole race, female as well as male.

2. Resolved, That it is the duty of any class suffering political or social grievances, to arise in the dignity of self-hood and protest against the wrong, expose the evils under which they suffer, declare their principles and purposes for the pres-

ent and future, and never yield the contest until the object of their righteous desires of Reform be attained.

3. Resolved, That the same reasoning which establishes the law of equal rights or equal liberty for man, will establish it for woman.

4. Resolved, That the moral nature which demands the law or equal rights and responds to it is the same in both sexes.

5. Resolved, That we know of no grounds on which the law of equal rights, or liberties, should be restricted to the female portion of society.

6. Resolved, That the right of the mother to her own offspring is clearly defined by nature, in the near relation subsisting between mother and child; in the physical dependence of her child upon her; and in her adaptness as a teacher, governor, and moral instructor of the young, all of which prove most conclusively the supreme dictation of creative wisdom: That a valid claim of property always requires proof of ownership.—The Almighty has given the mother, in her maternal nature, the strongest possible proof of right to her own offspring by enabling her to substantiate her claim upon this ground. And all rules of law or legal enactment depriving her of this claim, and legally securing the father in the same; giving him the care and custody of her children, are flagrant outrages against nature and the laws of God: and as such should be opposed by christians, philanthropists, and civilized society everywhere, until society emerge from this barbarous thrall, and the mother be restored to her God-given claim, a legal *bona-fide* right to her own offspring.

7. Whereas, The Declaration of Independence adopted by our forefathers in 1776, embraced and promulgated the principles upon which this movement is founded, viz: the right of every one to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, to which may be added the freedom of conscience and the freedom of speech; and whereas the Constitution and Laws of the United States deprive women of these inalienable rights, by disqualifying them for the exercise of that inestimable privilege, the suffrage; and that still greater privilege, discharge of official responsibilities of every character; and whereas the Constitution and laws of the State of Ohio deprive women of the right to acquire and possess property independent of her husband, strips her of her earnings to enrich others at the death of her husband, and robs her of her children, if to improve her social condition, she becomes divorced from her husband: therefore,

Resolved, That as long as the principles of the Declaration of Independence are, as they must ever be, admitted as correct, the claims we advocate must be regarded as just.

8. Resolved, That it is as a right, and not as a privilege, that we ask to have secured to woman the suffrage and eligibility to office of every description, of which they are now unjustly deprived.

9. Resolved, That as long as law deprives us of our property, custom of our earnings, and public sentiment of the right which the Declaration of Independence acknowledged and promulgated, we cannot see the force of the much vaunted respect which the chivalry of the age would have us believe is paid to Womanhood.

10. Resolved, That to substitute the mere courtesies of society for the more important duties of life is treating woman as the cunning trader does the unskillful Indian—exchanging gaudy trinkets and bracelets that glitter before the eye and please the fancy for substantial gold and silver.

11. Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to draft a petition, and cause it to be circulated throughout the State of Ohio for signatures, addressed to the General Assembly of Ohio, asking to have removed the various disabilities under which woman suffers at the present time by the laws of this State, so that she may be in all legal respects the peer of her husband; and another committee of two to visit the General Assembly at its next session, and present to that body, the claims of Woman as advocated in this Convention.

12. Resolved, That as a Convention, we tender our sincere thanks to those gentlemen and ladies in the city of New York, who so nobly stood for the right, in the recent issue between dominant power and freedom of speech, during the late Temperance Convention held in that city.

13. And further Resolved, that our cordial congratulations are especially due, and are hereby tendered to Miss Lucy Stone, of Boston, and Miss Emily Clark, of Rochester, for the able and triumphant vindication of woman's fitness to engage in the Reforms of the age, in the propriety of action and sentiment, and in the masterly talent evinced by them at that trying crisis.

14. Resolved, That this Association tender their unfeigned thanks to the church and congregation worshipping in this house, for so readily and cordially granting its use for this occasion; and also to the citizens of Ravenna in the entertainment they have afforded to the members of this Association and the sympathy manifested in our earnest effort for the elevation of woman.

In accordance with the 11th resolution the following committee was appointed to prepare and circulate for signatures a petition to the Ohio Legislature, viz: Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Griffing, Mrs. Coe, Mrs. Severance, George Bradburn, Joel Tiffany, — Tibbald.

Mrs. Coe and Mrs. Severance were appointed a committee to present the petition to the Legislature, and to address that body on the subject.

The following officers for the ensuing year were appointed :

President—Mrs. J. S. Griffing, Salem.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. E. R. Coe, Mansfield, Mrs. E. Heaton, Salem, and Mrs. E. A. Aldrich.

Secretary—Mrs. Frances Bradburn, Cleveland.

Treasurer—Mrs. Martha J. Tilden.

The meeting was addressed by Mrs. Aldrich, of Cincinnati, Mrs. E. R. Coe, Rev. Antoinette Brown, Mr. Barker, and others. In all of these addresses, so far as they are reported, we find the same earnestness of purpose, and oneness of spirit, that have thus far characterized the movement. All the claims set up were based upon the broad ground of our common humanity, and the arguments were too logical to be easily overthrown, and will go far to prove that women can become reasoning, as well as affectional beings.

ON SMOKING.—Of the three modes of using tobacco, smoking is that which seems to have insulated itself most extensively among the youth of our community. Tobacco employed in this way, being drawn in with the vital breath, conveys its poisonous influence into every part of the lungs. There the noxious fluid is entangled in the minute spongy air-cells, and has time to exert its pernicious influence on the blood, not vivifying it but vitiating it. The blood imbibes the stimulant narcotic principle and circulates it through the whole system. It produces in consequence fabrile action in those of delicate habit. Where there is any tendency to phthisic and tubercular deposit in the lungs, debility of these organs, consequent on the use of tobacco in this way, must favor the deposit of tuberculous matter, and sow the seeds of consumption. This practice impairs the natural taste and relish for food, lessens the appetite, and weakens the power of the stomach. As to pleasure produced by it, it is, I believe, a well known fact that a person smoking in the dark is very often unable to determine whether his cigar is lighted or not.—*Dr. J. C. Warren.*

He that keepeth anger long in his bosom giveth place to the devil; and why should we make room for him who will crowd in too fast of himself? Heat of passion makes our souls to crack, and the devil creeps in at the crannies.—*Fuller.*

Female School Teachers are growing scarce in Maine, the low wages paid them having driven good teachers out of the business.

PROVIDENCE, JULY 1, 1853.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

Severe indisposition had well nigh prevented our attempting to write or even of thinking of our own columns in the Una, when a communication from one of our friends reminded us that we must take up the dropt stiches in our last, and endeavour to strengthen its fabric, which may prove more than we have ability to do at this time.

Our friend inquires how we dare to say that good Queen Bess and Mary were as wicked as their father, and furthermore, if we suppose that there would have been war with Mexico, &c., if women had had their equal share in the government. At our right hand we find a sermon of Rev. T. Parker in which he says "if woman had been consulted, theology would have been in a vastly better state than now." "I do not think," he says, "any woman would ever have preached the 'damnation of new-born babies,' and hell paved with the sculls of infants not a span long, would be a region, yet to be discovered in theology. A celibate monk, with God's curse writ on his face, which knew no child, no wife, no sister, and blushes that he had a mother, might well dream of such a thing; he had been through the preliminary studies. Consider the ghostly attributes that are commonly put upon God in the popular theology, the idea of infinite wrath, and of infinite damnation, and total depravity and all that, why you could not get a woman who had intellect enough to open her mouth to preach these things. Women think they believe them, but they do not. Celibate priests, who never knew marriage or what paternity was, who thought woman was "a pollution," they invented these ghostly doctrines, and when I heard the Athanasian Creed and Dies Irae chanted by monks with the necks of bulls and the lips of donkeys; why I have understood where the doctrine came from, and have felt the appropriateness of their braying out the damnation hymns; women could not do it."

We had read all this, and many another article claiming for woman a higher moral nature than man, ere we penned our thoughts on the moral character of woman; nevertheless we did say and are disposed to hold to our position, that if sin be a moral taint of the soul, derived from the apostacy of our first parents, men and women, are in the same condemnation. There is found no difference in the punishment in human codes for the same offences; none in the violation of the laws of nature, and we may look for none, in the law which takes cognizance of the thoughts of the heart.

We have admitted that slavery accounts for the deep degradation in which we find women in savage life. In semi-civilized nations, women are found as blood-thirsty, as cruel, as

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eager for war, and as wildly ambitious as men. We have looked in heathen mythology for a Goddess, having in her nature what we conceive to be the true feminine element. We have looked through the bible to see if the women of olden time were higher morally than the men, or than we have placed them.

We find Judith with the head of Holofernes going out at evening to pray, we find Sisera driving a nail through the temple of her guest, before whom she had set food, and Bathsheba conspiring with David against Uriah, and Rebecca lying and deceiving her husband for her favorite. The military hero has always been the object of woman's worship; she wrought for him banners, and scarfs, and girded on his sword and sent him forth to do brave deeds, in order to win her love. The Spartan mother, as she gave the shield to her son, bade him "return with it, or return upon it."

We might go on multiplying examples indefinitely, but we return again to Elizabeth. Who will read her cool deliberate murder of Mary, and say that she was less hard, cruel and treacherous than her father, or, where is an equal to be found in her perfidious treatment of her lover; where one more worldly ambitious.

"Proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made herself a Queen, and crowned to be;
Yet righteous kingdom she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she did hold."

Passing from corrupt courts and vicious queens, from sanguinary wars of the past, let us glance at one other point.

Physiologists and psychologists for the last quarter of a century, have everywhere been teaching the doctrine of the almost unlimited influence of a mother over her offspring. It has become a habit when speaking of a great or good man, to trace those inherent qualities which he displays, back to his mother. They seem to feel that her life is merged in his, that through him it will flow on deep and strong to the last ebb of time, that in him she is immortalized. The mothers of bad men are sometimes spoken of as good women, but if there is an inheritance of goodness, there must also be one of evil, even though it is suppressed and concealed in the false life of woman. The wild passions, the erratic fancies, and reckless extravagance which a man displays, may be but the free exhibition of what lives in her breast, restrained by circumstances. Had she been free in action the manifestation of these natural impulses would have been only the beautiful outburst of the fire of genius, but hidden and smothered in her life, descending from one to the other, they break forth like the long pent up fires of a volcano, withering the fairest fruits of life in their course.

We have taken the ground that man and woman in both body and mind, are char-

acterized respectively by such differences in organization, function, and adaptation, as may for want of descriptive phrase, be called distinction of sex. Anatomists, sculptors, and painters, recognize this difference in a hand, arm, or finger. Why then should we not recognize a corresponding difference in the sentiments and affections. The parental sentiment is common to both, but the maternal is well distinguished, from the paternal. The pride, vanity, courage, devotion and benevolence, is, in like manner, peculiar, they are masculine and feminine; there are shades of difference in the devotion, and in the pity which either feels for distress. Conscience has the same name in both, but it, too, is stamped with the quality of sex. This point opens up an exquisite view of our common human nature, and might well tax the powers of the highest order of genius; but with the views we take we can claim for neither sex superiority, for we find an even balance kept up, the deficiencies of the one are supplied in the other throughout, so that the two shall be complete only in union.

The sexes are, then, alike in essence, varied only in manifestation and action, and are mutually the complements of each other. Swedenborg's statement is a beautiful presentment of this truth; he says, in heaven husband and wife appear in the distance as an angel; it is only upon a near view that they are seen to be two persons. The legal fiction which barbarously merges the existence of the wife in her husband's, has this mystic truth for its base, and the declaration that "they twain shall be one flesh," stands yet rather as a prophecy, than as a fact of human experience. Were there throughout, a superiority of nature in either sex, they could never meet as equals. Let women therefore, not gather about them a robe of pride in their superior moral goodness, but submit to look at themselves as they are, and if they find in their own hearts evil passions, concealed and repressed by the force of external circumstances, beware lest they give to their sons an inheritance of what will darken their whole lives with sin.

We shall resume this subject again, as soon as returning health will permit us to give to it the attention it so richly deserves.

We are obliged to our English correspondent for his critique upon our article on the Intellect of Woman; we shall carefully review our ground, and if we find it untenable we will make to him our salam across the great waters, and retreat as gracefully as possible. His communication came too late to receive due attention this month. There is however, one point on which we would wish to disabuse his mind; it is, that our women are more restless, and demand their rights more vehemently, because they are less occupied with cares of housekeep-

ing than those of other countries. We know not, (and our acquaintance is very general,) of one woman, who is engaged in this, or any other of the great progressive movements of the day, who is living either in a boarding house or hotel. The class of women who live in hotels are usually such as are inefficient housekeepers or who are reaching after a style of living, incompatible with their purses, and hence prefer to forego the pleasures of home for the comfortless economy of a showy public life. Those who have been the most active in this work, have been many years notable housewives, mothers, whose children have "risen up to call them blessed;" and given to hospitality, unostentatious, simple and generous as the true hearts which dictate it. We might name many and describe their homes, which would do honor to any class, but we prefer simply to affirm that it is those women who are most fully developed that see the false and unnatural position of their sex, and the degrading influence of slavery upon every portion of society.

We are happy to announce that our August number will contain the *Myth of Una*—and during the month intervening, we hope that our friends who are interested in it, will enlarge the number of our readers as much as possible. Two of our English subscribers, Liverpool ladies, who have received two copies each, have trippled their subscriptions, and each sent for six numbers, and as they are desirous of having all the back numbers we are under the necessity of asking those who do not wish to keep a file to return to our address No. 1 of the *Una*.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY BUDGET.

A new paper with an old and very respectable name, edited by Seba Smith, Esq. Mr. Smith has been so long known both in the literary and scientific world that his name as an editor needs only to be announced to give his paper the circulation it deserves. The Budget has, however, still another attraction. Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has in it a department which she will fill with grace and ability. It being a weekly paper put at the extremely low price of 50 cts. per year, it cannot fail of receiving very large patronage. We feel quite confident that it will not be narrowed down to a party in its polities, but will be largely humanitarian in all its doctrines.

FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.

We have received one number of the new series, volume eleventh of this popular magazine, and most cheerfully recommend it to our youthful readers, although we must say that we think some of its articles quite below the capacity of several children of ten years of age, who write to us, and whose comments we hear upon various books and articles. If the mind like the body grows by what it feeds upon, we should be

careful to provide it with the due amount of healthful nutriment, stimulants, &c., and we know of no better way, than for children to have their own papers, filled with the very best of instruction and amusement. We would not too rigidly exclude the play of the imagination in tales of fiction. Mythology and fairy tales were our delight; we found in them the embodiment of great truths even while yet a child, and we would therefore suggest a little more variety of that kind for our young friends in their magazine, to which they look forward with so much delight.

We have great pleasure in introducing to our readers our friend Nilla as a regular contributor. To those who know her, praise of ours is unneedful, and to those who have yet to become acquainted with her, we have only to say receive her cordially, genially, and you will be repaid with sunbeams. We have had *charcoal sketches*, *crayon sketches*, *etchings*, &c., by various persons. Nilla will give us *Shadows on the Wall*—we shall have, therefore, not only the perfect outline, but see the action and hear our new acquaintances speak. Aunt Becky Sisson is the shadow of many whom we have known in the past when doctors and ailments were more fashionable than now, but the genius, have not yet all disappeared.

THE CALL FOR THE CONVENTION.

The call for the National Woman's Rights' Convention, to be held in Cleveland, Ohio, was issued last month in accordance with a vote taken at the Convention held in Syracuse in September last. On farther consultation, many of the Committee have deemed it advisable to change the time and place to New York city, to be held immediately after the World's Temperance Convention. Not being able to hear from all the Committee who should be consulted before our paper goes to press, we leave the call with blanks to be filled in the next number, and ask immediate attention to the question of a change. To many of our friends it seems exceedingly desirable that such change should be made. New York will at that time be the place of attraction from all parts of the world, and numbers can give a day or an hour to the Convention who could not spare the time to go to Cleveland. We leave blanks in the call to be filled by New York and September, merely for etiquette, for we cannot doubt but all interested will see the benefit of change and readily accede to it.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.—NO.1.

"We claim every right, yes *every one* which belongs to a common humanity. If there is so great a difference between the sexes, why, let God take care of that—we desire only that the Conventional hedges should be broken down. Woman will remain true to her own nature, and her distinctions."—Extract from the Rev. Miss Brown's remarks at the *Ravena Convention*.

Yes! yes, it is true, thank Heaven, that "wo-

man will remain true to her *own nature* and her *distinctions*, and when the conventional hedges" are broken down and the fair domains of female province trampled upon by all sorts of cattle, may the present generation "not be there to see."—*Cleveland (O.) Herald*.

Most deeply do I sympathize with the writer of the above paragraph; for his case, while a deplorable, is not, by any means, a singular or an isolated one. He evidently belongs to a peculiar class of geniuses that think that nobody but themselves possess any sense of propriety, or any common sense. His fears for the results which may follow the breaking down of "conventional hedges" betrays him to be one of those morbidly sensitive men who are ever hovering upon the outskirts of what they imagine to be woman's sphere—seeming to think that we shall raise hob by demolishing all distinctions of sex if he deserts his post, and leaves us to act out nature untrammeled by those restraints which he supposes we feel, while we are conscious of his being present among us. The truth may as well be told first as last. There is no class of men so heartily despicable as those who aspire to be women keepers, and repairers of the *breeches* which we are constantly making in "conventional hedges." Deserters from their own sphere—loafers hanging upon the outskirts of ours—unrecognizable by the "distinctions of sex"—where in the world do they belong? Take pity on them, O, sisters beloved! and hunt up a place for them somewhere in the regions of betweenity in which they can stay until the question as to where they belong is finally settled. There will be trouble in the camp so long as they are permitted to roam at large; because we choose to be governed by our own sense of propriety instead of theirs; and we are trying to break down "conventional hedges" in order to let ourselves out of a sphere which is not of our own choosing—and not to let them in; because in so doing we should certainly be breaking down the "distinctions between the sexes!" "Conventional hedges" must eventually disappear; and a God of justice will control the results which will follow.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

Correspondence of the *Una*.

LIVERPOOL, 20th May, 1853.

To the *Editress of the Una*:

I have derived much pleasure and information from the perusal of your number for April.

You state that you adopted the word *Una* for your publication, as it signified Truth; it is appropriate in another sense, as according to Ainsworth the feminine of *Unus* is "the first," "no more but just," "a unique or remarkable one." I wish yourself and your literary bantling strong health and a distinguished career.

In England women generally are not conscious of their sexual inferiority of position, and do not estimate their capacity for public duties; consequently they have not as yet given expression to that dissatisfaction, which no doubt is partially felt, or adopted those energetic corrective measures which are now so current in the United States.

Generally speaking, English women in the middle and lower classes are satisfied with the quiet reputation of being considered good wives

and housekeepers, and pay little attention to business or politics, these being considered affairs which devolve especially upon men; the practice in England of living in households and not in hotels and lodging houses as in the United States, gives to women responsible employments, and lessens their desire for change and extraneous excitement.

Throughout England there are a great number of maiden ladies and widows, many of them wealthy, with establishments, and political and social influence, and large contributors to the taxation of the country, who have no parliamentary votes. There appears no sufficient reason why these should be deprived of the privilege, and there would be an advantage in making them publicly responsible for the use of their influence. There are a much larger class of females who are keepers of shops, inns, lodging houses, &c., who are also tax payers, and should be enfranchised in common with those of the male sex similarly circumstanced; but before these parties have the power of voting granted to them, it seems only reasonable that they should show that they desire and can appreciate it; this they have not yet done.

With respect to the wives and daughters of the electors, the extension of the privilege of voting to them, would be, in most cases, (as is found to be the case now among electors who are poor and ignorant, and under landlord or priestly influence), simply to give to the head of the family, or to the party possessing predominant influence, so many additional votes, or to create mischievous dissensions.

The mode of voting in English Parliamentary elections is open, and not by ballot as in the United States, and this system gives rise to much bad feeling and corruption; but continual efforts are being made to introduce the vote by ballot, which will no doubt be ultimately successful. The government of this country are pledged to introduce into Parliament a new reform bill next year, for the purpose of correcting the anomalies in the representation of this country; some districts returning a large number of members to Parliament with a small population, whilst populous and influential districts are at present unrepresented. Now is the time for those women who think it important that their sex should participate in the political power, about to be distributed, to stir themselves and get their political rights acknowledged; but what they obtain must be through their own energy and perseverance.

The two members returned to Parliament for Liverpool last year, are now petitioned against on the ground that their return was effected by bribery, treating and intimidation; and a committee of five members of the House of Commons is appointed to investigate the facts:—they meet for the purpose the end of the present week, a great many witnesses will be examined, and several thousands of pounds will

be expended in the contest; it is generally expected that the members will be unseated and a fresh election will take place: about 1-5th of the entire British House of Commons, consisting of 658 members, have been objected to on the same grounds, and the enquiry into this large number of cases has occupied a great portion of the time of the members during the present session, to the national loss and at a vast expense.

Women in England are permitted to vote on questions of Parish and Township rates, in the appointment of officers for charitable funds, as Proprietors of East India Stock, as Shareholders in Joint Stock Companies &c.; at Parliamentary elections, although without votes, they often exercise a powerful influence, but this is less practiced now than formerly.

No organization that I am aware of yet exists in England for obtaining for women the rights claimed by the women of America, but the way is being prepared by several female authors, as Miss Martineau, Miss Eliza Cook, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Reid, Miss Finch, and others. Mrs. Chisholm has also greatly exalted woman in public appreciation, by her successful exertions in this country and Australia in connection with emigration; her abilities and exertions in relation to this subject are without parallel. The government of this country and the colonial government of Australia have fully acknowledged it, and she has shown herself to possess every qualification necessary to direct the vast emigration that has taken place from Great Britain to Australia, whether as relates to national interests or to those of the emigrants.

The tone of the English press is becoming more favorable to the better education and greater independence of woman, but much remains to be done to create a strong public opinion on the subject.

The extension of the right of voting to woman has not yet been mooted in the British Parliament, but it is known that Mr. Fox, Mr. Miall and Mr. Osborne, of its members, are favorable. Mr. Miall is the editor of an able newspaper called the Nonconformist.

It would appear most important at present to educate and qualify women for positions in which they can see their way clearly to usefulness and independence; and to avoid collision with other interests, or thrusting themselves into occupations for which they might be indifferently qualified, these arrangements should be made by women themselves, as they excel in tact and apprehension the other sex.

In this neighborhood women are now employed to a limited extent in printing offices, in copying deeds for conveyances and attorneys, and in an establishment in London a number of women are employed in ornamental carving and gilding, glass staining and decoration painting; photography and other delicate operations seem also well adapted for them.

Much hostility has been raised by workmen

to the employment of women, as tending to the degradation of wages, and there are practical proofs of this; if women would extinguish this objection, which is a very serious one, they should take higher ground than they have yet done, offer their labor only where it is wanted, and require the full market price for their services; it must necessarily create great bitterness where a man in the receipt of good wages, and having a family dependant upon him, is superseded by a young woman who is willing to undertake his duties at one half the price.

The leading article in your number of the 1st of April is very interesting, but until education and training have shown her capabilities, it is hardly just to say that men have functional superiority in the discovery, cultivation and application of the various sciences you enumerate; place woman under the most favorable circumstances and it is difficult to say what she may not accomplish.

I think you are not sustained in your remark that "the genius that comprehends is surely as rich as that which unfolds a truth;" the inventor of the Daguerreotype and Electric Telegraph surely display richer genius than the workmen employed in their manufacture. You say "the history of improvement is also a record of mistakes, the hand-loom which was somebody's glory, makes a sorry figure in the presence of the power loom;" the hand loom could not be a mistake, when it answered its purpose, and laid the foundation of that trade which was extended by the after discovery of the power loom.

Again you say, "Mechanics is the office of manhood till its principles and appliances are perfected, then what seems now his prerogative will appear to have been only his service;" during the last few days a new propeller for steam-boats has been tried on the river Mersey, here, called the Boomerang, with great success; its shape is that of a warlike instrument in use among the savages of Australia; only a week ago the Electric Light was established here, for the benefit of our shipping; the other day I heard that fine iron wire, Electro plated, is now superseding thread in the manufacture of net at Nottingham; to-day myself and a friend produced revolving motion in a hat by merely placing upon it our hands; what mystery is this? and to what further discoveries may it not lead? It is contrary to our experience to expect that the principles and appliances of mechanics and science will ever be perfected, every invention and improvement being merely suggestive of a further one, as cause and effect.

Your remarks about Law reform are fully appreciated in England—the intricacies and delays connected with law proceedings are a terrible grievance, and a strong opinion is being formed in this country that the civil business of our Law Courts could be much better done

by courts of arbitration, as recommended by one of our greatest lawyers, Lord Brougham. Chambers of Commerce are multiplying in the large towns in Great Britain, and one of their objects is to settle disputes by arbitration without reference to courts of law. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce has taken the lead on this question, and it seems probable that before long, changes may take place that will render justice more accessible and speedy.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

For the Una.

A SERMON

OF THE PUBLIC FUNCTION OF WOMAN,
PREACHED AT MUSIC HALL, MARCH 27, '53.
By Theo. Parker, Minister of the twenty-eighth
Congregational Society.

The preface to this sermon, states that it "is part of a long course of Sermons on the Spiritual Development of the Human Race." Four of these sermons treated of Woman, and the last only is here printed. We trust that either the whole of these sermons or the same ideas in some other form will be given to the public ere long.

The preface accounts for the prominence given to the public function of Woman—her domestic function having been treated in full, in a preceding discourse.

It also accounts for the point of view from which the subject is regarded—that is to say, as a question of what condition of woman will most conduce to elevate the human race—rather than what will give her the best culture and the firmest security for freedom and happiness. The answers to both these questions must coincide or they are wrong, but still we should be glad to have so clear and practical a thinker as Mr. Parker—also speak of the intellectual, and spiritual development, which woman herself may gain from the exercise of both her domestic, and her public function.

Mr. Parker has been much censured by many of the friends of the movement for Woman—on account of the intellectual inferiority, or peculiarity which he ascribes to her. He meets this by a disclaimer of his ability to judge Woman otherwise than by observation, and history, and these amply sustain his opinion. Woman from her consciousness may assert a reserved power which is not yet manifest, but he cannot. For ourselves we are inclined to dissent from the great superiority in the moral affectional and religious nature which he ascribes to woman. We cannot but think much more of it is due to the circumstances of position, and education, than to the inevitable constitution of her soul. Counting by numbers—moral, affectional, religious women would have the majority over men. Reckoning by quality—and this seems to us the true way in spiritual matters, we cannot but think some men have as much affection, as conscientious a morality—as devout and pious religious aspirations as any women. When we can say the same thing of any woman, that she equals in intellect the greatest masculine intellect, we shall think Mr. Parker's position of intellectual inferiority disproved, though he have thousands on his side.

The intellect seems to us but an instrument of the soul, and we can believe that God has given to one sex as to one race, stronger, tougher intellects, as he has tougher hands or stronger bones—but the spiritual affections, the conscience, the religious nature seem to consti-

tute the very soul itself, and we cannot believe them to be denied or given in scant measure to any of God's children, however much organization or circumstances may hinder their development. For the same reason we think Mr. Parker, like many others, often expects too much from women—that is from actual women. That the ideal woman will accomplish all he predicts we doubt not.

He says, p. 17, "Do you think the women of Boston would shut a bright boy out of the High School or Latin School, because he was black in the face?" We would gladly answer no—but there runs a rumor that certain accomplished young ladies of the city of Boston, left a fashionable School because the teacher would *not* expel another young lady—"guilty of a skin but very little darker than their own."

Again he asks—"Is there any woman who treats one sixth part of her household as if they were cattle, and not creatures of God—as if they were things and not persons. We have heard repeated instances of cruel mistresses of plantations at the South—and many a poor little bound girl could tell stories of hardship enough even at the North." We do not mean to deny that women are in general more gentle, more affectionate, more tender-hearted than men—but to assert that it is not an inherent quality of their nature which cannot be changed by temptation and circumstances. We believe grace is needed to keep her unspotted from the world as well as man.

We have spent almost too much room on these general remarks to leave space for an analysis of the sermon—but as it can be bought for six cents a copy—we trust it will be so widely circulated as to make it unnecessary for us to do more than mention the several points of which it treats.

He commences by saying that "the domestic function of women does not exhaust her powers."

1st. "There are some permanently unmarried women to whom the domestic function is little or nothing."

Every body knows that this class is very large—especially in New England.

2d. There are women who exercise the domestic function but for whom it is not enough. They do that well and yet have time and talent for something more. They are neither "domestic drudges or domestic dolls," but combining the good of both have yet much to spare for other uses. Every one must happily be able to recall many instances of this class.

3d. Those who have neither taste nor talent for the domestic function. Perhaps this class is not very large, but it certainly exists—why should they do what they cannot do well—and leave undone what they are better fitted for.

4th. And here we must quote the whole paragraph. "Then there is another class of women—those who are not married yet, but are to be married. They likewise, have spare time on their hands, which they know not what to do with. Women of this latter class have sometimes asked me what there was for them to do? I could not tell." Can any of the readers of the Una. Any information would be most gratefully received.

Mr. Parker proceeds to speak of the inefficient resources now open to these women.

1st. Intellectual pursuits. These are so unpopular as to require a hard battle to be fought for them. They are not congenial to all. They do not satisfy the demand for practical use.

2d. There are the various philanthropies of the age. This affords much occupation to the classes we have named—but still the same objections apply to them.

3d. There are various practical works—as domestic service, labor in a factory, shop, &c. Trade in a small way or teaching.

"These are all very well but not enough. Rich women do not engage in these callings. For rich women there is no profession left but marriage."

Mr. Parker then proceeds to argue woman's equal claim to every political right with man—and her ability to enter into every one of the professions with equal advantage to herself and to society in general. These points are argued with his usual ability, and illustrated by forcible examples as well as by keen satirical hits at things as they are.

We rejoice at so earnest and full an utterance on this great theme from a person of Mr. Parker's ability and influence. Of the two thousand persons who heard these sermons—how many must have been led to different views of womanliness and of manliness. When "the noblest Roman of them all" holds out his hand to woman as his equal—will not others be ashamed to sneer at or tyrannize over her as an inferior? We should be glad to extract many more passages from the discourse, but we are aware that short articles are much more apt to be read than long ones—and we will reserve them for another occasion.

Let us listen patiently and attentively to every earnest voice that speaks on this theme. The problem is a mighty one and not easy of solution, but it is fairly up for discussion and it will never be settled till it is settled in union with God's laws of Justice, Harmony and Truth. *

The pecuniary interests of our paper will not be promoted by sending us uncurrent money:—and we would suggest to gentlemen who have a counterfeit bill in hand, that there are more honorable ways of disposing of it than to hand it over to the wife to pay for her paper. We make no calls for donations or pecuniary aid from any source. We place our paper at the lowest possible price that we can publish it. If we have a large subscription list, and make money, we shall let the world know it by a variety of improvements in our little sheet, and by paying for the brain labor of our correspondents. It rests upon woman to say whether this shall be done or not; whether our paper shall stand first, or be looked upon as mediocre.

Subscriptions received from May 20 to June 20.

N. S. Allen	\$1	E. H. Porter	1
John Ayres	1	M. R. Rolfe	1
E. H. Babbitt,	1	V. Richmond	1
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1 25

For the Una.

PLAN OF AN INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION,
FOR THE RELIEF AND ELEVATION OF THE WORK-
ING CLASS OF WOMEN.

"Bread for my children," said a broken imploring voice near me. It was a miserable looking Dutch woman, with a beggar's basket on her arm. Poor stranger! this was perhaps her only way of gaining daily bread in a strange land. My heart yearned towards her, yet I almost feared to give what she asked, lest I should encourage her in the wretched trade of beggary, so teeming with moral, mental, and physical degradation. But the children must be fed, and so I gave her heed, and turned to muse sadly on the miserable multitudes of women and children reduced to beggary—on the poor seamstress coining her life in stitches, and solving the fearful, weary problem of how little sleep, and warmth, and sustenance, will suffice to keep the breath in a human body, how long such a violation of nature's laws can be endured without extinguishing the vital spark. I thought too of the damp cellars I had visited with my father in his missionary tours among the city poor—of the sheds and garrets, where human beings shivered out their bleak existence—of the hundreds of women who plunge into the lowest degradation to escape the bitter grinding of poverty, or perchance starvation. Ah! have not some of our fallen sisters soul-harrowing tales to tell, think you? We know they have. And is the fault all their own? May not some part of it lie at our door? Oh noble heart of christian philanthropy! Oh Godlike mind renewed after the image of Him who went about doing good! ought these things to be so common among us? Let us inquire earnestly what are the causes which produce female destitution and vice, and then seek, and apply, a suitable remedy. These causes are doubtless manifold; but among the first and greatest, stands disorder in the department of female labor.

To those who know how vast the number of women who are compelled to toil for their daily bread, and that of their children,—*how few their employments*,—how reduced the price of their work in consequence of the competition thus resulting, and how great their suffering from this cause; it must be matter of surprise that so many are still found clinging to the stainless robe of virtue, and so few, comparatively, solicit charity. In order to relieve them of the load under which they groan, we must place them in other fields of labor, where they will receive a suitable compensation for their honest toil. This will not only aid them, but the whole class of workers with whom they were before in competition.

Give then, the toil-worn woman, or honest beggar something to do, and motive sufficient for doing it; help her to take her rightful place among the links in the great chain of humanity and she may become—perhaps your teacher.—Place the poor seamstress, the hard working mother, where she will receive for the present a fair remuneration, and have an opportunity to mount up in the scale of humanity and respectability? Thousands of voices demand this.

The following plan of an Industrial Association was years ago suggested to the writer by the incident recorded in the beginning of this essay, and is now presented as *one* of the many means which may be adopted for the relief and elevation of women. The writer expects to show that *it is entirely and immediately practicable*:

In the first place let there be a benevolent Association formed for the promotion of remunerative female labor.

Secondly, let them secure the baking, washing and sewing of from 20 to 40 families.

Thirdly, let them rent suitable rooms, and furnish them with the implements of labor, and hire laborers—such as are improvable and improving. A cheap boarding house, similar to that now in operation at Leeds, and elsewhere, should be connected with the establishment, that all may find a home with the necessary social conditions for improvement.

Now for the details. We will first take the Laundry into consideration. The necessary furniture for it might be bought, and interest paid on this investment from the avails of the laundry. If bought, the probable cost might be \$50, or something over. Either way, there could not be much difficulty. In ordinary laundry establishments the proprietors doubtless make a good profit, owing to the division of labor—to improved modes of washing—and to the fact, that the articles consumed in washing are obtained at wholesale prices. If the proprietors of the laundry received no profits, it is evident that they could afford to give better wages and require fewer hours of labor than others; and if cheap lodgings were also supplied, much would be done towards affording time and means for improvement to those whom they seek to benefit.—That this result may be more clearly apprehended, let us make a few figures. Suppose the Association secured the washing of 40 families, each supplying an average of four dozen per week, at the rate of 25 cents per dozen. This would amount to the sum of \$52 per year, from each family, and \$2080 from the 40 families. Ten women of ordinary ability, could do this work in six days, of *six hours each*,—each woman having but 16 dozen to wash and iron in the week. If the average wages of these women was \$2 50 per week, it would amount to the yearly sum of \$1300. Subtracting this from the income \$2,080, there would be a remainder of \$700 for the rest of the rooms, fuel, soap, starch, hire of furniture, or interest on money invested in it. *With judicious management*, it strikes me, this should be enough.

For the bakery, a room already furnished with ovens should be hired, and the remaining expenditures for furnishing the rooms would be trifling. The boys and girls, belonging to families in the establishment, could supply the place of the baker's cart horse. Family baking, though not so common among us, is exceedingly so in the towns and cities of England, and are found to be a great convenience to those families who adopt this plan of securing good and wholesome articles of food. I think there can be no doubt that the bakery would be quite as profitable as the laundry, perhaps more so, and therefore, as good wages, and as much leisure for improvement could be afforded to those employed in it.

The sewing department would, perhaps, be less remunerative than either. The first outlay would be small, less room be required and less fuel consumed. Division of labor would here also, accomplish much; and something might doubtless be done by the ladies of the Association towards securing better prices; especially where it is understood that the Institution is essentially a benevolent one, the object being to better the condition of the operatives by introducing them to other and more fruitful fields of labor. This should constitute the great feature of the enterprise; and none should be employed by the Association but those women who manifest a willingness to employ their leisure time, and spare funds in preparing for less crowded occupations than those of seamstress and washerwoman. Let them learn to be clerks, shoemakers, watchmakers, sailors, florists, horticulturists, chandlers, hatters, nurses, midwives, accountants, scribes, telegraphers, daguerreotypist, and a dozen other things.

Give them that knowledge and skill, which is wealth and power, in our happy land, and then send them forth, and take others in their place. Where a high order of talent is discovered among them, its possessor should, of course, be aided and encouraged to develop it; but the main object is to enlarge the female sphere of *manual* labor, and thus diminish that competition which is a cause of so much suffering among the working class of women; and at the same time to elevate them in the scale of humanity, by giving them employments which demand the head as well as the heart. Gather into the department of the seamstress, those who were once the daughters of affluence, and who already possess an intelligence and education beyond their present sphere. Bring in the widow who is striving to support and educate her chil-

dren, in a manner worthy of their father, in losing whom, they lost their once respectable and happy home. Let at least, one hour daily be given to *active* employment, in one of the other departments; that the demands of *health*, the first condition of human improvement, may be complied with—one of the feebler operatives in the laundry or bakery can take the vacant place with advantage. Such women being usually skillful in the use of the needle. In every respect, let the health of the operatives be carefully attended to, and we shall then have a satisfactory pledge of their future usefulness.

In each department the work should be superintended by a competent woman of known integrity, and good judgment, who should be responsible for the right and punctual performance of the work—the receipt and delivery of articles sent to the laundry and sewing room, and the receipts of the bakery.

The wages should be graded according to the ability and skill of the laborers—say from \$1 00 per week to her who is making her first essay at the wash tub, to \$3 00 for the accomplished superintendent. This would incite an emulation among the women which would cause the work to be well and quickly done.

I think I have now shown, that this scheme of an Industrial Association for the relief and elevation of women is practicable, and that it would be an Institution worthy of our age and country;—I will now say a few words on its benefits to employers.

As I am writing for women, it is almost needless for me to enlarge on the deficiency of good servants—the legion of vexations arising from this cause; or on the great advantages of providing a remedy for these evils. Nor need I speak of the confusion and irregularities of washing day, or the conflict which would arise from its abolition!—Need I say anything of the oft recurring annoyance of heavy and sour bread, or the alternative of a professional baker's unwholesome, and often filthy compound? Will there not be a priceless pleasure in the thought, that while you are thus having your work done in manner most comfortable to yourself, you are also aiding in the relief and elevation of your sex?

It will be seen, that I propose a very cheap price for family washing,—quite as cheap, I believe, as it could ordinarily be done in private families, where help is *hired* to do it. The bakery I am confident, would be found desirable not only on the score of convenience, and health, but also on that of economy. Unless one is very fortunate in their choice of cook, a great deal is wasted in the baking department; and bread obtained from a professional baker, though large in bulk, is dear from its deficiency in weight and nutrient. An accomplished bakeress under the control of the ladies of the Association would remedy these difficulties. The overheating of houses from washing, ironing and baking in summer, is another disadvantage which would be avoided by the patrons of the Association. If then, we can do the work of families as cheaply or nearly as cheaply as it can be done at home, and besides add to the comforts of that home, why should there be any difficulty in obtaining patronage? I believe there would be none, if the necessary benevolence and energy were exercised in securing it.

All this, would of course imply exertion and responsibility on the part of the Association. Much of the success of the plan would depend on the attention of the *ladies* of the Association, to the economy of the system—an attention which none but *women* could well bestow. I say the *ladies* of the Association, because I hope that memberships would not be confined to our own sex.

The motto of the sexes is that of the confederacy, "In union there is strength!" We need the help of our brothers, and, while we do all we can for ourselves, let us not commit the miserable blunder of failing to do everything in our power to secure their interest and co-operation. We can bring 'em over, and we *will*!

But to return. There is much benevolence and

enterprise among women; and talent to direct it is not wanting—yet their energies are mainly absorbed in alms giving and the temporary relief of distress, without any permanent benefit to the recipients of their bounty. Something more than this must be done. The axe must be laid at the root of the evil; and for aught I see, it is for the women of our land to say what shall be done, and to take the lead in doing it.

If we do not strive to help ourselves, it is quite certain that others will not help us; nor do we deserve it; but if we put "our own shoulder to the wheel" we may, as hinted above, confidently expect support and co-operation. Thousands are annually given in our large cities for the temporary relief of the poor, and may we not reasonably expect, that something would ultimately be appropriated to the permanent endowment and establishment of an Institution which proposes to increase the national prosperity, by thinning the ranks of pauperism, and diminishing the tax for the support of beggary? Female interest and influence are all that are necessary to accomplish this—at least, if we are to believe a tenth part of what men tell us. For one, I am anxious to test its truth, and I believe much of it is true. Let us show the world we can do as well as talk, and the world will crown both word and deed with applause and success.

J. KELLOGG.

Metamora, Ill.

For the Una.

"SICKNESS AND HEALTH IN BLEABURN."

This little volume accompanying the memoir of a good woman, is the tribute of a distinguished lady to the worth of Mrs. Mary Ware. The incidents of the story are few; all occurring within a short space of time, and being the account of a few months disinterested labor in a secluded English village.

Mary Bickard, afterwards Mrs. Ware, was born in Boston and received her education in America, but was of English parentage; her father being an English merchant. A visit to an aunt living in humble life, was the circumstance that called forth the narrative. A malignant disease seized the inhabitants of a small retired village, and among the sufferers was her relative. With a firmness of will, almost unequalled, this amiable woman spent her days and nights in going from house to house, administering relief, and cheering the sad hearts of the people. What was better still, she inculcated among them practical facts in regard to health and physical comfort, that completely changed the aspect of the town and gained for her the title, the proudest that woman can receive from the world, 'the Good Lady.' These circumstances are simply related, and carry in them the elements of truthful narrative.—The inhabitants of the village, whether or not connected with the history of the time and place, are faithful delineations of character.—The timid selfish "Doctor, Farmer Neal," and poor "Sally Simpson," are all real men and women.

This pleasant little volume well deserves to enter our houses in company with the memoir. Mrs. Mary Ware was a *true* woman, and as such, her character should be studied by all other women. She united in a remarkable manner an energetic will with a cheerfulness of spirit that gave her power to pass through the most depressing scenes, and perform the most arduous duties with success. We can heartily recommend both the volumes to the public.—Especially should young women, who shrink from contact with suffering, either from weak notions of sparing themselves pain, or from in-

dolence and indifference to the sorrows of others, learn to despise their foolish effeminacy by the example of this faithful woman, whose power of endurance was ever found equal to the severest demands.

T. M. C.

Gloucester, April, 1853.

For the Una.

"All is well." Such is the answer given by the Free Soil organs to the oft repeated question of their patrons, "How goes our cause?" Even so would we respond to those who are seeking to know the prosperity of the Woman's Rights' cause in the east and in the west. "All is well." We would not be understood to say that there is no opposition, no antagonism, no need of watchfulness and earnest, energetic effort. There are foes, deep, vindictive foes, ready ever to avail themselves of our weakness and do us evil. But our watchmen are awake, our guards are strong, our weapons of defence are in good condition and ever ready for use; and "all is well." Every day shows the progress of our movement, by adding to its numbers, and calling out companies to discuss the merits and demerits of the question. It is a mighty step gained when we can induce a people to consider a new thing. Go where you will and scarce a half a day passes, in intelligent society, that some point or principle that we espouse with a hearty zeal is not called up for discussion. In the hotel, the rail car, the homestead, the omnibus, the lecture room, the pulpit, the temperance hall, the parlor, the drawing room, the street, the corner, the politicians' office; everywhere, you hear the words, "Woman's Rights," "Women's Rights"—said a dashing belle in a large company, I hate the very name. The whole thing is utterly disgusting. I think that woman should be elevated and improved, should have more privileges, be educated equally with man, have as much right in choosing her occupation, and I do think the laws, regulating property in the States, are perfectly abominable, and I believe every woman who owns property (if she pays taxes) should vote; but still I think it utterly ridiculous for women to be talking about "rights." This is about the feeling of four-fifths of the whole community, men and women, when we can reach the true thought. 'Tis the name—the unpopular sound that repels them. Their hearts are right, their prejudices wrong. They are longing in their inner life for a higher ideal of womanhood; but the way seems dark and there are lions at the entrance. Give them light—give them truth, and the lions will grow more dim, day by day, till not even a semblance of the shadow of a shade will be left. All is well. Men, strong, true men are taking sides with us for right. Statesmen and moralists boldly recognize us as coworkers in the great arena of political and moral reform. They have striven long alone. Now, they lift their hands imploringly and cry aloud to woman, "help us, or we perish." "Come up to the work with strong hearts and ready hands. Work for Temperance, Anti-Slavery, Education, Agriculture, Mechanism and Art. Help us everywhere and we will let your voices be heard anywhere but at the great national ballot box." Some say "Aye, even there;" others say "Not yet." But the great work moves on and "all is well."

The woman, who votes in an Agricultural, Educational or Temperance Convention or Society, will, ere long, learn that it is not wrong nor unladylike to vote for a school director or even the legislator of her district. Is our cause contemptible? Is it a few, factious, discontented spirits, who are stirring up rebellion? A few masculine, ambitious women, unblest by love and in danger, according to "Putnam's Magazine" of lying down unmisgivingly, on this side of Jordan, in short gown and petticoats, and waking up, by sheer spiritual gravitation, on the other side in corduroys and top boots." No, certainly not, for, were it so, learned Editors of Reviews, Magazines and Monthlies, would not rack their brains to bring out five and ten column articles to prove to woman where her legitimate sphere is to be found. Weeklies and dailies would not be sprinkled all over with articles on "Woman's Movements," "Woman's Rights," "Woman's Sphere," "Woman's Mission," "Woman's Conventions," &c., &c. No, no, the movement is not contemptible. But let the curs bark. The louder the pother they make, the more good, quiet people who would have minded their own work and known but little about it, will run to the doors, to see who and what it is that is thus assailed. Every croaker adds to our numbers, every sneerer shows to the world his weakness, for no one ever sneers, who has an argument to use. And every sneer elicits a truth. Then let the world wag—"All is well." Statesmen, orators, and speechmakers are beginning to compliment women, for something besides "bright smiles," "flashing eyes," "angel graces," and "winning ways," and really do not fear the lowering of their dignity (some of them) by being found walking in the same hall with those "a little lower than the angels," or even by sitting to hear a woman "speak in meeting." Theodore Parker could compliment—not only for the deeds of the past; but even predict great political benefits to down trodden humanity on the strength of a high-souled woman's influence over a husband in power. Who would have thought, ten years ago, of prophesying safety to the institutions of America. Prophesying, too, in a crowded assembly and with a loud voice, that the President of the United States, by the holy unction of a wife's purity and humanity, would, mayhap, be kept from doing the great wickedness required of him by his party. Newspapers are springing into life all over the country, that advocate our equal humanity. Lady lecturers and public speakers are everywhere proving that woman can reason as well as love and live as well as reason, and crowds go there to hear the eloquence of gentle lips, and go away to think and ponder the truths she has spoken.

All these things mark the onward movement of our cause. We may not estimate the work already done for humanity by the past action; much less, what may be done, by continued, persevering effort in behalf of the whole—aye the whole, not one human soul less than the whole demands our thought and even our struggling self devotion for the true elevation of woman, founded on the immutable principles of justice and right; of an equal humanity for every child of God—on then be our motto—on with untiring zeal and unselfish love. All is well.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

I send you for your paper, a poem by our friend, W. E. Channing. It was written after a visit to the beautiful Cemetery on the banks of the Seekonk, not far from the point of Roger Williams' first landing.

S. H. W.

SWAN POINT.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

Those idle men, how came they there,
Dreaming in a scene so fair?
Slow the ebbing river flowed,
Still the sleeping whale boat rode.
How black the lazy net-floats were,
And the stakes that never stir,
Reaching down the broad lagoon,
Sleeping, dreaming of the noon.
There was I, and there were you,
Rhymers both, (unknown 'tis true,)
Little dreamed those idle men
They must serve a poet's pen.
Less perchance that lazy river,
Idling to the sea forever.
Far away one careless sail
Smiled at her old thoughts of the gale.
When the hurrying reefs catch
Line, and leave it on the latch.
Far away the quiet cows
Left their meadows. Who could brouse
In a soft delightful noon,
Save those children of the moon,
Idle poets, stealing nature,
And the sport of each wild creature?
Here was I, and there were you,
Save I e'er a soul so true.
Spare her all the sunny noons
That lie sleeping in lagoons,
Spare her woods, and spare her trees,
And the running April breeze,
Never brighter spell shall surely
Visit you and none so purely.
Oh that heart! her heart of good,
I was prouder where it stood.
Time was richer, life was rarer,
Flowers were sweeter, birds were fairer;
Could the power that lived in those
Thus refine it, and inclose
So much sweetness in aught human,
Call it something, call it woman.
May I worship at the shrine,
Be the lovely altar mine.
And shall I bound my sacred passion
For one feeling, for one fashion?
Shall not I, all nature rather,
To her likeness instant gather,
And believe that in the same
Burns the bright celestial flame.
Heedless not her, angels, summon,
Rather break some seal more common,
Fishes seize, and lazy men
Call back to the shades again.
Here was I, and there were you,
Could I name the third and hue
With my graceless words a queen,
Noble, lovely, all serene,
Who in each peculiar word
Made her flowing sweetness heard,
Yet so bounded, yet so rare,
Flowers that blossomed on the air.
Ah! mistrust a poet's pen,
And those idle dreaming men,
Rather think that they slumbered,
For the third their moments numbered,
And by her grace composed the stream,
And sealed their rudeness in a dream.
There the bank with hemlocks green,
Thee saluted in each treen.
Child of each, they bent thee over,
Like some fond, devoted lover,
And with murmuring, placid motion,
Bore thee on their sounding ocean.
Where thou shalt be, where I shall be,
Not remotely that I see;
Shady walks and woodland glen,
Where laurels sleep there slumber men,
What of them can fade and lie

Spoil of great futurity.
Child of beauty, wouldest thou hurry
Thee among the graves to bury,
So much goodness, so much joy,
Human heart without alloy!
May yon idle dreaming river,
Thee from that sad thought deliver,
May those patient idle stones,
Do their office o'er the bones,
And the sunny, living day,
Claim for thee its roundelay—
Who can say its splendor better,
And its riddles dark unfetter?
William's city! that serenely
Smiles along its hills so greenly,
In the sunny streets that wear
Persian smiles and Syria's air,
Little thought thy founder brave,
As he parted Seekonk's wave,
How many a sheltered soul should dream
All along the quiet stream,
And by the softly rounded cove,
That gleams with sunsets rich in love.
How ne'er thought he of a proud
Soaring heart, to duty vowed,
That here should beat, and bravely dare,
For a race to crush despair,
And for justice and for truth,
Give a long undying youth,
Who though of herself a queen,
Justly I may crown Pauline.

For the Una.

Mrs. Editor:

I perceive in the last "Una," a gentle admonition, or warning from one of your correspondents, to female aspirants for literary notoriety. Well—"let the gall'd jade wince, my withers are unwrung." My highest achievements in that line, being limited to informing the rising generation, in fair round text, that "modesty is a quality which highly adorns a woman," and to imparting the surprising intelligence, that "there are many men of many minds." As to "the thousand fields of action and enterprise, opening to women," I should like to be shown only one, worth occupying. All the fields I am acquainted with, afford shocking poor pasture, and many beasts of burden die annually thereupon, of inanition. I am afraid they are like the classic "Elysian," and not to be entered till we have crossed the styx.

"Aspiration, we are told, is common." I am glad to hear it. Provided these aspirations are for any object, save dress, beaux, and matrimony. Why should the vanity of scribbling, be visited on the luckless wight, with more severity than the vanity of personal admiration or any form in which this universal passion seeks for display? The floods of pamphlet literature which deluge the country, with their execrable wood cuts of female pirates arrayed in masculine attire, are not (Drew merci!) the production of women. It may be doubted whether even these, are doing such a terrible amount of mischief as well-meaning people are constantly apprehending. There is doubtless a class of readers, to whose uncultivated tastes, this bombast and exaggeration, is just adapted. While "Young America" is poring over his "yellow covered" literature, he is not swaggering in a grog-shop, and while Young America's sister is fabricating an extremely diluted novellette, to adorn the columns of Mr. Nericop's paper, she is not destroying her eye-sight by fine embroidery. And as to the *profit* in a pecuniary sense, there is, I fancy, but little to choose between the two. The former, at least, has the merit, of being an effort, however puerile, of that *mind*, which unlike personal decorations, "molt and rust" cannot consume.

And there has recently a few found "utter-

ance" who are inexperienced in pen-craft; their style is crude and inartistic, and the worldly man glances over their representations with a smile of incredulous contempt. These are not the "confessions" of a voluntary, or the "Reveries" of a dreaming sentimental, or the sorrows of the soft, sighing, love-lorn damsels, of the British Novelists. But these faithful few are the representatives of thousands. These are they

"Who have found their aspirations quench'd in tears."

These are they, who have felt in all its bitterness their own impotence and powerlessness; felt that they had talents, which they could not improve or abilities they could not exercise; have stood helplessly by, and seen the ear of the social Juggernaut, roll over the throbbing hearts of sisters, mothers, daughters, till hope and life were crushed out, while legislators and divines and "potent, grave and reverend seigniors," have look'd complacently on.

Now it would appear that the subscriber, not having the fear of "gentlemen's repugnance" before her eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of vanity, hath perpetrated, written, and caused to be uttered the foregoing fragmentary disquisition. I wish it may have been dictated by no worse fiend, than the harmless demon of vanity. But such is the belligerent and pugnacious attitude, which the squibs, pop-guns, and other missiles of the enemy, force one to assume, that it would be no marvel, if one made an indiscriminate attack, on friends and foes, hitting right and left, promiscuously, amateur champions, and innocent lookers on.

And, Mrs. Editor, if I were "foeman worthy of your steel," I would shiver a lance with you. What authority have you for saying that Queen Bess was as wicked as that atrocious profligate, her father? But the days have pass'd by, when Kings and Queens were "the State." We all know that the feverish life, the factitious existence of courts and cities is not the natural and healthy development of our moral nature, and that these are not the points of view, from which to form an estimate of character. Do you really assert that women are morally no better than men? Do you suppose that if "the feminine element entered more largely into the whole structure of society," so much of injustice and cruelty, and wrong, and outrage, would abound? Do you believe, that there would be such wholesale carnage on our railroads, and navigable waters—that the Mexican war would ever have disgraced our country—that men would dare meditate the forcible "annexation" of Cuba—that intemperance would still continue to slay its tens of thousands, if woman had her proper share of influence and authority? Do you believe—but I will stop in mid career—lest to escape the wordy persecution you plunge incontinently like your mythological namesake into the depths of the forest, and be lost to us forever!

JUNIA.

INCONSISTENCY IS EMBARRASING.

The argument for a liberal extension of suffrage now proceeding in the Massachusetts Convention, assembled to amend the State Constitution, is based, and can be based nowhere else than upon the principle of her Declaration of Independence, "that all men are born free and equal" as it is stated in the former and in the equivalent assertion of the latter, "that all men are created equal." The *Boston Atlas* tells the progressive democrats with all the force that there is in condemning a man out of his own mouth that they dare not

even attempt to carry out their profession."—Do they extend the right of suffrage to females? They are born free and equal as well males, says the *ATLAS*, and it adds "after employing arguments which would give the right of suffrage to all ages and sexes they turn directly round and confine the right to males alone."—What then becomes of their boasted declaration that all men are born free and equal, and have a natural right to vote for their rulers!—The *Atlas* denies that the right is a natural one, and asserts that it is only conventional. Nothing could well be more illogical, nothing so unjust as the ground the *Atlas* takes; it is discreditable alike to the head and heart of any freeman but the absurdity and inconsistency of the pretended democracy which denies the common rights of humanity to woman makes the *Atlas*'s falsehood as good against the progressives as if it were a truth. It is ever so. Though a man has truth in his mouth he cannot defend it if he has a lie in his right hand; it palsies the arm with which he would strike the blow. Let the convention put itself upon the broad truth which it professes, fairly and firmly, and it will be able to answer the gain-sayers. Till then, let it be silent about natural rights, for it really treats them as if they were only conventional. That thrust of the enemy cuts through the mask, nothing but the broad shield of truth will turn it aside. ED.

HOME, June 20th.

We had thought to dispense with our gossip this month, but find there are so many things of interest to say, that it may not be omitted. Our pile of exchanges has increased mountain high, many of them yet unopened, but we have read till we felt that there was indeed a busy world without; it seems to us that with the coming of summer they have grown better, more earnest, and have a fresher, brighter look. Perhaps we have failed in courtesy, in not having noticed such of the magazines as have been sent to us in the past, but it has been in no way designed; our sheet has proved too small to utter the half there has been to be said. Articles from various persons are still lying in our drawer marked for insertion, delayed for want of room, or reserved because we do not wish to give too much on one subject at a time, even though treated very differently by different minds.—One correspondent says we do not like papers devoted to one subject, let us have all reforms. Our paper is not intended to be simply a Woman's Rights' paper; we had thought, when we said it was designed for the elevation of woman, that it would be understood to mean something more than a paper claiming continually and throughout woman's rights. This, it purposed to do on the broad ground of our common humanity, and something more also. Progress is our aim, and "in the great heart of nature" we must find variety in truth to stimulate and develop the soul to its utmost. But instead of giving you the gossip proposed when this was commenced, we are beginning to speculate.

* * * * *
There has been recently held in Liverpool two large meetings to listen to the Lectures of

Mrs. Chisholm, on emigration, at one of which the *Mayor* presided. The reports of the lectures are exceedingly interesting, occupying six columns of the *Mercury*. The *Mayor*'s introduction of Mrs. C. is in good taste, none of the fulsome flattery which is so often presented to women when they come before an audience. No mention is made of Mrs. C's dress, person, &c., matters we have often protested against as being more offensive and trying to a truly delicate woman, than even opposition to her doctrines. The lectures are of the most practical character; entering into minute details of the outfit needful. She shows them just how to make themselves comfortable; points to simple inexpensive conveniences with a kind, natural sort of air, that compels one to say how good she is; how wise, practical, and above all, how untiring she must have been, to gather so much useful knowledge. She says, "one of the first things a person purchases is a box for packing his clothes, tools, &c." If his means are limited, it would be far better for him to purchase a cask, and why? It is easier moved, when it comes to be landed; it is convenient when emptied to put water in, if cut in two it makes two good washing tubs; and at the diggings the cask often makes a good cradle for the digger's children. Now what could be more sensible than this? So the directions about clothing show the economy and foresight that none but a practical woman could attain. Mrs. Chisholm has been for years in the habit of visiting the emigrant ships, going from cabin to cabin, and learning the real grievances, and then presenting them to the owners for redress. In one ship she found one hundred and sixty grievances; the ship owner said "the mere list will drive me mad." They were only small matters, but enough to make the whole voyage uncomfortable. With unwearying energy Mrs. Chisholm had them all removed.

The *Mayor* remarked, as he introduced Mrs. Chisholm the second evening, to the audience, that as Mrs. Fry took charge of the prisons in a former day, and in a spirit of divine benevolence became such a blessing to those who were incarcerated in them, so Mrs. Chisholm in the spirit of philanthropic benevolence, had given up much domestic comfort to improve the condition of the floating prisons which contain hundreds of our fellow creatures. The second lecture is one that must be invaluable to ship owners, and to emigrants. By her mode of ventilation, diet, and arrangements for the comfort of the passengers, Mrs. C. says she can send twelve ships to Australia with only one per cent. mortality, (while heretofore it has been vastly greater,) and with these improvements the demoralization that has been looked upon as a terrible evil in emigration, would cease. Women could go out without loss of character—for their privacy would be respected.

A gentleman responded to her speech.

A vote of thanks was proposed to Mrs. C., and carried by acclamation. Also to the *Mayor*.

Who among us will go and do likewise? Who will visit ships and prisons, and give council such as the ignorant and wayward need.

* * * * *
The Syracusians have been favored with a Christian Union Convention. We find in it the names of some of the just and true Rev. S. J. May presided.

W. W. Chapman proposed that they should dispense with the title of Reverend. We nowhere read, he says, of Rev. Apostle Paul, or of Rev. Simon Peter.

A committee was appointed, but without any women upon it, whereupon it was proposed by Mr. Nourse, of Cazenovia, to have some of low degree, and nominated Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, and Mrs. Springstead. No objections were made, and we find A. Brown taking part in the discussions.

The women of New York have held the annual meeting of their State Temperance Society. So far as we can gather from the reports we have seen, (the organ of the society, the *Lily*, not having come to hand), the meeting was much less interesting than last year. It bears to us the impress of the spirit of compromise so clearly, that we are not surprised to find its Secretary saying with sorrow, "my heart is no longer with this organization." They seem anxious to shake themselves clear of the odium of Woman's Rights, while they are occupying the ground which its advocates claim.

If in grasping a good we reject all else, it will not be strange if we find that one turn to evil in our hand. Mrs. Stanton's address was in her own peculiar style, free, clear, and strong. We would give it place this month if possible.

With all this work for the elevation of our sex, for the bettering of humanity, with new avenues opening for women in every direction, will any still say what shall we do? There is no mode in which we can work for the good of the world, which ill befits a lady. A true woman will be a woman still, place her where you may. If she is by nature and inheritance pure, gentle, and loving, and these are the true feminine elements, whether found in man or woman; she can build, or command a ship, and still retain them, and they would be only the more beautiful in contrast with her strong, vigorous intellect.

* * * * *
Oh! that floral exhibition at Metropolitan Hall, how stupid the New Yorkers must be, not to have thronged there, while it was so filled with nature's gems. The description makes us envious that we were not there to have feasted our eyes on those beautiful flowers, and we could not be reconciled to the deprivation were we shut up in a city, but we have the sweet odor of roses borne to us by their spirits constantly; and hence will leave you the exotics, if you will but look at them.

THE SEAMSTRESSES OF LONDON.

The London *Times*, of the 30th ult', calls attention to a class of persons whom it regards as worthy the notice of such of the benevolent as have time to devote to the affairs of others.

These persons are of the weaker sex, of immature age, and of the most favored race of man. Their toil is unenlivened by word of speech, uncheered by a smile and unrelieved even by the outbreathing of a sigh. The *Times* says:

"From six o'clock to eleven it is stitch, stitch. At eleven a small piece of dry bread is served to each seamstress, but still she must stitch on. At one o'clock, twenty minutes are allowed for dinner—a slice of meat and a potatoe, with a glass of toast and water to each workwoman. Then again to work—stitch, stitch—until five o'clock, when fifteen minutes are again allowed for tea. The needles are then set in motion once more—stitch, stitch—until nine o'clock, when fifteen minutes are allowed for supper—a piece of dry bread and cheese, and a glass of beer. From nine o'clock at night until one, two, and three o'clock in the morning, stitch, stitch; the only break in this long period being a minute or two—just time enough to swallow a cup of strong tea, which is supplied lest the young people should 'feel sleepy.' At three o'clock, A. M., to bed; at six o'clock, A. M., out of it again to resume the duties of the following day.

"Even during the few hours allotted to sleep—should we not rather say to a feverish cessation from toil?—their miseries continue. They are cooped up in sleeping pens, ten in a room which would, perhaps, be sufficient for the accommodation of two persons. Not a word of remonstrance is allowed, or is possible. The seamstresses may leave, no doubt, but what awaits them on the other side of the door?—starvation, if they be honest—if not, in all probability, prostitution and its consequences. It is idle to use any further mystification in the matter. The scenes of misery which we have described, exist at our own doors, and in the most fashionable quarters of luxurious London. It is in the dressmaking and millinery establishments of the West End that the system is steadily pursued. The continuous labor is bestowed upon the gay garments in which the ladies of England love to adorn themselves. It is to satisfy their whims and caprices, that their wretched sisters undergo those days and nights of suffering and toil."—*Det. D. Times*.

A renowned woman is a curious thing, no other can be compared with her; she is like spirit with which the grain it is made from also cannot be compared. Spirit bites the tongue and mounts to the head, so does a celebrated woman, too; but I better like the pure wheat, which the sower sows in the loosened soil; the kind sun and the fruitful showers woo it forth again and then it greens the whole field, bears golden ears and at last gives a merry harvest home.

BETTINE.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he can say a great deal in a very small compass.

Penn Medical College of Philadelphia.
FEMALE SESSION.

THE Fall Session for Females commences Sept. 5th, 1853, and continues sixteen weeks, under a fully organized Faculty of eight Professorships. The Faculty acknowledge allegiance to no *ism* or *pathy*, to no exclusive system,—on the contrary, the teachings in this Institution shall ever be eminently liberal and progressive. Fees \$50. For the ANNOUNCEMENT, giving full particulars, address ABR'M LIVEZEY, M. D., Dean, No. 329, N. 12th st., below Green, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.

THE UNA will be found for sale at Adriance, Sherman & Co.'s, No. 2, Astor House, New York.

jy 1.

PURSUANT to a vote of adjournment, passed at the WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION, held at Syracuse Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th of 1852, a Convention will be held at

1853, to consider the question of the rights of citizenship, and in how far women are entitled thereto.

All persons, men and women, who are willing to discuss the great questions of human rights, irrespective of sex, are invited to attend—to participate in the proceedings of the Convention, and thus aid, by casting their mite into the treasury of thought, in evolving the truth.

In behalf of the Committee,
E. OAKES SMITH, Pres't.
Brooklyn, May 16, 1853—3m.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue five months (21 weeks) closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.

Hilbert Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.

Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.

Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.

Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.

Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the ANNOUNCEMENT, will please apply personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty.

DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.,
229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

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THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., AUGUST 1, 1853.

NO. 7.

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For the Una.
SHADOW SECOND.

COUSIN WAT—BY NILLA.

My cousin Wat is an enthusiast by nature; one of those large-hearted men, always ready to do a neighbor a kindness, no matter at how much loss to himself. His head, to look at, is a very good head indeed, yet none can tell why, exactly: it never seems to hold but one thought at once, and that is usually some inflated, pampered fancy, which his own imagination has blown into importance, and which, to his partial eye, wears as many-hued beauties as the rainbow. Indeed, Cousin Wat is always making rainbows. He intends to be somebody by and by; this *last* project of his, whatever that *last* may happen to be, he is sure will be the making of him. Cousin Wat has dealt largely in what some call humbugs: he has a mania for speculation; "city lots," "Maine lands," "tree-corn," "rutabagas," "rohans" and "morus multicaulis," each have had their turn; but somehow, Cousin Wat always held on, a little too long: the bubble always burst before he had emptied his basin; yet still he would tell what he might have made, if he had only fallen in with Mr. "So and So's offer," and sold out a little before! Poor Cousin Wat, his "city lots" proved worse to him, than the "Frenchman's;" for his, were neither land nor water, a sort of amphibious concern, only available for frogs and water-snakes! And the worst of it was, while he was forced to retain possession of this quagmire, the city passed an ordinance compelling him to drain it. Insult to injury! Yet corporations are inva-

riably hard-hearted to individual sufferings; the greatest good to the largest number, is their motto, the spirit of which, they carry out, in despite of people's door-steps, or the corners of their houses.

His "city lots" were not his only folly: his "Maine lands" were timberless, sand in summer and snow in winter; cold enough to freeze polar bears. His multicaulis trees were better investments; he made a clear ten thousand upon them; and the good luck so elated him, that he went in deeper, bought and set out a regular "John Brown's tract;" and when they fell, there was Wat Smith, with his shrubby trees, an investment of twenty-five strong, left on his hands, not worth the guano he had used to coax them into growing. His "tree-corn" treed him; and the money did not *turn-up* even with "rutabagas;" and as for "rohans," they proved "small potatoes" after all!

Yet Cousin Wat doesn't seem to mind disappointment; every new humbug is a fresh nag for him to ride, and he does ride until his purse is as dry as a squeezed lemon. He has spent the whole fortune Uncle Hal left him, in trying to make one, poor Cousin Wat!

From a Correspondent in England.

MRS. CHISHOLM.

For the Una.

Among the many interesting articles that have appeared in the UNA, is one signed "AN ENGLISHMAN," in which Mrs. Chisholm's valuable services in the cause of emigration are mentioned. As her career has been unique,—and, to use the words of a distinguished member of the British Parliament, "she is the only person who has done anything effectual—anything on a scale which may be called large—to mitigate the crying evils and national sin* embodied

*This system is most demoralizing in its tendencies. Men, women and children are huddled together without the means of privacy—in dirty, un-ventilated, and over-crowded vessels, often with insufficient food. Persons above a certain age are ineligible. Family ties are broken as ruthlessly as under the slave system of America. Women have had to take infants from the breast, by the side of the ship, and hand them over to friends to be left behind,

ied in our governmental plan of emigration"—some further account of her may be interesting to your readers.

She was born in Northampton, England. Losing her father early, her education devolved upon the mother, who was left in easy circumstances, and is described as a woman of great resolution, acute perception, and large humanity, with a firm reliance on the love of God.

At twenty our heroine became the wife of Archibald Chisholm, an officer in the Indian army, whom she accompanied to Madras. And here she began those practical public works that have been so honorable to herself, and so beneficial to others. She was deeply concerned at the licentiousness prevailing at the barracks, and resolved to effect a reform by beginning at the root. Accordingly she proposed to form a girls' school of the children and orphans of the soldiers, in which education should be blended with housekeeping. A matron was provided, but the better to watch over this establishment, Mrs. Chisholm with her husband, (who entered into her philanthropic plans,) took up their abode with these children. She taught them self-government and self-reliance by forming them into committees, to deliberate and make arrangements for the performance of their different duties. Arithmetic and writing were learned by keeping a strict account of the expenses and consumption of every article used. Incidental occurrences were all minutely recorded; a committee of these juveniles consulted on the kind and quantity of food for each day's requirement; the loss sustained by boiling, baking, and roasting; all articles being carefully estimated, thus each girl knew what amount of provisions would be required for a given number, and could calculate the cost. Where food was left, it was a subject of debate

in order that they may accompany their husbands. It was after witnessing the evils consequent on this system, that Mrs. Chisholm originated, and—almost unaided—brought into operation her plan of "Family Colonization," which, to use the expression of a Melbourne paper, beats the one organized by the British Government in every point—Morality, Economy, and Comfort.

how it could be used up in the family, or how it could be nicely dressed over for some poor or sick person. "This institution is now an extensive orphanage, rearing in industry and protecting in virtue those whose parents have fallen a sacrifice to their country."

In 1838 her husband's health obliged Mrs. Chisholm to leave India, and with him and her children repair to Australia, where, after his recovery, a wider field of usefulness awaited her. The first objects benefitted by her, were a party of Highland emigrants—who landed here unable to speak the language—pennyless and friendless. To these she lent money to purchase tools, and wheelbarrows, and assisted them in procuring profitable employment.

The next thing that called forth her sympathy was the breaking up of family ties. "Here (she writes) are a mass of human beings lamenting their separation from all those most dear to them. Husbands without their wives, parents without their children, and all regretting parents, brothers and sisters, to whom there is scarcely a hope of their being reunited. But a worse evil even than this, was, the dangerous position of young girls who arrived here without money or friends. Speaking of these, Mrs. C. says, "Who has not been shocked by the frightful details we read in the public papers, how orphan after orphan has been victimized on board emigrant ships by men calling themselves christians? Many have I known who have been entrapped into houses of the worst character on the first day of their arrival. Shall this evil continue? God forbid!" She adds, "from this period I devoted all my leisure time to the service of these poor girls, determined, with God's blessing, never to rest till decent protection was afforded them." After much trouble, and many mortifications, she succeeded in obtaining from the Governor (Sir George Gipps) the use of a government building to be converted into a "Female Emigrants Home," on condition that the government would not be put to any expense. Here she established herself, and appealed to the public for support. She says "after a time the appeal was liberally met," but a few only could be accommodated, while hundreds were wandering about Sydney without friends, or protection. She adds, "I took several into the Home, who had slept out many nights; it was estimated that when I commenced there were six hundred females unprovided for in Sydney." It was impossible to find employment for so large a number in the town, and they would not venture in the country without Mrs. Chisholm. On this she went long journeys in the interior, taking the girls with her, going from farm, to farm, procuring them situations, and establishing Homes, and Committees to protect and advise them, or any others she should send in that direction. Having established a system that soon relieved her of

the women, she turned her attention to the men, many of whom were idling about Sydney, while laborers were wanted in the interior. She made some excellent arrangements for finding employment for them, "and in this way, (she says) from first to last, I settled eleven thousand souls." She received hundreds of applications for wives; these she answered by placing girls as teachers, or servants in the districts from whence the applications came, and leaving them to make the matches for themselves.

In a letter addressed to Earl Grey by Mrs. Chisholm, on "Emigration and Transportation relatively considered," she says, "One of the most demoralizing evils, of the old system has been the separation of men from all domestic influence." * * * "You know enough my Lord, of the horrors that have resulted from the Penal system; a system which has doomed thousands and tens of thousands to the demoralizing state of bachelorism. Calmly consider the evil which has thus been created, and in common justice to the virtuous part of the community there, remedy it, by giving a due encouragement to a respectable system of female emigration."

"If her Majesty's government be really desirous of seeing a well-conducted community spring up in these colonies, the social wants of the people must be considered. If the paternal government wishes to entitle itself to that honored appellation, it must look to the materials it may send as a nucleus for the formation of a good and a great people. For all the clergy you can dispatch, all the schoolmasters you can appoint, all the churches you can build, and all the books you can export, will never do much good, without *God's police—wives and little children—good and virtuous women.*"

Another idea of Mrs. Chisholm's was, to institute "Bush Partnerships." She says, "let two friends, or neighbors agree to work together, until three acres are cropped, dividing the work, the expense, and the produce—this partnership will grow apace. I have made numerous bush agreements of this kind. One settler's wife was an excellent milker; her next door neighbor could not manage a cow. An agreement was made much to the advantage of both settlers. A. was "to bail" up, and milk B.'s cows—while B. in return, agreed to give one hour's instruction daily, in reading and writing to A.'s children."

C. was an excellent gardener, but not equal to D. at sawing; D. agreed to take C.'s place at the saw, while C. worked in D.'s garden." The last great labor of Mrs. Chisholm in the Colony was to collect what she terms "Voluntary Information from the People of New South Wales," "to make known (as she writes) to the British public the resources of the Australian Colonies; to furnish the laborer, the mechanician, and the capitalist, with information that

can be depended upon; to point out obstructions to emigration which ought to be removed; and to expose evils which ought to be eradicated."

The information collected was taken down in the words of the settlers and servants, in answer to a list of printed questions. She obtained upwards of six hundred of these biographies, travelling in a covered spring van (with her husband) from station to station, and from farm to farm, sleeping one night at a wealthy squatter's, the next at a poor settler's cottage, welcomed and known to all, "sometimes (as she states) taking down their statements on the roadside, and sometimes in the ploughed field, having the plough as my table. Indeed, I was so well known to the people, and they knew so well my motive was to carry faithful information to their relatives, friends, and countrymen at home—they invariably related to me their circumstances with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness."

Previous to her departure for England in 1846, a public meeting was held in Sydney, which formed a committee of eight members of the Legislative Council, the Mayor of Sydney, the High Sheriff, thirteen magistrates, and many of the leading merchants, to present her with an address of thanks for the great service she had rendered the Colony, and one hundred and fifty guineas as a testimonial.

Mrs. Chisholm accepted the testimonial in order to expend it in forwarding her plan of emigration.

Soon after her arrival in England Mr. Secretary Gladstone received a communication from the Governor of Australia, stating that it having been represented to him by Mrs. Chisholm that many children had been left behind from the inability of their parents to pay for them, he had issued an order for their emigration at the public expense.

This correspondence was sent to Mrs. Chisholm from Downing street, with a request that she would "favor Earl Grey with her opinion as to the feasibility of the suggestions offered, together with any remarks which her knowledge and experience in these matters might enable her to communicate." She replied by "pleading for families to be sent entire, showing the iniquity of making children a bar to emigration; and that it became the duty of the State to throw protection around the child."

In 1850 Mrs. Chisholm published her celebrated pamphlet called the A. B. C. of Colonization, in which she denounces the existing plans of emigration. And in that year, by extraordinary exertions, she brought into practical and most successful operation her own system of Family Colonization. Her first Committee included the Earl of Shaftesbury, (then Lord Ashley) the Right Honorable Sydney Herbert, and several other gentlemen of equal

standing; but the carrying out of her plan was left mainly to herself, as may be gathered from the following description of her every day life in 1852, by Eneas Makenzie. He says, "It was truly astonishing the amount of business performed, and bodily fatigue endured, by Mrs. Chisholm. At nine o'clock in the morning we have seen her house surrounded by a crowd of persons, the passage lined by anxious enquirers, and the stairs rendered impassable by desirous emigrants; the average number of letters she received was one hundred and forty per day; these she glanced over and gave instructions for their being answered, with other commands, to six clerks. After seeing and advising with from thirty to forty persons, she would proceed to Blackwall; there, on reaching the docks, go on shipboard, minutely survey the work completed, give directions to carpenters and ship-fitters, inspect the provisions, have intercourse with brokers; make arrangements with government officers, and attend to numbers of persons who had come to fix on their berths—return to London and transact bank business. On arriving at her home, she would have intercourse with from forty to sixty people, or perhaps attend a group meeting. This, by most would be thought sufficient labor for one day, especially when performed for the good of others, without fee or reward except that obtained by an approving conscience. However, Mrs. Chisholm did more; she considered the trust she had undertaken—of single females about to emigrate—whom she lodged near her own dwelling—so sacred, that after all the labors enumerated she visited them individually to inquire into their conduct during the day, and see that they were all in their lodgings at night."

At this time Capt. Chisholm was in Australia, having returned thither in 1851. In a letter to the Times on the occasion, Mrs. Chisholm remarks that finding the principle of her plan could not be carried out effectively without an agent in the Colony, and as the society could not afford to pay for one, her husband and self, after some deliberation, resolved to divide their income and separate for a time; their wish being, by a reunion of families, to build "a bridge of humanity" between Great Britain and Australia.

In August 1852, Capt Chisholm's exertions in the Colony resulted in the receipt in England of £4000, principally sent by laborers to assist their relatives in emigrating.

"This amount," says the Melbourne Morning Herald, "is to be appropriated to the emigration of eighty-three parents, one hundred and forty-seven brothers and sisters, thirty-six children left behind by parents, sixteen grandchildren, ten wives—with thirty-four children, forty-six nephews and nieces, and thirteen other relatives."

The leading principle of the "Family Colonization Society," founded by Mrs. Chisholm, is,

the repudiation of elemosynary aid by a judicious system of loans; the emigrant is assisted without being pauperized and by giving him knowledge, his own resources are made available, and he becomes more self-reliant.

Persons wishing to emigrate to Australia, on this plan, must save up sufficient to pay two thirds of their passage money. This they can do by paying as small a sum as a shilling a week to the Society, which takes upon itself the care of these savings—at the same time supplying the emigrant with information, and providing places in which what are called group-meetings are held, in order that those going by the same ship may become acquainted with each other, and form plans for mutual benefit and assistance. When a sufficient number have paid two thirds of their passage money, the Society—out of a fund obtained by subscription—advances the remaining third, to be repaid within a limited time. A good vessel is then chartered in which no other passengers are admitted. This is fitted up expressly for them, plainly, but, with great regard to comfort and health. Mrs. Chisholm, who has paid great attention to this department, has introduced a cheap and very effective system of ventilation into these vessels, as well as a wash-house and bath in each, which with some other improvements she suggested are found so conducive to health that the vessels fitted up under her direction—though taking a much larger proportion of infants and old people than any others, have nevertheless been reported healthy on their arrival at Australia, and the deaths on the voyage instead of being 12, and 15 per cent. as in the government ships, have never exceeded 2 per cent. and these improvements are carried out with so much economy, that the extra expense amounts only to about eight and six pence per head.

While doing so much, to improve the physical condition of the emigrants, Mrs. Chisholm's system is equally successful in developing their moral qualities. At the meetings held while saving their passage money, families are encouraged to form themselves into groups, the better to assist each other on the voyage. Children going out without parents are put into these groups. On going on board, each group elects a representative; these representatives form committees for carrying out the regulations of the ship.

Mrs. Chisholm says, "the first thing I have generally done is to get them to form a committee, which I term the moral committee—a committee of two or three, in whom they have confidence, and who shall look after every thing connected with the character of the emigrants, particularly that of young emigrants. The next important committee is a committee for amusements. Then have a sanitary committee. Now this is one of the most important committees you can appoint on board a ship,

because where health depends so much on cleanliness, except the emigrants themselves will give some authority to a committee, and themselves agree to support them in carrying it out, it is impossible to succeed.

Mrs. Chisholm's system of government answers perfectly, and seems to justify an opinion lately expressed in one of our leading Reviews, that "if there is any one function for which women have shown a decided vocation it is that of reigning." We might say, judging from the general incapacity of Kings, and the inefficiency of legislators and Governors, that, if there is any one function for which men have *proved* themselves *incapable*, it is that of governing. Whether the government be despotic, constitutional, or republican, the *good* of the *governed*—the only rational purpose for which to create a government—is generally lost sight of by the ruling powers, who find sufficient occupation in attending to their own aggrandisement, like Sir James Brooke, late Governor of Labuan, who after getting his own salary greatly increased, and a Lieutenant Governor appointed at a large salary to do the work for him, absented himself from his post to attend to his private affairs in England and elsewhere. The "Examiner" says, "Sir James Brooke was Governor of Labuan, 5 years, all that time drawing salary from the British Treasury; out of those 5 years, he was present at his post, that is, performing the functions of Governor of the British settlement, just 40 days." We, take such salaried services as these to be not "important services," (as one of the ministry had termed them) "but eminent disservices to the State," which they certainly are, though we have disservices in other departments of the State quite as eminent as the following instances of *justice* will show. A short time since, two children—one two, the other four years of age—were brought before a Justice of the Peace in one of the midland counties of England, charged with having set snares to catch game. The learned Judge fined these children £1 each, besides expenses; failing payment, thirty days imprisonment. It is true, this atrocious sentence was protested against; but, if capacity instead of sex had determined the employment of this man, would he have been made a dispenser of justice, or would he still be allowed to remain on the bench he has so disgraced?

The following scene in one of our Courts of Justice in India, is related by an eye witness recently returned to this country:

"The Judge who was but too apparently ignorant of the language of the district, directed one of the native officers of the Court, to put a question to a witness, and not obtaining any reply, repeated it; but the witness returning no answer, and his silence being looked upon as contumacious, the Judge ordered the summary infliction of the rattan, which was accordingly administered in open court, as the readiest

mode of eliciting his evidence. It proved, however, a total failure, as the question having been again put without effect, it was at last discovered that the poor fellow was deaf and dumb." In these cases justice could not have suffered had the washerwomen of the honorable and learned gentlemen occupied their places on the bench; and it certainly would have gained considerable had the sphere of these Daniels been confined to the purification of their own linen.

The bad government of our colonies is notorious, notwithstanding its enormous expense. We spend thousands and tens of thousands on Bishops, Governors, and other functionaries, lay and clerical, to attend to the temporal and spiritual welfare of our Australian colonists; yet, strange to say, the only person who has done anything effectual, either for the physical or moral elevation of the people—is a woman. "An unpretending, working, *female* missionary—not a *clerical* one," to use the words of Robert Lowe, M.P., who resided in Australia some years, and was himself a leading member of the Australian government; and he adds, still speaking of Mrs. Chisholm: "The singularity of her mission, looking to the nature of her work, is one of the most original that was ever devised or undertaken by either man or woman; and the object, the labor, the design are all beyond praise." Lord Stanley, (now Earl of Derby), and Lord Grey, (late minister of the Colonies), have both acknowledged the importance of Mrs. Chisholm's services to the government. Some insist that she does the work of a *government* herself. Others intimate that she performs the duty of a *Church*, inasmuch as all her plans are found to be very conducive to good morals. An Australian newspaper, in its enthusiastic admiration of this lady, says: "How such pure and philanthropic efforts as we have witnessed in the instance of Mrs. Chisholm may have affected others we cannot tell; but, for ourselves, we feel quite inclined to urge upon our rulers, that they should adopt the language of scripture, and say with the heartiest gratitude, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.'"

The writer heard Mrs. Chisholm address a large audience in Liverpool, on the subject of emigration, about a month ago; the building—which was capable of holding three thousand people—was over-crowded. Mrs. C. is between 40 and 50 years of age, tall and stout, with a remarkably fine head, and a most agreeable expression of countenance. Her voice is low, and musical, but so clear, and her utterance is so distinct, that she was heard, without apparent effort, in every part of the room. Her manner is dignified, kind, and matronly. This, added to the complete knowledge of her subject, which she evinces, rivets the attention of the audience, and produces a feeling of interest, confidence, and attachment towards her.

Had Mrs. Chisholm belonged to the male sex, instead of toiling on amid countless deprivations, she would have been placed in some high office in connection with the Colony of Australia, where her great abilities would have been made profitable to herself, as well as to the public; but, because she is a woman, compliments only are bestowed upon her; she is debarred from office, and thus prevented from carrying out in the most effectual manner, those schemes which are acknowledged to be as original as they are advantageous.

Is it not time that these sexual distinctions ceased, and that governments simply looked to the capacity, and talents of their instruments, without reference to their sex?

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.

Would to heaven there were a power that would say to my perturbed spirit, "peace, be still," for I am weary of the strife; the battle of life is long and rages round me with violence. Now, I understand fully that life is a forced state, a war with the material; the spirit claims a space, and place, to tabernacle here; it demands food, shelter, light, and air—for its free growth; but the heavy clods of earth by which it is encumbered war against it, not by positive and violent resistance, but negatively. The forced spirit takes them up and carries them on to the end. The battle cannot be fought by proxy, none can give aid; alone I at least must tread the wine press of agony; alone work out my destiny. Why do I suffer more than others in my sphere? Simply because I have higher aspirations, and need intercourse with those who can comprehend these yearnings.

To-day I met Dr. L. in the street; I have not seen him for months before; on approaching me he offered his hand, looked at me, and in his peculiar way said, humph! you are not well, why have you not called for me? I am well, I replied, coldly, repellingly, and withdrew my hand.

He said, Lucy, very gently, very low; I raised my eyes, they met his; I shall see you soon. There was a look of tenderness, almost compassionate sympathy that could not be mistaken. He had marked my changed appearance; in that brief, keen glance, he saw my struggles. Lucy, you are working too hard. I will see you to-night—and punctual to his time he did come, came and offered me friendship. Offered me aid, assistance, medical advice, &c., all of which I declined.

He would gladly be my friend. Now, why do I decline it when the tones of his voice are a sweeter music to my ear than any that ever fell upon it? Why, when I listen with a stilled heart, and checked breath to the last sound of his footsteps? Why, when the light of his eye is joy and peace to me? Is it that I fear him? No, but myself. I cannot endure his friendship.

I listened to him as unmoved as marble. Heard him speak of the past, of the long time he had known me, and all the while knew that he was the only one who had followed me down, rather up to my sky parlor—with an interest, and yet I answered, I get along very well, I need nothing; and smiled so icily, that none but a warm heart could

have had any life after it toward me. Still he pressed the question; will you not let me be your friend? And I answered slowly, "No, I cannot." So help me God, I will stand alone. Then with kindness he sought to remove my objections, said my "pride could not always stand me instead of human sympathy," and furthermore he believed I had through that, shut myself away from all my old friends.

He does not know that I remember his arguments and sneers against Platonic affection, and his rhapsodies about affinities, &c. With his free love honorably offered, I could now be happy anywhere. A garret, or cellar, a hovel or prison would be alike my home. With him or for him, I could toil joyfully till the last ebbing pulse of life. If there was love for me in that one heart, the only throne or kingdom I crave, I could live or go anywhere. Feeling all this, with my soul in a wild tumult of agony, I calmly bade him go, that it would cause observation if he staid longer; and he has gone, and now were he within my arms, I could not put them forth to stay him, could not speak to him, lest my fatal secret should be no longer mine; now though it tears at my vitals, gnaws and consumes me, it is still mine; mine, known only to myself—and without one living human soul to take an interest in the life I lead, I must journey on from suffering to suffering.

Hour after hour I have paced this room, swallowing my tears like nectar, till little Mary calls: sister, do come to bed! The lamp wanes, and daylight comes, pale and gray, creeping slowly and chillingly along, lengthening and deepening the shadows, that quiver, and still linger in hideous shapes on the wall.

* * * * *

Very well, woman, you know your destiny. What right have you to love; poor, plain, nay, ugly; suppress your nature till you can give it no utterance; crush out thought and feeling and go cheerfully to your work, bathe your eyes, drink a cup of tea, breakfast the children, and remember they are your charge, and then sit down to your work—stitch on, and on, don't crave even a newspaper—concentrate your life in your work, your pretty patterns, &c. You are made for it. You must shed no tears, have no vain regrets.

* * * * *

Night—Two weary days more have passed and one night of sleep has calmed my nerves. I will write lest I forget the use of my pen. Write of what occurs day by day, but not of what the heart feels—not how that swells, and struggles, and rebels.

This morning I rose early and finished the infant's cloak for Mrs. S. It was very beautiful, so purely white, soft, and rich—with its border of buds and its satin lining.

Mrs. S. is young, and generous with money. She has paid me liberally, and promptly, hence I felt that I could promise the children a treat when I came back, and what should it be?

"A book for me, sister," said Mary, "and for me a doll, and I will dress it so pretty," said Ella. I kissed them, and as I looked into their sweet young faces I wondered that I could not make their love sufficient for me. But it is not in woman's nature to do cheerfully a man's duties until she has once

tasted all a woman's life; she must have been a wife, and mother, have had her own time to rest in another, ere she can step forward gracefully and be the protector, the support of others.

Mrs. S. brought the baby to see me; she tried on the cloak, was satisfied with the work, acknowledged it was as handsome as an imported one; and said, "now you must positively destroy the pattern, that's a good girl, for I don't want everybody to have a cloak like this."

I replied, "I have the promise of one to do, for Mrs. G. in H. street, and you must be aware that it takes me a long time to design these patterns; to this one you will recollect I gave near a week's labor. If obliged to prepare another I may lose the work."

"O well, this you must destroy or I shall care nothing for the cloak; I won't pay you if you don't."

Luckily the money was already in my purse.

Mrs. G.'s baby shall not have a cloak like my baby's, she exclaimed, her eyes flashing, her cheeks crimsoning, the pretty childlike face distorted with passion. She stormed and raved like a spoiled child. I rose to leave, when she said spitefully, "you need not come for any more work, I will let those have it who will regard my wishes."

There goes another patron, thought I, for I found it hard to bend an iota. At length, I said slowly, Mrs. S. I will so change the pattern that it shall not be —— precisely the same; her countenance brightened as she exclaimed,

"Yes, do; that will answer."

The spirit of perverseness was in me, and I replied, "I thought while working it, that I could improve it." Instantly she grew dark again, and I made my escape in haste, ere the storm broke in its fury, and left her to pour it out on her poor nurse or her husband.

On the whole, I believe I shall go to shirt making, rather than be subject to these endless caprices among women.

On my way through G. street, I stopped at a variety store and purchased a book of fairy tales for Mary, and a doll for Ella, and was tempted into buying a set of pewter dishes too, for even with all my strivings and great desire for their future, I cannot make their present lives entirely without some of the indulgences suited to them. A happy childhood is a glorious inheritance; thankful am I that I can recall the tender love of my mother, the almost unlimited indulgences of my father, the glad brightness of a beautiful early home. Those visions of the past will not be theirs, but they may remember far in the future a sister's devotion.

* * * * *

Night—Again in this still, quiet solitude, when eyes, hands, back, and chest, are all weary with toil, I turn again to thee, my pen, my sole confident, my friend and comforter. Through thee I gossip, for rest and recreation. This morning while in the street, I saw a notice of an excursion up the river, about ten miles and back for fifty cents. Now said I, will be a fine opportunity for me to take the children, and I will go. But upon a second thought I shrank from the exposure in the crowd, and resolved still to confine myself and them to seclusion, and their knowledge of the country, to what they see in the parks on Sunday P. M.

On my return home I met Mrs. L. Smith, for

whom I sewed a year ago or more; she spoke to me almost kindly. She is not one of those who waste gentle words; rigidly moral, she never forgives sin. I am sure she rejoices in the belief that a certain portion of the human family will suffer eternally, that through ceaseless ages there will be no mitigation of their anguish. The acidity of her faith has curdled the milk of human kindness in her breast, and turned it into gall and wormwood against the erring. She asked me if I would go with her then to get the work;—I did so, she walked with great rapidity, and I, thinking I detected the motive, kept a steady even pace with her. Her house resembled herself; sombre, gloomy pictures, in old dark frames, straight, hard, expensive chairs, cold black marble tables and polished brass grates,—the most scrupulous neatness and order seemed to prevail, the old waiter at the door had evidently walked precisely on the same breadth of carpeting for years; the old housekeeper or upper servant had made no change. Woe to the young delinquent who may enter within these walls—thought I; Argus eyes will be ever upon you. Just at this point I took out my watch to ascertain the hour, for I was beginning to grow impatient with the time consumed in fixing and rearranging the work. While doing this, Mrs. S. turned upon me with a look of amazement, of incensed purity—and asked me how I, a poor girl, a seamstress, could afford to wear a watch; it looked, she thought, very suspicious; she doubted very much whether a virtuous girl could get articles of that kind, and on the whole she would not have her work done by one of my sort—her face grew red and she shook with virtuous indignation, I suppose.

I rose, looked at her quite calmly, determined to suppress my rising ire and answer in a dignified manner.

She should have no power over me. I might, I replied, tell you how I came in possession of this watch; I might tell you that it was the gift of my dead father—and that I would only part with it for bread for those who are dearer to me than self—but I scorn to enter upon a self defence when there is only a coarse and cruel suspicion against me. You, madam, are a sensualist, you have a nature low enough to prostitute yourself for gold, or you could never suspect one of your own sex of unworthy acts. It is you, and such as you, with your untempted virtue, and puritanic self righteousness, who drive helpless, defenceless girls to destruction, and then clothed in disloyalty to your own sex, you mount upon their fallen hopes to some desired eminence, and standing there, lift up your hands and eyes in holy horror, and cry out, "go aside, we are holier than thou;" but to the base profligate, to the hoary headed villain, blear-eyed and bloated, you say with smiles, come to us, we will not drive you hence, we do not know your foul crimes, crimes that darken earth and shut up heaven from your victims. We do not see you when you lure young innocent children into sin, therefore we are supposed to be ignorant of it. We say we despise you, but we bow before your potent power, we dare not cut you, we will marry you, or give you our daughters, we will have you for our friends, we will eat of your bread, and drink of your cup, but there must be a great, an impassable barrier between your victims and us.

The woman, who has veered from the narrow, straight path, shall be tortured by our contempt; we will give her hard work and poor fare, perchance not even that; we will crush out all hope, we will shut up every avenue to a return to a pure life.

Woman, I have been tempted; the tempter still trails along my path; I know the weakness that comes from hunger and weariness; beware, lest at the last, the blood of my soul be found in your skirts that you deem so pure and spotless.

I spoke very rapidly, but was quite calm until I found myself in the street. She had indeed attempted an apology, which I chose not to hear. I had made her quail, but I did not want her work and would not have it.

I walked rapidly forward, brushing, unheeding, past rich, and poor, for my soul was stirred to its very depths.

Suddenly my hand was seized by some one, and on looking down I saw Maria L., the little hunchback girl, who for some weeks I have missed from her daily walks. She looked at me with earnest, tearful eyes, and said. My sister has come back to me, will you come and see her? She is ill, will you forgive her wrong? I did not know she had a sister.

I had felt that she had a great grief in her heart, but I had never asked what it was, and now while my blood was yet leaping in my veins I could not talk; I knew it all, her look of intense anguish revealed her woe—I had been speaking for her, I shrank not therefore from what might follow, and went with her to her home.

(To be continued.)

For the Una.

BY MRS. E. J. AMES.

Would'st thou possess the great divine idea?

Be truly to thy destiny devoted; Genius, is God's free gift—but honesty

Of purpose must be in thyself denoted!

In recognition of each high placed duty—

Be hopeful—patient—self-sustaining—strong;

A generous seeker after truth and beauty;

And all the high aims which to life belong.

Have thou respect unto the human soul

After the image of its God created.

Humanity in one harmonious whole

Claims that its liberties be justly mated.

Then strive thou with the light of progress to illumine

The mental darkness of the oppressed amid the human.

Express thy being nobly—candidly—

Live active—earnest—liberal—and employ Thine hours that each may bring some higher joy, Some greater good unto humanity!

Seek for the germ of a diviner life

Amid the weeds that spring in earthliest natures;

While with a Heaven-informing spirit rife

Lead to the light all soul-bewildered creatures!

Of this be sure, where'er thou find'st the needy, The sick and sad, bowed down with want and care,

There let the helpful heart and hand be ready, His deep necessities to aid and bear!

And while thou freely giv'st to those who need thy giving,

Look kindly on the humble hand that labors for its living!

Dear Una:—As I was reading the Star, the other day, (a thing I do not often have time to do with all my six children and but one servant,) my eye chanced to fall upon a series of resolutions passed at a baby meeting in Nurserydom; where in they asserted their rights, and claimed redress for wrongs inflicted upon them by their mamma's. There were some flings at a movement known as woman's rights, in the preamble, but as I have no time to know whether I have my rights or not, I shall give you the resolutions, and results of reading them in Nurserydom at Bellgrove. I was for some time undecided whether to suppress the news of this rebellion altogether, or put a bold face on the matter, and let those six youngsters, the eldest nine years of age, have them to discuss. There is nothing in the world so delights our Johnny as a newspaper; he crows, claps his hands, and with nervous eagerness throws aside rattle, whip and bells for a good shake of a paper; and when the fragments fly from his hands his joy is unbounded. At the first rustle of one he kicks and squirms out of my lap. Now I am a small woman, exactly witches weight is mine, while Johnny weighs twenty-six pounds, and is six months old, so you see it's little use to contend with him. I entered the room with fear and trembling, but found little master asleep, and his sister Mary (there's a Mary in every family,) rocking the cradle and dressing a doll, for in our family the maternal element is largely developed. After hesitating, and coughing as people always do when embarrassed, I began: My dears, there has been a baby meeting; shall I read you about it? in which they complain of great wrongs. Hereupon baby awoke, and looked fixedly at me, but did not, as usual, make any movement for the paper, and I began almost to imagine there was reproach in his eye, when all the others, even down to little Tom, begged me to read on; so I read on, and each child commented duly; but they all asserted that the wrongs therein set forth were not such as they had to complain of; they had no desire for a place in mamma's bed, smothered down with grown up people; they preferred their own clean, airy cribs; they knew nothing about any lap-dogs, or Bridgets, or Godfrey's cordial; they had wrongs, grievous wrongs, but they did not know as they ought to speak of them—it was a delicate matter; but after due encouragement and discussion, their wrongs and demands for justice were embodied in resolutions to be appended to those of the first convention, as a supplement, or as the proceedings of an auxiliary society. Your object is, I understand, to speak the truth, therefore, as the organ of these children, I send them all to you—

INFANTS' RIGHTS CONVENTION.—A large and spirited meeting of infants was recently held in Nurserydom, at which they asserted their rights and called for an immediate redress of the wrongs which had been inflicted upon them.

Whereas, we have been brought into existence without being consulted at all in regard to our feelings or wishes, thus laying the immediate authors of our existence under the strongest obligations to see that our rights are protected, and our wants supplied, therefore

Resolved, That we claim the right to draw our nourishment from that fountain which nature has provided for our sustenance, and which is universally admitted to be the only source from which we can derive materials for a vigorous growth; and that the too common practice of cutting off our supplies from this source, to avoid the necessity of attendance on our wants, is inhuman, and unworthy of a Christian mother.

Resolved, That we earnestly protest against the partiality sometimes exhibited by our mothers, in nursing lap-dogs, and making parlor companions of them, as though they were the real offspring instead of ourselves, while we are turned over to Bridget.

Resolved, That we claim as our right, a place in the parental bed, and deem it a very poor excuse for tucking us away with the nurse, that our mother comes home from parties late at night, and does not wish to be broken of her rest:

Resolved, That we are opposed to taking medicine, when it would seldom be required if we were properly taken care of by our mothers; and especially do we raise our voices, against the practice of many nurses, who stealthily keep a bottle of paregoric or Godfrey's cordial, and force down our throats a dose in the evening, so that we may not disturb them in the night.

Resolved, That our being called cross and ugly, because we raise our voices against being stuffed with improper food, while the nourishment nature has provided is withheld from us, is a most outrageous slander upon our tempers.

Resolved, That in consequence of these and many other abuses to which we are subjected, most of us become sickly, and about half of our number die before we are old enough to take care of ourselves.

Resolved, That our cry shall be—"War, war, and not—"Peace, peace," until our wrongs are redressed and our rights restored to us.

Voted, That the proceedings of this Convention be published in all the papers from Maine to Texas.—*Odd Fellow.*

SUPPLEMENT.

Whereas, our fathers being often absent six, seven and eight weeks or months at a time, and when they return, insist upon our being well behaved and affectionate, when in truth we do not know them or their wishes, and are in mortal fear of them: and whereas, their complaints of our noise and frolics banish us from the parlor to the nursery, where it is dark and lonely, for we do not then have the light of our mothers' eye: and whereas the stove is old and smokes, and the carpet faded, therefore

Resolved, That we consider this a great wrong which ought speedily to be redressed, for we consider our fathers equally responsible with our mothers for our existence; and we hereby demand that they give to us a share of the affection they lavish upon their horses; and to our moral training and education a portion of the time they devote to the political interests of the country, and the news of the bar room. It not being expected that woman should know anything of politics, we ask who is to direct the outflow of our patriotism, and guide us aright, if our fathers leave this teaching to the accidents of the day?

Resolved, That fathers who drink, smoke, or chew tobacco, or otherwise indulge in a sensual life, cause to very young children intense suffering. The breath reeking with the fumes of rum and tobacco, produces nausea, languor, and extreme pain; therefore resolved, that when fathers have made little infants thus ill, they are bound to divide the care with the mother, and not suppose that she who has borne the child and still nourishes it, with her own life, is able to sit all night with it in her arms to keep it quiet.

Resolved, That we consider it the duty of every father, if he would have the love and reverence of his children, to share with the mother the duties of the nursery, the system of home instruction, and bear with her an equal part of life's burdens.

Resolved, That the proceedings of our meeting be appended to those of the one held in Nurserydom and be sent for publication to all the world.

For the Una.

NOTES FROM THE WEST. NO. 2.

"Perhaps you will subscribe for the 'Visiter,' again," remarked Mr. S——, as Mr. H—— was leaving the room. "No," replied Mr. H——, "I do not agree with all of Mrs. Swisshelm's notions about woman's rights." Donkey, thinks I to myself, if there were no ideas in the world, but those to which you subscribe, I would clap thirteen eggs under our blue hen just as soon as she manifested a disposition for setting. Subscribers to a paper of your editing, would be served with various dishes manufactured from one idea—all of them seasoned with an emphatic—"it is just so, my dear sir!"—Now, Mr. H. is a progressionist, according to his opinion of himself; but like a great many of that class of people, he seemed to think that progression is simply adopting his own ideas, notwithstanding

they may have been exploded times, to the number of a thousand and one, and must needs disappear with the generation that is now passing away. In their estimation, the great questions of the day are finally settled—nothing more can be elicited by investigation and discussion.

It is said that there is a culminating point with nations; that the finger of Fate writes upon them, "Thus far, and no farther shalt thou go;" and that their course is then backward instead of forward, and downward instead of upward. And is it not so with many individuals? Having sounded the shallow depths of their own comprehensions, they are certain, decided so, that there is nothing more to be comprehended; and that all are simpletons or madmen, that refuse to be cooped up within their own customary range of thought, and to revolve, like satellites, around the few ideas, which, to them, embody the sum total of human knowledge. Comets, as well as fixed stars, have their duties to perform, and their destinies to fulfill; and neither can perform the functions of the other. Would it not be about as consistent for a fixed star to undertake to bring a comet under its own jurisdiction, and to control its erratic motions, as it is for one mind to undertake to set boundaries to the action and researches of another mind, and to say, "Thus far, and no farther shalt thou go?" Individual minds have their duties to perform, and their destinies to fulfill. And is it not a peculiarly shallow mind that would restrict all other minds within its own customary range of thought, and deny the existence of ideas which it cannot comprehend?

Man says he *must* have liberty in order to perfectly develop his manhood; and if he would only insist that it is necessary in order to develop the individual, irrespective of sex, there would be no occasion for finding fault with his premises. But so long as he claims exclusive privileges for himself, and insists upon retaining woman in a state of physical and intellectual bondage, there seems to be good and sufficient grounds for entering a caveat against his proceedings. We expect no favors from these men who do not understand the female mind, and, measuring it by their own, take it for granted, that its researches must be confined within definable boundaries, over which it cannot break without encroaching upon masculine prerogatives. Having arrived at their own culminating point, they wish every body else to stand still beside them, or revolve, like satellites, around them.

And these men—tell it abroad, that the sons of chivalry may understand our position and come to our rescue—these strenuous opponents of individual development irrespective of sex, are women's keepers! and from their clutches we pray to be delivered. Brethren—noble and magnanimous—who are seeking to develop the individual, irrespective of sex,—come, come to the rescue!

HARRIET N. TORREY.

NOTES FOR THE UNA.

It is very important that the position of woman should be considered with reference to the age in which she lives. When war was the leading occupation of mankind, it was very reasonable that womankind should look after the daily bread, else her children would starve. When every woman was liable to be seized by a marauder and carried into slavery, or a worse fate, it was perhaps for her interest to be shut up within four walls and guarded from men's eyes. Are the same things needful or wise now? Slavery was once an improvement on the custom of murdering every prisoner of war. Is it the less a sin and a curse now, when the moral sentiment and economical needs of the age have gone far beyond it?

So Theodore Parker, in a late sermon on Woman, shows how this age of machinery is changing the position of woman. He says: "When all manufactures were domestic; when every garment was made at home; every net wove at home; every thread spun at home;

every fleece dyed at home; when the husband provided the wool or the sheepskin, and the wife made it a coat; when the husband brought home a sack of corn on a mule's back, and the wife pounded it in a mortar, or ground it between two stones, as in the Old Testament; then the domestic function might well consume all the time of a very able headed woman. But now a days, when so much work is done abroad; when the flour mills of Rochester and Boston take the place of the pestle and mortar, and the hand mill of the Old Testament; when Lowell and Lawrence are two enormous Old Testament women spinning and weaving, year out and year in, day and night both; when so much of woman's work is done by the butcher and the baker, by the tailor and the cook, and the gas maker, and she is no longer obliged to dip or mould with her own hands every candle that "goeth not out by night," as in the Old Testament woman's housekeeping—you see how very much of woman's time is left for other functions. This will become yet more the case. Ere long, a great deal of lofty science will be applied to housekeeping, and work be done by other than human hands, in the house, as out of it. And accordingly you see that the class of women not wholly taken up by the domestic function, will get larger and larger.

In this connection we wish to speak of the introduction of sewing machines, and of the cutting of dresses by measure. These may seem trifles, but they will do immense good in reducing woman's time for higher and better uses. It is astonishing how many women think industry consists entirely in sewing, and fancy themselves employed when their fingers are busy in useless work which does not develop one faculty of mind or body. When there are more occupations open to woman, she will have more resources, and an intellectual woman will no more think of doing her own sewing, than a man does of making his coats. She will write, or teach, or preach, or practice law, or medicine, or whatsoever she is fitted for; and with the proceeds pay liberally her dress maker, or seamstress, who can do well what she would do ill. Then the sewing machines will be perfected, since it is in large establishments only that machinery can be used to advantage, and our work will be done better and cheaper.

I am sure every man who has suffered from the domestic disarrangements and fretted temper of his household, on dressmaking days, will join with us in desiring this improvement. No doubt many will mourn over the change, as we suppose there were many who thought no home could be sacred and endeared without the turn of the spinning wheel, or the cheerful sound of the loom; but the march of improvement must go on, and for every pleasant avocation destroyed, a more lasting and real advantage will be gained.

X.

NOTES FROM THE SOUTH,

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, May 12, 1853.

To the Editor of the *Una*.

Whilst others are laboring so zealously to emancipate our sex from the very circumscribed "sphere" in which, for ages, we have been forced to exist, or submit; I cannot refrain from expressing a few random thoughts, with the earnest request that the momentous subject of "woman's elevation," respecting her "rights," influences and condition, both present and past, should be fairly and fearlessly discussed. "That the present education of woman, tends to weakness and despondence," is a fact not admitting a doubt, and

it ought to be the serious, earnest duty of editors and writers to try at least to correct the evils of so much misery and magnitude. "That the wrongs of society are unfavorable to the development of her faculties," and that public opinion greatly circumscribes her sphere of usefulness and enjoyment, is another fact, too glaring not to be seen and felt in our daily intercourse with the world. The sphere of our sex must be determined by capacity, ability and actual attainments.

Admitting there are legal and social obstacles in the way to woman's emancipation, let us not lay too much stress upon this, and the force of mere public opinion. Let us see if we are not often found wanting in native courage, energy and stability of character, and that we effectually remove the radical evils and errors under which most of our sex are laboring. While legislators are endowing colleges and universities for the young men of our country, where they are required by college discipline to remain from four to six years, what is being done for our sex in the way of endowing permanent organized institutions? With the exception of a few seminaries, ephemeral boarding schools spring up here, and have their existence long enough for the young ladies of our land to "work a few little cats in worsted, and dogs in perforated board, or canvass," or perchance they may snatch time enough from the whirl of the dance and polka, to conjugate a few Latin verbs, the impression of which, only lasts till they become dissipated by the frivolity of lighter employments! Who can deny that one of the grand evils in the education of our sex, is a mere superficial education.

Too much attention is given to the merely ornamental education, while the solid and really substantial are in many cases, almost entirely neglected. Thence, the want of ability and inclination among a greater portion of the sex, to engage in anything more than the rounds of household duties, or the display of mere costly, elaborate personal attire! Mind from its very nature, must have some object on which to fix attention, and if the inclinations are not properly directed they must evaporate in the frivolity of their engagements, while their energies will become prostrated and the estimate of us by others, must be held in proportion to actual acquirement and attainments. Let more time be bestowed upon a practical and solid education and the nature and sphere of our duties in life will have become changed, while every obligation which society can impose, will become strengthened. *Man*, will thus, in a measure cease to regard our sex as the mere butterflies of creation, alone necessary to diversify the long plains of his existence! Then will man with all his strength, and magnitude, find his equal in mind and firmness of purpose. He will then cease to monopolize every trade and profession, every civil right which is now denied to a very great portion of the human race "who have little or no field for the exercise of their higher faculties; no scope for the display of ability; no motive to exertion; no use for knowledge!"

Truly yours,
H. L. CLARKE.

Subscriptions received from June 20 to July 20.

J. Ayres,	\$1 00	J. R. Lincoln,	1 00
J. Barker,	1 00	M. Osborn.	1 00
G. Brewster,	1 00	A. Pope,	1 00
R. Bolton,	1 00	L. Parkhurst,	1 00
C. Barlow,	1 00	A. Sargent,	1 00
M. R. Coles,	1 00	E. Sproat,	1 00
S. Curtis,	1 00	C. Stoddard,	1 00
A. Clark,	1 00	M. C. Treat,	1 00
O. Cushing,	1 00	D. Thaxter,	1 00
G. H. Calvert,	1 00		
H. Davis,	1 00	London, England	
S. Davis,	1 00	W. Horsell,	1 20
E. E. Foly,	1 00		
E. Hall,	1 00	Dublin, Ireland.	
C. James,	1 00	Mary Gough,	1 20
H. Justice,	1 00	Maria Waring,	1 20

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

On Tuesday, 12th inst., in Committee of the Whole, the report that it is inexpedient to act on the petition of several parties, that women may vote, was taken up.

Mr. Greene, of Brookfield, opposed the report, contending that women, being capable of giving or withholding their assent to the acts of government, should, upon every principle of justice and equality, be permitted to participate in its administration. He denied that men were of right the guardians or trustees of women, since they had not been appointed, but had usurped that position. Women had inherent natural rights as a portion of the people, and they should be permitted to vote in order to protect those inherent rights.

Mr. Keyes, for Abington, paid a warm tribute to the virtues and abilities of the fairer sex, and was willing to concede that they were to some extent oppressed and denied their rights, but he did not believe the granting of the privileges these petitioners claimed would tend to elevate or ameliorate their condition. Woman exerted great power by the exercise of her feminine graces and virtues, which she would lose the moment she should step beyond her proper sphere, and mingle with the affairs of State [! ! !]

Mr. Whitney, of Boylston, believed that the same reasoning that would deny the divine right of kings to govern men without their consent, would also deny a similar right of men over women. The Committee had given the best of reasons for granting the prayer of the petitioners, and then reported that they have leave to withdraw. He proceeded to expatiate on the grievances to which women are subjected, and concluded by moving as an amendment to the report, "that the prayer of the petitioners ought to be granted."

The Committee then rose, and had leave to sit again.

Wednesday, the first business of importance was the taking up in Committee of the reports, leave to withdraw, relative to giving certain privileges to women. Question on the amendment of Mr. Whitney, of Boylston, to amend the conclusion of the reports, by inserting, "that the prayer of the petitioners be granted."

Debate ensued on the subject, between Messrs. Marvin, of Winchendon, and Kingman, of West Bridgewater, when the question was taken, and Mr. Whitney's amendment rejected.

Mr. Marvin then moved to substitute "inexpedient to act," for "leave to withdraw," which was adopted.

The Committee then rose, and recommended the adoption of the report as amended, by a vote of 108 to 44.—*Liberator*.

TOUCHING DELICACY.—There were many little occurrences which suggested to me, with great consolation, how natural it is to gentle hearts to be considerate and delicate towards any inferiority. One of these particularly touched me. I happened to stroll into the little church when a marriage was just concluded, and the young couple had to sign the register.

The bridegroom to whom the pen was handed first, made a rude cross for his mark: the bride, who came next, did the same.

Now I had known the bride when I was last there, not only as the prettiest girl in the place, but as having quite distinguished herself in the school, and I could not help looking at her with some surprise. She came aside and whispered to me, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes:

"He's a dear good fellow, Miss—but he can't write yet—he's going to learn of me—and I wouldn't shame him for the world!"

Why, what had I to fear, I thought, when there was this nobility in the soul of a laboring man's daughter!—*Bleak House*.

Any knowledge which is not an internal consciousness as well as an external fact, is no better than sunlight reflected from the moon.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, AUGUST 1, 1853.

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF WOMAN.

[Continued.]

Before we had time to finish our examination and analysis of the Moral Character of Woman, we find ourselves called to an account for the assertion which we made, that woman was not superior to man in her entire moral nature.—Judging from the number of protests against this principle, we must conclude that the doctrine of man's intellectual superiority, and woman's moral goodness, or superior nature, which we have long looked upon as the foundation of much of the mischief between the sexes, is even more deeply rooted than we had believed.

If woman is inherently man's superior morally, then the same law and gospel cannot answer for both. We must not demand that man shall be as temperate, as chaste, as pure, as honorable, and upright as woman, for the all-sufficient reason that there is an inability to be so. For ourselves, we have not so learned the law, but that whoso violates in the least is guilty of the whole.

An analytical investigation of the moral nature of woman, with a view of marking its distinctive differences from that of man, is made almost impracticable by the fact that we have no such unquestionable philosophy of human nature as would afford us firm ground and fixed points for observation and distance of departure.

Human science has well-nigh resolved the riddle of the inanimate creation, and ascertained its elements, their modes of combination, and the laws and conditions of their multifarious agency, but man himself is still a mystery in the science of men. Differences of sex are marked throughout their respective constitutions in every quality, attribute and action, physical, intellectual and moral; but education, habit, conditions, opportunity and artificial influences, so greatly influence manifestation, that an almost miraculous penetration is required to trace appearances to their causes, and discover the essential character of the springs in the primitive constitution from which they flow. If we could even reduce the peculiar elements of womanhood to simple and exact definition; if we could call every faculty and force by its descriptive name, measure its sphere of activity, and determine its agency and use, to a perfect demonstration, the standard of judgment for the rank and value of the faculties and functions of human nature is yet so imperfect and unjust, that the claims which we prefer for her proper rights and liberties, in virtue of her endowments, would, perhaps, be but little helped in the world's apprehension. So long as Alexander, Lord Bacon, Washington,

and John Milton, are the idols of human admiration, and Jesus of Nazareth is rejected of men, the best things in our nature cannot receive a due estimate. Dr. Clarke says that the smallest verse in the New Testament—"Jesus wept," was generally omitted by the scribes, who copied the scriptures during the iron age of chivalry. They apprehended that the tenderness of tears would materially impeach the manhood of the Redeemer! Have all the changes yet passed upon the world's opinions and feelings, which would make the entire character of Jesus in all its divine depth popular with even the best among us? There is indeed enough of that light which, "lighteth every man that cometh into the world" to secure from the gifted a sentimental admiration for the perfectly beautiful in the son of Man, but is it not still held to be only an ideal, and unattainable excellence? And what reception, what consideration, what allowance would such goodness and wisdom obtain, if presented for treatment in actual human form in this age, any more than in any other age which the world has yet seen?

What we have to say, is therefore put under protection of protest, first, against the confused, erroneous, and inadequate philosophy of human nature, which prevails in the world, and second, against the undue and unsound relative value which is customarily given to the diverse faculties and functions of mind and morals, as they are exhibited in the various offices of human life.

The entire human nature—all the faculties and impulses manifested by the human soul—are usually divided into two classes, respectively called, mind and morals, intellect and affections, head and heart; the distinguishing attributes of the former class being perception, thought, knowledge—of the latter, inclination, emotion, feeling, under various modifications and names. This latter class of qualities is very complex and diverse; it is made up of so many, and dissimilar tendencies, serving in so many offices, that it cannot be said of them collectively, that they predominate in the character of either sex. They have been distinguished better by the phrenologists than by the metaphysicians.—Without insisting upon a philosophically exact classification, we will gain our object by considering them as well divided into, *First*, the instincts or propensities which are most common to men and animals, such as alimentiveness, intersexual love, the impulse to violence and cunning, either for aggression or self defense; conjugal attachment, attachment to offspring, to place, gregariousness, and acquisitiveness, with their defects and abuses. *Second*, the *semi-sentiments*, such as love of approbation, self-esteem, firmness, and their irregularities; *Third*, the *moral* sentiments, benevolence, conscientiousness and hope; *Fourth*, the religious sentiments, supernaturality, reverence and sublimity; *Fifth*, mixed sentiments, mirthfulness,

imitation, and ideality. One must have well studied and observed the intrinsic character of each of these powers, their range of activity, capacity of combination, reciprocal play between them and the intellectual faculties, whether acting alone or in combination, before an accurate estimate of their value can be formed, and before the position of the sex or individual in whom they predominate can be justly determined; and, even then, to know their worth, we must have the perfect standard of goodness and use first fairly established. Burdened with all these difficulties and uncertainties, we proceed to indicate such apprehensions as we have and can availably employ for the purposes of the inquiry in hand.

The *lower instincts* are a most important as well as a primary group in the constitution of a rational creature. How do they divide in their most active manifestation in the respective sexes?

Confessedly, those which have the brute character strongest are found most active in the masculine portion of humanity. The blind and irreflective sex-impulse, cruelty—and combative-ness, destructiveness, acquisitiveness, and the appetites which sustain the animal life, are most abused among the male sex, while conjugal attachment, love and care of offspring, attachment to home and friends, with the caution which guards life and averts violence and mischief, prevail and rule in the life of woman.—The ministry of these gentler qualities in the service and sanctification of life are not without their due appreciation in the world's regards, and accordingly, women have their chief honor in general opinion from the beneficent employment of these qualities.

Through them also, they have their sorest griefs as well as their greatest acknowledged excellences. In this lower sphere of their activities their fate and fortunes are, as the world goes, mainly garnered. Here their superiority is not questioned and need not be pressed. In the second class, the *semi-sentiments*,—she takes the larger share of love of approbation, and the lesser of self-esteem, and her firmness generally follows the cast of her qualities of the first, third and fourth classes. How does this tell for her character? Lack of self-esteem and activity of approbateness combined, help at once her devotedness and her dependency, her plasticity, her docility, and her abjectness.—In slavish conditions these points have the effect to shackle and degrade her, but in just relations and under right institutions, both private and public, how beautiful and how generous would be their effect! Meekness with its unselfishness, and deference with its graceful self-surrendering, would be the beneficent service which such endowments would render in all the offices of related life; and the lack of firmness (if such there be,) as a blind impulse, would leave her free to show constancy and perseverance only in those things to which her highest

and best impulses would devote her to husband, brother, friend, children, to the human family and to God, as the appropriate faculties impelled her.

By natural provision, therefore, in this class of feelings, she is also favorably distinguished, and they are just of that kind, which as they now help her subjection to the ruling sex, would in their largest freedom secure her from arrogance and usurpation. A slave that never rebels has little tendency to abuse power justly conferred. Her nature makes her freedom safe to all the subjects of her authority.

In the moral sentiments—proper benevolence, conscientiousness and hope, she certainly does not fall below an equal apportionment.

The first named, combined with other active faculties, takes the form of courtesy and amenity, and gives her a generous, wide-spread sympathy, pity, compassion and tenderness; which are supported by her love of offspring, warmth of friendship, small self-esteem, &c.; and are especially sustained by her delicacy, of sensitiveness, and the fine tone of her physical organization.

Her conscientiousness is so modified as to dispose her rather to endurance than to daring for the right, and this may save her from cruelty and harshness, which in man abuses devotion to justice, warped, as it is in him, by the greater activity of those feelings which tend to blood and violence.

Equity, as the softener of law, is a conspicuous quality of the feminine judgment in the administration of civil jurisprudence. The ruthless sweep of general principles, and the rigid authority of precedents, she would bend and subdue to meet the right of any individual case, relying upon her instincts to restore the authority of rule, as often as mercy abated severity.—The masculine constitution of mind, maintains order and the authority of established precedents, as rigidly as if the heart's wisdom could not be trusted to mediate between that of the head and the exceptional cases in which it works acknowledged wrong. Our Judges often confess that their feelings are in opposition to their judgments, and are even proud to make a very Moloch of their idolized law. The feminine heart and head would temper justice with a relieving mercy, more like to the government of the Divine, in whom the parent is not wholly lost in the sovereign.

Just as civilization advances, policy grows feminine in character, and capital punishment, imprisonment for debt, war, and slavery, abate in the world's system. This tendency shews that woman is fitted for the bench and the throne, not to rule, as man does, alone, but co-equal with him; for unlimited power is dangerous in either sex, and tends to the perversion of their humanity.

The poets married all their gods, because the ideal of government in heaven and earth combines both sexes in that mystical unity of

marriage which our legal philosophy now so greatly misunderstands and so barbarously abuses. As yet husband and wife are only theoretically one in private and domestic relations. If this is true in the nature of things, why not in all the functions of a human existence? and why should such union be perverted in any case into annihilation of one of the parties, instead of their combination with each other? Practically the one is nothing and the other is doubled. Nature teaches that they should be blended and incorporated, preserving the life and energy of both; then, whatever is wanting in either will be supplied, and the excess of each will be remedied and corrected by the other.

The ever springing hopefulness which belongs to this class of faculties is so strong, so steady, so magnanimous in woman, that it answers and justifies in her that hyperbole of St. Paul, which he employs as if language were too poor to utter all the truth of it, "in hope believing *against* hope."

In the mother and wife it is exemplified under trials and disappointments which would be the despair of man. He has it in heroism and religion, but with woman it is common and as efficient as an instinct. The value of the faculty is so great that the apostle says "we are saved by hope," and elsewhere, he ranks it in that immortal trinity of feelings which survives knowledge, tongues and prophecy, and every other faculty that is over magnified now by the world's esteem. Of faith, hope, and charity, none will pretend that woman has not the full equal share constitutionally allotted to humanity. It would require more space, and deserve more eloquence of language than we can command, to exhibit the value of these qualities and demonstrate her proper endowments in them. Let earnest and capable thinkers pursue these hasty and imperfect suggestions, and a world of light and beauty will reward the development of the leading thought there is in them.

In the religious sentiments, Reverence and Supernaturality, we may spare both argument and illustration to indicate her equality. With sublimity, strictly understood, she is less endowed, but its finer modification, ideality, is feminine in every quality and application.—Even in combination with the intellect, Shakespeare, the most womanly man among men, has his equals of the sex, as is abundantly manifest in both prose and poetry. In its application to morals, manners, the arts, and especially in that sensibility which it gives to feeling, and that spirit of divination which it affords of insight into character, woman is miraculously endowed. Hence the sex of the Muses, the Sibyls and Priestesses of natural religion. This also is a theme for a separate essay. We have scarcely opened until we are obliged to dismiss it. Any adequate discussion of it would be a poem and a prophecy in form and substance.

The mixed sentiments, which we have named ideality and mirthfulness, fall for the purposes of our argument within our previous hints, the one under sublimity, the other, in much of its effects, may be regarded as auxiliary to hope. Their light and joy, and blessing, their beauty and good use, are beyond all estimate in the current services of ordinary life. We do not undertake to affirm that woman excels in mirthfulness or imitation—she may not be equal, but she is not much inferior even here, for she does not lack the advantages which they are capable of yielding in any use or duty. The ordinary forms in which she exhibits them are perhaps, too hastily put down for levity and recklessness as to the one, and to servile incompetency for self-direction, in the other. Of these abuses she has her full share. We will even admit more than this, and assent to the discredit they attach to her. Our point is made all the stronger if they are only admitted to be rich and full in her natural measure of them. And here again we ask for her in these, as in her other powers perverted and abused, such relief of her condition, and such change in the influences to which she is subjected, as shall bring them out in all their harmony, vigor and beauty. That she has them is enough. Nature is wise in all the provisions she makes. Let us find their best use, and derive the benefit.

We have sought to give no *ex parte* testimony, and here on the very ground where so much has always been conceded to woman we have set up no claims to a superior moral nature for her. We have kept steadily in view the dissimilarity of the sexes, and it is upon this very distinction that we have based the demand for unity of action, for an equality of right to self-government—for an equal share in legislation—for a full and entire recognition of our humanity. We make no demand for power, because of our superior moral goodness, nor for exclusive power anywhere. In the beginning it was said that "it was not good for man to be alone," and judging by the mal-administration of government, by the sins in high places, we may still affirm the same. We have set aside the claim which we might plausibly institute on the ground of superior moral nature, and which would be readily accorded to us by a large class of men, and have cheerfully accepted the equal condemnation with the hope of placing the subject in a truer light. We purposely leave these hints toward this analysis of the distinctive moral nature of woman to the reflection of our readers, intending hereafter to employ, apply and assert their force in the claims which we advance for woman's emancipation.

The height of bliss ascends as far as it can be comprehended; what the spirit does not comprehend does not make him happy; in vain would cherubim and seraphim bear him higher upon their wings, where by his own power he could never sustain himself.

MISS SEIVEKING.

In Mr. Brace's new work, introducing us to the home and social life in Germany, we find some account of a lady in whom we had before been greatly interested by a friend who had known her in her life of active benevolence.

Mr. Brace says: "I had heard much among my friends in Hamburg of this estimable lady, as they described her; she seemed the Mrs. Fry of Germany, a woman who had visited the lowest prisons of the city for objects of charity, and to gather facts relative to prison improvements; who had erected institutions for the abandoned and outcast of her own sex; and had thoroughly familiarized herself, with the late establishments for reform in all the countries of Europe. They also represented her as a woman of high cultivation, and intelligence—a personal friend of the Queen of Denmark, and a correspondent of the first men in *Germany* in talent and benevolence. Her plans, too, are far more wide-reaching than for any temporary reforms. She aspired to raise the position of woman in social life throughout Germany, and to spread her own ideas, in the most efficient way, by education. For this purpose she formed a school where from fifteen, to twenty scholars from the most influential families were instructed by herself, *gratuitously*. Miss S. is very accomplished in modern languages, and in all the higher branches of instruction. Her plan was to implant indirectly, during her intercourse with her pupils, her own fervent religious convictions, and her ideas of woman's duties."

He says: "I may here interrupt my narrative to say that I afterwards met in various parts of Germany, these ladies, and have found them everywhere leading the movements, now in progress for the spreading of a more practical piety. One was the overseer of the hospital for women," in Berlin.

"Besides these labors, Miss Seiveking had organized a society of the ladies of Hamburg, whose object should be thoroughly to investigate the condition of the poor, throughout the whole city. The city was districted, and each lady took one, and as she went over it, made note of those needing relief or work, or talked with those in sorrow. The reports were read at each meeting, and means adopted for relief; the great principle being, to give the people work, not alms."

Mr. B. enquired how Miss S. supported herself in so many gratuitous labors? "The reply was, that she had owned some property, originally, which she had entirely spent for these objects, but that she lived in so simple a way, that it was easy for her to get along on very little indeed; and now when any rich Hamburger died, even if he had never given a penny in his life, he was sure to leave something to Miss S. as a kind of salve for his conscience.

* * * * *

"I had felt long desirous of knowing her, for the cry of *emancipirt* (emancipated) is worse than ever *blue stocking* was with us, and is a sentence of death to any lady's success in society, for evermore. All accounts so agreed, that this lady's rough work on the realities of life had not worn away refinement or modesty, or goodness, that I anticipated much in meeting her."

It seems one of the most difficult things in the world, to convince people that a woman will not become coarse, rude, and vulgar, if she has an aim worthy of her highest powers, and acts in accordance with it. Wherever there is innate refinement, a pure, high nature, woman may go forth to her labors, and return, worn, it is true, with the conflict, but still pure, gentle, refined and lovely, all the more so, that she knows how to sympathize from actual experience with the worker. If a woman actively engaged in these high missions, or even laboring with her hands at hard manual labor, loses seemingly her refinement, it is quite certain that it was only a *seeming*, a mere conventionalism, and might just as well be cast aside first as last.

* * * * *

On Mr. B.'s first introduction to Miss S. he inquired in regard to an "Appeal" she had lately been making to the ladies of Germany: but by a slight change of one consonant, said he I had asked after the "uproar" she had been making among the ladies of Germany. "She was too sensible to notice it, and the rest of the company preserved a courteous silence." I had expected in such a position to meet a very enthusiastic ideal person; but was agreeably surprised, to find her a sensible, practical woman, not particularly exalted with these ideas, but evidently carrying them out under a deep sense of Christian duty."

* * * * *

"She told him her difficulties in starting these benevolent institutions in Germany; how unused the people were to give, *in their lives*. No one was "good" there till she began to be *passé*, and young ladies feared to rise above public opinion. She found it very difficult too with the higher classes, to break down the unreasonable customs about fashionable work. Every lady of rank, has come to think it an unchangeable duty to embroider, or do ornamental sewing a certain number of hours each day. The best part of her time, hours which might be given to educating her mind or laboring for others, is spent in this useless way. And worse than useless, said she; it is not economical, as the thimbles, and needles, and nick-nacks for all these cost more than the profits, and work is taken from the poor women who need it. She remembered, she said, to have read in very early life, a treatise on woman's duties, in which it was declared to be the "first duty of woman to sew and embroider."

She could not see why it was the universal duty of every woman to sew, any more than for every man to cobble or to dig. She thought there was quite as much variety in women's capacities as in men's. She had at last been able to induce many ladies from the higher classes to leave this baby-house occupation, and engage in real benevolent work for the suffering."

Miss S. has struck a strong chord here in the Womans' Right movement, by insisting upon the enlargement of her sphere, and her right of choice to a life occupation.

Mr. B. found her fully conversant with the reform institutions in London. "The Schools for vagrant children, the Homes for reformed women, &c., she had examined under the guidance of a prominent English nobleman, and had already aided to found such institutions in her own country. Still she had little hope for these women, unless families would take them in and give them *work*. Merely living in a "home," hearing preaching and having repentant thoughts was not enough."

She described some scenes during the fearful years of cholera, but she did not tell him what others did, nor what the citizens of Hamburg will never forget: "how heroic and untiring were her labors in that dreadful time of pestilence; how, when clergymen, friend, and father, had fled in terror from the dying bed, she could be seen hour after hour entering the deserted houses, bringing medicine and aid, and her kind words of christian consolation to sufferers; how, when the magistrates of the city had almost abandoned the hospitals, she was there to regulate, encourage, and give judicious counsel, and to collect food and medicine."

In Miss S.'s appeal to the christian women and maidens of Germany, we find the following: "You have, during the last few years, often heard of the '*Emancipation of Woman*,' but for the most part in the anti-christian sense of the communists, and it is very natural that you have a certain repugnance to the word. Yet I believe it admits also a christian interpretation, and I shall not fear therefore to use it." * * * * * After some more explanations with regard to the term, in which we can most fully sympathize with her, for we have felt the embarrassment arising from a name made repulsive by the false teachings of not a few, and the falser practice of others who have not asked freedom for the purpose of development, but for license for indulgence in the corrupt theories of their own heads; she says, "what I want is freedom from reigning frivolities, from the iron force rule of fashion, and a senseless propriety. Understand me, it is not my purpose to utter a sentence of condemnation upon every occupation of women, with the thousand trifles which belong to the decorations of life. What I mean is that the side matters of life should not be made its head matters; the toilet and needle

work, and novel reading, should never be the principal occupations of women. * * * *

She urges the education of the mind, so that the wife shall be something more to the husband, than housekeeper, or plaything; that she may be his helpmate in the most beautiful sense of the word. * * * *

THE RIGHTS OF THE POOR.—With careful consideration do I choose these words; I would produce in every christian woman, mistress of a household, the conviction that as such, she is under an obligation to give aid to the needy.

She does not think that in general the natural capacities of woman's mind are adapted to the deeper study of politics or mathematics. However much we might wish that one so clear sighted as Miss S. with regard to all philanthropic movements, could see how deeply woman's emancipation from the frivolities of life are involved in her political emancipation, we can only rejoice in this action of her's, and hope for further progress for her.

THE CALL FOR CONVENTIONS.

The call for the **NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION**, to be held in **CLEVELAND, Ohio**, in October next, will be found on our last page.

In another column will be found a call for what may be termed a **Special or World's Convention**, to be held in New York city in September, immediately following the **World's Temperance Meeting**.

The unlooked for refusal of the Temperance men to receive the credentials of women as delegates to the meeting, convened by a liberal call, designed to prepare for a **World's Temperance Convention**, has roused the just indignation of a new, and large class of persons who would gladly bear their testimony, against the usurpation, of a right to control in any of the moral movements of the day.

The great problem so difficult to solve, seems not likely to rest alone upon those who have ventured to "feel after the truth," but is every now and then greatly aided by unconscious instruments, who blindly do a work they abhor; and it remains for us to wait patiently, work hopefully, with fullness of trust for the fulfillment of the promises—to our race.

Papers that believe in progress, and wish to aid the right, will please copy the calls as given in the *Una*.

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, called by T. W. Higginson, Horace Greely and over one hundred other signers to the call, will meet in the city of New York, on Thursday and Friday, the first and second of September next.

The "Myth of Una" will be delayed from a press of other duties, until after the Convention, and possibly until the commencement of a new volume.

TO THE FRIENDS OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Our movement has been received with unexpected favor. The necessity of some change in the condition of those women dependent for their support, on their own exertions, has been universally acknowledged.

Even the more radical claim to equal rights, and to a change in the law of marriage, which shall give the wife equal control with the husband over their joint property, has met with far more encouragement than any one could have expected.

The press throughout the country, with hardly an exception, has been respectful and cordial, and from some quarters we have received earnest support.

It becomes us, in these circumstances, to avail ourselves of every opportunity, to use faithfully all means to deepen this impression on the public mind, and to raise this general good feeling, into a decided, and earnest wish, and resolve to aid our enterprise.

While the public press, the circulation of documents, and lectures in different localities, are doubtless the most reliable and permanent instrumentalities, we cannot overlook the great benefit, likely to result from large conventions, held in central and popular cities, and gathering to their sessions the most active and deeply interested of our friends.

Where can we better hold these than in *New York*, the commercial capital of the country, whose press is listened to by the Nation? And what time better for assembling such a convention, than when the streets of that city are crowded with a concourse from every State in the Union?—More especially when the peculiar circumstances under which the "Whole World's Temperance Convention" assembles, will be likely to call together many of the most prominent friends of our movement?

We invite, therefore, all well-wishers to the enfranchisement, and elevation of women, to assemble in convention in New York city, on the day of September next.

It is proposed to have it succeed the temperance meeting, immediately, so that those who attend one can attend the other.

Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, Lydia F. Fowler,
Anna G. Phillips, Lucy Stone,
Wendell Phillips, Wm. L. Garrison,
Rev. W. H. Channing, Paulina W. Davis,
C. B. Whipple, Rebecca Plumly,
Abby Price, Lucretia Mott,
Rev. Samuel J. May, Rev. Jacob G. Foreman,
Nathaniel Barney, Anna Gardiner,
Eliza Barney, Abby K. Foster.

We observe that credit has not been given to the Tribune for the article on our 109 page, on "washing clothes by steam." Machinery has here again invaded the province of woman, and taken away the labor of many, and with it the bread from the mouths of their babes. While it is a matter of rejoicing that toil is being every day lightened, by the introduction of machinery, who will not, at times, look with deep anxiety for the opening of new avenues of industry; new means of employment for the heads, and hands of women.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND PROSPECTS.—The *Maine Age*, a leading Democratic paper, speaking of the election of Miss Rose to the office of Register of Deeds in that State, looks into the future, and sees the following state of affairs:

Men may laugh, and jeer and fume, as much as they please about this matter of "woman's rights"; they cannot escape the issue. As sure as the indomitable barons of England wrung *Magna Charta* from King John at Runnymede, so will the women of the 19th century extort from the "lords of creation," (who have held them in servile dependency from the beginning of the world) something like an equal share of political and social rights.—Whether the doctrine of "woman's rights" is in the judgment of the present generation consonant with the "eternal fitness of things" or not, it is nevertheless designed to gain ground, and ultimately to prevail. Before the morning of the 20th century dawns, women will not simply fill your office of Register of Deeds, but they will occupy seats in your legislative halls, on your judicial benches, and in the executive chair of State and Nation.—Such appears to be "manifest destiny." Stay it, who would, he cannot. We deprecate it, yet we perceive its inevitability, and await the shock with firmness and composure. Timely concessions may avert the catastrophe for a while, yet it cannot be disguised that the supremacy of those whom it would now savor of the keenest irony to call the "lords of creation," is growing "small by degrees and beautifully less."

PRINCE OF ARMENIA'S MANIFESTO AGAINST RUSSIA.—This potentate rails bitterly against Nicholas of Russia, in his proclamation of the 10th ult., saying to the Armenians:—

"Defend to the last drop of your blood your country and the Sultan against the Tyrant of the North. Remember, my brothers, that in Turkey there are no knouts; they do not tear your nostrils, and your women are not flogged secretly, or in public. Pull down your houses to make barricades, and if you have not other arms, break your furniture and defend yourselves with it. May Heaven guide you on your path to glory? My blessings and prayers shall attend you wherever you go. My only happiness will be to fight in the midst of you against the oppressors of our country and our creed. May God incline the Sultan's heart to sanction my demand, because under his reign our religion remains in its pure form, while under the Northern Tyrant it will be altered. Remember, at least, brothers, that the blood that runs in the veins of him who now addresses you, is the blood of twenty kings, it is the blood of *Neros, Lusignans, and defenders of our faith.*"

THE NOVEL HAS BECOME A MISSIONARY.—Principles are propagated, attacked and defended by novels. The most abstract problems of metaphysics, the different systems of politics and religions, are no longer confined to long and dry treatises and dissertations—they have assumed the attractive form of the novel.

Times have gone by when this kind of writing used to be merely the lengthy narrations of adventures of some love-sick, sighing, weeping, fainting, moonlight seeking, moustached *amorous*.

The ideas, the feelings, the fears and hopes of our age, are now represented by the novel—and a man who refuses to read novels, will refuse to make their acquaintance. The moralists, the statesmen, the ministers of religion, with all their exertions to propagate truth and to attack error, to denounce vice and depict its mournful influences, have failed in electrifying the masses, but the novel has succeeded in this mission.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Nothing is so fluid as feeling; nothing knows so little of walls as love; of barriers, as ambition; of difficulties, whether fire or water, as friendship; or of time's weary limits, as family joy.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN ITALY.

Mr. Bryant, in a late letter to the New York Evening Post, gives an interesting account of what the American artists are doing abroad. We rather marvelled not to find Miss Homer's name among the sculptors, as she is a pupil of Gibson, and it is said not only doing great credit to her instructor, but exhibiting very great genius.

"Crawford is occupied with his equestrian statue of Washington, designed for the city of Richmond. Around the principal figure, which is not yet fully modelled, will be placed statues of the contemporary great men of Virginia. Two of these, the statues of Jefferson and Patrick Henry, are already modelled, and plaster casts of them have been obtained. They are of colossal size and are designed with a manly vigor and a disdain of minor grace which quite delights me. If the rest of the monument shall be conceived in the same spirit, it will greatly raise Crawford's reputation. He has a small work under the chisel, the *Babes in the Wood*, which I hear has been ordered by a gentleman of New York. The children are lying hand in hand, and the redbreast has just begun his pious office of covering them with leaves. The subject seemed to me to be beautifully treated. The other American sculptors at Rome, Mozier, Richard S. Greenough, Rogers and Ives, are all zealously pursuing their art, and occupied with works which show that there is not one of them who is not likely to surpass what he has already done. Mozier has a statue of Silence, which does him much credit; it is a female figure, standing in an attitude of command, with a calm severity of aspect, the forefinger of the left hand pointing to the lips. Greenough is modelling a figure of a shepherd attacked by an eagle, which promises well. Page is here, analyzing the manner in which Titian produced his peculiar coloring, and reproducing some of his heads in excellent copies. But he has done what is better than this: he has painted a portrait of Charlotte Cushman, a fine solid painting, richly colored, with which not only his friends, but everybody who sees it, is charmed. Terry, a universal favorite with his countrymen, is occupied with a picture of "Samuel and his Mother." C. G. Thompson, who arrived here not long since, is looking at the works of the great Italian painters, and now and then making a clever copy of a head or a single figure. Nichols has very successfully transferred the calm glow of Claude's landscapes into some fine copies which he is making. Wotherspoon is luxuriating on the sylvan beauties of Nemi. For my part, I can hardly understand what an American landscape-painter, after satisfying a natural curiosity to see the works of the great masters of his art, should do in Italy. He can study nature to quite as much advantage at home—a fresh and new nature as beautiful as that of Italy, though with a somewhat different aspect of beauty.

I was the other day in the studio of Gibson, the English sculptor. He showed our party a work in basso-rilievo, representing Phaeton attempting to guide the chariot of the sun. It equals in fire and spirit anything the imagination could conceive of such a subject. The horses, with distended nostrils plunge madly forward through space, seeming as if they would leap out of their harness, and the young charioteer holds the reins with an aspect of uncertainty and alarm. In another part of Gibson's studio was placed a statue on which he had been trying an experiment that has long occupied his thoughts. The ancients, you know, colored or painted their statues, and this is supposed to have been done by persons who made it their particular profession. Gibson has a statue of Venus, a very pleasing figure, the hair of which has been colored of a very light warm brown, and bound with a fillet of the most delicate blue; he has stained the eyes with a dim azure, with a tint of a crimson vein or two at the corners, laid the faintest possible bloom on the cheeks, touched the lips slightly with scarlet, and suffused the skin over the whole form with a carnation just perceptible, through

which the blue stains of the marble appear like wandering veins. The drapery of the figure is left in the original color of the marble, except the border, along which runs a double stripe of pale blue, with another of pale crimson next to the edge. The effect is agreeable, far beyond what I should have expected. The marble is deprived of all its appearance of hardness, and the statue has the look of a human figure seen through a soft mist; the outlines seem to blend with the atmosphere.

On my way hither, stopping at Florence, I visited the studio of our countryman, Powers. He had several busts lately executed with his usual skill in giving the expression of character and life, and was then occupied with a figure intended as a representation of our new State, California.—In her left hand she holds a divining rod pointing downwards to the mines in her soil, and in her right she conceals behind her back a scourge, intended as an emblem of the calamities which follow the eager search for gold. Powers at present models his figures in a peculiar manner. He builds them up with fragments of dry plaster, cemented by the same material in a liquid state.—When any part of the figure requires to be made rounder or fuller, he lays on the plaster with a flexible gutta percha trowel; when it is to be reduced in size, he applies a kind of file or rasp, of which he is the inventor, which never becomes clogged, and is pierced with holes, through which the plaster shoots in a shower. In this manner he completes the model in a shorter time than it could be moulded in clay, and avoids the trouble of taking a cast."

For the Una.

WOMAN'S MISSION HITHERTO.
BY OLIVE WAIT.

Though things be not absolutely just and right, yet in the progression of humanity they are consistent with the ages that produce them—are therefore right for the time.

Woman! regret not that in the barbarous centuries past and yet too much remaining, thou hast been more passive than active. Regret not that thy spirit has been kept hushed—has indeed seldom desired to act vigorously in the fields wherein the soul of man has been engaged. Believe me, there is a Providence in this. Thy hitherto subordination has been well for humanity.

In the undeveloped state of mankind the selfish and the sensuous principle sways governments and moves the springs of society. Humanity has as yet been on so low a platform, that had woman been created men's equal in strength and violence, had she thus been able to cope with, and to rival him in using the violent means which alone might make impress on the rough material ages; who would have remained to keep guard over the germs of the delicate, the refined, the moral, the God-reaching faculties of the soul?

Woman, pushed aside whenever she so forgot her higher instincts as to plunge into the dusty and blood-stained arena in which man and might have wrestled, hath in the amphitheatre of the world sat apart from the tumult, yet not so far off but she too frequently hath given her countenance and her applause to the strife of the gladiators below. While the outer courts of society have resounded with the clash of opposing selfishness, woman nearer to Heaven, the priestess of the inner temple, hath alone bent over the neglected altar and guarded there with hushed breath and eager eye the flickering moral sense of humanity.

Believe me, sister woman! hadst thou hitherto successfully coped with man in this domain of the inferior and animal in our human nature—purity and spirituality, and all that, however imperfectly, images God in man, had died out of the race! Yes, as a sex thou hast ever been most sensitive to moral excellence. Even when thou, very polluted and degraded, once stood in the light of Christ's presence. Then didst thou instantaneously so take to thy heart his truths—so repent of thy sins—that it was not necessary one word of condemnation against thee should pass his lips. A

single "Go and sin no more" was sufficient to restore thee to virtue's forsaken path.

It was the pure among the women of Palestine, with their intuitive sense of excellence, who best appreciated Christ. And most highly too appreciated he the unselfish friendship of the sex.

"Last at the cross and earliest at the tomb."

In the present day it is asserted that the moral principles woman has hitherto gnawed almost unwillingly, have so far begun to pervade the gross texture of society, that, if wisely presented, the world at large could now be taught to appreciate them till finally Christianity would be realized on earth by the dominance of moral force or soul force.

So long as selfishness—so long as the material and animal rules, woman must be in abeyance. She should not desire it to be otherwise, but patiently and intelligently strive, and that from pure and disinterested motives, all selfishness being inferior and unworthy, to forward the coming of the reign of moral power. Then, when she as a moral force hath equal ability with man to do good in the world, she will thank God and see how blessed it hath been for humanity, that she never had equal ability to do evil.

Glenmere, Illinois.

AN INTERESTING HEROINE.—A stranger would at once have pronounced Amabel a Maltese, for her dress, all black, was of the fashion of the isle; yet an accurate observer would have hesitated to assign that beautiful rounded, speaking face, to the daughter of a people of confessedly African extraction: though her hair was very dark, and her eyes of a rich brown hue. At times a shade of sadness quenched the sunshine of her beauty; it was always full of thought, the mirror of the soul; but smiles and dimples were its natural expression.—The cares of life had not yet fallen upon one of the most free and natural of God's creatures; but her mind had lately caught a vision of existence, and she shrank shuddering from the realities of life, when she reflected that she too might be called on to struggle and endure. With no one to repress the natural expression and free expansion of her nature, she had, till recently, been infinitely happy, though the careful hand of discipline was wanting to teach her in these days of early girlhood when life was lavish of the gifts it flung around her, how to store up the materials from whence to fashion permanent felicity, when the dark days of her destiny should come, in which she should say of the things that now delight her,—"I have no pleasure in them." The child gathers flowers in the sunshine, but he weaves them into garlands wherewith he crowns himself when sitting in the shade.—"The best attainments are made from inward impulse," says the lamented Margaret Fuller; "but it does not follow that outward discipline of any liberality will impair grace or strength; and it is impossible for any mind fully or harmoniously to ascertain its own wants without being made to resound from some strong outward pressure." Amabel was but at that age when childhood is imperceptibly merged in womanhood: that age when a tender and judicious mother, relying on the effects already wrought by the loving discipline of early days, will exert her influence rather than her authority; when the human soul, if gifted with any powers of reflection, stands bewildered with the responsibilities fast opening before it; when, ceasing to live for self, we begin to carry forth the hoarded love of infancy upon the service of others; when human life seems a dark problem; when the spirit fearless in its inexperience, sometimes longs to try its powers; when the philosophic observer watches the unfolding of the character; and when the parent and true friend lay up before the throne of God their prayers in store for the young creature whom they would fain hold back a short time longer from the world in which she pants to share. Sixteen!—the poet's "sweet sixteen!" We protest against the bard as an authority. It is the most imperfect era in a young girl's life; and to many, we are certain the least happy. She struggles with her position. She finds life incomprehensible.—

New duties are rudely thrust upon her. She has to achieve consideration even in the domestic circle. She commits follies, which long wept over will influence her character,—faults, which appear to others and herself an earnest of future error. She is restless and unhappy. The period of life (even with all the spring-tide hopes of an opening destiny before her) that a wise woman would least willingly take back again would be the poet's "sweet sixteen!"—Elizabeth Wormley's new novel, "Anabel."

From Gen. Ogle's Fourth of July Oration.

"And there is the common school system that I have been laboring for, until it is at last fairly on foot. See that you keep it alive, and make it answer the glorious purpose of its establishment. Don't clip it down to nothing by your beggarly economy. I wish to the Lord that you understood thinking as well as you do eating, and could feel an empty head as painful as an empty stomach. Can't you understand that keeping money in your pocket is not saving it? A dollar in a buckskin purse won't breed a sixpence in a hundred years; but employed wisely in the service of soul or body, it will bless the one and glorify the other. If you can't see the policy of education, make a religion of it. The world of ideas is the world of spirits. Introduce your children there, for every good thought is a guardian angel to the dear little lambs. And don't stop just where reading, writing, and arithmetic can be worked into dollars and dimes; carry them through and over this sordid world into God's world—up to the circle of the heavens, where He sits governing the universe by his laws. Every discovery in the truths of nature, is so far into the counsel and confidence of the Supreme Ruler. Only the man that has the mind of God is God-like. Now, for Heaven's sweet sake, educate your children. You may talk stupidities about the salaries of public officers, as you did against me for voting a gentlemanly per diem to the members of Congress; but don't cheapen your schoolmasters, till noboby but bankrupt cobblers, habitual drunkards, cripples, consumptives, and such other ugly incapables, can be got to serve you, for very shabbiness of the salary. Buy cheap store-goods, if you like, for when they wear out you will know it, and can replace them, buy cheap provisions, and eat the less of them; buy any thing cheap but cheap talents. Don't venture upon that speculation, for you are no judges of the article, and the only way for you to insure the excellence of the quality, is by the liberality of the premium which you will offer for it; that will bring the genuine into the market, and the bogus will be clearly exposed by the difference of the ring, weight, and shine."

GETTING OUT OF A DILEMMA.

From Dr. Elder's Character of Gen. Ogle.

Immediately after Madison's second election, he called upon his friend Governor Findlay, then holding the office of State Treasurer, with the manuscript of a long letter, which he had written to the President, covering the whole ground of our foreign and domestic policy, and especially, the principles and measures of the Democratic party. Mr. Findlay heard it with not a little admiration of its merits, both as to matter and manner; but, glancing at the paper, he observed that the General had in some hundred instances, written the pronoun I in little with a dot over it; and sincerely desiring to reform it, for the writer's sake, and for the effect that it ought to have; but impressed, also, with his sensitiveness to criticism, which in any way impeached his capabilities, he coaxingly suggested the much desired correction after this fashion:—

"An excellent letter, General. A sound letter,

sir; full of most capital advice, which Mr. Madison will be glad and proud to receive, and thoroughly democratic in every sentiment. A letter, General, that any man may be proud to write.—Views, sir, that will make the administration equal to Jefferson's if they are fully adopted. But, General, they have a court custom at Washington, a small matter, such as you and I are not apt to treat with much consideration, an indifferent little piece of etiquette—a—" Here Mr. Findlay began to stammer. The General's keen eye was on him, and he felt it. "Precisely! what is it?"

"Oh nothing"—looking over the paper as if it was hard to find; "nothing at all, and, yet, it would be easily altered. A stroke of the pen here and there, merely."

"Pine-blank," said the General. "What is it, Mr. Findlay?"

"Why, General, it has become the custom lately at Washington, to write the pronoun I with a capital letter."

The General was caught, and he knew how he was caught, too, and he must recover himself.

"Percisely, Mr. Findlay; all right—most assuredly, I know—pine-blank—you're right, no question of it." By this time he was ready.—"Look here, my dear sir," laying his hand on Mr. Findlay's shoulder, as if to reassure him, for the embarrassment was all on the one side now, "you see, my dear fellow, I had a design in it. When I write to a small pattern of a man, I make my capital I's two inches long; when I write to my equal fellow citizens, such as yourself, for instance, I make them the usual length; but sir, when I address myself to as great a man as Mr. Madison or Mr. Jefferson, I always make them as small as possible with a dot over them, *percisely*."

I need hardly say that the General walked straight to his room and raised every letter of them to the dignity required by the rules of grammar, and the etiquette of Washington City, before he dispatched the epistle.

WASHING CLOTHES WITH STEAM.—We lately visited the wash-room of the St. Nicholas Hotel for the purpose of witnessing the operation of cleansing dirty linen by steam, without rubbing it to rags or wearing out the hands of the washer-woman. The operation is simple, and the result perfect. The clothes are washed and dried ready for the ironer in less than thirty minutes. One man and three women do all the washing for this hotel, amounting to from 3,000 to 5,000 pieces a day, and their labor is not half as severe as that of a woman who rubs the dirt out of two or three dozen pieces upon her hands or the wash boards.

To enable our female friends to understand how this great labor-saving is effected, we will describe the machine and its operations so far as we have the ability.

A strong wooden cylinder, four feet in diameter and four and a half feet long, is mounted on a frame so as to be driven by a hand on one end of the shaft. This shaft is hollow, with pipes so connected with it that hot or cold water, or steam can be introduced at the option of the person in charge. The cylinder being half full of water, a door at one end is opened, and 300 to 500 pieces of clothing are thrown in, with a suitable quantity of soap and alkaline fluid which assists in dissolving the dirt and bleaching the fabric, so that clothes after being washed in this manner increase in whiteness without having the texture injured.

When the cylinder is charged it is put in motion by a small steam engine, and made to revolve slowly, first one way a few revolutions and then the other, by which the clothes are thrown from side to side, in and out, and through the water. During this operation the steam is let in through a double-mouth pipe—somewhat of this shape: X—which has one mouth in and one mouth out of water; the steam entering the water through the immersed end and escaping through the other, by which means it is made to pass through the clothes, completely cleansing them in fifteen or twenty minutes. The steam is now cut off, and the hot water drawn through the waste pipe, and then cold

water introduced, which rinses the articles in a few more turns of the cylinder. They are now suffered to drain until the operator is ready to take them out, when they are put into the drying machine, which runs like a millstone, and its operation may be understood by supposing that mill-stone to be a shallow tub, with wire net-work sides, against which the clothes being placed, it is put in rapid motion, the air passing in a strong current into the top and bottom of the tub and out of the sides carries all the moisture with it into the outside case, from whence it runs away. The length of time requisite to dry the clothes, depends upon the rapidity of the revolving tub. If it should run 3000 revolutions a minute, five to seven minutes would be quite sufficient. When there is not sufficient steam to run the dryer with that speed it requires double that. In washing and drying there is nothing to injure the fabric. Ladies' caps and laces are put up in netting bags and are not rubbed by hand or machine to chafe or tear them in the least, but are cleansed most perfectly.

It can readily be imagined what a long line of wash tubs would be required to wash 5000 pieces a day, and what a big clothes-yard to dry them in; while here the work is done by four persons, who only occupy part of a basement room, the other part being occupied by the mangle, and ironing and folding tables. Adjoining are the airing frames, which are hung with clothes, and then shoved into a room, steam-pipe heated, when they are completely dried in a few minutes.

Small Family Machines.—Almost the first thought after witnessing the operation of this machine, was, can washing be done upon the same principle in small families? To our inquiries upon this point, we have received the following satisfactory information.

For common family use, hand machines are made to cost from \$40 to \$50, with which a woman can wash fifty pieces at a time, and complete 500 in a day without laboring severely. For the purpose of washing without driving the machinery by steam, a very small boiler will be sufficient. It is not necessary to have a head of water, as that can be found in the cylinder, which can be turned by horse or any other convenient power. The plan of cleansing clothes by steam is not a new one, but it is contended by the inventor that his process is an improvement upon all heretofore applied to that purpose.

A BEAUTIFUL MEDAL.—We have in hand a golden ANTI-TOBACCO MEDAL, a little less than a red cent in size; and as the cost is only a few cents, the precious metal overlaying it must of course be amazing thin. Still, the medal, however humble in pretensions, in the lapse of time, may be of more value to the nation than the acquisition of California, with all her treasures. On one side there meets your eye a splendid looking boy, standing upright, and indignantly trampling under foot a *Tobacco Plant*; while his head buried in roguish curls, has around it this pledge:—I WILL NEVER USE TOBACCO IN ANY FORM. In the figure of this noble lad treading down narcotics, fit type we trust of rising millions, we see more than a conqueror, and the whole device is more than beautiful, it is sublime. On the opposite side we have the *affinities* of tobacco thus happily condensed.

TOBACCO TENDS TO IDLENESS, POVERTY, IN-TEMPERANCE, VICE, ILL-HEALTH, INSANITY AND DEATH. A world of truth! and such as will make men stare by and by, here intelligibly stands out from a space little larger than your finger-nail. Success to this admirable medal! May it be served in all our schools! May it be taken by all our youth! May it aid in waking the dead over our land to a realization of the mischief being done by this popular poison, and may Uncle Toby in this and in all Anti-Tobacco doings thrive as he deserves.—*Liberator*.

Beauty awakes inspiration, but inspiration for beauty is the highest beauty itself. It explains through itself the sublime and hallowed ideal of the beloved.

TYPE SETTING.

We give with great pleasure the card of T. D. Curtis, stating the success of the experiment in the office of the Day Book, relative to teaching women type setting. This looks like the beginning of a revolution which will consign an employment eminently fitted for women, and congenial to their tastes, exclusively to their hands.—We regard the man who dares to open any new industrial avocation to woman as a benefactor of the race. We can scarcely forbear in connexion with this, giving an extract from a letter of a friend touching this point. Speaking of this article in the Day Book, he says :

"Only reflect upon the degrading, the humiliating fact, that at this moment, many publishers, who, from no higher motive than a wish to take advantage of the difference now arbitrarily made between the wages of men and women, would be glad to employ females in their printing offices, *dare not do it*, because the chivalrous men in their employ, threaten to mark them, and prevent them from obtaining any male printers, if they thus extend to women an equal chance to get a living! And what is true of this occupation, is undoubtedly true of others; so that men not satisfied with their strong entrenchment behind the absurd and irrational prejudices of mankind; are so greedy and cowardly, as to insist on a detective police to ferret out the petticoated intruders who in spite of these insurmountable obstacles, force their way into the paths of honest industry. Does any body suppose such dishonorable and unmanly selfishness is going to have its own way always? Never believe it. It may not be to-day, nor to-morrow, but sooner or later, men shall be astonished when they remember the littleness, the bad logic, and worse temper which now characterize the opposition to woman's demand for equality in the pursuit of the occupations of life. You are right in declining to accept the stereotyped "soft-sawder" bestowed on the sex, instead of the means of independence, which alone would make such adulmentation valuable. It is all very well, and with our love for woman (you shall never make me believe she is not better than man,) it is no more than our reasonable service; but when it comes to making it the fillet on the lamb of sacrifice—the substitute for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—the pretext for keeping her in a state of subordination, where independence is a chimera, and development an impossibility—why, then I think the more pointedly you reject it, the better you will consult your own dignity. The fellows who deal in that depreciated currency, were born several centuries too late for their business."

A CARD.

At the present time, there are twelve girls in the Day Book office learning to set type. The youngest is twelve years of age, and the eldest twenty. Some of them have had very little schooling, while none of them can be said to have a thorough common school education. They all have good natural abilities, though none of them have extraordinary mental powers, and they were all selected as much by chance as otherwise, we having no other means of judging of their character and capacities than the expression of the countenance, and a few moments conversation. In fact, we may say that none were turned away for any other reason than that we had no means of employing them at the time of application.

We have had in all seventeen apprentices—one of whom was obliged to leave in consequence of weak eyes, one was advised to leave because we thought she could do better at some other business, one left for some cause unknown, one (a widow lady) opened a boarding house, and the last (also a widow lady with a family,) found it difficult to keep house and spend so much of her time away from home.

All but three of the youngest can read plain manuscript well, and four or five of them can read as bad manuscript as ever ought to be allowed to enter a printing office—one reads anything that nine out of ten of the best male compositors can make out—but all, of course, are deficient in the nice, important, and difficult art of punctuation.—Few old printers are adepts at that, and fewer writers have *some* idea of it, while now and then one prepares his manuscript as every author should. Experience so far leads us to believe that girls will be more apt than boys or men at learning to punctuate—and this for the same reason that they learn type-setting quicker—they have keener perception and nicer appreciation, and their mental powers are in all respects more flexible and ready. We find they can read and punctuate manuscript "as they go along" better than they can punctuate it as they set it, while most old compositors do it better as they put the matter in type. Habit, of course, will enable them to punctuate best as they set, because then they read the copy more slowly, carefully and analytically—a fact, doubtless, which makes printers excel in this difficult task. The beginner has too much on the mind at once, and is therefore confused; hence it is easier to read and punctuate before setting up the manuscript.

As to the mere mechanical labor of picking up the type and putting it in the stick, there is no difficulty at all in learning girls to do that—for they are first rate imitators. Of course it requires care and attention to avoid leaving out letters or words, or setting them up twice, (which all beginners are liable to do, and which old workmen do sometimes.) Our older apprentices can be as correct as any one, and generally are so, but sometimes they get in a hurry and make work while they are doing it. This however is a fault not peculiar to girls nor beginners, and is easily remedied. Our younger girls are more trouble, though much less than boys of the same age; and should we have occasion to fill their places, we should select none less than fifteen or sixteen, who begin to exercise a little judgment, as younger ones progress slower, are longer a burden, and you can't employ them, like boys, to run of errands and do chores around the office.

Everything about preparing matter for "making up" is now done by our female compositors, except correcting proofs. This they could do, although as yet it would be necessary to take revises, (as many offices do under all circumstances); so this we do for them, at present, for the mere sake of economizing time. We shall give them their first lesson in correcting matter on galley (they now read and correct it in their sticks, which they also empty) in a very short time. We have no fears of an unfavorable result.

We have now to speak of the amount of work done by the girls. The four who have been in the office longest, the last week set from a little over 21,000 ems to nearly 26,000 each, the lowest bill being \$4.30 and the highest \$5.17—at twenty cents per thousand, which is paid them during their apprenticeship of one year—after which they will receive at least 28 cents per thousand. At first, and until they could earn more by the piece, each was paid \$2.50 a week. The three youngest girls get \$2.00 a week; one of them last week earned and received \$2.07, while all but two others made over \$2.50—and they could have earned more had it not been for ill health in consequence of the excessively hot weather. And this is a fair average for the last few weeks, making allowance for a little progression.

We believe we have stated the main points in regard to the position now occupied as type-setters

by the twelve females in the Day Book office. We might go on to answer many objections that have been raised against the employment of girls as compositors, but want of room compels us merely to state, that we have examined all that are worthy of examination, and do not find one which cannot be brought to bear just as forcibly against almost any other occupation as that of type-setting, while there are many strong arguments in favor of opening this new field for the exercise of woman's mind and fingers. The work is light, agreeable and healthy, and those who have tried it say, "they never worked at anything they liked so well."

—It is now nearly three months since we began learning girls to set type. During that time we have had strong opposition and many great inconveniences to contend with, aside from those naturally arising from instructing a number of apprentices and getting out a daily paper with comparatively little other assistance. We have been cramped in various ways, and have been forced to labor with the greatest assiduity, early and late, at all kinds of manual and mental labor connected with a newspaper establishment—passing from one thing to another in almost endless succession—at home, looking over exchanges and writing paragraphs—dreaming the whole thing over in our sleep—thus completing the circle of labor and anxiety.

In this manner have we lived and had our being for the last three months—and as yet our burden is not materially lightened. Less firmness, or a less strong conviction of the justness, importance, and ultimate success of our undertaking, would have caused its abandonment ere this. But we can already see the dawn of better days, and we do not now allude to our trials with the view of complaining or of censuring, but because we deem it necessary for the reader to know something about them, that he may the more readily understand how much we have achieved, and how much might have been achieved had we had better advantages and encouragement. And we say this, not for ourselves, but for those in our charge and for womankind. And further, in what we have stated we do not wish to take to ourselves any exclusive credit, if credit there is, more than belongs to the actual worker—for had it not been for the truly fair and honorable position assumed in the matter by Mr. Stimson, we should never have undertaken to learn females to set type at the present time if ever—although we have long been convinced of the feasibility and practical humanity of such a movement, if made on just and liberal principles.

We take pleasure in saying that Mr. Stimson has done all in his power to push forward this movement, and we regret that his efforts have not been more fully appreciated by the public. But when we reflect that, of all the so-called benevolent projects brought up, few can be said to have done any good at all to those whom they were intended to benefit, we are not surprised that an humble and less pretentious, although perfectly practical project, should be passed by with comparatively little notice. Mankind generally, are well disposed, but there are so many knaves and impostors in the world that it is hard to distinguish the good from the bad, or the deserving from the undeserving.

T. D. CURTIS.

The world is an everlasting circulation. The mineral ascends into the vegetable, and both into the animal, and all into man; and man's body descends into the dust, and completes its circle there. In short, wherever we go, we meet this old emblem of eternity; the Midgard serpent, with his tail in his mouth, hoops the whole world round from her first issues towards her source; like the weapon of the Australian, she comes back into the hand that flings her, and the human body is a permanence of her cycles, which are the pulses of our hearts.

Wilkinson.

HOME, July 22.

DEAR E.

Not long since, on one of those intensely hot mornings when the thermometer stood at ninety-two in the shade, we cast aside our cares and went over to Nantucket, in quest of cool air and strength. It was just the mystic number of seven years since we had visited the Island; but we had not forgotten the delicious sea breeze, the generous hospitality and kind attentions to us when a stranger there, introducing an unpopular subject; and hence we felt that there was no place where we could spend our week of rest more agreeably; and we were not disappointed in either the kind greetings of cherished friends, or in the effect of the climate. When we left there, years ago, in issuing from our room, at an early hour in the morning, we found two beautiful wreaths of flowers hung upon our door by an unknown hand, each fastened with a knot of blue ribbon, with a motto in the centre, promising affectionate remembrance, when absent. We cherished the flowers, and some of them, are still among the pleasant mementoes of our lecturing life.

Time and circumstances have wrought their change—the lower part of the city is modernized; all its peculiarities are less marked. Even before we landed we noticed that the harbor was no longer filled with shipping. The heaviest laden vessels are lightened at Martha's Vineyard, and are fitted out from there. The camels that were formerly attached to the richly freighted ships, to bring them into the shallow harbor, are broken up. We missed all these objects of interest, for it was there that our curiosity and interest in sea-faring life was first gratified by seeing large whalers, and other vessels. We missed the bleating of the sheep, and the playful frolic of the lambs that we loved to watch by the hour, because we had nothing else to do; but as a compensation for them, we found the Island that formerly seemed a barren sand hill thrown up out of the ocean, now covered with a rich green carpet, and with shrubs and flowers. The inhabitants, too, have diminished in number; the California mania has taken its hundreds; there are less by two thousand than eight years since. As we sat by our window at the Ocean House, and looked out on the clear bay with its quiet waters, a spirit of speculation came over us, and we thought of the expediency of buying some land, building a summer boarding house, and a nice plank walk to the beach; then of erecting a number of bathing houses and advertising the climate as being the finest in the country for summer, and the sea bathing the best in the world. We felt much as the Yankee did when he stood by Niagara, and exclaimed, "What a power of water all going to waste." Certainly we could not but wonder that it had not been found out ere this by the fashionable pleasure seekers, and appropriated to their especial use. We have been at Nahant and Newport, and various other watering places, but we have seen none so pleasant as Nantucket—none where the water is so still, clear and beautiful; none where, when the breeze comes sweeping over miles of the heated, parched earth, that there is not complaint, and weariness, by the visitors that would almost convince the greatest skeptic that that very place had not the most intolerable climate in all the world. But here on the island, the north, the east, the south and the west breeze is alike refreshing; and then, the generous hospitality, and the intelligence of the people are of a character such as we do not often meet with elsewhere.

The kindness of the proprietors of the Ocean House soon gave us a perfectly home-like feeling, and we enjoyed the luxury of taking no thought as to "what we should eat or what we should drink,"—and should the time ever arrive that we shall have to take no thought as to what we shall wear, we shall feel that even this earth is paradiseal. * * * * *

In our last, was a notice of Mrs. Chisholm's lectures in Liverpool, on Emigration, or Family Colonization; and also, of her introduction by the Mayor of Liverpool. In this number, we give an article by one of our English correspondents, entering more fully into Mrs. C.'s plans of action, with a brief sketch of her life.

Could our friend know the delight which welcomed the biography of Mrs. Chisholm, of Sarah Martin, and the Experiences of an Englishwoman in America; and with what zest we have read the satire upon our countrymen for their vulgar use of tobacco, she would think herself repaid for her trouble in sending. It seems that our lady traveller either did not meet with any of the *fast* women of the United States, or else that from partiality to her own sex she concealed the practice becoming quite common among them of smoking their cigarettes.

We have certainly never read a biography of more absorbing interest, than this of Mrs. C.; never of a person of such entire self-abnegation; of one so active, cheerful, self-relying, and yet so full of trust in an over-ruling Providence; so enthusiastic, and yet so wisely philosophical. No one can read the book without pleasure and profit; and to you who give the Woman's Rights movement the go-by, because its name is unpleasing to you, and yet who secretly wish for a niche to fill, and are enquiring what you can do, read this, and then, in the still hours of thought, ask earnestly, if there is nothing which you can do to benefit humanity. We have no faith in marking out a course for any one—we do not believe it possible to do so. It is only in the secret communion of the soul with the Infinite, when no worldly motive can enter, that great impulses to good, well up in the heart with fresh spontaneity; and it is thus, that it is fitted to continue its noble work.

The report of the Constitutional Convention states, that that body have given the petitioners leave to withdraw, on the ground that it is not shown that women generally desire the right petitioned for, &c. We are not disappointed in this result; nor do we deem the labor lost that has been expended. Ere there is another Constitutional Convention, we are persuaded that they will either accord the right, or change the ground upon which the petitioners have leave to withdraw. Perhaps, the beaming light that is breaking, will open their eyes to another refuge that we think of, but which we have never seen used to help people in a narrow place.

In one of our exchanges we find a notice of a resolution, moved by Mr. Tappan, member of the State legislature of New Hampshire, in effect, "that the principles of liberty we profess, forbids the further spread of slavery upon our continent, and that an unyielding barrier should be presented against it." This resolution was rejected by the legislative *freemen*, by a majority of 145 to 68. Immediately after the rejection of this resolution, Mr. Emery, another member, moved one, averring it to be the duty of the government to protect its citizens in all their rights in the fisheries upon the American coast, and that the position of this continent renders

the acquisition of Canada and Cuba important to the free developement of American liberty. This resolution passed." The natural order of things seem here subverted. We have been in the habit of thinking, that the people of mountainous districts loved freedom; that the very air they breathed, nurtured in their souls a larger, purer life. But it appears we are to look elsewhere for those who deem the right of a man to own himself of as much worth as the right to fish on the coast. With one such act as this to disgrace the statute book of a single State, how meanly pitiful must look the whining about our country's disgrace through Mrs. Stowe's home truths.

Balancing this, a friend gives us the following, from the London Examiner:

"At the last general election in England, the fees and expenses charged on the candidates, amounted to £48,777 16s. 11d." The late trials for bribery and corruption show how this money was spent. One hundred and twenty of the members returned, were petitioned against on the ground of bribery. Among those who have been unseated, are Turner and Makenzie, the members for Liverpool. It is estimated that the Tories spent at least £25,000 in getting these men returned to Parliament.

It has cost the Reformers £5,000 to prove them guilty of bribery, and get them turned out. This is the way Englishmen play at government and improve the morals of the nation. Says our correspondent, "Our electoral system is the only system of national education that we can agree to practice. This system is established by the rich and self-styled intelligent classes for the benefit of the poor and ignorant. It inculcates and rewards drunkenness, lying and fraud, of various kinds. With such a system of public instruction, can we wonder that we produce a large amount of crime. Sometimes the assistance of the women has been called in to settle our political questions—as in the abolition of slavery, and the repeal of the corn laws. These were considered and treated as *moral* questions; and is not this the way that all questions of politics, or government ought to be considered? Let the women look to this. It avails little to pay missionaries for preaching virtue to the poor, while the legislators of the country offer a premium for the practice of vice."

We had just finished reading this paragraph of our friend's letter, when our eye was arrested by the following, in an exchange:

"CAT O' NINE TAILS.—The brutalising system of flogging a human being with lash, was, on Monday, carried into effect on a private soldier of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, in the riding school, at Dunkirk barracks, for striking a corporal. He was tied to a triangle and received fifty lashes on the bare back, the first twenty-five being administered by a farrier, and the remainder by a trumpeter."

We certainly think it is time we began to pick up these items with regard to the administration of government, not that they are new, or have not been exposed—but because they have not been used to illustrate the principle of union of the sexes in government.

Law is a country dance—people are led up and down in it till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too—they that take the least of it are best off. It is like a scolding wife—very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion—people are bewitched to get into it; "and like bad weather," most people are glad to get out of it.

TO ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,
ON HER LATER SONNETS.

I know not if the cycle of strange years
Will ever bring thy human face to me,
Sister!—I say this, not as of thy peers,
But like as those who their own grief can see
In the large mirror of another's tears.

Comforter! many a time thy soul's white feet
Stole on the silent darkness where I lay,
With a voice of distant singing—solemn sweet—
"Be of good cheer, I too have trod that way;"
And I rose up and walked in strength complete.

Oft, as amidst the furnace of fierce woe
My own will lit I writhing stood, yet calm,
I saw thee moving near me, meek and slow,
Speaking not—but still chanting the same psalm,
"God's love suffices when all world-loves go."

Year after year have I, in passion strong,
Clung to thy garments when my soul was faint,
Touching thee, all unseen amid the throng;
But now, thou risest to joy's heaven—my saint!
And I look up—and cannot hear thy song,—

Or hearing, understand not; save as those
Who from without list to the bridegroom strains
They might have sung—but that the dull gates
close,

And so they smile a blessing through their pains,
Then, turning, lie and sleep among the snows.

So, go thou in, saint—sister—comforter!
Of this, thy house of joy, heaven keep the doors!
And sometimes through the music and the stir
Set thy lamp shining from the upper floors,
That we without may say—"Bless God and her!"

—London *Athenaeum.*

TO A ROSE.

[From the Polish.]

Rose of the morning, in thy glowing beauty
Bright as the stars, and delicate and lovely;
Lift up thy head above thy earthly dwelling,
Daughter of heaven!

Wake! for the watery clouds are all dispersing;
Zephyr invites thee—frosts and snows of winter
All are departed, and Favonia breezes
Welcome thee smiling.

Rise in their beauty!—Wilt thou form a garland
Round the fair brow of some beloved maiden?
Pure though she be, unhallow'd temple never,
Flow'ret! shall wear thee.

Thou should'st be wreath'd in coronal immortal—
Thou should'st be flung upon a shrine eternal,—
Thou should'st be twined among the golden ringlets,
Of the pure Virgin.

VERY BITTER, BUT HOW TRUE.—A man will
forgive an injury, or the pull of a nose, or a kick,
or being supplanted in a woman's affections, or
the robbery of an umbrella, or, perhaps, a dishonored
bill, and, in certain cases, even bad wine; he
will forgive anything, down to the blackest ingratitude;
but what he can scarcely ever bring himself
to forgive, especially in a rival or a friend, is great
success.—*Punch.*

Penn Medical College of Philadelphia.
FEMALE SESSION.

THE Fall Session for Females commences Sept.
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York.

PURSUANT to a vote of adjournment, passed
at the WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION, held
at Syracuse Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th of 1852, a Con-
vention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, the 5th
and 6th of Oct. 1853, to consider the question of
the rights of citizenship, and in how far women are
entitled thereto.

All persons, men and women, who are willing
to discuss the great questions of human rights, ir-
respective of sex, are invited to attend—to partici-
pate in the proceedings of the Convention, and thus
aid, by casting their mite into the treasury of
thought, in evolving the truth.

In behalf of the Committee,
E. OAKES SMITH, Pres't.
Brooklyn, May 16, 1853—3m.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF
PENNSYLVANIA.

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and continue five months (21 weeks) closing on the
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Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles
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Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica
and General Therapeutics.

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and Diseases of Women and Children.

Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy
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June 1—3m.

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Providence, R. I., March 1, 1853.

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THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., AUGUST 20, 1853.

NO. 8.

THE UNA,

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MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

RUTH LEE.

SHADOW THIRD—BY NILLA.

"We count those happy who endure," says the Apostle James; or as the poet writes—

"They also serve, who only stand and wait!"

Some spirits there are clothed in humanity; aye, in our very midst; who without any pretension to superiority, without even the consciousness of it, are standing nearer Heaven's gate than those who with much noise and stir, are crying "lo here," or "lo there!" Besieging, as it were, the very walls of Heaven, with battering rams of human invention. Simple and childlike in their faith, they drink with unquestioning lips, the bitter and the sweet in the mingled cup of life; beautiful in their endurance, unwavering in patience, made perfect through suffering, they indeed personify the Apostle's words—"We count those happy who endure!"

Want and trial may fall heavy upon them; the graves of earth multiply around them; the light of other days be quenched in the darkness of the present; yet with a strong eye, which can pierce the thick night, they follow the "pillar of fire," recognizing the voice of God above the deep waters; with unfaltering feet they press forward, looking for the promised rest of the good Father, who doth not leave them, nor forsake them! Verily, we count those happy who endure!

We are apt to account heroism as active and demonstrative, forgetting that Christian patience has in it a heroism nobler than that of the old Greek or Roman!

We pass over the silent sufferings, the spirit conflicts, the home struggles, which teach to the soul the virtue of endurance; and although we see the result, in the lives of some, we forget the daily martyrdom, the cross of pain, which has been to their souls as the refiner's fire, burning the dross, and breathing into their lives that sweet beauty of submission—"not as I will, but as thou wilt!"

Ruth Lee was such an one. Born of poor parents, her infancy darkened by the caprice of an intemperate father, baptized as she was, by her mother's tears, eating the bread of sorrow as her daily food,—even in those young days, her child-soul learned patience and submission. "Our Father," was the prayer that trembled on her lips; and she was counted worthy to endure!

Life to her, as the world judges, brought but a continuous chain of sorrow. Her mother dead; her father leading that debased life, which ever brings to a child's cheek the flush of an anxious brain; her only brother a cripple from his birth; she, herself wed to one, who turned from her and the pure offerings of her affection, listening to the voice of the "strange woman." Was not this enough? Was there still severer chastening needed for her perfectness?

Behold! her child, her only one, about whom her motherly arms were wrapped as a defence; this little one, was blind! His eyes, though large and lustrous, changed not; they were no channels of light to the soul. The day was as the night to him; he saw not the sunshine as it flickered upon the wall; this beautiful world was as chaos before it came to him,—as a jargon of Babel-like sound; a wonderful immensity, which his baby hands sought to discover. Poor Ruth Lee! This child so longed for—this great consolation—this Ishmael of her hopes, was given to her stone blind. Her husband neglected his blind boy; he had no pride in a being so dependent; instead of being a bond, it seemed the rather to divide him from Ruth, whose loving anticipations of his child's wants were a constant reproof to

him. But the more his father shunned, the closer Ruth drew to him. She it was, who guided his uncertain steps in the first tremulousness of infancy—who led him where the flowers grew, the sweet scented pansies and roses! In very deed, she was eyes to her blind boy; her maternal instincts anticipated his needs—she poured into his ear the sweet songs of childhood—lulling him with soft improvisations from the depth of her own loving spirit; and as he grew older, she taught to him her beautiful patience, that which made her "happy to endure."

From Brace's Social Life in Germany.

THE ROUGH HOUSE.

I went out this morning to visit one of the Hamburgh Institutions, which has interested me more than any thing else in the city; and I know of no similar institution in any land commenced on this plan, or carried on with such wonderful practical skill, and such wide-reaching benevolence. I see, however, that the French Government have imitated it, in a grand school of the kind, established in Mettrai. I speak of the Hamburgh Rauhe Haus, (Rough House) a large vagrant school, established by Mr. Wichern, in 1833.

An omnibus ride of three miles carried me to its neighborhood, and after a walk through a pleasant wooded lane I reached the place.—The whole looked as little like the usual home for vagrants as is possible. I saw no squads of boys walking demurely about, but looking as though the very devil was in them, if they could only let it out. There were no heavy looking overseers, discoursing piously of the number whom Providence had committed to their charge, and thinking of their pockets.—And there was not even the invariable home for forsaken children, the huge stone building with one bare sunny court yard. The idea seems to have been here, that to those who have no home of their own, as much as possible should be given of the home which God has prepared for all.

It was a large open garden, full of trees and walks and flowers, and beds for vegetables, while on each side stretched away green corn fields. Among the trees there were some dozen plain, comfortable little wooden houses, like old fashioned farm-houses, scattered about, and one quiet shaded chapel. The boys visible outside, were busy cleaning the flower-beds, or

working in the harvest field; some, also, repairing fences and buildings.

I walked up to the largest of the houses, and was directed pleasantly by a lad to Mr. Wichern's rooms. A little interlude occurred here very characteristic of our times.

Among the visitors who arrived just before me, was dear old Elihu Burritt, fresh from the Peace Congress, and on his way to Denmark, with two officials, to attempt to mediate between the Duchies and the King.

The name of "Rough House" for this place originated, as Mr. W. informs me, seventeen years ago, when he took a little broken down farm house here to try if he could not start on a new plan a school for vagrant children. It were better called now—as some English travelers have already named it—"the Home among the Flowers." The great peculiarity of the plan, is the dividing into families. In each of the little houses I visited, is a family group of some ten or twelve children, managed by a young man, ("an overseer,") with two assistants. The overseers are theological students, who have some way imbibed the idea that two or three years practical labor among the helpless, and forsaken, is quite as good a preparation for their duties, as preaching to admiring audiences, or laying up a complete system of antiquated dogmas. The assistants are young men, farmers or mechanics of a religious turn, who intend to spend their lives in this kind of work. They are employed at first on the most common out-door labor; then are placed in the different work-shops to learn, and afterwards to direct; next, are admitted to the care of the boys within the houses, and are taught by the overseers the various needed branches of education, and finally take a share with the principal in the general supervision of the Institution. After a four or six years' course, here they are sent abroad to preside or assist in similar institutions through Germany. They are mostly supported by voluntary contributions, or by their own labor. There are twenty-three here now.—Mr. W. says that there is a great demand for them, and that they have been sent for even from Russia, for orphan asylums, houses of correction, and ragged schools, and the like; and that some are now travelling among the emigrants of America.

The matter of principal interest of course was the situation of the children. The first house we entered was a little wooden building among the flowers and apple-trees. It was of only one story, with the exception of a chamber for the assistants. The first room was a long, clean one, where ten or twelve boys were sitting round a table working at their slates, under the inspection of the students. Their time is divided off into so many hours for out-door work, so many for play and for study. This was the school time. The lads were all clean, comfortable, cheerful, and busy. When a wretched little vagrant from the gutter is sent in here, he is not at once thrown into a mass of boys, to work himself out to ruin, or to goodness as he best can; to be kicked, and cuffed; to grab what he can get, and to either teach others, or learn from others, all the vile things which boys are certain to know. The little stranger is put with a few others into a separate house, (the novitiate house,) where two or three young men have constant charge of him. He eats at their own table with his few comrades, and has enough. The overseers study his disposition, and set him either at a trade or at gardening, and farm work as he seems best fit-

ted. He has his play and playmates, and free, fresh air, and friends to care for him, who hold it a labor of love to do for the fatherless one, in a feeble manner, as Christ did for them.

He must work hard, but there is variety, and it is healthy work. After a time, he is introduced into one of the regular families, and there, in simple quarters, under kind care, he spends five or six years. No wonder that it comes to be such a home to them all, and that the apprentices whom Rauhe Haus has sent out so plentifully through Germany, are so glad to come back and work in the shops on the place.

Besides the rooms I have mentioned, there were in this house a sleeping room, a room for the sick, a neat little kitchen and two bed-rooms for the students, all plain but very neat.

After this we went round to the various workshops, for shoemaking, tailoring, joinery, pattern making, spinning, baking, etc., in all these the boys were working very handily. In addition there were other buildings where the boys in company with workmen were busy at book-binding, printing, stereotyping, and wood and stone engraving. A few were employed out of doors at the regular farm work. There was one good sized building where washing and ironing, and washing of dishes and sewing work were done by the girls, for there must be some thirty or forty here. There is the same general arrangement for them as for boys.—They are usually taught all branches of house-keeping, and are expected to enter service.—The boys are generally apprenticed to masters. And it is said from the number of affiliated schools started by students of this through Germany, and from its many friends, that no apprentices on their journey find a better reception than those from the Rough House.—We found the chapel a quiet, tasteful building, just decorated by the boys for some festival which they wished to celebrate.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the whole institution was the practical power it displayed in it. It is rare for a man with the moral enthusiasm which would raise up the helpless and outcast from their degradation, to have at the same time the business talent for such a scheme as this, yet Her Wichern has shown that he unites both. His first step after establishing a few "family groups," and common workshops, was to set up printing presses, where the boys could strike off, under the direction of a master workman, the tracts and little books needed in the school, and reports of the Rauhe Haus. They succeeded so well at this, that the works were enlarged and now do a considerable external business, and go far towards supporting the other parts of the establishment. Many of the boys are apprentices here, instead of being placed with masters.

In addition, a commercial agency (*Agentur*) has been formed, to sell the various articles manufactured here by the boys. This is separate from the school, upon which its losses will not fall. The profits, are to be devoted to meeting the general expenses for the children. Connected with it are the lithograph and stereotype shops, the wood engraving and book-binding. All these last have proved very successful, and the business done by the agency is quite extensive. It is expected that with the printing and the agency, the institution, expensive as it is, will in a few years support itself. Of course, all this complicated mass of detail needs a clear head to manage it—and for this management Mr. Wichern appears to be the man.

This, however, is only a small part of his labor. He is a powerful speaker, and has a great faculty of influencing any man with whom he is thrown in contact. He has pleaded the cause of his Vagrant Home well through Germany, and has gained liberal aid, even from princes. Of his labors for wider objects I have already previously spoken. That I did not exaggerate when I said this institution has not its counterpart in other countries, must be apparent.

"A Home among the Flowers"—where the vagrant—the child, nourished amid filth, and squalor—in the dark cellars of a great city, should at length see something of God's beautiful world; where among friends, in the midst of orchards and corn fields, he could grow up invigorated by healthful labor to manhood; all this would seem alone more like the dream of a philanthropic French novelist, than the reality. But still farther, that this institution should have a system almost Fourier-like of "groups" and families, and yet be imbued with the simplest, truest spirit of the Christian religion; that it should send out, not only skilled apprentices, saved from the prison and the alms-house, but educated young men, to teach others, and to spread abroad the self-denying Christian principles of the place—and most of all, that it should have existed seventeen years, and by its well conducted industry have almost supported itself, may fairly constitute it one of the wonders in benevolent effort. The friend of man searching anxiously for what man has done for his suffering fellows, may look far in both continents before he finds an institution so benevolent, so practical, and so truly Christian, as the Hamburg Rough House.

MRS. ZEBEDEE SMITH'S PHILOSOPHY.

Dear me! how *expensive it is to be poor*. Every time I go out my best bib and tucker has to go on. If Zebedee was worth a cool million, I might wear a cool-hood on my head, if I chose, with perfect impunity. There was that old nabob's wife at the lecture the other night, in a dress that might have been made for Noah's great grandmother. *She can afford it!* Now, if it rains knives and forks, I must sport a ten dollar hat, a forty dollar dress and a hundred dollar shawl. If I go to a concert, I must take the highest priced seat, and ride there and back, just to let "Tom, Dick, and Harry" see that I can afford it. Then we must hire the most expensive pew in the broad aisle of the tip-top church and give orders to the sexton not to admit any stranger into it, who looks snobbish. Then my little children, Napoleon Bonaparte and Donna Maria Smith, can't go to a public school, because, you know, *we shouldn't have to pay anything*.

Then if I go shopping, to buy a paper of needles, I have to get a little chap to bring them home, because it wouldn't answer for me to be seen carrying a bundle through the street. We have to keep three servants where one might do; and Zebedee's coats have to be sent to the tailor when they need a button sewed on, *for the look of the thing*.

Then if I go to the sea-shore in the summer, I can't take my comfort, as rich people do, in gingham dresses, loose shoes, and cambric sun-bonnets. My senses! no! I have to be screwed up by ten o'clock in a Swiss muslin dress, a French cap, and the contents of an entire jeweler's shop showered over my person; and my Napoleon Bonaparte and Donna Maria can't go off the piazza, because the big rocks and little

pebbles cut their toes so badly through their patient kid slippers.

Then if Zebedee goes a fishing, he won't dare to put on a linen coat for the price of his reputation. No indeed! Why he never goes to the barn-yard without drawing on his white kids. Then he orders the most ruinous wines and dinners, and fees those white jackets, till his purse is as empty as an eggshell. I declare it is *abominably* expensive. I don't believe *rich* people have the least idea how much it costs *poor* people to live!

FANNY FERN.

MEMORIAL AND REMONSTRANCE.

The Operatives, engaged in the Factories of the State of Rhode Island, to the people of the State, especially their fellow citizens of the working classes.

Working men, and fellow-citizens, hear us; friends of humanity, listen to our words.

We come not to arraign before you the owners of the mills in which we are employed; they are honorable and gentlemanly men, and when they reflect upon our wrongs they may themselves, perhaps, be disposed to withhold any opposition to our cause.

We come rather to arraign, at the bar of public opinion, that false system, which has grown up during the last fifty years, in all our large manufacturing cities, having for its object the consolidation of power in the hands of corporations and capitalists, irrespective of the rights and privileges of the working classes, and to the detriment of the public good.

We come before you to warn you of the existence of evils, the tendency of which will be to vitiate and degrade the youth who are soon to become citizens and voters at the polls.

We come before you to protest against a system, which deprives us of all the inestimable blessings of a home, which interfere with our religious duties, which weakens our bodily powers, and takes away our mental energies, to the injury of our country and the future distress of our families.

Appealing thus to the sympathy and sense of justice of our fellow citizens, we ask you that, whatever course you may feel it incumbent upon you to pursue in the approaching contest, you will at least give us a fair hearing. We ask you by all the sacred ties and sympathies of a common brotherhood at least to give the following detail of facts and arguments a calm and serious perusal.

Signed by the committees on the behalf of the operatives—

WILLIAM HARDMAN,
PHILIP ARMSTRONG,
THOMAS MOORE,
EDWARD OPENSHAW,
JAMES LAWRENCE,
JOHN LITTLE,
JOSEPH SMITH,
GEO. POWELL, Sec'y.

Committee of the five Mills of Newport R. I.

STATEMENT OF FACTS AND ARGUMENTS.

THE OPERATIVES' APPEAL

TO THE WORKING MEN OF RHODE ISLAND.

In former years, and before the introduction of machinery, the occupations of spinning and weaving afforded a large class of intelligent and industrious men an excellent employment, and they were generally the masters of their own time, and the regulators of their own habits.

When machinery began to be introduced, and capitalists broke down all competition on the part of private looms, the hands were told that it would ultimately increase the comforts and lessen the labors of the working classes, and that by throwing the control and management of their labor into the power of an educated superintendent or capitalist, the best interests of themselves and families would be properly cared for and promoted.

But what has been the result?

All competition has been stopped. Corporations and wealthy capitalists have become the lords and

masters, who monopolize not only the money, but the power also.

A system of white slavery is introduced which throws the negro slavery of the South into the shade by its inhuman barbarity. The capitalist becomes the task master of hundreds of his fellow-citizens; and he uses their labor to build up a massive wall between him and them, and to dig a great gulf of separation. We do not speak of the facts that he lives in a large house, and they in small ones, and that he dresses his family like princes, and feeds them on the best that all lands can furnish for his table; these things he has a right to do, if he can get the money honestly; and does not forget the poor and the infirm. But we allude to other facts, which seem to us worthy of much consideration:

1st.—He widens the disparity between his habits of life and ours. In the morning he rises, and after spending half an hour at his toilet, half an hour in his closet, and at the family altar with his wife and children, and another like period with them, at the domestic board, he looks over the papers, and then proceeds to his counting-room. From six to eight hours are devoted to business there. The remaining portion of his time is expended in the social circle, or in recreation. Meanwhile a hundred hands are toiling at his looms, from 5 in the morning until 7 at night. We, have no time for the instruction of our children; none for the social circle; none for the improvement of our minds, unless it be taken from the hours that should be devoted to sleep. As to recreation or amusements we can only dream of them as things that belong to the more favored classes. Herein are the slaves of the South better cared for than we are; for not only have they hours of relaxation and amusement, but their masters provide for their religious instruction at their own expense, and when they become old and feeble they are supported and provided for. On the contrary, when we are worn out and crippled by excessive labor and confinement during the oppressive heat of summer, or by the sudden changes in going from the warm mill into the extreme cold in winter, if we lose even a day thereby the loss is ours, and the doctor's bill is ours; and if our sickness is protracted we are liable to lose our place. But this is not all.

If our bodily health and mental vigor is retained amid all this confinement and protracted labor, other causes tend to destroy them. Our houses, unlike the large, airy mansions of the owners, are small, badly ventilated, and often crowded to excess by several families. They have no shade trees to keep off the summer's heat. We go from the heated Mill, where our strength is exhausted by 14 hours employment, to sit and sleep in small and crowded rooms, which have become heated to an intolerable extent by the combined action of the sun and the cooking-stove, and the enfeebled body is watched by an anxious mind, which cannot look upon the future but with solicitude, if not discouragement. How can we avoid being anxious about our children? We see the younger ones running wild in the streets without restraint, and without care. There they learn vice and profanity.—We see many of the older ones brought up in ignorance, while their bodily health is destroyed by too much confinement in the mills. And there are many cases of children who are crippled in early life, or born the victims of disease, resulting from the system which overtaxes the strength of the parents.

Other classes of the community seek and expect to lay by something in store for the future; we must be content to forego all hopes of this kind; but while we thus relinquish them, we regard our lot as hard indeed, if by our utmost exertions, we cannot have comfort and independence for the present.

Others, unless they be slaves, can hold and maintain their own opinions: but if one of us conscientiously objects to the present intolerable system, and reasons with others about it, he is liable to lose his place, or the overseer will take the first occasion to quarrel with him and send him off.

Others have homes, but we have none; for our houses are only occupied during a few hours of the

night, and we can never get time to collect our families around us there, and enjoy even an hour's home feeling.

When we think of these things, we ask—**IS THERE NO REMEDY?** Is there no sympathy for us among our fellow-citizens? When we think of our children, for whose instruction we find no time, we ask—is it in this way that America is training up her future voters?

Does not America pay too much for her cloth, when she thus uses the muscle of her youth for the filling, and dyes it with the crimson dye of vice and the darker shade of ignorance with which, under this system, her future citizens are imbued.

In view of these and other like considerations, we ask a two-fold action on the part of the people, through their Legislators.

1st—that the charter of any corporation shall be forfeited should they neglect to act in accordance with the provisions of the law already enacted, limiting the time for the employment of minors, and that sufficient checks be placed over private mills.

2d—that it shall not be lawful for any mill to require the hands to work more than 11 hours, unless by the consent of the majority of the workmen thereof.

QUEEN POMARE AT HER TAHITI HOME.—Pomare was seated by herself on a mat, sewing some calico. Answering our "Toranna Pomare" very kindly, she invited us to be seated; and my guide told her, in her language, which he spoke fluently, that I had come to pay her my respects, and show her a new German instrument that might please her. She looked at it, but with far less curiosity than I had expected; and as the children and other persons of the court were pressing their noses and eyes outside against the bamboo walls of the hut, trying to catch a glimpse of us, or a sound of the instrument, but not daring to come in, she asked me to go out with it before the house, to let all have an opportunity of seeing it, and she would follow us. Of course, I did as she wished me; and soon afterwards she appeared upon the threshold of her house, upon which she sat down, her husband, a young, fine-looking Indian, now also appearing, and standing at her side. How many descriptions of this poor Queen have been circulated, and mostly by persons who know nothing about her, or thought they could well insult or play a joke upon an Indian Queen, who lived so many thousands of miles off as Pomare. All that I heard and saw of Pomare here, in her own residence, only honored her in every respect. She behaved even with dignity, though without the least pride, towards strangers or her inferiors. Her figure is by no means corpulent, as people have described or slandered it. She may be now about forty years of age, and is, if not slender, certainly well made, and as simply dressed as one of her subjects. When I saw her, she wore one of the common wrappers which all the women wear upon these islands, only of some good light stuff, a silk handkerchief round her neck, and a straw hat, of the same form as those of the men, upon her head. Though not beautiful, she was very good looking; and if she had been a Queen in Europe, she would have been called a beauty.—*Gerstaeker's Voyage Round the World.*

BLUSHING.—When mental emotion causes a sudden turgescence of the capillaries, this we call blushing; but the same occurs, particularly when the emotion is of a depressing kind, or when an inward struggle ensues for mastery over the feelings, and then we have intense pallor—pallor dependent on the rush of blood from the skin upon some internal and perhaps vital organ—it may be the heart, may be, the brain.

FEMALE PHYSICIAN.—We are informed that at the late term of the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, a diploma to practice medicine was given to Miss Caroline Brown, daughter of Mr. Samuel Brown, of Utica. We are told that she was one of the most thorough and accomplished students in a class of 308.

EXCERPTS FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

Dear Paulina.—In destroying the records of the last twenty years, I occasionally meet with a passage which may serve you, if you are willing to pardon the *negligé* garb, in which the nightly record of the days experience is apt to be clothed.—One soul is but the type of thousands; and I send you the thoughts on trust, because I feel that they may meet a response in the soul of many an earnest woman, who is awaking to feel that the rest for which she so longs, can only be found in freedom and fullest activity.

October, 1842.—I have taken a long walk in this calm, still moonlight, with my good friend

* * * We have talked most earnestly of the progressive movements of the age, and our relation to them; and with a brave frankness, for which I thank him, he tells me that "I shrink from entering into the conflict; that I am false to humanity, because *I love rest*." He does not see that though we seek with equal sincerity the same end, the constructive tendencies of my nature render it impossible for me to accept his methods.

* * * * * Yes, I do yearn for rest. The great longing, the one struggle of my life has been for rest—when will this warfare cease?

But what is true rest? Not the repose of the slumbering volcano, not the lull before the storm,—not the quiet of inaction,—of duties put out of sight—of truth unlooked at:—but the quiet of a known fidelity, of a pious faith. There is no rest but in *freedom*—no freedom but in truth and obedience to the will of God.

Are we not slaves—slaves to the world? Can we ever find rest from its requisitions? It bids us do its acts, and we do them. In olden times, the prophets said, "Thus saith the Lord!" and it was obeyed; but now the fiat goes forth, "They say," the unseen but all powerful "They,"—and all yield an undisputed obedience to that still more controlling power. It bids us fashion our garments after a particular form, not allowing each to manifest himself in his outward adornments; and forthwith heedless of health, comfort, beauty the willing slaves submit.

But worse than all it bids us think its thoughts, accept its faith, feel its feelings. We may not look beneath its forms and mummeries, behind its creeds and formulas, for the immutable principle of right—for simple truth, the rock on which to build up the temples of our spirits; but, we must hold ourselves in passive submission to popular opinion, to be swayed hither and thither, like a dead leaf by autumnal winds, as it may dictate.—No, there is no rest but in freedom from the world.

Are we not slaves to self? * * * What am I, when I thus labor for myself alone? Thus seek? hope, fear? But how noble a being am I; a part of this great universe and laboring for the whole. Before, I excited my puny force against all created things; now all creation works with me, in harmony with me; all thinking God's thoughts and willing his will. In this freedom from the thrall of selfishness, alone can I find rest; jarring a discord only in the state of self-slavery.

The mind yearns for rest. It is tempest-tost on a sea of conflicting opinions, the contrary minds of "old views" and "new views" beat it to and

fro, and where shall it find a haven? "Never strike sail to a fear." Unfurl your sails to catch the breath of truth, with faith at the helm, bear manfully onward and there will never be need of the *despairing* cry, "Lord save me"—or the gentle but significant rebuke "oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" "A heroic acknowledgement of truth" and a fearless following of its leadings, alone can bear us to this mental haven.

The heart yearns for rest. * * * Yet dare we seek for repose, could we find it, in leaning on any earthly friend, however pure, however noble? No, not in *leaning* but in brave communion, in the fearless spirit of truth and perfect love, recognizing Him in whom alone true meeting is possible, the heart may dare to live its highest life and seek not in vain the rest for which it yearns.

The spirit yearns for rest. The finite however extended cannot satisfy it. It must hold communion with the Infinite, and this is the one joy of life,—this is life. In our petty strifes and cares we "die daily". Only do we begin to live when in the repose of firm faith and all subduing love, above self,—above the world,—reserve and unmoved whatever may befall, we do the will of our Father, cheerfully acquiescing in whatever omniscient love may offer; when life is our prayer—a communion with the Father and we may ever say Lord, here am I; do with me as thou wilt.

True life is the only true rest; and it may only be found in intense and steadfast activity, in fidelity to truth, in oneness with God.

Yearneth my soul for rest?
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,
As the departing for the best love looks,
So yearneth my soul for rest.

Tell me, what is this rest?
Not the closed shutters to exclude the sun,—
Not the closed eyes on duties to be done,—
Oh no, this is not rest.

Yes, my soul yearns for rest,
Strength to be true—freedom from selfdom's thrall,
A perfect oneness with the all in all,—
Father grant me this rest!

June, 1843.—Change, change, change, shall I never learn to love thee? Never learn to see in thee the infinite riches of the all-bountiful Father,—of His influent love, winning us by ever new manifestations unto himself. How changed is all since last I stood in this old home—how changed am I, and I sigh for the dear old joys. But would I return to the past? No—Heaven forbid. Yet, I wonder not at conservatism—this clinging love is so deeply seated a law of our nature—I wonder not at the belief in purgatory—for is not all change through purgatory, even if it be a necessary transition to admit us to heaven. But this sadness is very weak.

* * * * * Mourn not for joys departed."

Why should I sadly turn away,
From good that might be mine to-day,
If I were happier yesterday?

The joy that's *past* shall lend its light,
To make the present seem more bright,
And e'en illumine the future's night.

True joy is of the spirit born;
It knows no eve, nor noon, nor morn,
Doth not to time and space belong.

But bathed in its celestial sea,
What was, or is, shall ever be,—
A heritage for eternity.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.—NO. 3.

How should I, while in this excited state of mind, attempt to talk with her? I could not ask her of her grief, I read it, and followed unquestioningly to her home, such as it was, less than half a square from mine, up three flights of stairs, and there, close under the roof, lighted by a single small window, was the place of refuge for two orphan girls. The room was scrupulously clean and orderly; a little cot bed occupied one corner; a small piece of carpeting was spread before it—two chairs, that had once been very handsome, and were now such antiquities that a high price would be paid for them by relic seekers.

The rose tree from which she had plucked her offering, to lay upon my mother's breast, was blooming in an antique broken vase. A handsome old work box stood open on a pine table near the head of the bed, on which reclined a young girl; her hair falling over her shoulders in heavy masses; her eyes red and swollen with weeping, her fingers busily plying the needle upon a coarse shirt. As I took the chair near her bed, I was startled by the view of my care-worn, pale countenance, seen in the glass of the work box, and rose hastily to close it; I dared not see the ravages that late hours, grief and loneliness, have wrought in me. As I did so, I noticed how carefully Maria folded and smoothed out the shawl always worn in the street, and how nicely she dusted the little old bonnet; and now, for the first time, I saw that superb head uncovered. It seemed to me perfect in its style of beauty, the dark hair parted in a white line on the forehead, combed smoothly back and fastened in a large knot, from which the ends were falling out in clusters of natural curls. It is rare to see a face of such unsurpassed beauty, and a form so distorted. Laura's face might have been in childhood as beautiful as Maria's, but passion and grief have wrought fearfully with it. Her eye is no longer serene, her lips are colorless, the large veins on her forehead are swollen, and the thin cheeks almost shew the teeth.

I said, "can I aid you with my counsel or otherwise? I will gladly do so. Tell me, what shall I do for you? You are ill, too ill to work."

"Oh no! it does me good to work."

There was a pause, mystery, restraint. "Let me take your work while I sit?" I said. I was excited and felt that I must rush into their confidence, take it by storm, and I asked, "are you another victim of the false arrangements of society, another child of sin and sorrow?"

She looked up meekly, and with quivering lip replied, "I am another weak, deluded woman, having given all for love, and now there is none to love me but Maria, whom I forsook, whom I left alone to struggle with her own sad life. I dare not look up, the very stones cry out against me." Her slight frame shook, and the tears flowed abundantly as she exclaimed, "Would that I could die, life has been all so dark to me; there is no pang in dying which can equal the gnawing of the grief here," and she laid her hand upon her heart.

I once held the theory that life was so happy and beautiful that death must be even more beautiful and happy still. I believed it the new birth, into a higher life, and that instead of shrouding the death bed in gloom, it should be a season of cheer-

fulness; that as the soul was ushered into its new estate, with celestial music, and was borne hence by seraphs, it should be forwarded by sweet holy music, and all that is beautiful and lovely here. Thoughts of these theories flitted through my brain as I looked at the sharpened features of the suffering girl before me, and heard her wish to die because life was so full of pain. Maria said, "Sister be calm, do not say there is none to love you, remember that you will soon be a mother, and that then you will have an object to live for."

She shook with suppressed anguish, and truly I shall never forget the expression of despairing grief; in that one look alone I learned a deeper lesson of suffering than in all my past life, with its sad experiences. "Tell me," I asked in a softened tone, "did you love?"

"I thought I did, surely my heart has never been desecrated. I made these shirts," she said, holding up the coarse garment. "The work wearied me, I longed to go into the country, longed to see many beautiful things; I had dreams of a life of ease and pleasure; I saw in them, the glorious sunsets, the calm, clear light of the moon, and the deep shadows of the cool forest. Oh! I longed for rest, for freedom; with all these things, and many more, he lured me away; for he promised to take me everywhere with him, and to marry me when I was fitted to be his wife. And he did take me to travel with him, he gave me without stint or measure; he called me his bride, his spirit wife; he was kind to me, oh! so kind, so loving, and I thought him so brave and manly. Sometimes he would say, 'I could laugh to scorn any who should dare forbid my love to thee, my angel wife.' And I believed all, and worshipped him; I almost thought my whole being too small a sacrifice for him. I thought the spirit higher than the material form. When I began to pray him to give me the marriage ceremony, then he would say 'and so you want another ring do you?' and he loaded my fingers. Then he grew cold, and his eyes were like granite to me. At last I prayed again to be made his wife by law, for now I knew that I was to be a mother. Then he laughed, said I doubted him, grew stern, cold, passionate, reproachful toward me; sometimes softening, but no more gentle, loving, and tender to me, never naming me his wife, his spirit bride, &c. At last he told me he had a wife, and that he loved her with a deep, wild love, a passion so unreserved, so entire, that it knew no bounds. I knew it was false, that he could not love her thus; but I fled away from him, and when I had nothing left but this worn body, I came to my sister. In my first grief, when I knew he had ceased to love me, then I thought to take my own life; but when I went one dark night to the river, a voice seemed to say to me, do not recklessly unfold the portals of that gate closed by angel hands, wait the call of him who gave you life. The voice was imperative, and I shrank away to the garret where I had slept, and the next day came here."

"And now does he know where you are? you ought to demand your support from him I said."

"When in my humbled condition, I asked but a look of love from him, when in my desolation I clung to him as my only hope, praying but for the crumbs of his affection, he deceived me, cast back

my love, and gave me only coldness and cruelty, so that my heart froze up, and now I would receive nothing from him. The ring, which was a false symbol, I left, with everything else. I loved him with a love deep and earnest as life itself. I will not curse him, but I will not live on his unwilling bounty. No no, let us starve—and die together" she almost gasped.

I heard a sob behind me, it was Maria, convulsed with grief; her head resting back upon the huge protuberance on her shoulder. This terrible curvature of the spine is the result of close confinement to the needle, to which she says she has an utter dislike, but must work on, and on, to keep soul and body together. Shirt bodies at six cents apiece; putting in bosoms and collars two cents more, twelve cents in all. Heaven help the poor, for there is no help in man. I procured for them a few needed comforts, talked with them, encouraged them to hope for a better future, promised to see them often. I bade them pray to our Father, and told poor Laura that the recording angel would note each silent, sorrowing thought, and would gather up her tears of penitent grief, and bring them a holy offering to the good Father of all. I tried to turn her thoughts away from her sin, to the redemption offered for sinners; and then when they seemed comforted sat down and wrote a note to Dr. L., and requested him to visit them, and then returned to my home almost contented with its bare walls and its homely furnishings. The children met me and threw their arms about me with charming fondness.

"Where have you been so long, sister? We were lonely without you, only that a lady came here and gave us some candy and nice little books, and wants Mary to live with her. She shall not go, shall she?" said Ella.

They stood before me animated with their glimpse of outer life that this stranger in a fine equipage had given them, their little hearts full of love and hope; for the first time I realized that they possessed the fatal inheritance of beauty. Mary's large dark eyes fringed with long silken lashes, seemed to me like still lakes among the mountains, and the flashes of thoughts like distant gleaming islands; her broad snowy brow, and the masses of dark brown wavy hair, are beautiful, oh, so very, very beautiful! her lithe form graceful as a fawn, gave me a feeling of pain almost amounting to agony. It seemed to me that in the few hours I had been absent from them that she had grown tall and womanly.

I closed my eyes and looked down through the long vista of time, and fancied I saw her in the place of Laura Lent. Suddenly, a groan I could not suppress burst from my lips, and I drew them both close to me and wept over them passionately, till they, too, were bathed in childish tears through sympathy.

Mary is nine years old, she must go to a good school if I can find one where she can go dressed as she is, without being treated with contempt. This I dread for the tender growing heart.

Night the Twelfth.—Work has poured in upon me for me for two days, and of a profitable kind, trimming ball dresses, for which it seems I have quite a knack.

I told to Miss A. the story of Laura L., and saw that she had human feelings, for the tear of pity

glistened in her eye, and she said I will send to them; but she is gay, I thought, and may forget, and so went to see how these poor girls fared; just after me came Dr. L. I trembled in every limb, and my heart grew sick. Again I caught a glimpse of my pale face, so also did he, and asked me for my health in a tone so indifferent that the hot blood came bounding back, and I answered, "Well, I thank you." No more conversation passed between us, but I took a savage sort of pleasure in questioning Laura, and making her narrate to him the same tale she had given me. I saw that he writhed; at last he asked the name of the base villain who had wrecked her life.

"Mr. ——, of the firm of —— & Co., No. —— street."

We both started in amazement.

"Has he done nothing for you since you left him?" he demanded.

"Nothing, he does not know where I am."

"Has he inquired?"

"I do not know."

"I will see him," he said.

"Oh do not go near him," cried they, both at once, "I would beg or starve rather than eat his bread," said Laura, and her eyes flashed.

"But he ought to marry you," said the doctor.

She raised herself in the bed, and held out her wasted arm, "I would not marry him if in health, and he were free; I am wasting away, and do not wish to be disturbed in my last hours by his presence. He deceived my rich trust, he has been hard, cold, and passionate toward me, and not for worlds would I accept one fraction from him."

The doctor rose, went to the fireplace, in which a bright fire blazed, and beckoned me to follow. My limbs almost refused to carry me, but I could not afford now to betray my secret, and reluctantly went. It was just six years this very night, since standing together in our parlor, he had offered me his hand and heart. I refused because I did not think, I then loved him sufficiently to be his wife. Again, three years ago he spoke to me of love; my pride was then stronger than my love, now alas! my hope has fled, his love for me is gone, while mine burns and wears out my life. He has risen, prospered, and improved, his manners have become courtly, his person imposing, and his mind enlarged, while I have been toiling, and retrograding, till I am no longer fitted for his wife.

There was some romance, as well as independence in the heroism with which I undertook the duties of housemaid, nurse, and sewing for a family living; but the romance was of short duration, the severest struggle of poverty has passed, but not the heart-struggles, not the yearnings for love, not its strong aspirations after a free, pure, high life.

20th.—To-day I went to carry home the ball-dress for Mrs. F.; as I passed up the street an unusually showy equipage rolled passed me; I only glanced at it sufficiently to see that the servants were in livery—in an instant after it was blocked in, and the horses were rearing and plunging madly; I heard a scream, and on looking up saw my cousin Lisette G. throw herself forward into Dr. L.'s arms, (who at that moment came up,) and cry out save me, oh save me, and then appeared to faint. There was not the least danger, and almost before the scene could be well got up, the horses were ex-

tricated and the carriage ready to move on—but the moment was sufficient, I saw them, they saw me; the contrast in our position did not give me the pain, but oh that sudden pang of jealousy, more cruel than the grave! “What ravages does thy wild war make in the wildest bosoms!” Give me back my peace, oh God, it is to thee I look for strength to conquer this hopeless love, help me to cast it forth and think only on present duties.

Pity, tender, gentle compassion, has laid the weight of two other lives upon my soul, hence I am not free to indulge my own griefs, even though to do so in secret were a painful bliss. No, no; let me crush it out, and grow strong enough to bid him be glad, and happy, in any life he chooses, I must, I will be strong. Suffering is a holy, and a noble thing—it may be that hereafter I shall recognize it as the choicest of heaven’s blessings; it sanctifies the heart, it strengthens the soul, and if received aright fits it for a higher life. Yes, I will be strong, I will strive so to master myself that I can rejoice in his happiness, even though I am utterly forgotten. But it cannot be that Lisette G. is the one to minister to his deep soul; she so trifling, so weak, so vain, cold, and selfish. Oh no, she can never, never be to him what I have so often heard him describe as the wife who must go hand and hand with him through life. She can never be to him a good angel, to cheer and help in times of deep thought and feeling. But what is that to me—simply this, that the rearing of a pair of horses, the scream of a weak, silly girl, and the generous help of one passing by, has made me miserable in two ways; made me jealous of her beauty and her clinging fondness, and ashamed of myself that my humanity could not overcome my weakness, so that I should go to her and see if I could do anything for her. Instead of that I allowed myself at once to see in her languid air only a ruse to win attention from him; she knew him, called him by name, and I hurried on out of the way; he saw and knew me, and will think of me as shunning to act humanely because I am envious of her wealth, when God knows I do not covet that.

The following exquisite little poem is from a forthcoming volume published by G. H. Whitney; a book that will be welcomed by all lovers of poetry and especially by Mrs. Whitman’s warm personal friends.

THE GARDEN MINSTER.

From the French of Victor Hugo.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

How eems this garden, with its depths of shade,
And verdurous, vaulted aisles, for worship made;
Where every blossom bows its head in prayer,
Or swings its censor on the silent air;
Where the slow footsteps of the Summer Hours
From dawn till dusk descend on opening flowers,
And, as they pass, with light and shade by turns,
Fill the cool hollows of the marble urns.

A holy rapture thrills me while I gaze
Up the blue heavens through the o’er shadowing
maze;

Or sit long hours in sweet monastic dreams
Where o’er its rocky bed the river streams,
In the lone grotto, dusky, cool and dim,
Where ivies cluster round the fountain’s brim.

EXTRACTS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

CHANNAHON, WILL CO., ILL., JUNE 1853.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS.—Three numbers of the “Una” have arrived, and I beg to thank you for the great pleasure afforded me by their perusal. Few saw with more lively satisfaction than myself the announcement of a new periodical devoted to the best interests of the women of the present day.

Do you know that an infinite number of our own sex hail with joy the advent of the “Una,” and pray unfeignedly for its success? * * * A lady of my acquaintance (who is being held with rather a *taut* rein by her stronger half, “an unwholesome restraint” she calls it) after finishing an article of yours remarked: This must be the woman, Lizzie, of whom J— says he would himself “fasten a padlock on her tongue, if it would close her mouth effectually!” It seems to me, dear Mrs. D., not very high treason against these Lords of Creation, to suspect that many of them would proceed to such measures, in order to leave their own tongues the uninterrupted pleasure—of wagging! But whether *you* are really such a mischievous person or not—it is very clear that the lady in question, with scores of others, hail with genuine delight and *gratitude*, your noble effort in behalf of womanhood.

As this is a rambling sort of Epistle, please read, mark, and inwardly digest what follows:—

A highly respectable conservatist, perfectly guiltless of more than *one idea* at a time, thus commenced her “talk” with a young girl well known to me.

“Well Eleanor, what’s that so interests you now?”

“Memoirs of Margaret Fuller, aunt,” she replied briefly.

“Margaret Fuller, who’s she, pray?”

A slight blush suffused Eleanor’s face, but she answered—“She is the authoress of several books, but I know her mostly through the pages of the Dial.”

“Dial! oh! that strange paper your brother George once took, and no one in the house could understand: but where did you get that book?”

“Mrs. Merle was kind enough to lend it to me.”

“Mrs. Merle, I thought I told you never to go in there again; that they are Unitarians, and I am responsible to your father for your morals.”

“Are the Unitarians an *immoral* people, aunt?”—asked the young girl with a half smile.

“Besure they are—modern infidels—nothing more or less! Don’t call at Mrs. Merle’s again, Eleanor!”

“I think that you must be mistaken about their immorality and unbelief:—Dr. —— was my dear mother’s dearest friend, and he was a Unitarian.”

“Oh! your mother, child, had queer notions, if one could only have told her of them; I did try it once, but somehow”—

“Somehow, interrupted E., my mother chose to keep her individuality inviolate!”

“I don’t exactly know what *that* means, but one thing is plain,—you read no more in that book till I am satisfied that it is *orthodox*. What was the person that wrote it?” “She was wise and good—a true woman, and a noble one.”

But Eleanor might as well have cast pearls be-

fore swine, as attempt to enlighten her aunt on the subject of the intellectual gifts and graces. So she arose to retire.

“Leave the book behind, called out her aunt, or tell me something more sensible of the author.”

The girl looked vexed a moment, but the perplexity passed, when her tormenter asked if “the person” were married.

“Yes aunt,—she married an Italian nobleman, the Count Ossoli.”

“A Countess! what a queer girl you are Eleanor! why didn’t you tell me *that*, right away? You ought to know that with *such* a respectable qualification there *could* be no objection to your reading that book! Did the Merles know her? I suppose not, though!”

“Mrs. M. was her dear friend; let me pass now, if you please.”

“In a moment. I guess Eleanor we had better call on the Merles this evening!

Bon Dieu! what queer notions some people have of respectability, morality, and orthodoxy!

E. J. EAMES.

THE LEGAL WRONGS OF WOMEN.

“Eliza Cook, in a recent number of her journal, contrasts the relative social position of the women in England and in America, and gives some interesting facts in regard to the wrongs which the female sex suffer in the former country. It would appear, that notwithstanding the prodigious noise made here in relation to woman’s rights, and the fancied barbarity of our laws upon the subject, they at least protect the woman’s person, and in many States of our Union, her property from the control of her husband; while in England, the irresponsible power which the law gives to cruel men, causes grievances of which the women in America cannot complain. Here, women are regarded with adulation and homage, and gain more by courtesy than they can ever hope to receive by virtue of the law. It is notoriously true, that in this country, a man in legal contention with a woman, is quite sure to come off second best; and an application for a divorce of her is usually granted with less litigious circumlocution than might reasonably be expected. But in England the case is quite different, as will be seen from the following extracts:—

“In England, the husband possesses the power of seizing on the property of his wife—on the very fruits of her own industry, and of squandering it as he pleases in the most dissolute revellings or with the vilest associates.”

The following case is strikingly illustrative of the shameful disadvantage at which an industrious well-doing woman is placed, who has been so unfortunate as to marry a dissolute and unprincipled husband. The pair in question were in the middle class of life. Shortly after marriage the man began to frequent low haunts, and very soon he used to come home at nights drunk. Domestic unhappiness was inevitable; and after many bickerings, and much ill-usage and injury inflicted on the wife, (such as cannot be described here,) she determined to leave him. She did so, and then endeavored, by the aid of her friends, to establish herself in a small way of business. She did so in her own name, and before many months were over the husband, whose means were now exhausted, took forcible possession of her small stock, sold it off, and drank the proceeds.

She fled from the neighborhood, and came up to London. She managed again to raise a small stock of money, furnished a small house and took lodgings, still in her own name. She was doing well, making an honest living, and gradually increasing her stock of furniture, when her husband one day accidentally saw her in the street, followed her home, and the next day entered and took forcible possession of the house and sold off every

stick of her furniture, putting the money into his pocket.

A third time the brave woman began the world anew, under an assumed name, in another part of the town; and it was while occupying a rather elegant furnished house in the neighborhood of the parks, the rooms of which she let out to respectable lodgers, that the circumstance occurred which brought the ease to our knowledge, for it was related to us by one of the lady lodgers of the house. One evening a strange, ill-looking man, shabby and desperate in appearance, was observed prowling about the front door. Shortly after a shriek was heard in the lobby. My lady lodger rushed out upon the landing, and lo, there was the suspicious looking man already within doors. It was the landlady's husband! and the first glimpse of his face overwhelmed her with horror. 'Ruined again!' she was heard to cry, after imploring the wretch to leave her alone; but he would not. At first she managed to get rid of him by a payment of money which he took; but as he knew she would at once fly beyond his reach, he held possession of the house, shutting up and confining his wife, (for the law gives the husband this power too,) and brought the same law to bear on the effects, and in less than a fortnight the wife's sole industry went under the hammer.'

MISS LESLIE ON SLANG.—"There is no wit," says the author of the *Behaviour Book*, "in a lady to speak of taking 'a snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents'—in saying of a man whose dress is old, that he looks 'seedy,'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies." We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance, too fashionable not long since, but happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, "Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell," or "Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him." Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies, who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence, (not to say impudence,) and try to excite laughter, and attract the attention of gentlemen, by talking slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers, or from vulgar books? Surely not from low companions. We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was pinned on drunk—also, that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.'—When submitting to do a thing unwillingly, she 'was brought to the scratch.' Sometimes 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties, she always had half a dozen gentlemen about her; their curiosity being excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities; and one who boasted of having always 'lived in society.'

BE COMPREHENSIVE.—Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty that some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be short and comprehensive in all that you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing, is no credit to any body; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it and almost feel it when in their presence. On all

occasions it is produced, till it is worn as thin as charity. They remind one of a twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud and lost amid the rumbling of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Command us to the young man who wrote to his father—"Dear sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the good old gentleman who replied, "Dear son, go ahead."

Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life. Reader, be short—and we will be short with the advice.—*Portland Bulletin.*

INDUSTRY.—To be really and practically industrious, one must improve those minute particles of time, known as "spare minutes." Of all portions of our life, these spare minutes are the most fruitful for good or evil, and are literally the gaps through which temptation finds access to the soul. Spare minutes are gold dust of time, said Young; sands make the mountains, moments make the year! Idleness wastes a man as insensibly as industry improves him: evil deeds and evil thoughts never creep upon him who is assiduously employed upon good ones. The mind and body both require activity to keep them pure and healthy in action. Like water, if it runneth free, it is pure and wholesome; but what is there more noisome and pestilential than a stagnant pool? Diligence of itself alone is a fair fortune, and industry is a good estate to have and to hold.

FEMALE HORSMANSHIP—COLUMBIANA COUNTY.—To add to the interest of the approaching Fair, and to afford the ladies of the county and others who may be in attendance from a distance, an opportunity of displaying their agility on horse back on that occasion, a number of liberal gentlemen have raised a purse of \$250 to be distributed, in premiums, worth from \$5 to \$80, to the best female rider, or to those most skilled in reigning a single horse or a span of horses in harness. We append a list of the premiums and the names of their generous donors:

S. Harbaugh, Pittsburgh, a fine gold watch,	\$80,00
Paul & Pritchard, New Lisbon, one shawl,	20,00
Weaver & Butler, riding bridle and martingale,	15,00
S. Watson, New Lisbon,	15,00
Cornwell & Heaton, Salem, a riding cap,	12,00
W. B. Travis, New Lisbon, a Bay State Shawl,	12,00
D. Harbaugh, New Lisbon, landscape engraving,	10,00
J. Sectin, New Lisbon, a gold breastpin,	10,00
J. F. Benner, New Lisbon, gold pin, brilliant set,	8,00
E. Phillips, Salem, Lady's riding whip,	6,00
S. Brooke, Cleveland, a fine gold pin,	5,00
J. Custard, New Lisbon, a fine gold garnet ring,	5,00
C. H. Helman & Co., New Lisbon, a fine shawl,	5,00
M. H. Shultz & Co., emb. lawn dress pattern,	5,00
Dr. Parker, New Lisbon, a gold ring,	5,00

The regulations governing the female eques-

trian performance are exceedingly liberal, and we should not be surprised at seeing an "army" of competitors equal to that (in spirit and valor at all events) which contended for the honors of the ring during the sporting games of ancient Greece. We copy the following regulations from the published minutes of the Society:

"Competition will be open to all ladies (except professional,) no matter where there residence, whether in or out of the county, or State. Competitors, however, must have their names and residence regularly entered at the office, and their number attached to their horse's bridle, respectively, they will also be required to pay \$1 each, to the treasury, as an entering fee."—*Wellsville Patriot.*

NEW APPLICATIONS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—DAGUERREOTYPES ON WOOD.—Yesterday, Mr. Robert Langton, wood engraver and draughtsman, of Cross street, brought to our office some very successful and beautiful specimens of photography, taken by himself, not on metal plates, or on paper, or on glass, but on blocks of box-wood, such as are ordinarily used in his own art for wood engravings. One was a striking portrait of himself; another was a view of the beautiful little church at Worsley, erected a few years ago by the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere. The latter was comprised within the ordinary dimensions of a circle 3 1-2 inches in diameter; and, as the image of the church is thus reversed, the design, in all its elegant proportions, and reduced to a miniature such as no hand of human artist can ever hope to rival, in its exquisite delicacy of light and shade and its elaborate minuteness and detail,—this photograph, so taken on a block of box-wood, is quite ready for the application of the wood-engraver's burin. It is impossible to say how greatly this will advance the process of wood-engraving, especially by saving all the preliminary labor of the draughtsman; which, in many cases constitutes the chief element in both the time and the cost attendant on the production of wood-engravings of a high class. Even in many of the lower branches of the art, the new application of sun-drawing will be an invaluable auxiliary. For instance, it is an extremely difficult matter to get accurate drawings of machinery, in perspective; mechanical draughtsmen only represent it in plane; and artists are generally found extremely reluctant to employ a large amount of time so unprofitably, as the drawing of a complicated machine in perspective demands. Mr. Langton's daguerreotype can now in a few seconds accomplish what it would require hours for the artist to effect; and in point of accuracy, the instrument must ever have the preference. But great as will eventually be the boon which this new application of photography will confer on the practical art of wood-engraving, it may be made more extensively valuable, as a cheap form of producing pictorial objects. By Mr. Langton's process, portraits, landscapes, &c., could be produced on any smooth piece of wood, duly prepared; and thus even wooden snuff-boxes, hand-screens, &c., may be decorated with portraits, or scenes from nature, or copies of works of art, at a cost much less than daguerreotypes on metal plates. Indeed, it is difficult to say where the applications and uses of this new process may not extend. Mr. Langton does not limit his invention to its use in wood engraving, but claims for it an equally useful and valuable application in other directions, in connection with practical art.—*Manchester Guardian.*

PROVIDENCE, AUGUST 20, 1853.

INTELLECT OF THE SEXES.

"Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterwards that which is spiritual." *1 Corinthians, XV 46.*

Our Liverpool correspondent, "An Englishman," in his letter published in the *Una*, July 1st, takes certain exceptions to our April article on the Intellect of Woman, which, though they are rather verbal criticisms than matters of substance and fact, deserve a word from us. He says he thinks we are not sustained in our remark, that the *genius which comprehends is surely as rich as that which unfolds a truth*. Our remark was not unadvisedly made, and we think as applied by the context, is sufficiently sustained. Mark our words, the *genius which comprehends*. This is not the same as saying, as he implies, that the *workmen* employed in the manufacture of the Daguerreotype and Electric Telegraph, are equal in intellect to their inventors. We did not even say, nor intend to say that the mind which apprehends a truth is equal to that which elaborates and reveals it. For the practical employment of a principle, especially in mechanics, of which we were there speaking, the simple apprehension of its mode of action is sufficient, nay less than this will enable a telegraph clerk or cotton spinner to use the machine he works with to the best effect of which it is capable.

The *apprehension* of things according to Watts, Glanville, and the Encyclopedias (see Webster's Dictionary), "is the mere contemplation of them, without affirming, denying, or passing any judgment; the operation of the mind in contemplating ideas, without comparing them with others or referring them to external objects; simple intellection, an inadequate or imperfect idea, as when the word is applied to our knowledge of God." But *comprehension* especially as we put the proposition, the comprehension of *genius* is a very different thing. Crabbe, in his synomyms, has this illustration of its larger meaning, "the builder *conceives* plans, the scholar *understands* languages, the metaphysician *comprehends* subtle questions." Webster defines the word "capacity of the mind to understand; power of the understanding to receive and contain ideas; capacity of knowing—as the nature of spirit is not within our comprehension."

So understood, our affirmation is clearly sustainable. Neither is it too much to say that the mind which seizes, takes in, embraces, contains an idea, has as complete possession of, and as large power over it, as the mind, which in point of time, was the first to discover it. It is in fact not unusual, and by no means impossible, that the receiver shall find more in a thought than was in the comprehension of the

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mind that evolved it, and it was accordingly just in the way of our argument to allege that the intellect of woman, which is so remarkable for striking out the highest and best results of reasoning, without travelling to them by the route of demonstrative ratiocination, is eminently fitted to take up the completed issues of the masculine reason, and to hold and employ them in their highest forms effectively. Digestion of vegetable substances in the animal stomach, surely is not a lower office or an inferior power, because it cannot so well convert into blood the primary salts and earths which were the aliment of the plant itself. In like manner, the brain that grasps a truth, a principle or process, after it has been well developed, and availably applies it to its highest uses, is at least as noble in comprehension, as that of the rude discoverer and rough hewer of the material. Indeed the history of discoveries which have reached perfection goes far to show that they start out from intuitions and arrive at last in such simplicity and obviousness that the intermediate labor is often a curious mixture of maladroitness and blunder with truth very partially perceived and understood.

We recognized and admitted woman's smaller share in mechanical and scientific discovery, than man has achieved up to the present stage of our knowledge, but asserted the fitness of the feminine mind for the easy mastery of all this sort of knowledge when it shall reach its maturity. In civil administration, for instance, it is safe to say that perfect justice and absolute right will be the last stage of its advancement, and are we not right in believing that the female intellect is even now ready for this and for all the methods and rules necessary to their practical application?

When the day comes that reason and right shall be admitted to be the truest expediency, and good conscience takes the place of precedent and policy, we shall have little use for great lawyers and profound politicians. The pure gold will be current, and its substitutes and counterfeits will go out of credit, and along with them the admiration which we give to the genius of their inventors. Distributive justice in civil and criminal matters, and all the conduct of social and international affairs will then be so clear and simple, that the learning of Marshall and the logic of Webster will be fossilized.

The sermon on the Mount has in it no metaphysics, and no special pleading. The mammoths of a buried world are wonders indeed, but they are monsters also. They serve for mementoes, but their use as models is not thought of. Jesus said of John the Baptist "Of men born of women there were none greater, but the least in the kingdom of heaven (which he came to establish upon earth) is greater than he." Are we understood?

We believe that in all the arts and uses of

life, human societies are tending toward such a mastery over the mysteries of nature, and the laws of social life "that a wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein," and this not because there will be less to be learned, but because truth will be better known, more directly taught and received, and better adjusted to the order of things. The great difficulty now is in doing wrong things with as little mischief as possible, and managing the forces of nature at the least risk. In a better day right things will be required, and will be easily accomplished and nature will be commanded with ease, because mind will have attained its destined sovereignty. All approach to such conditions is so much preparation for the perfected race, and so much advanced adjustment of the world to its government by women.

Criticism in art and literature implies a knowledge of all the rules and laws of a composition. It dissects and analyzes the production of genius better than the creator himself can do, but cannot produce the work itself. Logic and learning here are inferior to the *life* which they have such ability to explore and explain. It has been happily said of the greatest workers of the world that "they builded better than they knew." See how intuition and inspiration which are distinctive of the feminine intellect rise above the systematic philosophy which is the special strength of the masculine mind in the manifestation hitherto made of its powers.

This same idea applied even to mechanics has similar consequences; and our answer is the same to our correspondent's objection to our notion that the history of improvement in the arts of productive industry, is a record of mistakes as well as of continual advancements promising at last such clearness and simplicity that the mind of woman will comprehend it all, though less perfectly adapted to the stage of immaturity than that of man.

Whoever examines the point will be struck with the fact that machinery grows constantly less difficult and complex with all substantial improvements. For example, the old instrument by which card teeth were made from the wire while the leathers were still perforated and the teeth by hand introduced, was greatly more complicated, and had more wheels, pulleys, levers and other parts than the modern machine which performs the whole operation of bending the wires, piercing the leather and fixing the teeth at once; and a child is competent to its management. In a thousand other instances the comprehensibility of the principle and its appliance in operation are in like manner cleared of difficulty.

All these crooked lines, these ins and outs of progress, will be themselves easy of comprehension when the *straight edge* of perfected discovery is applied to them.

In the science of mental philosophy we have a beautiful illustration of this grand idea. Be-

fore the days of Phrenology no author of distinction either pretended clearly to understand the system of his predecessors or was willing to accept his teachings. Metaphysics was the reproach of science and the disgrace of reason, and an incomprehensible puzzle in itself besides. Now by the light shed upon the truth of nature through the labors of Gall and Spurzheim the whole matter of the mental constitution and laws is transparently plain, and even the perplexities of the obsolete systems are easily unriddled; and the result proves our proposition. Every woman of tolerable talents comprehends the philosophy of mind as readily as she learns geography.

A very curious train of reflection opens upon this subject in every direction in which we turn our eyes; but we must leave it now to be resumed again in more favorable circumstances.

Our correspondent's remark that it is contrary to our experience to expect that the principles and appliances of mechanics and of science will ever be perfected, answered nothing that we have said or intended. It is not, we think, even correct as he states it. Some of the principles and appliances of both are already perfected, to the full sense of the term as it must always be used, and to all the purposes which our idea requires. Eclipses, for instance, are now calculated to a second. The power and action of the lever and inclined plane are thoroughly understood; some of the doctrines of chemistry are settled beyond all question; multiplication and division, both by simple arithmetic and logarithms, admit of no amendment; and so of a thousand other things. They have reached that clear, self-demonstration, which puts them within reach of the common mind, they are in that state of perfection already which meets the meaning of our proposition. Allow us to add that all prophecy affirms that the time shall come when "every one shall know for himself and not for another." This has necessarily a broader application, and a deeper meaning, in the nature of things, than the limited reference usually given to it.

We need but to repeat that we concede woman's historical inferiority in the sciences, which correspond better with the muscular and material frame of man than with his own. In this we perceive relations and adjustments which we have already suggested; but we hold also, that when bones and muscles, iron nerves and hard massive brains, have well done their subsidiary work, feminine felicity of comprehension and execution will come into the dominion in all the world of mind, and in all the functions of life, and will demonstrate her fitness for the highest uses for which the race is waiting. This is what we meant by saying "we appeal to the future." It was for this that the patience, endurance, and hope of the sex, was given to us in such eminent measure.

There are many mysteries in womanhood

The just apprehension of a few of them, and their happy presentment, has made Shakespeare the prince of poets.

Milton's gross incapability in this respect measures his distance, from the divine stature of an inspired man better than any thing else.

Let any man of sensibility and insight walk along our streets of a summer evening, let him drop in upon half a dozen women at their characteristic engagements; let him glance through the eyes into the heart of a girl of sixteen, of a sister, a wife, a mother, and then sit down and endeavor to comprehend the hidden suppressed expectant life he has been contemplating, and he will feel what we mean by the declaration that the sex is a prospective creation—that womanhood is to be unfolded and realized in the future and that the past is neither its measure nor its prophecy.

Our prayer is "let thy kingdom come;" our entreaty to our brethren is hinder us not.

NOT ANY.

In glancing over the pages of the volumes of the great work of the Duchess of Sutherland, the address to the American women on the subject of slavery, we were particularly interested in the column headed—"Name, or profession, or occupation of husband or father." The object was, probably, to show the class in society to which the signers belong—and we found masons, carpenters, stone cutters, farmers, &c., principally occupied the volume we chanced to see. But why not their own occupation instead of that of the husband and father? Very rarely we found it milliner, or dress maker, or teacher, or servant; but more often only the condition was indicated—as spinster, widow, wife of _____. But a few lines told the sad story of the reason why the column was not headed "occupation of the signers"—for against more than one name was written—"not any." No husband, no father, no employment, no profession. What a tale of blank desolation did these two words tell! And if instead of the towns of "God-Manchester" and the like, filled with "masons" and "quarry-men," we had looked over the lists of the fashionable women of London or Paris, or New York, or Boston, would not these two words have been still more significant, and told the story of almost all.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

This College will be opened in its Preparatory department on the first Wednesday of October, for the admission of pupils. The Freshman Class will then be formed. Should a sufficient number present themselves, and pass a creditable examination in all the studies required to the Sophomore Class, such an one will also be formed, but neither a Junior nor Senior Class this term.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class will be examined in the following studies:—English Grammar; Outlines of Ancient and Modern

Geography; History; Miss Peabody's Polish American System of Chronology; Arithmetic; Algebra; Geometry; Latin; Greek, &c. In a note it is said that particular attention will be paid to Orthography and Punctuation.

In the Preparatory department, all branches usually taught in High Schools and Academies will be taught. No pupil received under twelve years of age.

Hon. Horace Mann, L. L. D., President, and Professor of Political Economy, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Constitutional Law, and Natural Theology.

Rev. W. H. Doherty, A. M., Professor of Rhetoric, Logic, and Belles Lettres.

Rev. Thomas Holmes, Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

Ira W. Allen, Professor of Mathematics, Astronomy and Civil Engineering.

C. S. Pennell, Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

Miss R. M. Pennell, Professor of Physical Geography, Drawing, Natural History, Civil History and Didactics.

Rev. A. L. McKinney, Principal of Preparatory School.

Two of the professors' chairs are unfilled. We cannot but hope that these also may be occupied by women. This College starts on the right ground, and we gladly bid it God speed.

MRS. DAVIS:—Thinking it may perhaps awaken in your readers an interest in the condition of the people among whom I have labored as a missionary from the land of Good Sense, I herewith transmit you an account of some of the gods which these unenlightened heathen worship; a few of their traditions, and the actual condition of the women among them.

Yours truly,

GOTTEIB VAN VERSTAND.

The Deity which receives the greatest reverence among the people, and at whose altars continual sacrifices are offered up, is the God Mammon. The pains they endure, the sufferings they inflict upon themselves and others, would be incredible to one who had not been an eye witness. Days of toil and nights of unceasing care are as nothing to them; health, and even life itself, are a free gift upon this altar; conscience (heaven's oracle) and every sense of justice and right are sacrificed; in fact every feeling and thought that will not promote the honor of this idol are cast aside.

The next idol in rank, a hideous, distorted creature, covered with a beautiful veil, is called Popularity. This one is worshipped more or less by all; but his particular devotees, are men called politicians. These temples are thronged at certain seasons, during the festivals called Elections. It would be amusing, if one did not have more serious feelings, to see the contortions, the genuflections, the gesticulations, the smirking, smiling, and bowing of these worshippers during the festivals and just previous, while they are preparing for these rites.

Then comes another divinity, closely allied to the former, or at least he is spoken of and oblations are offered at the same time. This one is called by the high sounding name Equal Rights. Altars at certain seasons are erected to this God. But the grand festival is on the fourth day of the seventh month, as we reckon time, which is precisely the thirteenth day after the summer solstice. It is celebrated with

much pomp, and a stranger just arrived among this people, and being present at these ceremonies for the first time, would be very likely to think this deity more highly esteemed than any other, or possibly that he was the only one to whom divine homage was paid. The rites and ceremonies are frequently commenced the night previous, by firing crackers, torpedoes, &c. The morning is usually ushered in, with the ringing of bells, firing cannons, shoutings and hurrahs, which would convince this stranger that pandemonium was aroused to hold its wildest revel. Frequently, after the morning meal, they form processions and with banners and music march to the place where was previously raised an altar; arrived at the spot selected, either a fine grove or some large hall, the priests appointed to officiate, and others deemed worthy, ascend the sacred structure, and then usually call upon the priests of another God, who is considered as having but one day in the week, viz: the first, or Sabbath, as his. It being reputable for all to take part in these ceremonies, these sacred priests are invited to invoke the blessing of their God upon the assembly. After that, they bring forth their sacred writing to Equal Rights, which is read with great enthusiasm by a priest appointed expressly to that office. I have been present when it was read in two different languages, the one that of the nation, the other that of a strange people come to dwell among them; and I noted that the stranger read *certain passages* with far more emphasis than the native priest; for I could easily perceive any difference, as I understood the language of both. After the reading of the sacred writing is completed, they make orations and sing anthems, interspersed with instrumental music. The sacred writing which they read on these occasions, certainly contains many excellent passages, and it appears to me a very plain document, yet, it is variously understood by the people. Some understand it to mean that this deity, Equal Rights, protects *all mankind*, while others say he watches over only *certain races*, but not over the *women* belonging even to these races. I observed that the stranger who had translated the sacred writing into his own tongue, employed a word used in that language in the sense of the Latin *homo*, meaning *man or woman*, that is *mankind*, the *human race*, and notwithstanding he used this very passage with greater emphasis than any other, he affirmed that it did not include *women*. Now it seems absurd that there should be any controversy upon a subject so plain; but I much fear that it will not be settled till the people are better instructed and more enlightened by missionaries from the land of Good Sense. Among the singular customs of that people may be reckoned many relating to the manufacture, sale, and use of a very remarkable liquor. In appearance it resembles water, (and might with propriety be called *aqua mortis*, or water of death,) but when taken into the mouth it burns like fire, and if much is swallowed, produces delirium, stupor, and finally, death. The slave to this poisonous liquid frequently lingers for some time, a living death, a dead weight upon society, and a curse to his family. It is a fact worthy of consideration, that though the women and children seldom use this poison themselves, they frequently *suffer exceedingly from its effects by others*. It might surprise the dwellers in the land of Good Sense to be told, that the sale of this deadly liquor is protected by the legislators, and rulers; indeed some of the chief rulers are guilty of using this abominable poison, and some who are accounted the

wisest in all the land, at times appear like the most foolish, and what is still worse, frequently add to this vice others as bad or worse; yet when these very men die, the priests of Mammon, of Popularity, &c., pronounce eulogies upon them. Not long since one of these priests eulogising one surnamed the Godlike, said his *faith* was always right even if he sometimes erred in conduct. That would sound strange indeed to our friends in the land of Good Sense, and I doubt not they would pronounce it a paradox, for they believe the faith of small importance provided the conduct is good, but the hearers of this priest called it the highest wisdom.

The women are in a most degraded condition, they are literally slaves of the most absurd customs and traditions, and many live and die miserably, from the chains imposed, by an unenlightened public opinion. Any attempts to raise themselves to a level with men, is looked upon as supremely ridiculous, even wicked; and the priests have been known to make long orations about it, and to ask what would become of the modesty of women, if they were to appear in one of their temples "unbonneted and unshawled," to speak the words of God—as though the modesty was all in the shawl and bonnet.

They have also many schools, some in which all the learning they have is taught to the men, but women are not allowed to enter because they would become men also by pursuing these studies, and then, the race would become extinct.

There is another deity worshipped by all, but most especially by the women. This is called the Goddess Fashion. She is tyrannical and exacting beyond all others. Her temples are thronged at all hours of the day and night.—Her devotees appear in the most fantastic costume imaginable. Health, comfort, good taste, and gracefulness, are not unfrequently laid as offerings upon her altar. Many of these worshippers have waists no larger than an infant's, with high square shoulders; these are made so by putting bandages so tightly about them that they can never expand. Of course the breathing is labored, and they puff and pant in the drawing room like men at hard labor. Thus, with other torturing and absurd rites, they propitiate this Goddess, and those who most nearly succeed in living up to her requirements are esteemed most honorable. She also demands that their daughters shall be taught accomplishments only, mostly I judge, for the better disposing of them in marriage, for I observe that after they have entered that state they seldom practice them.

These devotees become so degraded that not unfrequently they give their daughters to men who would not only not be *esteemed*, but would be absolutely despised in the land of Good Sense. Their reason for this preference is that they are good servants of Mammon, and love also the Goddess Fashion. Thus they are degenerating physically and mentally. Some of the women have so degraded themselves that they will sell themselves to these slaves of Mammon. Their custom and traditions make it dishonorable for women to engage in almost any honest employment or useful occupation, by which to gain their own living, in consequence of this many legally bind themselves as wives to men they abhor; others again, in adverse circumstances, and miserably paid in the few employments they have, are dazzled by the glare of love and beauty they see in the distance, and immolate themselves in a manner not considered either respectable or legal. But I have often thought that in the eye of the Great Father

who weighs all things in an even balance, that some of the first were more guilty than some of the latter class.

Then comes law, a God which the *men themselves* have made, and into whose temples no *woman* is allowed to enter. It is even gravely asserted by some that should the women be permitted to enter these temples, the very edifices would fall and crush the inmates in one chaotic ruin. They pretend that this God is made in the *exact likeness* of one called Divine Law, that rules over all things, and dwells in the high Heavens. There are, indeed, sophists among them, who affirm that if this God appears to differ from the heavenly one in any respect the fault is in the imagination of the beholder and not in the image; yea, even that he should receive the first homage and Divine Law the second.

A woman sometimes by great industry and economy acquires a property or perchance receives a fortune from her father,—but if she marries, her husband can claim all she possesses, and if he pleases spend it all in vicious indulgences, leaving her without food and shelter. By this law she can inherit only one third of this property; should he die, and she have no children, his nearest of kin can take two thirds of all they have—even though it were every cent of it hers, and leave her the other third to use during her life time. If she never marries, they compel her by the power of this God law, to give yearly a part of what she possesses to be devoted to the service of the Gods that oppress her, and into whose temples she is not permitted so much as to set foot. These are great grievances and serve to keep women helpless, hopeless and degraded, and in my missionary labors I stretch out my hand and cry men and brethren come up to the help of the Lord against all this host of *false Gods*. Help us to cast them down, and teach these poor heathens to worship the one true and living God, then justice and right will go hand in hand, and mercy and truth meet together.

G. V.

CO-OPERATIVE INDUSTRY.

RARITON BAY UNION, July 20th.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS:—Here, on this beautiful spot, where is to be illustrated a principle, that is to do much to elevate woman, let me address a letter to the Una. I refer to the principle of *association*, a union of capital for the common good, and of Co-Operative Industry. Here the individual is invited to unite his interest with others, to the extent that he may feel himself attracted, and his interest promoted, and no farther. Free and voluntary are to be the offerings he may lay upon the altar of this shrine, himself his only judge. Here will be a chance for persons interested in association, but yet not ready to *co-operate*, to remain outside of the joint stock partnership, and watch its operations; receiving as much of its advantages, as they may be disposed to pay for. They may come into its arrangements gradually, by uniting only their business with others, in the several industrial groups that may be formed, whose labors will be conducted independently, and by themselves, each group choosing a manager of their own number, and sharing profits equally according to labor performed, and money invested. Again, they may enter first the domestic organizations, as boarders only, or as boarders and workers in the arrangements.

Or should they not choose to co-operate at all they may take a lot of land, and build themselves a house to their own liking, find themselves with business, and receive only the educational and social advantages of the Union, as they wait for a full conversion. What larger liberty can be asked than this? And yet the originators of this movement are strongly in favor of combined capital, and combined industry, not indeed by the power of an institution to cramp, and compel the individual, but as an aid to the fuller development of the man and the woman.

To this end, they have purchased a tract of excellent land near the mouth of the Raritan River, on the Raritan Bay, N. J., about a mile from Perth Amboy. No one can stand upon this domain, and gaze abroad over the sylvan scenery that surrounds, without the feeling that no sweeter place could possibly be found for a humanitarian experiment than this. The broad, beautiful Bay in front, the smooth, graceful sloping of the land where numerous green groves seem to wave their shade invitingly, and on the rising back-ground stand in mute grandeur, large trees, that have long been a home for eagles, and the name of "Eagleswood" has for this reason, been given to the place. Thus, for years, has the farm been guarded, and the grand old trees have stood there, waiting for the coming of the new brotherhood, the dawning of the new morning! It takes many words to give the full significance of the place.

The "Auora Union, at Eagleswood, on the Raritan Bay." May it be the dawning of a glorious day—and the spirit of its birth, and its full meridian, ever soar like the Eagle towards the eternal sunlight.

A beautiful Gothic Cottage, built by Dr. King, the former owner of the place, is now the only house occupied by the pioneer band, whose labors, although arduous, as all labor of such early enterprises must be, are nevertheless cheered by the thought of the bright coming future.

A large stone building is in process of erection something after the style of a Phalanstery, that will afford private apartments for families or persons, who may own them by investment or occupy them or rent from the company. These rooms will all connect with a refectory and kitchen department, laundry, &c., from which the occupants of the house may be supplied in their own rooms, or in the public eating rooms at cost, or at such advance from cost as their interest in the operations may entitle them to. The labor of families may be done at far greater advantage by combination; so that all modern conveniences and labor saving machinery may be made available both in laundry and cooking operations; and woman be relieved from so great a number of cares as rest upon her in the isolated household, by a suitable division of these cares and labors assumed by different groups alternating as they may choose. Thus one group of women may prepare the breakfast, another the dinner, a third be employed in the dining-room, another group in the dormitory department, &c., &c.

By an efficient and thorough domestic organization, much time may be saved, as has been abundantly proved by the experiments that have al-

ready been made. And much wear and anxiety resulting from the care of so many departments, the great and varied responsibility of which now so often rests upon one, whose brain is constantly overtasked by the eternal routine. Numerous as are its cares, they are nevertheless so alike, and so constant, as to allow of little *change*, and "*change is rest.*"

Such as need to labor, may if they choose, come in to the domestic organization, and labor in this way, to such an extent and so long as they choose. Those who have already an abundance of the material "good" and need more intellectual labor and time for thought may be supplied from the result of this intelligent and well ordered labor—therby the rich aiding the poor by furnishing them greater facilities for doing work *well*, and speedily, themselves receiving aid in return, by a full and timely supply for all their wants. This is the *idea*, while no one shall be encouraged to lean upon others for the supply of a single want without giving a just equivalent, capital shall be so furnished and managed as to afford to labor the greatest possible advantage, and return to the capitalist the full equivalent for the use thereof.

No one is bound to furnish stock for less than this. The interests of capital and labor should be *one*, and the same. The arrangements of social life should harmonize these interests. This I take to be a great idea of this enterprise, *self-supporting industry*, with the most refined conditions. Let capital supply these conditions, and the individual use them for his fullest development. Capital and labor the *basis*, education, industrial, artistic, moral and spiritual, the superstructure. Involved in these are all the economies, all the action, all the stimuli of great social and individual achievement, while the R. B. Union have for the future to realize a high ideal of social life, and are preparing to lay the foundation for a temple of sweet and heavenly harmonies; they depend more upon the inspiration of the Divine Spirit, for their moral progress than upon any prescribed rules and arguments entered into to-day, for their guide on the morrow. The principles of Christianity as revealed by the Great Teacher, they hold to be eternal truth; while therefore individual obedience to these principles is required of all, an individual enforcement of their obedience rests equally upon all. Without the living vitality of these principles, so strong within them, that its savor shall preserve their public sentiment pure, without its breathing spirit of love through all their arrangements, seeking to save and to cement all in one close union of a true fraternity; all constitutional laws, all judiciary tribunals, all solemn meetings, to enforce obedience, may prove but instruments of prejudice and hate, cruel and unjust in degree as the engine of the inquisition. God save the fraternity, that depends upon its written laws for life! Such is already dead! May this *new* Union strive to cultivate the largest liberty, the highest harmony, the truest, the divinest love, and the most perfect development. A. H. P.

"Let them not fear; some said their heads were less; Some men's were small; not they the least of men; For often fineness compensated size; Besides, the brain was like the hand, and grew with using." Tennyson.

TO A CHILD.

"Oh, thou bright thing! fresh from the hand of God; The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed By the unceasing music of thy being! Neare I seem to God when looking on thee. 'Tis ages since he made his youngest star— His hand was on thee as 't were yesterday, Thou later revelation! Silver stream, Breaking with laughter from the lake divine, Whence all things flow."

Alexander Smith.

BOYHOOD OF LORD CLIVE.—Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age his strong will and fiery passions, sustained by constitutional intrepidity, which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood of Market Drayton, in Shropshire, still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton, and with terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and halfpence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself every where the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headlong temper.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—There are seven distinguishing characters of voice in men and women. In men they are termed bass, baritone, tenor, robust or full-tenor, and tenor-leggiadro or counter-tenor. Those of women are termed contralto, mezzo-soprano and soprano. The compass will be found to vary according to the length of the vocal chords and windpipe, the longest possessing the power of producing the greatest number of notes. Thus, one voice may comprise a range of twelve notes, and another of sixteen, yet both may be of the same character. The change which occurs in the voice in the decline of life, is the result of the ossification of the cartilages of the larynx, and the hardening of its ligaments, which produce a hard and cracked sound.

INTELLECTUAL AMBITION.—There are some minds which grasp at destiny with a powerful energy—some intellects that move through life's great thoroughfare with all the freedom and recklessness of an untamed steed. Obstacles are of no moment; the great idea is to go on, reaching toward the temple that glitters in all its beautiful proportions in the distance. Many a heart has toiled, labored, and longed to inscribe its name upon Fame's temple, and many a heart has never satisfied its longing. There are but few who stand upon the mountain's peak, but there are many toiling up its sides, striving to gain the goal.

For the Una.

TOURS AND TOURISTS.

A conspicuous feature of the daily papers, at this season of the year, is the 'Tourist' and 'Correspondence' department. No part of the Union that your Tourist does not explore, no nook, however obscure, he does not penetrate. Indefatigable in his "search for the Picturesque," and search for anecdote, nothing escapes his descriptive powers—a pig by the roadside and a belle at a fancy ball, a goose on a mill-pond, and the galaxy of "beauty and fashion" at a watering-place, all are "exhibited in proper attitude and light" by the "talented fops" and tourists, for the edification of the "hundred thousand" readers of the (this or that) newspaper.

But the 'Correspondent' is a more ambitious and important personage. No Court intrigue that he does not thoroughly understand. No Foreign Policy so intricate that he has not its key. No *Diplomat* so cunning as to elude his penetration—he talks familiarly of Menschikoff, Nesselrode, and D'Israeli, the Court of St. Petersburg, and the Sublime Porte. These weighty state secrets are sometimes enlivened by a choice bit of scandal, which reminds one of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skegs' anecdote of High Life: "This you may rely upon, that the Duke was heard to call out, three times, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, fetch me my garters!"

I confess, however, to a partiality for the Tourist columns; inasmuch as I feel more interest in "home affairs" than in the politics of Borriboolah-gha. There is your solid well-to-do Citizen Tourist, whose researches enrich the columns of the solid well-to-do mammoth sheet papers. He informs us at precisely what moment he arrived at such, or such a place, and after abundance of good cheer, and creature comforts, suffers his grim visage to relax into a smile, and perpetrates a joke.

Then there is your smart Cockney Tourist, who brags of qualifying his "Heidisic," or "Tillery Mousseaux" on the White Mountains, or at Sulphur Springs. This young gentleman "takes his ease at his Inn," and is on excellent terms with all the landlords on his route, whom he styles "gentlemanly proprietors" of this or that hotel; for which advertisement boniface gives him gratuitous "feeds;"—a well understood business transaction.

Another variety of the species, is your "Sporting" tourist. This lubberly barbarian, skulking about, murdering and maiming the beautiful and harmless denizens of the woods, I hold in abhorrence. The bright-eyed graceful squirrel, the well-beloved robin, whose "wood-notes wild" are more precious to us, Daughters of Toil, than all the trills and quavers of all the Italian Prima Donnas since the foundation of Rome. I never see one of these

ruffianly assassins, but I say in the words of Hu dibras, may his gun

" Shoot wide and kick its owner over."

Our quiet corner of Dozyvale, though it has been caricatured in crayon, worried in water-colors, seems to have hitherto escaped the *inky* immortality of these industrious caterers, for the one hundred thousand readers of the —— newspaper. But it is little the worthy Dozyvaleans care for an omission of that kind. Were they to see a "child among them takin' notes" they would only "wonder how much money he was making by it?"

From all the pleasures and benefits of travel, the exhilaration of spirits, induced by the swift-rail-car, or the stirring emotions exhibited by sublime scenery, we, poor woman-kind, are forever excluded. Forever? Let us hope, if not for ourselves, for the generations to come. Let us eschew envy, and 'bide our time,' and trust that in the mighty revolutions which it sometimes brings to pass, the period may come round, when women Tourists may forward 'notes of travel' from the banks of the Mississippi, or the summit of the Rocky Mountains, to a journal, edited by a lady, with its twenty thousand subscribers!

JUNIA.

"MY DESK."

COLUMBUS, Geo., July 13.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS:—

If you could see me with "The Una" actually *fighting* my way from the parlor to the drawing-room, you would laugh! Then, to hear such arguments, so absurd, so senseless, and that too from men who pride themselves upon their professional abilities and influence!

From one claiming surgical honors, and the degree of M. D., I have just had a point blank refusal to become a subscriber to so valuable a paper, on the ground that "*he had conscientious scruples*, in advocating anything of the kind—as such a new and strong phase of society, as must grow out of it, would certainly *put the world in chaos!*" "Reform was not necessary for the sex, for they are not required to become soldiers, or sailors, or to go to war; and he insisted "woman already enjoyed every possible privilege civilized and refined society could afford." Almost unconsciously, from his own conviction of their passive state of existence, he exclaimed "They have no character to sustain!" My God! exclaimed I, and have we come to this? If we have no character to sustain, *who has?* And so words and opinions flashed like musket balls, and in the warmth of the debate the Dr. took his *coué sans ceremonie*, leaving me to his *blue mass*, and to my own reflections.

My mind ran back to the days of Mother Eve, and came down again through the long vista of time,—the mist and fog through which we have been striving to see for ages. Thinks I to myself, in spite of the surgical Dr., as it regards rank, influence, social position, and the rights which our sex held in the early ages, compared to the present time, we can yet hope in the progressive state of improvement for a still better state of things. The time was, when our sex were alike regarded destitute of intellectual endowments, and of a spiritual existence; for in taking a census of the population, during the reign of Peter the Great, men were denomina-

ted souls, and our sex were denied even the dignity of this appellation. Opinions have undergone a material change since that time, and in looking to the future, estimating the probable revolutions in society, compared with past ages, can we not safely hope to see a still *greater change?* Physiologists have long since proved that woman has the same cerebral organization as man. Medical men admit that her brain and nervous system are the same in structure, and execute the same functions; then *what* is the reason we have *so few* resources for *useful, practical* employments? Why so long finding out our vocations? Why have we so *very few* and limited *avenues* as a means of pecuniary support, when misfortune and adversity overtakes us? Certainly rather than this great problem should go unsolved, I would much prefer seeing every man in Halifax, and all the young boys in Patagonia! What sport that would be! We would then "have the world in chaos" to ourselves, and I pledge my word other departments than mere *house keeping* and compounding *sweetmeats* would be willingly opened to us! We could then fairly prove, "whether the characteristic lack of reflection in woman is the secret of her superior energy, of her superior practical efficiency" or not. We would have a chance to test the problem, whether "we are all automata of music, dancing, drawing, and embroidery—a living negation of *nothing!*" In fact, we should be enabled to exist without the hundreds of arbitrary conventionalities that now mould every thought, and control every judgment. Yes, under the names of "propriety," "custom," and "fashion," we are now *absolute slaves*, from our cradles to our very graves!—There are many callings, the duties of which are peculiarly our own, and could we engage in them faithfully, both in a manual and intellectual way, how many would be saved from want and distress! How many would escape that *listless, aimless, objectless* life, that now, in so many cases, destroys the vitality of their very existence, the natural activity of mind? It is a source of *thought* as well as pleasure to know we have some men "of no mean power," who now exert their talent and influence for promoting our interests, and enabling us to help ourselves. Allow me to quote from a speech delivered in the California Senate by Mr. Soule. The subject was a bill authorizing women to act as *sole traders*. He says: "When I reflect upon the conduct of many men, their faithlessness to every vow which they made at the altar, how completely they fail in the performance of their duties—how virtuous and industrious, faithful and patient women are imposed upon by worthless husbands, as great tyrants at home, as drunkards abroad; my respect for the sex prompts me to do all within my power to protect her *rights* and secure her happiness. She only needs the protection of law, against those who have no law in their natures, and I shall not refuse to give my voice, and my influence, and my vote, for any measure necessary to protect and cherish the better portion of creation, against the oppression, neglect, or abuse of my own sex."

Let the surgical Dr. go on his way, binding up broken bones, and "healing the sick," we can boast of one quoted above whose "conscientious scruples" does not make him deny the aid which true philanthropy demands, of all men whose *conceit* and personal *selfish motives* alone prompts them to refuse their aid and influence in our reform. As for myself, I will continue to listen to pianos thumped into agony by pounding boys, and will strive to teach "their

young ideas how to" fire, until I can carve my way through the present state of things, and open a new and more congenial field for exertion and enterprise.

Truly yours,
H. L. CLARKE.

PICTURES.

From Brace's *Social Life in Germany*.

I am disposed to think Art has reached a higher grade of cultivation in Germany now, than in any other country. Of the fine and elaborate school we in America have had very good specimens in the Dusseldorf paintings. But in the grand and bold works one must go to Berlin or Munich for the masters. I know nothing in modern painting, which can equal in genius and boldness these frescoes and paintings of KAULBACH and CORNELIUS. They are the reaction of strong minds against modern frippery. Ornament, decoration, gaudiness, are nothing. The thought—the reality they demand and utter with uncompromising sternness. Beauty! for beauty is the highest expression—but if that is not possible, let the truth be bare and strong, is the principle: not many words, not many lines, but a few bold, grand strokes!

An excellent specimen of this style is Kaulbach's "Battle of the Huns," in Count Roczynski's Gallery, in the city.

There has long been a tradition among various nations, that those who perished in some great world-battle, in the very moment of fierce conflict, met again in fiercer fight after death. There is such a tradition in regard to a spirit-battle, between Attila's army and the Romans. This picture takes its idea from the tradition. The scene is the battle-field, with corpses strown about, and beyond, the towers and battlements of Rome rising in the distance. The light is a pale, cold, unnatural light, like the light of early morning. From the battle-field the forms of the dead are rising. They are stupefied, half unconscious at first; the warrior only faintly clasps the sword, and the spearman can hardly raise the lance; but as they comprehend the strange scene above, they seem to burst from the earth as if into a new existence. Imagination never pictured or scarcely dreamed of such a conception of motion. They do not fly, nor are they wafted, but they rise with a free, eager movement, as if their own spirit and passion pressed them up; as if they had power of moving not possessed by man, or were creatures of a new element. Among the rising forms was a woman's, her face towards Heaven, and her hands clasped together above her head. The features are hardly visible, but the outline of form is the most free and graceful I ever remember to have seen in painting. All have human features; but there are strange, fearful expressions on them, and there is something bloodless and unnatural about them all. Faces once seen, not easily to be forgotten; such as one sees in night-mare dreams.

Above is passing a strange, terrible scene. On one side, moving swiftly on through the air, is a host of wild forms—the array of the Huns. At their head, in half-oriental robes, supported by four slaves, on a shield stands Attila. He holds a scourge in his hand, and drives on before him a crowd of fugitives, who are grappling in fierce fight among themselves, or are fleeing before him, and on whose faces are the most terrible expressions the mind ever dreamed of; looks of unearthly wrath and fear, and malice, and revenge. On the other side are seen warriors of the Romans, with noble and dignified faces, but saddened and almost fearful.—

They do not move so swiftly, and they look and point at the cross which is borne in their centre. Before them is their king, leading them on as if to desperate battle; yet still with confidence apparently in the cross. Two timid, youthful forms, his sons, are clinging to his side. Far in the heights of the air other forms are struggling, seemingly in fiercer conflict; but so mist-like and uncertain that one can hardly tell whether they are shapes only of the morning clouds, or the spirits of the dead.—Both armies appear to have risen from the field of battle, and others are continually rising to join passionately in the strife.

There is no coloring scarcely in the picture, except a faint yellow. But the outlines and expressions are bold beyond anything I have ever seen in painting. The forms seem as if they might melt away with the first morning light, yet they are animated with passion which is almost superhuman. I do not believe throughout painting such intense, absorbing rage and hate is pictured as in those faces, and always a passion which does not seem to belong to this life.

The first sensation before it is almost of shuddering. You remember the name which mankind gave in fear to the conquerors, "*The Scourge of God*," his own conviction that he was sent by the Almighty; and the traditions, even among the Christians, of his connection with the Unseen. And as you gaze at the wild, dream-like picture, a feeling crosses over the mind, not easy to describe or account for. A glimpse for a moment, as it were, into what is not of earth.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN CONVENTION, July 1, 1853.

The Committee on Qualifications of Voters, to whom were referred the petitions of Francis Jackson and others, that the word 'male' may be stricken from the Constitution, and also of Abby B. Alcott and other women of Massachusetts, that they may be allowed to vote on the amendments that may be made to the Constitution,

REPORT:

That the petitioners have leave to withdraw.

The Committee feel, that in making this report they should not do justice to themselves or to the intelligent and respectable petitioners, if they did not frankly state the reasons on which their conclusion is founded.

The petitioners ask that women may be allowed the right of suffrage, in matters pertaining to political affairs. The request is a novel one, and so far as known to the Committee, the first ever presented to any government or other political organization.

At the request of the petitioners, a hearing was granted them at two different sittings of the Committee, and patient attention given to the arguments presented by persons of learning and ability of both sexes, who appeared in their behalf.—These persons maintained the following propositions:

1. That women are human beings, and therefore have human rights, one of which is, that of having a voice in the government under which they live, and in the enactment of laws they are bound to obey.

2. That women have interests and rights which are not, in fact, and never will be, sufficiently guarded by governments in which they are not allowed any political influence.

3. That they are taxed, and therefore, since taxation and the right of representation are admitted to be inseparable, they have a right to be represented.

4. That so far as education and general intelligence is concerned, they are as well qualified to ex-

ercise the elective franchise as many who now enjoy that right.

5. That in mental capacity and moral endowments, they are not inferior to many who now participate in the affairs of government.

6. That there is nothing in their peculiar position, or appropriate duties, which prevents them from taking a part in political affairs.

Of the truth or fallacy of these several positions the Committee do not feel called upon to decide.

All questions involving the rights and interests of any part of the human family, should ever be determined by some well-established and generally recognized principle or fundamental maxim of government; otherwise, it cannot be expected that such decision will be regarded as reasonable or satisfactory.

Upon what principle, then, shall the present question be decided?

The Declaration of Independence asserts, that 'all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' By 'the consent of the governed,' the Committee understand the consent, either express or implied, of the persons concerned. At the present time, there are within the State of Massachusetts, not far from 200,000 women, over twenty-one years of age. Of these, less than 2,000 have asked to be admitted to the right of suffrage. From this fact, the Committee have a right to infer, and also from their personal knowledge of the views and feelings of the class of persons referred to, that a great majority of the women of Massachusetts do willingly consent that the government of the State should be, as it hitherto has been, in the hands of their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons. Of the correctness of this conclusion, the Committee entertain no doubts.

It may be said, in reply to this, that it cannot be justly inferred from the silence of the women of Massachusetts, that they do consent to the present limitations of the right of suffrage. But the Committee do so infer, because they know that the women aforesaid do now, and always have enjoyed the right of petition, to the fullest extent, and have often exercised that right in behalf of the unfortunate and oppressed, and in aid of many noble and philanthropic objects of legislation. In one case, it is believed, that more than 50,000 women petitioned the General Court, for the enactment of a law for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating drinks.

It may be further urged, that by the same course of reasoning, it might be shown that those who are held in bondage consent to the laws under which they live. But this is not true. Slaves have no right of petition. They cannot make known their wants to the government. They are speechless and helpless. Their whole existence is a stern and living protest against the wrongs they suffer, and they are kept in subjection only by the strong arm of power.

In view of these indisputable facts in relation to the right of petition, in this Commonwealth, enjoyed by all its inhabitants of both sexes, the Committee feel justified in deciding that a vast proportion of the women of Massachusetts do consent to their political condition, and, therefore, that the powers exercised by the government of this Commonwealth, over that class of its population, are 'just powers,' and it is inexpedient for this Convention to take any action in relation thereto.

AMASA WALKER, Chairman.

Smell is inspiration in its highest sense; the nose is a being planted upon the brain, to feed it with perceptions and excite it to operations. Air, and scent, are inseparable companions. To breathe therefore, involves to smell; the one function following the other up into the brain, and down to the bottom of the lungs.

Wilkinson.

The ladies of Grand Rapids, Michigan, attended the polls on the 20th ult., to urge their husbands and brothers to vote for the Maine law. They were of course successful. In Leoni, the ladies also came out, and the town gave 200 majority for the law.

NEWPORT, Aug. 2.

It was our intention to have presented last month the memorial and remonstrance, together with the facts, and arguments, of the appeal to the working men of Rhode Island, but we find our sheet already much too small to take note of the one half that interests us.

The more intelligent and liberal class of capitalists, have fallen in readily with this new and humane arrangement of the ten hour system, and as they express themselves warmly in its favor, they will undoubtedly be the first to enter into other plans to benefit the masses.

With the laborers it is the same, the more intelligent accede to it, glad of a system which will give them some hours for other duties. The more feeble and ignorant, those who can be imposed upon by high sounding words, oppose it.

In the life of every human being, there is a period when the parent must be, not only the hands to guide, cherish and protect, but the head to think, reason, direct and govern. The true function of government, is to assume the parental office, and legislate for the good of all, like the parent, regardful of the interests of each, but specially so of the undeveloped infants of the State.

We claim no worldly wisdom in political matters, we have found it impossible to comprehend the plotting and manoeuvring of politicians; their managing, worldly policy is to us all stupid, narrow and disagreeable. We read the world saving schemes of each party, and then turn with a fuller faith, and a trust more firm, to the old fashioned, straight forward, common sense ideas about these matters. "Do right and leave the results with the power which can alone control well."

This remonstrance and appeal of the working men, indicates that the movement has commenced in the right quarter, "for who would be free himself must strike the blow." The subject is spoken of in the drawing room, at the dinner table, in steamboat saloons, upon the side walk where groups gather, which shows that the leaven is at work, that humanity is beginning to be appreciated, as something of more worth than even gold.

It is rare that there is sufficient magnanimity in the oppressor to remove the interdict; the law of might is dear as life itself; and this right of the strongest, this tyranny of force among objects whose life has no higher aim or purpose, and whose uses are above and beyond themselves, violates none of its equities; it is perfectly compatable with the order of creation. But there is intrinsic equality in the souls of all, hence the law of the lower orders that might makes right can not ultimately obtain among superior intelligences. Whatever can die we find may be devoted to that which must live; it owes its duties to the HIGHEST, and that must be free, for it is immortal.

These working men protest against fourteen hours unceasing toil, and well they may, for it crushes the intellect, darkens every avenue to the soul, stiffens the limbs and freezes the heart. And for what is this waste of life? For gold. That one class may riot in useless luxuries and the other that soul and body be not reft too soon asunder.

There are manufactories where the lights go not out by night, and where the din of machinery never ceases. We passed one of these one morning a little more than a year since, just as the night workers were dismissed for the day. Pale, ghastly men, women, and children, came forth dragging their weary limbs after them, to their lodgings, there to snatch a few hours of broken rest, and then again to enter that foul den where the air could scarcely be said to be ever changed. We could not then refrain from exclaiming—Just God! how long shall the cry of thy poor ascend unto thee? How long shall the rich thus grind and the oppressed thus submit?

Now we ask, is it not reasonable to suppose that the man who goes to his labor with a frame refreshed by healthful sleep, with a cheerful, hopeful heart, having pleasant home influences, looking forward to some hours for self-development, will accomplish much more work in ten hours, and do it better, than the man who is over wrought, heart sick, consciously sinking every day into deeper ignorance and mental imbecility? for the unused organs of the mind like the inactive muscles of the body loose their capacity. Is it not true that the superiority of the article manufactured, together with the diminished expense of running the machinery, would enable such manufacturers in the long run to compete successfully with those who are remorselessly using up their fellow beings for a mere pittance?

To us it seems that this enforcing temperance upon men thus overwrought, is a work that will ultimately have to be done over again. The mind affords no stimulus to the body; nature demands it most imperatively; in some way will have it; animal food, tea, coffee and tobacco fail, and then comes the last resort, alcoholic drinks. In our physiological and psychological investigations we have often conversed with this class of persons, have witnessed their struggles, their prostration, their physical necessities, and have felt for them the most profound sympathy. One man once said, "I was afraid to use whiskey, and I have swallowed the juice of this filthy weed to still the cravings of my nature, till my stomach was destroyed; but the desire was all the time growing stronger until it was uncontrollable. This appetite for stimulants is not simply palatal, but every fibre of relaxed muscle, every untoned and weakened nerve, every convolution of the wearied brain, and the wasting bone dust, cries out—give, give; and again, and again the answer has been—toil

on for your bread and a shelter, while our income is reckoned by dollars to the minute.

To us it seems a simple, natural thing, to make men temperate, and prevent paying the enormous price so eloquently described in the appeal. Cease the demand for over ten hours per day, then let one half the taxes spent for building jails and prisons be used for erecting large public bathing and washing houses,—fine halls where courses of lectures made free to the people and adapted to them shall be given; let them embrace anatomy, physiology, hygiene, chemistry, temperance in eating as well as drinking, geology, mineralogy, botany, moral, manners—domestic economy, a knowledge of which might prove a stepping stone to that of political economy, about which there is so much prating, and so little really thought or known.

Give them amusements—make the beautiful in nature and art free to them, and help them to appreciate it, and you have supplied the stimulant which the soul demands.

Let the capitalist when he builds his long row of operatives houses think of proper ventilation and conveniences, and then plant about them trees and vines. Let the laborer feel that his comforts are regarded, then the property of the capitalist will be respected, and true, healthy relations grow up between the employer and employee. If the government fails to exercise the parental function and legislates only for the few, and the favored few hold to that law which belongs only to inferior orders, they must cease to marvel that there are classes who have no self-government, and that the sullen heart with its smothered fires bursts out at times like a volcano. The mob is the deep voice of nature and is answered from her deepest depths. Men who can think, reason and speak like these men are not always to be held in check by the magic wand of gold. Their votes will not always be bought and sold in the market.

We shall perhaps be told we know nothing at all about all this matter and that we could not legislate if we indulge in such fanciful speculations, but we take leave to say that we do know something how these things are managed; we have known one instance where a woman held the rod of dismissal from employment over the heads of forty men, if they did not vote as she wished, and we do know that large numbers have this rod over them continually, and that they feel their manhood degraded by it, but they are helpless because borne down by others. We do know too something about high and low Tariff, about Free Trade monopolies and competition; that is if newspapers will enlighten us. We understand too that an entire change of policy, the "ceasing to do evil," and acting upon the true Christian principle of doing justice and loving mercy may produce temporary confusion. Transition stages are always painful to some portions

—but there is surely health in the body politic, to heal wounds where only excrescencies are cut off; if healthy red blood flows from the wound so much the better, there will be less danger of plethora. * * * * *

Having gossiped for an hour at least about the ten hour law, we have the less time to write about the new Water Cure Institution here, conducted by Dr. Wm. F. Reh, of which we had purposed to say considerable. It is charmingly located directly upon, and overlooking the Narragansett Bay, with its islands, its clear, deep waters, and its numberless sail boats, with their white wings forever gliding hither and thither in the most graceful and fanciful manner. Hour after hour we may watch them and never weary, sometimes filled with gay parties of pleasure, and again with fishermen in their picturesque costumes always appropriate. Occasionally the scene is varied by a large yacht, a sloop or vessel, and anon by a steamboat sweeping past in its grave majesty, leaving a broad wake, where the little craft which follow rock and bow themselves as though a gale of wind were sweeping over them, before which they must bend, and sway from side to side. But this is not describing the Institution for invalids, only telling them of a few of the external objects of interest on which their eyes may rest.

Dr. Reh's system of treatment is so far as we can judge judicious. He addresses his remedial treatment to the mind as well as the body; he is not simply a water doctor, forever packing and bathing his patients, but he rides, drives, walks, sails, fishes, and swims with them. The early morning fishing excursions are full of pleasurable excitement, and the invigorating sea breeze gives one an appetite for the simplest fare, for breakfast, and furnishes strength for a day's exercise after.

It is not at all uncommon nowadays to find women attending to household duties, and also pursuing a profession, sometimes having a large medical practice, a school, a store, or even lecturing and preaching, but it had never entered our brain that a man could do all this; somehow the details of housekeeping, the innumerable little duties all seemed to us to belong of right to women, hence our surprise when we found that Dr. Reh was housekeeper and physician also to his establishment; and after several days spent here we are forced to say that we think that a man may make a very good housekeeper—we may even go farther, and say that we have been in some water cure institutions where it might be for the interest of the establishment to send the hostess to Dr. Reh for a few lessons in order, system, &c. Perhaps indeed men have a better tact in managing servants than women, and it is quite possible that these duties, so wearing upon the nerves of women, may be, in the future divided between the sexes—and thus give to each a truer position and field of labor.

Directly opposite the house is a little island on which are still seen the remains of a Fort and the old barracks. A quarter of a mile above are the remains of Fort Greene, and on the very edge of the wall, rising up from the water we seated ourselves this morning and watched the wild clouds hovering around the ruin of Fort Dumplin, which stands on a crag two or three miles farther down the bay toward the opening of the harbor into the ocean. This could never have contained a large garrison, but its position is commanding, and it looked, enveloped as it was, in the morning mist, as we have imagined the dismantled castles and abbeys of the old world do, and while we sat there we filled it with strong, brave men, full of patriotism and love of their country. A gun from Fort Adams came booming over the water, and with this it was no difficult matter to hear the groans of the wounded and dying, to see the purple life stream flowing over the rocks, crimsoning the ocean wave, and darkening the lives of the living. Patriotism and love of country, what are they, but another form of self, another passion which arms man against his brother man? Fort Adams is perfect as a fort; we have been through all its subterranean passages, have looked upon all its engineering of death, have listened to the explanation of the whole science of war, till we felt as though the blood were curdling in our veins, and we were being stifled for breath, within those square, massive walls. But to-day while walking upon the parapet and looking down on the beautiful scene in the area we quite forgot its uses. To be sure there stood the musicians of the garrison, in their gay military dress, playing; but on the smooth gravel roads, were from forty to fifty carriages, filled with the gayest of the gay, driving, the horses keeping time to the rich music. There were equestrians too, both ladies and gentlemen, and one beautiful little boy, of seven or eight years, riding a pony about three feet high. All this was quite as amusing as going to the Hippodrome, and vastly more agreeable, for we who looked down upon it were quite at our leisure, and were not crowded and jostled in a foul, unwholesome atmosphere.

* * * * *

The Day Book announces the Woman's Rights' Convention, to be held in New York, in a very contemptuous manner. It says that "these people imagine they are making progress in doing some good, but that they do but dream and live in dream land, where they have been ever since they were born." It then goes on to say, that, instead of wasting time in talking about taking part in politics and elections, if they would devote their energies to find something for the weaker sex to do, and encourage them to do it, they would accomplish something. It then takes credit to itself and others, for having opened new avenues of industry to women, for

which we also would give them all honor; but we would at the same time refer them to the brief platform laid down in the call for the first Woman's Rights' Convention, held in Worcester. It says, "subjects to be discussed comprehend her education, literary, scientific and artistic—her avocations, industrial, commercial and professional—her interests, pecuniary, civil and political, in a word her right as an individual, and her functions as a citizen." Let the Day Book turn to the report of the second Convention and read the able and spirited report of the Committee, on *Industrial Avocations*, and he will learn how it is that women are found ready to leave their needles and seek other pursuits and means of obtaining a livelihood. A few years ago, had half the printing offices in New York been open to women there would have been found none ready to enter. The work must commence among themselves and it is well begun; and now we look confidently for aid, for co-operation and assistance from those men who have begun as the "Day Book" states to do the greatest practicable good, "although they may not choose to 'babble' in the Convention." We shall urge them not only to receive women as apprentices and workwomen, but as partners in the publishing department, and editors co-equal with themselves. We are educating women for this very purpose, because we deem it sin for American women with large, active brains, and right true warm hearts, to be wasting their lives stitching shirt bosoms at four cents a piece. * * * *

"Amongst other items of foreign news we learn that an exciting election contest was going on at last accounts for the representation of Clare, (Ireland) in Parliament. Col. Vandeleur is the conservative candidate, and a letter states that on the 25th ultimo, "Lady Grace Vandeleur, in person, canvassed the election of Kilrush, and from her ladyship's open carriage addressed a large assemblage of electors on behalf of her husband. She was enthusiastically greeted by the populace, and so inspiring an incident must tend to a favorable result."

The Home Journal says English ladies are zealous and active politicians, and few elections occur in which they do not exercise quite their due share of influence.

••• The Woman's Rights' Convention will meet in New York, September 6th and 7th.

Subscriptions received from July 20 to Aug. 16.

F. Ainsworth	\$1	T. Gregg	\$1
Mrs. Baslington	1	C. Gilbert	1
P. Baker	1	Dr. E. Hammond	1
E. Cohove	1	M. Morse	1
M. Cleveland	1	E. Martin	1
H. Duncan	1	Hon. H. Mann	1
G. T. Draper	1	L. Stowell	1
R. Edes	1	F. R. West	1

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Miss Jane Birmingham

\$1 25

Mrs. John Knowles

1 25

ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP.—Every school-boy knows what foolscap paper is, but we doubt whether one in a hundred, that daily use it, can tell why it was so called.

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for dispatches, some of this government paper was brought to him. On looking at and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it. On being told, he said, "Take it away, I'll have nothing to do with the fool's cap."

Thus originated the term Foolscap, which has since been applied to a size of writing paper, usually about sixteen by thirteen inches.—*Spiritual Telegraph.*

The Greek Emperor, near the end of the tenth century, (A. D. 989,) gave his sister Anne in marriage to the Czar Vladimar. The women, especially Queens, have always, at least so the monkish writers tell us, been famous in making converts. In England, Queen Bertha, in 599, converted her Saxon and Pagan husband, Ethelbert, and St. Augustine baptized him. In France Clotilda, in the beginning of the same century, persuaded Clovis, her idolatrous husband, to become a Christian. Anne, in like manner, allured her heathen Muscovite into the Greek Church; and marvelous has been the effect of her piety, for no less than 50,000,000 of the subjects of the present Czar are devout believers of all the doctrines of Greek Catholicism, dutiful to the ecclesiastics, and scrupulous observers of all the ceremonies of the Greek Church. It is, moreover, this hierarchy of which the Czar is the Pontiff, that renders him formidable to the Ottoman power. Besides Greeks, there are 7,300,000 Roman Catholics, chiefly in Poland; 3,500,000 Protestants; 2,500,000 Islamites; 1,500,000 Jews; 1,000,000 Armenians; and about 1,000,000 Idolaters, within the Russian Empire.—*Liverpool Times.*

Mrs. Rebecca Brawley has been appointed Post Mistress at North East, in Erie Co. The Erie Observer says the commission for her deceased husband, R. S. Brawley, Esq., was being made out when the department heard of his death—hence the appointment of his widow. This act does credit to the heart of the appointing power, and cannot fail to give satisfaction to those immediately interested in the office.—*Craigford Democrat.*

QUICK WORK.—The Syracuse Journal says that a girl who knew nothing of the printing business, learned the boxes on Monday and set up half a column of matter on Tuesday last.

NEWPORT WATER-CURE HOUSE.

THIS Establishment, conducted by DR. WILLIAM F. REH, is located on Washington street, and directly upon Narragansett Bay. It has been neatly fitted up, and furnished with conveniences for invalids, who will receive every attention needed to promote the return of health. a20

Penn Medical College of Philadelphia. FEMALE SESSION.

THE Fall Session for Females commences Sept. 5th, 1853, and continues sixteen weeks, under a fully organized Faculty of eight Professorships.

The Faculty acknowledge allegiance to no *ism* or *pathy*, to no exclusive system,—on the contrary, the teachings in this Institution shall ever be eminently liberal and progressive. Fees \$50. For the ANNOUNCEMENT, giving full particulars, address ABR'M LIVEZEY, M. D., Dean, No. 329, N. 12th st., below Green, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.

THE UNA will be found for sale at Adriance, Sherman & Co.'s, No. 2, Astor House, New York.

iy 1.

PURSUANT to a vote of adjournment, passed at the WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION, held at Syracuse Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th of 1852, a Convention will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, the 5th and 6th of Oct. 1853, to consider the question of the rights of citizenship, and in how far women are entitled thereto.

All persons, men and women, who are willing to discuss the great questions of human rights, irrespective of sex, are invited to attend—to participate in the proceedings of the Convention, and thus aid, by casting their mite into the treasury of thought, in evolving the truth.

In behalf of the Committee,

E. OAKES SMITH, Pres't.
Brooklyn, May 16, 1853—3m.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue five months (21 weeks) closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

FACULTY.

David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.

Hilbert Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.

Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.

Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.

Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.

Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty.

DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.,
229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE COLLEGE.

At Perkiomen Bridge, Montgomery Co., Penn.

DESIGNED to extend to young women all the educational facilities enjoyed by the other sex at our most respectable Colleges.

An able Board of Teachers is provided, and every needful means for imparting a thorough and systematic course of instruction in all the branches of a liberal and useful education.

Young ladies can pursue the ordinary collegiate course, or one having more direct reference to qualifying themselves for business pursuits.

The Institution having obtained a liberal charter from the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, is legally authorized to confer the usual collegiate honors and degrees upon its pupils.

The location is easy of access, healthy and delightful. The domestic accommodations are general, and the expenses moderate.

For catalogues giving full particulars address the Rector as above.

J. WARRENNE SUNDERLAND.

June 1—3m.

NOTICE.

V. B. PALMER is an agent for the UNA in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia,

Location in Boston, corner of Court and Tremont streets; in Tribune Buildings, New York; in Philadelphia, N. W. corner of Third and Chestnut streets.

A CARD.

MRS. N. E. CLARK, M. D., 49 Hancock street, opposite the reservoir. At home to see patients from 12 to 2, and from 3 to 5 P. M., unless professionally absent.

Mornings reserved for visiting patients. Obstetrical and all diseases of women and children carefully treated.

Boston, Feb. 20th.

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MISS M. H. MOWRY,
PHYSICIAN.

Office No. 22 South Main Street.

OFFICE HOURS—morning, until 9 a. m.; from 12 m. till 2 1-2 p. m., and from 7 till 9 p. m.

Patients from the country accommodated with board very convenient to the office.

Patients will be attended as they desire at the Office, or at their residence in the city or country, at any hour of call.

Providence, R. I., March 1, 1853.

N. E. SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN,

THE third term will commence Feb. 27, 1853. Pupils will be received on application at the school on or before that day.

Designs for Delaines, Calicos, Muslins, printed Flannels, Paper Hangings, &c., executed at the school—also designs for wood engravings—vignettes—initial letters, &c., Lithography and wood engravings neatly and promptly done at the school. Thorndike's Building, Summer street, Boston.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS TRACTS.

THE following series of Tracts is now in press, and will be ready for sale in a few days, at the prices named below:

No. I. A Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Women. Third edition. By SAMUEL J. MAY. Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

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THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., SEPTEMBER, 1853.

NO. 9.

THE UNA,

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From the National Era.

THE DISAPPOINTED WIFE.

BY LIZZIE LINN.

CHAP. I.

"With easy freedom and a gay address,
A pressing lover seldom wants success."

"Mr. Sneeks is very particular in his attentions. I more than half believe the rumor."

"What does rumor say?"

"Just what she always does, when a spruce widower is making low bows to a handsome young widow, like yourself."

Mrs. Eldridge colored slightly, but her brother continued—

"Sneeks—Sneek? That is a hard name, Mary—it is suggestive. However, I know nothing against the man. But if my sister chooses to marry, she can form as advantageous and as honorable a connection as she pleases. There are a plenty of good men in the market, and it rather surprises me that Mr. Sneeks is the accepted suitor."

"Why so? What objection is there to him?"

"I know but little about him, and I fear you are not as well informed as you should be. But, whether you marry him or another, Mary, allow me to advise you on one point. Mr. Eldridge left you the unconditional possessor of a handsome estate; you have now not less than fifteen thousand dollars in the bank, and a good deal of personal property besides. We have a statute-law in this State,* which enables you to retain possession of all this, if you choose to do so. The property was designed for your own especial benefit, and I do hope that you will never be so foolish as to surrender it into the hands of another. Should you do so, you would be unjust to yourself, and also to him who so kindly provided for your wants."

Mrs. Eldridge threw up her head and shook

back her glossy curls; then, fixing her eye upon her brother, she said, very emphatically:

"Do you think I would marry a man that I cannot trust with money? Do you think I could harbor a suspicion of that man's integrity, to whose keeping I should commit my happiness for life? I have never found it necessary to control fifteen thousand dollars, or, indeed, any stipulated sum, and I trust I never shall; and yet my wants have all been supplied."

"Mary, you know but little of the world. You were our only sister—our pet—our idol. Your brothers were all happy to serve you—any one of them would almost have sacrificed himself for your sake. Our father and our mother were wholly devoted to their children, and you were the most dearly cherished, the most tenderly cared for. You grew up in an atmosphere of love and kindness. You married, and, fortunately, married one in every way worthy. Charles Eldridge was 'one of God's noblemen.' Your domestic relations proved a blessing to both. No rude breath of heaven has ever been allowed to visit you; and not until Charles died did you know aught of affliction. You must not judge mankind by your own experience. Men are selfish, avaricious, and sometimes meanly dishonest. You are trusting, unsuspecting; and that is the beauty of your character. I hope you will never be otherwise. But, Mary, take my advice in this matter. No harm can ever come of keeping possession of this competence. Supposing your future husband, whoever he may be, should embark in speculation—should engage in some hazardous and unsuccessful enterprise—your entire means, if you allowed him to use them, might be absorbed; or, supposing—and you will forgive me for casting a shadow upon your hopes—that he should prove unworthy your affections—he should be a mean, miserly being, or a spendthrift—you might suffer, might actually be reduced to want."

Mrs. Eldridge was somewhat moved by this speech, but she affected gaiety, and replied:

"When I am badly treated, I will call upon my four great brothers to avenge me. The course you recommend would lay the foundation for discord. I know nothing of business, and this would embarrass any one who might be doing it. Suspicion is on the face of the whole arrangement. It is saying, I will take you and try you for a husband, but I have not confidence enough to trust you with my money. Oh! George, I should despise myself for marrying one of whom I had the slightest doubt. I

should be ashamed to stand at the bridal altar and give myself away, and withhold my means. Don't you think I value myself more highly than I do my gold and silver?" added she, with a laugh.

Mr. Shelton urged the subject no farther; but he made an impression upon the mind of his sister; and on the coming evening she determined to sound Mr. Sneeks on that point, though she would do it in such a way that he should not suspect her motives. A good opportunity occurred; for Miss Walton—an acquaintance of theirs in the city—was about to be married.

"Mr. Suffrage steps into quite a fortune," observed Mr. Sneeks. "Mr. Walton gives to his daughter \$50,000."

"Yes," replied the lady, "but do you know how it is given? It is all secured to her—she has no power to transfer a dollar of it for his use."

"Ah! I had not thought of that. Suffrage will excuse himself, then, I presume, from fulfilling his part of the contract."

"Why, you don't think he is marrying for money?"

"Not at all. But no man of spirit would go into a family where there are such palpable suspicions of his ability and integrity."

Had Mrs. Eldridge scrutinized the face of her lover, she would have discovered much more feeling in this remark than the careless manner in which it was uttered would evince.

"Fortune hunters," he continued, "I despise; but a man has a right to the confidence of his affianced, and that of her friends; and he does himself injustice by forming a connection where it is withheld."

Mrs. Eldridge mustered courage to say—

"Men are sometimes unfortunate in business; and this may be designed to provide for such emergencies—to save the family from poverty and ruin."

"When a man and woman enter into that holy relation, they ought not only to unite their hearts and their hands, but their interests—their fortunes. Let them rise or fall together; let them remain side by side, whether on the wave of prosperity, or in the depths of adversity."

This was concluded with one of his most fascinating smiles. Then he drew the lady toward him, and imprinted a kiss; while she, forgetting all her brother's advice, leaned in confiding love upon his bosom.

"Now, why do you torture me by delaying

*Ohio.

our union? Come, dear Mary, say that we shall marry next week?"

"Next week! Oh! that is very soon."

"It seems an age to me," said he, with a heavy sigh.

Next week came; and before its close, the happy, gay, and independent Mrs. Eldridge was the happy, gay, but *dependent* Mrs. Sneeks. They concluded to live on a farm; and a very desirable one, in that neighborhood, was then for sale.

"It would be impossible," said the newly-wedded husband, "for me to command the means, now, to purchase that place. I could not sell my property without a sacrifice."

Sell his property without a sacrifice!

"Oh, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself with!"

Mrs. Sneeks proposed that the farm should be purchased with her money; and this was accordingly done. A due supply of stock and farming utensils were procured; and thus was invested not less than twelve thousand dollars. In a town near by, was a house and lot for sale, which could be had for three thousand, though that was not more than half the real value. Both husband and wife thought this a very desirable investment; consequently it was made; and this consumed all Mrs. Sneeks's ready money. This property—both the farm and that in town—was conveyed, as property usually is, to the husband. Arrangements were duly made, and this happy pair commenced their new life, in the country, with decided satisfaction.

CHAP. II.

"Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains?"

Mr. Sneeks was well pleased with his wife, and *very* well pleased with his farm. One could hardly fail of being satisfied with her. She was very attractive in person and amiable in disposition; she had never had aught to make her otherwise. It is true, she had loved before; but what of that? Just as if a woman could love but once! Shallow fountains are exhausted at a single flow; but deep, living waters run on forever, and, if obstructed in one direction, they seek another channel.

Had he not loved before? And was he not forty-five years old, while she was only twenty-five? And, besides, he was a grandfather—little Charlie Godfrey was his only daughter's child.

Mrs. Godfrey lived near Mr. Shelton, and was known in that neighborhood as a haughty, insolent woman, often abusing her servants, and sometimes her neighbors. The father—Mr. Sneeks—who had paid her a visit occasionally, was *thought* to be a very different person. With a pleasing exterior, and good address, he was always received, among strangers, with much favor. Those who were more intimately acquainted, knew that he was one of those unbalanced and weak-mind brethren, who cannot bear the slightest prosperity. It made a fool of him, and a tyrant besides. He had had his ups and downs all through life—now "dressed in a little brief authority" and playing the despot, and anon a fawning parasite, as servile as any subject of the Czar. Had Mrs. Sneeks taken her brother's advice—retained the power, *alias* the money, in her own hands—she might have lived comparatively happy; for her husband had some good traits of character—who has not? A few months were spent very pleasantly, and then the wishes of the wife seemed to be less regarded.

"What do you say to selling Jerry," inquired Mr. Sneeks one morning.

"Jerry! Why, I could not do without him. I should as soon think of selling my wardrobe."

"A man here has taken a great fancy to him. He offers me one hundred and fifty dollars, and that is twice what he is worth."

"I don't know about that; Jerry is worth a hundred and fifty dollars to me. Mr. Eldridge bought him for my use; he is equally good under the saddle or in the harness, and I shall never think of parting with him."

"I guess you will," Mr. Sneeks thought, as he left the house. "You will find that I happen to be the master here. I have nearly everything in my own hands now, not excepting your pretty self; and you must not set up your will in opposition to mine."

The horse was sold, and the owner was quite too amiable to fret or show any ill-humor; but she felt grieved. She loved Jerry almost as a friend, and there were many pleasant memories connected with his use; and, indeed, when she wanted to go abroad alone, how could she go without him? Her independence was abridged, and she felt it keenly.

She had but partially recovered from this affair, before her master suggested that a very valuable watch should be disposed of, which belonged to her former husband.

"You know it is altogether too large for you," said he. "It will bring enough to buy a lady's watch and a hundred dollars besides. That could be placed at interest. I always like available property best."

"I would rather not part with the watch, Mr. Sneeks. I wish you would not ask me for it."

"I think I had better sell it, my dear; I want to teach you to be a good financier." And by a little kissing and flattering, he obtained possession.

Mrs. Sneeks did not give up the watch willingly. At the time, her lip trembled, and her eyes filled; then hurrying to her room, and fastening the door, she threw herself upon the bed, and burst into a flood of tears. She hardly knew why she was weeping; she thought it strange that she should weep. She presumed Mr. Sneeks was right—it would be better to have money at interest than in a watch. Still there was a sacredness about the article in her eyes; and, to the poetic soul, everything is sacred that belonged to a friend—the book, the watch, the plant, even, that was tended and watered by a loved one, now in the spirit-land, binds itself to the heart with a tie which it is sacrilegious to sever.

Beside the horse and watch, Mr. Sneeks sold a buggy and some other property, at that time, amounting in all to some five hundred dollars. His wife wondered why he did this, and what he would do with the proceeds; but it was not for her to look into business matters, so no inquiries were made. The truth, however, was inadvertently thrust upon her. A stranger had called at her house several times within a few weeks, and during one of his visits, the door was slightly ajar, and she, being in an adjoining room, overheard the following:

"They say you got a good haul with the widow. By George! fifteen thousand dollars sets a man on his feet, even though he has some debts to pay."

A long pause ensued, then the stranger spoke again:

"You must pay me more than this before I leave. I must have one thousand dollars *more*."

"I cannot raise that amount," said Mr.

Sneeks; "I acknowledge the debt, of course; but I cannot meet it fully at present."

"Don't put me off in that way. I am not a young one, to be suckled in with such pretensions. You shall pay me, or I will expose you, as *sure* as you're a live man. That new wife of yours shall know!"

"Hush! hush! What's the use of babbling? you d—" The epithet Mr. Sneeks would have used, seemed to die upon his lips. He walked nervously around the room, and finding the door, he closed it with much violence.

"That new wife shall know! Shall know what?" thought she. A chilling heaviness of heart at once oppressed her; a recoil of affection made her shudder. After a time, her thoughts reverted to other interests. "And my good old Jerry, and Mr. Eldridge's watch, and the buggy, and other things, have gone, to pay Mr. Sneeks's debts. Now, that is wrong, all wrong," mused the agitated woman. She felt very uncomfortable after hearing the above; but she was such a loving, trusting creature, that many days had not passed before her spirits regained their former tone. The affectionate part of her nature alone had been developed. Her husband seemed to doat upon her, as at first; and she soon dismissed all fears, that there had been anything wrong in his former life. Occasionally that threat would ring in her ear—"I will expose you!" but she soothed herself with the flattering unction—"the best of men have been guilty of indiscretion some time in their lives, and I presume this was nothing very bad."

Scarcely a year had passed, however, before the wife found herself restricted in various directions. Mr. Sneeks interested himself in a great many little matters around the house, that she had no idea before that men ever meddled with.

"What are you going to do with that bread?" asked he, alluding to a piece that Alice, a kitchen girl, was putting into a basket.

"That is for Mother Shepherd," replied the mistress, in a gay good humor; "and Alice," added she, "get a piece of the butter you churned to-day, and that little pie, and put with it."

"Are you sending food to that old woman every day?"

"Not every day. I send it as often as she needs it. It is a very little, however, that she does need from me. Mother Shepherd," continued Mrs. Sneeks, "was our nurse. She raised all my mother's children, and we are not only under obligation to take care of her, but it is a pleasure to do so. She prefers being near me, and never, while I have any property, shall she suffer."

"While you have any property," repeated Sneeks, very sneeringly. "Now, I tell you to stop this. I will have nothing of the kind. I am not going to support that old crone."

Mrs. Sneeks turned around, and looked him full in the face, to see what he meant. His brow was contracted, he looked sullen and determined. She stood as if petrified. The farm yielded an abundance of everything to eat, and could she not have the privilege of giving bread to her dear old nurse—to her who had watched over her in infancy and in her childhood, and from whom she had derived her own subsistence the first year of her life? She made no reply. She knew not what to say. She was in a maze. She wondered how she got there, and why she could not get out.

Thenceforth the Mother Shepherd's wants were supplied privately. She lived about

eighty rods distant; and Mrs. Sneeks was obliged to steal away and carry food, unknown to her husband; and during his brief visits to the lower part of the farm, she would sometimes send Alice with a fresh loaf, or some other necessary.

"Go just as quick as you can," she would say. "Now you must get back before Mr. Sneeks comes home."

Sometimes she would attempt to laugh about it, and then add—"You know, Alice, that Mr. Sneeks does not like Mother Shepherd, so don't say a word, but run quick. I will scrub while you are gone."

She began to feel, ere long, that this was a miserable way of living. She had never practiced deception before, and she despised it. She lowered herself in her own estimation—it was mean to do thus. But what shall we say of the spirit that brought her into circumstances that forced her to act contrary to her own convictions of propriety?

[Concluded in our next.]

FRIEND OF YOUTH.—It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that the publication of this monthly for girls and boys will shortly be resumed under the title of "*The Little Pilgrim*." It will be edited by Grace Greenwood, who has just returned from her tour in Europe, and who is admirably fitted to conduct such a work. It will be published hereafter at Philadelphia, and orders should be addressed to L. K. Lippincott, Philadelphia.—*National Era*.

SPIRITUAL NEWS.—The last news received by the table moving telegraph, from the other world, is a despatch from the ghost of *Polyglott*, who says he has the highest authority for announcing that his version of the Bible is the true one!

"No words so useless as those thrown at a fool."

The fate of greatness will always be enviable, even when the darkest storms trouble its course.—Well merited fame has in itself a pleasure, so much above all pleasure, that it may weigh in the balance against all the accumulated evils of mortality.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8th, 1853.

DEAR E.

I shall not attempt to give you a report of the Whole World's Temperance Convention, for the woman's rights meeting treads so close upon its heels that I can not do it justice.

Throughout, the meeting has been one of intense interest, not a moment's flagging, not a poor or unworthy speech made by either man or woman. Again, and again, as we passed into the large hall, filled with eager listeners, we felt it to be one of the most sublime scenes we had ever looked upon. There the audience stayed hour after hour, patient, earnest, full of enthusiasm, and yet hundreds could scarcely hear a single connected sentence. The majority of the audience were women, but the larger number of the speakers were men. The right, and full equality being recognized, there was no longer a necessity for controversy to maintain principle, hence no woman attempted to speak, except as she had something to say. Mrs. Jackson, of England, spoke the first morning; Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Vaughn, Miss Stone, Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, Lucretia Mott, and Mrs. Gage, each took part in the exercises. Very few allusions were made to the circumstances which gave rise to the call for this Convention. The real temperance principle was fully discussed, and nearly all appeared to feel that there was something needed, above and beyond, mere legal enactments to relieve the world of this giant evil.

Rev. W. H. Channing offered some resolutions, which as they at first stood, seemed to be exactly what were needed to meet the question—and we

were surprised to find any one objecting to them, or calling them a compromise, simply because they proposed to open high, and pure sources of enjoyment for all classes, and thus lead them away from their base sensual appetites. The objection with some was that they recognized the principle that man's nature demands stimulus. These objectors seemed to forget that the capacity to receive claims a need. The eye must have light to stimulate it to action; the lungs air, and the soul joy, or that in its restlessness it will debase the body. In going to the Crystal Palace, we saw this fully exemplified. Early in the summer, long rows of drinking rooms were opened, and the call was for a Maine Law to suppress them; the Palace is open, affording every enjoyment, and these drinking houses, one after another, are closed. The people find all the amusement and stimulus they require in examining works of art.

Mr. Channing sustained his resolutions ably, and spoke, as he always does, effectively for woman's right to co-operate with man.

Rev. T. W. Higginson presided admirably. His opening address giving a high tone to the Convention, and his tact throughout, seemed with scarcely an exception, to be unfailing. Once, on rising and looking over the audience with his keen searching eye, he said, I see but one countenance in all this vast assembly before me that I am sorry to see. I see one person in those seats who ought not to be there, he should be up here, (alluding to the speaker's stand) and that one is Hon. John P. Hale. The effect was electric, and the cheers and calls for Hale were deafening, till he took his stand among the speakers, and told us how deep and earnest was his interest in the work, and that it was all the greater in this meeting that women were there to aid. His speech was frequently applauded. We could not but think that it was more from a just appreciation of the manliness of the man who had stood so fearlessly by the true and right, where weaker spirits would have succumbed, that thus roused the audience than any thing he uttered at that moment.

The divorce question for intemperance was also introduced into the Convention, but received no great amount of attention.

Proposing new laws is always a difficult affair, and there are few who yet know enough about the web of social and civil relations, easily to run a new stripe into it that will match the other. If these outward remedies do not exacerbate the vices they are meant to cure, and induce other collateral evils of a worse nature, then we shall look with more faith in the future to legislation to reform the world.

On Tuesday morning, the 6th, the World's Temperance Convention and the Women's Rights Convention, each assembled; the former at Metropolitan Hall, the latter at the Tabernacle.

As we passed down Broadway, borne along with that ceaseless tide of life, the strangeness of our position forced itself upon us more strongly than ever. It seemed almost ludicrous, that now in this last half of the nineteenth century, we should as wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, be gathering in the heart of the largest city, "of the freest and most enlightened people of the world" to demand a just recognition of our common humanity, and the rights which pertain to that nature. We wished we could convince ourselves that it was all a hallucination that a proper adjustment of these relations, had taken place long ere we came upon the stage. But, alas! the doings of the week proved that we had need to meet in Convention, to write, to speak, and act earnestly for the truth.

The morning and afternoon meeting of the first day passed off quietly, and with about the average number of speakers. As usual on such occasions, some of the speaking was far from perfect, or proper for the time, and a few seemed to think our platform designed for the widest range of free expression on all subjects. But we are happy to say this fault did not rest with the women; we have never known them, without a single exception, do as well, and it is quite certain that there has been

vast improvement, even in one year's time, both in manner and matter. They have learned to condense, and have acquired calmness of manner. In truth, we were proud of this noble band of high hearted women, co-workers for freedom.

On the first evening there was some hissing, and a little tendency to disturbance. One young man in full view of the speaker's stand, seemed quite vain of his powers in that direction, and exerted them to the utmost until the police surrounded and quieted his serpent nature. The mobocratic spirit was still manifest on the second afternoon, and in the evening it broke forth. The Mayor had promised the protection of the police, and they were there in sufficient numbers to have quelled the disturbance, had it been taken seasonably. We dislike a government of force, but we dislike mobs more, and deem them too coarse and vulgar to forward a work, which belongs alone to the highest and purest instrumentalities. We would have had this one, the outgrowth of a portion of the corrupt press, nipped in the bud, by having it stated at the very opening of the meeting that the police were there, and by order of the Mayor, and that they were expected to do their duty. We would also have had the price of admittance placed at twenty-five or fifty cents for the evening, so that those who came there purposely to interrupt, should have paid a price somewhat in proportion to their work. We have never seen a mob got up to prevent freedom of speech, which was not led by those who would not value a few shillings more for their sport; hence we advise whenever there is a Convention again where mobocracy is the order of the day, that the admittance should be large.

When the call was made for the police it was already too late, they had the excuse of not hearing, though made by Mrs. Rose, whose voice, clear as a clarion, would have been heard, if any one's could, amid the din and uproar. Mrs. Rose, while standing by Mrs. Annaka's side to translate her words, might have contrasted, with good effect, the difference of Mrs. A.'s reception before this audience, and her's in London, when her own English was but imperfectly spoken. But Mrs. R. rarely alludes to herself, or her own works.

Mrs. Sarah T. Martyn spoke very ably upon the legal disabilities of woman, but was frequently interrupted by hisses, groans, &c. The naming of the great fundamental principle in which everything else is involved, was the signal for outrage and abuse, both in the Convention and through the press.

The Convention at Metropolitan Hall, for which we have no name, the one it assumed being a misnomer, was heard from frequently.

The three first days were spent in quarrelling over Rev. Miss Brown, who, with her credentials in hand, and sustained by two of the deacons of her church, and in accordance with the wishes of two societies who had delegated her, endured the martyrdom of thus testing the callers of that Convention. There she stood, calm, dignified, and firm as Hypatia before her persecutors, and would, with equal fortitude, have borne the scourging. She was perfectly equal to her task, and every occurrence of this kind makes it more and more apparent that women must do this work mainly themselves. If we say to our brethren give, it is because "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and there are points which they must concede.

But there was one feature in this Convention more anomalous than the rejection and gagging of Miss Brown, darker and far more cruel, for it has not the excuse of custom, nor can the bible by any possible means be tortured into a justification of it. This was the exclusion of Dr. James McCune Smith, a gentleman, a graduate of the Edinburgh University, a member of a long established Temperance society, and a regularly appointed delegate. And wherefore, simply for the reason that nature had bestowed on his complexion, a darker, richer tint than upon some of the sycophants who gathered there, it appears, simply pander to a corrupt populace.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.—NO. 4.

The heart is a queen, and right royally she reigns over her subjects. Her kingdom is a charmed circle, every thing is rose hued, and beautiful; the coarsest drudgery is lightly done; the greatest hardships cheerfully borne, if she do but feel assured of her throne, and sceptre. Memory, the queen dowager, ever ready to babble of other days, to recall pleasant thoughts, sweet words, and loving looks, is the faithful bosom friend of the queen, and together, they gild many an hour with joy; they unlock the dreariest prison, and gather in sunbeams in sheaves, bound with silken cords. But alas! in the midst of their good work, a work which kindles a fire within, and is seen from afar, through the windows, glowing and beautifying the plainest face, in steps, understanding, the prime minister and controller even of the queen herself. Suddenly the doors are closed, the lights are quenched, and then this human heart so full of gentle yearnings, is chilled—its prison house is then drearier than ever, for it has had glimpses of a higher life, it has felt the clasp of warm human hands, and in that warmth has realized that there is a divine essence contained within the human soul.

How busy has the heart been this day, and memory how full of charm. And why? Let me analyze it. Let me see, if there are any grounds for it. It is but yesterday that I was burning with jealousy, to-day I am calm, tranquil, and loving; is there reason for this? My understanding says there is not.

Last night on taking up this soul confidant, a white leaf fluttered to the floor; on examining it I found these words, let me write them very calmly and see how much they mean; and let me make my palpitating heart understand that they must have been in this volume years, that they were undoubtedly between the unopened leaves, and have thus kept the paper pure and white. Let me write them, that when I have done so I may the more fully realize my pitiable folly in not always being governed by the prime minister, instead of allowing this weak queen to put on her royal robes and bear sway. The note says:

"See me away above the earth, the heavens, at the very throne of the all Holy; there in that presence—with my face turned full upon the Great God! I say that I love you with my whole heart. I swear it. You know it—feel it."

This note, without date or signature, is found in my journal. I know the writing, and seize upon it with wild joy, and for a day live in a world of my own creating. But with darkness comes doubt—from doubt the transition to disbelief is easy—and now that reason has the helm again, she says this may not have been designed for you, it may have been slipped in here by the merest accident. He has not been here of late, ah! yes, he was here this morning, but you were out, and it is not likely that he meddled with this book.

Eleven o'clock, the last stitch is taken, and I seize thee, my blessed pen, for rest and recreation. The day has been a busy one.

This morning, at eight o'clock, I presented my darling child, my beautiful Mary, to Miss T.—I told her frankly that I was poor, very poor, but

that my one grand aim was to educate these children to teach—that I had done my utmost to bring this one two terms before, but that when the commencement came I had not all the money requisite; but to-day I could pay the tuition in advance. She made a few inquiries, called Mary to her, and in a sweet gentle voice questioned her about her studies. The simple, clear answers of the child seemed to delight her, and she said "I will take her at half price."

I then remarked, "Miss T., Mary will always be clean; but cheap even as prints are now, I find it difficult to dress her much; do not let her be laughed at on this account."

"I will care for her as though she were my own," she replied. "My school is small, and I like the child."

Mary will be educated, and one desire at least of my life will be gratified. In her I may be repaid for sacrificing my love.

Soon after my return home, I heard a heavy, slow step ascending the stairs, and in a moment after in came dame Martyn. Her thin face, thinner than ever; her sandy, stiff, half curly, dry hair, more frizzily, and nearly bleached white. It is months since I have seen her before.

And where have you been so long, Mrs. M., I inquired?

"Well, after we moved, you see, I worked harder'n ever; and after a while, my Susan that was in the cap shop on L—street, was induced to go away with a young man, and this almost broke my heart. And then my baby, you know, took sick and died; and after him, all the children got the scarlet fever; and then what with hard work for them, and fretting about Susan, I took sick myself, and they carried us all to the almshouse, and there another child died, and they buried him, and will not tell me where."

"Yesterday I got back again into this neighborhood, and last night I went to see the children of my old mistress, Mrs. Lent—and oh! a sad visit it was for me. There sat Maria with a little dead baby on her lap; and the doctor that used to come here to see your mother sat by the bed with one of Laura's hands in his, and at times trying to give her something to revive her, but I saw in a moment she was dying. I've seen death so much I never make a mistake, and so I said."

"Doctor, she's dying."

"I think not, hope not," he said, but never looked up.

In about two hours she opened her eyes and said, "Tell him I forgive him." In a minute more she was gone. How I wished I could know that my child had died as gently as she did."

"And now I've come to bring the shroud to you to make."

The tears were already stealing down my cheeks, and I gladly laid aside the gay dress on which I was at work, and took the bit of cambric to cut poor Laura's last dress. And there, on the seamstress's work-table, side by side, lay the ball dress of Miss M., and the grave dress of L. L.; singular contrast these!

Last night, after finishing the shroud, and having made my nightly record, I lay down, but sleep, the coy maiden, shrank from and coqueted with me till a late hour. And when at last she

designed to touch my eyelids and seal them, she left the brain active as ever; but the helmsman, reason, slept; while the imagination conjured up a thousand strange, fantastic, unsightly visions. Miss M., with her red cheeks, pouting lips, and sparkling eyes, came gliding in, slipped on the shroud and danced about the room; then came Laura L., pale and cold, with a stony gaze, and dressed herself in the pink gauze, and with a candle in her hand beckoned me to follow. Then the room filled with uncanny creatures; they sat upon my bed; they held me to it by my hair; they grimmaced and chattered over me until the perspiration broke out upon me, and I woke in terror,—sleeping again, the same images, more worse, presented themselves—until the morning broke; with the first ray of light, I rose glad of the change. I felt my pulse—it was not too fast—I was not feverish—I was not ill—I had not indulged in a late supper,—how then should one living almost the life of an ascetic, be thus tormented with evil spirits in dreams?

True doctrine of compensation! Yesterday I was hopeful, joyous, happy, all day. At night, those organs of the brain which have been for years the most active, resumed their rule, and thus I had a night of wretchedness. In the times when my outward life has been the darkest, I have longed for sleep, that I might have visions of beauty, of loved ones; that past scenes and pleasures might be renewed, questions asked and answered, and heart meet heart. In this secret out-going of the soul, I have known all my joy, and I like not to feel that it is to pass away.

After making arrangements for the day, I took the robe and went to place it upon poor Laura. The room was darkened, and Maria was sleeping in her chair, near the bed where Laura and her baby lay hushed in that last deep repose that knows no more pain of waking.

I combed and arranged the rich dark hair in beautiful bands around the head, and then robed her in this scanty, cold dress of the grave—just as I was about to put her in the coffin, a person pushed rudely at the door and entered. I was still bending over the body, the step advanced; instinctively, I knew it was L.'s betrayer, and as he approached I raised up and pointed to his work. I could not speak, it was torture to me to see him there. For a moment he looked horror stricken when he realized his work. He touched the little hand of the baby, that rested on its mother's bosom, bent over her and kissed her forehead; took out his scissors, and was going to cut a lock of hair from L.'s head, when Maria seized his hand. "What is it you would do," she said in a hollow voice, "touch her not. Look at your work, but lay no hand upon her. She is mine now—the clay, the clay is mine, and I forbid it." He plead for one tiny curl from the baby's head. "Not one hair," said M. with the most perfect calmness.

He then turned to her, and offered her the contents of his pocket book. A burning blush spread over M.'s countenance, she drew herself up until she seemed almost a commanding figure, her nostrils dilating, her eyes sparkling with indignation, her lips compressed and trembling, and with a dignity unsurpassed, she waved her hand, and pointed

ing to the door said *go*. There was such stern authority in her whole bearing that he retreated slowly—but again turned, and with an air that showed how totally incapable he was of appreciating her, offered his pocket book. Her answer again was, "Thy money perish with thee."

The excitement passed, she sank into her chair and shriveled into her deformity.

At that moment Dr. L. entered, when he again proffered the contents of his pocket book to pay his bill. Will he take it, thought I, and turned to see.

There he stood looking down with scorn that might have withered any human being, upon the man before him.

"Will your money bring back the dead? Will it restore innocence, purity and truth? Will it heal that broken heart? pointing to Maria. Will it cleanse your own foul soul? At every question the guilty man's head sank lower and lower, till at last it rested on his breast, and he wept like a child. Go, he continued, make restitution to others living, but desecrate this holy place no longer by your presence."

He shrank away, and an hour later when I left, I saw him sitting on the stairs near the door, as though he would wait to get one more last look at the coffin.

I could not remain to the funeral—but I placed her in her coffin, her baby resting on her bosom, and then nearly covered its little head with flowers. There slept the unwedded wife, the nameless babe, each as beautiful and unconscious as the other. I knew they would soon be carried away, but it was hard to leave poor Maria alone, and only the remembrance of my pledge to finish the dress, could have induced me to do it. Kind Mrs. Martyn, however, came and occupied herself with M. and I stole away to busy my fingers on lace, frills and flounces, and to think of the contrast of life.

* * * * *

Twenty-sixth—twelve o'clock. Fevered, restless spirit, why dost thou not sleep and cast all care aside. Thou hast work enough and ready pay, generally—why then grow so restless?

Ah, this bond of sympathy that binds the whole human family in one, so that when one suffers, all suffer; subtle and incomprehensible, what art thou?

When I used to call myself the "child of the people" and express my warm democratic sympathies, how little I understood the bond that bound me to them, the mystery of the oneness.

I remember to have read that some philosopher put forth the idea that the universe is as an animal; so that there is sympathy and communication between all parts, and that in the smallest fibre may be the subtlest nerve. Believing this, is it any wonder that there is suffering for all.

New Year's Eve, 1842. While sewing with the greatest possible rapidity, this morning, Mrs. Martyn came in with her work to sit awhile.

"Some how I can't stay at home and work as I used to when I had my children, and knew all about them," she said.

"How do you get along now days," I inquired?

"Well, not very well. I ain't so strong as I used to be to work day and night. I've made shirts now, off and on, for Mr. — & Co., twelve years, and they are all the time cutting down and telling

they can't afford to pay so much as they did last year."

"You have known a good deal of sewing women, have you not?"

"Oh yes, indeed, for before my man lost his leg, I used to keep a kind of a lodging house for them; we had the whole of the house over there, and I used to let three rooms; the rent of them helped us amazingly."

"Well, and how did they get along? Will you tell me the history of some of them? I want to know their lives."

She commenced by saying, "I really think I never knew a sewing woman get on so well as you have; but it's owing to your having such a good knack at turning your hand to every thing. If you had just been making shirts or doing slop work, you'd have grown poorer and poorer, till instead of two rooms, you'd have had one room with nothing in it, and scarcely clothes to cover you."

"There was the widow Grey and Ann Ball, came to lodge with me six years ago, or there abouts; they both worked well, and at first had no trouble in paying their rent, one dollar a week, for their room. Every once in a while they would have a slack time of work, and then the rent came hard; poor things, they only ate a bit of bread and drank tea; I used to let them boil their kettle over my fire. After a while, Ann, who was always delicate, took sick, but her friend did not forsake her; the rent came hard, and I didn't like to press for it, and I didn't. Well, one morning, Mrs. Grey came in and said she had seen an advertisement for sewers, at a store, where good wages would be paid; and says she, "I am going, and I'll work day and night, but you shall be paid all your rent." I thought I'd comfort her, and so I said, I ain't a bit afraid but it will come in good time.

She went, and came home with two bosoms and collars to stitch; and oh, how glad she was, she worked nearly all night; the next day she took them to the store, but when she came back never did I see any one feel so bad; the foreman took her work, looked at it, and declared that she had botched his linen and spoiled it, and he would not pay her one cent; and said that she ought to pay him for the cloth. While she stood there, several other women, who had seen the advertisement, came with their work and were all treated in the same way. Now that's the way they have taken, time and again, to get their work done for nothing. After telling me this, she said "now Mrs. Martyn what shall we do, we haven't got a red cent between us, and I shan't have any work for two weeks more."

"She went out again and tried to get work, but could not; that night I gave them their supper, and the next day, Mrs. G. staid in nearly all day; at evening she went out and was gone all night, but came home in the morning, and so she continued to do; in about a week she came and paid the back rent, and bade me good bye, and left poor Ann, for she said I ain't a going to stay with her and ruin her reputation. She's a good, honest girl. Ann pined for her friend; and at last had to be carried to the hospital, where she died."

"The next one who took the room was Julia Brace; the poor thing worked for a while making shirts at 12 1-2 ets. a piece—but she too went to

the hospital and died. I tell you it's not in nature to work in this way, with nothing to love. You'd a broke down before this, if it had not been for these children."

"Then came two other sisters, they worked bravely and were as merry as two birds. They lived like the rest on bread and tea; once in a while my man would give them a few oysters, and they would get a little fish some times. Then the cholera came and they both had it. Then it was found out that they were working and saving in order to take care of their mother. But Lucy died, and Mary was never the same blithe girl again. After a time she went away, and I did not see her for a year or more, and then I knew she had gone into bad ways."

"There's great temptations for poor girls."

"And this is all then that you can tell me of the lives of seamstresses. This is the end of the best and most industrious. Do none ever gain independence and conquer "circumstance, that unspiritual God?"

"Dear heart, no, how should they? they never get to live without eating? they have nothing to love, and that kills the heart. God is merciful to those who have to suffer early, and takes them home to himself."

"I've known hundreds of them in my time, but the saddest one was poor Abby Vail, and I never felt that I could have another after she left, and so we let the upper rooms to a family."

"Tell me about her, I said—and then about the Lents, for you knew them "long ago."

"It's about five years, yes, five years this very month, since Edward Vail fell from a scaffolding of a large building up town, and was killed. He wasn't used to the work, nor to any kind of work, I'm thinking, but he tried hard to take care of his wife and child. They lived near us and I used to like to look at them, they seemed so happy together. I've seen her, many a time, get water and wash his face and hands, and feet too, when he was tired, and then go about still as a mouse to get his supper while he rested. Then, Sundays he played on his flute, and she would sing with him like an angel. After he was brought home dead, she never smiled or sang again, and for some time she took no notice of any one, not even her child; but one day the little one fell and hurt her, and then she roused up; about four months after Edward's death, she came to me for a room, and I let her have it very gladly. I saw that many things which she used to have were gone, but I knew she was a lady, and I liked to take her. I wish I could tell you how gentle, how quiet, and uncomplaining she was, how she worked early and late, and yet how very little she could earn. I used often to fetch and carry her work to save time for her. And some times when the pay fell short, I'd just put in a few pennies with her money, for she never would take anything she did not pay for. She was very close. I could not find out how she lived, but I knew she grew every day thinner and paler. And I knew that she hated more and more to go for work, and I began to suspect that some one was vexing her with making love to her, and so it proved, for they would not let her have any more. I said to her, it's a burning shame they won't let you have any more shirts; but never

mind, you may have this lot, and I'll get work some whereelse. "It's all right," she said, in a very quiet way; and so for some weeks she did my work, and I got none, but as she kept her room she did not know it.

At last her baby took sick and died. All the while she was calm and so still it seemed strange to see her. When it was dying, I sat with her, but she held her on her lap. I proposed to take the dear little thing and dress it for the last time. She had not before for hours appeared to hear anything; but now she looked at me very strangely and said, "no, no, I want no help, this little body is mine, and I will do all for it."

Then she went about and got the things ready; she took from a trunk a very handsome dress, and after washing it and combing her hair and curling it, just as though she was well, she dressed her, and then called me to look at her. She stood by the bed and talked beautifully. I was all the while afraid she was not quite right, so I offered to sit up with her, and asked her if she would not be timid.

"Why should I fear my baby now?" Was I afraid of her when well? No, leave me, let us have this night together. See, am I not cheerful; I have done as David did, I have washed my face, and will eat in due time."

I left her, but somehow I could not sleep. The wind blew fearfully and howled as though evil spirits were abroad, and the darkness was dreadful only when the lightning flashed. I went several times to her door, once I knocked and she opened just far enough for me to see her. She had on a long white night gown, and her soft, light brown hair was hanging over her shoulders. She looked very pale but perfectly calm. I asked if she wanted anything? She thanked me as she always did, and said no.

In the morning the sun came out bright as though there were no sad hearts in the world.

About nine I went to Mrs. V.'s door and knocked, but got no answer. At length I ventured to try, and found the door unlocked, this was very strange and my heart almost misgave me, it was so unusual to find her door thus, but I went in and there lay the mother with her babe on her bosom, the one as cold as the other. Here Mrs. Martyn wept. After a time, however, she finished. On the table was a note to me, in which she said,

"I am very grateful to you, Mrs. Martyn, you have been kind to me, but I could not stay any longer; I could not live without my baby, and when I knew she would die, I procured some poison, and soon I shall sleep too. Bad men have put bitter dregs in my cup; they have taken my work from me, that I might be the easier victim. Whatever of value you find among my things retain; the ring will nearly pay for a pine coffin for us, give me no other grave than that of my Edward. In me you have seen the fate of one who has known different days, and when you perform for me the last offices, know that you did it for a —. The name was crossed so carefully that it could not be read."

Now, I do not like to think of this, it was so sad, and yet I could not wish her to live, but to have her so calmly take her own life; still God is not like man, and he judges wisely."

"Bless me, I have staid two hours, and now I

must just run home and look after things, and when I come in again I'll tell you about the Lents."

She left me full of thought; can there be no remedy for this state of society? Are women to be born for this, to toil, shrivel, die and rot? Is there never to be an avenue opened for their powers? Is our country to grow old as Europe has with the same monotony, the same oppression for woman? My very soul is roused with indignation. The women of France once rose in rebellion. Their cry was "bread for our babes;" will the women of our country ever utter this cry as they gather in crowds from attics, cellars, by lanes, and dark dens of filth and squalor? Alas! yes, if no change comes for the better, they too will thirst for the purple cup of revolution.

But let me sleep now, if this fevered brain can rest. God knows, and doeth all things well.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

MEETING AT THE TABERNACLE, NEW YORK.

The Convention was organized on Tuesday morning at a little after 10 o'clock, at which hour the building was occupied by an audience of about 1,500 persons, composed about equally of men and women.

Miss LUCY STONE came forward and read the minutes of a preliminary meeting held on Monday evening, at which the following officers were nominated:

President—Lucretia Mott.

Vice Presidents—Ernestine L. Rose, N. Y.; Paulina W. Davis, R. I.; C. L. H. Nichols, Vt.; Mary Jackson, England; Catharine M. Severance, O.; S. M. Booth, Wisconsin; Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Mass.; Mrs. J. B. Chapman, Indiana; Charlotte Hubbard, Illinois; Ruth Dugdale, Penn.; C. C. Burleigh, Ct.; Angelina G. Weld, N. J.; Madame Aneka, N. J.

Secretaries—Lydia F. Fowler, Sidney Pierce, Oliver Johnson.

Business Committee—Lucy Stone, Antoinette L. Brown, James Mott, Wendell Phillips, Sarah Hallock, Wm. H. Channing, Harriet K. Hunt, Marianne W. Johnson, Lydia Mott, Ruth Dugdale, Martha J. Tilden, Ernestine L. Rose, Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, Lydia A. Jenkins, Edward A. Stansbury.

Mr. Johnson expressed his wish to have his name supplied by that of Mrs. Jenkins, of Geneva; but Mrs. Mott suggested that the principles of the Convention would be better represented by having a man among the Secretaries, as the women did not desire to divorce the men. Mr. Johnson complied with the suggestion.

Mrs. Mott said that a desire had been expressed that the meeting be opened with prayer, or some religious service, which might be either oral or mental prayer.

Rev. W. H. Channing offered a prayer.

Mrs. MOTT addressed the house thus: This is a Convention for declaring a principle, not for going into details. The principle is the co-equality of woman with man, and her right to

practice those arts of life for which she is fitted by the delicacy of her hand and the feebleness of her mind. We have been ridiculed by some of the Press and by some periodicals. We have even met opposition in religious circles, which is not to be wondered at, as woman aims at the *highest* office, that of the pulpit, from which the prejudice of centuries has shut her out. Woman's voice has been compared to a cambric needle; it is called too fine to be heard in public assemblies; but here I trust it shall be so used as to be heard in every part of this house.

Miss Lucy Stone read the following resolutions prepared by the preliminary meeting, and offered them to the Convention for acceptance. It was moved, and voted by the house, that they should be open for discussion as a whole:

RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That this movement for the rights of women makes no attempt to decide whether woman is better or worse than man, neither affirms nor denies the equality of her intellect with that of man—makes no pretence of protecting woman—does not seek to oblige woman any more than man is now obliged, to vote, take office, labor in the professions, mingle in public life, or manage her own property.

2. *Resolved*, That what we do seek is to gain these rights and privileges for those women who wish to enjoy them, and so to change public opinion that it shall not be deemed indecorous for women to engage in any occupation which they deem fitted to their habits and talents.

3. *Resolved*, That the fundamental principle of the Woman's Rights Movement is—that every human being, without distinction of sex, has an inviolable right to the full development and free exercise of all energies; and that in every sphere of life, private and public, *Functions should always be commensurate with Powers*.

4. *Resolved*, That each human being is the sole judge of his or her sphere, and entitled to choose a profession without interference from others.

5. *Resolved*, That whatever differences exist between Man and Woman, in the quality or measure of their powers, are originally designed to be and should become bonds of union and means of co-operation in the discharge of all functions, alike private and public.

6. *Resolved*, That the monopoly of the elective franchise, and thereby of all the powers of legislation and government, by men, solely on the ground of sex, is a monstrous usurpation—condemned alike by reason and common sense, subversive of all the principles of justice, oppressive and demoralizing in its operations, and insulting to the dignity of human nature.

7. *Resolved*, That we see no force in the objection, that women's taking part in politics would be a fruitful source of domestic dissension; since experience shows that she may be allowed to choose her own faith and sect without any such evil result, though religious disputes are surely as bitter as political—and if the objection be sound, we ought to go further, and oblige a wife to forego all religious opinions, or to adopt the religious as well as the political creed of her husband.

8. *Resolved*, That women, like men, must be either self-supported and self-governed, or dependent and enslaved; that an unobstructed and general participation in all the business functions and offices of common life, is at once their natural right, their individual interest and their public duty; the claim and the obligation reciprocally supporting each other; that the idleness of the rich, with its attendant physical debility, moral laxity, passional intemperance and mental dissipation, and the ignorance, wretchedness and

enforced profligacy of the poor, which are everywhere the curse and reproach of the sex, are the necessary results of their exclusion from those diversified employments which would otherwise furnish them with useful occupation, and reward them with its profits, honors and blessings; that this enormous wrong cries for redress, for reparation by those whose delinquency allows its continuance.

Whereas, The energies of Man are always in proportion to the magnitude of the objects to be obtained; and whereas, it requires the highest motive for the greatest exertion and noblest action; therefore,

9. Resolved, That Woman must be recognized politically, legally, socially and religiously the equal of man, and all the obstructions to her highest physical, intellectual and moral culture and development removed, that she may have the highest motive to assume her place in that sphere of action and usefulness which her capacities enable her to fill.

10. Resolved, That this movement gives to the cause of education a new motive and impulse; makes a vast stride toward the settlement of the question of wages and social reform; goes far to cure that wide spread plague, the licentiousness of cities; adds to civilization a new element of progress; and in all these respects commends itself as one of the greatest reforms of the age.

Mr. C. C. BURLEIGH addressed the Convention to this effect: The principle we advocate has met a not unexpected opposition; it is natural for even the good to oppose what is new; but even *their* opposition does not show the badness of the principle. The introduction of Christianity, is an instance—that faith which recognizes neither bond nor free, barbarian nor Scythian, male nor female. As to the ridicule which a portion of the New-York press seeks to cast on the movement, not only malevolence, but wit, too, is needed for successful ridicule; and the wit being here very scarce, the ridicule is ineffectual, and leaves only the malevolence exposed. If our fathers took a step in advance of Europe, shall not we take a step in advance of our fathers? The question of Woman's Rights is only one of degree. Even our opponents admit that woman has not the reward of her labor. Should not woman, the most interested, have a voice in the solution of the question? Did God give woman aspirations which it is a sin for her to gratify? It is objected that the aspiration we seek to gratify is not natural, but morbid; that slaves are contented, and only a turbulent Kossuth or Mazzini is discontented. But, even though women generally be satisfied with their present sphere, as it is called, the dissatisfaction of the most cultivated of the sex shows the unjust and unnatural conditions of that sphere. In the harem women are happy; they know no better life than that which their laws permit them; but is their contentment to be taken as an argument that the life led by American women is not more in accordance with reason and religion? No! People in this country will persist in believing that the humblest among them is more favored than the Sultana herself. These poor Easterns are not competent witnesses; open their doors and they will never return. Thus, even if women do not know their full rights, let them know them, and they will never be content without them. Our opponents say we are for breaking down the partition wall erected by nature between the sexes. No—each sex understands only itself; man knows woman only by hearsay, and woman can never be truly represented except by women. We claim for woman simply the right to decide her own sphere.

Mrs. JENKINS, of Geneva, spoke next. She

adverted to the sufferings which men and women have borne for liberty; to the story of the American revolution, in the anniversaries of which the rights of men are so paraded, while women are only *allowed* to remain in the world, and have just as much freedom as their so-called lord permits them. A demand for the rights of women will be useless without corresponding action. Let men aid us in removing the obstacles themselves have placed in our way; we ask no more from them. We ask no propping up of tottering systems, but that principles be established, and the systems will adjust themselves. It is said women are already represented through men, and that they may represent themselves by the pen; but we demand the recognition of much broader principles. There is no more beautiful assurance than that man's ideal of himself can be attained. Perhaps in the halls of Congress woman could not use the fist or the bowie-knife so well as men have done, but she might equal men in the acts which are there in place.

With some remarks on the beauty and necessity of equal social intercourse, the speaker concluded.

Miss LUCY STONE said that she had now time only to offer a few remarks, and would probably speak more fully before the Convention broke up. We may, she continued, congratulate ourselves on our progress. Five years ago we had a meeting of a handful of persons in Central New York, and scarcely any one heard of it. It was presided over by Mrs. Mott. [Mrs. Mott corrected; it was presided over by her husband. At that time women did not go so far as to think of presiding over meetings.*] Miss Stone—That also shows our progress. We now see that a woman can fill the chair, and well. I look over the past five years, and find many arguments supplied to us in that time. We have now authority. It was said women could not be doctors. Well, Harriet Hunt has proved by practice that a woman can be, and is, a successful physician. You have now two women in your city who are able medical practitioners. We have Female Medical Colleges with classes. Thus one point is gained. We could not be merchants! I know a woman in Lowell who is a successful merchant. Mrs. Tindale has for many years conducted a shoe-store there, and grown rich by her trade. In the Ministry we are also represented. The sermon of Antoinette Brown, at Metropolitan Hall, is enough to show that. [A hiss.] Some men hiss whose mothers taught them no better; but there are men in New York who know they can hear the words of God from a woman as well as from a man, and they have called her to be their minister, and she is to be ordained this month. Some of the reporters stated that she was a Unitarian, but she is orthodox as the best, and so is her Church. We have also more fully than before established woman's right to address an audience. I have spoken in an assembly of men without announcing my intention, and when I came from the platform a lady said to me, "My blood ran cold to see you." "Why?" I asked, "were they not good men I

*The statement should have been, that the meeting was called so hastily, and the attendance so small, that there was no woman there who could be spared to preside. Ten years ago, at least, we have seen women in Central New York, preside over large Temperance meetings of both sexes—and have heard the reports read by the secretary and treasurer, and speeches by women, that thrilled and roused the audience as we have not heard them since. We mention this as a part of the history of this movement not to be omitted.

There have been some brave battles fought for principle in other days, which should not be overlooked by the present actors.

was among?" "Oh, yes, my husband was one of them, but it was terrible." Last fall (that is six or seven years after) the same woman was chosen to preside over a meeting of men and women in Columbus, Ohio, and she took the Chair without objection. In Chicago a woman is cashier of a Bank. Two editors of papers (women) set near me.

The race, more than individuals, will be benefitted by the development we claim. We want on this platform not only those who agree with us, but those who dissent, we will hear their reasons; but if we take all reason from under their feet we want them to own it. We have five more sessions, a ticket for all is 25 cents, so that the poorest workwoman in New York can hear us. Each session is 12 1/2 cents. This is to meet unavoidable expenses.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Afternoon Session commenced at 3 1/2 o'clock. Notwithstanding the excessively heated state of the atmosphere there was a good attendance. Nearly two-thirds of the assembly were ladies. Mrs. Lucretia Mott presided. On the platform and in the audience we observed Mrs. Nichols, Miss Lucy Stone, Mrs. Fowler, Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Booth, &c. &c.

A lady officiated as the door-keeper.

Wm. LLOYD GARRISON was the first speaker: Although glad, in view of the earnest spirit asserted, he said, that the Committee had resolved to confine each speaker to 20 minutes, it was utterly impossible to begin and complete an argument on the important question which had brought us together, in so brief a period of time. What had brought us together from the East, West, North, and, he was going to add, South—but in the South the spirit of Slavery seemed to have destroyed the spirit which was required for the advocacy of the principles of Justice, of Truth, or Human Rights.

This question of Woman's Rights was a world question, and as old as the human race. In all ages, woman has been regarded by man as an inferior, and had been robbed of the rights, with which God had endowed her, in common with every human being.

But woman had been aroused. What would be the result? The land was convulsed; the opposition to this movement was assuming a malignant, a Satanic character. The pulpit and the press, the Church and the State had arrayed themselves to extinguish a movement in behalf of justice to one half of the human race. The Bible had been used by pulpit interpreters to aid the cause of the foes of human rights—of justice. Infidelity had been charged on us, in order that public sentiment might be arrayed against our cause. There was nothing strange in all this. We were passing a world crisis; we were merely abused as all reformers of all ages had been abused. At first all are accused of irreligion.

The question of Woman's Rights was a governmental question. Our Government, by endorsing the Declaration of Independence—which declared that all governments derived their just power from the consent of the governed—had conceded the justice of their claims. Women in our country were not represented—therefore, unless Government granted Woman's Rights, and thereby carried the maxim alluded to into practice, it should be overturned.

It was ridiculous for an American to deny that women were incapable of exercising the elective franchise. What did the laws require of an elector? Not physical strength, nor moral worth, nor great intellect—for men who possessed none of these qualities possessed the power of giving votes. Equally ridiculous was it to deny that women were incapable of enacting national laws. What was required of a legislator? Not more intellect, not a clearer conscience nor a purer heart than women had proved themselves to possess.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, SEPTEMBER, 1853.

P. W. DAVIS'S REMARKS AT THE CONVENTION.

Paulina W. Davis called up the eighth resolution, and after some preliminary remarks, sustained it by the following argument :

The phrase "Woman's Movement" has come to be used for designating the demands and designs, the advocacy and efforts, of our enterprise. A movement and an advance movement, indeed, it is, and whether described as a woman's, a man's, or a world's movement, is of little consequence. It equally deserves either and all of these titles, whether we regard the agencies or the objects concerned in it. Its history is marked by every circumstance that can prove it natural, necessary, and providential; and its fortunes abundantly show that it is "prospering and to prosper."

"It is barely five years old, yet it is of age and can speak for itself." Of the lights that have arisen in its sky, it may justly be said that "there is no speech, nor language, where their voice is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." All that could be reasonably hoped from agitation and discussion within a period so brief has been fully realized. Never in the history of public opinion has propaganda been more successful. The criticism of first impressions has entirely exhausted itself; the stage of serious investigation has fairly set in; the "movement" has a recognized existence and a standing among the things that *are*, and are *to be*; and the argument is narrowed down already to certain differences about points and policies, means and measures. The principles, and the right and opportunity to press them, being sufficiently established and admitted; to all intents and purposes, we have become, in the language of an eminent advocate of human liberty, a "power upon earth," and it is now our business to press our advantages in the direction of practical success, corresponding to that attained in the sphere of theoretical speculation.

We are indeed not done with conventions, discussion, and agitation; but the parallel line of ACTION now pressingly invites our next attention. While we still continue to urge our claims to all the rights of citizenship, and all the liberties of members of the civil state—to all the functions of freedom, and all the offices which it opens for our rightful ministration—the duty and expediency of the time, point to the BUSINESS AVOCATIONS of society as the most immediately available avenues to our ultimate and complete success.

A very high authority, says, "to my mind the BREAD problem lies at the base of all the desirable and practical reforms which our age

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meditates. Before all questions of Intellectual Training or Political Franchise for woman, I place the question of enlarged opportunities for work—of a more extended and diversified field of employment."

Without stopping to settle the relative value of the different lines of action which our cause demands, or admitting any preeminence among them, it is my purpose to offer some thoughts, both to those within and those without the movement, upon the justice and necessity of industrial liberty and enlargement for women; intending my remarks not more as a remonstance to our opponents than as an exhortation to ourselves.

The enemy disputes the possession of the "good land" with us, and there are giants in the field against us, and the victory is not to be achieved by battles fought on this side of its borders. We must invade the disputed territory—we must go up individually and possess it.

The abstract justice of the demand that all business and professional avocations, of which we are any wise capable, shall be freely opened to us, seems to me sufficiently vindicated by the mere statement of it. For nothing can be clearer than, that wherever a faculty is given, its employment is warranted, and the objects and opportunities for its action are irresistibly implied.

Free use is the charter written by the finger of God upon every power conferred upon his rational creatures.

Arguments from inconvenience, ill-consequence, and impropriety, are properly against the institutions, the prejudices, the wrongs of artificial systems, which forbid; for they are little better than rebellion and blasphemy when directed against the economy of the divine order; and are gross injustice against his creatures, claiming their rights and liberties under it.

But let us take a nearer and more familiar view of the point—a view of it which may perhaps commend our demand to a more earnest consideration than is usually given to the requirements of abstract principles applied in the practical conduct of life.

In the age of semi-barbarism, and that period of civilization which preceded the era of steam as a mechanical power, manufacturing industry was to so large an extent in the hands of women, and society depended so much upon their domestic industry, that, however wretched the pecuniary remuneration which it afforded them, the family and the community awarded them useful, and so far, honorable employment; which if it did but little for the improvement of the intellect, it nevertheless, satisfied the impulses of affection, and the requirements of duty; and so far, filled up the life with occupation, if not parallel, and equal to the current engagements of the other sex; yet, in some tolerable measure, proportioned to them.

When the whole life of one half of the race was required in the indispensable service of the other half, such devotion had its honors as well as its uses, and the brain and heart, ever busy in the service which occupied the hands, were not tortured with a constant sense of suffering, of vacancy, idleness, and worthlessness.

In those times all labor was slavish, and comparatively unproductive. The learned professions, the profession of arms, and at last, commerce and merchandize, were the only avocations open to the enterprise of men which afforded wealth or honor in the pursuit. The toils and rewards of labor were divided between women and the mass of men; and there was not much real difference between the political and civil liberties of the bulk of the two sexes. Women were then not only much and well occupied, but were honored in their functions.

Their infirmities, incapacity, and inferiority, were not then the themes of philosophy and poetry, but their praise was the burden of song and sermon and scripture, as well as of sonnets, love letters and elegies. The summary of her excellencies, and the register of her offices, in the service of society, are given in fond and admiring detail by the author of the Proverbs which have been held sacred for nearly a thousand years. Says the wise man: "who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies?" The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. She bringeth her food from afar. (The products of her industry are the exchanges of foreign commerce.) She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. (Lady in old Saxon, signified *bread giver*, and her house, it seems was the ancient factory in which the hands were employed.)

"She is not afraid of the snow for her household—for all her household are clothed in scarlet, or rather as the margin has it, with double garments. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple."

She considereth a field and *buyeth it*; with the fruit of her hands she planneth a vineyard. (Among the Greek Ceres, the sister of Jupiter taught the art of husbandry, and was first that made laws for civil rights, and their systematic regulation arose necessarily out of agriculture and the industrial interests which she created.)

"Ceres was she who first our furrows ploughed; Who gave sweet fruits, and pleasant food allowed; Ceres first tamed us with her gentle laws; From her kind hand the world subsistence draws."

"She girdeth her loins with strength and strengtheneth her arms." (Mental and bodily imbecility were not then either her fault or her flattering distinction.) "She perceiveth that her merchandize is good. She layeth her hands hold the distaff. She maketh fine linen and

selleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant." Minerva, the goddess and feminine type of wisdom, who sprang directly from the head of Jove, was called "the workwoman" because she invented divers arts, especially the art of spinning; and the distaff is ascribed to her.) "She openeth her mouth with *wisdom*. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; yea, she reacheth forth her hand to the needy." (For she is not herself a dependent and beggar—living upon poetry and pin-money.) "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness," concludes the character, with as much of honor to the lady of the olden time, as of reflected sarcasm upon the model woman of modern conservatism.

Thus, inspiration, both sacred and profane, concur in their ideal of woman, in the conditions to which the description applied.

But the changes of the times have robbed womanhood of its *function* and given her instead, a *mission*, which is our reproach with the undiscerning.

Agriculture, with all its labors, cares, and concerns, passed from her hands, first, into hands better fitted to the earlier labor saving instruments, and is now rapidly becoming a matter of machinery and brute and chemical power merely. Manufactures, in like manner, have departed from the fireside and the homestead, and installed themselves in vast workshops, where science directs, and steam accomplishes, the work of fabricating the food and clothing of the community. Machinery has not only snatched the distaff, and the loom from her hands, but the needle, also, in all its ordinary uses is fast following the wool cards and the knitting pins. In the middle ages she was the surgeon and doctress, also, as well as the nurse of the sick. The learned profession of Leech-craft has taken these from her too, even to the branch that most concerns her own dignity and delicacy; until stripped at last of all her reliances and uses, by which her worth might be proved, or her independence secured, her wages have sunk to the starvation point; her industry has ceased to be a virtue, having ceased to be a service or a support, and, in the broadest sense of the word we may say, her "occupation's gone." The factory and the school room at *slave wages* remain to her, but every one incapable of these, and every one forbidden by position to enter them, is put aside from the uses of life, and thrown upon the charity and indulgence of the industry that supports the welfare of the world.

But still another change has happened that embitters and aggravates her losses by sharpening the sensibilities which endure the injury. In the middle ages—the time of her honors and usefulness, the time when the poetical praise of pudding and shirt making had some meaning, and when nursing the sick had still a little

science left to redeem it from slavish degradation—there was no cheap literature, no science for the million, for children and women, no daily newspaper, with its gossip of the higher style, to provoke interest and awaken sympathy—to arouse the soul and make it know its larger powers and feel its higher wants; no public opinion engaged with the conversion of the heathen, the revolutions of China, the wrongs of the Slave, and the fortunes of the isles of the ocean. The telegraph that "puts a girdle around the earth in twenty minutes" had not been substituted for the tattle of the kitchen, nor the phonograph, for the hear say reports of sermons and speeches;—and, especially, there was no idle time, or time cheaper unoccupied than employed in work, that nobody wants and nobody will pay for; but the soul of the world has been awakened into a new life. The wants of all souls have been enhanced, and those of women demand their just share of life in due adjustment to the changes that have occurred.

When the reaper went out with the obsolete sickle, the hand-loom weaver with his reed and shuttle, other occupations replaced them. The scythe and cradle are already doomed to extinction along with all slow coaches and processes known to our fathers; and their sons rightfully expect the substitution of functions which the new times supply. But women according to conservatism must accept flattery and marriage now in lieu of all their natural offices of usefulness and honor, because their old time ministry has fallen before the march of modern improvement. Here then we stand amid the wreck of our fortunes, amid the ruins which the years have wrought, and cry for redress. We ask that the avocations which progress and improvement have substituted for all that we have lost be fairly opened to us. We appeal to the age which has deprived us of our functions and fortunes for restitution. You have taken away all that was ours of the old world. Give us therefore the position which belongs to us in the new. In the days of Solomon we bought wool and flax and manufactured them into cloth and "our husbands had need of no other *spoil*" than our industry supplied. You have swallowed up a thousand household workshops in every great factory, and we demand our place at the power loom with wages up to the full value of our services. We reclaim also our right of merchandize and its profits as of yore. In the middle ages we practised surgery, medicine and obstetrics. The healing art was ours by prescription. Restore it to us. In the middle ages, copying manuscripts was a profession providing employment for thousands of women. Give us our place at the press that has displaced the lost art. For the ruder labor, from which we have been taken and from which the world is now forever delivered, give us the use of those arts of modern

birth to which we are so much better adapted than the usurping sex. Dentistry, daguerreotyping, designing, telegraphing, clerking in record offices, and a thousand other engagements which ask neither larger bones nor stronger sinews, and which touch neither the delicacy nor the retirement, that you harp upon as the propriety of our sex.

For shame! Surrender these to us, or, at least, open them fairly to our even handed competition. The sovereignty of free citizens, even in this republic, is denied to us; but of this I do not speak, for it is not within the range of the present subject. I am now urging only our first claim to the privileges and facilities for earnest and useful recompensing and self-supporting work. Add not the unblushing selfishness of a refusal of this to the insincere considerateness, that you profess in despoiling us of our inherent right of self-government. Your Anglo-Saxon common law—the glory of modern freedom—took away our legal existence, merging it in that of our husbands when we have any, to absorb our property and receive our earnings, and suspending the civil rights of maidenhood and widowhood when we had none. Your arts and sciences have taken away that which supplied our animal existence, and gave us position and power in the community, and now, are we not justified at least in demanding useful occupations and the blessings which belong to them? The civil subjection of the past was bad enough, but it was mitigated by our social, domestic, and industrial consequence. All this is gone, or going, and you offer us only the chance of genteel pauperism and dependence, under pretty names, that do not even conceal your own contempt, much less, our shame.

Such considerations as these, and their like, we would address to those who resist us with reasoning against reason, right, and truth.

But there is instruction for ourselves, and direction invaluable for our own use, in the facts of our past and present condition. History teaches us something in this wise. The masses of our modern societies have been emancipated from serfdom by the power that there is in usefulness, and the inherent force that there is in available capability.

With the rise of productive industry to greater control over the elements which support life, and those things which enlighten and refine society's existence, the agents, actually employed in the liberalizing work, have been carried up with it until, in our freer communities, every man of full age has a voice in his own government, and, to that extent, a control over the distribution and appropriation of his own products. Liberty is seldom achieved by victory in arms, but it is always acquired by the might of arms in useful industry.

Who ever can *pay* for himself, and support himself, may be free. When a man's intrinsic

manhood is really worth as much as he will bring in the market, he may be his own purchaser, and pass even under the laws of slavery from the condition of bondage to that of freedom. Bones, muscles, and latent capacities, may be shackled, but efficient force cannot be.

Poverty is essentially slavery, if not legal, yet actual. The women of the time—the women worthy of the time—must understand this, and they must *go to work*. They must press into every avenue, every open door, that custom and law leave unguarded, aye, and themselves withdraw the bolts and bars from others still closed against them, that they may enter and take possession. They *must* purchase themselves out of bondage.

Let those who are chosen and called, begin the enterprise; let them select the points of attack, address themselves to the task, and they will carry them by the peaceable force of all-conquering industry.

The occupations now generally accorded to us are essentially menial. We must take the character of servants to enter most of them, and then, in the language of this progressive and calculating age, they "don't pay."

We must take the reputation which courtesy gives the sex in our hands and put it at risk, while we put the prejudice and selfishness that restrains us to the question.

In a word we must endeavor to establish our personal independence, and we must no longer be content with the position and the limits which opinion assigns us. It needs but to set a good example in every promising department of self-supporting industry, to carry our point and effect our emancipation.

In professional authorship women have accomplished wonders already; in the practice of medicine, though the first female diploma is not yet five years old, the way is opened, and widening every day. The practice without the parchment did much to prepare the way, but now even the regular study is well provided for, or in process of rapid preparation. Prejudice goes down without an argument before success.

The world does not look so sharply into the titles of persons in possession as upon mere claimants who stand outside and ask for it. The arts, the handicrafts, the shops and various offices are open wide enough for an energetic woman's admittance. Women now administer their deceased husbands estates; they are just as capable of administering those of strangers, and should not be passed by when our last wills and testaments are made. Nor should we be negligent of that preparation which would fit us to be selected for such appointments. But it is not my present purpose to indicate the specialities of the vast range of business and professional engagements to which the principle directs us.

My principal thought has been presented imperfectly, but I hope suggestively, and to useful ends. Indeed, when I reflect upon the untold evils, the unfathomed depths of wretchedness and crime, to which want of profitable and suitable occupation, exposes my sisters of all conditions, I could almost wish the ages *men* call dark were restored to us. The healthy, vigorous, earnest, busy, honorable women whom children could rise up and call *blessed*, and husbands could render homage to as their crown of honor, were a good exchange methinks for the imbecile and incapable lady of fashion, who divides her time pretty evenly between her dress maker, her physician and her clergyman. But how much more touching the sufferings of those hosts of honorable, truly honorable women, who would, but cannot find a day's work that justifies their living through it. And what shall be said of similar helplessness oppressed with poverty and dependency, whose daily struggles are environed by starvation on the one side, and profligacy on the other? Crowned and guarded by his natural freedom, no honest *man* is held so close between the choice of sin and suffering; for a thousand worthy means of livelihood, invite his energies and reward his efforts. This evil must be amended. The virtuous and noble womanhood of the times must open the way. They must take up the bread question and solve the problem of industrial independence by extending and enriching the varieties of work that women shall do in this busy world, and so carry on their personal emancipation, while their civil and social enfranchisement makes its way in the sentiments of men. In a word we must buy ourselves out of bondage, and work our way into liberty and honor. For just as long as the world stands, its government will go with its cares, services and responsibilities. Children and women, till they can keep themselves, will be kept in pupilage by the same power which supports them.

EVENING SESSION.

The Evening Session of this Society commenced at 7 1-2 o'clock. There were 1600 or 2000 auditors in the Tabernacle.

Rev. W. H. CHANNING, of Rochester, began by relating a remark recently made to him by a friend. That gentleman proposed to establish a *Man's Rights Society*, because he affirmed that all the efforts of society aimed at the elevation of Women. Man did all the drudgery; and, by women's exemption from disagreeable labor, she received a better education. Mr. Channing asked him on what ground, then, since ladies were better instructed than men were, their exclusion from political life and their acknowledgement of sexual equality could be defended?

He said, that hitherto the advocates of *Women's Rights* had been regarded as were visionaries; as theorists who never proposed to bring their belief to bear on existing institutions. That opinion had preserved them from a vigorous assault from the church and laws and the press—that opinion, these Conventions were designed to explode.

He then proceeded to inquire into the radical

principles which gave vitality to this movement, and to answer the objections ordinarily offered against it.

They did not assert that women are intellectually of a higher rank than men or contrawise. They merely held that all human beings, without distinction of sex, have a right to exercise all the spiritual powers with which nature has endowed them without legal obstruction; that all the latent powers in woman's soul should have as favorable an opportunity for development as man now enjoys.

In private life, we know that the sexes exercise a reciprocal influence over each other—such was Nature's design. In public life this influence is not, but it should be felt.

He asserted that it was a glaring absurdity for us who affirmed that Government derived its great power from the consent of the *whole* people to cut off one-half from influencing its action directly.

He then considered the two objections which were most popular with the opponents of *Women's Rights*.

1. It is not, it is said, objectionable that women in some sphere should exert her influence, but that, when she ascends the platform as a speaker, or goes upon the stage as an actress, she is out of her sphere.

The speaker requested the audience to notice the manner in which the public proved the sophistry of public opinion. Jenny Lind appeared, and sang "I know that my redeemer liveth," and enraptured millions, who applauded her without uttering a word against her degrading her character as a woman, by publicly appearing before an audience. On the other hand, when Mrs. Mott and Miss Brown, who prove by their acts and words, that they are inspired with the Redeemer's spirit, appear and speak, they are charged with going out of their sphere!

The public willingly receives from Ellsler a contribution of money, earned by her physical dexterity, to assist in building a column, in honor of those who fell in defense of liberty. But they unwillingly permit such women as Mrs. Rose to aid by their thoughts to rear a spiritual column. They offered no objections to Mrs. Butler reciting the words of another in public; but he believed that if a female Shakespeare were to arise, they would not tolerate her giving utterance to her free-thoughts in public.

There was a special reason why women should advocate moral reformations. They were endowed by nature with an intense depth of vision of which men were devoid; their eloquence was more powerful—it fell softly, but its influence was irresistible.

2. The second objection urged was that this interference (as they called it,) or entrance (as he called it,) of women into political life would rob her of her womanliness. There was no fear of this. Her womanliness was heaven-planted, was ineradicable. Politics would not debase her nature. On the contrary, by admitting woman to participate in political life, politics would be elevated to that high level which God designed it to occupy. No other means could effect this end.

[A hired hisser here proved his inferiority to poultry by imitating very badly the sound peculiar to a goose.]

The speaker begged to state an anecdote for the benefit of his friend in the gallery. He once knew a woman who could tame wild horses. He asked her how she accomplished this feat! She replied, "by whispering in his ear." His wild friend evidently was desirous of listening to a female speaker, and therefore he would sit down—not doubting that his friend would soon hear a woman whispering words of truth in his ear, if they were long enough. [Laughter.]

Miss ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, was then introduced, who said that a most erroneous impression prevailed that the movement in favor of

Woman's Rights was a movement antagonistic to the rights of man. This supposition was founded on a sophistry. What belongs to man cannot belong to woman, and vice versa.

This Society held that whether woman's intellect was or was not equal to that of man was an open question. They did not wish women to pick up and engrave portions of man's nature on their own. Perhaps such a horticultural experiment would be unsuccessful. They merely asked for their rights, not wishing to usurp those of man. What they asked for themselves they did not deny to others. The golden rule was their rule of action.

She then alluded to the scene at Metropolitan Hall, on which she understood a controversy had been raised in this Tabernacle this afternoon, and of which we have given an account in another column.

The Temperance Movement and the Woman's Right Movement were in some respects different as well as in some respects similar. The Right of Woman to advocate Temperance had, however, been acknowledged by the foes of Drunkenness.

The opposition to this rapidly-progressive movement generally came from members of four different classes. First, from those who were utterly ignorant of the claims presented, of the wrongs suffered, and of the remedies proposed by women. These regard us as mad enthusiasts or fanatics—as merciless innovators, by whom nothing is held as sacred. Second, from those genuine bigots, whose brains are so ossified that no room is left in the dark, stone-like cells which hold them for the expansive principle. Yet many of these are good and earnest men. They looked upon us with somewhat of the feelings with which Miss Ophelia looked at Topsy. They occasionally try to induce us to change our opinions; but if we attempt to rebut their ridiculous vaticinations their benevolence vanishes. Third, from the splenetic. Fourth, from those rich women who occupy a station to which not their merits but their husbands' exertions elevated them, and who find it easier and more agreeable to float on the top wave of fashion without effort than by industry and talent and perseverance to wrench respect from those who at present merely flatter them from selfish motives, or from politeness. Such women are never converts.

All opponents belong to one of these classes; but all opposition is already melting like frost-work at the rising of the sun. The day is not far distant when the intellect of women as well as of men will be recognized.

[Here a fellow in the gallery imitated the growling of a puppy. To give the devil his due, let us say that he executed it in a very natural manner.]

The greatest wrong done to woman was the wrong done to the intellectual part of her being. This overtops all other. It is the Goliath of the Philistine. Our "educated women" are not bees but drones. Their minds are not developed but moulded in the fashionable pattern.

Our young women are already asking why they ought to be educated. The question is worthy of consideration. Unless their intellect is to be used, of what use is it to discipline it? If women cannot be leaders, they will not undergo the education necessary to qualify them for leaders. This quality cannot be imparted; they themselves must acquire it.

Why have we been educated? In order to educate our children? No. Our children are taken from us at an age so early that the modern mother has more need of her heart than for head. "For our husband's sake?" No. A few years at our popular finishing schools would give them all the knowledge necessary for wives to be furnished with. As long as woman has no *motive*, she will not, she cannot labor with the energy which the hope of power, of influence, or of fame imparts to the student. The goal which society at present places before her is not one sufficiently grand to induce her to press forward with zeal to gain it.

Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE spoke thus: The wrongs of Women are not of recent date; they

are sanctioned by the ignorance of ages. We therefore know full well the obstacles we have to meet. But we place ourselves in the balance of justice, and ask inalienable rights. Every step of human freedom has been won from the stronghold of tyranny; every step of human progress has been through blood. In the countries where oppression weighs the people down, under the autocrat Nicholas, or Francis Joseph, or Napoleon the little, who reigns by the grace of the Pope, or the Pope who reigns by grace of Napoleon, we could not claim our rights; but in the land of freedom, we proclaim the eternal truth; the inalienable right of all to life, liberty and happiness. [Cheers and hisses.]

We do not stand here to call upon the law-makers and law-breakers of the nation to defend themselves for so grossly violating fundamental principles. Woman is the so-called better half of man; and man, in the plenitude of his wisdom, makes all the rules that are to guide that half. [Cheers and hisses, resulting in an uproar in the gallery, which interrupted the speaker for several minutes. Policemen made their appearance and order was at last restored.] Humanity recognizes no sex; vice and virtue, pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, life and death recognize no sex. Woman, like man, pays the penalty of violating Nature's laws. Husband and wife become one—but that one is the husband, in the law's eye; until, indeed, woman violates some law which renders her liable to imprisonment or death, and then Blackstone's husband falls away from the unity, "Richard is himself again," and she alone suffers. I am told husband and wife ought to be one, and I respond with all my soul to the noble idea. But what does this one-ness mean? In my imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, the sentiment conveys to my mind no difference of interests, rights, enjoyment, happiness—all the same, no more, no less—perfect equality. Is that a true definition of one-ness? If you have a better, give it, and I will take it, but till then let us use this as the right one.

[The speaker here enumerated the few portions of a deceased husband's goods which came to his widow, mentioning several trifling articles in a sarcastic style, which excited much merriment from the audience, among them were spinning-wheels, one tea-pot, cups and saucers, spoons, &c.]

The law does not say whether they are to be tea or table-spoons, but probably presumes ladies are so delicate that they will live on tea alone. Spinning-wheels are of little use to ladies now-a-days, though, in old times, they spun and wove all the cloth which made the raiment of the family. Unfortunately for some laws, man is progressive, and laws grow too old for him; he must then put them aside, or he acts so foolishly as if he were to put on baby's clothes because there was a time when they fitted him. [Loud cheers and laughter.] This is ridiculous, but I quote the very law. Alas, it is too serious to thousands to be ridiculous. Great wrong is done woman, not alone in her property, but also in her dearest feelings. The wife dies, and all is her husband's, and no one asks a question; but, when the husband dies; strangers enter the dwelling, and those pledges of affection, enfeoffed to her by years of love, must pass into the hands of others. [Loud applause.] No one can realize the outrage done to woman.

[Here there were cries of "Time is up;" but the President said, as the speaker had been deprived of some time by the interruption during her address, she should have a few minutes longer.]

I will only say a few words more in conclusion. The wrongs and feelings of Women, if known, would draw tears of pity from the hardest hearts. But this is not the time for tears. She has wept long enough, till her tenderness has become her stigma. [Cheers and hisses.] The time shall come when these very men, (whom from my heart I pity,) will know better. Those who oppose our cause to-night, cannot have had the happiness of a mother's teaching, a sister's care, or a wife's affection. If not, this would still more stimulate me, and all who have humanity at heart, to persevere in our efforts to gain Woman's Rights and Woman's freedom, and that not for the benefit of

Woman alone, but even for that of such men as they are.

[Mrs. Rose sat down amid enthusiastic applause.] LUCY STONE next addressed the Convention thus:

MADAME PRESIDENT: We laughed at the items of the law as repeated by the last speaker; but what is laughed at causes the misery of thousands of women. The facts which passed before you, as a picture to look at, weigh down thousands of hearts like a mountain of iron. In Massachusetts, a few months ago, I and some others were speaking about the law which gives the husband the custody of his wife's person, and a man said to me: "In that house there is a wife who, for three years, has not set her foot out of doors. The husband, when he goes out, nails down every window, locks every door, and puts the key into his pocket. Though the woman has only reached the mid-day of existence, her hair is gray and her face is wrinkled. She can show no bruises; she has no friends to take up her cause; and she lives 'on in her bitter and hopeless wrongs.' We call this a Woman's Rights movement, but I think it ought to be called a Woman's Wrongs movement; for in every relation she is treated as man's inferior. Man does not know or feel this in his own person, and I hope he never may experience the bitter knowledge. Educationally, a girl goes to school and spends three years, but can she carry away her knowledge and turn it to any noble or useful purpose? No! In the tract called "Woman and her Wishes," I read an anecdote. Two girls were leaving school, when one said to the other, 'I am sorry we are leaving school.' 'Why?' asked the other, 'Because I shall have nothing to do.' 'Can't you stay at home,' said her companion, 'and make pretty things to wear?' Women, like these girls, find in the growth which leads her within view of the earnest purposes of life, an end of her existence; unless she has force of character enough to enable her to bear sneers and hisses! In the name of mankind, I protest against this deprivation to which women are subjected. It curses us with a curse much heavier than you can know. It curses you too. When the intelligence of woman is kept ground down to the fineness of a cambric needle, look at the level to which you condemn those whose minds she must influence,—your sons and daughters. The stream can rise no higher than the fountain. I have seen a vote of a Church in Massachusetts, passed 70 years ago. 'A woman shall not speak in the church, but may unbosom herself to the church members in private and tell her sorrows there.' Such was the estimation in which women was held. Is not such oppression enough to cause protest to be made, not with words, but with bullets? But we are not going to do it, because we know that thoughts are mightier than weapons. We will protest wherever we can get an audience, till men learn to know what we suffer. We know that we shall not appeal in vain to the heart and intellect of manhood. Brothers, sons and husbands who have felt the endearing influence of woman, will, for their sakes, rally at our sides; and where one-half of the human family now enjoys science and light, these gifts of the Creator will be common to all. Mrs. Rose has shown how the widow is treated by laws made by men. The time shall come when husband and wife shall stand on one platform, be in all things equal and one; then will the morning stars sing again for joy, and the old paradise be regained. Then will there be no regard to sex or color, but manhood be the sole aristocracy. It is to that end that we ask your assistance, and will ask it to-morrow through the sessions of the day. Should any one have ought to say against us, let him not utter it in hisses or reproaches, but in language that is Saxon, with no base subterfuge, but man to man, and woman to woman. I guarantee to any such a fair hearing; he shall have twenty minutes; if he wants half an hour he shall have it, and his arguments shall not be met with hisses. When he has finished his speech, if we can prove him mistaken,

[Continued on 142d page.]

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

BOSTON, Jan. 7, 1853.

Gentlemen :

At my instance you consented, at the time the New England School of Design was started, some eighteen months ago, to lend the countenance of your names to the experiment. I now beg leave to lay before you the result of that experiment, with a view to the consideration of the question, whether the Institution presents claims to be made permanent, and, if so, how it should be effected.

By referring to the accompanying Report, you will be able to form some opinion of its working, thus far,—but in order to form a satisfactory judgment I would suggest that two or three of yourselves undertake to examine into the subject, and report. If they shall find that a class of skilled, artistic labor, important to manufacturers of cotton, woollen and others, and which may be increased indefinitely by suitable encouragement, reward and employment, may by this means be created,—and if, in addition to this, it can be shown to be probable that a large proportion of the seventy-five pupils now in the School will, in the course of a year or two, be supporting themselves by the various branches acquired at the School, and spreading at the same time a knowledge of and taste in, fabrics that will react upon manufactures,—there ought to be no difficulty in procuring the assurance that the necessary sum of between two and three thousand dollars per annum shall be supplied,—say for three or five years,—by which time the Institution will have become well rooted, and its value understood. Its direction ought not however to rest, so exclusively as it has done, in the hands of a very small number of persons (myself included) who, from the necessity of the case, have carried it thus far. It ought to be a matter of more public concern, and a system of co-operation from manufacturers should be devised. It is with this view, and in order to some plan for the financial provision which becomes necessary before the opening of the new term in February, that I now call your attention to the subject.

I am, Gentlemen, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

SAM'L G. WAKD, Treasurer.

MESSRS. SAMUEL LAWRENCE,
R. M. MASON, and others.

It is important that the attention of the public should be directed to the objects proposed in the foundation of this Institution, its present situation, and prospects. It is believed that the advantages it offers to a large class of worthy and respectable individuals are not sufficiently understood.

It furnishes an honorable and liberal means of support to all who succeed in arriving at a moderate proficiency in the arts taught, and, at the same time, a pleasing and agreeable occupation. The interests of the laboring population, and especially females, are promoted in providing a new employment, not requiring excessive labor, but which creates, by its very nature, a new scope for the exercise of skill, ingenuity and taste,—advantages in a more sense of no small importance, as whatever promotes the elevation of the public taste is a benefit conferred on the general community. The condition of a large class of society is vastly ameliorated by offering them an occupation which tends to the elevation of the senses, restraining them from the paths of evil, and leading to the study of Nature in all its beauty.

There is need of educated and professional talent in many of the trades which require the use of ornament in their productions. A higher standard is looked for in all kinds of manufactured goods. The public taste advances with the age, and demands constant progress in the production of all articles, whether for use or ornament. It is this want which the School of Design is calculated to supply, and as the result of such application of labor becomes apparent in the increased demand of articles in which taste and utility are combined, the

whole community is interested to advance this important object.

The great and leading object of the School is to teach the art of Ornamental Design and its application to manufactures in all its branches,—the promotion of improvement in the extended application of ornamental art, and the education of a class capable of competing successfully with foreign artists. It is subservient to a great variety of occupations and trades,—to the textile and printed fabrics, carpets, paper hangings, furniture, pottery, porcelain, engraving, sculpture, printing, embroidery, glass, the silversmith and the jeweller, the worker in iron, brass and other metals,—in short, there is hardly any mechanical or manufacturing employment that does not at times require the aid of skillful designers.

Schools of Design have been in operation in England about fifteen years. In 1835, a Select committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine into the subject, and reported favorably. The first school was established in London, principally by Government aid, in 1837, and since that time their utility has become so obvious that they have been opened in many of the large towns, and are supported mostly by parliamentary grants and local subscriptions. In 1851, the system comprised in England,—the Head School in London, with about 500 students; and eighteen Branch Schools in the large towns, containing 3000 pupils together, 3500. The expenditures by Government, from 1837 to 1849, was £55,000; receipts from fees, donations and subscriptions, £26,000—together, £81,000, which had furnished instruction to about 16,000 pupils, at a cost of rather more than £5 each. The Government has appropriated, the last three or four years, £12,000 or £14,000 per annum, which is the strongest evidence of its estimation of their usefulness.

In this country, of course, such a system of government support cannot be relied on. We must therefore look to private contributions, mostly, for the means of sustaining our School. It is important that relations should be established between the School and manufacturers, and all engaged in any kind of business requiring ornamental talent. We ask them to assume a share of the expense of maintaining it, since it is so obvious they are interested in its success.

The English schools are mostly devoted to male pupils; but recently, classes for females have been formed. Our school has been exclusively appropriated to females. It would seem to be an occupation peculiarly suited to the more delicate part of society; and as, in this country, the demand for the labor of men is so great and diversified, we are naturally led to inquire whether women cannot and ought not to fill these departments. The result of the experiment has been most satisfactory, and there appears no reason at present why females may not appropriate to themselves a share of this business, which will be the means of furnishing many with a handsome support. Considering, therefore, the great benefits to accrue to the community in general, we feel a confidence in bringing this Institution to the more particular notice of the public, and rely upon such aid towards its support as may be found necessary.

The following is the present condition of the school:—

CONDITION OF THE SCHOOL.

Upon examination, it appears that there are now in the School, 78 pupils, viz.:

In the Preparatory Department,	44
In Mr. Bellows', or the Work Room,	34
Of the 44 in the Preparatory Department, 14 entered the School at the term commencing 7th Dec., or since; 15 entered 22d September, or during that term; and 15 entered about 1st April.	

These 44 are progressively engaged in outline drawing, architectural scroll and flower drawing, perspective, &c., and are mostly intending to devote themselves to designing, if they have sufficient talent.

Of the 34 in the Work Room, or Mr. Bellows' Room,

Eleven are engaged in wood engraving, under

Mr. Baker. Of these, one entered October, 1851; two in December, 1851, and the rest in April, 1851, or later. The first three have engraved since early in May; the rest, since September last. They have engraved the designs for Brown's Almanac, the game of Robin Hood, sundry original designs of Mr. Billings, &c., and much transfer and practice work.

Thirteen are engaged in studying foliage, drawing from casts, &c., to fit them either for lithographers or teachers.

Three are engaged in drawing on stone, and are doing very good work.

[Of the above, two are specially preparing for designing or drawing on wood for wood engravers, &c.]

Seven are designing for manufacturers, and there are besides 2 at the Lowell Mills. Of these 7, one or two have been at the School since its commencement, or five quarters; and the others a less time. They have executed work for paper-hangings, car linings, printed flannels, and other woollen fabrics, and show sufficient ability to produce good work in any branches, with suitable encouragement.

In all the above branches there appear to be pupils engaged of superior talents and perseverance. Those at Lowell are earning \$1 per day, and giving great satisfaction to their employers. The appearance of the School, the progress of the pupils, and the interest they take in the various branches, speak highly for the management of Mr. Bellows and his assistants.

Few persons are probably aware of the difficulties to be overcome in establishing an institution of this kind. Teachers as well as pupils are to be trained, experiments tried, and failures encountered, in learning just what can be accomplished and what should not be attempted; and perhaps the hardest task of all is to establish relations between the pupils and employers, the School and the public. Whoever is familiar with the history of the English Schools of Design will be sensible that what has been accomplished in the present experiment must be regarded as a very encouraging degree of success.

It may be regarded as proved by this experiment—

1. That there is a large class of young women who are prepared to pursue the practical branches taught here with earnestness, and to whom the existence of the School is a great boon;—

2. That there is ability enough, in a large portion of the pupils, to insure their earning a good living by the practice of the branches taught, and in some, or even many, a very superior talent, which it is important to the community at large, and especially to all manufacturers requiring designers, to foster and encourage;—

3. That there is the power in the School, as now organized, to accomplish the results aimed at, and extend their benefits indefinitely, if suitably provided with funds.

The measures to accomplish this end seem to be something like the following:—

1. By opening a general subscription, the purpose of which should be to agree to furnish a certain sum annually for a term say of five years.

2. By an agreement among the subscribers that a percentage of their subscriptions shall be devoted to prizes for the best specimens of designs, &c., in the various branches;—

3. By an understanding, among manufacturers of all classes requiring designs, that an effort shall be made by all to keep orders standing at the School, for designs, &c.; to be accepted, however only when the excellence of the work gives full satisfaction;—

4. By the quarterly sitting of a committee of manufacturers, who shall distribute the prizes and examine into the means adopted for carrying out their intentions.

These points could be easily arranged at a meeting of subscribers.

It is clear that the School ought not to go down if the means can be found to support it. And to ensure its success there must be some sustained interest, upon the part of employers of such labor

as the School may be expected to supply; and an assurance, for a term of years sufficiently long to get it rooted, that the funds required, say between two and three thousand dollars per annum, (which are understood to be nearly half the current expenses, of the School the other half being furnished by the pupils) shall be supplied.

It is intended that application be made to the present Legislature for an act of incorporation, to enable the Institution to hold property which it may acquire, and to place it on a solid basis.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE,
R. M. MASON,
EDWARD AUSTIN,
J. J. DIXWELL,
C. H. MILLS.

BOSTON, JANUARY 28, 1853.

From the New York True National Democrat.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

There is no subject which more deeply concerns the happiness and well being of mankind, than the condition of women in society. Wherever her position is exalted, there we find an elevated state of society and of public morals; let her condition be degraded, and invariably a low state of morality will exist. In speaking of the employment of women, it is not our intention to dwell upon the useless occupations to which females in fashionable life, are frequently devoted, in which their time is spent only in manufacturing gewgaws to ornament the person and administer to their personal vanity, where no thought, reflection, or judgment is required. This is only wasting time on emptiness and frivolity, which ought to be devoted to the cultivation of the mind, and in the free exercise of the body. It is a vice as well as folly to spend time in such useless employment. If the female sex would only know, with what contempt all men of good sense look upon such frivolous nonsense, they would seek occupation more in accordance with the dignity of human nature.

Both extremes of society are equally in a false position, so far as their condition and employment are concerned. The lady of fashion, who is possessed of nerves so weak and delicate that she is ready to faint with affright at the buzzing of a fly, and the sickly, emaciated seamstress, who is compelled to toil sixteen or eighteen hours a day to keep herself, and others dependent upon her, from starving, are equally in a wrong position, equally opposed to the laws of nature, and the laws of God. But it is of those who toil, the victims of penury and misfortune that we wish more particularly to notice at this time.

A cotemporary has justly remarked :

"That the scarcity of employments for females in England, and as a consequence in America where we so blindly and subserviently imitate everything English, has ever been a subject of grief to the philanthropist and the christian. On the continent it is otherwise. There the females perform the duty of shopkeepers, booksellers, and in nearly all the thriving mercantile establishments, the daughters are nearly as useful and as fully engaged as the sons. Hence though there are idle and good-for-nothing men enough in France and the low countries, there are few idle women."

In England and America we find female employments far more circumscribed. We find stout, strong, hardy men in the shops of linen-drapers, haberdashers, hosiers, grocers, book stores, dry goods stores, &c., nearly all the occupants of which on the continent are filled by women. The English and American custom in this respect, is a constant theme of remark and astonishment with the foreigners who visit us. It is inquired, what becomes of our women, and it excites no surprise that the degraded portion of the sex is ten times more numerous in proportion, than in those countries where females find employment suited to their strength, and for which they receive an adequate compensation."

Vitally important as this subject is, it seems to have been almost wholly overlooked. Amidst so many institutions and reformations, this matter seems to be one in which much good might be

substituted for extensive and deep seated misery.

It is quite unnecessary to enlarge here upon the cares and responsibilities created in families by the dependence of girls, and the want of suitable employments for them; while to describe the complicated miseries and sufferings of the fallen, would fill volumes with tragedies. That the female sex, should be rendered more independent in the means of obtaining a livelihood, will not be denied; by having suitable employment, virtue and happiness would be generally increased.

Now, what plan can be adopted to remedy these difficulties? The first plan grows out of the peculiar circumstances of the case, and the present constitution of society. They might, in a great measure, become their own physicians.

Delicacy does and ought to forbid them from communicating at all times with a male physician. It is a well known fact that hundreds of lives are lost annually from commendable reserves in this respect. If women would make themselves acquainted with diseases and their remedies, if institutions for imparting a knowledge of physiology, anatomy, &c., could be established for females, 10,000 of the sex might derive independence from the advising and prescribing in disorders of females, and particularly in diseases of children, where such woeful failures are so frequently made at present.

We hope soon to see this good work effectually commenced.

Fifty thousand retail stores in our large cities and towns ought to afford employment and good wages, for 100,000 women. The employment of 50,000 men now engaged as tailors, and other similar light work, might be advantageously filled by women. Bookbinding, in nearly all its branches, might be given up to females. Watch and clock making, are also admirably adapted to the female sex, and might employ some thousands more. Engraving and similar callings might be surrendered entirely to female artists, which would still swell the number of those profitably and agreeably employed. As accountants and book-keepers, females would stand unrivalled, and this would give employment to some thousands more. We would drive men from most of the easy employments within doors—those employments especially which rightfully belong to the other sex.

Thus we have pointed out to our readers, the means, which, if adopted, would save thousands from wretchedness if not vice. The object is well worthy the attention of the philanthropist, and we hope soon to see the time when there shall be a radical reformation on this subject. We are aware that many may treat this subject jeeringly, and hence nothing is done. But we are serious in calling public attention to it. At present untold evils exist, and deep seated misery and wretchedness prevails in multitude of homes. Is it not then our duty to endeavor to save the better portion of our race from the terrible doom of poverty and misfortune, with all its horrible train of ills? Can this be done if it is not attempted? And can it be attempted if it is not touched with an earnestness befitting a question of so much importance?

For the Una.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.—NO. 3.

The N. Y. Tribune, after describing the external surroundings and internal developments of a good many farm houses in "old N. England, and new N. Connecticut," gives utterance to the following remarks and queries :

"Yet it is not necessary to go to the woods for specimens of want of rural taste; they are as plenty as blackberries all over the country. The question is, how shall this evil be corrected? for corrected it must be before a starting point of intellectual or agricultural improvement is reached. You might just as well think of civilizing a naked savage without first clothing him, as to make first rate citizens of those who live in houses as naked as the savage, of all that should, or would, if they were rightly taught, adorn the homes of those who own the soil they till."

Why, it is one of the easiest things in the world

to solve neighbor Greeley's problem, theoretically, leaving its practical solution to be evolved, as it will be in time, when the mass of mind becomes sufficiently developed and matured to understand the matter in all its generalities, bearings and details.

In the first place, secure to every one a home—let every one dwelling upon this broad and beautiful earth, where

"Millions of acres want hands,
And millions of hands want acres,"

be entitled to a bit of land upon which they can plant a "family tree," feeling fully assured that it will never be uprooted by sacrilegious hands until they pass around to an eternal home in a better world. There is nothing like a consciousness of having a way of one's own for enlarging a heart, whether it is naturally little and mean, or large and generous; and for expanding a brain, whether it is naturally small and obtuse, or capacious and comprehensive. There is no rest so sweet and refreshing to a cultivated heart and soul as that which is found beneath the shelter of one's own roof, when its external surroundings and internal developments are arranged with an eye to health, comfort and beauty. No bread is so sweet as that which grows upon one's own soil; and no one can so easily vindicate his right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," as an owner of the soil which furnishes the material for his daily bread. What cares he for speculators and monopolists? For he can snap his finger in their faces while saying—"My bread and butter is beyond your reach. I will vote as I please, and worship my God, according to the dictates of my own conscience!" While the toiling millions are peering tremblingly, yet hopefully into surrounding darkness, asking for light, for that light and knowledge which will enable them to assume the dignity of manhood, and go forth from the dreary wilderness of poverty. "Give them no light," says the speculator and monopolist; "keep them down, for they are born to toil and suffer; while I, by my superior cunning, am enabled to ride over them rough-shod, and make them contribute to my convenience and self-interest. Let them have no light and knowledge; for it is for my interest to keep them in the dreary wilderness of poverty—their necks beneath my feet."

Ah, selfish and sinning man, when God asks concerning thy brother man, what answer can you give? How long shall the strong be permitted to oppress the weak, and make them subservient to their own ignoble purposes by holding them as within a net?

Mem. While granting that owners of the soil enjoy more rights than any other class of people, or might if they possessed the requisite information, taste and energy, I rather doubt the expediency, for obvious reasons, of their availing themselves of their right to locate the pigs-trough by the front door steps; or to make a barn-yard of the highway by the front gate.

And, now, in the second place, woman's social position has a great deal of influence upon the surroundings and contents of farm-houses, as well as all other houses—much more than casual observers imagine it has. If her taste was often consulted and gratified in household and doorway comforts and adornments, what a genial and beautiful change would be coming over these littered and shadeless yards, and these habitations which look so cheerless and desolate—just as if the children were saying—"We stay here because we must, and not because we love to; and we will get away just as soon as we possibly can!" A friend says that most of these men are given to rather slovenly habits indoors as well as out; and thinks I to myself, a good many women are afflicted in a similar way. However, I am fully convinced that "exhibitions of rural taste" in the surroundings and adornments of houses and yards would be ten times more frequent if women were permitted to make suggestions on the matter—providing her suggestions were received by a kindred heart, instead of being thrown away upon a gizzard.

"I'm not going to have all the brush in the country piled on to my farm!" snarled out farmer Subsoil, as he tossed three beautiful young elms which his children had procured to adorn the few feet of ground which they usually played upon when permitted to play at all, over into the highway, "with a vengeance," as Aunt Katy said. Now, that pale, submissive, worn out looking woman, standing just within the door of that habitation which looks so lonely and cheerless, without even a solitary tree or shrub for a companion, while she regards the children with a sad, sympathizing expression, which seems to say, you should have fifty trees instead of three, if I could only have my way about it, is Mr. Subsoil's wife—according to law; but future development must decide the question as to whether she was such according to gospel. Well, she had, as she said, always been trying to get her husband to set out, or to let her and her children set out some shubbery and trees; because the sight of them always gave her such a comfortable, cheerful and home-like feeling. But Mr. Subsoil, whose heart seemed to be as cold and sterile as his subterranean namesake, insisted that they were of no consequence—exhausted the soil—took time to set them out—and want of no use to nobody or nothing; besides, it was woman's business to stay in the house and work, and not be lazing about out doors, looking at posies and trees and such useless sort of trumpery. So Mrs. Subsoil submitted to her husband's superior power—feeling all the time that he betrayed a deplorable lack of light and knowledge—and knowing very well that a necessity of her nature, a love of the pure, the good and beautiful of earth, could never be gratified, and that she must live on with a lonely, sore feeling at her heart so long as she was the wife of Mr. Subsoil, according to law. Had he been her husband according to gospel, would he not have consulted and gratified her taste and feelings so far as the means for doing so were at his command, feeling that it was a pleasure, and not a burden to do so?

Is it any wonder that children go out from such homes with their natures dwarfed and crooked so that they cannot expand into a vigorous and noble manhood? Is it not both a shame and a sin to perpetuate such a system, resting, as it does, upon the pillars of ignorance? When the woman's rights' movement brings forth its legitimate fruits, as it will in due time, and woman takes her proper place by man's side, as his equal and companion, socially, morally and intellectually, "the homes of those who own the soil they till," will indicate, in external surroundings and internal developments, that woman's love of the pure, the genial and beautiful things of earth, has been consulted and gratified to a reasonable degree. And there will be no more pig-troughs located by the front door steps; and no more "hard cider" drunk to make men irritable, arbitrary and exacting; and, consequently, the women cross; and "Caudle Lectures," the cause of them being removed, will be as secure as husband's according to gospel.

And, now, neighbor Greeley, having solved your problem, theoretically, let me ask, may not its practical solution be brought about by throwing light, knowledge and human rights broad cast among the mass of mind, irrespective of sex?

HARRIET N. TORREY.

Ohio, August 15, 1853.

THEATRE ROYAL.—MRS. STIRLING.—This fascinating actress has been so successful in her delineation of Peg Woffington, that she has played that character every night this week, and repeats it again this (Saturday) evening. On Monday and Tuesday evenings, she appears in another original character of her own—the Countess d'Autreval, in the new comedy of "The Ladies' Battle," and also in a new farce called "Love and Charity." On Wednesday, she plays in another new comedy, entitled "The Rights of Women."—*Liverpool Times.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

Continued from page 139.

and he be a true seeker for the truth, he will thank us for showing him he was wrong. Let us be our own care-takers, and let every man and woman so conduct himself or herself, that each may go away carrying in his heart that best treasure, self-respect. [Loud applause.]

The meeting then adjourned till 10 o'clock next morning.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

The forenoon session of this Convention was attended by a larger audience than has hitherto assembled in the forenoon.

Mrs. MOTT, the President, opened the meeting by a speech, in which she confuted and explained away the Scriptural texts usually brought forward and misinterpreted to bear against the Woman's Rights Movement.

Mrs. MATILDA E. GAGE deemed the plan of holding Conventions in large cities a happy one, as it enabled the press to disseminate true reports of the arguments advanced in favor of the cause, before the masses of the nation.

The three great resources for industrial females hitherto, have been washing, serving and teaching; but in each of these three occupations the progress of the age is effecting great changes. For none of these labors is a sufficient recompense given, and all are passing out of her hands.

The first aim of Woman, in her opinion, ought to be improvement in her social and physical condition, based on physical comfort.

In point of equity, our *divorce* laws are not as far advanced as those of Mahomedan countries. *There*, if the husband sue for divorce he is under the necessity of restoring the dower; but in Christian America the husband retains the wife's dower, and even if she be the innocent party, she receives neither property nor children, unless by an express decree of court.

The principal objections for refusing woman political rights, are, "what has woman to do with politics?" as they would be too degrading to her. I think I have fully shown what woman has to do with politics, and as at present conducted, they are degrading to man. Politics are degrading when one party or the other will grant privileges to a clique of men—whether religious or otherwise—on consideration of their influence over the votes of unfortunate men, whom poverty and ignorance have placed in their power.

Mrs. NICHOLS, Editor of the Windham County Democrat, said that Man had already found a method by which to enable Woman to influence the destiny of Institutions which are established for pecuniary purposes. In the Banks of this country—in the Bank of England, which could overturn with ease every European throne—in the East India Company, which rules over the millions of Hindostan, Women held shares, and possessed a power equal to that of Man. She hoped that ere long Man would find a right Womanly way by which to enable her to affect moral, intellectual, and social, as well as commercial interests.

In order that women might effect this end, it was necessary to possess the right of voting. She wanted this right because in consequence of not possessing it she could not protect herself and children; because she did not possess the power which as a mother ought to belong to her.

Woman's property was given by the laws to her husband; her children belonged to and could be claimed by their father, however brutal and degraded he might have become.

She alluded to the argument regarding the indelicacy of woman appearing at the ballot-box, because these rowdies always assembled there. When women in America were universally well treated in Church, on the traveling conveyance, and in the public meeting, what danger was there of her being maltreated at the polls? She believed that it was just because women were not at the polls that disorder reigned at the booths. There, as elsewhere, it was not good for man to be alone. [Applause.]

After some comments on the existing laws of Divorce she resumed her seat.

C. C. BURLEIGH spoke next; on rising he was met by a storm of hisses. He said: there are some here who seem to wish to push our doctrine further than even we desire, and to show that women only have a right to appear before a public assembly. Last night some one in the audience asked for three reasons why women should vote; more than three have been given, but I will recapitulate the arguments briefly.

Mr. Burleigh did so in a forcible and eloquent strain.

Dr. H. K. Root took the platform, and proposed to give three reasons why men should, and why women should not vote. 1st, Because there is an original command of God that men should rule; 2d, Because of man's superior strength; 3d, If man votes that is reason enough why woman should not.

ALEX. PARKER took the stand and made a few remarks about the fall of Man, that seemed of no pertinence to the subject before the Convention, which then adjourned to 3 P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The first speaker was Miss Lucy Stone. She said:

I was very glad to hear the objections stated, as they were probably of weight—to the mind of the objectors and others. At the Worcester Convention, a woman said there were, she thought, many things wrong in Woman's position, but she pleaded, fear of the Scriptural evidence against her. I will reply in order. The first part of the objection related to physical weakness on the part of Woman. But are not men carried to the polls? That should prevent their voting by a like reason. Intellectual weakness was objected. Now, what is the measure of the intellectual strength requisite to use franchise weight, and who shall determine the measure?

In the course of her remarks Miss Lucy Stone read the following letter:

WORCESTER, Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1853.

DEAR FRIEND: You are aware that private duties alone prevent my prolonging my stay in New York during the season of the Woman's Rights Convention. But you know also that all my sympathies are there. I hope you will have a large representation of the friends of this great movement—the most important movement of the century—and that you will also assemble a good many of its opponents during the discussion. Perhaps from some such opponents I might obtain answers to certain questions which now harass my mind, such as the following:

If there be a woman's sphere and a man's sphere, why has not woman an equal voice in fixing the limits?

If it be unwomanly for a girl to have a whole education, why is it not unwomanly for her to have even a half one? Should she not be left where the Turkish women are left?

If "women have sufficient political influence through their husbands and brothers" how is it that the worst laws are confessedly those relating to female property?

If "politics are necessarily corrupting," ought not good men as well as good women to be exhorted to quit voting?

If Horace Mann's theory be correct, that none should be appointed jurors but those whose occupations fit them to understand the matters in dispute, where is the propriety of impaneling a jury of men to decide on the right of a divorced mother to her child?

If it be proper for a woman to open her lips in public to sing nonsense, how can it be improper for her to open them to speak sense?

These afford a sample of the questions to which I have been trying in vain to find an answer. If the reasonings of men on this subject are a fair specimen of the masculine intellect of the Nineteenth Century, I think it is certainly quite time to call in women to do the thinking.

Yours, respectfully and cordially,
Miss Lucy Stone. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Miss SOJOURNER TRUTH, an old colored woman, of whose history we yesterday published an account, was received with a shout of laughter, ironical applause, and cries of "hew!" &c. She wondered that men should come to a meeting, and when their mothers and sisters asked for their rights—they could ask for no less—should hiss them like snakes or geese. I am, said she, a native of New York; I was born in it; I was a slave in it, and, therefore, I feel at home in it. I am an American, and I come forth to speak in behalf of the Rights of Women [roars of laughter.] I know that when a colored woman rises to speak, you feel hissing and tickling-like, but I do not care. I know a little mite about the Rights of Women, and I want to throw my mite into the scale when it is moving. She spoke of the great difference between past and present times. When the daughter of Herod asked for a favor from her King, he answered that whatever she asked would be granted unto her, even if it was a half of his kingdom. But now, when women asked not for the half of a kingdom, but for the least they could ask for—their rights—the men hissed them like snakes or geese. She was sorry to think that there were such short minded men alive as those who were hissing her. She pitied them.

Rev. Mr. PIERPONT said, that a woman at this hour occupied the throne of the mightiest kingdom on the globe. One hundred and fifty millions of the human race submitted to her sway.—Had she any right to sit there? [Cries of "No," from the gallery.] No? The dissentients had one hundred and fifty millions against them. [How many have the Women's Right's friends against them?] If, then woman has the right to occupy the highest functions in the great State which modern ages have seen, on what ground can her exclusion from lower offices be defended? He came not to advocate any specific right. But woman has the right to a consideration of the question of what Rights she has and ought to have.

If woman went out of her sphere in addressing men in public, more than one-half of the Christians of the present day were believers in a lie! Did not the Catholics pray for the intercession of the mother of Jesus Christ, our Savior—to a woman? [Cries of "No!" "No!" "Yes!" and confusion.] If Mary should intercede for humanity she would evidently be going out of her sphere. This argument created great noise and confusion. A few further remarks were made and the reverend gentleman concluded.

Mrs. SEVILANCE was the next speaker. She maintained that the fundamental facts and faculties, the higher and more essential attributes which make up the accepted definition of humanity in our day, are identical in both sexes—are no more confined to one sex than to one nation.

PAULINA W. DAVIS offered the following resolution, which was adopted by the Convention. A committee was then appointed to prepare the address, and send it to the National Convention for signatures. The Committee proposed were Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Ernestine L. Rose, E. C. Stanton, C. H. Dall, Franceska Matilda Anneka, and Paulina W. Davis:

Resolved, That inasmuch as our movement is designed to benefit, not America alone, but the whole world, a committee be appointed to issue an address from this Convention to the Women of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, setting forth our objects, and inviting their co-operation in the same.

W. LLOYD GARRISON seconded the motion, and said, I do so because the subject is, like all struggles for liberty, of universal importance. This is a struggle for the race, sublime as the world itself. One great proof in its favor is that, though this is an open meeting, free for discussion, there has not been a sensible man to come here and offer one reasonable argument against our principles. This cause takes hold of heaven and reaches the throne of God.

The Convention adjourned to half past seven, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

Yesterday evening being the last sitting in this City of this Convention, the approach to the Tabernacle was thronged long before the hour appointed for opening the doors, and considerable excitement seemed to prevail. At about 7 o'clock the Tabernacle doors were thrown open and the rush for tickets and admissions by the anxious throng could only be equalled to that on a Jenny Lind night. The building, capable of holding some three thousand persons, was immediately filled to excess, and all the principal promoters of the movement took their places.

Mrs. MOTT, the President, moved that the resolution which we lately published be adopted.

This motion was carried.

Mrs. MARTIN, of this State, was then introduced to the meeting by Mrs. Mott, and with considerable difficulty commenced her address.

She had a sense of rectitude written on her heart [cries of "Time's up," "That'll do," which were quite insufficient to stop the speaker, who continued steadily to follow up her discourse despite all the hisses and groans, which of course made it impossible to hear her even at the Reporters' table.] Jeremy Bentham, the famous writer on political economy, admitted the right of woman to vote, as he said, after a long consideration of the subject. [Why can't you change your voice?] Nobody had any objection to Queen Victoria, and she would ask whether the Queen was unwomanly when she went to the House of Commons, or when she went to the Crystal Palace to open it. Yet Victoria was a wife and a mother like themselves (the speakers.) [Loud hisses, groans, laughter, tigers and demoniac sounds from the galleries.] But while Jeremy Bentham admitted the right he thought it would be inexpedient to give them the exercise of it. It was said, too, it would be taking woman out of her sphere.

Cries were then heard of "Phillips," "Phillips," Mr. Wendell Phillips being upon the platform, but he did not come forward and the lady proceeded: Woman, said she, does not own anything; she does not own her property, her earnings, her children, or her name. A drunken husband may squander all. Does any one suppose if we had a share in making them the laws would be thus. The great Maine Law would be executed. [Hisses and yells.]

Mrs. MOTT then came forward and said the speaker would not leave the stand on account of any demonstration of that kind.

Mrs. MARTIN continued and went on to remark that it was an anomaly that a foreigner landed here so ignorant that he could not write his own name, but remaining here for five years could vote, but an educated American woman never could. It was true they were ignorant of party politics as party questions, but that would make them better voters. The speaker then retired amid cries of "Go on!" "No!" "No!"

Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS came forward, and many called for him while many on the other hand hooted and hissed; upon which Mrs. Rose called upon the Mayor and police to preserve order in the meeting, as they had undertaken to do. Order being partly restored Mr. P. continued: You are making a great deal better speech than I could for the rights of woman. The very fact that a convention of this kind can't be held in the City of New York is the greatest proof of the necessity of such a convention. The time had been when other reforms had been met in just such a way as this is.

LUCY STONE now presented herself, and was received with a tempest of cheers, hisses, groans and stamping. Amid much interruption she persevered by making an eloquent and touching appeal, as follows:

Men! you show that the ground we take is only too well chosen. We might have expected that the memory of a mother, perhaps cold in her grave, would lead you for her sake, to hear those who speak of wrongs done to the sex she belonged to! [Uproar.] We have sat here for two days and

told you how woman is robbed of her property, her rights, her children; how labor, remunerative enough to sustain her, is shut out from her; we have pleaded for your sisters and your daughters; and here is the result—the issue for the present.

We hold in our hands the rod with which if we but smite, the waters of healing will gush forth for us.

In the name of the Convention, I thank those who have patiently heard us. We ask them to take to their homes whatever word of truth they have heard here; to give it a lodgment in their hearts; and whatever is worthy of being announced, we ask them to spread abroad; and we shall have a Woman's Rights Convention in New York, less disturbed than this, when mothers shall have taught their sons to act better than those who are here to-night. [Cries of "Good."]

Rev. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN presented herself, and was, if possible, received with more turbulence than Lucy Stone. The greater part of her address was scarcely audible, owing to the uproar, but she held steady to her purpose and finished her address.

Here a Mr. ELLIOT jumped on the platform and claimed to be heard against the principles of the Convention. He was applauded and hissed, and spoke as follows amid a scene of the most outrageous confusion, making himself audible by shouting at the top of his voice, thus:

I asked last night for three solid arguments—
A Voice—Here is the champion of rowdies.

Elliott—This is the uncharitable judgment passed on a stranger.

[Loud cries for Burleigh.]

Here the uproar became terrific; shouting, screaming, laughing, stamping, cries of "Burleigh," "Root," "Truth," "Shut up," "Greeley," "Go to bed," prevented anything being heard or done in order; and the Convention broke up amid the wildest uproar, the following resolution being passed:

Resolved, That the members of this Convention, and the audience assembled, tender their thanks to Lucretia Mott for the grace, firmness, ability and courtesy with which she has discharged her important and often arduous duties.

The meeting finally adjourned, and the large audience slowly retired.

[Report of the N. Y. Tribune.]

MISS DIX, whose philanthropy in the cause of the insane has made her celebrated, is now at Nantucket, for the purpose of examining the life boats there, and devising means of aiding ships wrecked upon those shores. She is also engaged in collecting funds for providing life boats for Sable Island.

"It is as hard to receive the words of wisdom from the ungentle, as it is to love or even recognize virtue in the austere."

Says an ancient philosopher, "Had I regarded the vicious with indignation, I had never gained one to virtue. Had I viewed them with contempt, I had never sought to gain one."

"Pray young man, if you want to be a philosopher, never find an eye for painting, a finger for music, or a brain for poetry. Any one of these will keep a man from wisdom."

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

A Monthly Journal for Girls and Boys.

EDITED BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

A PAPER, under the above title, will be published at Philadelphia, on the first day of October next.

In size and general character, this publication will resemble Mrs. Margaret L. Bailey's lately discontinued *Friend of Youth*, the place of which it is designed to take.

Terms.—Fifty cents a year, for single copies; or ten copies for four dollars. Payment invariably in advance.

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From the Yates Co. Whig.

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The peasantry of England,
The merry hearts and free;
The sword may boast a braver band—
But give the scythe to me!
Give me the fame of industry,
Worth all your classic tomes!
God guard the English peasantry!
And grant them happy homes!
The sinews of old England!
The bulwarks of the soil!
How much we owe each manly hand,
Thus fearless of its toil!
Oh, he who loves the harvest free
Will sing where'er he roams,
God bless the English peasantry,
And give them happy homes!
God speed the plough of England!
Well hail it with three cheers:
And here's to those whose labor planned
The all which life endears!
May still the wealth of industry
Be seen where'er man roams;
A cheer for England's peasantry!
God send them happy homes!

A FEMALE AERONAUT KILLED IN FRANCE.—A balloon ascent took place at Mont-de-Marsan on the 20th, a young woman of 21 years of age, named Emma Verdier, the daughter of a gardener, being the aeronaut. The balloon rose most evenly and majestically, and as the weather was perfectly calm no apprehensions were entertained of any accident. The next day, however the inhabitants were much shocked at learning that the young woman had fallen to the ground in about two hours and a half after the time of the ascent at Montesquion, a village 60 miles distant, and was killed on the spot. From what was afterwards ascertained, it appears that some haymakers, near Montesquion, were startled at seeing a white body fall to the earth at a short distance from them. They found it to be the body of a young woman dressed in white. She had fallen head foremost, and her skull was split open. At no great distance was to be seen the anchor of the balloon fixed in an oak, a long piece of rope being attached to the iron. The balloon was also seen rising rapidly and floating away. It is supposed that on the young woman attempting to effect her descent, the anchor caught in the tree, and the rope then breaking, gave such a shock to the wickerwork basket in which she was sitting, that she lost her balance and fell out.—Nothing has been heard of the balloon.—*Galigan's Messenger.*

A VEGETABLE "SNAKE."—Yesterday, we were shown a remarkable specimen of a species of cucumber (not edible,) called the "snake cucumber," which had been grown in a stove in the gardens of Mr. James Greaves, at Millbank, near Warrington, by his gardener whose name is Worthington. It is very slender, but of the extraordinary length of seven feet nine inches! We believe it is to be placed somewhere for public view in Manchester during this day—*Exchange.*

THE FIRST MEETING BETWEEN SCOTT AND THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.—One day, while Scott was still in Edinburgh, there came into the city a brawny, rough fellow, driving a flock of sheep. It was James Hogg, who finding himself in the capital, was seized with a violent desire to see himself in print, and accordingly got somebody to strike off some copies of a few of his verses, which, however, made no sensation. "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" set him to work at imitating the old Scottish ballads; and as his efforts were warmly praised by Scott,

he came down again from the forest to pay his friend a visit. He, with William Laidlow and others, were invited to dinner. The worthy shepherd appeared in his ordinary herdsman's dress, with his hands well tarred with a recent shearing. Not being accustomed to the society of "grand folk," he had communed with himself as to how he should act, and had come to the conclusion that he ought to copy the lady of the house in all things. Mrs. Scott, being unwell, received her guests reclining on a sofa, and Jamie accordingly, true to his principle, had no sooner made his best bow than he crossed the room, and stretched himself on another. At dinner he ate, drank, laughed, and chatted, amusing the guests by his strange, uncouth jokes and remarks, and even songs. As the good wine began to operate, Jamie grew familiar, and after tickling every body by his rapid advance from "Mr. Scott" to "Shirra," "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," he at last threw the company into convulsions of laughter by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."—*English paper.*

NEWPORT WATER-CURE HOUSE.

THIS Establishment, conducted by DR. WILLIAM F. REH, is located on Washington street, and directly upon Narraganset Bay. It has been neatly fitted up, and furnished with conveniences for invalids, who will receive every attention needed to promote the return of health. a20

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FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE next Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on Saturday, October 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks) closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

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David J. Johnson, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.
Ellwood Harvey, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
Hilbert Darlington, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
Edwin Fussell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
Martha H. Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

Almira L. Fowler, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

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Providence, R. I., March 1, 1853.

N. E. SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

THE third term will commence Feb. 27, 1853. Pupils will be received on application at the school on or before that day.

Designs for Delaines, Calicos, Muslins, printed Flannels, Paper Hangings, &c., executed at the school—also designs for wood engravings—vignettes—initial letters, &c., Lithography and wood engravings neatly and promptly done at the school. Thorndike's Building, Summer street, Boston.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS TRACTS.

THE following series of Tracts is now in press, and will be ready for sale in a few days, at the prices named below:

No. I. A Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Women. Third edition. By SAMUEL J. MAY. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3.00.

No. II. The Speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS, to the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3.00.

No. III. "On the Right of the Female Sex to an education as thorough and extended as is provided for the Male." A Report, by Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, read at the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3.00.

No. IV. "Enfranchisement of Women"—an admirable article from the Westminster Review; and Miss HUNT's Protest against taxation of Women. Single copy, 6 1/4 cents; by the hundred, \$3.00.

No. V. "The Sanctity of Marriage." By Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2.00.

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No. VII. Speech of Mrs. M. E. J. GAGE, to the Convention in Syracuse, Sept., 1852. Historical evidence of the talents and energy of the female sex. Single copy, 5 cents; by the hundred, \$2.00.

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THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCTOBER, 1853.

NO. 10.

THE UNA,

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SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

From the National Era.

THE DISAPPOINTED WIFE.

BY LIZZIE LINN.

[Concluded.]

Mr. Sneeks appeared to have a great passion for trading; but he generally made bad bargains. He urged the selling of the house and lot in town, and the buying of a less valuable place, to which his wife consented. He sold a large amount of property, and bought comparatively little. What was done with the balance of funds, his companion never knew. He was in the habit of visiting the city frequently, which was only two hours' ride, by railroad, from his own home. Although he generally said he should return the next day, yet he often staid a week, and sometimes a fortnight. This annoyed her exceedingly. She knew that he always went with his pocket-book well filled, and came back with it entirely empty; but she cared less for that than his absence, and the mystery that hung over his stay.

Mr. Sneeks was not a professed gambler, but he played sometimes; neither was he an habitual tipper, nor notorious for his dissolute habits; still, he had his "sprees" occasionally, and very high ones they were. These were always taken abroad; and then he not only spent all the funds he had with him, but often involved himself to a large extent. In three years from the time they were married, he had squandered not less than five thousand dollars that belonged to his wife.

What strange ideas those old English lawmakers had, to write down woman among minors, idiots, &c., and then not throw around her property the safeguards that are thrown around the inheritance of those classes! If she really is ignorant of that which pertains to her best interests—if she is foolish, and surrenders, in a dream of love, her possessions, under the unwarrantable belief that her future husband

can do no wrong—then she needs protection. But, instead thereof, she is entangled in difficulties, while the bad man avails himself of the abundant facilities offered for evil-doing.

Mrs. Sneeks felt rather uneasy about their pecuniary affairs, and often said to herself, "I wonder whether a woman can restrain her husband from wasting her property. Perhaps I ought to have heeded my brother's advice; but it looked so absurd."

CHAP. III.

"He lacks not gall to make oppression bitter."

Alice had lived with Mrs. Sneeks for many years, but at length she married, greatly to the sorrow of the mistress.

"You must go to-day, Mr. Sneeks," said the latter, "and get another girl. I can do without no longer. I never worked half as hard in my life as I have the last week."

But week after week, and month after month passed, and yet no help was obtained. She could not go herself, she had no horse to go with, and Mr. Sneeks *would* not go. Whether he was governed more by avarice, or by ugliness, it was difficult to tell. Mrs. Sneeks worked herself down so thin that she seemed nearly as unsubstantial as a shadow. All through haying and harvesting the house was filled with laborers, and yet she did the work herself; and sometimes, when ready to drop down with fatigue, with a trembling in every limb, and a quivering in every nerve, he would come home and begin to fret.

"Come! come! isn't dinner ready? The men are all waiting. I could get a dozen dinners before this time. Come, boys! come! Put on the pudding, wife."

On one of these occasions, when it was exceedingly warm, and every fibre of her system had been taxed to its utmost tension, he began, very impatiently—

"How long before dinner *will* be ready?—just tell me *that*."

"Very soon," replied the wife; and she stepped the quicker, and her hands flew the faster. Her face was as red as the living coals, and the perspiration was running from every pore.

"Did you mend my pants this morning?"

"I did not, and had not time."

"Time! I never saw such a slow, moping creature as you are! Now, I want those pants. I can get nothing done, unless I do it myself. How on earth you spend your time, the Lord only knows. You accomplish the least of any person I ever saw!"

"Mr. Sneeks, I do all that I"—

Her utterance was choked; she could say no more. The big tears chased each other down her checks, but she hardly dared take the time to wipe them away. Then, too, another invective followed, which urged her onward:

"Come, don't stop to snivel now?"

Presently Sneeks returned from the cellar, where he had been sneaking about to see what he could find amiss. His face portended a still heavier storm.

"Did you know that the beer was out of the barrel?" said he, almost grinding his teeth with rage.

"I supposed it was nearly gone."

"And yet you have brewed no more. The men can't drink water, you know *that*."

"Well, Mr. Sneeks, how *could* I brew this morning?"

"How *could* you brew? I guess you will find out how you could. I am not going to support you here in idleness, my pretty lady."

This was too much. The poor woman groaned aloud, and sunk into a chair. She was overpowered by his unkindness, by his reproaches and threats. Her heart seemed crushed, and torn fibre from fibre. She was wholly exhausted; her strength was all spent. She could not rise; she could scarcely move. She closed her eyes, and clasped her hands in agony, saying,

"Oh, God, let me die! Let me hide away in the grave, from this terrible cruelty."

Sneeks gave a malignant leer, with an expressive ouch?

His wretched companion at length found herself on the bed. How she got there she knew not—she had been bewildered. Instead of the bland and polite gentleman she had married, she awoke to the consciousness that she was mated to a selfish, inhuman wretch—at heart as vulgar and profane as a Southern soul-driver. Her affections, all fresh and vigorous, had reached out and entwined themselves with great tenacity all around—around what? a monster! a vile being, who, like the venomous serpent, had poisoned her whole existence. The earthly future looked as dark as night. She shrank from it; she longed to die. She saw no refuge now but the grave. Her situation was aggravated by the loss of her friends. Some had moved to the far, far West, others had been swept off by cholera, so that of her father's family not one remained near her—not one to whom she could unburden her heart—not one to give counsel or help.

Mrs. Sneeks was so exhausted, that she fell

asleep. Then came pleasant dreams of her dear old home; of those fond brothers and the sainted mother, whose prayers appeared to her as holy as a seraph's song. More pleasing still was the presence of her former companion. Charles Eldridge was with her. His arm seemed to support her. He bathed her brow, and leaning lovingly over her, said—"Mary, my poor Mary!"

"Come! come! you going to sleep all day?" bawled out Sneeks, as he opened her door. "Your kitchen is in a pretty fix."

Unfortunate being! She was in Paradise a moment since, but in Pandemonium now. Her kitchen was in a deplorable condition. The men had taken up their dinner, and eaten it, and then left the house, with the doors wide open; consequently, the hens and chickens had feasted upon the remnants. They had scratch'd the pudding-dish off the table, and an abundance of bread and meat had been dropped upon the well-scrubbed floor, for the still unfledged brood. The cat had upset the cream-jug, and its contents had flowed in a copious stream across the room. The sun was blazing with great intensity, and the table was black with flies. One would have thought that all the hens and chickens, all the cats and flies in the neighborhood, had been holding one grand jubilee together.

Mrs. Sneeks heard the voice of a child. It was Charlie Godfrey. He and his mother had called, and the little rogue had run into the kitchen, and the mother after him. The latter stationed herself as near the door of the bedroom as possible, and then relieved her mind in a very loud and emphatic manner.

"And so you all live together here—cats and hens, pigs and people. Really, father, you have a beautiful housekeeper. I must congratulate you upon the comforts of your home, and upon the neat and tidy appearance of your house. I came to pay a visit, but I see that you are poorly prepared for company. Come, Charlie, let us go;" and the stately widow Godfrey walked to her carriage, and drove off.

"Come, Mary; why don't you come?" said Sneeks, "I want the luncheon for the men."

The poor victim was again trembling with emotion. That hateful Mrs. Godfrey! Her taunt was almost unendurable.

The luncheon was procured, and Sneeks started for the field.

"Now, said his wife, I must wash the dishes, clean up this house, brew a barrel of beer, mend those pants, and get supper for ten men, and it is now four o'clock."

All that work Mrs. Sneeks did before she retired; but it was the last she did for six weeks. That night she was attacked with a violent fever, and her life was in peril for days. In her lucid intervals she hoped every hour would be her last.

But we cannot die when we would. Her time was not yet. An untaught Irish girl was employed to do the work and nurse the sick. Harvesting was nearly over, and she did better than was expected. Little attention was paid to the sick, but for this the patient did not care. "Leave me alone, let me die!" was her constant prayer.

CHAP. IV.

"Famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes;
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."

While his wife was yet very feeble, Sneeks went to the city and spent several days in dis-

sipation and nights in rioting. At that time he played largely and incurred heavy debts. Soon after his return he proposed to sell a greater part of the farm, and urged as a reason that should they do so, there would be less hard work in the house.

Mrs. Sneeks was then very weak, both in body and mind, and she had no one to advise her.

"Anything, anything," thought she, "so that I need not be such a drudge, and work so much beyond my strength."

A few days only elapsed before she was called upon to sign a deed, and she placed her name to the document wholly unconscious of the poverty to which she was reducing herself. The magistrate received her testimony that it was done of her own free will, and yet he saw that she was incapable of having any intelligent will about it.

The following winter Mrs. Sneeks passed nearly alone. A man, near by, was employed to get wood and take care of what little stock they had left. This man was very unfaithful, and she often suffered for fuel, and flour, and other necessaries. Sneeks spent most of his time in the city, and before spring he became a shameless profligate. One evening, in a drunken revel, he fell into a quarrel. The combatants were separated, but the memory of the difficulty rankled in the bosoms of both. The next time they met, they drew their dirks, and Sneeks was pierced to the heart. "He died as the fool dieth." What a load of injustice and cruelty toward her whom he had sworn to love and cherish—what a mountain of crime he carried up to the throne of the Eternal!

Mrs. Godfrey went to the city and buried her father. She apologized for his reckless conduct, by saying—

"His wife was very inefficient, and had no power to make home agreeable. Were it otherwise, he might have been different."

Base detractor! Mrs. Sneeks was a genial, loving, faithful woman, and one in every way calculated to make domestic life attractive. It is bad enough to have the trouble without being charged with the crime. She did not go to see his remains consigned to their last resting place; her wardrobe was too scanty. Had she attempted to appear abroad, she would have looked like a beggar. Neither did she make a great show of grief; still, she felt the bereavement—she was shocked, she was unutterably desolate. Even a broken reed, that can give no support, we cling to; we would not have it taken away. We shudder, even when the tie that bound us to a faithless wretch is rudely broken. Her heart had been rent with many sorrows. The current of her life, that once flowed harmoniously onward, through the flowery fields of love and joy, had been turned away backward, and forced to channel its way through a dark and thorny labyrinth, downward and downward, to utter hopelessness and misery. And now, oh! how chilling and repulsive and solitary appeared the way.

Legal proceedings were entered into for the settlement of the estate, and of all Mrs. Sneeks's property there remained only the house and twenty acres of land, valued altogether at two thousand dollars. This would have yielded Mrs. Sneeks quite a comfortable living, as her wants were few, and she might have spent her old age in comparative peace; but, greatly to her surprise, Mrs. Godfrey was the legal heir, *for thus readeth the law*. An *interest*, simply in one-third of the estate, was the *scanty* pit-

tance allowed her, whose funds had bought it all.

"Should you leave the place," said a lawyer whom she was consulting—"and I suppose you could not live there alone, and attend to the farming department—you will receive your share of the income from Mrs. Godfrey."

"From Mrs. Godfrey! Is my bread to come grudgingly from the hand of that false woman? God forbid that I should ever eat it! This is the last act of humiliation to which I had ever thought of being subjected. Her father has squandered my means; he has wrung out my heart's blood, and exhausted a fountain of tears; and that is not enough, but the law takes my last dollar, and gives it to her, who would gladly oppress and grind me into the earth, as he has done. I brought to him youth, hope, affection all spotless and true; I brought a competence; and they are all gone. Hopes are blasted, affection crushed, premature age is upon me, for even now I tremble as one under the weight of years, and the scanty remnant that is left of my means the law filches from me, and gives to my worst enemy; and when I can no longer work, I am to *beg* or to *starve*! Perish all such legislation!" cried the excited woman. "Oh! how cruelly hath the world dealt with me! I am now homeless, friendless, in want—existence has become a burden, a curse!"

Powerful emotion prevented farther utterance.

Mrs. Sneeks was thoroughly roused. The unkindness of her husband had always grieved rather than offended her. She sunk under it; she could never give the reprimand his conduct so justly merited. But she had spirit, and all the indignation of her soul was roused on this occasion. No act of his had ever so vexed and irritated her.

Mrs. Sneeks soon left the farm, and sought a home with Mrs. Day—a kind-hearted person, who had taken some interest in her and her troubles. She has now lived in that family several years, ostensibly as a friend, but in reality a servant. She does a servant's work, or as much of it as she can, and receives wages in proportion. Mr. Day sometimes collects her income, though it is difficult to do so without a resort to law. Mrs. Godfrey has sent her many an insulting letter, one of which read thus:

"I do wish my father could have lived unmarried, and not left a widow on my hands to support. It is as much as I can do to take care of myself and child; so, the fewer demands you make upon me, the better for us all. I presume you are able to get your own living."

With what torturing recollection did that advice of her brother come up from time to time, before the unhappy and disappointed woman. Had she availed herself of it, Sneeks, such was his disposition, would have been, when at home, quite decent and comparatively kind; and at his death she would have been perfectly independent, pecuniarily.

Reader, I have now fulfilled my commission. I have given you a sad tale: and I hesitated to exhibit to your view this dark page in human history. The bright and sunny pictures are more pleasing to us all; but Mrs. Sneeks gave me the leading incidents in this sketch, with the request that I should give them to the world. She believes, with Dr. Johnson, that every person is bound to make some improvements in the chart of life—to point out the rocks upon which he has been dashed, and the shoals where he has been stranded.

AUTUMN—A DIRGE.

BY SHELLEY.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are
dying,

And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves
dead,

Is lying.
Come mouths, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling

For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each
gone

To his dwelling;
Come months, come away,
Put on white, black, and grey,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier,
Of the dead, cold year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM H. CHANNING,

AT THE LATE CONVENTION.

"When I was returning from the first Woman's Rights Meeting, at Worcester, a friend said to me, 'I intend getting up a Man's Rights Society; you misunderstand the matter; all the efforts of Society are for the elevation of *woman*, and man has to perform the drudgery. The consequence is, the women are far better educated than the men.' The answer was obvious:—'If women are, according to your admission, fitted for the higher plane, why keep them on the lower?' My friend then went on to say, that the whole of this scheme was considered to be of the most morally visionary character, and the proof of this feeling was the slight opposition it met, 'for,' said he, 'if it were looked on by society as serious, it would be at once, and forcibly, opposed in the church, by the press, in all public assemblies and private circles.' Now, the object of this, and all such conventions, is to prove that we have made up our minds as regards operation and method; that we have looked clearly into the future; and that we have at heart this movement, as we have no other of the day, believing that out of this central agitation of society will come healthful issues of life. The inhabitants of Eastern India speak of a process for gaining immortality, namely, churning together the sea and the earth. They say the gods had the serpent by the head, and the devils had it by the tail, and out of the churning of the foam came the waters of immortality. The movement we are engaged in, may be typified by the Indian allegory; and out of the commotion we make shall be drawn a new principle which shall be one of immortal growth to all society.

I ask you first to consider the radical principle which gives life and motion to this cause. We do not assert that, morally or intellectually, man is higher than woman, or woman higher than man; we merely assert, that all human beings, without distinction of sex, have an equal right to the development of their energies, and their free exercise, in all useful pursuits; and we challenge any man of sound reason and upright conscience, to show the falsity of the position, and to prove why a limit of development should be placed to woman which should not be to man.

In the next place, we bring this principle to bear on all the relations of society as they exist, and maintain that it is only by the carrying out of this principle that justice can be done to woman. This fact, also, stares us in the face, that, in all woman's actions, she is conscious of a latent energy and character, which comes not into external existence; and we perceive that, it is not owing to the want

of those qualities in her, but to the want of justice in man, that her depressed position is to be ascribed; and bringing this principle also to bear, we demand that, her energies, shall be developed as God designed that they should be, that they may be effective in stamping her image upon life.

Thus much for the fundamental principle. In the next place, as regards the differences between men and women, we say, that out of them grows union, not separation. Every organ of the body is double; in the pulsations of the heart a double machinery is used,—there is a double auricle and a double ventricle. It is so in the inspirations which flow from God to society; they must pass twice,—once through the heart of man, once through the heart of woman; they must stream through the reforming and through the conservative organ; and thus, out of the very difference which exists between man and woman, arises the necessity for their co-operation. It has never been asserted that man and woman are alike; if they were, where would be the necessity for urging the claims of the one? No; they differ, and for that very reason it is, that only through the action of both, can the fullness of their being find development and expression. We know that woman exerts an influence on man, as man does on woman, to call forth his latent resources. In the difference, we find a call for union. And to this union we perceive no limit; on the contrary, whatever necessity there is for the combination in the private, there is the same necessity for it in the public sphere.

In the next place, we assert that our view of this principle is justified by all the experience of history, and especially by the history of this Christian civilization of which we are members, and amid which we were bred. To bring out its full moral tone,—to make the law of love the law of life,—the full influence of woman must be evolved; and, coming to our own form of civilization, which is republican, we ask any man of honor and of common sense,—should not the government grow out of the consent, judgment, and conscience of the whole people? Should there be a systematic exclusion of one half? Should taxation press equally on the whole, and yet representation be accorded only to one half?

It is said man is the representative of woman. Then let him give a double vote; let him carry with him the meaning and the requirements of woman, and shape one of his votes accordingly. This is only common sense, and all else is prejudice. Thus much I have said as to the historical view of the question.

And now I will meet the two great objections made. It is not objectionable, it is said, that woman, in some spheres of life, should give an expression of her intellect; but, on the platform, she loses her character of woman, and becomes incidentally masculine. Just observe the practical absurdities of which society is guilty. The largest assemblies greet with clamors Jenny Lind, when she enchains the ear and exalts the soul with the sublime strain, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' but when Mrs. Mott, or Miss Brown stands with a simple voice, and in the spirit of truth, to make manifest the honor due to our Redeemer, rowdies hiss, and respectable Christians veil their faces! So, woman can sing but not speak, that 'our Redeemer liveth.' Again; the great men of our land do not consider it unworthy of their character to take from Ellsler what she makes by the mere movement of her limbs, by a mere mechanical action, to aid in erecting a column to commemorate our struggle for liberty. The dollars are received and built into the column; but when Mrs. Rose, or Mrs. Foster, who feels the spirit of justice within her, and who has felt the injustice of the laws, stands up to show truth and justice, and build a spiritual column, she is out of her sphere! and the honorable men turn aside, and leave her to be the victim of rowdism, disorder, and lawlessness! It is not out of character that Mrs. Butler should read Shakespeare on the stage, to large circles. The exercise of the voice on the stage is

womanly, while she gives out the thoughts of another; but suppose (and it is not unsupposable) a living female Shakespeare to appear on a platform, and utter her inspirations,—delicacy is shocked, decency is outraged, and society turns away in disgust! Such are the consistencies of society!

This is simply and merely prejudice, and it reminds me of the proverb, "If you would behold the stars aright, blow out your own taper." I say there is a special reason why woman should come forward as a speaker; because she has a power of eloquence which man has not, arising from the fineness of her organization, and the intuitive power of her soul; and I charge any man with arrogance, if he pretend to match himself in this respect, with many women here, and thousands throughout our country. (Hissing.) I take it, the hissing comes from men who never had a mother to love and honor, a sister to protect, and who never knew the worth of a wife. Woman's power to cut to the quick, and touch the conscience, is beautifully accompanied by her unmatched adaptation to pour balm into the wound; and though the flame she applies may burn into the soul; it also, affords a light to the conscience, which never can be dimmed.

There is an exquisite picture by Retsch, which represents angels showering roses on devils; to the angels they are roses, but the devils writh under them as under fire. On sinful souls, the words of women fall as coals from the altar of God. And here let me offer my humble gratitude to the women who have borne the brunt of the test with the calm courage which the woman alone can exhibit; to the women who have taught us that, as daughters of God, they are the equals of his children everywhere on earth.

Let me add another word upon this interference, or rather, entrance, of woman into the sphere of politics. As a spiritual being, her duties are like those of man; but, inasmuch as she is different from man, man cannot discharge them; and if there be any truth in holding, (as our institutions do,) that the voice of the whole is the nearest approach we can make to eternal truth, we, of course, cannot arrive at it, till woman as well as man, is heard in search for it.

God, not man, nor herself, made her woman: there is nothing arbitrary in the distinction; and let the true woman go where she may, she will retain her womanhood. We wish to see her enter into politics, not to degrade herself, but to bring them up to her own level of simple-heartedness and purity of soul. Can man ever raise them to that lofty height? Never! woman alone can do it—it is a work reserved for her, and by her and her alone will it be done.

Whose exploits leave the brightest lines of moral courage on the historic page? Those of woman! When the French had broken through the barriers, the maid of Saragossa rushed to the breach. The demand of the invader came to Palafax, and he trembled: but what the heart of man was unequal to, the courage of woman could perform, and the answer of the heroic maiden was 'War to the knife!' And so, always when man has faltered, woman, earnest and simple-hearted, has answered, War to the knife with evil! (A frightful yell from the gallery.) I perceive my friend is anxious to hear a woman speak to him as only a woman can. I will soon give way and let him be gratified: but, first, I will tell him an anecdote. A woman once told me she never saw a horse so wild that she could not tame him. I asked her how, and she answered, 'simply by whispering in his ear.' Our wild friend in the gallery will probably receive some benefit from listening to the voice of a woman—if his ears be long enough to hear her."

The advent of the virgin woman into society through common rights, such is the grand fact of the age. It is this fact, alone, that will constitute the reform of our era.

Pure love is regeneration.

STRAY LEAVES, FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.—NO. 5.

1846.—Last night I sat up all night, to read a new book, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," by Miss Fuller.

Mrs. W. came in to direct about her work, she held this book in her hand; I cast upon it many a longing look; perhaps she saw this, and purposely left it for me. I did not ask for it; not once in my four year's struggle with the world have I asked a favor, for well I know the distrust and coldness with which we are looked upon; but oh! this hungering and thirsting for reading, for a knowledge of what is going on in the world, it is becoming irrepressible.

This book marks an era in my life. It is as though on its journey I had set up a white stone, to signify a night of rest, a day of thought, a glimpse of the divine life.

I shall never know the author of this work, but she is interested for women, and is groping to the light, that she may aid them, may do them good.

She is the child of genius, and as such, must be an idealist; a veil is between her and the rude, practical, every-day working world. She may write, and teach, and call herself a laborer, but this brings her only into distant relationship with us.

Oh! if she would but come into our attics, our cheerless comfortless homes, where there is nothing beautiful, where the pure air of heaven visits us but scantily, and the sun only glances in to make our poverty the more apparent; if she would see us toiling fourteen and sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and living on, with no hope for the future, combatting hand to hand, with our destiny; if she would look into the eyes, and down into the souls of the hundreds of pure young girls, that thirst for the bread and water of life that the heart demands, she would find an inspiration for her genius which would give it untold power. She would then realize how difficult, how almost impossible is self development, where there is only the means of keeping soul and body together.

Ah! would that in her picture gallery there were a niche filled with the sewing girl, pale and thin, her throbbing head and trembling heart, with its seed of death fast germinating, sitting alone, grief stricken and sorrowing, her weary fingers plying the needle faster, and yet faster, then, then methinks, she would bend her genius to open to us some new avenue of industry, some mode in which we might have our bread made sure, without such incessant, wearying toil.

This book is for the educated few, it is rich in classic lore, and though there are many expressions of universal sympathy, it fails in practicality, and will be useful only to one class.

It is not every woman who has power, that can assert herself. This Miss Fuller sees, and demands help for such, but she points to nothing new; and we ask who will open the way for us? Who will give to those who have artists' souls, (and such there are) the means to attain? Who will, to the weak and desponding, simply point the way to what the soul craves; for even such have strength acquired in toil which could conquer mountains, if hope but beckoned them onward.

Miss Fuller claims the right for woman to be

and to do whatever she has the desire to do, and the ability to accomplish. This may be talked a long time, but it yet remains for strong women of genius to devise the mode, and to go forward and do something which will electrify the world. Women, such as have no need to toil for their daily bread, must do this and leave open the way for others to follow.

Such women, if they ever rise, will be the benefactors of the whole human family.

Were I a woman of genius I would aim higher than the pen; in this practical age I would strike for freedom for woman with some bold stroke; as I am not, and am only a Pariah among my sisters, I will sew on and speculate; but I will carry out, very soon, toward Maria L., a pleasant thought that has been dwelling with me for days. This is co-operation. Why should she and I keep separate fires, or none at all, during the cold winter that is approaching? Why should she sit alone when my room will hold her, and she could help me. And then I like her cordially; she is refined, gentle, unobtrusive, earnest, and industrious. Now, if two can thus combine their interests for economy, why not more? Why could not a dozen join their slender means, and make shirts and caps, or any other articles demanded in the market, and have the profits?

I speculate and desire, perhaps some clear thought will dawn upon me at some time. In the meanwhile my eyelids droop and grow heavy with sleep, so thou sole confident of my thoughts, my aspirations and desires, adieu.

Oct. 12.—This morning, when I threw up the window sash to air my room, a bird, a gentle robin, came to it, and began to sing its cheerful song. Pretty creature, how your sweet notes brought before me shady groves, green pastures, and murmuring brooks. The song woke Mary and Ella and they flew to see the visitor. How charming, they both exclaimed, to have a bird to feed. Sister will you let us keep it? and Ella took it in her little soft hands, and gave it bread crumbs from her lips. The bird nestled in her bosom and chirped as it would ask for care. It is ours is it not? It came to us. Oh, I wonder who tamed it. My dears, I think it belongs to the old lady in the court; I have seen it there often, and I must take it back to her or she will mourn for it. They both looked sad, but yielded at once. They seem to have learned the lesson of "doing unto others as we would they should do unto us."

When ready for school, they bade the bird farewell, with tearful eyes. After they were gone, I took it and went to the room of the old lady; there hung the empty cage, and there stood the empty bed. The poor woman was at rest, her body was already in the rough coffin, provided for such as her.

The poor old woman was a sub-tenant, and her landlady a fierce, red faced woman, with a dirty cap, a tattered gown, and a voice harsh and grating, met me at the door, and began, here's a pretty mess. "Old Miss Jackson has gone and died, and she hasn't left half enough to pay me the rent, to say nothing of my trouble."

"How much is due you?"

"Near about three dollars on the rent, and that's a good deal for poor folks to loose, and then

for a week I have took all the care of her, made her cruel, and what not."

"Who has paid her rent? Surely she has not paid it herself. She could not earn it?"

"Well there was a young man, a nephew, or somebody who used to come and see her, but I have seen nothing of him lately."

"I suppose you take her things?"

"Yes, that I shall, and I shall sell them too to the highest bidder."

"Will you sell me this bird?"

"Well, I don't exactly care about selling that, for my children want it; but then I will for the money down."

Poor birdie, I would gladly free you from the hands of those rough uncouth children and from the tones of that woman's voice; but I dread the price.

"It is considerable trouble to feed and take care of a bird, I remarked, but I will give you fifty cents for it."

"Not I, indeed. Sell the bird for fifty cents? No, not one cent less than a dollar will I take for it."

And a dollar I gave for it, shrewdly suspecting all the time that notwithstanding her outcry, she knew well where her rent was coming from; but the bird is mine and my little sisters will be so joyful, thought I.

About three o'clock, nearly time for the children to come, I heard a strange step upon the stairs, the sharp rattle of a cane on the wall, a whistle, and the squeaking of boots. What can this mean, thought I?

A knock—the door opens, and in walks an exquisite, with moustache and goatee, cut in the latest style; hair dressed and perfumed; lemon colored kids, patent leather boots, and a small cane, an enormous seal ring, a dazzling fob, with charms enough upon it for the nation.

"Very comfortable room, Miss."

"Yes."

"Called Miss for my rent—find your name on rent roll—forget it now."

"By what authority do you call for the rent, sir, it is not due yet for more than a week, and I have always paid it to Mr. W., who has himself called regularly."

"Ahem! Yes, but you see Miss, the old governor is gone, and I am his legitimate, natural heir at law. Understand don't you, and I intend to have the tenants chalk over in advance. Shall raise the rent on this, 'pon honor, can't afford to let rooms like this for five dollars."

Hereupon he opened the bed room door, "bed room too, yes, must have seven dollars for these two rooms."

But, sir, they are very small, and on the third floor, the rent is all that I can afford.

"Then you will have to tramp; the old governor was too lenient, 'pon honor. I shan't have enough to support me at this rate."

At this moment the children came in, and he seated himself, threw his chair back against the wall, broke two holes in the plastering, knocked off the ashes from his cigar on my table and began, "deuced hot up here."

"You are probably not accustomed to small rooms and confined air."

"Well, no, 'pon honor, rather small quarters.' All this time his eyes were fixed upon Mary.

"Come Miss, these your children, eh?"

"They are my sisters."

"Come, come, don't be so deuced dignified, I will tell you what I will do. Promise to give me the tall one there for my wife, you know, (and here he leered at me) and you may have the rooms for the old rent, for I know the governor was a little hard."

My eyes opened upon him with a look of utter amazement. Could this puppy, this shadow of a man, made up by the tailor, hair dresser, and hatter, mean to insult me. The room grew oppressive to me, and my tongue refused utterance; twice I assayed to speak, but could not, when he began again. "Deuced handsome gal, 'pon honor, don't often see such eyes. Come old one, what say, I've got the fastest horse, the handsomest dog and house of any fellow about town, and I shall want the handsomest."

By this time my voice had returned, as also my presence of mind, and I felt that I would waste neither anger nor politeness upon him, and so broke in upon his wants by saying, "your language and presence, sir, have become exceedingly irksome, and you will do me the favor to leave immediately. Your rent will be sent to you, and these apartments vacated without delay thereafter."

"Oh! don't want you to leave on no account."

"You will oblige me by leaving here, sir."

"Oh, no hurry, Miss."

I rose, opened the door, and pointed to it without uttering one word, and he slunk away. Thus I rid myself of this nuisance.

THE EARLY LIFE OF MRS. CHISHOLM.

England at one time abounded with a class among its people called yeomen, of which the country was justly proud. In a circuit around their homes they were looked upon as the presiding and fostering chiefs; their doors were open to the enquiring, or the weary wayfarer; hospitality was their distinguishing characteristic; and the needy, the struggling or the unfortunate, sought their sympathy, advice, or assistance—seldom, indeed, fruitlessly. Money did not form the absorbing object of their pursuit, but to live honored and respected by their neighbors was the happiness at which they aimed. To this sturdy class of Englishmen belonged Mrs. Chisholm's father, Mr. William Jones, a native of Wooston, Northamptonshire. Proud of his country and its institutions, he contributed handsomely to the "voluntary fund" that was subscribed during the existing war—while his superior understanding and probity caused his advice to be sought by those who found pleasure in the exciting turmoil of political affairs. A natural, unbending love of truth gave to him a pride of demeanor, and also abhorrence of secrecy, that was carried into the minutest details in the government of his family. Thus, however young a child might be, it was allowed to remain in the apartment while important matters of business were discussed, or subjects of grave political importance canvassed. On the susceptible mind of youth this must have produced a deep impression, more especially, when the child was seen to be attentive, its opinion was asked. One day this high minded man introduced to his house a poor maimed soldier whom he attended with respect and affection, and, calling his children, pointed out what obligations they were under to this veteran; he having fought the enemies of England amid the perils of sea and land, and sacrificed his limbs, that they might live in ease, comfort and security at home. This old soldier excited the curiosity of the children by descriptions of other countries, the

beauty of the scenery, the excellency of climate, the abundance of food, the advantages that would accrue by the possession of those paradises or colonies, and the fortunes emigrants might reap. This event, and family correspondence with some American settlers, set the busy mind of the infant Caroline, the heroine of these pages, to ponder over the subject, and its effects are thus recollected and described in a letter to a friend in Sidney. "My first attempt at colonization was carried on in a wash hand basin, before I was seven years old. I made boats of broad beans; expended all my money in touchwood dolls; removed families, located them in the bed quilts, and sent the boats, filled with wheat, back to their friends, of which I kept a store in a thimble case."

At length I upset the basin which I judged to be a fac simile of the sea, spoiled a new bed, got punished, and afterwards carried out my plan in a dark cellar, with a rush light stuck upon a tin kettle; and, strange as it may seem, many of the ideas which I have since carried out first gained possession of my mind at that period; and singular as it may appear, I had a Wesleyan Minister and a Catholic priest in the same boat. Two of my dolls were very refractory, and would not be obedient; this made me name them after two persons I knew who were always quarrelling and I spent hours in listening to their supposed debates, to try and find out how I could manage them; at length I put the two into a boat, and told them if they were not careful they would be drowned; and having landed them *alive*, knelt down to pray to God to make them love each other."

An early loss of her father caused the education of the mind of the youthful Caroline to devolve upon her mother, who was left in easy circumstances, and fortunately being a woman possessed of surprising resolution, acute perceptions, abundant humanity and a firm reliance on the love of God, the lessons taught ripened those extraordinary mental powers of her daughter so admirably befitting to the great works of her future destiny. The life of a young country girl presents but few points of interest.

The sphere is prescribed within a narrow compass, still an isolated active mind will in some manner develop its vital powers, and we find that the practical benevolence of visiting the poor and the sick, of advising and soothing the distressed, shed a lustre around the girlish days of this noble woman. When about twenty years of age, the subject of these memoirs married Archibald Chisholm, a native of Scotland, and an officer of the Indian army. There existed in the young couple a sympathy of disposition most remarkable, and thus the husband has ever most ardently reciprocated all the philanthropic aspirations of his wife.

Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.—The introductory lecture to the fourth course of lectures in this institution was delivered at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, at the College Buildings, 220 Arch street, by Dr. D. J. Johnson, Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.—A large audience was present, notwithstanding the dullness of the weather.

Dr. Johnson announced that the teachings in this college are what are best known as the "regular practice," and showed that the *isms* and *pathies* are all systems of practice, based on hypothesis, and can never deserve the confidence of the scientific physician. "Every rill of medical knowledge flows into the broad river of medical truth;" and continued the Dr., "if the charge is brought against the regular profession that it is slow to accept new truths, I will take the charge as praise. What would be the present state of medical science if every wild hypothesis had been admitted without scrutiny and trial? He who has the greatness to conceive a new truth, must also have the strength to bear the travail of its production to the world."

The Doctor showed that the charge of illibe-

rality and dogmatism rests with those who adopt a single idea and reject all others, and gave the following illustration:

"Hydropathists do not simply claim that water is a good remedial agent, nor simply that it is the best of all agents, but that it is the only agent that can be useful in curing disease, which is manifestly absurd."

A tribute of respect was paid to Dr. Bartholomew Fussell, of Chester county, Pennsylvania, who was the originator of the idea of a Female Medical College, and from whom this college had its origin. The discourse was listened to with marked attention, and at its close the auditors were invited to visit the other lecture rooms, the museum, the dispensary, the laboratory, &c. Female education is now recognized as an established element of our educational privileges in this country, and we congratulate the community on the existence of a Female College where scientific instruction is imparted by a full faculty of competent Professors.

Another notice, cut from the same paper, which we have been so unfortunate as to lose, speaks in the most flattering terms of the opening lectures of Miss Martha Mowry, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. Also, of Miss Ann Preston, M. D., Professor of Physiology.

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.—The Empress Eugénie, it is said, is not the first bride that Nithsdale and Galloway have given to the Bonapartes. "Jerome Bonaparte," the *Dumfries Courier* adds, "the only surviving brother of the great Napoleon, married, in the United States, a Miss Patterson, who was a grand-daughter of one Robert Patterson, better known in Scotland, and indeed over the world, as 'Old Mortality.' 'Old Mortality,' by some accounts, was a native of the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, though according to others, the parish of Harwick claims to be his birthplace. At all events, he settled, before commencing his well-known wanderings renovating the tombstones of the covenanters, in Morton, the adjoining parish to Closeburn, and married one Elizabeth Gray, who was for a considerable time a cookmaid in the family of the Kirkpatrick of Closeburn. 'Old Mortality's' wife, with her children, settled in Balmaclellan, Kirkcudbrightshire, and the third son, John, emigrated to America in 1776, and established himself at Baltimore. Jerome Bonaparte married his daughter. Truly, truth is stranger than fiction! This story, with the exception of the last link, seems sufficiently vouched for by the researches of the late Mr. Joseph Train, of Castle Douglas, the result of which Sir Walter Scott has embodied in his introduction to 'Old Mortality.'—(Library Edition of the *Waverley Novels*, vol. v. pp. 5—9.) But though that introduction bears the date of 1829, it makes no allusion to the circumstance that the Miss Elizabeth Patterson, of New York, whom the future King of Westphalia married, in 1803, was the daughter of John Patterson, of Baltimore, and the grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick's cook."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Slander is more accumulative than a snow-ball. It is like a salad, which every one will season to his own taste and the taste of those to whom he offers it.

All exclusions established in human laws, against the unmarried woman, are an outrage upon the virgin, and consequently an outrage upon God.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, OCTOBER, 1853.

FEMALE COMPOSITORS, AND OPPOSITION OF INTERESTS.

A few weeks since the journeymen printers of Pittsburgh "struck" for higher wages; requiring an advance which the publishers there say they cannot afford at the present rates of advertising, the price of books and newspaper subscriptions. Some of the offices have agreed to the advance wages demanded, but the CHRONICLE and DISPATCH, the two principal daily penny papers of the city, have refused, and employed women and girls as compositors instead. Mrs. Swisshelm, editor of the *Saturday Visitor*, has visited the composing rooms of these two offices, and reports them as in successful operation, and promising admirably.

There is of course, nothing in the undertaking itself to hinder its eventual triumph. Women can set types as well as men. They can work together as well in a composing room as in a book bindery, or a cotton mill. They can go in and out of one work room as well as another, and are as capable of the harmony and relations of fellow laborers, in any new occupation to which they are otherwise adapted, as they have proved themselves in the old and familiar ones to have been.

The antagonisms of interests, the competition for employment, or rather the selfish and mistaken apprehension of such antagonism, is an obstacle which we are very willing to see put to the proof. The resistance which *opinion* opposes to the enlargement of woman's sphere of industrial occupations, we well know is neither a good reason nor a true one. It is not a sentiment of respect, and a desire to preserve the delicacy of the sex, that denies us the liberties which the woman's rights movement is now claiming; and we rejoice that the facts of experience are rapidly opening the eyes of sentimental conservatism, to the truth that it is *tyranny*, and not *tenderness*, which opposes us.

Candid men and women, who ignorantly, but earnestly, fear injury to the character of womanhood, from the industrial independence and efficiency which we urge, will soon find that the actual opposition in our way, is the old spirit of oppression, and not the old spirit of respect, which they profess. They will find themselves in company with the sordid and cowardly injustice, which meanly uses the feeling of caste, sex, and prejudice, and profanely employs scripture, taste, and chivalry, to maintain established abuses, and crush the rights of rising humanity, wherever and however they claim a hearing and an allowance from the world.

The journeymen printers, and their sympathizers oppose the introduction of women into their work rooms really on the ground of interest; and the foolish sentiment which helps them

ought to repudiate such unworthy fellowship. It has, doubtless, generosity enough to refuse to work in the same yoke with the selfish *tyranny* which is independently claiming its aid. We will be glad of all success which the movement may achieve, but we wish that it had begun in a better motive, and happier conditions. We wish that the Chronicle and Dispatch had in times of peace, and from an impulse of pure justice, opened their composing rooms to women, instead of pressing them into the battle which they are waging with their workmen, and exposing them to the risk of consequences.

These publishers, whatever else they may feel, adopt the change for the sake of underworking the strikers, and compelling them by a cheaper rate of wages than those demanded, to abate their terms. This is wrong in principle, and perhaps unjust in its object, and if the women who are substituted are made the innocent instruments of an injustice, it must injure their position and ultimate success. But it is a part of the misfortune of slaves to be used in this way to the injury of freemen.

They must purchase their emancipation by the concession of some portion of their own natural rights; and they must thereby injuriously effect the fair and just claims of other people. Very likely, if the journeymen are subdued by their employers, they will, as slaves must, in their turn become the instruments for oppressing the women again; and so besides the quarrel, with whatever justice there may be in it to excuse the journeymen, the women will be turned out of the new position which they now fill, for the convenience of their employers.

The conflict of wrongs, like that of errors, may discover the right, but it prejudices its claims. Such, however, are always the conditions of emancipation to an oppressed class, and we have nothing but the hope that "Providence will bring good out of evil," to encourage us in such circumstances. We would not choose to do evil that good may come, nor can we cordially or hopefully trust to a wrong to produce a right, but this is the way that the world in its blindness usually blunders into better modes of life and business.

We cannot blame women for working for lower wages than men are entitled to; for until men generously and justly make them free, they must suffer from the necessities of slavery which they allow.

There is no natural conflict between the interests of the sexes, but the working men have made themselves the enemies of woman's rights, and they cannot escape the resulting hostility of women's interests to theirs. Their own wrong revenges itself. Let them make common cause with their sister sufferers, and they will find them true to the common interest. If they make enemies of them, enemies they will be whether they would or no.

LOWELL, Aug. 23, 1853.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

As the women of our country are to meet in Convention, to consider upon their own interests and the great interests of humanity, and of the world, it may not perhaps be inappropriate that a certain large class of females, probably the *largest*, employed in one particular avocation, be heard from. I refer to the *factory operatives*.

No one who is acquainted with manufacturing society, and customs, and not entirely indifferent to the interests of mankind, but rather, a well-wisher to the world, and who sees in the distant future the development of the present germ of the world's progress, but what must be deeply interested in the condition and situation, physically, mentally, and morally, of the thousands and tens of thousands of America's toiling females, who are hereafter to become the mothers of unborn generations, and give tone to the sentiment of the new world, constantly rising into existence; or, as more popular to remark "*They are to sway the world, indirectly, yet they constitute the power behind the throne greater than the throne.*"

I would not trespass upon the patience or kindness of the Convention, if I were able, neither would it be possible, in one brief communication, to enter into a detail of particulars, or attempt to portray the position of this class in the many points of view that tend to form the character. My only object will be, to open the door of inquiry, that others more capable and efficient, shall be led to investigate and solve, if possible, the great mysteries of life, *viz.*: the source of the evils, miseries, and unhappiness which surround us, and which it appears the Great Author of our existence would have otherwise.

Not possessing the means of ascertaining the whole number who are thus employed, I must merely glance at a few places, leaving you to judge from thence what the whole amount must be; of course not inconsiderable. Gov. Martin, of New Hampshire, has summed up the number of that State as amounting to 10,412. This State has many more. Lowell alone has about 9000, that *daily toil in the factories*. Now, do the women who compose your Convention—are the people generally, aware what is meant by *daily toil*, especially in factories? Do they know that during the long, tedious, sultry summer's day, it is, for the mass, (there are some exceptions) rising at the sound of the bell, at half-past 4 A. M., and toiling constantly, unceasingly, until 7 P. M., with the exception of three-quarters of an hour for breakfast, and the same for dinner, to pass and repass to their respective boarding houses, and for their meals? In winter, they rise not quite so early, and work later. Then, friends of humanity and of progress, need I say more; after showing that their *time* is all taken up in arduous toil, without alluding to their pent up sleeping rooms, and stinted pay, often amounting to only a pittance, in comparison with the other sex; need I say more than this to prove that there must be a great dearth of mental culture, without which, *ignorance*, that bane of society and corruptor of morals, has possession of the mind and impoverishes life?

I speak of the tendency of the system in general, not individual effort, of which, there are noble exceptions; those, who, rising superior to all hindrances, and improving every moment for good, shine out amid the galaxy of mind as stars of no inferior magnitude.

Let it not be imagined, from what I have said, that I *scorn labor*, or would wish to have our American women fold their hands in idleness! no, far otherwise. I believe it to be the first great blessing to mankind, and that without it we should be unfitted for the great and trying duties of life, and that to the laboring class of both sexes, we ever had and ever shall have to look for the true reformer.

But that system of labor which requires *all* of a person's time as well as strength, must ultimately produce a deteriorating influence, both physically and mentally. And is *woman* that "*tender, " "frail,*"

gile" being, she is ever represented to be, "too fragile to engage in any of the active duties of life," is she exempt from this great law of nature? What then has the world to hope from her, if such is her situation, for its redemption? Will she be fitted to throw around *home*, that sphere marked out for her, the influence that shall redound to the glory of mankind? Ah! will she be able to impart that physical life and mental capacity to her sons and daughters that shall mark their advance toward the perfectability of the race?

The factory operatives, at the present time, are not composed of the low, degraded outcasts, many imagine; neither are they slaves, according to Senator Clemens' idea; but they are the daughters of New England's farmers, mechanics, artisans, and even professional men, (although there are many foreigners) who have assembled here, to earn by their own labor the means of self-independence; or, perhaps, to insure to themselves the support and home, that the *law*, or *will* of a parent has taken from the daughter and given to the son! and they go out from these seminaries of industry to become helpmates for men in various avocations, and to fill the different stations of life.

Is it, then, of no consequence what shall be their qualifications? All persons who have a true knowledge upon this subject, are agreed that the effect is deteriorating, if so, is it worthy of the age? Is not the motto of the world "*EXCELSIOR*"—"*light, more light!*" and shall the hundreds of thousands of American women be debarred from looking upon the enchanted signals?

Efforts have been made by some reformatory minds, to reduce the hours of labor; yet hitherto it has been rather spasmodic, confined mostly to the friends of political elections, and relying upon legislative action for success; all of which is probably well, yet the mind of the community generally, and woman especially, must be roused to the evil effects of the system, and the wrong which is done, before the redemption will come. Man may legislate, but our position reminds me of the fable of the giant and dwarf. "The giant fought the battle, while the dwarf caught the blows;" so with the operatives—they have laws made for them by the state, the corporation, boarding house, &c., &c.,—but is this Whig or that Democrat elected? Does the tariff go up or down, they receive the effect.

As I said at the commencement, I merely intended opening the door of inquiry, that the efficient might still farther pursue the theme, and search out the cause and remedy for the evil; so now I submit it to your consideration, hoping, trusting, that your wisdom will discern the beacon light of truth in this cause; and that you will never cease from the good work you have commenced, and are engaged in, until *every woman* shall feel the great and individual responsibility that rests upon her, and man shall everywhere recognize her as *equal*, and a *co-laborer* with himself. Then will woman have an object before her, beside bedecking herself with tinsels and gew-gaws, for obtaining which, she will often sell her *physical, mental, and moral* life.

Respectfully yours,

AN OPERATIVE.

For the *Una*.

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS:

By chance I have had the opportunity of seeing a few numbers of the *Una*, and intended before now to have subscribed for it. If you will send me a few specimen numbers, I will endeavor to increase its circulation.

The number of those who are interested for the elevation of woman, is daily increasing. We begin, to some slight extent, to realize that "life means something." That it is charged with eternal significance." But the elevation of woman socially, mentally and morally, cannot be perfected without *physical* strength, and purity. While seers are foretelling, and preachers of the gospel proclaim woman's redemption, be mine the task for one short moment, to show the necessity of a physical renovation—to speak of the importance

of a knowledge of our own constitution and the laws which operate upon us.

In this world mind depends upon the material organism for its manifestations. In other words as are the conditions of the body, so will be the normality, strength, and purity of mind. The same is true in regard to all the moral sentiments. For definiteness of moral purpose, for purity of sentiment, and for fervid, true, religious feeling, a body free from disease and pain is absolutely necessary. I know we often hear it said, that sickness and pain are God's agents to wean us from this world; to induce us to cast our trials before Him, and put our trust in him; and to place our hopes beyond this world of change and trials. In answer to this, let it be said that we need more enlarged, enlightened, and comprehensive views of religion, of Heaven, and of God. Command to me that hope which needs not disappointments here to enable it to look with an eye of faith beyond the tomb; and to that religion which enables us to adore our Creator as a Being who governs his creatures by immutable and unerring laws. We need an enlarged conception of the attributes and perfection of God, and of our own mission in this life. This cannot be gained but by an enlarged intelligence; and this in turn depends, for healthiness and reliability, upon physical strength and purity.

I do not make this a hobby, but when I cast my eyes over a group or larger assemblage of woman, and see so many pale, attenuated features, and when I find so many incompetent to the ordinary tasks and duties of life; the thought comes to me, lo! this is the point at which to begin. And while we labor in various ways to enlarge the sphere of woman's action and usefulness, and induce her to realize the higher duties of life, and prepare for its earnestness and reality; let us also enlighten her as to her physical being, to gain a knowledge of her structure and organism, the effects of erroneous habits, and of external circumstances, and the infidelity of the laws of hereditary descent. Let us aid women to more light in regard to dietetic and medicinal reform, that their own condition may be improved; but more especially that the next generation may not be so warped and crippled, as the present and rising generations are. Thus may they present their bodies a living sacrifice, meet temples for the indwelling of the spirit.

Yours in the cause of progression,

L. A. JENKINS.

Waterloo, June, 1853.

For the *Una*.

"FIRST IMPRESSIONS" OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, ETC.

So many folios have been written on the Great Exhibition both in London, and in this city, that to add to these voluminous descriptions, is like carrying "coals to Newcastle." In this newspaper age, even the working man often snatches his pen, and throws his mite into the treasury of ephemeral literature. As to womankind, we are so accustomed to having our opinions, tastes, and ideas ready manufactured for us, that we have come to consider ourselves, rather a fragmentary part of humanity, than an individual class, rather spectators than actors, in the busy scene. For a woman to have an opinion of her own, and to dare to parade it before the public! a working woman too—preposterous! The very absurdity of the thing prompts to the commission of the deed.

My first impressions of the statuary of the "Exhibition" are decidedly anti-classical, anti-artistic, and barbarian; amounting to positive disgust. Unquestionably clothing is a decided improvement to the human form. I cannot but hope that some of the patterns of propriety who are so ineffectually scandalized at "unbonneted and unshawled women," and the Bloomer costume, will contribute some articles of decent clothing to these shivering effigies of humanity.

But do I really stand before that wonder of art, the Gobelin tapestry? What associations of history and romance, does it awaken! What visions of the Bourbon and Condé, of Richelieu, and the

Medicis, of the noble Knights and high-born dames, of mitres, and tiaras, the intriguing Premier, the Father Confessor, with stealthy step, and scheming brain, the haughty Pompadour, and lovely La Vallière, of the wits and beauties of the reign of the "grande Monarque!" But alas! how rude is the illusion dispelled by the scene around! In mine ear resounds the clang of machinery, and the hum of these "Western Barbarians"—this "nation of shopkeepers"—this "calculating," tobacco-spitting generation!

"Sleep (Louis) of the Lion-heart.
Sleep on, nor from thy clemency start."
at this desecration of thy own Royal Gobelin tapestry!

I pause, and linger long, before a painting in the "Dusseldorf" collection. There stands, sublime exemplification of Moral grandeur! the great discoverer of this western world, alone, unsupported, save by the consciousness of intellectual power, clad in simple garments, arraigned like a culprit, before this imposing council, composed of men high in learning, birth, and station. We see the mocking sneer of derision, the supercilious expression of their cold, hard, selfish countenances; we fancy we hear the taunting inquiry, the insolent rebuke, the unfeeling jest. And on the other hand, we see genius, calm, patient, triumphant! Who of all this innumerable throng, who pass and repass this picture, can tell one single name, of all that dignified assembly? yet call to you a little child, and ask him the name of that poor, pale, student, and he will promptly answer, "Columbus!"

This scene in the great drama of life, enacted nearly four hundred years ago, is the exact type and counterpart of one I witnessed in this city, on the 6th and 7th September, 1853, when a large and dignified class of women begged the co-operation of men, to add the new hemisphere of mind to the old, and thus balance the moral and intellectual world. And the response was the braying of the "blatant beast," the hissing of the many-headed hydra monster." Once in years gone by, a young girl heard that satanic hiss, and turning hastily, a cold shudder thrilled her frame, for she saw the glittering eyes of a noxious reptile. Her incautious feet were near the den of a serpent. Advocates of woman! ye have disturbed a nest of serpents! Why should they not hiss.

September, 1853.

JUNIA.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 9, 1853.

MRS. P. W. DAVIS,

Dear Madam:—Enclosed you will find one dollar for "The Una." Please send to "H— E. R—, E—, Ohio."

I have just laid down the Daily Tribune, of Sept. 8th. I dare not express myself as I could at the conduct of men, so called, in their efforts to prevent woman from urging her God-given rights, to choose her plan, and fulfill her highest and holiest mission.

The day is at hand when *priests* and other men will not quote the language of Paul as addressed to the women of the first century, as applicable to those of the present.

An honest reader of Paul's exhortations (oft repeated) would conclude that there was reason to caution women, and *men* too—for vice makes modest men as well as women—but to apply the language to the woman of to-day, is an insult to every intelligent mother, daughter and sister, in the land.

It would seem that there are men and priests who fatten on woman's wrongs, rights and tears. I bid you a hearty God speed in your noble effort to bring out, to the fullest extent, woman's true nature. I am most truly yours,

R. R.

THE LADIES TURNING DOCTORS.—A Cincinnati exchange says: "The success of Dr. Caroline Brown in the practice of the medical profession, has already had a sensible effect on the ladies in the country round about Cincinnati. Six young ladies, of good families and superior education, have applied for admission to the Eclectic Medical College at the approaching term.

MOBS.

"Can our free thoughts be crimes, or earth have too much light?"

The Conventions held during the two first weeks of September last, in New York, will be long remembered for the riotous misconduct of which they were made the occasion. The whole World's Temperance Convention was not disturbed by disorderly conduct, and none of its proper aims and uses were injuriously affected by it; but the (half) World's Temperance Convention and the Woman's Rights Convention, were at times scenes of outrage and confusion, that have had few parallels in the history of reformatory enterprise in this country. In the former the delegates themselves including the clergymen and professional advocates of the good cause, were the most conspicuous, if not the only rioters engaged.

It was not a band of outsiders inimical to the reform, who mobbed the members here, but it was eminently and mainly the men upon the platform—the officers and leaders of the meeting!! The body of the delegates by their votes upon several test questions, and by their conduct generally, did what they could to preserve the integrity and order of the Convention. The president again, and again, ruled the questions of order, raised by the disorderly, in favor of right and propriety, but was compelled at last to call in the police, not to arrest intruders, but to turn the Convention itself out of doors. This single fact, along with the circumstances which required it, settles the question of culpability against the men bound by every consideration of honor and decency, and by every obligation of conventional duty, to maintain the dignity and propriety of the meeting. It was not Captain Rynders and his myrmidons, but the Reverend Marsh Chambers Hunt, and their abettors, who mobbed that assembly.

At the Woman's Rights meeting, we had the genteel vagabonds to deal with who usually do this sort of work; but badly as they behaved, they were still less troublesome to us than were their clerical and respectable prototypes to their own Convention. There is at least this difference between the common place rowdyism of the vicious, and that which is extemporized for the occasion by gentlemen, that, the former has some relieving humor in it, which abates its brutality, but the latter is purely malignant, and is unmitigated by any of the pliancies of common human nature. Miss Brown's trials and treatment were that much worse than the annoyances of the women in their own Convention; that their disturbers have not the servile press and sacred pulpit, so deadly set for the continuance of the outrage, its defense and justification, after the violence was perpetrated, as their clerical and gentlemanly fellow-workers have for their service. We accept our share of the mob's favors with due thankfulness for all the difference in our favor. But to be the

occasion of disorderly conduct, however innocently—to be the object of a riot, without even the least complicity, to be only the aggrieved sufferer by it in a matter to which we are prompted by considerations of public duty, exposes us to the complaints of the inconsiderate, the ill advised, the timid, and all who cannot feel the urgency of the motive, or estimate the value of the ends for which the risk is voluntarily encountered. Such censure is a part of the cost and consequences of conscientious enterprise in unpopular reforms, and adds the worst of the penalties which the true and brave spirits of the earth must count upon us as the immediate return for the discharge of their duty.

Let the censorious who do not approve the violence of russianism, reflect that they in fact give it all its real force by so far endorsing it as to condemn its objects for affording it pretext and opportunity. Let them remember that "whosoever will live righteously, shall suffer persecution" and give every instance of its infliction in favor of the sufferers.

In the matter of women's voluntary exposure of themselves to the risks of public ill treatment in the discharge of benevolent and conscientious duty, there is this additional burden to the load of reproach that the world lays upon the heads of its redeemers generally, that beside the indiscretion and folly of persevering against the world's opinion in the hard service they render, it is held to be unwomanly, improper, indelicate, and injurious to the character of the sex. That feeling which is called taste or decorum, and held to be closely allied to modesty, dignity and feminine sensibility, takes offence when they are the actors and sufferers.

Now we confess that the virtues which secure the practical duties of life, are not more precious to us, than the refinement of feeling and sensitiveness of womanly instincts in which they have, as it were, their flowering in the female character; and if there is one sacrifice more painful than another in all that we must bear in this service it is the censure that touches us here; and we appeal to those who have the power to inflict it for due consideration of the necessity that is laid upon us. A woman best knows what it is in rudeness, disrespect and violence that most offends and wounds us. The deference every where accorded in public to the presence of women, shown by the restraint which it imposes upon rudeness and licentiousness of word, act and demeanor, is the acknowledgment of our position and standing in public estimation. When this is denied, when these proprieties are outraged, we feel it like personal contamination, like moral degradation, like a stain upon our pure name. Something of the offensiveness intended attaches to the subject. We feel dishonored in some sense by the assault and can scarce rid ourselves of a certain feeling

of loss arising out of the mere fact that we could be the subject of such wrong. There is a sanctity of sweetness that one feels ought to be its own defence; and violence to it almost impeaches its conceiver's integrity. Let those who have not the convictions of duty which puts us to the encounter, and those who have not the courage themselves to dare, or the strength to endure it at least not add their weight to our burdens. The prophets were stoned, and the martyrs killed, and the purest and noblest heroes of humanity have been covered with obliquy, and their persons outraged; yet we regard them all the more highly when their deeds have fully ripened into fame, for all these indignities generously borne for our sakes.

The whole matter between us and our censors, narrows itself down to this—are the wrongs we oppose real? Ought they to be remedied? Does public opinion need to be enlightened, and aroused concerning those wrongs? Must our appeal to be effectual, be carried to the public? If these things are so, no one who owes the like duty with ourselves, and yet does nothing and makes no trial of the means, is in the position to condemn our method. Such an one cannot say that the enterprise of reform can be relieved of its unpleasant incidents, nor will they undertake to say that our labors will be fruitless of good or fail at last to repay to the world all that we suffer in the hard service.

Presbyterianism, Methodism, Temperance, &c., have all been exposed to the persecutions of the vulgar, and the censure of the respectable, but they have all nevertheless grown into favor with those classes which were once their enemies and opponents, and their earliest advocates are no longer charged with the indiscretion which was unadvisedly alleged against them in their day of trial.

Will the women of our day lay up for themselves the late remorse that follows all who despise and resist the good they approve, for the pain and shame and reproach which it must encounter before it can win its final triumph.

Think of these things, sisters of ours, and hinder us not. If we must fill up the moat over which you may walk to victory, scorn not the bridge that carries you over the ditch.

LORD PALMERSTON, HOME SECRETARY FOR ENGLAND, ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

At a small town in Derbyshire, England, near some property of Lord Palmerston's, which he inherits in right of his wife, his Lordship has recently laid the foundation stone of a building which is to serve for an Infant's School, a Mechanic's Institute, and a Savings Bank. In the speech he made on that occasion he thus remarks on the Education of Women.

"There is one thing still wanting to complete the institutions of this town. I mean a school for the education of girls. There is an excellent boys' school, but there is not yet a similar establishment for girls. Now, gentlemen, it is well shown that

the education of women, is of the greatest importance to society. Men may be indeed the rough stones of which the fabric of society is built—they are the strength and the resisting portions of that fabric; but women are that finer cement without which these rougher ingredients would not find order, or consistency, and without which there can be no beauty, no firm, no lasting endurance."

"We all know the important influence which is exerted by women upon the welfare of men, whether it be in the capacity of daughters, of sisters, of wives, or of mothers; and therefore independently of any regard for the fairer sex—a regard, however, I am persuaded, all whom I now address feel in the strongest degree—(a laugh)—the most selfish consideration, a single regard for ourselves, a mere regard for man abstracted from and independent of woman, ought to lead us to endeavor so to mould and educate the rising generation of the female community that they may be as well fitted as it is possible for good training and instruction to make them to perform the various duties of life in the capacities of daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers. I therefore commend to your consideration—though it forms no part of the institution now about to be established, I commend to your anxious and earnest consideration the establishment of a girl's school also at Melbourne."

This will do for an English Lord, but we demand to be educated because we are human beings, and are accountable for the gifts given us and not because we are the *appendages* of man in any of our life relations, either as wife, mother or daughter. In all we claim for woman, individuality as man understands it for himself.

DIGNITY OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.—We doubt if the annals of ancient history furnish a reply surpassing in eloquence and grandeur the following, from an untutored savage :

As Tecumseh proudly approached, General Harrison rose to receive the Chief, and pointing to a bench prepared for the purpose, said—

"Your white father requests you to be seated." Tecumseh cast upon the American General a look of unmitigated scorn and indignation.

"You, my father?" said he. "No! The sun," pointing to that luminary in the heavens, "is my father! The earth," pointing to the ground, "is my mother! And," throwing himself on the ground, "I will rest nowhere but on her bosom!"

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION.

Held at Cleveland, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.

1. *Resolved*, That by Human Rights we mean Natural Rights, in contradistinction to conventional usages, and because woman is a human being she therefore has Human Rights.

2. *Resolved*, That because woman is a human being and man is no more, she has by virtue of her constitutional nature, equal rights with man, and that state of society must necessarily be wrong, which does not in its usages and institutions afford equal opportunities for the enjoyment and protection of those Rights.

3. *Resolved*, That it is the coolest assumption for man to claim the prerogative of determining the sphere of woman; and that he is adding insult to injury, when he denounces her as unwomanly, and condemns her as "unsexing herself" if she ventures to pass over the limit he assigns her.

4. *Resolved*, That the Common Law by giving to the husband the custody of his wife's person does virtually place her on a level with criminals, lunatics and fools, since these are the only class of adult persons over whom the law makers have thought it necessary to place keepers.

5. *Resolved*, That if it be true, in the language of John C. Calhoun, "that he who digs the money out of the soil has a right to it against the Universe," then the law which gives to the husband the power to use his wife's earnings, makes robbery, and is as mean as it is unjust.

6. *Resolved*, That woman will soonest free herself from the legal disabilities she now suffers by securing the right to the elective franchise, thus becoming herself a law maker, and that to this end we will petition our respective State Legislatures to call conventions, to amend their constitutions so that the right to the franchise shall not be limited by the word 'male.'

7. *Resolved*, That there is neither justice nor sound policy in the present arrangements of society restraining women to so comparatively narrow a range of employments; excluding them from those which are most lucrative; and even in those to which they are admitted, awarding them a compensation less, generally one-half or two-thirds than is paid to men for an equal amount of service rendered.

8. *Resolved*, That although the question of intellectual strength and the attainments of women has nothing to do with the settlement of their rights, yet in reply to the oft repeated inquiry, "Have women by nature the same force of intellect with men?" we will say, this inquiry never can be answered till women shall have such training as shall give their physical and intellectual powers as full opportunities for development by being as heavily taxed and all their resources as fully called forth as are those of men.

On Wednesday evening Wm. Lloyd Garrison presented the following series of resolutions to the Convention :

1. *Resolved*, That the natural rights of one human being are those of every other; in all cases equally sacred and inalienable; hence, the boasted "Rights of Man," about which we hear so much, are simply the "Rights of Woman," about which we hear so little; or, in other words, they are the Rights of Humankind, neither affected by nor dependent upon sex or condition.

2. *Resolved*, That those who deride the claims of woman to a full recognition of her civil rights and political equality, exhibit the spirit which tyrants and usurpers have displayed in all ages towards the mass of mankind—strike at the foundation of all truly free and equitable government—contend for a sexual aristocracy, which is as irrational and unjust in principle, as that of wealth or hereditary descent, and show their appreciation of liberty to be wholly one-sided and supremely selfish.

3. *Resolved*, That for the men of this land to claim for themselves the elective franchise, and the right to choose their own rulers, and enact their own laws, as essential to their freedom, safety and welfare, and then to deprive all women of all these safe-guards, solely on the ground of a difference of sex, is to evince the pride of self-esteem, the meanness of usurpation, and the folly of a self-assumed superiority.

4. *Resolved*, That woman, as well as man, has a right to the highest mental and physical development—to the most ample educational advantages—to the occupancy of whatever position she can reach in church and State, in science and out, in poetry and music, in painting and sculpture, in civil jurisprudence and political economy, and in the varied departments of human industry, enterprise and skill—to the elective franchise—and to a voice in the adminis-

tration of justice and the passage of laws for the general welfare.

5. *Resolved*, That to pretend that the granting of these claims would tend to make woman less amiable and attractive, less regardful of her peculiar duties and obligations as wife and mother, a wanderer from her proper sphere, bringing confusion into domestic life, and strife into the public assembly, is the cant of Papal Rome, as to the discordant and infidel tendencies of the right of private judgment in matters of faith, in the outcry of legitimacy of the incapacity of the people to govern themselves—is the false allegation which selfish and timid conservatism is ever making against every new measure of Reform—and has no foundation in reason, experience, fact, or philosophy.

6. *Resolved*, That the consequences arising from the exclusion of woman from the possession and exercise of her natural rights and the cultivation of her mental faculties have been calamitous to the whole human race—making her servile, dependent, unwomanly—the victim of a false gallantry on the one hand, and of tyrannic subjection on the other—obstructing her mental growth, crippling her physical development and incapacitating her for general usefulness, and thus inflicting an injury upon all born of woman; and cultivating in man a lordly and arrogant spirit; a love of dominion, a disposition to lightly disregard her comfort and happiness, all of which have been indulged in to an unreasonable extent.

7. *Resolved*, That so long as the most ignorant and worthless men are freely admitted to the ballot box, and practically acknowledged to be sufficient to determine who shall hold office, and how the government shall be administered, it is preposterous to pretend that women are not qualified to use the elective franchise, and that they are fit only to be recognized politically speaking, as *non compos mentis*.

THE BABY IS DEAD.

"Mother couldn't get the clothes ready in time," said a sable son of Africa, laying down his snowy bundle, "for the baby has been very sick."

"Oh! never mind," said we, "it has been no inconvenience—how is the baby now?"

His lip quivered—"the baby is dead."

How the words struck upon our heart! The baby's dead. And the poor mother through necessity, while her heart's-darling laid sick and gasping, was laboring for us.

The babe's dead—and it was a little black baby, with cheek as sable as coal, and crispy locks, but as dear to that mother's soul, as the fairest lily in the white man's home of luxury. Poor mother; she could not go in some part of her humble home, and weep alone over her loss. No, even as the little one laid in its death robes, after she had tied the bit of black on the handle of her cabin door, to let the thoughtless passer by know that mourning was there, back she must go to her heavy labor at the wash-tub, or over the ironing-board.

And after the poor little baby is laid under its heap of earth, she has no time for the luxury of tears, for she must tramp to the city, and gather her bundles. Customers must not be disappointed, even for death. And think you not she yearns for the smile on that ebony face and the patterning of those little dusky feet?

Aye! and with as strong yearning as any white mother in the land—and with tears and the heart-quiver on the lip, and with faltering voice and downcast eye, does she reply to the inquirer, "my baby's dead."—*Olive Branch.*

GOBELIN TAPESTRY.

Among the many beautiful works of art we saw in the World's Fair, few interested us more than this fabric, so long the exclusive right of royalty. History, poesy, and romance, have each spoken its praises. We shall make no attempt to describe it, but give below the mode of its manufacture, cut from the New York Evening Post, for which, we are quite sure, some of our readers will be very grateful:

Since the days of Jan Gobelin in 1450, the manufacture of tapestry and carpets has made a regular progression towards the perfection which it has now attained. The establishment had not drawn much attention from the government till the time of Louis XIV., when it became so interesting a branch of French manufactures, that that monarch bought it for the State; and it has ever since remained government property, has been supported by the government by means of a large subsidy granted each year in the budget, and the works accomplished there are entirely at the service of the chief of the State, whoever he may be for the time being.

The institution has gone through as many mutations, as many seasons of prosperity and adversity, as the government itself. Under the republic the works at times ceased, and its very existence was threatened; but the same species of national pride which sustains West Point, sustains also this institution. Many of the workmen are superior artists in painting, and the superintendent is generally one of the first painters of the day. At present 120 workmen are employed on tapestry and carpets, who earn from three to five hundred dollars a year each, and when disabled by age or infirmity receive pensions of from 125 to 200 dollars a year. No one is allowed to leave after serving an apprenticeship, and a regular number of apprentices are admitted each year.

But the interest of the establishment lies in the method in which the articles are manufactured. The web or warp is placed upright, instead of horizontal, as in most cases, and the workman sits behind it; that is, he works on the wrong side. The picture which he is copying is placed behind and a little to one side of him, at which he looks from time to time, in order that his picture in tapestry may be an exact representation of the model. The workman sits at the back or wrong side of his picture, because the face must present a perfectly smooth surface, and all the cuttings and fastenings are therefore made on the wrong side. The warp is white, and of the finest wool. It is double, that is, has two upright tiers of thread, with an interval of half an inch. Then, with several baskets at his side, containing many hundred shades of colored silk and woollen thread on little spools, the workman puts through one, two or three threads at a time, and cuts them off, and as the color of the face or the object which he is forming changes, he takes another shaded thread, and so on, thread by thread, month by month, and year by year, till his tedious and laborious task is finished. From five to thirty years are occupied on the larger works, on pictures from eight to twenty feet in extent, and the value of some of the pieces is sometimes as high as one hundred thousand dollars. They are admired by many much more than the original picture, no matter what may be its value; and inferior pictures are never copied from. The tissue and the colors last for centuries. I think it can be said with safety that it is the most marvellous, the most astonishing art in its degree of perfection now known to the world; and I am sure that the mass of the American people who shall have seen the very fine specimens, which it is hoped will arrive without damage at the New York fair, will verify this opinion.

In the carpet department, the process is entirely analogous, with one exception. The warp is upright, the carpet is always in one piece, the warp is double, the workman pursues his labor in the same tedious way, putting in a thread at a time, but in this instance he sits on the right side, for the rea-

son that he has a velvety surface, to make, and he must therefore cut off his woollen threads on that side. He puts his spool through and gives it a double turn around one of the upright threads of the warp, then cuts it off, perhaps an inch from the surface of the carpet, regards his model, which is over his head, takes up another spool of thread, so as to change the color, puts it through in the same way, and cuts it off as before. After he has proceeded thus a foot in width, perhaps, and an inch upwards, he takes a pair of large shears and trims the velvety surface down to the length, or depth rather, which he desires. All the carpets which are now in the looms of the Gobelins manufactory are intended for the rooms of the Empress in the Tuilleries, and they all have a nap of half an inch in depth. They are beautiful in the extreme, and far superior to anything which can be manufactured in Persia, so long distinguished for the softness, silkiness and rich coloring of its carpets. All the fine carpets of France are thus woven in one piece for the rooms for which they are intended. They will last a century and preserve their colors. Many of the carpets which have been made at the Gobelins have required many years to finish, and cost from 60 to 150,000 francs. None are sold; they are all made use of in the royal palaces, or as presents; the same as pictures in tapestry. The largest carpet ever made here was the one for the long room, or, as it is called, the Gallery of the Louvre, which is 1,300 feet in length. As a shuttle is out of the question, and as each thread of the "filling" has to be put through separately by the hand, at the same time that the workman must keep his eye on the model and exercise his careful judgment as to the exact shade out of many thousand which is required, and as he must, from time to time, as in the tapestry, stop and walk off from his picture, and regard it at a distance, and consult his fellow-workmen, the reader may form some idea of the labor, the genius, and the time, which is required on these great works. On an extent of fifteen feet, two workmen can be employed. On a large carpet, say thirty by fifty feet, one workman makes the large figure in the centre, while two others, one on each side of him, make the border up to the centre flower. And there those patient men sit, day after day, month after month, and year after year, apparently without ever moving their own position or that of the carpet; for in several visits which I have made recently, I find the same men in the same place, engaged on the same flower or other object on the carpet, where I last saw them. It would be too slow an occupation for our fast countrymen.

Everything needed for the manufactory—the dyeing, spinning, etc.—is done on the premises. In the dyeing department there is a greater amount of talent and experience required than in the working of the tableaux. Many secrets are possessed here, which are unknown to the rest of the world. For several centuries a curious belief has been held by the people of Paris, and is still held, that condemned criminals and others have been kept at this establishment and fed on a certain kind of diet, for instance they have been compelled so to drink large quantities of wine, to eat much beef, and all such food as would establish a high degree of heat in the blood and throughout the system generally, in order that the secretion from the kidneys which is used in such large quantities, might impart peculiar and rare dyeing qualities; that is, they converted the human body into a chemical laboratory for the elimination of a peculiar secretion by the kidneys, which possessed remarkable powers in the dyeing process, and which could be obtained in no other way. The tortures of the persons submitted to this interesting process are said to have been inexpressible, and their life short; they were literally consumed by a slow internal fire, and died in the midst of the most fearful sufferings imaginable. This is not true to the extent represented—in fact, the matter is grossly exaggerated—but it is true that chemico-vital experiments of this kind have been and continue to be made, and that good results have been derived from them.

As an evidence of the extent to which this belief has extended, we may mention that the establishment has received and preserved various communications on this subject from individuals, which are curious enough. The following is a translation of one received during the last century: "I am weary of life, and I am disposed, in order to terminate it, to submit myself to the regime imposed by the dyers at the Gobelins. To give you an idea of the services which I am in a condition to render to the establishment, I ought to tell you that I can drink in a day twenty bottles of wine, without losing my reason. If you will take me on trial, you can judge of my capacity at your leisure." It is easy to see where that fellow's ideas were running to!

The Emperor has also included in his contribution more than a hundred specimens of the celebrated Sevres porcelain—a manufacture which, for perfection, beauty and value as ornaments, is regarded by many as possessing as much interest as the Gobelin manufactory. It is an establishment which has belonged to government for seventy-five years, is supported by government at a great expense to the people, and the principal works like those of the Gobelins, go into the palaces of France, or are given away to foreign monarchs as propitiatory presents. Some of the largest vases and pictures in the Emperor's contribution are worth ten thousand dollars. They are worth travelling many a mile to see.

REMARKS OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON,

Before the Committee of the Constitutional Convention, on the Qualification of Voters, June 3d, 1853.

I need hardly suggest to the Committee the disadvantage under which I appear before them, in coming to glean after three of the most eloquent voices in this community, or any other [LUCY STONE, WENDELL PHILLIPS and THEODORE PARKER]—in doing this, moreover, without having heard their arguments, and in a fragment of time at the end of a two hours' hearing. I have also the disadvantage of gleaned after myself, having just ventured to submit a more elaborate essay on this subject, in a different form, to the notice of the Convention.

I shall therefore abstain from all debate upon the general question, and confine myself to the specific point now before this Committee. I shall waive all inquiry as to the right of woman to equality in education, in occupations, or in the ordinary use of the elective franchise. The question before this Committee is not whether women shall become voters—but whether they shall have power to say, once for all, whether they *wish* to become voters. Whether, in other words, they desire to accept this Constitution which the Convention are framing.

It is well that the question should come up in this form, since the one efficient argument against the right of women to vote, in ordinary cases, is the plea that they do not wish to do it. "Their whole nature revolts at it." Very well; these petitioners simply desire an opportunity for Massachusetts women to say whether their nature *does* revolt at it, or no.

The whole object of this Convention, as I heard stated by one of its firmest advocates, is simply this—to "make the Constitution of Massachusetts consistent with its own first principles." This is all these petitioners demand. Give them the premises which are conceded in our Bill of Rights, or even its Preamble, and they ask no more. I shall draw my few weapons from this source. I know that this document is not binding upon your Convention; nothing is binding upon you but eternal and absolute justice, and my predecessor has taken

care of the claims of *that*. But the Bill of Rights is still the organic law of this State, and I can quote no better authority for those principles which lie at the foundation of all that we call Republicanism.

I. My first citation will be from the Preamble, and will establish as Massachusetts doctrine the principle of the Declaration of Independence, that all government owes its just powers to the consent of the governed.

"The end of the institution, maintenance and administration of government is to secure the existence of the body politic. * * * The body politic is formed by a *voluntary association of individuals*; it is a social compact, by which the *whole people covenants with each citizen*, and each citizen with the whole people, that all shall be governed by certain laws for the common good. * * * It is the duty of the people, therefore, in framing a constitution of government, to provide for an *equitable mode of making laws*, as well as for an impartial interpretation and a faithful execution of them," &c., &c.

Now, women are "individuals"; women are a part of "the people"; women are "citizens," for the Constitution elsewhere distinguishes *male citizens*. This clause, then, concedes precisely that which your petitioners claim. Observe how explicit it is. The people are not merely to have good laws, well administered; but they must have an equitable mode of making those laws. The reason of this is, that good laws are no permanent security, unless enacted by equitable methods. Your laws may be the best ever devised, yet still they are only given as a temporary favor, not held as a right, unless the whole people are concerned in their enactment. It is the old claim of despots—that their laws are good. When they told Alexander of Russia that his personal character was as good as a constitution for his people, "then," said he, "I am but a lucky accident." Your constitution may be never so benignant to woman, but that is only a lucky accident, unless you concede the claim of these women to have a share in creating it. Nothing else "is an equitable mode of making laws." But it is too late to choose female delegates to your Convention, and the only thing you can do is to allow women to vote on the acceptance of its results. The claim of these petitioners may be unexpected, but it is logically irresistible. If you do not wish it to be renewed, you must remember either to alter or abrogate your Bill of Rights—for the petition is based on that.

The last speaker called this movement a novelty. Not entirely so. The novelty is partly the other way. In Europe, women direct political power—witness Victoria: it is a false Democracy which has taken it away. In my more detailed argument, (above mentioned,) I have cited many instances of these foreign privileges. In monarchical countries, the dividing lines are not of sex, but of rank. A plebeian woman has no political power—nor has her husband. Rank gives it to man, and also, in a degree, to woman. But among us, the only rank is of sex. Politically speaking, in Massachusetts, all men are patrician, all women plebeian. All men are equal, in having direct political power; and all women are equal—in having none. And women lose by Democracy, precisely that which men gain. Therefore I say, this disfranchisement of woman, as woman, is a novelty. It is a new aristocracy; for, as De Tocqueville says, wherever one class has peculiar powers, as such,—there is aristocracy and oligarchy.

We see the result of this in our general mode of speaking of woman. We forget to speak of her as an individual being—only as a thing. A political writer coolly says, that in Massachusetts, "except criminals and paupers, there is *no class of persons* who do not exercise the elective franchise." Women are not even a "class of persons"! And yet, most readers would not notice this extraordinary omission. I talked the other day with a young radical preacher, about his new religious organization. Who votes under it? said I. "O," (he said, triumphantly,) "we go for progress and liberty—any body and every body votes." "What!" said I, "women?" "No," said he, rather startled; "I did not think of them when I spoke." Thus quietly do we all talk of "any body and every body," and omit half the human race—Indeed, I read in the newspaper this morning, of some great festivity, that "all the world and his wife" would be there! Women are not a part of the world—but only its "wife." They are not even "the rest of mankind"—they are womankind! All these things show the results of that inconsistency with the first principles of our Constitution, of which the friends of this Convention justly complain.

II. So much for the general statement of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights, in its Preamble.—But one clause is even more explicit. In section 9, I find the following:

"*All the inhabitants of this Commonwealth, having such qualifications as they shall establish by their form of government, have an equal right to elect officers*," &c.

As "they" shall establish. Who are *they*?—Manifestly, the inhabitants, as a whole. No part can have power, except by consent of the whole—so far as that consent is practicable. Accordingly, you submit your Constitution for ratification—to whom? Not to the inhabitants of the State—not even to a majority of the native adult inhabitants; for it is estimated, that at any given moment—in view of the great number of men emigrating to the West, to California, or absent on long voyages—the majority of the population of Massachusetts is female. You disfranchise the majority, then; the greater part of the inhabitants have no share in establishing the form of government, or assigning the qualifications of voters. What worse can you say of any oligarchy? True, your aristocracy is a large one—almost a majority, you may say.—But so, in several European nations, is nobility almost in a majority, and you may almost hire a nobleman to black your shoes—they are as cheap as Generals and Colonels in New England.—But the principle is the same, whether the privileged minority consists of one or one million.

[Is it said that a tacit consent has been hitherto given, by the absence of open protest?—The same argument may be used concerning the black majority in South Carolina. Besides, your new Constitution is not yet made, and there has been no opportunity to assent to it. It will not be identical with the old one; but even if you were to propose to ask a renewed consent from men, and why not from women? Is it because a lady's "Yes" is always so fixed a certainty, that it never can be transformed to a "No," at a later period?]*

But I am compelled, by the fixed period of adjournment (10, A. M.) to cut short my argument, as I have been already compelled to condense it. I pray your consideration for the points I have urged. Believe me, it is easier to

*This point was omitted, with others for the reasons given, and is here inserted, as essential to the argument.

ridicule the petition of these women, than to answer the arguments which sustain it. And as the great Republic of ancient times did not blush to claim that laws and governments were first introduced by Ceres, a woman; so I trust that the representatives of this noblest of modern Commonwealths may not be ashamed to receive legislative suggestions from even female petitioners.

THIN-SKINNED PEOPLE.—In our young days we understood every thing literally—poetry, mystery, fable, and allegory; and when we first read or heard of thin-skinned folks, we gave our own skin a most acute and searching examination, to discover in which of the two classes—thick or thin—we were to be ranked. We also passed in review the skins of all our friends and acquaintances, and endeavoured to ascertain whether it were really true that the thin-skinned people were the most sensitive, fretful, and suspicious, as vulgarly reported to be. But we were sadly puzzled, for we have found in our peregrinations through life many bull-headed men, with skins almost as thick as kid leather, who are so unfortunately sensitive and fretful, that they are for ever quarrelling with their friends for this, that, and t'other fancied affront, which had no other existence than in their own suspicious and discontented minds. Notwithstanding all this, we never could literally falsify the proverb respecting the sensitiveness of thin-skinned people; for we believe in a sensitiveness which is so transcendently delicate that it eats away inwardly its own peace, lives on its own life's blood in secrecy and silence, and sedulously conceals every symptom of its own being and misery from the sight of the eye or the hearing of the ear. Quarrelsome people are not the most sensitive, because they are not the most delicate. Being rude and overbearing, and from pure want of refined feeling, they give outward expression to any ungenerous suspicion which they entertain, and resent at once, before proof or conviction, any fancied insult or affront they may receive. These are the people that are called thin-skinned by the proverbial wisdom of the public; but they are as often thick-skinned as thin, to our certain knowledge. They do not deserve the name—it is too good for them. Call a rhinoceros or a bear thin-skinned! Call a man of honor thin-skinned who avenges a hasty expression in a moment of excitement, with a leaden bullet in the heart of the incautious utterer, and who, perhaps, when himself excited, will use much more opprobrious language to his own domestics, who dare not retaliate! He is not thin-skinned enough for us. Examine him, and you will find something thick about him—some tough integument around either his heart or his head; which, like silk or flannel in retaining inward heat or excluding outward, retains the consciousness of his own, but refuses to admit the perception of other's wrongs. He has the skin of a bear in a passion, and we have never yet seen a bear ranked amongst thin-skinned people.—*English paper.*

LIFE.—Our life travels with the sun. In the morning all the forward landscape turns its sunny side upon us, while the sun itself is behind us; but when the noon is past, all before is thrown into shadow, and the eye must turn backward to see objects bathed in sunlight. Then the sun is before us, and we look upward for our light, which goes calmly on growing milder and deeper, until it leads us at last, beyond the horizon of time, to a realm of unfading brightness and beauty.

UNIVERSE.

BY E. JESUP EAMES.

Grand revelation of God's infinite !
A living outgrowth of Divine completeness,
This universe of order, holding in it.

A fountain of economies and uses,
Outpouring from the veined heart of nature,
And freely flowing for each living creature !
A house with many mansions : a fair city—
Peopled with millions of celestial spirits ;
Ethereal natures full of tender pity,
For those who less angelic gifts inherit.

A realm of art—a glowing world of Beauty—
Stands bodied in this wonderful creation,
Inform'd with high intelligence and duty—
Free to receive divinest Revelation.
An Epic Poem of existence flowing
In music from the Heart of the Eternal :—
A psalm of life—a Hallelujah glowing
With joy—and crowned with harmonies supernal !
A fane of worship, where the infinite life
With Love's Evangel is forever rife !
June, — 1853.

NOTICE.

Our friends will have observed that we made two issues of the UNA in August, the 1st and 20th. Our object in so doing was, that we might commence our second volume on the first of January. We like order and regularity, and if our paper fails to reach its friends in proper season, it is because there are sometimes circumstances which are beyond our control. We make this notice of our second volume, so that our friends may be in readiness to aid in extending our circulation.

The suggestions of Grace Greenwood, relative to bills on distant sections of the country, is very good, and we must beg our friends to note it, as we often have money on which we are compelled to pay discount.

We give entire the introductory address (to mothers,) of Grace Greenwood, and her suggestions to her friends. The Little Pilgrim is just what our young friends need, and we know none others who can tell pleasanter stories, or in a more charming manner than the writers whose names we find in the first number of the Little Pilgrim.

A FEW WORDS TO MOTHERS.

In speaking to *you*, I feel that I cannot use the formal and comparatively irresponsible "we" of the Editor.

I have, my friends, an earnest wish that from the first, you shall understand my purposes and hopes in this new undertaking of mine. I do not come into your noble field of labor, thinking to take much of its sweet burden of care off your hands. Perhaps I may rather increase it, by sometimes throwing into the ready minds of your children, quickening suggestions, whose after thought-growth's direction you must watch. At best, I hope only to be a modest, subordinate helper, a faithful ally, and a hearty sympathiser. As such you will admit me to your homes, to your sacred fire-side circles?—Though it may not be mine to sustain you, in your peculiar trials and needs, by the calm discourse of philosophy, and the divine words of wisdom, yet I hope to ever send forth to you by my little messenger, pleasant and cheerful thoughts, love and faith, and cordial friendly greeting.

As for the children, I know that I cannot harm them, and I trust I can do something to make them happy, and to keep them good; for ever since my own childhood, I have loved them, and studied them with a deep and reverent sympathy. I am with them in their joys, in their sorrows, in their tasks, in their pastimes—and, if God spares my life, much of it shall be devoted to their pleasure and their interest. I wish them to feel with me a familiar confidence, and all the ease of cordial good-fellowship. For this reason, I do not send them a journal with a grave teacher-like title, but this Little Pilgrim, as a young friend and playmate. I trust they will receive him as such—as one of themselves—though he may sometimes put on a wise look, and talk rather old, especially when on the subject of his foreign travels.

Hoping to meet you, and a great many more, next month, I remain

Faithfully yours,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

PROSPECTUS.

No. I.—"THE LITTLE PILGRIM" makes his visits for so small a charge, that it is necessary for him to economise in every direction. In view of this, he begs that, as far as possible all subscriptions under five dollars, may be forwarded in *gold dollars*, and larger amounts in *Philadelphia, Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey or New York City* Bank notes. By keeping this in mind, his friends can, with little trouble and no expense to themselves, save "THE LITTLE PILGRIM" a good many dollars in the course of a year, which he must otherwise lose in the heavy discount to which notes of distant sections of the country are subject in Philadelphia.

No. II.—For single subscriptions, a half, or two quarters of a dollar can be sent by mail without danger, if carefully folded in the letter and put in an envelope; but we would suggest to our young friends, that a speech through the palings may induce a neighbor to add his or her half or two quarters of a dollar, for which a gold dollar can be had, which, wrapped in a little piece of paper, and fastened to the letter by a wafer, can be sent to us without the slightest risk.

No. III.—We send copies of this number to a great many who are not subscribers, in the hope that they will not only send us their names, but that each will use his or her influence for us with a neighbor or two. We particularly wish every boy or girl to whom it may come, to consider himself or herself an agent, duly and expressly empowered to send us the names and half dollars of as many school-mates as his, or her eloquence, aided by the amiable appearance of THE LITTLE PILGRIM, can procure!

The more friends and patrons the little fellow gets, the more interesting and costly will be his budget.

If each of our present subscribers could send us *one* name in addition to his or her own, it would help us not a little, and we should be duly grateful.

TRIAL.

Trial! trial! what would you be without it.—A human clock without pendulum or hands, a stranded vessel without rudder or pilot—a barren rock upon which verdure shall never smile.

What a spectacle does that man present, who sinks beneath the weight of a little care, or even much trial, crosses his hands, and says, "I cannot bear it."

Cannot bear it! yes you can. You may

think every wave of trouble larger and higher than the former; you may sink for a moment, and fear your heart is breaking, that the world has shut up all its blessings, that hope has folded her wings within your bosom—and then, perhaps, another shock will come, so much more terrible than the first, that the very soul will be paralyzed, and so stunned that nothing will be affliction afterwards. Then you will learn that trial steels the heart to endurance—that the world, instead of shutting up its blessings, is only waiting till you shall be sufficiently purified—that hope has only folded her silvery wings while the cloud was passing, and that already they tremble to seek the upper cerulean—tremble—open and expand, and over where they have brooded, the sun, brighter than ever before, comes warmly stealing—that the soul wakes from its paralysis, soars with opportunity, and because of trial, softening and fructifying the arid soil.

Trials will come, and the more intense, the more determined be you to press them under the iron heel of your will. Never give up to them, and become that miserable being, the chance victim of circumstances.—*Olive Branch.*

SLEEP.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift of grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved ?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—
The Senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows ?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved ?
A little faith all undisproved—
A little dust to overweep—
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake ?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no time to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep ;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still ;
Though on its slope men toil and reap,
More softly still than dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea ! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep ;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on his love repose,
Who giveth His beloved sleep ?

And friends ! dear friends ! when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep—
Let one, most loving of ye all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall"—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Love at last enfranchising itself, is love triumphant over sex, at first in self, and then out of self.

HOME, Oct. 15th.

Gossip, says our printer, where is the gossip for this month? Strenuously have we avoided calling our letters to *E.*, and the rest of the world, gossip, for we have an especial dislike of the whole tribe of gossipers, and always eschew with holy horror the tea drinkings which we have lately heard very appropriately called "tea fights," at which from time immemorial women have been charged with committing this crime; and we do not doubt that in a small way they have been given to this folly, sometimes perhaps because they had nothing else to do; but just now the world is all alive with gossip, and very wicked gossip too, for it has, as all gossip does, and as all gossipers do, degenerated into scandal and scandal mongers, and these are as busy as bees in pursuit of a clover field, running from one Woman's Rights' Convention, to another, using their pens, tongues, and even the lightning wire to send their base slanders over the world. It has long been known that falsehood could run from one end of the continent to the other, while tidy little truth was putting her slippers on; and never has this been more fully verified than with regard to the Cleveland Convention. Gentlemen, you have all the daily papers now; the control of the telegraphs, the railroads, and hold the purse strings. Of course you can report what you please of our Conventions, but when the truth is known, which it surely will be in time, you must just be contented to bear the odium of being scandal mongers, and what is better, henceforth and forever withdraw the charge from women.

We think you have proved in your daily organs that gossip and scandal are your own peculiar rights, a prerogative that you glory in using to the utmost.

The Convention at Cleveland, was not disorderly. There was no riotous or unlady like conduct there. No dozen or twenty women ever attempted to get the floor at once. There has always been the utmost courtesy, kindness and harmony prevailing in these Conventions. There is too much at stake for any petty jealousy to creep in among the actors in this great work. A woman would not be worthy of the work who was not capable of entire self abnegation.

There was not a shadow of ground for the false telegraphic report, which has gone the rounds of all the papers; and the thousands, who, hour after hour, listened to the calm discussion of great truths in that meeting, will witness to this statement. We were not present at that Convention; our days and nights were passed in anxious watching by the bedside of one very dear to us, on whom disease had laid a heavy hand; but ever and anon as we glanced into the daily papers, we saw the scandal about the Convention; still our faith and confidence in our sister co-workers was not in the least abated. We averred again, and again, as we opened our exchanges, these reports are *false*, false from the very foundation; we would dare stake our life upon the dignity of every woman's conduct who was present, and our faith was confirmed. Letters soon came attesting to the order and deep religious earnestness of the meeting.

From England, we learn that a scandalous report was sent by the New York correspondent to the London Times, of the Convention held there in September. We are quite certain that it was not a lady who sent it, for there was not a true woman there who did not blush for her brother man, as she listened to, and witnessed his shameful trampling upon rights which are sacred and dear to all. We are no grumbler, and rarely complain of the way the world treats us; for we have garnered our happiness in our own home circle; but in looking out from that, our indignation is roused by these base calumnies upon a great and holy work, that should have a God speed from every true man; and from this secure place we send our message to our brother editors, and ask the justice of them to retract, or at least to give place to truth where they have allowed falsehood to find a foothold. For shame, gentlemen, how can you, with all the power in your own hands, act

so ignobly. You make us feel as we did when a child, when the largest and handsomest boy in the school invited us to ride with him, and then in a short time afterwards knocked a little lame boy down and beat him with his own crutch, for presuming to ask us, to ride with him. We could not go after that base act; but the bitterest part of the bitter disappointment was our mortification for the big handsome boy who was so mean as to beat a fallen helpless child, that never dreamed of rivaling him. Wearied of this theme, we gaily turn to others more congenial.

In the Crystal Palace, there is a niche filled with pretty specimens of the skill attained in the decorative art, by the school of design in Philadelphia. This school was founded less than four years since by Mrs. Sarah Peter, since which several others have sprung into existence.

Beneath the dome in the very centre of the Crystal Palace, stands a group of statuary, that at once arrests the attention of every visitor. The Proserpine, the Greek Slave, and the Eve of our artist, Powers. They have been so often, so well, and so critically described, that we shall make no attempt to do this. We saw in them far more than mere artistic merit. They were to us type women.

The Greek Slave, lovely, graceful and depending, looks half submissive, half deprecatingly, with a dash of discontent upon her manacles, the type woman, of all the past and the present. For there is not one living, who does not at some time feel the weight of her handcuffs and collar, even though they are of precious gold, and with an inward despairing cry asks, is there no help for me? But Eve, the glorious Eve, with her perfect physical development, her hair floating freely over her shoulders, her uplifted, regal brow, her countenance of serene repose, which even the winds of heaven would touch reverently, is the type of the future free woman. While we sat gazing on this beautiful creation of art, we looked far into the future and saw not one, but many women, as noble in form, as pure and beautiful as the one that now stood before us, not a cold, motionless statue, but instinct with life and full of wisdom. Combining tenderness, intellectual and spiritual beauty in one holy form.

Were we not gathering items of interest for our distant readers, we would form a chain of connection between the Crystal Palace, Powers' Statuary, and Boston, where we went on last Thursday to witness the presentation of a medal from the ship's crew of the Germantown, to Hon. John P. Hale, commemorative of his services in procuring the abolition of whipping in the navy. The medal, a beautiful one, wrought out of pure gold, bore the following inscription and device:

"Presented to the Hon. JOHN P. HALE, by the crew of the sloop-of-war Germantown, as a mark of their appreciation of his efforts in securing the abolition of Flogging in the U. S. Navy, Oct. 13, 1853."

"On the other side an engraving represents a scene on shipboard. It supposes flogging to exist, and the barbarous act is again to be repeated. The victim stands with nude back, turning away from his fellows in conscious degradation, while the Boatswain's mate, with the instrument in his hand, is ready to strike—when over the other side appears the advocate of Humanity, and stretching forth his hand, says, "Stop!" displaying to view the law. The center is surrounded with appropriate designs. At the top is the upper portion of the capstan, spars, cords, blocks, &c.; at the bottom, two guns, rammers, and ball; at the sides, falling from staves, from the top, the national flag, which falls, and appears to mingle in its folds the surrounding objects, consisting of nautical implements." Mr. R. H. Dana's remarks in presenting it were in excellent taste, and directly to the purpose. He said that the military service, both on land and sea, is a service of war and force. Its necessities are those of force. But strange as it may seem, was his wrinkled front, and turned its grim visaged face within. In all time, has public scourging been deemed the depth of degradation. Neither the guillotine, nor the scaffold has attached such degradation to a man as the infliction of the lash.

Cicero had proclaimed that a Roman citizen could not be scourged. But until the 28th of September, 1850, an American citizen could be scourged by his own fellow citizen in sight of foreigners, on the deck of his national ship. Mr. Dana said he believed more men were ruined at the gangway than were killed at the gun. Where the sword has slain its one, the scourge had killed its hundreds.

After Mr. Hale's acceptance of the medal, he gave some account of the progress of this humanitarian movement.

He said, in May, 1844, when the Naval appropriation bill was under consideration, he submitted an amendment for the abolition of corporal punishment in the Navy, and Marine Corps, and the repeal of all laws authorizing corporal punishment. The proposition was received with a shout of laughter. Mr. Schenck, of Ohio, offered an amendment to the amendment to the effect that no order for shortening sail on ship board should be obligatory without the concurrence by vote of a majority of the ship's company.

In September, 1850, after various trials, and six years discussion, it passed into a law, and has been now three years in operation. This reform, he remarked, had been accomplished, not by him, but by the humanity of the people. The lash was never to be restored. We have passed forward too far to go back. There is no fear that this blot will ever be restored to our escutcheon. There was no need to provide a substitute. Man restored to his manhood could govern himself.

In this philanthropic movement, Mr. Hale acted from a generous courage, and a lofty faith in humanity which realized the victory even while still in the contest.

So let all reformers labor.

AU REVOIR.

Subscriptions received from Aug. 16th to Oct. 1st.

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WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?—Females are called the weaker sex, why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat to shut out the cold, women in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water-proof boots over woollen hose, and incase the whole in Indian-rubber to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women half-cover their heads with straw bonnets, and ride twenty miles in an open sleigh facing a cold north-wester, and pretend not to suffer at all. They can sit, too, by men who smell of rum and tobacco smoke, enough to poison a whole house, and not appear more annoyed than though they were a bundle of roses. Year after year they can bear abuses of all sorts from drunken husbands, as though their strength was made of iron. And then is not woman's mental strength greater than man's? Can she not endure suffering that would bow the stoutest man to the earth? Call not woman the weaker vessel; for had she not been stronger than man the race would long since have been extinct. Her's is a state of endurance which man could not bear.

MRS. AGLAÉ ADAMSON.—Mrs. Aglaé Adamson, the only daughter of the illustrious Michel Adamson, member of the ancient academy of sciences, lately died. She has proved a great loss to her relations and to science, of which she was the glory among her contemporaries. Having a religious respect for the memory of her father, she was willing to give all the lustre and brightness to his name, and to continue his works. She was a member of all the learned societies of Europe, which occupied themselves with botany and agriculture. She would have been herself a member of the academy of science, without that other salic law, which hindered her from becoming one.

Death surprised her in the midst of her most researching nature. Every day, she made a new discovery in the science of botany. Although she was high-minded, she was very modest. She leaves behind her an everlasting monument in the work entitled *la Maison de campagne*, in which she gives the most most economical and the most accurate advice on the rural administration.

All her labors have been directed principally to sound the very depths of the science of botany. She lived in the midst of a large botanical park of her own creation, from where she used to correspond with the most eminent men of the science.

Aglaé Adamson was possessed of an inexhaustible kindness. She had a heart full of genius. Residing in the *département de la Nièvre*, she distributed with a bountiful hand many gifts, and was esteemed and blessed by all that approached or knew her.

A generation, the most brilliant in genius, leaves out of its thousands and millions but three or four, or a dozen, to the worship, even, to the knowledge of futurity.

THE AGE OF PERICLES.—"Mrs. Smith," said a gentleman to a friend of ours, "I see a great deal in the papers about the 'age of Pericles,' (pronouncing the last syllable as in *manacles*)—what are *pericles*?" The lady has been suffering ever since, from a suppressed explosion.

WOMAN LAWYER.—A few months ago a case of singular nature was passing in the annals of justice in the department of the Seine. A young woman belonging to a most respectable family pleaded a civil cause with remarkable talent. The most difficult law questions appeared familiar to her and expressed herself with a facility and that choice of elocution which caused a general burst of applause from the auditory. We are not aware whether the cause was worthy of such talent, but our principal object is to point out the fact, that a woman may distinguish herself in all things and be apt in the fulfilment of all functions.

CURIOS NAMES OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—There are 3,500 newspapers published in the United States. Among them we find such unique names as the Pleasure Boat, Life Boat, Yankee Blade, Rough Notes, Rough Hewer, Almighty Dollar, Old Oaken Bucket, Locomotive, Screw Driver, Busy Martha, Young America, Nonpareil, Strait Forward, Plain Dealer, The Wonder, Home of Mirth, Cataract, Tempest, Old Settler, Uncle Tom's Cabin, All Sorts, David's Sling, Circumstance, Una, Pick, Castigator, Yankee Notion, Uncle Sam, Boston Notion, Prairie Bird, Gem of the Prairie Land, Ram's Horn, Bugle, Chronotype, Golden Rule, Old Colony, Pine Knot, Whip and Spur, Blue Hen's Chicken, Hornet's Nest, and Live Giraffe.—*Liverpool Times*.

THE CONNOISSEUR TAKEN IX.—One day, at an exhibition in Brussels, there was a gentleman, very finely dressed, who seemed uncommonly attentive to every picture, and coned, like a modern critic *ad libitum*. Coming, at last, over against a high-finished piece of fruit and flowers, with insects placed upon some of the leaves, he lifted up his right hand, and applied his eye-glass, which was set in silver, and curiously chased round the rim; on the little finger of the other hand, which held the catalogue, on which he had an antique set round with rich brilliants. After he had pored over the picture for some time, he exclaimed,—

"O, horribly handled! The coloring is execrable. Was this thing done for a fly? Never was any thing half so wretched—a fly! nothing was ever more out of nature!"

This speech brought a group of listeners about him, when he pointed to that part of the picture where the insect was executed in so abominable a manner; on the approach of his finger, the ill-done reptile flew away; for it happened to be a *real fly*.—*Our Journal*.

The object of reform is always the Gospel. The virgin is the living Gospel.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM: A Monthly Journal for Girls and Boys.

EDITED BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

A PAPER, under the above title, will be published at Philadelphia, on the first day of October next.

In size and general character, this publication will resemble Mrs. Margaret L. Bailey's lately discontinued *Friend of Youth*, the place of which it is designed to take.

Terms.—Fifty cents a year, for single copies; or ten copies for four dollars. Payment invariably in advance.

All subscriptions and communications to be addressed to L. K. LIPPINCOTT, Philadelphia.

THE UNA, SINGLE COPIES OF

For sale, and subscriptions received, at the Counting Room of the Post.

NOTICE.

V. B. PALMER is an agent for the U.S.A. in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Location in Boston, corner of Court and Tremont streets; in Tribune Buildings, New York; in Philadelphia, N. W. corner of Third and Chestnut streets.

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MRS. N. E. CLARK, M. D., 49 Hancock street, opposite the reservoir. At home to see patients from 12 to 2, and from 3 to 5 P.M., unless professionally absent.

Mornings reserved for visiting patients. Obstretrical and all diseases of women and children carefully treated.

Boston, Feb. 20th.

NOTICE.

THE UNA will be found for sale at Adriance, Sherman & Co.'s, No. 2, Astor House, New York.

iy 1.

N. E. SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

THE third term will commence Feb. 27, 1853. Pupils will be received on application at the school on or before that day.

Designs for Delaines, Calicos, Muslins, printed Flannels, Paper Hangings, &c., executed at the school—also designs for wood engravings—vignettes—initial letters, &c., Lithography and wood engravings neatly and promptly done at the school. Thorndike's Building, Summer street, Boston.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS TRACTS.

THE following series of Tracts is now in press, and will be ready for sale in a few days, at the prices named below:

No. I. A Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Women. Third edition. By SAMUEL J. MAY. Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. II. The Speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS, to the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. III. "On the Rights of the Female Sex to an education as thorough and extended as is provided for the Male." A Report, by Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, read at the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. IV. "Enfranchisement of Women"—an admirable article from the Westminster Review; and Miss HUNT's Protest against taxation of Women. Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

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No. VI. Speech of Mrs. C. I. H. NICHOLS to the Worcester Convention, Oct., 1851, "On the Responsibilities of Women." Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. VII. Speech of Mrs. M. E. J. GAGE, to the Convention in Syracuse, Sept., 1852. Historical evidence of the talents and energy of the female sex. Single copy, 5 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. VIII. "No need of a permanent organization": A Letter from Mrs. ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD to the Convention at Syracuse. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. IX. Speech of Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, to the Convention at Syracuse, containing her criticism upon the remarks of the Hon. Mr. Roeback, in the British Parliament. Also, the Declaration of Rights, issued by the Convention of Women, at Seneca Falls, Sept., 1848. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. X. Letters from Mrs. E. C. STANTON—1st, to the Convention at Worcester, Oct., 1850; 2d, to the Convention at Syracuse, Sept., 1852. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

N. B. Copies of this Report, at 12 1-2 cents, single, \$10 per hundred, and any of the above named Tracts may be obtained of J. E. MASTERS, or S. I. MAY, Syracuse, N. Y., of Mrs. LUCETIA MOTT, Philadelphia; Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH and Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, New York; ROBERT F. WALCUT, BOSTON; Mrs. EMILY ROBINSON, Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio. Pay the postage,

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., NOVEMBER, 1853.

NO. 11.

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For the Una.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL, NO. 4.

DOLLY DOLOROUS.

BY NILLA.

I suppose everybody must have their dark days, said Dolly Dolorous, everybody!

Now good reader, Miss Dolly's dark days are three hundred and sixty-five every year, with some odd hours beside, thrown in to help out leap year. Miss Dolly is emphatically a woman of a sad countenance, a long lank spinster, nobody knows how old, with, as Susan Jenkins says, "just the longest, forlornest, pointedest face ever you did see!" One good look into her face is as good as a funeral sermon; no one ever looks there without wondering and asking themselves—"What has happened? Who's dead?" and yet nobody is dead, nothing hasn't happened as Miss Dolly knows of; it is a way Miss Dolly has; one of *her* dark days!

No matter what Miss Dolly undertakes, it always has a sombreish hue, there are no bright days in her calender, nothing but north-easters; she is always sure it will storm, she has felt it all day in her bones; she is certain things won't turn out as they should turn out, they never do, nobody never need expect it! Everything looks dark to her, she never laughs, she wonders other people can, for her part she feels more like crying!

It isn't on record, yet I dare say if it could be searched out, we should find that Miss Dolly was born on the Dark Day, that famous dark day when the chickens went to bed, and the cows came home to be milked at high noon.—

All Miss Dolly says, does, or thinks, wears the deep sea-green of melancholy; a sort of habitual forlornness. No matter which path she takes to and for her, they all lead to the graveyard. She loves to study out mossy inscriptions, and gaze on those speaking faces so common on old head-stones; for she dwells upon the mould and the worm, and really fattens, if I may so speak, upon the truth that all flesh is grass! All the posies in her door-yard are cypress vines and mourning widows. Miss Dolly was no great singer, yet constant practice had made her familiar with old "Windham," "Hark from the tombs," and such like tunes; for her Christianity is entirely of the negative order, there isn't the least glimmering of sunshine in it, it is emphatically made out of her dark days; and life, what is it, but a long, drawn-out dark day? Doleful Dolly Dolorous!

For the Una.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND.

"The earth yet moves," muttered the indignant Galileo after being twice imprisoned for stating this fact—and compelled by his pious and learned judges publicly to renounce it as heresy. Now, this heresy is an established truth, to be ignorant of which, a school-boy would be ashamed: thanks to the Puritans, and the first Napoleon, the divine right of kings is another error exploded, and in America, the divine right of men seems likely to share the same fate. In England, it is still an article of faith. One reason for this may be—we have no *niggers* here, so that since prize-fighting was put down, and an act passed for "the prevention of cruelty to animals," there is nothing that a man can *lawfully* maltreat, but his wife and children—and so vigorously do Englishmen assert their divine right over their better halves, that, in consequence of the great number of wives that are "maimed and cruelly beaten," by their husbands, it was found necessary to bring in a bill for "the prevention of cruelty to women." All honor to Mr. Fitzroy! who brought in the bill, and helped to establish

such a law, which gives to a man's wife the same protection from his violence, as his donkey.—Now, if a man breaks his wife's bones, or maims her for life, she can have the satisfaction of sending him to prison for six months with hard labor. It would be an amendment on the law, if she had the proceeds of the labor, to maintain herself and children; instead of which, she must do it herself, however unable she may be; unless the magistrate is humane enough to decree her a parish maintenance. Thus, if she be too much injured to work, she is pauperized in addition, with the prospect of her husband's vengeance when he comes out of prison. But these are vulgar people. Let us look at those in a higher sphere. We will take a case that has just gone the round of the newspapers—brought before the public by the husband—the Honorable G. C. Norton, who is one of the aristocracy of the land, and a magistrate to boot! His wife, the Honorable Mrs. Norton—so well known as an authoress—left him in 1833, and again in 1835, as she expresses it, "for violence such as is brought before police courts," which statement seems confirmed by the Honorable gentleman confessing to having kicked the drawing-room door off its hinges, and dragging his wife out of the room by force—she being *enciente* at the time. In 1836, he deprived her of her children, accused her of adultery, and brought an action against Lord Melbourne as her paramour—though he afterwards admitted to his counsel, Sir John Baily, "his firm belief in his wife's innocence of the charge he had brought against her and Lord Melbourne."* The verdict went against Mr. Norton. He then agreed to allow his wife a separate income, which is so much in arrear, that she cannot pay her debts. In 1853, Mr. Norton is summoned by his wife's creditors, he refused to pay either her income or her debts, saying that the argument between them is not binding in law, and endeavors to justify his non-fulfilment of it, by reviving the scandal about Lord Melbourne,

*See Sir John Baily's letter in the Times and Examiner of Sept. 17, 1853.

(which he did not believe,) and publishing it with other calumnies in the *Times* newspaper. Fortunately for his wife, he thought fit to publish garbled extracts from his correspondence with Sir John Bailey; which elicited the letter from that gentleman, before referred to; after stating facts that completely exonerate Mrs. Norton from the charges brought against her by her husband, it concludes thus, (speaking of Mrs. Norton.) "I consider there never was a more deeply injured woman, and that his, (Mr. Norton's,) conduct to her, certainly has been marked by the grossest cruelty, injustice, and inconsistency that ever any man displayed."—In what does the aristocratic husband differ from the vulgar brute? simply by adding to personal violence, more refined tortures. And yet this man is a Magistrate, receives £1000 a year for dispensing justice in the metropolis of Great Britain. While for his wife, though her wrongs are flagrant before the public, there is no law in this enlightened country that can give her redress, or even secure to her the proceeds of her own industry. And on what ground does Mrs. Norton claim to be heard in her own defence? Is it as a mother who has been outraged, or a wife who has been treated with cruelty and injustice? or a woman who has been insulted and defamed? No, none of these give her any claim;—but, she is an authoress, and on this ground alone, she takes the liberty of contradicting the calumnies of her husband.

In reply to a letter of his, that appeared in the "Times," she says, "Many friends have wished me to pass over this letter of Mr. Norton's in disdainful silence. Perhaps if I were happy enough to be obscure and unknown, that would be my course; but I have a position separate from my woman's destiny. I am known as a writer." For the consolation of those women who are not known as writers,—and consequently, have no right to contradict the statements of a bad husband—she adds, "Let those women, who have the true woman's lot of being unknown out of the circle of their homes, thank God for that blessing—it is a blessing." Would Mrs. Norton esteem it a blessing to be unknown out of the circle of her home? No, for she speaks of her literary labors as her chief source of comfort, as well as a means of living, of which her husband cannot deprive her. How then can she insult those women who have her miseries, (for bad husbands are not confined to authoresses,) without her rich gifts—by telling them, to thank God for the blessing of being obscure and unknown, because it gives *them* the privilege of suffering silently, but that *she* being so unhappy as to be favorably known as an authoress, for her "silence is impossible!"

How much more true, and dignified, the position of Mrs. Norton would have been, had she stood on the broad ground of her womanhood; instead of abandoning it for the narrower and

far less noble one, of an authoress jealous of her fame. Had she sympathized sufficiently with the thousands of women who suffer from the same abuses as herself—to have used this painful occasion in a generous and philosophic spirit, she might have been an instrument of incalculable good, not only to her sex, but to her kind. However, it is a sure forerunner of a change, when a woman so distinguished is placed prominently before the public as an exemplar, and a victim of the present state of the English law.

The case of Mr. and Mrs. Norton is sufficient to show the one-sidedness of our laws.—They were made, evidently to protect men in their vices, not to redress the wrongs of women. But we will give another instance, on which the exemplary husband of Mrs. Norton sat in judgment.

At the Lambeth Police office, London, Mr. Charles Cunningham, Surgeon, and Mr. James Thompson Currie, Surgeon, were charged before the Hon. G. C. Norton, the former of having used a certain instrument on the person of Eliza Morden, for the purpose of procuring abortion, and the latter with aiding and assisting. Eliza Morden, aged 22, had been seduced by the Rev'd George Campbell Gordon, a clergyman of the Church of England, who lodged with her mother. He is about 55 years old, a popular preacher, and curate of the parish of St. Andrews, Holborn, London.

On discovering her state, the young lady took counsel of her Rev'd lover, left home, went to lodgings, and with £10 he had given her for that purpose, paid Mr. Charles Cunningham "for putting her all right." However, her landlady suspecting something wrong, sent for Mr. Greenwood, a respectable surgeon in the neighborhood, who discovered what had taken place, and gave information to the police. Mr. Greenwood states, that he was waited upon by the Rev'd seducer, who entreated that he would keep the matter secret, begged of him to consider the unfortunate position in which the *exposé* would place him and the young lady, and unequivocally hinted that he might name his own price for his secrecy. On Mr. Greenwood's refusing compliance, the Rev'd gentleman pathetically exclaimed, "Then I shall be like a fallen star from the firmament of Heaven." The surgeons were sent to prison to await their trial, (one of whom has since gone mad,) but, the greatest delinquent, the Rev'd George Campbell Gordon, had not sinned according to English law, so he was left free.—On the following Sunday he preached to a large and fashionable audience in London.

Can we expect to progress very rapidly in morals, or wonder at the vices of the vulgar, when such men as the Hon. G. C. Norton, and the Rev. George Campbell Gordon are set apart to dispense justice and teach religion?

HEAD FIRES AND BACK FIRES.

Dear Mrs. Davis:—I had hoped this fall to meet many of the good and true workers in the great vineyard of reform, where the wine-press is often trodden by the weary few, to furnish inspiration for the lives of the many, but alas! want of health has bound me to my prairie-home, and even deprived me of my usual resource, the pen.

I had thought of your Convention at Cleveland with deep interest, and promised myself the pleasure of at least sending in a word, to assure my friends that my heart was still in the right place, but when the time came that I had purposed to devote to writing, an unlucky intermission served a caprice, and I was committed to the bed for want of bail, and now, though permitted "the liberty of the yard," I still find myself under many disabilities that prevent the full discharge of ordinary duties. The truth is, those who attempt to commence a home in a new country, almost invariably are forced to do more than they have strength to perform with impunity, while the change of climate often proves enervating for the first summer at least. This must be my apology both for being so long an invalid, and for not manifesting the interest in the cause of social elevation that may be thought due.

The events of the last few weeks have strongly impressed me with the conviction that our work has been wisely begun. When I thought of dear Netty Brown, our gentle, quiet, loving Netty of Oberlin memory, standing up in that great hall in New York, and quietly, but firmly vindicating her rights as a human being to bear her part in the world's redemption, I could not but look back and think how wisely the pioneers of female education had labored for the intellectual and moral elevation which the providence of God saw fit to use for the extension of the true gospel to the fallen race of man.

This evening I went out to look at our men as they set fires to burn around our improvements, so as to secure us against the autumnal fires that sweep over the prairie. I had in mind the subject of woman's elevation, and the policy seemed analogous.

First, we had a ring of the tall grass nearest our house and barn mowed, and then an outside ring, and when the hay was thoroughly dry, then it was set on fire and watched with great care to see that it did not get out of its bounds. In this way the two rings are burned. Now, since this is done, if we see a fire coming towards us, borne on by the wings of the wind, we have a safe point from which to start, either on the outside or inside ring. Coming to this belt, the fire suddenly finds itself out of fuel and dies of starvation. The great destroyer becomes harmless as a little child.

The opening of a college for the education of woman, formed the inner boundary of the enclosure near the home circle to which woman had hitherto found herself limited. The next step was to assert her right, to use that knowledge for her own good, and the advancement of her fellow creatures.

Now, let the rage of the devouring elements do their worst, and woman, with expanded intellect, and the means of earning her own bread, is ready to abide the bootless pray that dies for want of food for its insatiable appetite.

What cared Antoinette Brown for the ill-man-

nered rabble of priests and people, that stood up to deride her in the discharge of a holy obligation, to "remember those in bonds as bound with them." Her soul knew its own powers, for they had all been disciplined by a thorough training in classes where she stood up side by side with her brothers, and she knew that there, her acquirements, had never been derided, nor her inferiority assumed.

Those faculties had not been regarded as merely ornamental appendages to grace her womanhood; she had not returned from school to sit idly in her mother's parlor, while that mother catered to her pampered appetite; nor had she fixed herself as a parasite upon some married brother, whose wife felt herself obliged to surrender half her own comforts, to pander to her morbid fancies.

No, none of these sins could be laid to her charge. She had looked up and thanked Christ for the honor of being permitted to labor with him for the redemption of the world. She remembered the holy women of old, commended by prophets and apostles for their labors of love. She forgot not Anna, the prophetess who blessed the infant Savior, and her heart yearned for the fullness of the time when every good work should be acknowledged to rest upon Jesus Christ as the chief corner-stone.

Those who attempt to put down the spirit of reform among the present race of American women, will now find that they are too late. Their head fires, borne on by the blast of popular prejudice, are met by the little back fires that are set either in the inner or outer ring, so that all is extinguished in a moment. Even bitter prejudice finds itself foiled when it meets the calm womanly heart, and the clear, refined intellect that is able to give a reason for every step taken in advance.

Those who oppose our efforts at first, imagine that it is a few weak, undisciplined minds that they have to encounter, who have suddenly become giddy with the absorbing ambition of being conspicuous. Thanks to the spirit that has gradually opened up the way, the mass are practical, clear-headed, pure-hearted women, lacking neither the refinement of manners nor the warm sympathy which from time immemorial has been demanded of woman in her relation of sister, wife, mother or friend. I know I must not say, be not discouraged, work on, for none are ready to turn back.—May God give his wisdom and his blessing.

Please, for the present, direct all communications to Clarion P. O., Grundy Co., Ill.

Yours truly,

H. M. TRACY CUTLER.

RUSSIAN BRIDAL EMBLEM.—In Russia, the bride on her wedding day, is crowned with a garland of wormwood. This has a double significance, implying not only the bitterness and trials of the marriage state, but also the duty of married women to triumph over these difficulties, and thus transform them into a crown—the emblem of victory.

KINDNESS.—Some one has written beautifully thus:—The warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity can subdue.

Every thought has wings, and flies to him who prompts it; every breath a thought, flying to the beloved; only what loves is thought and flies; yes, thoughts are spiritual birds.—*Goethe*.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Shall I ask you the current question with us, "have you read Miss Bremer's book?"

I have read the first volume, with some regret but far more pleasure. It would seem as if the fresh, simple, hearty good nature, with which the letters are written, should magnetize the reader into the same spirit; but I hear much superficial criticism. The book is called 'Gossiping,' and Miss Bremer is condemned unsparingly for her "violations of private confidence."

But one must look at the book for what it is,—a glowing leaf from her autobiography written in frankest *abandon* to a second self, and hallowed doubtless, to the writer, by the memory of that beloved sister, over whom the grave had so sadly closed, ere she reached her home. Had it been written in cold blood for publication, I should judge it very differently, but the internal evidence entirely contradicts this absurd supposition.

As a principle—as a precedent, one would greatly deprecate such free opening of the doors and shutters of our homes and hearts without our will, to all who may choose to enter—it would soon lead us to effectually bar them against all strangers; but it does not become us to be too severe upon Miss Bremer in this particular, when we remember how perpetually her privacy was intruded upon, and with what avidity the paragraphists seized her as their prey, proclaiming her every movement, all over the country. Undoubtedly it would have been far wiser, far better, to have avoided full names and many times initials even, when speaking of private individuals; far more beautiful, often, to have dropped the curtains—or never to have lifted them—from much sweet inner life, too sacred to be brought to consciousness.

Yet no life is ever hid; and no man liveth to himself alone; and so the victims of her admiration, (for seldom any trace of her dyspepsia appears in her remarks,) *wincing* at the sudden glare in which they find themselves, as all sympathizing readers do for them, may yet be assured, that it is but an extension of their natural spheres, and that many lives will be quickened by noble traits portrayed, that will never stop to query as to whom may be half-concealed behind the initials or the name.

Miss Bremer surely does not write in a "gossiping" spirit. The beautiful pictures which she opens, stand to her for facts of universal interest. True, the pruning-knife of a judicious friend might have been used freely, to great advantage.

Had her attention been called to the fact, she would never have given currency to that idle scandal, about the grand, noble soul, whom it was her misfortune never to have known; nor would she have allowed that line in connection to stand, "a Fourierist or Socialist marriage, without the external ceremony," (p. 70.)—for in her subsequent intercourse with associative friends, she must have learned, how strenuously Fourier asserts the necessity, for retaining the present laws of marriage untouched—until such time as woman, developed and recognized, in the new order, should give the law in social life, and who could fear for purity, for truth in this great central sacrament then?

But we can only wonder, considering Miss Bremer's life of hurry and excitement, that her mis-

statements are so few. In truth, dear P., I have never read any of the traveller's tales about our country, that seemed to show such genuine insight, such recognition of its internal as well as external life. We can easily forgive her that she sees all thing *coulour de rose*, for she never exceeds our ideal; and if we are often forced sadly to substitute *will be* for *is*, as we read, it is with a more determined will to do what in us lies, to make that possible actual. She is a true woman, and her womanly attributes help her to penetrate the genius of this nation, whose crowning glory shall yet be, that it gives widest freedom to all its children. Seeking for the good, which is always the most vital and real, she finds it; and gauges by it the depth of evil.

Is not the spirit of universal love and justice, of kind recessivity in which she visits the south, most noble and wise? She embraces both slave-holder and slave in her large heart, and keenly feeling, makes others feel too, the utter misery to all, of that unnatural relation, which curses the very inner life of this fair garden of the earth. God grant it may hasten the day when North and South, *truly in union*, by one glorious act of national repentance, shall wash away forever this heinous national sin from our beloved country, that it may speed on to fulfill its mission for humanity—which yet it will accomplish.

I closed this first volume with a deeper interest, respect, and affection for the writer than any other work of hers had elicited. However it may be judged, the book will be read with avidity, for its sprightliness, its geniality, its impartiality, its comprehensiveness. One feels as if making the tour of this vast land, and standing face to face with its wonderfully various natural beauties. Her graphic descriptions introduce one with tender respect into many happy homes; her clear outlined sketches enrich one with many distinct individualities to admire and esteem; her quick insight and keen perception with her great opportunities for observation enlarge one's knowledge of the whole country, in many parts so much a foreign land to us; and then the whole tendency is to bind all in closer union, while deepening its simple statement of facts, the horror of its terrible curse; and quickening the feeling of unity as a nation, and of universal love, by which alone this can be forever swept from the earth.

In spite of all the mistakes, and these result from her Swedish stand point mostly, though her universality far exceeds her nationality, she has done a good work. Yes, dear Frederika Bremer, in spite of your Swedish frankness and boundless hospitality, inviting all to share your joys and experiences, I could give you a good Northern hug for your youthful enthusiasm, your prophetic hope, and dance with you a *pas de joie* over the future of our country, to the music of the opening vision of a true Republic, uniting in one all the nations of the earth.

Dr. Adam Clark had a perfect abhorrence both of pork and tobacco. He is reported to have said, "If I were to offer sacrifice to the devil, it should be a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco."—*National Magazine*.

When the seed lies in the earth it requires earth; once stirred up to life it would die if taken out of it.

THE DEATH OF PAULINE ROLAND.

It will be remembered, that at the second Woman's Rights' Convention, held in Worcester, a letter was received, written jointly by P. Roland and Jeannie Deroin, while in the prison of Saint Lazarus. That letter awakened an earnest sympathy, and we have rarely listened to eloquence such as it called forth.— Pauline Roland has passed away! From the Woman's Rights' Almanac, published by Jeannie Deroin, we extract the notice of her death, and her letters written in the prison of Saint Lazarus, and in Africa. They speak for themselves; no words of ours could add to their power.

Pauline Roland is no more!

She has fallen victim to the cruel horrors of African transportation. The martyrdom of this holy and noble woman adds to the shame of our adversaries. It forms the last jewel in the crown of the new emperor of France, in that crime be-gotten blood bought crown!

She died just as she reached the soil of France. The last struggle she was doomed to undergo was destined to kill her. Weeping bitterly over the decline of her native land, which she looked upon as a personal calamity,—she was ordered to return to those beloved children which she called in her letters, orphans. She was coming back, we unhesitatingly state, without having made any concession unworthy of her noble mind—to consecrate herself afresh to the holy cause of truth and of justice!

She has fallen without being greeted with the parting kisses of her beloved children.

One would fancy that this heavenly soul, unable to contemplate the humiliation of her fellow citizens has sought a refuge in death rather than accept this tardy liberation proceeding from an unholy source.

And this thought is suggested by the intimate knowledge we have of the tender but the heroic feelings of this distinguished sister, whose society we valued so much during our common captivity at Saint Lazarus.

Alas! the eternal recollection of these moments when our souls were wont to meet and meditate together over the same principle only becomes the brighter in our weeping soul, as we write these lines, sad homage of regret, of friendship, and of veneration.

Whilst in this prison, she devoted herself to relieve the moral and physical miseries of the unfortunate victims of improvidence who people that sad place. That noble woman exerted herself with a praiseworthy perseverance to awake in those lost souls the sense of moral dignity.

She had consecrated her life to propagate the truths of Socialism and she ardently followed the realization of our principles which she defended in her writings with a remarkable talent.

The sorrow which fills at this moment our heart deprives us of the disposition necessary to give (as it ought to be done) the review of the numerous works in which she discussed the most important social questions. We will only state that she aided in forming the association of socialist school masters and school mistresses which has been dissolved by the tyranny of Bonaparte, but the rules of which, exposed in an admirable programme that she prepared, will form the basis of the education of future ages.

Pauline Roland, previous to 1848, had been

a member of the association instituted by Pierre Leroux at Bousac, the friends with whom she then entered upon a new life were united to her by ties which death, alas! has soon severed.

Later, after February, she was elected, by the general meeting of delegates, member of the central commission of the Union of the Associations. This high proof of the esteem and of the sympathy of the working classes was destined to expose her to the violence of that reaction which saw in all these efforts after social transformation the evident symptoms of the approaching emancipation of the nations.

She was then troubled with domiciliary calls. Her precious manuscripts were taken away from her. When in consequence of the accusation brought forward against the union, arrived the trial at the assizes where we appeared together as criminals, during three entire days she exhibited all the energy and all the dignity of her character.

Six months had scarcely elapsed since she had left the dark prison of Saint Lazarus, when as she was surrounded by her children, she was arrested and borne away. Her friends had often earnestly requested her to leave France. But she was as much attached to France as a child is to his mother! She fancied that her country's woes and her country's servitude could only be healed and abolished by her personal presence although at the expense of her life. Perhaps unfortunately had she not perceived that to serve Humanity and to be useful to France, her noble qualities would have lived during coming years.

But were there not victims to be snatched from the power of the reaction? Had she no consolations, no succour to impart to those families which were disseminated by death, by confinement, or by exile?

Pauline wished to fulfill holy duties and to stimulate the zeal of those who have escaped the proscription to induce them to help their unfortunate brethren.

But soon after the arrest of her heroic and worthy friend Anna Greppo, having one day insisted upon entering her prison, she was arrested that very evening.

During her examination, when she was accused of having caused an active resistance at the square Saint Martin, this sincere republican replied: "I was not personally but mentally present."

Cross questioned at St. Lazarus by the General Goyon, she always manifested the same firmness of principle. Consequently, she was transported to Africa. She was, as well as her associates spared the farce of a trial.

Two of her letters inserted in the *Presse* and in the *Nation* of Belgium describe a portion of the sufferings she had to undergo. We think it our duty to reproduce these letters at this sad moment, simply to prove at the same time the courage of our friend and the ignominy of her executioners.

We read in the *Presse*; "What crime has the woman committed, whose name stands at the bottom of the two letters which have been communicated:

LETTERS OF PAULINE ROLAND.

TO ANNA GREPP.

Saint-Lazarus, 13th May, 1852.

Dear friend, it appears to me an age since I heard from you last, and yet I wrote you a letter on the 22d April, which perhaps you have not received. The gentlemen of the Police appear to be particularly greedy of my correspondence. Upon these grounds, a few days ago, they arrested a letter of mine from Barbès which I would have been

happy to have received. Moreover, after having separated us from each other, for our good, this good people might furthermore be tempted to prevent our writing for our still greater good.

I take advantage also to send you my letter by an occasion which offers itself, though less direct but more sure. How fare you there? The festivals now giving, render us frightfully sad here.— Those cannon-shots fired in token of rejoicing appear to me as if striking the open breast of our dear and holy Republic, so often immolated already. And yet we have truth on our side! Let them do as they will against us, our duty is to insure, to its triumph, in assisting Providence, which most surely wills its triumph.

For my part, my friend, I have no other desire than to serve the holy cause, and I smile with pity when I think of those who imagine they will chain us here, whereas they only give me the rest necessary to recruit my strength exhausted by my sufferings of December. What are they going to do with me and the other women here confined?—They do not themselves know, and forget us I believe. May be we will remain for a long time yet. Relying on that, eventually, I prepare for work, what, up to this time, I have been unable to do, thanks to my installation. Nearly all the women which you have known here, have sought pardon, but which has served them nothing. Four are let out: Mrs. Frond, Catherine, and Rey, (Allier,) are free, and Mrs. Bietry, (Allier,) interred at a hundred leagues from her home. At present we number twenty-four: Mrs. Fouffé condemned conditionally to 8 months imprisonment: six to Algeria *plus*, that is to say penitentiaries; eleven to Algeria *minus*, that is to say, transportation with liberty; five administratively detained it would appear; one condemned to Cayenne. We are five, absolutely resolved to ask nothing; Augustine Bean, Claudine, Mrs. Huet, and Jarreau, (Cyanne,) and myself. It appears that Maupas is furious against me; much good may it do to him; in truth I fear him not; the wretch can but kill the body.

Let me know if you see anything important to be done there for developing the social idea, for realizing on a small scale the future community.— More than ever do I think that it is the small groups converted here and there who will convert the world. More than ever do I think that Revolution and the social renovation can be accomplished but by the conversion of souls. If they send me to Algeria, I will do all in my power to act in conformity with those principles. If they exile me, I will preach the new Gospel by all the means that God will put in my hands and we should all act the same according to the limits of our strength; all that is still little, for in spite of the exaggerated accounts they made of our population, counting millions of Socialists for our France alone, we are scarcely more numerous than the Christians during the first century.

We are as yet much preoccupied with a thousand personal views, which are uppermost of the general cause. I write you all this, because my mind is full of it, and do what I will, I cannot employ myself with anything else, and yet I myself have need of personal preoccupation. I do not know what will become of my poor children for whom my friends can do but little, dispersed as they are, and scarcely any one of them knowing how to live on the land of exile or in transportation. My Moses is sick, and I fear seriously, and my friend S., on whose kindness towards him I could depend, will very likely be forced by the state of his health to quit his institute. The uncertainty in which they hold us, prevents me on the other hand, from making an energetic appeal to those persons of my acquaintance who have not as yet fallen, which I would have a right to do, if I were struck more roughly, more violently. In the end, God, the protector of the widow and the orphan will surely come to their aid. The excellent Mrs. B. writes to me not to be anxious for my daughter, but I who know how she is situated, I feel as it were a remorse on leaving her so burdened; but God will come to her help also.

Write to me, my friend, still addressing your

letter to J., who will remit them to me; forget not that you are the only woman without comparison that I love and esteem most.

Again à-Dieu, your friend,
PAULINE ROLAND.

S. Lazarus, 15th April, 1852.

I received, my dearest friend, your letter, with the greatest pleasure: I was thinking that perhaps you had not received mine, and although I do not attach much importance to my prose, I was annoyed to think that lines that spoke to you of my love should have been lost.

Mrs. Huet and Claudine remain here with us. The first, fancies she is to be transported; at least she says so at times, whilst in other moments she pretends that she is to undergo the same punishments as yourself. Her friends are taking very active steps to obtain her liberty and they may succeed. As to Claudine, she knows not nor does she even wish to know what is to be her fate. She is suffering very much since the last few days, and I am very anxious about her. She heard yesterday from H., who is well. I can truly say with you, my noble friend, that I daily hear of the misfortunes of some of my old friends of whom I have very few here now; and to whom exile brings, the heaviest of catastrophes. L. has seen his wife actually become mad; oh! my God! my God! why can I not fly to the assistance of those dear unfortunates. I deplore as you do, that a portion of those belonging to us, are forced to go still farther from our beloved France, which I always look upon as destined to regenerate mankind. But the emigration of those new religionists who left England for New America, recalls to mind that of the Puritans, which took place under nearly similar circumstances above two centuries ago. The Puritans of the seventeenth century founded on the other side of the Atlantic, the civil, political and religious liberties, and our brothers will there sow the holy seed of Equality and Fraternity, so as to issue forth resplendent that sacred formula, which in itself, as heretofore the sweet words of Christ, "Love you each other as brothers" bears in itself a religion, that is to say, all an entire new civilization. And we ourselves, friends, we whom they are about to transport to Africa, to that land from which, more than once has shone forth a luminous ray, are we not ourselves, the humble apostles of the new Gospel. God be praised, if our sufferings, if death itself which may befall us in such a murderous climate, be the price which will pay what little good we may do.

To fulfill in simplicity our daily mission, in doing around us all possible good, that is, what we have to pray to heaven for, that is the happiness, whatever those false teachers may say, who wished to teach us to seek that happiness elsewhere.

Notwithstanding, my friend, I must avow it, calm generally and prepared for all, my heart is torn at the thought of my beloved children. I have kind friends, but scarcely any, who comprehend life exactly as I do myself, and who in consequence, can have a care of my beloved orphans.— I would wish to arm them here not *against* life but *for* life; to prepare them early to the rejection of the apostolic creed, which to some at least will long be necessary in this world in which vanity and ambition dominate. How, if my hand were withdrawn, could that tender mould be impressed, those beloved beings whom affection for their mother rendered so pliable, too pliable perhaps.

At this moment, my son especially gives me anxiety; that beloved child, in whom I have never seen evinced any other than noble instincts, will he not fall into some one of those faults which the society too easily pardons? Will he preserve his purity far from me? will he still preserve that openness of heart, or will he not be obliged, to make his way as is said? will they not impart to him those notions of mine which I have guarded him from, as from a venomous germ. Will they not persuade him the duties of a son towards an exiled mother, towards his brother and sister, oblige him to seek after gain.

Dear friend, that which is the aim of other pa-

rents is all I fear; and in this world where one cannot find a place without displacing others, my first duty is, that my children hold no place, that they may remain poor. Let us maintain that simplicity of life to which the daily labor should suffice, whatever that labor may be.

If you see A., beg him to tell P. that I frequently receive letters from his daughter, and that I am much pleased with this dear child whose character is equal to her situation. He ought to know that D. is *interné* in Corsica. That derisive commutation may, it appears to me, be changed into exile. Shall we take steps to that end? Let them write on the subject and I will do my utmost.

A week has elapsed from the beginning to the ending of this letter. You have no idea as to what I have to do here. We are twenty-two of us, the quarter of whom can hardly write. I am the general secretary of the association. I had also much to do for myself; having to prepare for my children and myself in case of a sudden departure. At last things seem to be in order. I will have a little rest, and if they let us remain here, I mean seriously to recommence the long neglected historical work, for which I have a contract signed with the house of Didot; I know not whether I ever made mention of it to you; it is an History of the Women of France. Meanwhile I am reading the Gospel and Platon, on which I fed the year past, during my captivity. It is a good and fortifying study to which I have little need to add.

Claudine and Madame Huet embrace you with all their heart. Our other ladies salute you most cordially. As to myself, you know how I love you together with those belonging to you.

PAULINE ROLAND.

P. S. My affectionate compliments to those of the proscribed who know and bear me affection.—Nothing, absolutely nothing fresh in that which concerns me personally.

Saint-Lazarus, 23d April, 1852.

At the moment of closing this letter, there is arrived here four new companions from the Loiret; three of whom are mothers of families, and the fourth a young maiden of twenty-one years.

How many victims! God have pity at last!

Fort S. Gregory, 9th July, 1852.

I cannot allow the post to leave without writing to you a few words: the singular position in which we are placed here not giving me a moment of leisure, nor the power of collecting my thoughts.

I am quite well and my courage remains unshaken, that is what you are most anxious to know. We are now at the fort S. Gregory, situated opposite d'Oran, just as the Valerian hill is on the other side of Paris, only upon a steeper prominence.

The officers of the "Magellan" thought, that in a spirit of brotherly hospitality, we would be allowed to remain in the pretty village of Miserglin to be afterwards removed to some inland town we might choose. But it has not been so.— At our arrival at Mers-et-Kebir, we were placed under the care of military power, and confined within the fort S. Gregory.

There we are obliged to sleep upon straw, with no other diet than the military allowance, affording black bread but neither wine nor coffee; add to this the great advantages of our position as prisoners, which consists in having only one common sitting room and a very small yard.

I can say nothing about the country which I have only seen from the top of the van which brought us to the fort. The road which leads to it is cut in a perpendicular rock and is on the edge of a precipice. At one time our coachman and guides, the Zouaves, were themselves frightened. The horses stumbled: I turned away my head and many of my friends uttered such a cry of despair that our escort allowed us to ascend on foot our Calvary. This was indeed an awful scene: during the whole of our journey as the weather was very rough I regretted not having been permitted to bring with me my little girl, but now I thank God that she did not witness such horrors.

Alger, 16th July. Convent of the Good Shepherd. We arrived at Alger on the evening of the 12th, after a most stormy passage of two days, during which we remained lying down upon the deck with no other bed furniture than a sail, a mattress and a sailor's sheet. In one word, since three weeks we have neither slept once in any sort of a good bed nor had a single good meal. Truly it is surprising that ten poor women, who were all weak and sickly when they left Paris have been able to endure all the bodily fatigue and all the moral agony to which we have been exposed.

I am happy however to state that all the marines both on board the "Magellan" and on board the "Euphrate," which has taken us from Oran to Alger, have given us every mark of kindness and of respect; but we were expected nowhere, no body was ready to receive us, and we were thus compelled to share the toils of a sailor's life. On board of the "Euphrate" an officer's room was offered to me. I refused, as I did not wish to enjoy a privilege denied to my colleagues.

On our arrival we were led to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, but our situation as prisoners there became much more painful than it had ever been; as you are going to see.

We are associated here with five female prisoners from the departments washed by the Mediterranean, (Var, Herault, Gers), in all fifteen women, having for our home one common room almost so completely filled by our 15 pallets that just room remains for a long table upon which our common meals are served. Add to this, (as to form a still better idea), a yard just double the size of our room without any tree or any shed to shelter us from the rays of the burning sun.

I know not if that is what M. Guizot meant when he asked, (after the manner of a "Doctrinaire"), incarceration in transportation; but such a home is intolerable, it is a true hell.

A-Dieu, write to me, give me news especially of my dear children as I have not heard from them since I left France three weeks since.

PAULINE ROLAND.

In this account of the sufferings which were to lead our well beloved sister to the tombs a few words testify of her pure and disinterested conduct.

One of the officer's rooms was offered to her: "I have refused it," she says, "as I did not wish to enjoy a privilege denied to my colleagues." The life and death of this noble woman are embodied in her words. She accepts transportation in all its stern severity. She rushes to martyrdom, and this martyrdom worthily crowns the whole work of her life as she understood it.

May this glorious example awake within the breast of every mother and of every woman the true maternal love. May they all understand that, by the law of solidarity which binds together all mankind, they are mothers of every child: spiritual and moral mothers.

We would also say that, if all, who pretend cherishing within their bosoms the love of truth and of justice had imitated those who have preferred the prison, exile, and transportation and even death itself to the negligence of the most holy duties they owe to themselves and to Humanity, the republic would have been saved.

Tyranny triumphs much more easily by the moral cowardice of slaves than by the success of her soldiers.

But Pauline will by her example as the apostle of the new faith add new recruits to their ranks. The nations will learn that to vanquish tyranny one needs only expose the disgust and horror she inspires.

Pauline! thy noble life will never be lost!—Be thou either holding communion with God—or hast thou taken with renewed power a second existence upon earth, thy image we can never forget. We behold thee still: we experience

thy influence still, thou inspirist us, thou confirmest us, thou encourages us to persevere.— Adieu! adieu! to thy mortal remains, but once more we will never forget thee.

JEANNE DEROIN.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.—NO. 6.

Oct. 28. The move is made, after four days spent in search of a new home, a kind Providence led me to these humble rooms, smaller than the others and at a higher rent, still they have this recommendation that they are nearer Mary's school, and as good dame Martyn says, she must be cared for.

With what terror the words of that bad young man still haunt me.

I deprecate poverty. It is unnatural that one class should spend their lives in toil, while another riots in useless luxury.

I do not deprecate labor, that is natural, just and right. It seems to me to have formed no part of the curse, but to have been a wisely ordained institution. But its unceasing necessity and the anxiety of poverty, eats like a canker into the soul, engendering all evil passions, deteriorating the physical constitution, debasing the manners and degrading the tastes.

Wearied with my new kind of toil in moving, I sat down to rest on a bundle, when I heard poor old Mrs. Martyn come hobbling up the stairs, and with her usual generous heart and spontaneous good-feeling, she said, "why didn't you send for me to help you; I could do a little for you, and now, poor dear, you are all tired out."

Neither poverty or the baseness of others has in the least closed up her large free heart. The marks of injustice in her, are all on the surface; a wrinkled withered visage, hair blanched to almost snowy whiteness; limbs contracted and fearfully drawn out of shape by rheumatism; the fruit of cold, of over labor, and meagre diet.

"I am sorry really sorry," said she, "that you are going away from this neighborhood; for I have took lots of comfort in runnin' in to see you. It's been pleasant to see you get along so nice with the children."

"I have always said you wa'nt no common person, a young thing like you, that anybody might know hadn't been used to work, to get along so well; but your hands ain't so soft as they was."

"Well, well, I've got but few more changes to make before I go home, 'to my father's house in which are many mansions.'"

As she said this, I lifted my eyes to her face, which was almost radiant, and for a moment the "mount of transfiguration" was before me. I saw Christ when his face shone, as it were, and his apostles would build tabernacles for the three, then again my rugged old friend stood before me, and I beheld her rejuvenated and clothed with immortality. The vision lasted but a single moment, but it gave me new strength.

These things I said must be so; and why should not I accept the truth which comes to me through the heart, as well as though it were presented to the intellect. Is not the heart as wise as the head? Do not our good impulses flow from that?

I could reason against this, and call it a passing fancy, a dream, when the nerves were exhausted,

but I will not. I will cherish this joy, and that faith which entereth within the veil, and has once beheld a risen and glorified mediator.

Dear, good, Mrs. M. talks of religion as something real, something, which puts her heart in relation, not only with God, but also with all his creatures. She breathes forth the deep goodness of her soul in perfect unconsciousness.

Before leaving, she gave me the promised sketch of Maria L. Strikingly alike are the stories of hundreds of these sewing women.

The wheel of fortune turns, a family rises, the sun shines upon them and gilds their world; another turn, and they are in darkness. Thus it was with M.'s parents. The mother, an accomplished young English woman, came to this city, married a man of wealth and fashion, lived in splendor for a few years; but in the sparkling wine-cup there lay concealed a serpent that biteth like an adder, and whose poison entereth into the soul.

From one step to another, he went down, down to death in the alms-house. The wife and mother, the gentle and accomplished Louise B. died broken-hearted, leaving her daughters orphans, just when they most needed a mother's love and confidence. Laura is no more; hushed be the heart when her name is breathed; let no reproach be uttered when she is spoken of, for her deep penitence must blot out her transgressions from memory.

Maria, with her sad deformity, alone remains of the gay, fashionable, hospitable, Lents, whose home in L. Place, was but a few years since the rage. Mrs. Martyn had been the nurse in Mrs. L.'s family, and when they sank into hopeless poverty, she, of all their friends, sought them out and gave them a helping hand.

I look about me and see huge masses of my fellow creatures in no better condition. I shrink and shudder, and would hide myself from the fearful sight, but it may not be, nor may I yield to the weakness of wishing it.

Oct. 29. While my hands have been busily employed to-day, I have been looking within. Is it right, I ask, for any human soul to live thus introverted? Perhaps not, but I am still able, in the chaos and confusion that I sometimes find there, to separate light from darkness, to measure and meet my trials. I am not disposed to overrate them, nor yet to shrink from what may come. I am even able to keep a sort of debt and credit system with my sorrows and joys, joys, yes I repeat the word, notwithstanding the hollow mocking laugh, that fancy brings to my ear from those who would look in vain for them.

There has been unmingled joy in watching the growth and development of these children. Their bright, sunny faces radiantly beautiful in their love for me and for each other, could not fail of bringing joy to any home, however humble.

Had all the good Fairies in Elfland been invited to grace the feast of Mary's birth with their gifts, she could not have been made more perfect in form or sweeter in nature.

This morning, before school, Mary came to me and said in the most touching manner, "sister Lucy, you look ill and weary, will you not let me stay at home and help you? I cannot bear to see you toil so for us."

No, my love, I replied, I wish you to go to school, and fit yourself to teach, so that when I am old and blind you can take care of me.

Ella exclaimed, "oh yes, dearest sister, do let us stay, we will work all day, and we'll be good, and just toward night we will play tea with our new dishes, you know."

The little one ever chimes in with Mary's wishes, but finishes with one of her own.

She danced in her delight, and her rich golden hair waved lightly over her pure brow, and as she caroled snatches of songs with her sweet bird-like voice, I said to myself here is happiness many a monarch might envy.

My sorrows have been bitter when I knew not where bread was to come from, and when I have looked to their future as a life of toil and deprivation. When I felt that they may never have the beautiful about them, either of nature or art, then my whole soul has risen up in rebellion against the good goddess of poverty.

Nov. 2. Maria Lent has been one of our household for two days. She came to us quietly gliding in and taking her place among us, as though she had always filled it.

This morning she remarked, "your breakfasts are really very luxurious for a sewing-woman; tea, bread, butter and potatoes. It is many months since I have eaten a potatoe before. Sewing women live on so meagre a diet, that they often lose in one years' time, all strength and vigor, and are sent to the hospital to die; the nourishing broths and soups there, bring them up, and again they return to the needle, to go through the same process."

"You, my dear Miss V., (for she still calls me Miss V.,) can scarcely realize what a real shirt-maker's life is, or that of one of the women who work for those large establishments, where at any hour they may be turned off, as suits the convenience of their employer. I have known fifty dismissed in a day when there was a dull time in sales, and not one of them perhaps having money to pay a week's board. I will not pain you with the sad scenes I have witnessed, would that I could banish them from memory, but they are burnt into my very soul, and I cannot shut them away."

"This place with you seems to me a haven of rest, only one remove from paradise. Here I find a home for my heart, as well as my worn body."

As she said this, she came and knelt down by me, and put her little thin arms about me, and leaning her head on my bosom, wept.

I laid my hand on her head, smoothed her soft hair, and I kissed her forehead.

"I know she said you are not sentimental, perhaps dislike tears, you are always dignified, but indulge me this once in expressing my gratitude for this home of homes."

"When you offered it to me, I was on the verge of insanity. Every object I had ever loved was removed, and how the heart yearns for companionship."

"Oh you are good, so very good." You read my heart so entirely, when you came and said, come and live with me, you are too lonely here and you can help me. Then you seemed an angel sent from heaven to save me."

While Maria thus talked, I felt the blood crimping my cheek for I knew that I was not wholly

unselfish. I knew that now I had work enough for her, that she could earn more with me than alone, and that she would be agreeable to me. At first I felt I could not explain this to her, for the language of praise and love is so sweet to the human soul. At length I said, Maria, you must not think me more generous, noble, or disinterested than I am. Indeed, I am selfish, I was selfish about you. I liked you and wished you near me. I needed help because I have more custom work than I can do alone, and so I said come to me.

"That may be true, but you could have found so many who could do as much again as I can, that after all it does not take from the goodness of the act."

"But, my dear, there are but few I like well enough to have them near me."

"So much the better," she cried, with animation. "You love me, that is what brightens my future, and will give me strength to work for you, as I never could for myself.

"Love is the grand boon of life—and since my mother's death, I had never even hoped to find it again. Oh let me love you, let me pour out on you and the dear children, the floods of tenderness pent up in my weary heart."

She wept hysterically, and I found that loving words did not soothe her. I took her up and laid her gently on the bed and again kissed her and said weep dear one, this outburst will do you good, and after it we will not talk of that which will disturb your nerves. You must get strong and well, and life may still have joys in store for you.

"Yes it may, it will with you," she said.

I laid a wet napkin on her forehead, and in a little time she slept calmly and sweetly as an infant.

ITEMS.

G. W. JULIAN—REFORMS—CONVENTIONS—EDUCATION, &c., &c.

My Dear Mrs. Davis:—I herewith send you the name of the Hon. George W. Julian, Centreville, Indiana, as a subscriber to your paper; and in doing so I am happy to say, that I believe Mr. Julian fully accepts, and endorses the principles involved in the movement you advocate. Ah! how many, many noble minds are looking and yearning to welcome this as the grand movement of the age. It stands out prominent on the page of life, overshadowing, overtopping, all reforms, for it embraces all. So suddenly has it started into being, and so rapid has been its growth, that it is to concrete womanhood, as is "the flashing out of some princely nature from humble circumstance, and obscure position" in individual life. The magician's wand may have conjured it into shape, but if so, the conjurer has lost the cabala by which alone he could lay the spirit he has raised. This spirit, the spirit of truth, struggling for free utterance, must at last reign omnipotent. Clowns may utter their dull prognostics, the witless offer their pointless sneers, and dullards settle down upon the lees of tradition and prejudice; yet still must the work go on, until, through its very restlessness, having thrown off the disease that obstructs its vital organs, society shall have found rest.

The work-day world must rejoice; the desert bud for us, and blossom as the rose; and right triumph in its own integrity, ere the upheavings the bosom of society can cease. How widely this has already benefitted the condition of woman by inviting, encouraging, nay, impelling her into new fields of action and acquisition, and thus restoring in a certain sense, a healthy circulation to the social system, none can estimate. But certain it is, that the drowsy languor and hopeless discontent that unnerved the will, have been removed from many a heart, and homes and hearths already ren-

dered fairer and happier through these means.—And who can doubt that this will continue until the whole body, politic and social, will feel its revivifying influence. Perhaps those constantly engaged in any good cause are liable to over-estimate the benefit it brings. But making all due allowance for partiality, those of all others, are prepared to see most clearly and estimate most accurately the legitimate results of the movement. And surely, the numbers of women pressing into the various professions and into, to them, new and hitherto untried vocations, warrant all that has been said in favor of its practical results. That its results are practical—that the whole reform has eminently a practical bearing, none now can deny. It started from home needs, and must end in rendering home, so far as may be, what it should become.—This done, the whole work is accomplished. For from these, as from so many stand points must we view the world. They are as suns and centres around which nations revolve. And whatever obscures the sun is reflected back in gloom from the whole national arch.

I did not think, however, to play the essayist, but sat down simply to give you a few items of travel. Are you wishing something fresh from the battle-field of reform? So unlike a battle-field indeed, that every convention becomes little less than an oration to both movers and actors. For warm hearts greet us everywhere, and hand, is clasped to hand, in brotherly and sisterly affection, by those who perhaps have met but once; but met to be disunited in heart and motive never, so long as the attainment of one common object appeals to all of humanity there is in them. Of the Cleveland convention you will have heard much. Perhaps also of the one held in Richmond, Indiana: but as no reporters were there, either to vilify or present us, I am doubtful. By the way, those reporters are doing us a vast deal of good. For their caricatures being so sadly overdrawn, every body sees at a glance that they are caricatures, and, as people begin to suspect, caricatures of a very good thing too. Thus like their great grand-father, the Devil, when he tempted Eve with the "glorious apple," they overshoot their mark, and do good where they designed harm. But enough of this; the fates, not us, take care of their arrows—their barbs are pointless and their poison innocuous to the pure and true mind.

On the first morning of the meeting of the convention in Richmond, but a small Hall could be obtained, and even this was meagerly filled. But by evening the crowd became oppressive, and numbers stood around the door unable to gain an entrance. On the second day, the Temperance Hall, somewhat larger, was thrown open to the assembly, and on the afternoon of that day the convention closed, amid the most cheering evidence of interest in and affection for the cause.—In the evening, the ladies were invited to address the citizens on the subject of Temperance, in one of the churches of the place, which was also filled. The principal actors in the convention were, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, Mr. and Mrs. Birdsall, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, Mrs. Emma R. Coe, and Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Aldrich, of Cincinnati, arrived late the last evening, and not in season, therefore, to take part in the proceedings. The Indianaans have certainly done their work well; it is an infant association, but their records prove that they have thrown vigor, faith, and heart into the undertaking.

On our return, we stopped at Dayton, O. This is a conservative city, of some 20,000 inhabitants. Our meetings were thinly attended, but we have reason to think that some of the very first minds in the city were deeply interested in the subject.—We have seldom met with more cordial sympathy and kindlier cheer and greeting than in this place. The city boasts a very flourishing female Seminary, conducted with great skill and ability, by a noble Greek gentleman, who was sent to this country in his infancy, to escape the ravages of the revolution at home. By invitation, I spent a day or nearly so, in observing his mode of instruction. And although there may be nothing peculiar in the

mere routine of business, I could not but notice that everywhere new thoughts were struck out, that flashed before his class with the brilliancy of a fresh creation. It was mind—not simple fact and illustration, not scholarship and science merely, though he is master of all the liberal professions—but mind scintillating bright and clear from the crucible of thought, at the touch and bidding of the Will. It was Genius, all radiant with Heavens' light, and pouring from its golden cup, the fruits of years of creative and acquiring labor. And what if some of the mental store run over and was lost, because the little shallower vessels around him could not contain and treasure up the rich thoughts? Nay, it could not be lost. Years hence, the turn of an eye, the tone of a voice, the color of a leaf, the fragrance of a flower, or some slight adventure will bring up into a sudden flowering those germs from the tomb of memory. Lost! is anything lost on an infant mind? No: the very presence of Genius brightens and beautifies. With a few master touches, it breaks up the fallow ground, plants the seed in the mental soil, which although requiring years to vivify it, at last springs up to a grand and golden harvest. Would that parents understood this fully: that education is not a simple importation of facts, a work which a mere automaton might accomplish; but the creation of mind, and that none but mind can beget its own. With this view of the subject, how noble becomes the occupation of a teacher! How vast his responsibilities! How rich his reward! Through what a world of tiny levers does he move the destiny of the race! The deepest treasures, the boldest flights, it is his to unlock or wing. From the genial hearth to the vast dome of Empire, he influences to weal or to woe. He prints his thoughts upon no sand. The forming character, bears with it forever, the touches of his pen. How important then becomes his vocation! And yet as we ponder this subject, what plain, prim, particular visions rise before our mind's eye. Maidens and masters with visage as rigid as the inflexible rod in their hand, and brow that might have furrowed its frown from Pluto's cavernous regions, so forbidding and stately, so far from all play of genius or of wit! The spirit vanished, but the letter all there! And, alas! as its results, how many mere lettered men and women have we in the world, who have the form of comeliness and yet are without the soul.

One remark, made by the teacher to his class, struck me as worthy of particular note; and I could not but reflect that in making it, the noble Greek had taken ground far above the majority of the native born in this country. It was this. "It is a pity" said he, in addressing a class in Geometry, "that the customs of society are such as to forbid woman applying her knowledge of this subject to the practical purposes of life; so that she can only pursue it as a means of mental discipline. This should not be so. There is no reason why a woman should not take the altitude of a mountain or tower, as well as man. If she wishes a male friend to carry the chain, why it's all very well; but she can do the calculating as well as he. Nor is there the slightest reason why she should not be able to oversee the building of a bridge or an arch, since few of those engaged in laying out the work, ever lend a hand to aid in its performance." Ah me! ah me! thought I; would that women could realize this—could realize how much they lose of the energy and love that is calculated to sharpen and quicken pursuit, by the simple fact that the knowledge when attained, is, by the wrong customs of society, rendered comparatively useless. Could they then consent to this loss? Consent to be shaven and shorn of the just proportions of a human being by the hand of a weak prejudice?—Consent to give back to their Maker the talent received from him, carefully rolled and preserved in a napkin? But we left this school of bright intelligent teachers and scholars, with the feeling of trust that the time for change had come, and joy that go where we will find minds working, it may be silently, yet surely and steadily with us.

E. R. C.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, NOVEMBER, 1853.

INFLUENCE OF OPINIONS ON THE CHARACTER.

NEW YORK, Oct 20th.

Notwithstanding all your arguments, my dear Paulina, and I admit that they are very sound and good, and that like Festus, "almost thou persuadest me," still, I must decline acting in this movement.

I am not disposed to oppose it, for should you be the victors, I should not like to be looked upon as an old tory, when our daughters are glorying in their revolutionary mothers. Still, much as I admire the spirit in which you have prosecuted your work thus far, I am not ready to identify myself with you. Our sex are not fit for freedom yet; they are so weak and degraded, that it paralyzes all my hopes of doing them good; nor do I see any particular necessity of wearing one's self out, for the world will come right in due time, whether you work all the while or not; so, pray, leave it, and enjoy life as it is, this winter.

Your ever attached friend,

R. S. T.

We rarely give extracts from our private correspondents, but the sentiments here expressed are so frequently uttered in one form or another, oftentimes goodnaturedly, but sometimes in bitterness, that our friend will pardon us, if we answer her publicly.

Another friend says, "though I agree with you in the main, I do not see of what possible consequence it can be for me to come out and act—I have no influence." Ah! indeed; and would you, who in the world of fashion, where the cut of your dress, or style of your hat, is so closely copied, admit that you have no influence? But, suppose that we have no influence, the policy which we adopt, the opinions we entertain concerning the interests and enterprises of general society, have necessarily an immense influence upon the development of our own characters and the education of our feelings.—Those subjects, which in times past occupied the minds of philosophers, politicians and moralists exclusively, are now keenly cultivated as a common concern, by the masses of society. In the highway, in the convivial circle, at the work bench, and around the family hearthstone, questions which lie at the very basis of the social system, are freely discussed by every order of mind and character. On every side, our understanding is challenged to inquire, and our hearts constrained to act upon the vital interests of humanity.

The controversy is waged as zealously in our kitchens as in the World's Conventions, and we do not evade these questions by merely declining the championship of the opinions we may hold.

The freethinkers, (and this cognomen bears quite another signification from what it did in earlier days when it indicated only a person of doubtful religious opinions,) are becoming so numerous and bold, that our whole inher-

itance of usages and opinions, creeds and conventionalisms, are attacked in detail; and under these bold assaults, we are put at once upon the defence of creed, party and position. In this conflict, we may, if we choose, remain comparatively inactive, but we cannot be indifferent; we may refuse to enter the open arena to do battle for our cause; we may shrink away with the plea, that we have no influence, or that the world will come right in the end; that God will do his own work in his own good time. But the issues are, nevertheless, tendered to our judgment and feelings for their decisions, even in the seclusion of our own bosoms. It is impossible for us to escape the effect of this strife.

The refusal to investigate and discuss, only puts us more quietly, but not less positively into the defence of things as they are; for if we reject all the reforms which solicit our aid, we are not, therefore, neutral, but are just as decidedly supporting the institutions which exist, and the powers that be, as if we were doing battle for them in the open field of controversy.

It may be a matter of little importance to the world how we think or act upon this or that given question; but it is a matter of especial importance to ourselves, for these are the modes presented to us for the culture of our affections, the development of our nature, and the ordering of our lives.

Others are far less interested in our conduct than ourselves, for they may measurably escape the injury of our erroneous judgments, and unjust actions, but they become a part of us, incorporate with the soul, permanently affecting our character and destiny. It is, therefore, a matter of the utmost consequence to ourselves, whether we are the heartless, selfish slaves of fashion, sect, party, prejudice or authority.

Our opinions or our deeds, however they may affect others, make us what we are, and thus every question which tests character or in any way involves duty, comes to be our proper business, as much as our commonest occupations.

It is not at all improbable that these social enterprises and party controversies of the present day actually do mould, modify, and form the character even more than any regular system of education we may pursue. In most cases, the every-day business and courtesies of life, together with the allowed recreations, leave us but little time, and often less inclination for orderly and formal study.

Our reading is occasional and accidental, and chiefly confined to the literature of the passing hour; but even here, where we seek only recreation and refreshment, we are continually met by these very questions in one guise or another, which so vex and agitate the community around us.

The fictitious literature, most popular, is to a great extent enlisted in the service of reform,

often directly announced, still oftener smoothly insinuated. The boldest and strongest of these is by far better received, than the half-compromising was, a few years since. The most fashionable authors are the mediators between the virtuous and the abandoned. The centre tables of the rich, are loaded with appeals for the poor, for the slave, and the criminal, bound in silk, gilded and illustrated, that they may not offend the taste, while they are opening the heart.

The vices which have banished men and women from society, are not themselves shut out from consideration, but in a thousand ways, the fallen and wretched are permitted to appeal for pity, for help, and even for affection, to those whose purity, and pride, have heretofore repulsed them.

Who will venture to affirm that the hosts who have organized to abolish the death penalty, and to mitigate the lesser punishments, and to convert prison discipline into a restorative effort, rather than a harsh retribution, have not had an immense influence in forming the characters of the present generation. The awakened enthusiasm of the age confidently predicts the speedy overthrow of all violence.

The necessity of the gallows has already departed, the glory of the sword is boldly disputed, and we look to its entire banishment with some other barbarisms which linger amid our brightening civilization, when woman shall be enfranchised and crowned with freedom.

When the blood-stained heroism of the battlefield demands the homage of our admiration, we must either bravely rebuke the *russian crime*, or partake its guilt. In every instance, where by thought, or word, or deed, such questions as these are decided upon, (and we are every day deciding them,) we are, in our own souls, made the better or the worse for every such decision.

When we are called to restore the wretched of our own sex, whose best affections may have been treacherously betrayed, and wrought her ruin, and we must either love her freely, or drive her hopeless from our hearts, what shall we say. Many such there are, and many too who have little to repent of, except the unwise direction of their most beautiful affections.—"They were sought, and won, and forsaken." Their sin has been so great in the world's eye, that all their sorrows are forgotten and all their suffering and necessities disclaimed, and they are driven forth from their early Eden to wander in an inhospitable world, with a blight upon their hearts, a brand upon their brow, and no star of promise in their destiny; and now on that bleak border ground of the social state which lies around them, the trembling wretches stand in mute appeal for some poor place within the pale of our common humanity; and we must answer it. Are we satisfied? Have they suffered enough to appease our indignation and pride? Shall they be re-admitted to opportunity?

ties for social existence? Or would it too much abate the honor of a common membership to grant them the poorest privileges of respectable society!!!

A wave of that sea of bitterness that wrecked them, throws them again upon the shore. Shall they lie there in the stupor of exhaustion and despair till the returning tide washes them away beyond the reach of our humanity forever?—Ay, and what shall we say? Do not our hearts from their inner depths cry, we forgive as we hope to be forgiven?

Here our decision and action must affect our own lives and characters materially. Such as our loves are, such will our life be. If the range of the affections are limited, our life may prove but a mere animalism, something relieved and refined by the cultivation of our reason, and tastes, slightly varied and artificial from force of circumstances.

The largest compass of affection and the widest capacity for enjoyment may be smothered by the grossness of appetites, by indolence, and selfishness, and all the properly human of our natures hidden completely from our apprehension, and we be left to walk blind-fold through life, all unconscious of its diviner capacities.

The sensualist cannot know the beautiful life that surrounds him. Could he but believe its holy mysteries, he would be saved. "Truth is the evidence of things not seen." We must believe in advance of our present position and attainment, and make this the aim of a constantly upward effort.

THE FIVE POINTS AT NEW YORK.

I am afraid, Dear Una, that a good many of your readers have but a very imperfect idea of the change that has lately been wrought in this plague spot of the great city, though all of them have undoubtedly heard of the process going on there. Poor little Katy, with her "hot corn," has drawn blessed tears from many kindly eyes, whose possessors knew little of the agencies to which Katy owed the good thoughts that soothed her dying hours, in that dreary abode where she breathed out her fainting spirit.—Let me enlighten them in a few words. It is not a long story, but I never think of it, without a new glow of thankfulness at my heart, that such a man as Mr. Pease has been raised up to send glad tidings to the wretched and the despairing.

Three or four years ago, some good people who saw the horrible state of the Five Points, and deplored its corrupting influence, especially as a school of juvenile vice, engaged the services of Mr. Pease as a Missionary, and directed him to go down among the degraded outcasts of that region, and talk to them, and pray with them, and give them bibles and tracts, and try to awaken them to a sense of their condition, and to a desire for something better. Mr.

Pease went down, knowing little of the work before him, and went at his task in a true, loving, diligent spirit. He found even the worst creatures far more tractable and inclined to listen, than he had expected. They seemed touched by his exhortations, desirous of reformation, and determined to make the necessary efforts. This quite encouraged him, and he thought himself on the high road to entire success.

But alas! a second visit to his forlorn parish showed the mistake. They were all back again in the mire of crime and misery, utterly oblivious of all the good promises they had made, helpless, degraded and lost, as before he found them. He was sorely grieved at this, and remonstrated with them on their want of fidelity to their former promises. Then the poor castaways let the whole secret out at once, and poured a flood of light into the clear head and sound heart of the good missionary, which showed the case in its true proportions, and prepared the way for all the good that followed. They said to him, "Do you expect us to reform ourselves and forsake our ways, when you *don't show us anything better?*" This is the only way to live that we are acquainted with, and we can't starve." "True enough!" said Mr. Pease, and without waiting to argue the question with them further, he set about doing something practical. Imparting his designs to a few generous friends who promised him all the aid in their power, he opened a work-shop and soup-room, and invited those who desired to reform themselves, to come to him and be cared for. He at once decided to go and live right in the midst of them, so that he and his good wife could devote all their time and care to the restoration of the fallen, and the encouragement of the reformed. He procured work for the grown persons, and opened a school for the children, whom he gathered with unceasing diligence from the lanes and cellars of the neighborhood, and clothed and fed and taught—giving them such opportunities to assist by their labor, as were within his reach. Little by little his whole establishment grew and increased, until now it occupies seven brick houses, forming nearly an entire block, has a large bakery, tailoring rooms, straw-sewing rooms, shoe-making rooms, &c., &c., beside school-rooms, wash-rooms, eating and lodging-rooms, where hundreds of children are daily gathered and instructed, and a large number of grown persons, rescued from a degradation and wretchedness worse than death, pursue every day the wholesome labors that support them and maintain their self-respect. Situations are constantly procured for the children in good families in city, and country, where provision is made to have them well treated and instructed, and so fitted to become good men and women. Scarce a day passes without witnessing the reception of new inmates, and the departure of

some to comfortable abodes elsewhere. The whole aspect of the neighborhood is changed, and even the poor creatures who have not yet mustered courage to attempt to reform themselves, nevertheless permit their children to go to the school, and venerate Mr. Pease for his labors of benevolence.

He is a wonderful man—a perfect Napoleon, in the sleepless energy with which he throws himself into his work, and rules the little world under his command. Nothing escapes him, nothing daunts him. He watches every part of his establishment with paternal care, knows how to manage every case that comes up, decides instantly, acts promptly, and never sleeps upon his post, nor is absent from it. I don't believe there is another man living, who is so exactly fitted for his place, as Lewis M. Pease.

Over all the wrongs, persecutions, misrepresentations and outrages he has endured, coming especially from the bitter malignity and envy of men calling themselves christians, and pushed as they have been, into unheard of extremes of malevolence, such as could only emanate from the spirit that we call devilish, let me draw the veil. They are a part of the true reformers' allotted position, and they will not dim the glory of the martyr's crown. Thanks to a just and loving Father, both he and his Heaven-inspired cause are beyond the reach of human envy, enshrined in the warm affections of thousands of true hearts, and fast anchored to the throne of Supreme Goodness.

DISCOURSE OF VICTOR HUGO,

AT THE TOMB OF LOUISE JULIEN, A FRENCH EXILE.

CITIZENS:

Three coffins in four months.

Death hastens, and God delivers us one by one.

We do not reproach thee, we thank thee, All-powerful God, who re-openest upon us, exiles, the gates of an eternal home!

This time the lifeless and precious being whom we bear to the tomb is a woman.

On the 21st of January last, a woman was arrested at her own house by Boudrot, the Commissary of Police, at Paris. This woman, still young, being thirty-five years of age, but crippled and infirm, was sent to the Prefecture and confined in what is called the trial-cell. This cell, a sort of cage, about seven or eight feet square, without light or air—the unhappy prisoner has painted it in a word—she called it the tomb-cell. She says—I quote her own words—"It is in this tomb-cell that, crippled, and ill, I passed twenty-one days, pressing my lips from hour to hour against the grating, in order to breathe a little vital air, and not die." At the end of the twenty-one days, on the 14th of February, the Government of December took this woman out and banished her. It cast her at once out of prison and out of her country. The proscribed left the trial-dungeon with the germs of consumption. She quitted France and reached Belgium. Her destitution forced her to travel, with a cough, spitting blood, with diseased lungs, in the depth of a Northern winter, in rain and snow, in those frightful open carriages, which are a disgrace to the wealthy railroad

companies. She arrives at Ostend. She was driven from France; Belgium now drives her away. She passes over to England. Scarcely landed at London, she takes to her bed. The disease contracted in prison, aggravated by the forced journey of an exile, becomes alarming. The proscribed—I should rather say, the condemned to death—keeps her bed for two months and a half. Then, hoping a little from the spring and fine weather, she comes to Jersey. We still remember seeing her arrive, on a cold, rainy morning, in the midst of the seafoams, with a rattling cough, and shivering under her thin garments, wet to the skin. A few days after her arrival, she was confined to her bed, from which she never rose.

Three days since, she died.

You ask me, what was this woman, and what had she done to be thus treated? I will tell you:

This woman, by patriotic songs, by sympathetic and cordial words, by kind and public spirited acts, had signalized in the fauburbs of Paris the name of Louise Julien, by which she was known and saluted by the people. One of the working-class, she had nursed her sick mother; taken care of her and maintained her for ten years.—During the days of the civil war, she made lint; and, though lame, and dragging herself about with difficulty, she went to the *ambulances*, and aided the wounded of all parties. This woman of the people was a poet: this woman of the people was a genius; she sang the Republic and loved liberty; she ardently called for the approaching brotherhood of all nations and of all men; she believed in the people, in progress, in France; she poured out around her, as a vase, into the souls of the proletaries, her noble heart, full of love and faith. This is what this woman did. Bonaparte has killed her.

Ah! such a tomb is not dumb. It is filled with sobs, and groans, and cries.

Citizens, the people, in the legitimate pride of their sole power and of their right, construct, with granite and marble, sounding edifices, majestic shrines, sublime arches, from the height of which are poured into the soul the holy inspiration of patriotism, of progress, and of liberty; the people imagine that they need only be sovereign to be invincible, believe that these citadels of speech, these sacred fortresses of human intelligence and of civilization are unapproachable and impregnable—and say that their tribune is indestructible. They deceive themselves—these tribunes can be overthrown. A traitor comes, soldiers arrive, a band of brigands conspire, unmask themselves, and fire—the sanctuary is invaded, stone and marble are scattered, and the temple, the palace where the great nation spoke to the world totters to the ground, and the foul conquering tyrant applauds, claps his hands and says—"It is finished. No one will speak again. Not a voice henceforth will be lifted up. Silence is accomplished."

Citizens! In his turn, the tyrant is deceived. It is not the will of God that liberty, which is his word, should be silent. Citizens! the moment that triumphant despots believe that they have forever taken the power of speech from ideas, it is restored by the Almighty. This tribune destroyed, he reconstructs it. Not in the midst of the public square—not with granite or marble; there is no need of that. He reconstructs it in solitude; he reconstructs it with the grass of the cemetery, with the shade of the cypress, with the gloomy hillock made by the coffins buried in the earth—and from this solitude this grass, this cypress, these hidden coffins, know you, citizens, what proceeds? There comes the

heart-rending cry of humanity—there comes denunciation and testimony—there comes the inexorable accusation which causes the crowned criminal to turn pale—there comes the terrible protest of the dead! There comes the avenging voice, the inextinguishable voice, the voice which is never stifled, never gagged; Ah! M. Bonaparte has silenced the tribune; it is well; now, then, let him silence the tomb.

He and such as he will have done nothing so long as a sigh shall be heard from the tomb; so long as a tear shall be seen in the majestic eyes of pity.

Pity! this word which I have just uttered—it gushes from the depths of my heart before this coffin, the coffin of a woman, the coffin of a sister, the coffin of a martyr: Pauline Roland in Africa, Louise Julien in Jersey. Francisca Maderspach at Temeswar, Bianca Teleki at Pesth, and so many others, Rosalie Gobert, Eugenie Guillemot, Augustine Pean, Blanche Clouart, Prabell, Elizabeth Parles, Marie Reviel, Claudine Nibrut, Anna Sangla, the widow Combescure, Armatine Huet, and so many others still, sisters, mothers, daughters, wives, proscribed, exiled, transported, tortured, executed, crucified. Ah, wretched women! What objects of bitter tears and inexpressible griefs! Feeble, suffering, sick, torn from their families, their husbands, their parents, their supporters, sometimes old and stricken in years—all have been heroines—many have been heroes. Ah! my thoughts at this moment rush into that tomb and kiss the cold feet of the departed in her coffin.

It is not a woman whom I venerate in Louise Julien; it is woman, woman of our days, woman worthy of being a citizen, woman as we see her before us in all her devotedness, all her sweetness, all her self-sacrifice, all her majesty.—Friends, in future times, in the beautiful, and peaceful, and tender, and fraternal, social Republic of the future, the sphere of woman will be great, but what a glorious prelude to this sphere are such martyrdoms so heroically sustained! Men and citizens, we have more than once said in our pride, "The eighteenth century has proclaimed the right of man, the nineteenth century will proclaim the right of woman;" but we must confess, citizens, we have not hastened; grave considerations, which should be carefully examined, have arrested us: and at this moment, at the degree of progress at which we have arrived, among the best Republicans, among the purest and most genuine democrats, many excellent minds still hesitate to admit the equality of the human soul in man and woman, and the consequent assimilation, if not the complete identity of civil rights.

Let us say it frankly, citizens, so long as prosperity continued, so long as the Republic stood up, women forgotten by us forgot also themselves: they have been limited to shining as the light, to enkindling the mind, to softening the heart, to awakening enthusiasm, to pointing out to all the good, the just, the noble, and the true. They have had no ambition beyond that. They who, for the moment, are the image of the living country, who should be the soul of the State, have simply been the soul of the family. In the hour of adversity their position has changed; they have ceased to be diffident. In the hour of adversity they have said to us, "We do not know whether we have a right to your power, to your liberty, to your greatness, but we do know that we have a right to share your misery. To participate in your sufferings, your defeats, your destitution, your distress, your sacrifices, your exiles, your abandonment if you are without asylum, your hunger if you are

without bread—this is the right of woman, and this is what we claim."

Oh, my brothers! these are the persons who follow us in the combat, who accompany us in proscription and who precede us to the tomb.

Citizens! Since you have now wished that I should again speak in your name, since your commands have given to my voice the authority which would be wanting to an isolated utterance—on the tomb of Louise Julien, as three months since, on the tomb of Jean Bousquet, the last cry which I wish to put forth is the cry of courage, of insurrection, and of hope?

Yes, coffins, like that of the noble woman who lies there, indicate and predict the speedy fall of the executioners, the inevitable overthrow of despotism and of despots. The proscribed, one after another, die: the tyrant digs their grave; but the day will come, citizens, when the grave will suddenly draw in and swallow up the grave digger.—*Christian Enquirer.*

For the Una.

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE.

Calm and blissfully serene, seems the picture of the first earthly union, when side by side, hand in hand, our first parents viewed the Paradise, which blooming in beauty, was given them to enjoy and improve. Though fresh from its Creator's hand, and pronounced by him to be "very good," yet how short-lived was their tranquillity and joy. The voice of pleasure was heeded rather than the command of God, and in their haste to partake of "the fruit in the midst," they fell and were covered with shame and confusion of face. The knowledge of evil became theirs, even as the possession of every needful good had heretofore been within their reach.

The consequences of this disobedience seem to fall most heavily upon woman, and doubtless, justly so; for Adam, in his vindication says,—"The woman, whom thou gavest me, *she* gave me of the tree and I did eat." His fall was, therefore, the more excusable, since she who was created to be his help-meet proved his enticer to sin. Behold then, the curse, or rather the *necessary consequences* of this disobedience upon the woman. "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception: in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children, and thy desire will be to thy husband and he shall rule over thee."

Until then, we hear nothing like this, for *jointly* they had "dominion over the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air." And to the man it was pronounced, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," &c. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread;" plainly showing that the pleasant labor of dressing and tilling the garden must be exchanged for one of toil and sorrow, in obtaining support for a greatly multiplied family.

After the fall how changed are all things, and particularly the two, whose mission it was to people and subdue the earth! Created with length of days, and corresponding strength of constitution, and the greatest perfection of all natural good, how noble and elevated beings might they have become in a life time of nearly a thousand years! But since then a constant retrograde from life and health has followed, to say nothing of the shameful stains of polygamy and debauchery, which have marred and defiled the union of the sexes. The primeval marriage, of which we have such faint and shadowy outlines, fled with man's fall, into sensuality. True, there have been glimpses of what marriage should be, but how few! The desire of the woman, instead

of being to the Divinity "who walked with them in the garden, or taught them in the cool of the day," has been to her earthly lord, and he has thereby become possessed of the power, and has ruled over her. Created male and female, in the image or likeness of God, the woman has by this fall and subjection to man, deprived herself of the inspiration and guidance of the mother spirit in Deity, which was better suited to her wants and capabilities, and has been led solely by the manifestation of God through the male, with how sad and lamentable results, we can every where witness on the whole face of this sin and oppression-marred earth. We observe this degradation most plainly among savage and half-civilized nations, where the wife is content to be the burden-bearer and even perform all the most severe labor, besides her own sorrows and toils of maternity, thus enduring a double burden, while her lord and master, by being lightened of his, and the attendant blessings, which in his fallen state, are derived from vigorous bodily labor, becomes only the more sensual, depraved and tyrannical.

As civilization and refinement have advanced, a more chivalrous feeling has been aroused, and woman's praise has been sung and lauded in verse and in story; but has this homage been offered to woman's true nobility?

It is woman all gentleness, dependence and submission, which has been worshipped, and even now, although a woman of genius and virtuous independence may be admired, still she is feared, and more, if possible, by the weak-minded of her own sex, who tremble lest the so much praised and lauded shrinking-delicacy of their sex be outraged. Such seem to fear lest she become unfememized by intelligence, progress and independence of thought; as though woman and ignorance should be synonymous terms, and as though she, a mere fixture in society, with her boundary lines and exact sphere assigned her, must certainly be nothing more than a conservative element in society, without the power or ability to originate, reform, or in any way use some of her noblest qualities of mind.

In no part of society is this feeling of inferiority and submission more apparent and universal than among the married; and the records of every paper but give us the more convincing proof of the low state into which the marriage relation is sunk—with many; so sensual, so devoid of the pure disinterested love it promises.

A warm-hearted trustful girl carries her heart's best treasures unreservedly into this relation, little thinking that love for her husband will require of her anything which is manifestly to the injury of her health and happiness;—never imagining that by promising "to love, honor and obey," she is binding herself to a servitude which may prove "bitter as wormwood, and more cruel than death." She in her simplicity, thinks that her welfare is to be consulted; that as heretofore, she may give ear to the admonitions of conscience. The promises of love and kindly cherishing until death, she thinks imply all this—little dreaming that in the eye of public opinion and the law, there is no conscience recognized but the husband's; that in fact, she becomes his property almost as much as his horse or his cow, and with about as little freedom. True, while first entering this institution, which she has been traditionated to regard as holy—the heaven-ordained sphere of woman's life and energies, she may be regarded with love and respect. But when a very few years have faded the bloom from the cheek, the animation from her eye, and the elasticity from her step, and she sees herself weakening as by

old age ere she has reached her prime; will she not in her moments of reflection, make use of the reason with which God has endowed her, and inquire, "Why am I thus? As life's burdens grow greater and its cares and solicitudes increase, ought my mental and bodily health to diminish? Does not the Blessed Word promise that "as thy day so shall thy strength be?" And if she sees that the promise is not realized in hers and multitudes of other cases, will she not conclude that there is some wrong in the life, and not a failure in the word of God?

Disobedience to the laws of nature must bring its punishment, and if she is a living witness, and experienced of the effect, can she refrain from seeking the cause? Should she by thus listening to the voice of reason and of revelation, become convinced that a life of grossness is not a life of health, that sensuality is far removed from spirituality, and that the promise is true, "If ye live to the flesh, she shall die," and that "whoso soweth to it shall of the flesh reap corruption." If she becomes satisfied of all this and desires to live a life of greater elevation and purity, will she then experience this boasted love? Will she not rather make the painful and humiliating discovery why she has formerly been caressed and idolized? Heart-rending as it may be, she learns that love and devotion are but empty names. It was not for true and elevated companionship, she was sought and won. If she can no longer be an instrument of sensuous enjoyment, she learns that she is an unnecessary appendage to the home it is her pleasure to gladden and to bless. Qualifications she may have spent years in acquiring, prudence, fidelity and uprightness, any moral and intellectual trait, when put in the balance, will be found nothing worth as an offset for the missing god. The vow to "love and cherish until death" is disannulled and the poor offender, destitute and forlorn, may seek a home among strangers, or return a bruised and faded leaf to the parent stem. Surely this can be no *marriage* but rather *sin*, for

"True love is never passionate—it comes
Winged from too pure a source to work us woe.
Yet love like all things beautiful and true
Has found its counterfeit."

Should she feel all this, what has she yet to meet? Powerless—in the law—she may be stript of home and children, furniture, wearing-apparel, &c., &c. Whatever she has is her husband's—not even excepting her own person, which he may confine in his house and moderately chastise.) The law makes no provision for her. It knows not how to feel for injured womanhood; and she is compelled to either sacrifice conscience and her noblest impulses, or receive the martyr's band of obloquy with penury and privation, and worst of all relinquish the care of those, far dearer to her mother heart than life. For their sake, she could endure toil and suffering, but without them, God only knows how bitter must be her portion.

The law condemns her as a deserter, and no matter for how worthy or suffering a cause she becomes dissolved from the outward oneness which the law calls marriage—she must still be a sufferer from the law and public opinion.

The right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" which man may enjoy without a query are virtually denied to her; or at best limited by the will of the more powerful sex, and the caprices of a public sentiment as unfeeling as it is unjust.

With this state of things who can say that marriage, as it now exists, is aught but a marred

and imperfect institution? Though perhaps the best of merely earthly associations, giving rise to some of the most pure and elevated ties and relationships of earth, it is nevertheless shorn of its primitive beauty. Its innocence and glory departed when the lord of the earth could no longer look upon his wife as his equal and companion.

While so unjust a recognition of woman and her rights is accorded her, she has little to look for in marriage. Rather than seek happiness there, far better would be her work in helping to repair the breach occasioned by the weakness of the first mother, with an invincible moral courage, and strength of pure principle, which firm in rectitude defies temptation, flattery and ease. Would that women, the young women of our land, would relinquish the sickly sentimentality, which turns their whole being towards the affections, and seek in religion, benevolence, and science, an element and happiness more worthy of their being, as creatures bearing the impress of mind, and of divinity.

Would to God that *use*, the great sweetner of all toil and charmer from all tedium and ennui might lure them to her service, and inspire them with aims and objects, more noble and true; that the unworthy and senseless slavery to dress and fashion, for the object of pleasing and attracting the admiration of the other sex might be relinquished, and some useful art or occupation fill the time which so many spend in pursuits far worse than useless.

Woman has long enough been enslaved, and victimized, by man, through her afflictions. True, it is her nature to love, and may she ever continue to love, but more wisely, less for the sake of being idolized than for the pure and disinterested one of conferring happiness on others, more to initiate the diffusive love of the Savior than to concentrate it in any selfish channel; more to perfect and regenerate her own spiritual being and thereby to gladden and bless the world, than in adding to the already sweeping flood of crushed, dejected, aimless wives and mothers. Let women see their rights respected and accorded them, before they take upon them a life requiring such sacrifice and concessions, such obedience and submission, such pangs of body and spirit with so uncertain a reward, so little elevation and progress. Martin Tupper says—"There was an age in the world's history, and may be yet again, when those who lived and died as Jephtha's daughter, were reckoned worthy with saints and martyrs. Think thou thus of many such, for they have offered up their hundred warm yearnings, a hecatomb of human love to God the betrothed of their affections; and they move up and down the inconsiderate world, doing good, sisters of charity, full of pure benevolence and beneficent beyond the widow's mite."

E. H. W.

INFLUENCE.

Drop follows drop, and swells

With rain the sweeping river;

Word follows word, and tells

A truth that lives forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer

The cloud the bolt would shiver;

Throb follows throb, and fear

Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,

Teach us a lesson ever;

The word, the thought, the dream,

Impress the soul forever.

The State of New York has placed eight thousand five hundred copies of Noah Webster's quarto American Dictionary in her district schools.

MADAME DE STAËL.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

"Quelques souvenirs du cœur, quelques noms de femmes, réclament aussi vos pleurs." *Corinne.*

"What have women to do with politics?" is a question which has a singular pertinence at the present day. Men ask it, wherever they find women waiting on the thresholds of prisons or almshouses, when philanthropy inquires after their insane; or when justice inveighs against a fugitive slave law. "What have women to do with politics?" Let them repeat the question as often as they like, but let them turn rather to the English hustings, where women uneducated to perceive the higher relations of party questions, throw all their weight and wealth, ay! all the eloquence, which great men have pronounced "irresistible" on the side of a temporary success, for lover, child, or friend. Or to France, where the vile mistress of a Prince,—better educated than most Princes, since he was taught how to live without a throne,—became so active an agent of political cliques, that a government vessel was not long ago depulated, to bring her to our own shores. With still sadder faces, let them turn to Washington, where women sell the votes that their own baseness brings within their power, and feminine manoeuvring and dishonor accomplish that, for which all the strength of manly life has been found insufficient.

In such connection, the name of one woman, at least rises to the mind, who justified by the use she made of it, the possession of the widest, political power. It is impossible to do justice to her life within the compass of an Essay. It might well repay the study and admiration of years. It was not without a profound meaning that the Ancients represented Love, Wisdom, Justice and Productive Energy, under feminine forms, but it is seldom that the varied faculties of the human soul, developed through the profoundest apprehension of Nature, Poetry, and Art, are exhibited in a single human being, as they were in Anna Louisa Germaine Necker, *Baronne de Staël—Holstein*.—It has been said that distinguished women generally owe their mental power to the influence of fathers who have no sons, or who are induced through peculiar sympathy to bestow unusual pains upon their culture. Napoleon always asked of a great man, "Who was his mother?" In view of such considerations, we may better understand the many sidedness of *Mad. de Staël*, by dwelling for a space upon the character of her parents.

James Necker, her father, and Susanna Curchod, her mother, were both Swiss. Her father rose rapidly through banking, and commerce with the East Indies, to a position of great eminence. He has been considered unequal to the emergencies of the time in which he lived. That he was so, may be only one proof, that he was too truly wise, and well-balanced to satisfy either party, and when we hear of his inflated style, it will be safe to ask whether this may not be an English criticism on French rhetoric. In his own time, he had one great merit,—that of making lucid expositions of finance intelligible to the common people. This made him Director of the Treasury, to Louis 16th. In a moment of confusion he was banished from Paris. All France was in a ferment at the news, and the storming of the Bastile procured his im-

mediat^{re} call. Necker's return to Paris, was a triumphal procession. When he finally retired in 1790, it was not as an unsuccessful statesman. Mad. Necker was the daughter of a Swiss clergyman, and the only woman ever beloved, we believe, by Gibbon, the historian. He might scoff at revealed religion, but he could not despise the graces of mind and heart which were developed by its influence. She had a classical education, and some men may be interested to know that she was *in spite of it*, an admirable and affectionate mother, wife and friend. How widely she thought, may be known from the title of her works, which considered alike the profound subject of "Divorce," the "Establishment of Hospitals," and the "Burial of the Dead." How tenderly she *felt* was shown by the use which she made of her prosperity, ministering to the wants of others, distributing her great resources, and visiting herself, the sick and poor.—That her husband dearly loved her, is not the only tribute to her worth. He showed his own unfitness for the possession of such a woman, by forbidding her to write, because he did not like the uncomfortable feeling of seeming to interrupt important avocations when he entered her apartment. Of such profound selfishness, there are, alas! only too many examples. To such parents, Anna Louisa was born, at Paris, in the April of 1766. Her mother fond of metaphysics, and somewhat harsh in manners, at first directed her studies, but the ambition of the young girl outstripped the urgency of teachers, and her physicians were compelled to prohibit her studies. In the livelier disposition and varied gifts of her father, she found at this time, a pleasant resource. In his saloon, assembled all that was distinguished in Paris, at that time, and the society of eminent persons developed her astonishing conversational talent. Here she learned to contend in argument, and to offer ingenious, brilliant, and striking theories to the consideration of those about her. Some great men have been said to be poor talkers, because they saved their great thoughts for their published works. No such paucity of resources afflicted Mlle. Necker, and thoughts of value on Art, Religion, Letters and Society, poured in a sparkling stream from her youthful lips. Her love and reverence for her father were intense, and fearing that he would prohibit her from writing as well as her mother, she learned to control her impatience with singular sweetness, and accustomed herself to write standing, that she might not seem to be interrupted by his approach.

When he published his account of the French finances in 1781, this girl of fifteen reviewed it in an anonymous letter, and in the same year, Raynal asked her to furnish an Essay on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, for the volumes he was publishing on the commerce of the Indies.—At the age of twenty, she was married to the Baron de Staël. If she loved any one at that time, it was the Viscount de Montmorenci, to whom she remained tenderly attached till the close of her life. She married the Baron because he offered her a position of rank and independence, and because he was a Protestant, Necker being naturally unwilling that his immense wealth should pass into the hands of a Catholic. If she failed here in the duty of a noble woman, let us acknowledge

that she atoned for it, by remaining faithful to her vows. Her presentation at court—naturally followed her marriage to an Ambassador—and though the court ladies, envious of her high reputation, did their utmost, they could say nothing worse than that the bonnet which etiquette required her to wear, was sometimes tied awry! During her long life, the breath of scandal never touched her, unless when for a moment, the rush of English gossip confounded her with *Mad. de Genlis*. The cloud soon passed, gifted as she was, longing to love and be beloved, with all the intensity of a passionate nature, she yet remained irreproachable.

After the Revolution of 1789, she gave her influence to the Directory, and being deeply impressed with the superiority of the English government, longed for the establishment of a limited monarchy, in France. "But alas!" she said in prophetic anguish, "it is only through a military despotism that France can arrive at such a result!"—After the accession of Robespierre, she remained in Paris, where she saved many of his victims often at the risk of her own life. There too she published a noble "Defence of the Queen." That Queen, too frivolous and fond of admiration to comprehend the young wife, had always been *Mad. de Staël's* personal enemy. Do the words of political strife show any other instance of a generous integrity like this? After the insurrection of Aug. 10th, every hour became an hour of peril, but her woman's heart refused to leave her friends in danger, and it was not till Oct. 2nd, that she attempted to fly. Then she was attacked by the populace, and narrowly escaped with her life. She was one of those who demanded of Austria, the liberty of LaFayette. When Talleyrand returned from America in 1796, she had influence enough to secure his appointment as foreign minister. When afterwards, it became necessary for him to choose between his benefactress and his own interests, his narrow soul could not hesitate, so we need not wonder that he was accused of saying, "It is easier to manage Satan himself, than one honest woman." Soon after this, she published her work upon the "Influence of the Passions." No one is better qualified to judge of the destructive influence of these upon society, than a woman married to a man whom she does not love, and compelled to feel the warmth of a passion, unsustained by its appropriate sentiment. *Mad. de Staël* was not one to reason blindly on such a subject. We do not know where *Mrs. Hale* found the information that the Baron was young, cultivated, and handsome. Young he was not, for he died of the infirmities of age, when his wife was only thirty-two. Cultivated he was not, for he could not even appreciate the glowing gifts of his wife. In a dozen memoirs, we have never seen the most distant allusion to his personal attraction. They lived in apparent harmony, until the age of her three children justified *Mad. de Staël* in claiming a suitable provision, from the property which her father had conveyed to her husband, to be secured against the inroads of his extravagant habits.—Then they separated, but a woman like *Madame de Staël* could never be indifferent to the father of her children. When his increasing infirmities rendered it necessary, she returned, and fulfilled a voluntary pledge, by remaining with him till his

* People complain

* the Encyclopedist

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A little human vanity — observe that we do not
unto St. Jeannine's vanity — at one time betrayed Mad^{me} de Staél into an apostolation of that philosophy which her
whole life repudiated. She was the first woman in France
of us except in a degree her mother, who made herself
an intellectual power to be feared. Napoleon could con-
trol the French nation but not her. Other tribunals
rescued their decress but she was found faithful.
In Léon's recent Life of Goethe, he says,

"In December, 1803, Weimar had a visitor whose rank
is high among its illustrious guests, Mad^{me} de Staél.
Napoleon would not suffer her to remain in France,
and Benjamin Constant carried her there, that
she might see and know something of the man her
work on Germany, was to reveal to her countrymen.

It is easy to ridicule Mad^{me} de Staél, to call her as
Heine does a "whirlwind in petticoats" and a "Sultana
of wind," but Germans should be grateful to her for
that book which still remains one of the best written
about Germany, and the lover of letters will not for-
get that her genius has in various departments of
literature, rendered four illustrations, the power of
womanly intellect. Goethe and Schiller, whom she
stirred with her cannocades of talk, spoke of her
intellect with great admiration. "Of all living
creatures he had seen," Schiller said, "she was
most talkative, most combative, ^{the} most gesticul-

lative, but she was also the most cultivated and the most gifted. The contrast between her French & his German culture, and the difficulty he had in expressing himself in French, did not prevent his being much interested. In the sketch of her, he sent to Goethe, it was well said: -

"She insists on explaining everything, understanding every thing, measuring every thing. She admits of no Darknes, nothing incomprehensible, and where her torch throws no light, there nothing can exist. Hence her horne of the Ideal Philosopher, which she thinks, leads to mysticism and superstition. For what we call Poetry, she has no sense, - she can only appreciate what is passionate, rhetorical musical. If she does not prize what is false, she does not always perceive what is true."

Her colloquial eloquence, was marvellous, and on it - as on all points which concerned her reputation as a woman of genius, she loved to extort the suffrage of all the world.* Her country was as proud of her works, as her friends were fond of her person.

While on the one hand, she exercised the most despotic power as a woman of genius, and obtained permission to be learned and metaphysical, by showing the most undoubted power to be

* See anecdote of the Comte de Séguir - in the ^{review} sketch of Margaret Fuller.

so, and so put all future women under infinite obligations to her, she could not on the other free herself entirely from a sort of Rousseauish sentimentality. Her need of being beloved was as manfully and full, as her power of conversation and strong minded women, have upbraided her with the fate permitted to her magnificent Corinne. In the desecration of this word, however, she followed the educational ~~excellences~~ ^{influence} of society which never permit the most distinguished woman to forget, that it was for love alone she was born, while the noble, original lines of her life, have been reflected gratefully, by hundreds of women within the century.

How the woman constantly tormented and finally conquered the artist in her, we discover in her unacknowledged marriage in the very decline of life to a man ^{than herself} younger, and every way her inferior, except in the power of loving.

How the Artist triumphed in its turn, and must triumph forever, all the works with which she has endowed the century prove, all the glowing reputation shows, which still clothes her name with an electric life and light.

death in 1798. She first saw Bonaparte in 1797. Many reasons have been assigned for the strong dislike which soon grew up between them. On Mad. de Staél's part, it was, perhaps, a natural feeling of resentment, when she found that he would not pledge himself to the independence of Switzerland. They were too brilliant to spare each other. With Bonaparte, an epigram pierced deeper than a sword.

Her instinct penetrated to his unscrupulous ambition. She had called him "Robespierre on horseback," and when in 1802, Necker published his "Last views on Policy and Finance," Bonaparte detected the keen insight of the woman in the prediction of the overthrow of the Republic.

It was a premature announcement, which found no favor with the ruler. He forbade Necker to write, and banished Mad. de Staél from Paris. An absurd self-esteem was predominant in French literature, when the latter first began to write. Her generous appreciation of foreign nations, chastened this in a most wholesome manner, but that self-esteem was a tool with a keen edge, that Bonaparte meant to use, and did not like to see blunted. How truly she prophesied for that time and this, when she said that a military despotism alone could re-establish order in her beloved France, we can all see well enough now. To every entreaty of her friends, that he would permit her to return, Bonaparte always answered "No!" "I have left her the whole world," he added, "but let her be contented to leave Paris to me." After her father's death, she went to Italy, and she did not sketch her own ideal in Corinne half so effectually, as she showed in Lord Nelvil, the hold that this affliction had taken of her mind. "Germany," the finest of her works on many accounts, was too liberal for the French courts. After the censors had expurgated and approved of it, Savary suppressed the whole edition. "The work is not French, and the air of France suits neither it nor you," was his only explanation. In 1810, she was residing at Geneva, and extended a generous sympathy to a young wounded officer from the south of France, named de Rocca. She was at this time forty-four, and he only twenty-three. The genius of the woman fired his whole soul.—To the remonstrances of friends who censured what they thought a childish infatuation, he replied, "I will love her so passionately, that I will compel her to marry me."

She found in this union a quiet happiness, for it was said of her with truth, that "although she had never been a child, she never ceased to be young." In 1812, she went through Russia and Sweden to England, delayed in Sweden by the death of her favorite son. In 1814, she reached Calais, where she was received by the foreign allies with the greatest distinction, and hastened by her influence, the removal of the foreign troops from France.—It is said that Napoleon asked her to return and assist him in forming his new constitution in 1815, but she replied emphatically, "He has done without me, and the constitution for twelve years, and now he loves neither of us." After the restoration, she returned to Paris, happy in the love of her devoted husband, and the fine promise of her children, comforted also by the prospect of a free constitution for France. Her departure to another

world in the year 1817, did not take her by surprise. Looking forward to the great change, she said, "I have the fullest conviction that the love of God will make it easy." She was interred at Coppet. In 1821, her complete works were published by the Baron de Staél in 17 vols. oct. In 1830, Schlosser's admirable "Parallel between Madame de Staél and Madame Roland," was published at Vienna and Paris. De Rocca was no weak enthusiast, he published two works on "Strategy," and left a ~~handsome~~ miss. novel. He died of grief, within six months of his wife.

Madame de Staél's eldest son, the heir to the title, died in 1827, distinguished for his unpretending worth, his philanthropy and his attachment to liberty. He published some valuable "Letters on England." The second was killed in a duel, while in the Swedish service. Her daughter, if living, is now Duchesse de Broglie. It is said that her will revealed the existence of a son by her second marriage. If so, it is strange that this fact should be all that we know of him. A relative of Mad. de Staél, Mad. Necker de Saussure sketches thus her personal appearance. "She was graceful in every movement. Her figure without, entirely satisfying the eye, attracted and enchain'd it, for it had as the exponent of her soul, a very rare advantage. It unfolded suddenly into a sort of spiritual beauty. Genius beamed from her eyes, which were of rare magnificence. Her gestures always harmonious, gave weight to her discourse. Her arms were of remarkable beauty and whiteness, and her dress rather picturesque, than fashionable." She was an admirable musician, possessing a voice of remarkable flexibility, power, and sweetness. A far greater charm however, resided in her conversational power. Inspiration flowed through her lips as never through her pen. In her work on "Germany," she says after dwelling upon the spirit and freshness of conversation in Paris, "That sort of pleasure which is produced by an animated conversation, does not precisely depend on the nature of that conversation. The ideas and knowledge which it evolves, do not form its principal interest. That consists in a certain manner of acting on one another, of giving mutual and instantaneous delight, of speaking at the moment when one thinks, of acquiring immediate self-enjoyment, of receiving applause without labor, of displaying the understanding in all its positions, by accent, gesture, look. That consists in eliciting at will, the electric spark, which while it relieves some of an excess of vivacity, shall awaken others from a painful apathy."—It has been often said that the more thoroughly a woman's intellect is cultivated, the more powerful her passions will become, and the second marriage of Mad. de Staél is instanced as a proof of the assertion. The happiness of that union, one of sentiment more than passion, is its best apology, and if the remark were true at all, it would be equally true of man. As it is, a host of women, like Lady Jane Grey, Maria Edgeworth, and Miss Sieveking, arise to stamp it as a libel.

In character, Mad. de Staél was independent and truthful. When told that a congratulation on the birth of the King of Rome, might win her Napoleon's favor, she replied, "What would you have me say? Can I do more than wish that they

find him a good nurse?" Urged in the same way, to claim the rents of her confiscated estates, she answered, "To do that, I might prepare a certificate of my existence, but never a declaration of love!"

Of Mad. de Staél's books, it is necessary to say very little. They have become classic. Every one who reads them, knows that they are not written in the purest French, and that they abound in Swiss idioms. She greatly improved the whole tone of French literature. What was not good French, before she wrote it, became so, by her writing it. She imparted a vigor to her style, which one could hardly fancy the language capable of holding. She disarms criticism, and drags the reader into her own channels, by the rush of her thinking. She contributed a paper upon Aspasia to the "Biographic Universelle." We are sorry that this work is beyond our present reach, for it would be interesting to know what she thought of a woman so uncommon and so little understood. Her works as a whole are thought to have a high tone. "Delphine," described her own early life and showed the painful relation between her energetic nature and the conventions of society. Of course, society denounced it, and she wrote her own "Defence." There are stupid people everywhere, who seem to think that romances have no right to exist, if they do not do all the reflecting for them. In books, goodness must be rewarded, vice unsuccessful, consequently Jane Eyre, George Sand and Delphine, are contraband. But is it so in life? and without pretending that Jane Eyre, and Rochester, are patterns of christian virtue, is it not right when one knows that such such lives are lived, to sketch them, truly and forcibly, so as to reveal humanity to itself? What wonderful revelations were made by that book! Not even the world-known "Uncle Tom" has touched so many human hearts to the deepest quick, as Jane Eyre. Under its influence, how many of the icebergs of society, suddenly flamed out as volcanoes! In commenting on it, how the dolls of fashion grew into warm-hearted women! how the victims of convention were fused into living human souls!

The moral was not in the book—no one pretended that. It was deduced from it, because it roused active thought on matters of moral life and death,—so might it be with Delphine.

Toronto, C. W., Oct 6th, 1853.

TO MAKE A CANDLE BURN ALL NIGHT.—I remember seeing, some years since, in an agricultural work, now out of print, an article on "economy of candles," which may be new and useful to many of our readers. When, as in cases of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put finely powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and a steady light may be kept through the night, by a small piece of candle.—*Tribune*.

SALTING BUTTER.—Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar and one of salt-petre. Take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter, work it well in the mass, and close it for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of rich, fat, marrowy consistence, and a fine color, acquires a brittle hardness and does not taste salty.—*Tribune*.

We may mistake mystery for wisdom, pedantry for knowledge, and prejudice for virtue.

HOME, Nov. 1st, 1853.

We are disappointed, as we presume many of our readers will be, at not having for this number any account of the National Woman's Rights Convention. We published last month the resolutions adopted, and contradicted, from the testimony of strictly private letters, the telegraphic reports relative to the noisy and riotous conduct of the Convention, and, we are most happy to see, that several papers have withdrawn the charge, and that some will be a little cautious in future about relying upon reports that are only evil.

In the confusion which ensues when any giant wrong is attacked, there are, doubtless, errors and excesses committed by all parties, as well by the Conservatist as by the Radical Reformer. It would not be strange if the slaves were roused to the direst revenge; it is never deemed strange or ridiculous, when nations rise in their majesty and throw off the yoke of bondage. Why, then, look upon it as strange and ridiculous if women, who have writhed under oppression and wrongs, grow excited and speak earnestly for justice and right. It is easy for those who have floated calmly and quietly through life, to bid them be patient and submissive, gentle and loving. All such advice is excellent where it is not needed, but where it is, it is but so much breath.

It will not soothe one pang, or calm for a moment an aching, wronged heart. It is through firm, earnest spirits, such as speak in the following extract, from a friend's letter, that this work is to be accomplished. The writer is one of the gentlest, most delicate and retiring of women.

"When noble advocates shall arise in the Legislatures of our country for the rights of women, I shall have hopes of justice being done. I have deliberately considered this subject, and made up my mind, that if I am ever left in a situation to have exclusive control of property, I never will pay taxes on it until I am represented in the government. *I will suffer martyrdom first.*" The above was said after the perusal of *Woman and her Wishes*, by T. W. Higginson, published in our May number.

[And, if our friends who wish to see this spirit awakened among women, desire more of that number of the *Una* for distribution, we will here state that we have still quite a quantity on hand that we will send them, for which they may enclose to us post-office stamps ordering the number they wish, as we had five hundred extra copies printed.]

Perhaps a Will, which this lady's husband was called upon, about that time, to draw up for a venerable friend, might have helped to deepen the impression of the article.

Our friend says: "I sat, pen in hand, the testator drew a deep sigh, commented on the virtues of his beloved Deborah, and, looking the very picture of magnanimity, exclaimed: I wil

that she shall have all this farm while she *remains my widow.*" In mortification I cried out shame!! My exclamation startled Gabriel. Some explanations ensued, during which he said, "O, but she may marry again." Well, said I, what if she does? Let us reverse the picture—art thou willing to enter into a written agreement, that, in case of her death, thou shalt receive this farm as long as thou remainest her widower? Ah! that alters the case! After a pause—"Women sometimes are imprudent!" "And so are men," I took occasion to say. "I have known you both for some years, and I really think Deborah the most prudent of the two." "In this case the property had been accumulated as much, or more, by the industry of the wife, than the husband."

Taxation has been protested against. Is there one ready to make the sacrifice of firm refusal, and go to prison, if need be?

It is but a few days since, we found a notice of a young English woman, who for a religious sentiment, has dared the prisons of Tuscany. She went out to distribute protestant tracts, knowing that by so doing she was violating the law, and that the penalty was five or ten years imprisonment, with hard labor. Are not our natural rights, as citizens, worth as much to us as the right Miss Cunningham claimed when living under a foreign government? Our religious rights of which we boast, we hold as privileges from our guardians, a loose and uncertain tenure, most certainly. Not many years since we knew a young lady, who, when converted, desired to be baptized by immersion.

Her guardians and minister said no, you have been christened in infancy, and it would be sacrilege. She yielded; years went by, but as they did so her conscience was often disturbed on the subject of baptism. Her minister placed in her hands books, thought to settle the question, but these only whetted the appetite for what might be said on the other side. After months spent in earnest investigation of this and kindred theological questions, she announced to her husband that she believed immersion to be the only mode of baptism sanctioned by the Bible; and that she felt it her duty to change her church relations. She was, at first, met with argument, then ridicule, at last positive prohibition. Here was new trouble; she had promised obedience and loved peace. A deep and profound melancholy seized upon her; and for months her husband watched her with constant anxiety lest she should take her own life; still he could not bring himself to consent that she should join a church where he could not commune with her, because he loved her. Ah! the tyranny of Love. A year's illness succeeded, during which time many moral problems were solved, and many questions settled by that young mind which have vexed older heads, and wearied other hearts, than hers. The superiority of the individual over all human insti-

tutions, with the right to self-government, was no longer a matter of doubt to her.

That, it may be said, was an isolated case, but it is a fair example of the religious rights of women. And none can dispute it, from the cradle to the grave she is under guardianship. Her guardians may be just, generous, loving, and indulgent, or they may be petty tyrants; and many there are who will understand this term.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct., 1853.

Dear Madame:—I should have subscribed for the "Una" immediately after receiving the sample numbers, but for our migratory condition since that time. We are now settled here for the present, and enclosed is money for one year, commencing with the present month. To say that I am pleased with the "Una" would not half express my opinions of its worth. I only hope it will be as liberally supported as it deserves to be. I am afraid you have not many subscribers in the South, as Reformatory opinions have made but slow progress with us. The women of the South-west have not so many, nor the same incentives, to *think* on the evils of present customs and laws, that you of colder climates have. With you, I suppose, there is a majority of females, as so many of the "lords" emigrate to newer lands, while we have more men than women, consequently but few of our sex are thrown upon their own exertions to save them from want, but few are without the blessings of husband, and children. The masses of women are unreflecting and full of moral cowardice. They *dare* not see evils made sacred by ancient custom. They are afraid of the jeers and sneers of men, whose moral courage and reflecting faculties are as small as their own.

Madame, the unthinking world may, and do, heap on your cause anathemas and ridicule, gibes and sarcasm, what else can we expect in its present state of ignorance. No great Truth has ever yet been received, on its first appearance, with open arms. No great reformer, no advocate of reform, but was scoffed by his contemporaries as a criminal, or hooted as a madman. The examples are illustrious and many. Jesus was a reformer, and was crucified. Socrates was a reformer, and suffered death. Kepler was imprisoned. Hervey and Jennings were reviled and hated by the whole medical profession, for their invaluable discoveries.

It is mournful to think thus of human nature, but it is so. In Religion, in Law, in Medicine, in Ethics, since men first grouped together in society, all teachers and preachers of new truths, have been persecuted.

Were it not for the few most noble, earnest and devoted spirits, of which every age can boast, the world would yet be clothed in the skin of wild animals, living in tents, and eating bloody food. These spirits have had the moral courage to advocate truths hated by the masses, and sneered at by the silly. For such natures, to whatever sex the beling, I have a most sincere and ardent admiration.

For myself, I want no more rights than I now possess, for I have the happiness to be one of those fortunate women who believes her husband to be everything a true man ought to be; his large mind, large heart, most generous and pure affections, leave me nothing more to wish for. But, because I do not feel the injustice of laws and customs—because they do not crush me individually, must I rest satisfied and shut

my eyes to their evils? I see thousands around me, some near and dear to me, who have endured, and yet endure, untold woes, whose cause is, directly or indirectly, the inequality and injustice of our laws. I would help those if I could—I would remove those causes if I could. The time will come when the world will look and marvel at its injustice, its iniquity, and its most strange blindness.

With the most sincere esteem and admiration I remain your friend, (though unknown.)

L. A. M.

LONDON, Oct. 9.

Madam—The woman's rights question is destined to aid human progress more effectually, than any of the social and intellectual questions now awaking the intelligence of the age. Justice to woman will strengthen the hands of the abolitionists.

If the suffrage be given to woman, the spirit of benevolence and love, taught by Jesus, will be realized in legislation, the effectual mode of carrying it into social action; and the intellectuality and benevolence of our common nature will be worked out in their natural, and therefore useful proportion.

At present, justice travels slowly into legislation, because feeling is not adequately represented, and with the legislative power exclusively in man, humanity frequently ends in mere speculation.

We want the sympathy and tact, which in the female is stronger and more facile in action, and would by them be carried out.

The Religion of Christianity, as taught illustratively by Jesus, in the parable of the good Samaritan, and the conversation which followed it, will reach us and move us to action, through the affections as well as the judgment, and the union of the two will aid and chasten each other in the votes of both. As the loss of the mother to the family is a subject of just lament, so is the loss to society of the direct influence of the female mind in legislation and in morals.

It seemed to me advantageous, that at the first meeting of the so-called World's Convention, some of the persons assembled, proposed to ignore the rights of one-half the human race. It shewed the greatness of their darkness, and brought its density before us. We know what the effect of light is upon darkness. Let in the light upon a nest of owls and you produce a great noise, but ultimately they shrink from the day-light.

I have requested my friend, S. H. Gay, to forward to you \$10, to aid in the expense you must have been put to, and to pay for two years subscription in advance.

I am, Madam,
EDWARD SEARCH.

[Copied by a friend from an old picture in Scotland, at Braxholme Hall, one of the seats of the Duke of Buckleigh.]

SPEECH OF CARACTCUS AT THE CLAUDIUS TRI-BUNAL, AT ROME.

The British Prince, after having successfully defeated the Romans for 9 years, on entering the imperial presence, he boldly approached the tribunal, with a countenance fixed and undaunted, thus addressing the Emperor :

"Had my moderation in prosperity, been equal to my birth and fortune, I had come to this city as a friend, rather than a captive, nor would you have disdained to have received me as an ally—since I am by birth a Prince, and by fortune the chief of many nations—my presence here is as humiliating to me, as it is glorious to you. With these chains you can confine my person, but Heaven has given me a mind out of the reach of human power to enslave. I once had horses, men, arms, and riches; was it strange I should be unwilling to part with them? If your ambition aims at universal sway, mankind are not all obliged to submit to the yoke. Had I fallen in battle, or sooner been betrayed, neither my misfortunes, nor your success,

would have at this time been so renowned. If to defend my life, liberty, and my country be a crime, punish me with death, and my misfortunes will end with it. If I am suffered to live, then to future ages, I shall remain a monument of your clemency."

Claudius was astonished at a speech so spirited, delivered by a Prince in captivity, and moved with generosity, ordered his chains to be taken off, and the captive liberated.

Oh, let me die in the country, where I shall not fall, like the single leaf of the forest, unheeded; where those who love me need not mask their hearts to meet the careless multitude, and strive as a duty to forget me! Bury me in the country, amid the prayers of the good and the tears of the loving; not in the dark, damp vault, away from the sweet-scented air, and the cheerful sunshine, but in the open fields among the flowers that I loved and cherished while living.—*Fanny Forrester.*

LOVE.—The stream flows between its banks according to love. The planets sustain and restrain themselves in their courses by this same principle. All nature governs itself by Love.

By this I understand that each created thing is gifted to act as though it knew the properties, and ends to be attained, which belong to each of the others; and that each one so guides itself as not to interfere with or restrain the workings of another, except when a clashing of properties takes place, and then, a just and equitable compromise is immediately effected.

This regard to the peculiarities and constructions of each other, appears to be an application of the principle of justice.

The sentence, "All nature governs itself by Love," implies a power—the power of Love. But this is not always perceived. DIAL.

WHEN a man begins in his speech to be censorious, to underrate that which is good, and to exaggerate that which is deficient or apparently objectionable in his neighbor, it is, generally speaking, a sure and certain evidence that the very principle of angelic love is prostrated within the depths of his interior being in a dying state; for out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. Charity, because it thinketh no evil, speaketh none; and, therefore, malignant lips, treacherous, subtle, insidious, and secretly breathing out insinuations against the good name of members in a community, receive their bitterness from a corresponding perversion of the heart.

(Pericles, in his letter to Aspasia, when she had asked permission to visit Xencocles,) said, "Do what your heart tells you; yes, Aspasia, do all it tells you. Remember how anguish it is. It contains the temple, not only of love, but of conscience; and a whisper is heard from the extremity of one to the extremity of the other. Bend in pensiveness, even in sorrow, on the flowery bank of youth, where under runs the stream that passes irreversibly! Let the garland drop into it. Let the hand be refreshed by it—but—may the beautiful feet of Aspasia stand firm."

CLEANLINESS may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it.

Do those things which you judge to be beautiful; though in doing them, you should be without renown. For the rabble is a bad judge of a good action. Despise the reprobation of those whose praise you despise.

PUNCH slanderously says:—The sun is called masculine from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and finding her the wherewithal to shine away as she does at night; and from his being obliged to keep such a family of stars besides. The moon is feminine because she is constantly changing, just as a ship is blown about by every wind. The church is feminine, because she is married to the states, and time is masculine because he is trifled with by the ladies.

GEMS FROM THE DEEP.

The great man is he who hath nothing to fear, and nothing to hope from another.

He I would call the powerful man, who controls the storms of his mind, and turns to good account the worst accidents of his fortune. The great man I was going to show thee, is something more. He must be able to do this, and he must have that intellect which puts into motion the intellect of others.—*Walter Savage Landor.*

Glory is a light which shines from us on others, not from others on us.

If thou lovest Glory, thou must trust her truth. She followeth those who do not turn and gaze after her.

Praise keeps good men good.

The highest price we can pay for a thing is to ask for it.

No men are so facetious as those whose minds are somewhat perverted. Truth enjoys good air and clear light, but no play ground.

Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of merit or of obtaining the higher.

The fool is driven before his destiny; but the man of understanding rideth thereon.

It is either requisite to be silent, or to say something better than silence.

It is not death, but a bad life that destroys the soul.

The soul is illuminated by the recollection of divinity.

Expel sluggishness from all your actions; opportunity is the only good in every action.

It is impossible that he can be free, who is the slave to his passions.

Every passion of the soul is hostile to its salvation.

Labor ennobles and purifies man.

Pain lies in nature as the mighty transition from nought into magical life.

Sensual life is impregnated with spirit, to forth bring it into supernal life.

When the whole life becomes the element of spirit, then it has power over heaven.

Love is comprehending, and that is possessing.

Phantasy is the free art of truth.

Subscriptions from Oct. — to Nov. —

J. W. Wright,	\$1	Lydia B. Wilson,	\$1
S. Cunningham,	1	P. S. Blackman,	1
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For the Una.

ACTION IN LIFE.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

Shining through the celestial part, the spirit,
Of homely toil must yet life's path illumine—
(Obeying still the intellectual human):
No greater gift can mortal mind inherit,
Than this most beautiful, most fair and free,
God-given gift, useful activity!
Man with his own free force and steadfast will,
Holdeth within his soul the motive power,
To shape unto harmonious uses still,
Each subtle influence of the passing hour!
We recognise the reason of our being—
And large desires the struggling spirit fill,
For patient hope, for strength, and earnest will.
And thus life's deep necessities foreseeing
The germs of active usefulness spring forth,
Gives to high resolves a noble birth!

Mistake not, then, the *purpose* of thy being—
But ask of Him who *all* his children sees,
To give thee strength for an entire resistance
Of life's temptations, through its hours of ease:
And *charmed indolence!* O! sister, mine,
Knowest thou what God intended thee to be,
Amid the crowd of wronged Humanity?
Nor a bright star in worldly scenes to shine—
Thy only aim, Joy's rosy wreath to twine.
No! to our suffering sisters thou may'st be
A very angel! laboring most truly,
To show them what their needy selves require;
Seek earth's poor outcasts—the debased unruly!
And bid them to a better state aspire.
Let us be active, generous—and humbly wise,
A noble work in such redemption lies!

GOOD CEMENT.—Take some common lime and mix it with a quantity of tar—just enough to make a tough dough. Use it quick, because it becomes hard in a few moments, and will never soak or crumble. This is a first-rate cement for the purpose of making swine-troughs, feed-boxes, eavetroughs and many other things.

I feel myself virtuous because my soul is at rest. Virtue is pleasure, were it not so, I should not follow it.

There is no midway in virtue; no halting place for the soul but perfection.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF MONEY, AND THE NOBILITY OF LEARNING. The following just reflections occur in an address recently delivered by Hiram Ketchum, Esq., on the occasion of the death of Chief Justice Jones;

Sir, there are now living in Europe, two very distinguished men, barons, both very eminent in their line, both known to the whole civilized world; one is Baron Rothschild, and the other is Baron Humboldt; one distinguished for the accumulation of wealth, the other for the accumulation of knowledge. What are the possessions of the philosopher? Why, sir, I heard a gentleman whom I have seen here this afternoon, a distinguished member of this community, say that, on a recent visit to Europe, he paid his respects to that distinguished philosopher, and was admitted to an audience. He found him at the age of eighty-four years, fresh and vigorous, in a small room, nicely sanded, with a large deal table uncovered in the midst of that room, containing his books and writing apparatus. Adjoining this was a small bed-room, in which he slept. Here this eminent philoso-

THE UNA:

pher received a visitor from the United States. He conversed with him; he spoke of his works. "My works," said he, "you will find in the adjoining library, but I am too poor to own a copy of them. I have not the means to buy a full copy of my own works."

Now, sir, which of these barons, do you think even in this age of gold, receives the greatest amount of the homage of the human race? I speak not of the homage of intelligent men, but of the honor paid by the masses. Let them both come here and pass through our streets, and see to which of them the hat of the multitude will be doffed with the most cheerfulness and alacrity.

Pride need not always lead a man to cut Mount Athos in two like Xerxes; nor ambition to conquer like Alexander; nor vanity to look in a stream at its own face, till he fall in love with it like Narcissus.

When we cannot cut Mount Athos, we may leave uncut our beard; when we cannot mount a throne, we may crawl into a tub; and when we have no beauty we may increase our ugliness.

If a man of small or even moderate talents, be smitten with a great desire of distinction, there is nothing too absurd, perhaps nothing too mischievous for him to commit.

He who knows, and knowing can acknowledge his deficiency though his foot be not on the summit, yet hath he his eye there.

Tell us not that that is right which admits of evil construction; that that is virtue which leaves an open gate to vice.

SHETLAND PONIES.—The demand for these hardy little animals has been on the increase for several years, and the prices in consequence have been materially advanced. One dealer has taken about four hundred annually from off the Shetland Islands for the past five years, and the total number yearly exported may be estimated at one thousand. Taking the average price at five pounds, there is brought into these distant isles for ponies alone at least five thousand pounds per annum, and nearly all this may be set down as the result of steam communication with Lerwick. Though we name five pounds as the average, there are but few good animals now to be had under seven pounds to eight pounds, and ten pounds are frequently paid for handsome beasts. It is not as riding ponies that so many of them leave the islands, but to supply the demand at the coal mines of England. Every coal mine, ever since female mining was abolished, requires the services of a number of ponies, and though the transition might be looked upon as a severe and sudden one to the poor pony, which is carried from the heather hills to be immured in darkness in a coal pit, the little hardy Shetlander thrives in it amazingly.—*John O'Groat's Journal*.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

A Monthly Journal for Girls and Boys.

EDITED BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

A PAPER, under the above title, will be published at Philadelphia, on the first day of October next.

In size and general character, this publication will resemble Mrs. Margaret L. Bailey's lately discontinued *Friend of Youth*, the place of which it is designed to take.

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Boston, Feb. 20th.

NOTICE.

THE UNA will be found for sale at Adriance, Sherman & Co.'s, No. 2, Astor House, New York.

jj 1.

N. E. SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN

THE third term will commence Feb. 27, 1853. Pupils will be received on application at the school on or before that day.

Designs for Delaines, Calicos, Muslins, printed Flannels, Paper Hangings, &c., executed at the school—also designs for wood engravings—vignettes—initial letters, &c., Lithography and wood engravings neatly and promptly done at the school. Thordike's Building, Summer street, Boston.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS TRACTS.

THE following series of Tracts is now in press, and will be ready for sale in a few days, at the prices named below:

No. I. A Discourse on the Rights and Condition of Women. Third edition. By SAMUEL J. MAY. Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. II. The Speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS, to the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1-4 cts.; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. III. "On the Right of the Female Sex to an education as thorough and extended as is provided for the Male." A Report, by Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, read at the Convention in Worcester, Oct., 1851. Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

No. IV. "Enfranchisement of Women"—an admirable article from the Westminster Review; and Miss HUNT's Protest against taxation of Women. Single copy, 6 1-4 cents; by the hundred, \$3 00.

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No. VIII. "No need of a permanent organization": A Letter from Mrs. ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD to the Convention at Syracuse. Single copy, 4 cts.; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. IX. Speech of Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, to the Convention at Syracuse, containing her criticism upon the remarks of the Hon. Mr. ROEBUCK, in the British Parliament. Also, the Declaration of Rights, issued by the Convention of Women, at Seneca Falls, Sept., 1848. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

No. X. Letters from Mrs. E. C. STANTON—1st, to the Convention at Worcester, Oct., 1850; 2d, to the Convention at Syracuse, Sept., 1852. Single copy, 4 cents; by the hundred, \$2 00.

N. B. Copies of this Report, at 12 1-2 cents, single, \$10 per hundred, and any of the above named Tracts may be obtained of J. E. MASTERS, or S. I. MAY, Syracuse, N. Y., of Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTTE, Philadelphia; Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH and Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, New York; ROBERT F. WALCOTT, BOSTON; Mrs. EMILY ROBINSON, Salem, Columbian Co., Ohio. Pay the postage.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

"OUT OF THE GREAT HEART OF NATURE SEEK WE TRUTH."

VOL. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., DECEMBER, 1853.

NO. 12.

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Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL, NO. 5.

MISS PATTY NETTLEWOOD.

BY NILLA.

Patty Nettlewood was born somewhere near the commencement of the present century. She was the eldest child of squire Joshua Nettlewood, two sisters and three brothers having followed Miss Patty into this world of trouble. Her father was the small lawyer of an inland village; a sharp little man, with a world of fuss and fidget, whose twinkling eyes were always on the lookout for causes of complaint among his neighbors; ready to fan the spark of dissension into a flame, or when there was already a fire, to see that it should not go out. Many were the petty wounds which he had irritated into life-long sores, as the "old boundary" and "water cases" can testify.

Patty was third cousin to Dolly Dolorous on her mother's side, Patty's mother being daughter to old Jonas Smiley, whose wife was sister to Dolly Dolorous' father. I am thus particular about ancestry, because I believe blood is thicker than water, and wish to make the matter as plain to my readers as it is to myself.

But Miss Dolly and Miss Patty, although cousins, were very unlike both in character and temperament. Miss Dolly was all "bile" and Miss Patty all "nerve." Miss Dolly was a shallow, lank-looking, strait-haired woman, with a sleepy black eye, while Miss Patty was a brisk

little body, scrofula-complexioned, with a quick twitching blue eye, and hair inclining to red, which she dressed, or rather allowed it to dress itself, in short, crisp curls about her forehead.

At the time I first knew Miss Patty, she was a resident ostensibly, of her brother's family, and as a supernumerary, she was left to go and come, just as she pleased. Miss Patty always had her hands full: she was as busy as a vender of patent-pills: no one of her acquaintance ever saw her approaching, without bracing themselves for the encounter, as they would for a small whirlwind; for her presence was sure to engender bustle; she was one of those officious, would-be Dorcas, who run about with a big bag or work-basket on their arm, serving as collector to all the multifarious charitable societies, ostensibly doing good, but oftener, as sower of dissension, engendering strife, acting as she usually did, as hanger-on to some well-to-do minister's family.

Almost every clergyman has one, two, three or half-a dozen "Miss Pattys" in his parish, who are determined to be intimate in their families, whether or no! thus in their own eyes, gaining importance before the rest of the congregation.

Parson Goodman often, was not exactly well pleased with Miss Patty or her doings; but he had become accustomed to her officiousness—and besides, she knew how to make herself useful copying sermons preparatory to printing, or assisting Mrs. Goodman about the children's spring clothing.

No one like Miss Patty, for finding out when the coat grew rusty, or the gown frayed, and who like her, could get up a subscription to replace it!

Busy as a squirrel, with a fresh nut to crack, she would run about with the greatest alacrity, traversing the rich streets for the five or three dollar bequests, and then gliding into the alleys and blind ways for the poor widow's or sewing girls' hard earned quarter.

Miss Patty was a successful beggar, for she

knew how to appeal to the pride of the poor, as well as the rich, and ostentatious charity is always the result of pride: she would tell them, as she entered, "I knew you would consider it a privilege to give something towards the Rector's new gown," and so on. Who could resist an appeal like that? But begging new gowns wasn't Miss Patty's only occupation, as Mr. Goodman proved to his sorrow. A little ill feeling had sprung up in one corner of his parish—it was a small matter, which a few kind words would have settled acceptably; but Patty Nettlewood wasn't the one to put out a fire if once the match had fallen among the combustibles. Parson Goodman had so far forgotten himself, as to reprove her with some sharpness for her meddling propensities, and the result was, that Miss Patty's friendliness turned to secret gall within her breast.

The venom worked. She knew all about the minister's family, for didnt she take care of little Moses through the whooping cough! and didn't she hear Mr. Goodman tell his wife, one morning, as they were going down to breakfast, that "old Bishop Drover was a stupid old dolt?" Then would follow an uncharitable recital of all the thoughtlessly imprudent speeches, which Miss Patty ever remembered to have heard Mr. Goodman make; and a long list of domestic infelicities, private opinions and little matters of household history which Miss Patty had contrived to gain possession of, with as much tact and skill as any adroit lawyer; for the poor worried-to-death Mrs. Goodman with her four little ones to take care of, and a world of care and anxiety could not believe that Miss Patty with her show of friendliness was only a meddling mischief-maker after all. But so it proved, and that which was but a small matter at first, grew to be a serious difficulty in the parish, until the Rector to prevent further trouble, and hoping in his absence, that the breach might be healed, was glad to find himself a new home in a distant diocese, trusting that no other like Patty Nettlewood would intrude to disturb their harmony.

CHAPTER II.

MISS PATTY'S RIDE TO 20TH STREET.

She is not only uneasy herself but she contrives to make all about her uneasy also: nothing ever could keep her quiet. If she is to get into an omnibus she not only scans the letters on the sides, but she hails the driver. "This omnibus go to 20th street?" "Yes marm." At that she tumbles herself, basket and bundles, into the coach, and to make assurance doubly sure, she asks of a fat man opposite, who is eyeing her curiously—"This is the 20th street coach?" Strengthened by his—"Yes marm," she ventures to ride, but no sooner is she seated, than she is up again and endeavors to pull down the glass just at her side, but the frequent rains have swollen the sash, and so the next passenger, a gentleman, feels himself bound to offer his services in her behalf, and after an infinite deal of fuss and bother it is settled that it will not move; and Miss Patty is forthwith transferred, basket, bundles and all, over to the other side, by the side of the fat gentleman, where the window proved to be more accommodating. But she cannot be easy even there; "she wonders the coachman don't drive faster—she doesn't see for her part anything in the way—she hopes he will not forget to leave her at 20th street!" Just then, a thin, nervous looking man, who had evidently suffered martyrdom for fifteen minutes, pulled the strap to get out, and as he passed up his sixpence, Miss Patty stretched up on tiptoe just under his face, and screamed in her fine, high-keyed voice—"Driver don't forget to stop at 20th street!" The nervous passenger gives a twitch, and his expression spoke plain enough—"confound her!" Once out, the driver pulls the door too with a bang, and on rolls the coach. But Patty can't be still, she gathers up and counts her bundles, looks out of the opposite window to see if anything looks familiar, and contrives to keep herself and every one else in a fidget.

"This is 20th street, madam," said the fat man, evidently relieved by the prospect of parting with Miss Patty. Up she jumps, jerks the strap, as if with the good will to bring coachee through; then passes up a bill to be changed. "Haven't you a sixpence, said the driver," but Miss Patty has nothing less, and his bank hasn't sufficient specie to meet the demand there, and a fellow passenger in his zeal to be rid of her, hands up a sixpence, at the same time, with a "No consequence Madam," assists Miss Patty out of the coach, handed down in rapid succession the basket and bundles; when lo! Miss Patty discovers she has taken the Bowery coach when she wished to go the West side of the town. In this dilemma she clings to the door of the omnibus, consulting the fat man as to what she shall do. Finding her feet are the only ponies at hand, she gathers up her bundles, and starts off in a half-trot down the street, leaving her relieved fellow passengers commenting on

the infelicity of having such an uneasy temperament.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.—NO. 7.

While M. slept, I thought, and, as usual, speculated upon the strange incongruous elements of society. The merry laugh of the children, returning at an earlier hour than usual from school, roused me, and I rose to welcome them as the two burst into the room and cried, look here, and see our new books, both of us have got prizes; but, said Mary, that's not the best of it. Doctor L. was at school, and Miss Y. called me to sing with her; and afterward, he asked me if I would not like to learn music. I said yes, but we can't afford it; and you don't know how he laughed at that.

"If I will pay for your instruction, can you not afford it?"

"Oh yes, said I, but I don't think sister Lucy will let you."

"We will see to that," said he, "and I shall come to talk with her about it to-night."

"I told him," said Ella, "that he must come on foot, for we had moved, and that our court was so narrow, that his horse could not turn round here; that you said so."

Then he said "why child, I am a perfect centaur, and if I came with four horses and a coach, I could turn it round."

"Now, what did he mean, Lucy, by centaur?"

"The centaurs, dear, were mythic tribes, represented to have been half man and half horse."

"How strange," said the little one, looking puzzled, "he is not like a horse at all."

At that moment his step was heard on the stair, and in an instant after, he entered; came while my heart was yet fluttering with excitement. Why could I not calm it. Why are not its beatings stilled forever. How I fear and tremble lest some stormy impulse should force my tongue to declare its long buried thoughts and feelings. Some secret instinct always tells me when he is near; and yet I do not feel that he has sympathy with me.

As he entered, Ella ran to him, seized his hand, looked up in his face, then down at his feet.

"And what are you looking at me, so querly for?" he said, as he caught her up and kissed her cheeks, lips, eyes, and neck.

"Oh, there, I knew you were not half a horse, and I don't think you look like one at all."

"What put that into your wise little head, sunbeam?"

"Why, you said you were a centaur, and we know what that means, we do."

"You do, rogue; well, go away now," and like a sunbeam she glided softly to me, and nestled lovingly by my side.

Now thought I, comes my trial, and I have only to be firm.

He at once introduced the subject of Mary's learning music.

I refused, on the ground of expense; combatted it as unneedful to a girl in her position, &c.

Pride and selfishness were up in arms; I desired all the child's love and gratitude to be mine, mine only. How could I endure to have another share these with me. Pride rebelled against receiving aid in my great work.

"You wrong the child," he said. I looked at her, tears hung upon her lids, a flush of anxiety spread over her face, and she turned from me.

"One so richly gifted as she is, ought to have all opportunities for development," he remarked.

Maria joined her entreaties to his, and I yielded. When he rose to leave, he went to her, took her hand in his, and thanked her so cordially for aiding him in his mission, that I was vexed that I had not yielded to him alone; then turning to me, he said, "I cannot understand you, Lucy; you seem always disposed to doubt, to distrust me, and thrust back my proffered friendship. If you will not accept it for yourself, do not reject it for these children. Do not imagine that I forget your father's generous kindness to me."

I could have wept. Then it is gratitude alone which brings him to me at times. Ay! had those fatal words of love, never been spoken, I might have sunned myself in his friendship. There is misery in weakness. Give me oh Father, strength. Make me firm; and let my trust be in Thee, thou high and holy One, who doest all things well.

9th. Mrs. Ashley, an early patroniser, but to whom I gave offence, because I would not let her have Mary for nursery companion to her two children, called to-day, with the celebrated Miss G., noted for her beauty, her wealth, and her pride.—She came to order her bridal outfit of under clothing made up.

Her face is regularly beautiful, her eyes brilliant, but the brightness is like that reflected from painted glass, or polished metal; it comes not from any inner light. The heart has never been awakened. I thought of the Undine, as I looked on her, and wished that she might love and suffer, so that her truly beautiful face could be illumined with the soul's light. I never looked on one so young, so beautiful, and yet so destitute of any hidden life, any lofty, generous impulses.

After showing her work, and giving most minute directions as to the manner in which it must be done, she asked my prices. I told them. "I think," she replied, "I can get the work done cheaper elsewhere."

To this, I answered simply, "I can do it at no less price." After some consultation with Mrs. A., she decided to leave it and pay my poor demand.

Mrs. A. has a warm, generous nature, is impulsive and earnest, but never mean, and I saw, or thought I saw her blush for her friend.

Maria listened to the conversation, but busily plied her needle, and did not look up as Miss G. swept out of our room without saying good-morning to either of us.

A moment after they left, she smilingly said "I was glad you would not alter your price for Miss G." Her remark called my attention to her, and never had I seen contrast so strongly marked; her face was glowing, her eyes flashing as though a fire were imprisoned in that little deformed body, and could only escape or glance out through them.

"And why were you glad I was firm, do you know anything of her?"

"Oh yes, to be sure; she is my own cousin; her mother was my father's sister. She has a second mother, and after my father's fall, they would never

er see us. We were intimate as children, in school and elsewhere."

"Do you think she knew you?"

"I do not think she even saw me; she sees none whom she does not wish to."

Scarcely were these two women gone, when two others came on quite a different errand. Each had a little parcel neatly folded in her hand. One was a large and rather handsome woman, with an open, pleasant countenance, and a most benevolent smile. The other, a small, trim, red-faced woman, with large, liquid blue eyes, which she lifted often, as though it were a habit to appeal to heaven.—She was the spokeswoman, although she had neither fluency or a graceful utterance, and seemed constantly to roll something about in her mouth, or to drop it under her tongue. Let me recall the conversation, for it was certainly curious.

I shall name the little woman Mrs. Short. After requesting them to be seated, being myself obliged to lose five minutes, at least, in removing work, &c. We were all again quietly seated, when Mrs. Short began. "We have called," she remarked, "to have some conversation with you on a very important subject."

What can it be about, thought I; is some one going to do some grand thing for me, for I must confess to myself that my thoughts do run upon the world. Unfolding her parcel she drew forth a little four page tract entitled, the swearers' prayer, and presenting it, said, "will you read it?"

"Most certainly" I replied; "it seems a novel title, and we have too little variety in our lives, to reject anything which will amuse, instruct or give us any, even the smallest pleasure."

"Where do you worship?" asked Mrs. Short.

"Here, in my own room."

"Do you not go to church?"

"I do not."

"Have you any objection to telling why you do not go to church?"

"None in the least; I have not time."

"Not time?" she replied, and casting her eyes down and then lifting them up to the ceiling, she said, "not time to serve God? How, then, can you expect him to care for you? Not time to go; surely, you do not work on Sunday."

"Sunday is my day of rest, and I worship perpetually, if labor is worship."

"Could you not rest in the house of the Lord?"

"Certainly not. I have no seat there."

"But there are seats provided in nearly all the churches, for those who need them."

"That may be very true; I believe it is; but they are quite far back, under the galleries, and have few of the comforts with which the seats of the rich are furnished."

"Still they are within the sound of the gospel, and if you loved its truths, you would not mind their not having cushions, &c."

"They may not be, even within sound of the gospel, to me, afflicted as I am with deafness, and beside, I cannot earn *bread* for three mouths, and clothing, suitable to go in."

"Would you go if you had suitable clothing provided?"

"I should certainly not accept clothing from any Dorcas society, or from any set of ladies, who might wish to bribe me to their church."

The two ladies consulted together, and then Mrs. Short renewed the attack by saying, "we have thought of bringing the gospel into your neighborhood, and of holding evening prayer meetings near you; would you attend them?"

"I should probably not find the time. I work from five in the morning till ten, eleven, and twelve at night, and I could not, therefore, waste time in that way."

"But it would not be waste time," said the little lady. "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you."

"I am of opinion," I replied, "that that scripture thus applied, is perverted."

She did not ask how I would explain it, but proposed to pray with us, at that moment, as she said "it seemed evident to her that I was in the 'gaul of bitterness and bonds of iniquity'; that I hated the blessed Savior, and would make my bed in hell at the last."

"Ladies, I have not the time to listen to you.—I have promised this dress, and I must complete it and carry it home before night-fall, for I have no one to go with me or to send it by, and you are aware that it is not safe for women, poor women at least, to be alone in the streets in the evening."

"You are most of the time engaged on such work—vanity, (the dress being a straw colored tarlton over satin,) as this, and more in earnest about it, than about your precious, undying soul."

"I am always in earnest to fulfil my promises, and for this kind of work I get good and prompt pay; and now allow me to say, ladies, that if you would do good, and save souls, your best mode of doing so is to give women work, pay them well, and thus take away their temptations to do wrong. I have been for some years a seamstress, I know their lives, I know how temptations lure, how necessity drives them with its scorpion lash into sin. Work for the majority is scarce, and you will find many ready to go to your meetings; but you will also find them afterward steeped to the very lips in sin. They must have bread and shelter, and oh, hide it not from your hearts, that thousands of your sisters are destroyed, because they cannot live otherwise. Stretch out your hands, extend your sympathies to their bodies, and then you may point them to the Infinite Father's love, more successfully.

"But do not close your eyes to the dark fact that women will accept a life of infamy, rather than endure slow starvation."

"Why do you so often see notices of young women drowned. They were driven to sin by want, and to death by the gnawings of the worm that never dies."

"Go to the boarding-house, at the end of this court. Look at that miserable, haggard crowd, there struggling, hand to hand, with their hard fate, and then demand of society relief, not a pittance doled out as charity, but demand for them, homes, where through attractive industry, they may be made useful, healthy and happy. There are many there, not yet lost, for they still strive for their own bread; they have still self-respect, for they work. Open to them some way of escape, for the demon of despair stands by them."

In my vehement earnestness, my work had fallen from my hands, and I was standing before

them, the preacher, almost the fanatic of the three.

Why must I always thus meet narrow bigotry, and contend against it. Why do I never meet a large, generous nature, who can comprehend and give living form to the grand idea which haunts me, of co-operative industry. The ants and the bees alone could understand me. I wonder if I was not once a bee. I surely have a sting in my tongue, at least so Mrs. Short thought as she left me, her red face redder than ever.

THE WINDHAM COUNTY DEMOCRAT.—We regret to loose from our exchange list the above named valuable weekly paper, which has been for some years very able conducted by Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols. We do not know the reason of its discontinuance or it may be its temporary suspension, but whatever it may be, we are certain that it was not because Mrs. Nichols did not do well the duties devolving upon her in her station, and shall hope to see it revived under auspices more favorable than heretofore. Mrs. N. will not we know be idle in the time which may intervene before she shall again resume the quill and editor's chair, for she is gifted to talk as well as write; and labor in the great field which is so white for the reaper is a joy to her generous heart, and in whatever department she may work, we bid her a hearty God speed.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It is now just the right time for our friends to make up clubs and send in the subscriptions before the new year, so that we may know how many copies of the *Una* to print.

Terms—Seven copies for \$5, to **ONE ADDRESS**; fourteen copies for \$10, to one address; twenty-seven copies for \$20, to one address.

We are particular about the one address for it is by the labor saving of mailing that we can afford to make the reduction.

Subscription price one dollar always in advance.

One dollar twelve and a half cents to Canada subscribers, and one dollar twenty five to foreign subscribers; this covers the postage which we are obliged to pre-pay; a most troublesome arrangement, and when we are permitted a voice in government we will have a variety of reforms in the post office department; among others, cheap ocean postage, and newspapers free under one thousand miles, when sent from the publisher's office.

Friends, will you aid us as nobly as you did last year?

Subscriptions from Nov. 10, to Dec. 1.

M. H. Ashton	\$1	E. Mulikin	1
E. G. Beck	1	Sally Payson	1
C. Cartlin	1	Rev. E. Stone	1
E. H. Chapman	1	A. Tuller	1
W. F. Channing	1	From a subscriber	5
T. H. Collins	1	Dr. Townshend	1
E. Devannah	1	Mrs. C. Chapman	1
G. H. Graves	1	Mrs. E. Wood	1
Jesse Hosier	1	Mrs. H. Lewis	1
William Hill	1	Miss E. Hurst	1
Mercy B. Jackson	1	Mrs. Burdett	1

THE WIDOW'S APPEAL.

To the Members of the House of Assembly:

GENTLEMEN,—I am about to address you through the medium of the public press, because I well know your multiplied calls prevent you from giving due heed to all the requests that cumber your tables; and because I am about to detail to you matters of truthful history, which are known only to myself and to Him who is omniscient and knoweth all things; and yet, true as these things are, respect for the feelings of the living and for the memory of the dead, prevents me from subscribing my own name thereto.

My heart bleeds when I think how many thousands and hundreds of thousands of similar cases of accursed wrong, caused by an accursed system of vending poison and death, lie buried in the grave, or in hearts deeper than the grave, and which will never be told till that day when God shall judge both quick and dead, and the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

I am one of those whose names are already upon your tables, petitioning for the passage of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. I have done more than this; I have laid aside, for a time, a woman's instinctive dread of encountering the gaze, the ridicule, and the rebuffs of those who appreciate not her motives, and I have traversed weary distances, and entered dark abodes of sin, entreating for names to that humble petition which prays for your aid in accomplishing a work which would cause more joy on earth, and in Heaven also, than any other event, save one, that this glorious sun of ours ever shone upon. In these walks, I have found the sick and destitute wives and widows of those who are daily sinking, or have already sunk, into the drunkard's grave. I have seen tears of joy leap from haggard eyes because their owners had the poor privilege of subscribing their names to such a petition; and I have departed, bearing with me blessings of those ready to perish, and followed by the prayers of those who have audience in Heaven, if not on earth.

Oh! could you, ye honorable legislators of this great and glorious country—could you behold, with unclouded vision, how many from the hovels of misery—how many from the mansions of the rich, how many from pallets of straw and couches of down are sending up petitions to Heaven's high throne, for blessings on your deliberations, and invoking for you the guidance of divine wisdom; and could you know with what trembling anxiety these praying mothers, sisters, and daughters watch your movements, and wait with excited hopes the tidings of your doings in this behalf, you would not—you could not turn an indifferent ear to our supplications!

I know it is said by some, that women have no right to petition, or, at least, ought not to be heard on so grave a question as this. They say that we are not fit to *judge* of the consequences and relative bearings of such a law; that we are swayed by feeling and sympathy, and hence that our views should have little weight in the decision of legislators, when interests of such magnitude are at stake. It may be so; but hear my tale and judge if it be true.

In early life I married a man who moved in the first circles of no mean city. He was a descendant of Puritan stock, and his venerable father's silvery locks yet command wide respect amid those who linger on Pilgrim ground. He was a worthy son of a worthy sire—a man among men. In the commercial world he stood fair among the fairest. Abundance blessed our board. If we had not wealth in hoarded profusion, we had enough for all our wants, and even the

rich might have envied us our happiness. But when I dreamed of no danger, the foe, with serpentine dissembling, wound his coils around my loved and cherished one, and blighted my every earthly hope. Oh, never!—never shall I forget the agony of that hour, when first the full conviction flashed upon my mind that the father of my children—my own loved and cherished husband—was a *drunkard*! Oh, ye who revel in wealth wrung from widow's tears, and hoard up gold from orphan's groans, were I a *demon damned*, and wished to heap upon your devoted heads the coals of unquenchable fire, I could not wish you worse than that you might drink of that bitter cup, which, was forced to my unwilling lips, and I compelled to drink, even to the deepest dregs.

But then, I knew not the power of my deadly foe. Hope, that angel of mercy, sprang up from the depths of despair, and with the frantic energy of the fire-surrounded victim of the prairie flames, I strove to release him from the grasp of the fell destroyer. I strove—oh, God! thou knowest how hard I strove to conceal from myself and others the truth. With my husband the struggle was equally severe, if not as ardent. He saw not at first the danger, but for my sake and his children's sake, he resolved that he would be free. Like Sampson, he rose in all the conscious strength of manhood's prime; but like him, who dallied with an enemy, he too, soon found out that he was shorn of his strength, and yielded in abject submission to his deadliest foe. Thrice before God and man, he took the solemn pledge that he would no more yield to the tempter, and thrice he fell but to taste in all its renewed horrors, a drunkard's hell. Oh yes, many, many times, when no eye but God and my own witnessed his struggle, and when he knew not of my vigils, I have seen him prostrate and weeping as though his once manly heart would break, as he reviewed the past, and looked forward to the future. 'Twas then he realized his hopeless, irretrievable bondage! Yet he was not a gutter drunkard. He seldom reeled in the street; he was never a public, degraded sot. But he was in the demon's power and, *demon-like*, he would in ten thousand ways, which shall forever remain nameless, harrow up my very soul, and render my life a burden. Property vanished;—friends grew cold; the proud despised us and tongue of malice was dipped in gall. All this he saw with blurred vision, and sometimes keenly felt that he had brought it all upon those whom he loved dearer than life. Day and night I toiled; night and day I watched and prayed, yea, weeks and months, and years I struggled, and by the free use of hands not ashamed to work, but heretofore all unused to toil, I, unaided by mortal arm, fed, clothed, and sheltered my little ones, and by main force held up my degraded husband also. And while thus, I gave up to sacred duty my choicest years of life, he who would have been, but for accursed drink, my protector and supporter, was driving deeper and deeper the barbed arrows into my life-spring, till at last, maniac-like, his cruel blows, of which no one knew or heard, drove me, and those whom God had given me, to seek shelter and protection where RUM could not invade my sanctuary.

Need I tell you the anguish of that fatal hour? Need I tell how it brought me to the very gates of death, whence after many days, I barely escaped? Need I tell you how he, who was thus forsaken, like Esau, in vain sought space for repentence and found it not, though he sought it carefully with tears? No; I need not tell you this. Nay, it is a tale that cannot be told—let it sleep. But I will tell you, that for the last

time, he renewed, as with a dying struggle, the terrible conflict with his enemy. In vain he looked on this side and on that for help. Help, there was none, but on every corner stood the tempter in bright array. All around were men—in the image of their God—men whom the law called good moral men, licensed by law to send his soul to hell and his body to the worms! Ah, too sure was their work, for as he lived, so he died. In an instant, when he looked not for it, death claimed his victim, and he was no more! No sympathising hand smoothed his dying pillow. No daughter's kiss assuaged his last death-throes! no son was there to hear his last commands! His body fills a drunkard's grave! His murderer may meet his soul in a world to come.

And now tell me ye honorable men, ye whom God has commissioned with power to avert from others the doom which awaited my once loved husband—tell me, have I no voice in this matter of life and death?

Of wrongs and outrages—of cruel and barbarous murders—of suicides and homicides, you have a full surfeit day by day; but of the deeper, darker sufferings of the unprotected, helpless females, you have little. Almost within the sound of your legislative halls, within the week last past, a poor lost victim, hopeless of the relief for which we pray, madly rushed into the presence of his God, declaring as his last words that he did so rather than bear the tormentor's sting on earth. You can hear the explosion of the death-dealing weapon, but the groans of the widow and orphan you cannot hear. You cannot bring the dead to life! You cannot restore to me, nor to the tens of thousands, whom like me, rum has deprived of their husbands, our loved ones, again! But you can, yes, you can hurl this demon from his high places! You can put the brand of Cain upon the man who engages in this accursed traffic. You can take away this temptation from those who would, if they could, avoid its snares! You can save the lives of tens of thousands of precious husbands, brothers, and sons—and it is for this we most humbly pray. Will you turn to us a deaf ear, and spurn us from you doors?

A WIDOW.

Canada Watchman.

PROFESSOR BUSH gives his views on the present false position of woman, in the new Church Repository, in the following pertinent remarks:

All persons must have congenial employment, such as will develop in them the highest powers of use. But society shuts woman out of almost all the branches of lucrative business; and for what they are allowed to do, their compensation is meagre, so that they can with difficulty obtain means of subsistence. Rather than starve outright, they sometimes sacrifice virtue, and then are made to suffer scorn, abandonment, and that most terrible of all dooms, the prostitute's destiny. Then the untempted virtuous stand aloof from them even in their woe. A baited stag will turn upon his hunters; an oppressed nation of Helots will sometimes revolt, and it is not at all surprising, when a woman sees her labor prized at one sixth that of man, that she should question the justice of the matter, and ask for her rights.

You know that many of the fortunes which are made are but the gains of woman's labor, obtained because it was cheaper. Too often it is that in the mind of the capitalist, the thought never enters, that the service of a laborer is worthy a liberal remuneration, or that low wages slowly paid to a woman is injustice, robbery, and

frand. But it is easy for the lascivious, the effeminate, and the opulent, to declaim against the extension of the sphere of female labor. I hate to decry people's motives, but it is well known that if the field of woman's usefulness were enlarged, their lives would not be a scene of listless ennui, fashionable weakness, sickish effeminacy, or of destitution and suffering, to escape which they are so often impelled to choose the trade of hell—a barter which anti-women's rights men and women frequently scruple not to drive them to pursue.

But for their voting, I have not canvassed this question. *Unfortunately*, however, I was the child of New England parents, and heard the doctrine, which is revolutionary, I know, but orthodox for all but women, idiots, and negroes—that taxation and representation must go together. It will not do to say that protection is a sufficient reason for taxing women. Nicholas, Francis Joseph, and Fredric, have as good a right to that argument in their despotism, as any body. So had George III. in controversy with our fathers in 1763. If women, possessing freedom and reason, are liable to taxes and imposts, the logic is unavoidable, that they have a right to the elective franchise. Else they are serfs.—'Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed'; but what government is known for woman, except the power of the strong over the weak? Their employment is prescribed, and its compensation; and they are educated to marry for a support, a position in society, &c. If a female barter virtue for these she is condemned by the moral ones; but if she marries to obtain them, it is respectable! What is the difference between the two? Which is anti-conjugal? Both. Both are scortations.—Yet women in all ages of the world have transacted these very forbidden things before alluded to. Queens have ably wielded sceptres, and ladies of rank counseled wisely with potentates. Women have studied the law, and been priestesses of religion. Most of the practitioners of medicine in old time, in all countries, were of that sex. 'Midwives feared God' then; but now modest women in parturition prefer the services of vulgar men. The Lord condescended to inspire prophetesses, and Paul commanded Phoebe, the diakonus, or minister of the church at Cepharea, also Priscilla, his fellow-helper, who taught Apollos the way of God more perfectly.

Swedenborg disdained not to receive honors from Queen Ulrica, and never bore witness against female sovereigns. He also, in 'Conjugal Love,' characterizes the assemblies of woman, even pronouncing them more interiorly wise than those of the men.

Why they could not have legislative bodies composed of their own sex, be awarded the trial by female juries, and exchange morbid effeminacy and a useless, inactive life, for one of more rationality, and in accordance with genuine affection, are enigmas which I cannot solve. We men of the North deprecate Southern slavery, yet in everything, almost, pertaining to the relations of woman, they seem to be in advance of us in that section of our country. But I will forbear further remark, as I have imperfectly examined the topic. I presume that I favor the unpopular side, an offence not easy to overlook.

The prominent characteristic of the female mind is affection; and that of the male mind is thought; but disparity does not imply inferiority. The sexes are intended for different spheres of life, and are created in conformity to their destination, by Him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest, and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows.

PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING.

We received, some months since, a copy of the proceedings of the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, which we have failed, through press of other matter, to notice. The call under which the friends assembled to form this new Church, was liberal in the highest degree, addressing all, and inviting to co-operation, all who look to God as a Universal Father, and who regard as one brotherhood, the whole family of man.

In the testimonies, we find a strong article in favor of temperance, one against slavery, another in favor of the rights of woman, capital punishment, and one on a subject, which, we believe, Churches have generally regarded as a venial sin, viz., the use of tobacco.

This valuable report we give entire, and are pleased to state that it is from the pen of Mrs. Mary Ann W. Johnson, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology; and that she is now in New England. Her Lectures are of a high order, added to a quick, clear and discriminating mind. She has such scientific knowledge and experience, as enable her to impart the very kind of information that women most need in their various relations.

TOBACCO.

In our efforts to advance to a higher and truer life, it is of the utmost importance that we should investigate the laws of our physical nature, since upon obedience to those laws depends, in no small degree, the healthful action of the mind. It is also incumbent upon us to look closely into the personal habits and social customs prevailing among ourselves and in the community generally, that we may be prepared to bear our testimony against whatever practice is calculated to debase either the body or the mind, or that may be shown to be inconsistent with that refinement and moral purity which an association like ours should seek to cherish and promote.

Among the worst evils of our day, we must rank the widely prevalent use of Tobacco. It is the cherished idol of a large portion of the people. Before its polluted shrine multitudes of every rank delight to pay homage, from those who claim to be authorized messengers of truth to their fellow-men, to the felons who suffer the penalty of violated human law; from the man of gray hairs to the child of tender age, and from those who dwell in the abodes of luxury to the beggars in our steets.

There is much ignorance in the community as to the effects produced by tobacco upon bodily health. It is, according to the highest medical authority, extremely insidious in its influence.

It performs its work of ruin secretly, and almost imperceptibly. Dr. L. B. Cowles, of Boston, in a volume recently published, bears this testimony: "Tobacco is a narcotic stimulant. Its character in this respect resembles opium, but it possesses greater power in the same form. It gives an unhealthy stimulus to the brain and nervous system, which is followed by a narcotic or deadening influence." The experience of those who have been brought in subjection to its power will, no doubt, confirm this and other equally explicit medical authority. Let an individual who has long been habituated to this stimulant deny himself of its use for a brief time, and the effects produced by it upon his constitution will become apparent. The nervous system will be found to be prostrated, the muscular power diminished, the memory impaired, the mind enfeebled, and the moral faculties beclouded. The persons thus situated will perhaps feel that life

is of little worth, unless cheered and enlivened by the fumes or juice of his favorite weed.

It is acknowledged by all that the condition of the brain is inseparably connected with the intellect, and that organ, by the constant use of tobacco, becomes eventually so paralyzed, that very little mental effort can be made without its exciting influence. The writer before quoted remarks: "One injury which the *mind* sustains from the use of this excitant, is a diminution of self-government, self-respect, and moral courage. This habit more completely enslaves the mind than any other to which the human nature is addicted." This is testimony which it becomes all those addicted to this practice to consider and heed. Especially should it command the attention of those who profess to be reformers, or who have children to be influenced by their daily example.

The pecuniary waste resulting from the use of this narcotic stimulant, is also worthy of serious consideration. It appears from the last report of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, that \$20,000,000 are annually expended for this pernicious weed. This sum is equal to the value of our entire export of wheat!

It is believed that one-fourth of this sum (\$5,000,000) is expended by professing Christians, who claim to have crucified the world with its affections and lusts! How can they answer to their consciences for this waste, and worse than waste, of means which they are bound to consecrate to the welfare of the human family? Individuals may say, "The sum I expend in this way contributes little towards the great amount;" but as the torrent that sweeps away property and life is composed of drops, so is this vast sum, all of which is needed for benevolent and charitable uses, made up entirely of the comparatively small contributions of individuals.

The evils of tobacco are not confined, moreover, to one generation, but go down from parent to child by the laws of hereditary descent. Habits that degrade the body also degrade the soul, and man's moral tastes rise or fall according, as his physical habits are vulgar or refined, and since men are liable to transmit to their posterity the elements of their own character, whether good or bad, a fearful responsibility rests upon them in this particular.

While we would remonstrate with fidelity and earnestness against this wrong, which so many perpetrate against their own nature, we would not fail to remember that guilt is always in proportion to the amount of light enjoyed, and to the means of obtaining knowledge. If we have been led to see more clearly than others the evils of tobacco, we would not too severely condemn those whose minds are yet comparatively unenlightened. We would throw around them the light of truth, and by loving-kindness seek to draw them from a practice injurious to the health of the body and the purity of the soul. We would say to the consumers of tobacco, as to the deluded inebriate, "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, lest you be brought into a bondage from which you will not find strength to make your escape. Keep yourselves free from a habit that obstructs your efforts at self-improvement, and impairs your power of doing good to your fellow-men."

Spirit will be self ruler; to be possessed of its own self is true strength; every truth, every revelation, is a touch of our own spirit.

Love is the spiritual eye; it reviews and avows what is heavenly; they are presents of higher truths, which make us ask for love.—Goethe.

ENDING AND BEGINNING.

This number of the UNA closes our year. We issued twelve numbers in eleven months, in order that we might begin our next volume with the year 1854.

Until now, we have naturally looked upon our enterprise as an experiment, but we consider its experimental age passed, and feel that we may pronounce it a success. Not that its list is as large as we could wish, by any means, or its influence as wide, but it has evoked expressions of good will from quarters so numerous and diverse, as to prove that it has a solid basis of sympathy to rest upon. While it has this, it will be continued, and no pains will be deemed too great to make it what the dignity of its object demands.

Many pleasant veins of feeling and hope has it opened for us, which it shall be our joy to work diligently in the future. From isolated heads and hearts, brooding far apart over evils that seemed crying helplessly for remedy, we have received multiplied proofs of appreciative sympathy, and many a thrilling "God speed" has come to us from those whom we had looked upon as shut out from us, on the other side of the gate of prejudice.

We have not defended our cause as it might have been defended, nor attacked so boldly as some strong arm, would have done, the wrongs it is our aim to overthrow. The fable of the North Wind and the Sun has always been present to our minds, and while we do not deprecate the aggressive where truth urgently demands it, we cannot forego our belief that a victory won by persuasion and argument is more certain of good results than a triumph wrung from weakness or extorted from fear. We believe so strongly in the unchangeable truth of what we labor for, that we deem ourselves only striving to accelerate the world's progress towards an inevitable conclusion. We feel, therefore, that we can afford to wait, if need be, the slow revolution of the wheel, instead of trembling, like the dealers in expediency, lest through our heedlessness, a golden opportunity should be forever lost. If woman was intended for the place we claim for her, the stern rigidity of established institutions and prejudices may retard for a while the practical recognition of her rights; but as surely as the rivulet seeks the distant sea, she shall emerge at last into the full fruition of her glorious destiny. Thus believing, we need no deeper inspirations, no more cheering hope.

Promises we have none to make. It is our purpose to concentrate upon the UNA more labor and power, hereafter, and to give its pages greater diversity and value. A gifted friend, who expects to spend the coming year among the homes of Europe, has promised us, from time to time the results of her observations.

Many pens will help us in this effort, and we feel warranted in earnestly calling upon our friends, and not ours merely, but the friends of woman's emancipation everywhere, to enlarge

our circulation, and in so doing to extend many fold, our power to impress the public mind. It is an easy thing for each of our subscribers to obtain, one two or three more, and do we err in hoping that the same sympathy which makes one a subscriber will induce her or him to wish to bring others under similar influences? It is important that all subscriptions should commence with the first number of the new volume, so that the difficulty of obtaining back numbers may be avoided.

Our terms will be found under the proper head. They are necessarily very simple and easily remembered.

All subscriptions should be directed to

PAULINA W. DAVIS,
Providence, R. I.

GOOD LOOKS.

Foreigners who come to us, especially from England, almost always remark upon the sallowness and prematurely old look of our women. Instead of being in the height of their vigor and beauty at thirty five, and preserving both until past fifty, as nature designed they should, and as many do in England, our American women begin to fade at twenty five, and look aged and worn at forty. This is especially true of the country women of New England, where one would naturally look for robust health, instead of in the cities, where, among those in good circumstances, truth compels us to say it is far oftener to be found. It is a rare thing to see, in a country congregation in the north eastern states, a thoroughly healthy, vigorous and elastic woman, robust without grossness, and graceful without too slender proportions. Particularly is this the sad truth concerning the married women.

By the time thirty five overtakes them, and often far sooner, they become sallow, weary-looking, flat chested and uninteresting, no matter with how large a "setting out" of beauty they may have started in life.

Now, there are causes for this state of things, and we must be pardoned for believing that they are important enough to demand earnest attention. Without entering on a physiological dissertation, let us try to point out a few of them.

We pass by the moral and intellectual causes at work to produce this state of things—the bounding of life's horizon by the petty cares that wait on meat, drink and raiment—the absence of genial and improving intercourse, and of earnest interest in the hopes and fortunes of the race—and the little rivalries and little aspirations on which, for lack of better objects, so many a soul is fain to waste its energies—we pass all these to enumerate a few of the physical causes at work to produce the results we deplore.

Diet is one of the first things to be considered in looking for health and its attendant vigor. What is the diet of New England generally? Hot "biscuits," fat pork and tea! these are the staples. They are varied with preserves, made "pound for pound," and endless varieties of cake and the inevitable pie. Pastry, which most children in England are not allowed to touch until they get their long frocks or tailed coats on, is here the every day food of young and old. Salt pork is cheap, that is, greasy ful-

someness makes it pall sooner on the appetite than any other meat, and so it forms the "*pièce de résistance*" at almost all tables, except those who live within hail of a butcher, and whose owners are well to do in the world. Tea is the grand panacea for all fatigue, low spirits, dampness, coldness, pains in the head and in the back, and in short, for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to, the quantity gorged by middle aged and elderly women, almost surpasses belief. Certainly to put the average at six or eight cups a day would be setting it low enough.

Next as to cleanliness. One must have a very large deposit of health in bank to be able to forego the practice of constant and universal ablution without a material, and finally a fatal draft on one's vitality. Yet it is no slander to say that not one woman in ten permits cold water to touch her whole person every day, nor that one in five does not do the same oftener than once in a week, while if the truth could at once be flashed forth from its hiding place, it would show still longer intervals, from the bare thought of which, imagination shrinks.

Fresh air is an indispensable condition to any considerable degree of health, and especially to the elasticity and vigor which is its most delightful attendant. Yet three quarters of New Englanders sleep in slightly enlarged coffins, called "bedrooms," because they are large enough to hold a bed a "light stand" and a wash stand. These are often rendered redolent of sweetness by thickets of coats, pantaloons, dresses and petticoats hung on the walls, and purified by the perfumes of the adjoining kitchen, and the dead, dry heat of its red hot stove. Here "pa, ma and the baby" with now and then a brace of small fry in a "trundle bed," seethe and swelter through the winter nights, and fit themselves admirably for facing the nor' wester in the morning. Here when one of the family is sick, he is pretty sure to die, because a fever almost inevitably takes the typhoid form from the fetid atmosphere around, and the struggling currents of health are sent stagnating back to the burdened heart and lungs.

All day long in winter the stove heat burns into the brain and withers the cheeks and palsies the muscles, and enfeebles the step, and though summer comes with its outer air and its fruits and flowers, the loads it is asked to remove are too much for it, and the years circle round the weary, aimless, soul-consuming years, and the bad diet, and the uncleanly habits and the foul air and the hot stove have done their miserable work. Beauty is gone, health is vanished, hope has set, and the young mother, who should be just beginning to shed beauty and goodness and light around her, has shrunken mournfully into the forlorn and wrinkled and unlovely old woman. When will our country women awake and ponder the things that concern their peace?

POEMS—BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Such is the modest title of a book which gives to American Poetry the noblest contribution it has received for years. Most of the poems it contains have appeared separately, at intervals, before. But scattered as they were, through the years and the columns, they afford but an inadequate basis on which to construct a judgment of the author's power and beauty as a poet. The all-conquering romance, which has just filled the wide earth until the

wail of a crushed and outlawed race, was never fully appreciated, until gathered into a book, and so these exquisite verses, familiar as we are with most of them, come to us now, in their unity, as a new revelation. A criticism we shrink from offering, not more because we feel the task to be above us, than because it has already been done in an appreciative spirit by bitter pens. But it would not satisfy our heart, did we fail to record our humble impressions of them, welling, as we know they do, fresh from the inspired soul of one whom it is our happiness to number in our list of friends.

The feeling that prevails after laying down this book, is that of overflowing wealth—an affluence of thought, feeling and language, almost without precedent in our experience. Images of exquisite beauty and delicacy seem to spring up along her path, like wild flowers in a forest walk, and not like the formal beauties of the garden parterre. In the shade of thought or feeling ever so delicate, there is a die of language ready to coin it into the currency of speech, and she seems never at a loss to convey the very hue her soul has borrowed from the changing phases of the sky above her. Through all the book there runs a vein of intensest appreciation of nature, and sympathy with her every mood.

For exquisite description, what can surpass this:

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinging the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst,—

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams thro' their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crispèd leaves and flowers,

In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedar alleys blown.

Upon those soft, fring'd lids the bee sits brooding
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The scentless flower, in the warm sunlight dreaming,

Forget to breathe their fullness of delight,—
And through the tranced woods soft airs are streaming.

Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

So, in my heart, a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet find no words its mystic charm to tell.

Or for lofty faith, strengthened by the assuring voices of nature's many harmonies, what can be found nobler than the hymn 'To the Morning Star,' or the lines "To the Angel of Death" or "Resurgamus?"

" Yet, while the *night of life* shall last,
While the slow stars above me roll,
In the heart's solitude I keep
A solemn vigil for thy soul.

Is not this beautiful? But there are many passages which have a majestic march which is more than beautiful. Through all the volume, be the theme what it may, there is always present the dignity of a lofty purpose. The Poet never descends to the trifler, nor perverts her noble art to ignoble uses. With a strong, earnest human heart, she feels the joys and sorrows and hopes of the race, throbbing in her breast, and speaks for them and herself, reverently, as an appointed priestess.

With all the strength, and polish and beauty everywhere apparent, the spirit of a true and gentle woman, pervades the book like a balmy atmosphere. She has seen life's bright and joyous side, but it has not made her forgetful of its solemn realities; she has had sad and bitter experience, but they have not soured or clouded her clear spirit. Out of all her past, its bright and its dark, its mournful and its beautiful, the Poet-Alchemist has distilled the strength and sweetness of a higher life.

FACTS FROM THE CENSUS.

The New York Times of the 19th has some interesting tables from the census returns recently published by Pro. De Bow, Superintendent of the Seventh census. Among them is one exhibiting the number of persons, who cannot read and write, classed according to sex and nativity. From this we learn the startling fact that the number of illiterate women, compared with the number of men in the same condition, is as fifty seven to thirty nine! A vast proportion truly, and one which offers material for some grave reflection.

What is the cause to which we are to ascribe the fact, that for every two men who are yet steeped in the ignorance which this deprivation implies, there are within a fraction, three women, or nearly half as many again, who are equally benighted? Is it to be found in the comparative inaptitude of women for the acquirement of knowledge, or a deficiency of natural desire for it? Are women more stupid than men, or less emulous of excellence and proficiency? We think not. On the contrary, experience shows that for quickness of apprehension and ambition to excel, the girls in all our seminaries of learning, prove themselves at least the equal of their competitors of the other sex, while instances are not few, of female minds displaying a power and grasp, which, with half the opportunities vouchsafed to their fellow students of the other sex, would produce far more substantial and brilliant results.

We think the causes of this great disproportion are to be looked for, away, far away from any deficiency of capacity in the sex which is made to appear at such grievous disadvantage. The necessity of educating women at all, is but imperfectly admitted, in practice. The continual harping on "woman's sphere"—a sphere ruled by that exalted trinity, a baby, a shirt and a pudding—when carried out to its consequence, means nothing less. For, cannot a woman nurse a baby, make a shirt or compound the abstruse ingredients of a pudding, without knowing a from zed, or a pen from a toothpick? Nobody supposes that all this surplus of ignorant women is to be found only in families where there are no men, or no educated men. On the contrary,

many of them will be found growing up side by side with brothers and husbands who would be ashamed to have it suspected that they could not read and write, but who think it all right that "the women folks" should attend to the daily drudgery of the household, instead of "bothering their heads about larnin."

The provisions for female education are all in keeping with this mistaken estimate of its necessity. Colleges dot the union from Maine to Louisiana, in which young men are trained by the most learned teachers in all sciences, useful and useless, all languages, dead and living, and fitted, as far as literary gymnastics can fit them, to perfect the process of self education, and play their part in the great life-battle. After colleges come academies, richly endowed, in a large proportion of which, no female face is ever seen. Here, boys less favored by fortune than their neighbors at the college, are "grounded in the rudiments," and sent forth with beginnings of growth, which only need effort and ability, to bring them to the full stature of manhood, and compensate them for the lack of more elaborate training, by the power that springs from self dependence.

Compared with the means provided for the education of men, how trivial and insignificant seem the provisions made for women. A profusion of expensive boarding schools, where huge prices paid for parrot teaching, in which the head is burdened with trash, and the heart left to feed on hollow frippery and the hope of a settlement—these with a few academical institutions and the common school in its humblest estate, have been, until quite lately! all the proofs vouchsafed officially by society that it believed in a female soul at all! And its care for her training has by no means fallen below its estimate of her value and capacity. It has educated her to its own ideal of her. It has taught chemistry, that she might fathom the mysteries of the cook book, and not make mistakes in her bread. It has taught her natural philosophy that she might not try to pump when the valve was out of order, or leave water in her pitcher on a frosty night—and now it is very reluctantly and grudgingly consenting that she should comprehend physiology and the laws of health, because alas! no way has been discovered of relieving that great being, man, from dependence on her and her physical health, for both existence and due development. For a life which has for its object herself or the human race, in the highest acceptation, she has not been educated, simply because she has not been intended for it. What wonder then, that while the light breaks so divinely on the summits, the dwellers in the dark valleys of life deem it so little worth to attempt the ascent? What wonder that with all the glorious hopes held out to them, men excel women in knowledge? Let us rather be thankful that in the face of such a fire, woman has marched so far up the hill of science.

S.

THE UNITED STATES JOURNAL.

This paper comes to our table in an entire new dress, and asks us to look at it on all sides, which we have done, and pronounce it vastly improved. It has a large amount of reading matter and we hope it may always be as civil and well behaved as this number, and progress in proportion to its size.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, DECEMBER, 1853.

PECUNIARY INDEPENDENCE OF WOMAN.

The words which describe the wrongs of men, are strangely enough, exact definitions of the positions in society, prescribed for women.

Political vassallage, pecuniary dependence, domestic inferiority, and industrial and professional limitations, are fastened upon them by civil law, and current opinion as rigidly as ever, the system of feudalism, or the spirit of caste bound their victims under the like disabilities. The civil and criminal laws by which they are governed, are made without their participation or consent; their property interests and the fair proceeds of their industry during marriage, are administered and disposed of by those whom they took for husbands, but the laws change into masters; in the household they are at best but upper servants, under life-long engagements; and in all the business avocations by which pecuniary independence might be secured, they are restricted by the rules of custom and opinion, to those which are most servile in character and least profitable in returns.

In fact, the analogy that exists between the conditions of women, and of the negro race in the United States, is so close, that slavery and caste apply to the one as well as to the other.

In the Southern States, "all that a slave possesses belongs to his master. He has nothing of his own, except his peculium, that is to say, "the sum of money or moveable estate which his master chooses he shall possess." The earnings of slaves and the price of their services belong to their owners, who have their action to recover the amount from those who have employed them. Slaves cannot receive or dispose of property by gift or bequest, unless they have been previously enfranchised, conformably to law, or unless they are expressly enfranchised by the act by which the donation is made to them."

Those provisions of the Louisiana code relating to slaves, are to the letter descriptive of the condition of wives under our common law; the last cited requiring only widowhood, and trusteeship, to be substituted for enfranchisement. The wife indeed, cannot be sold for the debts of her husband, or bartered for his pecuniary benefit, but her services and their proceeds may be; just as if her husband had only a slave-holder's life estate in her person with a restraining entailment to the next possessor; but this exemption is, in not a few instances, balanced by the fact that the wife has not the benefit of changing a bad master for a better one; but her children are as absolutely at the disposal of her owner during their minority, as are those of the slave-mother.

Thus the metaphysical oneness of matrimony, operates the extinguishment of woman's per-

sonal liberties and pecuniary rights and interests, as completely as chattel slavery itself could effect.

And how are widowhood and maidenhood treated? They are released from the bondage of domestic masterdom, but like the free negro they suffer still, all disqualifications and oppressions of caste. They may take property by inheritance and acquire it by industry, hold it in their own names and dispose of it to their own benefit, just as the emancipated slave or the free-born negro may do; but sex, as absolutely as color, denies them all the political rights of citizenship, and they are as sternly barred out of lucrative official stations, liberal professions and profitable employments.

Their labor is mainly confined to domestic service and needle-work, which at best, but poorly feed and clothe them, and never affords that opulence which ensures position and power in society. Colored men may be barbers, porters, and carters in the northern States, and white women have the corresponding opportunities in labor, in its inferior and low priced departments.

The exceptions to the rule in both cases balance each other nearly enough to justify the parallel. Two or three medical schools admit colored men to their privileges, and about the same number are open to white women. One colored clergyman in New York has a white congregation, and now we have one woman in the pulpit to match this grace to the black race in the same State. And as if to keep the measure of restriction as well as that of indulgence, even, the two representatives of the respective castes of color and sex were both excluded from the same World's Convention of temperance men, held in the metropolis of that Commonwealth.

Private munificence has provided two or three schools of design for women in this country, and as many establishments for the liberal education of colored people, have been founded in the same way.

The Normal schools of New England supported by State endowments, have some pretensions to classical character, but the avowed design of these is to provide teachers for primary and preparatory schools elsewhere, where the service of teaching will be paid, at about half price, according to male teachers of a similar grade. Tuition in all the higher branches, for all the free education of the other sex is not thought of nor provided for. And the college or two that are open without limitation of study and aim to women, are also free to the same extent and effect for colored men.

Truly, the correspondence is more exact than we are accustomed to admit. But there is the profession of authorship in which women are as free as genius and talent can make them. Well, even here, there is a mulatto Dumas as popular as Mrs. Stowe, or Miss Bremer, or Miss Martineau. It is by the law of spirit life, which civil laws and social customs cannot reach, that the world's literature is just as open to the ambition of color as of womanhood. The parallel holds throughout.—Women and negroes, in marriage and singleness, in slavery, and in nominal freedom, stand on the same platform and hold the same position in the

laws, customs, and conduct of business in the freest government of the earth!

This subject is not nearly exhausted, but the comparisons we have drawn, the analogy between the most hated and despised race of earth, may startle some who sleep, into earnestness, and compel them to feel their own false, unnatural, and despicable position. If it does this, if it rouse one woman to feel her degradation, its suggestions will have accomplished their mission; and when the new year opens upon us, and a new volume of the Una commences, we shall, we trust, have both health and spirit to fully develope our thought and make an application of the whole subject to our many and varied relations.

SPEECH OF ISAAC C. PRAY.

AT THE LATE WOMAN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION.

For two years I have been the incessant opponent of the persons on this platform, in a leading journal in the city, which gives the cue to the hisses on that gallery. I have myself given—(applause.) Pray, spare your plaudits; I do not wish for them. In November, 1851, I retired from that journal, and I have since applied myself to study. This movement, among others, has come under my notice, and I have given it much attention. The result is, that I have entirely changed my opinion with regard to it—I know, not only that my former opinion was wrong, but that this movement is one which you cannot stop; it emanates from the Deity himself, whose influence urges man forward on the path of progress. I say to the clergy, if they ignore this movement, they ignore that accountability to the Almighty which they preach—I do not mean to enter into any argument on this subject; but merely wish to say, as each one is accountable for his energies to God, you must go on in this good and holy cause; I also, wish to show that there is such a thing as a man's changing his opinion. This cause has been the butt of all the ridicule I could command. I scoffed at it, in season and out of season. There is not a lady on this platform whom my pen has not assailed; and now I come to make all the reparation in my power, by thus raising my voice in behalf of them and the cause committed to their hands.

WOMAN ON THE PLATFORM.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL COLLEGE, }

Spring Arbor, Mich., Oct. 17, 1853. }

FRIEND GARRISON:

At the rhetorical exercises of this Institution a few evenings since, we had the subject of woman's rights presented to us by a practical demonstration. Two ladies (Miss Tibbets and Miss Scott) being called upon to read compositions, deliberately took their places on the rostrum, and delivered speeches of some ten or twelve minutes each, on the subject of Woman's rights. They spoke in a very graceful and energetic manner. The 'boys' hung their heads in shame, to see themselves so completely outdone by women. This was a new thing under the sun for our institution. No woman has heretofore been found who dared make this innovation upon long-established customs.

Public opinion here, as elsewhere, is divided on this very exciting topic; yet we believe that upon the whole, the majority will sustain these ladies in their position. There are some here who believe that women are as good judges of the sphere they are fitted to occupy as are certain men. We believe that woman has a high and noble mission assigned her, and the sooner

all obstacles are removed, the better will it be for the world.

Why is it that woman cannot command wages equal to those of men, when she toils as hard and does as much? There is wrong somewhere. Some tell us, she can afford to work cheaper; but how, we know not. No one can honestly deny that woman by nature is better qualified to instruct and control the youthful mind than man. Why, then, should any one seek to deprive a large proportion of our race of woman's influence as a teacher? But, says one 'We would have women for teachers, sometimes.' Truly; and for a mere pittance, too, I suppose. We assert that if woman performs the same labor as man, she should have the same reward. But now, men no better, and frequently not so well qualified, command double and treble the wages. This surely ought not so to be. Men who are opposed to this noble reform of the nineteenth century, if not by words, by actions say in plain terms, 'We have got the power over women, and they may help themselves if they can.'

The day, we hope, is not far distant, when women will rise up in their majesty, and *help themselves*. The signs of the times clearly indicate that this revolution is destined to triumph. The work must and will proceed, in spite of all opposition. Let ridicule be heaped upon her, yet, nothing daunted, she will go forward to battle and to victory.

Yours, for the cause,

ONE OF THE 'BOYS.'

P. S. By the way, Mr. Editor, why cannot some of the 'Women's rights' Band give this place a call? We claim this as an anti-slavery Institution, and we hope that it will ere long be reckoned among the institutions that believe in women's rights. Come and speak to us!—[Liberator.]

From Frederika Bremer's *Homes in the New-World*.

I must tell you about one of the mysteries of Charleston, because I have often seen it steal hastily by, like a shadow in the streets and alleys there. It appears to be a woman, meanly clad, in the hues of twilight. She is called Mrs. Doctor Susan, for she is a physician, and helper of the poor. She belongs to one of the higher families of the city, but, having made a false step in her youth, became an outcast from society, which, in North America, endures much secret immorality, but none, which becomes public. It might, perhaps, in the course of years, have forgiven and admitted the young delinquent to its circles, but she no longer sought for pardon from man. She turned her heart to One much higher. She became the servant of his poor and afflicted people; and since then, she may only be met with among them, or on the way to them. That which is given to her, either of money or of clothing, is applied by her to the use of the poor, and she herself lives in voluntary poverty.

The negroes in my friend's family were at one time so ill of an infectious fever that every one fled them. But Doctor Susan came and tended them, and restored them to health, and when she was rewarded for it, she considered her reward too great. Known throughout the whole city, she goes everywhere in her poor dark attire, like a messenger of consolation, but always rapidly, silently, and as if fearful of being seen. Like the fire-fly, it is only in the dark that she sends forth her clear, indwelling light; like it, has she been trampled upon by mankind, and she yet gives forth light.

To the authorities of the City of Boston (Mass.) and the Citizens generally:

Harriet K. Hunt, physician, a native and permanent resident of the city of Boston, and for many years a tax-payer therein, in making payment of her taxes for the coming year, again protests against the injustice of levying taxes without a right of representation. The present system of taxation is a serious wrong, a violation of justice, as well as a violation of republicanism. If, of all the women in Massachusetts, who are citizens, only ten felt this wrong, those ten should be redressed; but when nearly 2000 petitioners presented themselves, through their signatures, to your Constitutional Convention on this vital question, it was "*expedient*" for the Convention to take any action in relation thereto. What woman of thought can "consent" to be governed (for that is the argument) under the present subversive party, elements that bring into office those who are to represent her. No reasonable or satisfactory answer has ever been given to woman on this subject, only that *man* represents her through fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons; your remonstrant has no such representation; and there are many in like situation. "State, county, and city tax," the former, the expense of the Constitutional Convention, in which she had no voice (but petition) and how facious that power of petition when she can neither express, assent, nor dissent, to its doings, but be unjustly taxed, and, like an idiot, lunatic, or infant, be compelled to meet it. Of the "City Tax" one word: The inequality and injustice of our Public School System, in having no High School for girls, while our boys have both a Latin and High School, was spoken of in her last Protest, and our privileged right of petition tested, by the voice of at least 2700 for such High School; this petition was duly presented last spring, and whatever action may have taken place on the School Committee, the public are ignorant. No High School for girls has as yet been organized. With these views, which might be more fully carried out, with the increase of her tax, will, in consequence of your Constitutional Convention, which can result in no permanent good, since the great central element of justice, was by the committee on our petitions winked into "*expediency*," and no minority, report, nor any act of the Convention, vindicated or even recognized the right of woman, on the *real basis of representation, Humanity*.

Thus, dissatisfied with city expenditures, the inequality of public school, (*sexualising education*), your remonstrant pays her taxes *compulsorily*, instead of *cheerfully*, feeling within her that element of patriotism which inspired her as well as your Forefathers, in the utterance of that deep, full, and clear sentiment—

"Taxation without representation is tyranny."

This is respectfully submitted,

HARRIOT K. HUNT.

32 Green-Street, Nov. 5, 1853.

THE JUST AND EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

The "Woman's Rights" Movement is a PRACTICAL one, demanding prompt and efficient action for the relief of oppressive wrongs; and, as the Conventions held for several years past, in different States, have answered their end of arousing earnest public attention, the time has come for calling upon the People to reform the evils from which women suffer, by their Representatives in Legislative Assemblies.

The wise and humane of all classes in society, however much they may differ upon speculative points as to Woman's Nature and Function, agree that there are *actual abuses* of women, tolerated by custom and authorized by law, which are condemned alike by the genius of Republican Institutions and the spirit of the Christian Religion. Conscience and common sense, then, unite to sanction their immediate redress. Thou-

sands of the best men and women, in all our communities, are asking such questions as these:

1. Why should not Woman's work be paid for according to the *quality* of the work done, and not the *SEX* of the worker?

2. How shall we open for Woman's energies new spheres of well-remunerated industry?

3. Why should not Wives, equally with Husbands, be entitled to their own earnings?

4. Why should not Widows, equally with Widowers, become by law the legal Guardians, as they certainly are designed to be the natural Guardians, of their own children?

5. On what just ground do the laws make a distinction between Men and Women, in regard to the ownership of property, inheritance, and the administration of estates?

6. Why should Women, any more than Men, be taxed without representation?

7. Why may not Women claim to be tried by a jury of their peers, with exactly the same right as Men claim to be and actually are?

8. If Women need the protection of the laws, and are subject to the penalties of the laws equally with Men, why should they not have an equal influence in making the Laws, and appointing Legislatures, the Judiciary, and Executive?

And finally, if Governments,—according to our National Declaration of Independence,—"derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," why should Women, any more than Men, be governed without their own consent; and why, therefore, is not Woman's right to suffrage precisely equal to Man's?

For the end of finding out practical answers to these and similar questions, and making suitable arrangements to bring the existing *wrongs of Women*, in the State of New York, before the Legislature at its next session,—we, the undersigned, do urgently request the Men and Women of the Commonwealth to assemble in Convention, in the city of Rochester, on the day of December next, at —

NOTE.—Friends of the Equal Rights of Women, who may be unable to attend the Convention, are invited to communicate their views and wishes in writing.

THE NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

One of the most useful and important institutions in our country is the N. England School of Design, the annual report of which, just published, at Boston, shows that it is in flourishing condition. There are now in the school 78 pupils engaged in the various branches of drawing. Twenty-one of the pupils have employment, by which they are contributing to their own support, at the factories at Lowell and elsewhere. The secretary, Mrs. E. D. Cheney in the report states that she regards the experiment of the school so far as having proved:

1. That there is a large class of young women who are prepared to pursue the practical branches taught here with earnestness, and to whom the existence of the school is a great boon.

2. That there is ability enough in a large portion of the pupils to insure their earning a good living by the practice of the branches taught, and in some, or even in many a very superior talent, which it is important to the community at large and especially to all manufacturers requiring designers, to foster and encourage.

3. That there is the power in the school, as now organized, to accomplish the results aimed at, and extend their benefits indefinitely, if suitably provided with funds.

An act of incorporation was granted to the society at the last session of the legislature, and

was accepted on the 13th of July, 1853. The school is in Thorndike's Building, Summer street and is in a flourishing condition. We trust that an establishment which promises so much good, will not be suffered to languish, or to be restricted in its operations for want of ample funds.

Mr. Samuel G. Ward is the treasurer.

For the Una.

PAUL VS. SILENCING WOMEN.

To the Editor:

As your paper is the only one to my knowledge, conducted by a woman, and so understood, also for the express purpose of advocating female rights, permit me, now, though of the other sex, to offer for your columns a brief discussion, or examination of the single, peculiar doctrine or position, of the above caption.

And however these thoughts may be considered by others, I can no more consistently bow to the popular traditions and interpretations of centuries past, concerning the same, than Mordecai could do it to Haman at the gate. For I am aware that from time immemorial, tradition has taught and public opinion has sanctioned it, as though never again to be called in question, that the apostle Paul, more than all other writers of the Bible put together, has put the veto of the Almighty on the practice of women's ever afterward speaking "in the church," or preaching the gospel.

But as I now understand the true word of God, it appears to me, that if Paul, or any other mortal man had presumed so to do, he would have departed from the letter and spirit of the Gospel, thus showing himself an usurper against Christ, rather than one of his meek and lowly apostles or disciples. For most surely, according to the Gospel, Paul had received no such instruction or authority from Christ, neither could he have reasonably inferred such a doctrine or sentiment to teach peremptorily from any divine instruction supposed to be then before him.

Without discussing the subject of woman's rights in general, as others have done and are doing ably, it is proposed to examine it now, so as only to scan what this apostle has, and has not said upon it in regard to the one point of her speaking or keeping silence in the church. This course is taken, because those believing in this commanded silence of women, are understood to found their opinion thereon, upon Paul's writings more than upon all other writings combined. Should this then, their seemingly acknowledged whole foundation prove to be of sand only, their edifice must fall, and it is not readily seen whereon another like it, could be built.

Then let it be premised that there appears to be proof from Paul's own words on this subject, which should be satisfactory, that no such thought ever occurred to his mind, as his peremptorily forbidding female disciples of Christ, from doing their respective share of the work

of publishing his glad tidings, and showing publicly also, that men should repent, preparatory to their being eternally benefitted thereby.— There seems accordingly, to be proof that his words which are mis-interpreted, when rendered so as to exclude women from the great and the good work, always needs *more* laborers in the harvest field, as Christ himself represented. It may also be premised, that Paul and Peter sometimes spake prospectively of events then in the future, and especially of a general apostacy in the latter days, and of the misconduct and false doctrines of teachers who would rise up in the church after their departure, bringing in damnable heresies &c., (Acts 20: 29. 2 Pet. 2: 1.) Therefore, what Paul said on the question now before us, might be only his designed foretelling what would take place in such an apostacy including men's forbidding women to teach, or speak in the church, as men are now actually doing, with very great and effectual human authority, while there is no small class of christian females who have been thus made honestly to believe, that all this is from God, and that Paul has taught it abundantly, and in terms too palpable ever to be called in question.

Among other reasons for supposing that this apostle did not design to be understood as forbidding sisters preaching Christ when practicable, let it be remembered that Christ nowhere, in his recorded instructions to his apostles, gave any of them authority so to forbid more than half of his disciples from directly laboring in this great work. Therefore Paul could not have done it without violating his commission, and forfeiting it, which, it is plain, he would not, and never did do.

And in order to see that Christ himself, on commissioning his apostles, was even on the side of women's publishing his resurrection from the dead, which resurrection, this apostle considers as the great foundation of the Gospel and the christian's true hope, it should be kept in mind, that Jesus on being risen, actually and personally commissioned Mary, a woman, to go and publish, or preach this very doctrine, instead of then committing the momentous responsibility to a male preacher. This certainly shows that he was then quite as much in favor of appointing a woman, as a man, to be his "ambassador," or sent "servant," to bear such messages of his, to the world. Therefore, Paul, on knowing all these things as he did, might have been justly accused of being "mad," by Festus the Governor, had he then usurped the authority of positively forbidding one half of Christ's followers from publishing his Gospel.

I will now proceed briefly to examine the two passages, or the remarks of Paul, on two occasions, and there are no more, to my recollection, which are relied on, as proof, that he forbade women's speaking in the church. One passage is:

1. Tim. 2: 12. "But I suffer not a woman

to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

This noted text, so long and so often quoted as conclusive proof of Paul's forbidding woman's speaking in a religious assembly, certainly fails of being such proof, for it does not even allude to this contested question, as shown by itself and the connection. For he is here discoursing, not on the public speaking of either men or women, but on the religious course they both ought to pursue, as of different sexes, specifying some items thereof, and particularly of the christian woman's being adorned "with good works," instead of "gold, pearls or costly array." And were I to transpose, or paraphrase the apostle's words in the verse now quoted, I would do it as follows, designing to retain, undiminished, his whole meaning, viz. :

I would not have a woman (or a wife as understood,) to usurp authority over the man, (her husband) nor to be teacher, dictator or head over him, but to be quiet or silent, so far as that matter is concerned.

This way of understanding the apostle, harmonises his words with the Gospel generally, and there appears nothing in the connection contrary to this supposition. It is said, however, in the connection, "*Let the woman learn in silence, with all subjection.*" But this also, says nothing of woman's public teaching, and does not, of course, forbid her doing it, on any orderly occasion; though in the marriage state, of which the apostle is understood to be speaking, it is agreed that the man is the head of the "twain," who thus become "one," rather than the woman. But as to men's being heads, and controllers of woman's rights, out of their own individual marriage connexion, I know not where the proof of its righteousness is to be sought, except in the present general *ipse dixit* of those now bearing this hitherto undisturbed control, almost universally.

There is another passage in Paul's writings, and but one, to my recollection, which is, indeed, on the subject now up, which is built on, even as the corner stone of male preaching only, which it will be proper next to examine particularly, as follows:

1. Cor. 14: 34. "*Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law.*

Vs. 35. "*And if they will learn [to others] any thing, let them ask [leave of] the husband at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church.*"

In now examining to see what Paul does, and does not say, in this isolated and very memorable passage, it is proposed to do it sentence by sentence, to make as much out of it as possible against the preaching of Christly women. He says:

(1) "*Let your women keep silence in the churches*"—

NOTE. This command, so to call it, is not made to women at all, but to men, as men themselves seem to understand it; therefore, it does not command women to keep silence anywhere, nor to perform any other duty, neither does it command men to enforce the silence of women in the church or elsewhere. But understanding it as a command, it simply says to men, "Let," i. e. suffer, or permit "your women" to "keep silence," &c. Accordingly, all that can fairly be made out of this sentence, on the subject in view, is, that men are commanded by it, not to compel or require their women to speak: or break "silence in the churches." And though this does not seem to be a rational meaning of the phrase, it certainly, as it reads, contains just nothing at all, against woman's freedom of speech, in any position. But this clause may be further noticed, before closing.

(2.) "For it is not permitted unto them to speak," [in the church.]

NOTE. In this section of the passage, let it be noticed, that Paul does not say that *God* permits not women to speak in the church, neither does he intimate that he as an apostle permitted it not. He barely says, "it is permitted unto them" &c., without specifying any authority, or individual forbidding it. Wherefore, there is nothing in the phrase or connection, against its meaning that the very men of the ecclesiastical authorities in all ages, who have effectually suppressed the public speaking of the whole sisterhood, are the individuals and those only, who have "not permitted" them doing their proper portion of the great work.

(3.) "But they [women] are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law."

NOTE. Neither does Paul say here that God or himself commanded women in general to be under obedience to men even unto "silence in the churches" or elsewhere. Neither does he specify what "law" said so, if he meant himself so to command women. And well he might omit telling us what law, in such a case, for indeed, there was no law in the christian code which, at once, thus put one half of the human race under such a servile and silent obedience to the other half. But if we may understand Paul here, to mean, that this is one of "the commandments" or laws "of men," which "make the law of God of more effect," (Mat. 15: 3. 6.) the phrase harmonises with the whole connection, and with what he elsewhere said against such nullifying commandments and "traditions of men," (Col. 2: 8.)

(4.) "And if they will learn [or teach unto others] anything let them ask [leave of] their husbands at home."

NOTE. Here let it be noticed again, that the apostle lays no restriction nor injunctions whatever upon women, so that here is nothing against their equal rights in speaking publicly, unless men are authorized by the connection to exercise such a dominion over the women. But there is nothing of this, in the whole pas-

sage. Had Paul said to the men, *compel, require, or cause* your women to do so and so, it would have been quite another thing against the christian equality of woman to man. But if the apostle in the sentence above, is merely rebuking male infringements of female christian rights, his words make sense, are readily understood and harmonious with the spirit of the Gospel in general.

(5) "For it is a shame for a woman to speak in the church."

NOTE. This last clause of the two notable verses, on this subject, is true enough, and has been, for many ages, as supposed. But the question naturally arises, *who* has made it a shame for a woman so to speak? For if God has done it, or authorized Paul to do it, she ought never to raise her voice again in the church, to teach, sing, or answer a question put to her on any occasion. But the apostle here, pretends no such thing, leaving it clearly enough to be understood, that such individuals and such only, as now make this work "a shame," have done it in all ages on their own responsibility, though such passages as the above, have been too often perverted and quoted as proof that God himself has first done this work against the women.

Having now minutely gone through the whole passage of 1. Cor. 14: 34. 35. as proposed, a word more remains to be said, on the first clause of it, viz.: "Let your women keep silence in the churches." As this was shown to be no command at all, upon woman, and of course, requiring nothing of them, being at the same time, no rational or common-sense command to men, i. e. without altering it, we might look for some other consistent meaning of the phrase "Let your women" &c. Then should we barely change the present supposed imperative mood of the small word, "Let," here, into the indicative mood, it would naturally change the whole passage from imperative commands given by God or the apostle, into the mere indication or statement of facts then existing, or to exist. And thus the passage might read, *ye* "Let," instead of "Let" *ye*, though the imperative mood always omits writing the "ye," after "let," while passing it, as if it were thus written also.

And if the whole two verses now examined, should be read, as though beginning with simply indicating, or stating facts without commands, those facts would be as follows:—*Ye* "let your women keep silence in the churches" &c., and if the word "let," in this case, were understood to mean the same as, *ye cause* your women to do so, the passage throughout, would be rational, true and harmonious. Or shall the word "let," here, mean the same as to hinder, as in some of this apostle's other writings, (2. Thess. 2: 7.) then it might be rather natural to understand him here as speaking of women's being "let," or hindered from speaking, the same as made to "keep silence."

Whatever may be thought of thus disposing of the word "let," in this case, there are still other apparent reasons from the connection and Paul's other writings, for believing that in the examined two verses, he rebukes men for silencing women, instead of silencing them himself. In just noticing some of the reasons, it may be said,

1st. That Paul has elsewhere said too much in favor of women's helping himself and others in the apparent actual work of public preaching, to be at all consistent with himself without meaning to inculcate the same duties of their sex, in this conspicuous passage on the same subject. The reader may recollect, or look out the particulars.

2d. Paul in this very connection, three verses before the phrase, "Let your women keep silence," says, "For ye may all [men and women of course] prophecy, [i. e. speak orderly and freely in the church, or assembly] that all [both sexes] may learn [or teach, as understood] and all may be comforted; or comfortably enjoy their individual equal rights, without being grieved in being denied them, on such occasions. In thus allowing equal speaking rights to "all," how could Paul in his next breath, as it were, peremptorily forbid one half of the same assembly that privilege?

3d. In the very verse preceding "Let your women" &c., he also says, "For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all the churches [or assemblies] of the saints." Here he seems to assign as an argument for such equal rights in public speaking, that it is needful in order to enjoy that "peace," of which God is the author, and, to avoid that "confusion," in all the saints "churches" of which he "is not the author." And what other "usurpation" in "the saints" churches or meetings, could ever have destroyed more religious "peace," and produced more natural "confusion," than for one class (forcibly as it were) to silence the other, when met, and allowed of God, "all" to "prophecy?"

4th. In the next verse following the memorable two, which have now been scanned, the apostle abruptly and severely breaks out against those he appears to be rebuking as usurpers in this matter, and says to them, "WHAT! Came the word of God out from *you*? or came it unto *you only*?" Here he seems to express himself as being much astonished at their usurpation, saying to them, "WHAT!" as though saying, what does all this mean? and then he considers their doings virtually claiming the high (and blasphemous) prerogative of having sent out "the word of God," themselves, or if not so much as that, it seemed to the apostle, like their great pretension that "the word of God" had come unto them "only" to publish, in their thus silencing one half the saints from doing it, because of another sex.

(Concluded in our next.)

REV. J. CHAMBERS RECOMMENDED TO MERCY.

We are induced to give Mr. Channing's recommendation to mercy of Rev. John Chambers, together with his letter to that person as published in the Sunday Mercury, because the letter is a noble defence of woman, and the whole forms a part of the history of the movement.

We do not give Mr. Chambers' reply to Mr. Channing's charges for two reasons—first, we find in it no evidence of penitence, but simply a denial of non-essential points; nor does he turn State's evidence, and testify as to who was guilty. Second: the tone and language in which the letter is couched is of a character which will never, we trust, sully our pages.

In a movement of this kind, striking as it does so deeply at the present organization of society, uprooting, and overthrowing cherished usages, opinions and habits, there will necessarily be a thousand antagonisms, and angularities, which we must forgive, nay, never know to exist.

Our policy of action is to ignore entirely all opposition, and persecution, to meet those who have the most falsely aspersed our cause in such a way that their weapons shall be turned upon themselves, leaving their hearts open to repentance. We will not, therefore, willingly help any to commit themselves against us, but we would rather lay our hand upon them and bid them calm the tempest, and wait their utterance till the better nature in every human heart resumes the sceptre.

Our faith in humanity embraces all. We know there is a way to reach them, and that it is the true reformer's work to find it out. Mr. Channing's rebuke is severe, but we believe it to have been justly deserved, and that it was given in true Christian love. We have seen him use the language of rebuke to others, and know how painful it was to him to do so; how real and deep the crucifixion to his spirit, hence we believe that only the conviction of its imperative necessity could have induced him to speak and write as he has done on this subject.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, {
Thursday, Oct. 18, 1853. }

Editors Sunday Mercury.—You ask for proof that Reverend John Chambers took part in the brutal insult offered to a Christian gentlewoman at the late "World's Temperance Convention."

I was witness of the conduct of that man and his abettors during that cowardly transaction, and I hereby charge him with being a ring leader in that platform-row.

When my honored friend and fellow-delegate, the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, was standing calm, yet firm, amidst those rude scoffers, the words of the Psalmist kept sounding on my ear: "Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round about, gapping upon me with their mouths." I marked the biggest of the herd with the purpose, at the first suitable season, of laying on one blow of the lash, with such a will, that it should cut through any hide, however callous. That season came, when, as a delegate, I was called upon to report to the "Toronto Division of Sons of Temperance" how my fellow-delegate had been treated.

But having thus indicted the bully and put him on trial in open court, I merely record my testimony and leave him to go to judgment. The public will render a verdict, pass sentence and inflict the penalty in the pillory where he has placed himself. May their justice be tempered with mercy. It was necessary, in order to protect women in future from the insolence of Tyrants, to make this example. Yet let him be cordially pardoned, as soon as he gives sincere proof of penitence.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY."

ROCHESTER, Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1853.

To the Editor of the *Daily Register*:

Sir:—Respect for yourself, your readers and your paper, prompts me to reply at once to your article headed "Answer, &c., by Rev. John Chambers;" which, through the courtesy of some friend, reached me last evening. I must be very frank, but I will aim to be brief.

And first, Mr. Birney, a word to yourself. You knew me in "former days, as mild," &c., and were not prepared for such a speech; you charitably suggest that its "vindictiveness" may be owing to a substitution of the reporter's language for my own, and "are not without hope of seeing a disclaimer." Now, far from wishing to disclaim the *one real accusation* made in my remarks, I am ready, anywhere and everywhere, to reiterate that charge. Yet there is no "vindictiveness" in my heart towards the criminal whom I thus arraign and no emotion which I should not honor any man for feeling towards myself, if I was consciously guilty of having played so base a part. You were not wrong in thinking me "mild in former days;" I trust I am milder now than then. But my mildness never was, and never will be, of that mean quality, which can tamely see a sister insulted, whether by a pugilist from the ring, or by a *rowdy from the pulpit*. My principle is peace, but I remember the saying—"You cannot become an angel till you are first a man."

Doubtless it is a sad work to "bruise the serpent's head," and no son of Eve can avoid the penalty, "he shall bruise thy heel." There was a rich meaning, too, in the Greek fable, that Apollo made yearly illustrations for slaying the Python.—Yet there are times when the lightnings sheathed in the blue sky, *must* flash forth and strike. And in a word, I should have despised myself, if under existing circumstances, I had not called John Chambers to the *judgment bar of popular conscience*, for his *brutal treatment* of my honored friend and fellow-delegate, the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown.

And now as to *the fact*, that this man was "parceps criminis," in the insult offered to woman, on the platform of the "World's Temperance Convention." *I was witness of his conduct* in that cowardly transaction. Indeed so barefaced was his insolence, that I supposed he took glory to himself for having helped to "gag the woman," and I never conjectured that he would *dodge the responsibility* of that manly act. What if he cried "shame," only, and not "shame on the woman;" what if he stamped and shouted only, and did not point his finger!

I assert that there were cries of "Shame on the Women;" that fingers were pointed; that *he was aider and abettor of that outrage from beginning to end*; and to stop all quibbling on his part forever, I now bring him into court, and indict him as being a *ring leader in that platform mob*. Here is the *one* count to which he must plead "guilty or not guilty," and which he cannot evade. Let him either confess, what he, his companions, the whole World's Convention, and the Recording Angels know to be true, or let him turn State's evidence and expose the real culprits. Let the prisoner at the bar then answer: "Guilty or not guilty?"

As to the wholly unimportant matter of the amount of aid, which Mr. Chambers has received from woman, I need only remark, that he has been so absorbed by the smart of the sting as quite to have missed the *point* of my rebuke. I did not mention—as to his discredit—that he had been helped by women—for he must know very well

that some of the first men in this nation, attribute the success of their career chiefly to woman's generous instrumentality; but *this* was my criticism that having been thus helped, he had not been taught thereby *gratefully to reverence womankind*. Of what possible consequence is it for the public to be told whether Mr. Chambers has been more or less supported by his sisters; be the debt great or small, he should be *proud, not ashamed*, to acknowledge it. Every son of a mother owes a debt to *WOMAN*.—*Womanhood* as such, claims honorable courtesy of every manly heart; and he is unmanly, who does not rejoice to testify this respect. The man, who can be rude to even a poor prostitute in the street, will be rude to wife or daughter at his own fireside; while he, who is *gentleman* to any woman, will be *gentleman* to all women. *His spirit is brutal*, who could ever dream of applying the slang phrase "creature" to any woman under any conceivable conditions. What shall be thought then, of the *moral grade of him*, who chose as the mark for his missiles of "contempt," a young lady of rare refinement in her whole presence and manner, of spotless delicacy and gentlest dignity, of commanding talent and philanthropic earnestness, and who stood there before him, serene amid the tumult, clad, even then, in the bright robe of heavenly peace?

And now, one word in closing. Let Mr. Chambers, and all of like spirit, be assured, that I am but a representative of a large, rapidly growing, and influential body in every community throughout our land, who are resolved, that women shall no longer be insulted in public assemblies with *impunity*.

With the hope that I may meet you and your readers under happier auspices, I remain, Mr. Birney, respectfully yours,

WM. HENRY CHANNING.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Oct. 20, 1853.

Mrs. F. D. Gage—Madam—I have long since purposed writing to you upon a subject in which you seem to take a lively interest and an active part. The subject of Woman's Rights is one, the agitation of which is calculated to accomplish great good; but the novelty and extent of the changes proposed, may, on the one hand, cause many to assume positions which they will never be able to maintain; and, on the other hand, perhaps neglect to appreciate and apply for their own benefit, privileges which are already within their reach; and, perhaps the greatest argument that the most rigid conservatism can produce against the exercise of woman's prerogative, and against extending her sphere of action, is, that she fails to a great extent to appreciate those natural privileges, which by Congress and Legislators have been considered inalienable. And in one direction, at least, I think this reasoning will appropriately apply. I speak with reference to inventions.

Woman's ability to devise new and valuable improvements, in many branches of mechanism, is superior, and improvements the world must have. Improvement mechanically, as well as morally, is the world's manifest destiny, and under the present arrangement of society, it is next to an impossibility, to successfully introduce an improvement, unless it is protected by Letters Patent. *And this is not denied woman*. There is nothing in the law or the regulations of the Patent department to prevent a minor *Feme sole* or *Feme covert*, from securing Letters Patent for an invention, and yet only one in about four thousand of the U. S. Patentees are females. This is not the result of inability on their part; we have many thinking women, but they fail to embody their thoughts, and reduce

them to practice. The inventor of the Self-heating Smoothing Iron was a lady, but in the language of the law, they are entitled to a patent who introduce the invention to the public in a tangible form. This she neglected to do, and although she has conferred a great favor upon those of her own sex who avail themselves of her invention, yet directly has she filled the pockets of the lords of creation, while she remains in obscurity. Such cases are not uncommon. If a slave produces an invention, all the master can do is to reap the benefit pecuniarily, but woman does not even receive the honor of her discoveries. Thus they place themselves as Mrs. Swisshelm says, "midway between Negroes and Baboons."

The ladies are too modest in this respect; let them but maintain their rights in this matter, and they are on the shortest road to fame.

It has justly been said that the laborers are the bone and sinew of the nation. But one inventor by patiently applying his thoughts, will accomplish more than ten laborers. They are, indeed, the world's savior.

Respectfully,

S. S. BARRY.

Mrs. F. D. Gage, St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis, Oct. 28.

S. S. Barry.—Sir:—Yours, bearing date of Oct. 20th, is before me, and I am much pleased that you have given enough of thought and care to the subject of "Woman's Rights," to prompt you to look into the matter and speak a word for the benefit of woman. You say that "perhaps the greatest argument that the most rigid conservatism can produce, against the exercise of woman's prerogatives, and against her extending her sphere of action, is that she fails to a great extent, to appreciate those natural privileges, which by congress and legislators have been considered inalienable."

All this is true. But it is more true of women, than of many classes of men?

Habit, custom, public opinion, fashion, call it what you will, has made all this. Woman has been denied the privilege of being a lawyer, a doctor, a minister. It was unwomanly, out of her sphere to use any edge tools but scissors and knives. All her employments are such as preclude continuous thought; and having been taught from babyhood, that *this* belonged to man, *that* to woman; is it wonderful, that she has yielded to the circumstances that have surrounded her, and failed to be what God and nature designed her? I believe that woman has an inventive faculty, proportionate with man. Should it become a custom for her to be a moulder of iron, a machinist, a worker in brass, a silversmith, &c., then we shall see her inventive faculties brought out; even in her home department, when she shall be educated and made to believe it is really her province to think and reason as well as to love, perchance she may remodel and perfect some of the nine thousand and ninety-nine cooking stoves, which are now the torment of her life. And possibly, if she shall ever have the right to put on acknowledged equality, she will claim credit and honor for her own invention.

The best cooking stove I ever used, was an improved patent, and that patent suggested by a woman. But the woman could not handle tools, she could not get up the article, so husband and foreman took the credit.

I remember well, an exploit of my childhood.—My father had a cooper at work in the shop near by, who sung merry songs and had a harmonious rat-a-tat to his tunes, on the hoop with his adze.—One day I loitered on this forbidden ground, to look and listen. "Don't you believe you could make a barrel?" said he.

"Yes, sir," was my reply.

"Well, come now, I'll show you. There are your staves and hoops, take hold and do just as I do."

With what joy I sprang to accomplish this work; watching and following every motion, I set up an apple-barrel, put in the head, and accomplished it almost as soon as my master. He had scarcely touched it. He was in extasies, (for he was a kind-hearted old man,) and declared over and over again, he "had never seen boy learn half so quick, or half so well; why, I could earn my father a dollar a day, just setting up barrels, after the stuff was prepared."

I promised to ask mother to let me help him, and my heart throbbed high with hope and joy.—But just then I heard the voice, of an elder sister. I was summoned to the house, set down to my knitting, at which I could by steady application, stitch by stitch, earn six cents in ten hours, and received a severe rebuke for being a tom-boy; all through my life have I witnessed the efforts of girls restricted in the same way. How often have I heard the indignant expression, when the cramping, fettering influence of society has borne upon the aspiring heart, "I wish I had been born a man!" I shall be answered; let woman exert her privilege, assume her rights to be all that she has capacity to be. So say the advocates of Woman's Rights. Let her choose her own sphere, and let that sphere be the largest she is capable of filling. But in order to do this, anywhere and everywhere without restraint, she must rise from the position of an inferior and dependent, where law and public opinion have placed her, and stand as an equal with man, in all the rights, privileges and immunities guaranteed to humanity.

I claim for woman, no superiority in anything. But I do claim for her equality. If, when it is granted, she fails to use it, she will be no more culpable than man, when he does the same.

I have thought for many years—that the term "Yankee ingenuity" ought to be changed to "free ingenuity." Freedom and encouragement—not Yankeedom—have done the work, of invention in this country. That same freedom and encouragement given to woman may do wonders, and give to the world a mighty mass of available talent, which has hitherto been buried beneath the false systems of government, and false customs of the world.

We admit that women ought to have resolution and independence enough, not to be crushed by these false notions. That "they should appreciate their natural privileges," and avail themselves of them. But they do not as yet, though many at the first word of cheer, have started out in new paths. "Some may," as you say, "assume positions they can never maintain," but that does not militate against the right. If your partner was to assume positions he could never maintain, or fail to appreciate or apply to his own use, benefits within his reach, would it be any reason why you should be deprived of a natural, inalienable right?

I am truly glad to hear that the inventor of the "Patent Iron" was a woman; and regret that she did not use her privilege and secure the patent in her own name. But may I not inquire if she has not a husband, who, in almost everything, is made by law her representative and agent? If so, and her patent was invaded, could she bring a suit for damages in her own name? Or, if she be a single woman, and had taken out her own patent, could she in case of bringing suit, be her own counsel? Could she come to trial before a court of her peers? could a woman sit on the bench, or in the jury box? We own that half a loaf is better than no bread, and we do urge it upon woman everywhere to make the most of all the rights she has, holding out her ladle in the mean time, like Oliver Twist, "and asking for more." It is because woman is asleep to her own interest, and the best interest of humanity, that we hold conventions and agitate public opinion. Had we never held meetings, had I never talked upon these things, you would not have addressed me upon this subject, and I might have gone down to my grave ignorant of the fact that that "Letters Patent were inalienable privileges to woman." Most heartily I thank you.

Yours respectfully,
FRANCES D. GAGE.

From the New York Tribune.

LUCRETIA MOTT, IN KENTUCKY.

MAYSVILLE, Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1853.

Believing that you feel an interest in all the great reform movements of the day, I sit down to write to you upon the reception accorded to Lucretia Mott by the citizens of this place, on Sunday, the 16th inst. Among slaveholding communities, it has hitherto been very unusual for females to address large audiences upon the exciting public topics of the day. It was therefore with surprise, that the announcement was made on Saturday, that this celebrated Anti-Slavery, Woman's Rights advocate would address our citizens. At the appointed hour, men and women of all classes came to hear her. The large Court House in the city was packed to its densest capacity. Her Quaker style of dress was a matter of novelty. Her mild and amiable-looking husband was on the stand beside her. His head and face were noble and striking. When Lucretia came forward to speak, curiosity had been roused to its utmost. She spoke for about an hour and a half, holding an immense audience enthralled. She presented views bold, startling, and at least, to this community, original. No crying evil of the day escaped exposure and condemnation. Slavery was spoken of freely, as a curse to the master and the slave, and as a stain upon the honor of the Republic.

Her manner of speech was mild, winning and attractive. Her discourse gave strong evidence of the fact, that woman, when she is qualified properly, has a right to be heard in public assemblages. From the misrepresentations of the press, our people had expected to see a sour, disappointed-looking woman, who, if the truth was fully known, was unhappy in her domestic relations. Her own appearance and that of her husband at once gave strong presumptive evidence of a quiet, happy life. Every auditor, even the strongest pro-slavery man, listened with attention, if not with conviction. This fact vindicates the people of Kentucky from the charge too frequently made against them, either malignantly or ignorantly, at the North, that they are unwilling to have the characteristics of their "peculiar institution" discussed. Mrs. Mott, in a mild tone, but in words of unmeasured compass, denounced it as a wrong and outrage upon the rights of humanity.

She addressed the people at night again, upon the subject of Woman's Rights. As large an audience was in attendance there as during the day. She presented, in her eloquent way, many new views of woman's duties and rights; her correlative rights. Her appearance among us has elicited much comment, and a strong desire to hear more upon all the topics she discussed. She stated that Lucy Stone would pay us a visit, and pronounced a high eulogium upon her moral worth and talent. Altogether, her visit has doubtless been productive of much good, both to her and to our people. It has served to show her that Kentuckians are not so violently opposed to discussion upon Slavery as she had been led to believe. She has learned, moreover, that women here, no matter how novel or strange their pretensions, are treated with great kindness and attention. While, on the other hand, the minds of our people have been disabused of the gross exaggeration concerning her life and character, which have been made by the public press.

Both parties seemed to separate mutually satisfied and delighted.

If Lucy Stone should visit us, I will send you an account of her reception.

HOME, November 29.

The month past has been full of stirring events. The vast pageant of life sweeps bravely on. Upon the Danube the Cossack and the Mussulman have crossed their swords in mortal fray, and the sparks of their strife have lighted a fire, which will prune away a vast mass of the ancient rubbish which lies in the way of man's progress. The flash of the scimitar will gleam on the plains of Hungary, and along the Po, the Tiber, and the Arno. It will lead to new light the glazing eyes of Poland, and awake once more the Marscillaise among the hills of France. Everywhere, where man is writhing in bondage, the clangor of hostile arms will be the sound of hope and awakening. It can scarcely fail that man shall be farther on than now, when the din of the strife shall have died away.

In the two great States of New York and Massachusetts, a favorable concurrence of circumstances has occurred to place the Whigs again in power. After the rout of last year they are rubbing their eyes in astonishment to find themselves on their feet again. The divisions and combinations which have brought them to the top, are working well for justice and truth. Let them work on. By and by the owls shall all be ranged on one side, and the cloud-piercing eagles on the other. Then we shall see who will come uppermost.

Here, in our little State, the misguided many have just voted down a constitutional provision intended for their benefit, because the interested few, made them think that no bread was better than half a loaf. They will think better of it.

In the job office of the *Providence Post*, where our UNA is printed, the experiment of employing female compositors has been commenced, with a good promise of success. In Pittsburg, promise has been merged in fulfillment. In the office of the *Daily Despatch*, a morning paper, eight young women, (the first eight out of a hundred who applied,) have been employed for two months, and all remain at their cases, satisfied themselves, and perfectly satisfying their employers. Their influence has been felt in the civilization of the office itself, which, unlike all the printing offices that ever we heard of, is painted, papered and carpeted! as befits the "first morning paper that ever employed women as compositors." The editor pronounces the employment of women as compositors "no longer an experiment." He says: "Thus far they have received three dollars a week, but we have no doubt they will be in receipt of five to seven dollars a week before they have been at the business a twelvemonth."—They do not work after six in the evening.

In the New York *Day Book*, which has manifested much interest in the extension of woman's opportunities for labor, there is an interesting article on the employment of girls as waiters in public houses, and encouraging men-

tion of several instances of success in the attempt. Among these is the case of the Clarendon, the most aristocratic hotel in New York, where the female waiters, all dressed in pink and white, in a uniform which embraced the dressing of the hair, have given entire satisfaction.

The writer in the *Day Book* says very justly:

"The great trouble is in the fact that the girls do not "have a chance." The work that they can do, and that which is proper for them to do, is taken away from them and given to men, and they are of necessity driven to the one thing—sewing. It is stitch or starve; sew at twenty cents a day or die. Talk about house-keeping and household work! What is a girl to do who has no father, and whose mother "goes out to day's work" or attends a stand, and has three or four little brothers and sisters to take care of? What can she do but help her mother in every way possible to get food. She cannot go to service in a family, for she must be home every night to help about the little household affairs of her mother; and when the work is done and mother gone, she must go to the shop and get a shirt, or a vest, a pair of pantaloons, and earn a shilling if she can. Could she go to a printing office and earn a dollar before night—as some now can—what relief she might bring to that mother, herself and those little ones; or, could she go to a hotel, as the men do, and wait on the table and get a dollar, what a benefit to her and the little family!"

The plain truth is, the girls want work—such work as is suitable for them, and such as they can do, during the working hours of the day. They do not want charity, but simply to be restored to their places. There are many, very many, employments peculiarly adapted to their physical capacities, from which they are now shut out. Let them be opened to them, and our word for it, we shall hear no more of the poverty and sufferings of the poor working girls.

It shall be the *Day Book*'s province to urge the restoration of the girls to their proper and legitimate employments, and what it cannot do by example it will endeavor to do by preaching.

Death has not been idle in these last days. From the side of one of the most loftily inspired and most fearlessly true of American poets, it has stricken a companion scarcely less gifted and admired—a spirit of power and sweetness, in a form of rarest grace. Lowell has laid the green sod above the bosom of his beautiful wife—the fittest mate that noble poet ever had. He will not let her die, but in his verse and in many a fond heart whom her early death has bereaved, she yet shall live.

The *Providence Physiological Society* has resumed its lectures, which are held every alternate Thursday afternoon. Three lectures of the winter course have already been given at the Lyceum hall, Westminster street. The last was given by Mrs. N. E. Clark, M. D., of Boston, graduate of the Cleveland Medical College, which we learn has at last yielded to the pressure of public sentiment, and rescinded the resolutions passed against admitting women to their College. After Mrs. C. had graduated, with credit to herself and the institution, they imme-

diately closed their doors, and said it is not expedient for us to admit women. We can scarcely conceive of a greater injustice to her than this course. The admitting her, however, was placed on the ground of favor, and it is always unsafe to accept as a favor, that which is our legitimate right.

We were not present to hear the lecture, and cannot, therefore, either praise or criticise it, but we have heard it well spoken of by those who were. It is not at all our sphere to criticise, we do not like the calling; we would far rather that every one should have a full and free expression of their own thought, left to their own sense, to mould, modify, condense and improve to the uttermost, without having their feelings lacerated by the scalpel of the merciless critique.

Had we have listened to Mrs. C. perhaps we might, from our partiality to her, have given undue praise to the production,—and in reading the notices of lady lecturers we think they might well exclaim "save us from our friends." The system of unmitigated praise bestowed upon women who do or have accomplished anything, falls painfully upon the soul of the true woman. It compels her to realize constantly the low estate of womanhood. Our friends, the true friends of the cause, should guard themselves from falling into the wake of the mutual admiration parties. We like the notices of Lucy Stone, in Louisville; some of them, at least, speak of her very justly; one says her "lecture was brimful of common sense," delivered in an easy, graceful style. The tone of the notices are less fulsome than many others we have read, wherein her truly persuasive eloquence is called "angelic, superhuman, and unrivaled in the world," &c. A just analysis of a lecture, with a kind commendation of the subject, and of the giver, would aid this, or any other movement far more than such extravaganzes as we often meet with in favor of our public speakers.

The reception of Mrs. Mott and Miss Stone in Kentucky, was to them, wholly unexpected. It has been cordial and generous, and Miss Stone says in a private letter, "I am holding meetings here which are wonderfully successful. It would not be strange if this slave State should give political and legal equality to its white women sooner even than Massachusetts." Be it so, even publicans and sinners shall enter the kingdom of heaven sooner than the pharisees.

It is fabled that in the eastern land, where the sun rises, its rays are so dazzlingly bright that the inhabitants grope in dismal blindness till Sol is far on his journey westward; then the softened light falls gently on the retina and they begin to see clearly, and claim to have had a full vision all the time. Hereafter, when slowly one state after another shall have recognized humanity as a whole, it will not be very wonderful to find the eastern States claim-

ing to have been the first in the movement. But we might give something of a history which would prove that no single individual, nor any particular section of the country, was thus first honored.

Several years since, in a little western village, a mutual improvement society was organized. One lady was gifted with a ready pen. Her stories were full of interest, and the young flocked eagerly to hear her read one at every meeting. The tales developed the whole philosophy of what is termed the woman's rights cause. The work went on noiselessly, but both teacher and pupils became strong, earnest advocates of human rights; and that richly gifted woman was F. D. Gage, than whom we have no more effective worker in our ranks.

In another small village church there was a little girl who was always at the prayer meetings, and used to offer her petitions aloud. They were so fervent, so earnest, that none dared forbid her, but the subject was discussed. St. Paul was cited over and over again; two parties sprang up, one in favor of woman's free utterance in the churches. Step by step, the whole subject was discussed, and from it, some active laborers have gone forth to work for the grand thought.

God does not reveal himself to one alone. There is a universal inspiration, but there is often some one endowed with a richer gift of utterance who voices the thoughts of the many.

POOR BESSIE MCBRIDE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.]

"And sure, Dennis, it's very happy we'll be in the nice bit of a house of our own, I'm thinking."

"Yes, Bessie darling, that we will, please God. 'Tis a comfortable home for a poor man; and with my two hands to labor, you shall want for nothing. You shall be dressed like a lady, Bessie dear, or my name is not Dennis McBride."

"Hist! hist! Dennis. Sure 'tis not for the dress I'd be caring; but just for your love and soberness. Give me but promise of these, and I'll be as happy as any wife need be."

"And you shall have the promise, Bessie darling; aye, and I'll keep it too, please God. And Bessie McBride shall be the happiest wife this side of the old country."

"And, Dennis, dear, perhaps we may one day see sweet Ireland again together. Would you not be liking that same with me?"

"Aye, aye, that I would, darling. How it would please the old man, my father, to see his son once more! It makes the heart big within me to think of it."

"But, Dennis, we must wait a bit yet; we'll be 'keeping up our hearts' the while."

"Oh, Dennis dear, how can we part with the child? Sure it's my heart will be going with it, the poor bit thing!"

"The Virgin help us, Bessie dear. But it seems the wee thing will go and leave us. And we so loved it—so thought to have it grow up the pride and darling of our happy home! Oh, Bessie, Bessie, my heart is sore grieved within me."

"Hist, Dennis, does it yet breathe? Quick! listen! I cannot hear it. Speak, man! tell me if it be living!"

"Yes, thank God, it is still living. It may stay with us yet. Do you not see 'tis after breathing better already? The Virgin be praised!"

"Yes, yes, Dennis, it is better—it will live! Oh, my darling! my darling!"

"Oh, Dennis, Dennis, do not go and leave me! what can I do when you are gone? And the little one! Oh, Dennis, do not go! It would break the heart of me!"

"And it grieves me sore to go, Bessie dear; but God's will be done. He will take care of you."

"But oh, Dennis, we cannot part with you, the baby and I. You must not go!"

"Hush! hush! Bessie darling. If 'The Father' calls me, I must go. Do not be after holding me back, lest you make me die the harder. But bring the boy once more, that I may bless him and depart."

"Oh, don't say so, Dennis dear! You cannot leave us! Look, see how the boy tries to hold you. Sure and you cannot leave him!"

"Bessie—"

"Oh, Dennis, Dennis! speak to him again! Say you will not die! that you will not be leaving us alone! Dennis, Dennis! He will not answer me. Oh God! oh God! he is dead!"

"And sure it's going to Dennis I am. Why don't you let me go? He is calling me and the child. He wants the child. Give him to me. 'Tis his, and I cannot be going without it;" and the dying woman began searching the bed for her poor, almost starving little one.

Tenderly she pressed it to her bosom. Softly, gently she did it, as though she had not at all been delirious, as she had been for the past few hours. But poor little thing! it found there no nourishment, and wailed pitifully.

"Hush, hush, baby darling! We are going to your father soon. Oh, how happy we'll be there! Eat, baby, eat; for it's a long journey we'll be taking before the morning, and you'll be hungry.

"You'll lay me beside Dennis, friends. I could not sleep if you failed me this. Dennis, we're coming, please God. We'll soon be with you;" and the spirit of poor Bessie McBride was with her husband. The child alone remained—the scarce five months old child that they so little while ago thought would go before them.

And thus, in six short weeks, the wife was alone no more, but sleeping beside her husband.

A bride, a mother, a widow and—an angel, in little more than a twelvemonth! E. J. H.

Savannah, Geo.

Abstinence from low pleasures is the only means of meriting or of obtaining the higher.

Iniquity, once committed, fails not of producing fruits to him who wrought it; if not in his own person, yet in that of his sons, or, if not in his sons, yet in his grandsons.

An affection, however misplaced and ill-requited, if honestly conceived and deeply felt, rarely fails to advance the self-education of man.

What man has gained for himself within, from the spirit, the spirit will give him an authority to ask without, and assist him to obtain it.

EVENING AT A FASHIONABLE BALL.

1st partner—a poet; that is to say, a young gentleman who published some poems which nobody ever read. He said he thought the rooms were brilliantly lighted, and that the ladies looked remarkably handsome.

2d.—A Tom Thumb. He gave me an account of the melancholy death of his sister's child, thereby filling my imagination with visions of sepulchres and hearse, for the rest of the evening.

3d.—One of our best beaux, just returned from Paris. I cannot remember a single word he said—except—that the cotillion was very much crowded.

4th.—A very sensible young man who has lived many years in Europe. He sighed often. I think he said the room was warm.

5th.—A young Southerner; quite gentlemanly, and graceful.

6th.—A very rich, very moral, very cultivated, and very ugly gentleman. Has been in every part of Europe. He wanted to come and hear me play on the guitar; said he was growing old—was tired of society—wanted to know if I was a Unitarian, and did not think there would be many parties this winter.

7th.—A waltzer. My partner resembled a yard-stick. He seized me with an arm as long as a tree, whirled me into the air, at intervals dashing me down upon my feet with great vehemence. My head just reached his waistcoat pocket. After conveying me in this frantic manner round and round, during a space of time which seemed to me a little eternity, his breath failed him—he tottered—I held him up by main strength, because I knew if we both fell, I, for one, should never rise again.

8th.—A very rich, very dissipated, very silly person, who, having lived the greater part of his life in Paris, affects an utter contempt for everything American. He said he was sorry there was no supper: thought, 'pon his soul, it mattered very little to him; for he always had one prepared for him regularly every evening at 12 o'clock. 'Pon his honor, Boston was too intense, in spite of the pretty ladies. Here we vegetate—in Paris only we exist—dear, delightful Paris. He should return as soon as possible.

9th.—A gentleman I have not seen for three years, which he has passed in Europe—has been to court—has had every possible advantage. Very ugly and intolerably stupid. "He was very willing to return home," he said—"Society," he thought, "had very much altered during his absence—he missed many old familiar faces—told me I was a little girl when he left—wished to know if I liked going into company, and if there were any balls on hand; was coming to see me very soon. Hope he wont.

10th.—A young gentleman who said he went to a ball in Charleston, last week, and enjoyed himself, very much.

11th.—This last jewel begged to be introduced to me. He had a gentle harmless face—I do not believe he would kill a fly. He said the carpet was a very nice carpet to dance on—that he thought Mr.—would be re-engaged at the theatre—and that it snowed!

"Fancy's flash and Wisdom's way."

Musical World and Times.

From a healthy union of affection and thought flows energy. When we love to do, that which we perceive it right to do, we cannot otherwise than embody it in earnest action. This is moral beauty.

WOMAN.

For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this
Not like to like, but like with difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world—
She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
More of the doubled-natured poet each:
Till at last she set herself to man
As perfect music unto noble words.
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each;
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and
calm;
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.

Teunyson.

JENNY LIND'S BABY.

Jenny Lind, the peerless, the Nightingale of North, has got a baby!—[Exchange Paper.]

Well, what of it? Hasn't "Jenny Lind, the peerless, the Nightingale of the North," a right to have a baby, we should like to know? Would you always have her singing to the cold world, warm as it may be in the admiration of her songs, charming it by her sweet notes? Must she always be warbling to gaping crowds, who gaze upon her only as a public performer? Look into the nursery where Jenny's baby sleeps, in its little cradle, and hear the low lullaby of her sweet voice. See how fondly she gazes upon the helpless thing, and when it opens its little eyes and looks trustingly up to the face of its mother, hear how she warbles the 'Bird Song' to charm it back to sleep. Listen to the angel sound! There is no effort, no art in that seraph music. It comes gushing forth from a heart full of a mother's affection, overflowing with a mother's yearning. How soft and low it is and yet how full of intensest love. Be still. Applaud not. It is nature, all nature supremely sweet though it be. Disturb not the enchanting harmony by the voice of praise. See, those little eyes have closed again, Jenny's baby sleeps, and the song has died away, vanished slowly like a dream, or a receding shadow, into silence.

"Rock the cradle," Jenny.

But why, we ask again, should not Jenny, the world-renowned Jenny, have a baby to love, to fold in her arms, to kiss and hug, to toss into the air, to trot upon her knee, and chirrup to, and tumble about, with a mother's doating playfulness? She has conquered fame—shall she linger in solitary age, and die alone at last?—Shall the heart's affection be wasted in the pursuit of ambition; and shall no loving and trusting faces cheer her through life, and stand around her death-bed like bright visions looking upward towards the sky? Shall she walk the world's high places companionless, and without a staff for her age to lean upon? No. Ten thousand times dearer to her mother's heart is the crowning, even the cries of that little one, than the loudest applause that ever went up from the crowded audience, on the day of her proudest triumph. Ten thousand times sweeter its smile, than the fragrance of the thousand flowers that were showered upon her as a tribute of admiration to her transcendent sweetness of song. Yes, yes, ambition is nothing—triumphs are nothing—admiration of the world, fame, and wealth are nothing. The mother looks upon her little child, her heart

clings to its feebleness, and all other world-vision's vanish away.

"Rock the cradle," Jenny.

Go out to sing before the great world never again—pass forever from its gaze, to sit calmly by the domestic hearth, gathering your little ones around you, teaching them the value of "the divinity that stirs within them," the duties of life and hope of eternity. Tell them the littleness of fame, the folly of ambition, the beauty of holiness, and the home with the just at last. And when angels shall gather around the great White Throne, among the voices that shall mingle in the song of the redeemed, yours and theirs shall be heard in the full volume of their sweetness, chanting the praises of "Him that liveth forever."

"MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP." This saying was supposed to take its origin from Penelope's wooer being shot as he was going to drink. But it arose, as Ainsworth has it, thus: A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that work, prophesied that he, the king, should never taste the wine produced by it. The king disregarded his prophecy, and when at an entertainment he held the cup full of his wine, he sent for this slave, and asked him, insultingly, what he thought of his prophecy now? The slave only answered, "There's many a slip between the cup and lip." Scarcely had he spoken when news was brought that a huge boar was laying his vineyard waste. The king arose in a fury, attacked the boar, and was killed, without ever tasting the wine."

All that does not agree with love's doings is sin; and all that is sin does not agree with love's doings. Love has its own legitimate power, which it performs over us; I yield to its rebuke, and this alone is the voice of my conscience.—Betina.

I do not call a work fine because I find no faults in it. The most sublime works are not faultless; they are so great because beside the beauty which satisfies the intellect, they have the beauty of inspiration, which assails the senses and triumphs over the heart.

Coarse rice for food, water to drink, and the bended arm for a pillow, happiness may be enjoyed even in these. Without virtue, riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud.

There is no heart so hard that it can resist grace tempered with dignity.—Canova.

Cher says, if in the morning I hear about the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy.

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JY. I.

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