THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., JANUARY, 1854. NO. 1.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

From the Friend of Youth.

EUTHANASIA.

BY DR. WILLIAM ELDER.

A society of forty or fifty persons meets every Tuesday night in this city. The members are of both sexes, and all ages, from fourteen to sixty. Their room is neatly furnished and cheerfully lighted. They give the first hour of the evening to free social intercourse; the next to the discussion of questions of religion, politics, and the social and industrial sciences: and the last hour is again devoted to conversation, music, and dancing, as the several parties are inclined. Visitors are welcomed, and often make one-third of the company. They are at liberty to participate as freely in all the engagements of the evening as the members themselves. The meetings are found equally attractive to a great variety of tastes, which has the effect of balancing all their exercises and merriment, and keeping them in healthful harmony.

About a year ago, I began to notice the constant attendance of two ladies, who were both in their way very unlike the rest of the company. They were mother and daughter—the one fifty years of age, perhaps, and the other about seventeen. The old lady's manner plainly indicated that she did not come there on her own account. She was not out of place there, indeed, but her life had been too full of sadness and toil, and she was now too hopeless and anxious to take much interest in either the studies or amusements which occupied the company. She evidently came there only to accompany her daughter, and to watch over her, for Mary was dying of consumption. It was the marks of hectic fever which first fastened my attention upon her. How the flashing light of her eye, the crimson glow on her cheek, and the merry ring of her childish glee, seemed to mock the malady that was preying upon her life! To a thoughtless observer, her mirth was faulty in its exubrance, and her manner too childishly free for one of her age. Poor Mary! Society was a festival to her. She came away from her little sick room, and climbed up those long steep stairs, three stories high, to the Hall, once every week, to have a happy evening in the happiness of others; and something of the mirthfulness she showed was owing to the opium she took to suppress her cough while in the room. But it was not dissipation and forgetfulness that she sought. She was not flying from a fear, or running into incongruous follies to drown reflection. She knew she was dying; knew it well, and made the thought as welcome as it was familiar. Her gaiety was not in keeping with the sadness that others felt who saw her dropping so young into the grave, but this was because the grave to them was more gloomy than it could be to her. I have often taken her burning hand in mine to cool it, lifted her shining chestnut curls that dangled damp with the dews of fever, and tried to quiet, with a gentle steady look, the effervescence that agitated her whole frame. That thin hand, so moist and damp, and yet so hot; the wrist, so feeble and flexile; its sharp, corded, wiry pulse; and, the boiling blood, thrilling and whirling through it—oh, how its hot surges were wasting the delicate structure which so slightly held in that young life! How I longed for the power to rebuke the fever that was melting her with its fervent heat!

When she would detect this feeling in my manner, she sometimes spoke of her approaching death with such serene cheerfulness, that I, with my full strong health and great heart-load of loving work to do in the world before I dare to die, could not understand so as to realise, her beautiful resignation. It seemed to me that the bright young creature felt as children feel about moving to a new house: or as young birds must feel while waiting for their wings to bathe in the sea of air, and play among the clouds of heaven. Mary's whole manner was such that one loved her like a pet child—a child surrendering all the uses of the world, all its prospects and promises, and asking only leave to play with the flowers growing around the margin of her early grave. She was a young lady in years and in form, but that was not felt in her presence. She was not vain, or exacting, or troubled, or troublesome, with any form of self-consciousness. She was not remarkable for personal beauty, talents, or accomplishments, but she was without their pretence, and so had the charm of a graceful naturalness that made her more agreeable than any mannerism could. She studied nothing for she had no designs and no fears; nothing to conceal and nothing to achieve; and so, the world, like a panorama, passed before her. She was in it, but not of it; and with our selfishness and passions and prejudices she had no strife. The blessed child! what interests, what establishment should she have in this rude outside world of ours? She had not done dressing her doll till she began to think of her shroud! Her brothers and sisters had all died of consumption at an early age. She had been going to their funerals, at regular intervals, ever since she learned to walk: and she knew, always knew, that the measure of her days was limited almost to her childhood; and all her little plans for temporary living were habitually arranged in reference to its early date.

Mary came regularly for many months to our meetings, weary as the work of climbing those long, steep stairs must have been to her; but at the end of the winter I missed her; evening after evening she was not there, till I knew that she would come no more to us as she had come.

Following the directions of a friend who had often seen her at home, I made my way to the little court where she lived, through a narrow street and still narrower alley in the heart of the city. In one of a dozen little tenements which made up the court, I found her residence. A woman at the hydrant, which supplied them all in common, pointed out the door for me. The old lady answered my knock, and, after a friendly greeting, gave me a chair in the room which constituted the ground-floor of the dwelling, while "she would see whether Mary was sleeping." Five minutes I waited while she was "putting things to rights a little," and I was shown up a pair of stairs, steep, winding, and narrow, almost, as a corkscrew, and, at the head of them, was our Mary's nice little chamber. It was narrow and low, but it was clean and sweet, and the open window let in the fresh air and sunlight of the early spring day, so as to remove that feeling of closeness and confinement which oppresses one so much in sick rooms that are too small.

I found her sitting nearly upright in bed, propped with pillows. A fit of coughing that seized her as I entered, kept me standing several minutes by her bed side, before she could speak to me, but when the paroxysm subsided, and the faintly-whispered words came, almost voiceless as they were, they had yet the clear tone of a ripening hope, and the accustomed feeling of cheerfulness in them. Some how I felt that there was not so much of trial as of

triumph in her struggle. The heart was fluttering wildly though feebly, the lungs were panting and sobbing with the pain and weariness of their hurried heavings, and the limbs lay faint and exhausted with the prolonged strife, but the soul was calm and collected like a dove brooding her hope amid the tempest. Something she said of her long and weary night watchings, and of her feverish days—of the pain and fatigue of coughing, and of the posture which her oppressed breathing compelled, and a little sadly, as of a hardship, that she lasted so much longer, after her confinement to bed, than her brothers had done.

I had brought with me a rose geranium, the only thing that I could find in the market which pleased me, and bought it only because among half a dozen friends whom I had called upon in my way, I had not been able to procure the *present* of a flower for her. When I held it up to her as she sat in her bed, she opened her eyes with such a pleased recognition as a child gives to a gay color or a bright light. She touched its leaves with her fingers tenderly, buried her face among them, was curiously attentive to their form and color, and looked as lovingly upon them as if they might have some simple consciousness of her regards.

"Oh, it is so beautiful, so sweet!" said she. "And where did you get it?"

Hesitatingly I answered, "In the market," with a feeling that the fact would abate her pleasure.

Withdrawing her hand, and slightly averting her face, she said, "Oh, you had to *buy* it. I thought, may-be, some of the ladies had sent it to me. They sent me some of the cake from their quarterly festival last week, and I was so glad that they thought of me when they were enjoying themselves."

When I bought the plant, I felt that it was hurt by the traffic. It was so far profaned to me. The banker, and broker and huckster had come in, and the love-token had sunk from its proper sphere and character to that of a commodity. It had not that sick, heavy odor that flowers torn from the stem always give out, as they languish away their lingering life in bouquets and vases, but it had stood upon the auction block, and been sold for its beauty! Mary meant this, also, or she would not have turned away from it. As I sat it away in the window, I felt again, as I felt at the last floral fair, that the useful only should be bought and sold, but that pure beauty, which is the *form* of love, its correlative, and its language, should pass unpuchased from heart to heart.

Mary was not a metaphysician, a sentimentalist, nor a talker. She was a simple child: her religious education was orthodox; and she had not disturbed the natural current of her feelings with fanatic theories. She had not learned, she *knew* all that she believed.

It was quite clear to me that she had some notion of her future, which steadied her in approaching it. I asked her if it was clear to her what she should be, and how, and where? She looked at me—

"Do you believe in the divinity of Jesus?" said she.

"I do believe it, Mary; it is the Divine *humanity* which assures my heart of the Divine *sympathy*, and my understanding rests in it as a necessary truth."

"Oh!" she replied, "that is good: I am so glad. And I'll tell you—Last summer, you know, was so hot and so close, and dusty, in the city. I had a great deal of fever and the cough was very exhausting. Sometimes I got out to Fairmount in the omnibus, and it did me so much good to sit in the shadow of the bank, and drink out of that little cup from the spring. Now before the summer comes again, I'll be gone. I will not have the heat, and pain, and weariness, and thirst of last summer to go through again; and—and it will be so beautiful," she said softly to herself, with a smile of tranquil assurance, that when she paused, as if in silent enjoyment of the vision, or peshaps in doubt of my conception of it, I urged with—"How will be *next* summer, Mary?"

Gathering confidence from my look of sympathy, she went on—"Oh! *this* summer, for it is just here to me, I will be walking in beautiful groves and meadows, filled with springs and streams of fresh sweet water—living water—and pleasant shade trees, and birds, and flowers, and all beautiful things; and my lungs will be well again, and I will breath the fresh cool air, and I shall have all the fullness of health and life and joy!"

"How long have you had this vision or idea of the other life?"

"Always," she answered quickly; "ever since I can remember; only it has been growing more distinct and certain with me."

"But this is all play, Mary; what will be your work or will there be any work for you to do?"

"Yes, to be sure; there will be something useful for me to do; I don't know what; indeed, I don't know what such a poor creature as I can do. I was scarcely done with child's play when I took sick, you know, and I have scarcely learned any thing since. But it will be all right; I know it will; and I shall be busy and happy in the family of Our Father."

Assuring her that it would be even as her heart prophesied, I left her; and in a few days heard that she was buried.

Mary has recovered her health—the health of childhood in heaven; she has spent one summer of ours already, in its work and play, and the changes of the seasons there will bring her only changes of joy and work forever.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.—NO. 8.

By dint of extra effort, Maria and myself finished the dress half an hour after the time it was promised, every knot of ribbon was in its place, and the gossamer tarlton fell with easy grace over the rich folds of satin; but there was no time for me to admire the work of my hands, it must go home. Seizing my old shawl, which is rather the thinner for seven years wear, and my bonnet, that certainly was more shapely and becoming three years ago, I went out on my errand with my feet cased in those old thin slippers that have been my stand-by so long; but, alas, now they are gone.

It could not be helped, even though it were a violation of the good law, that says "thou shalt do no wrong to thy body," for it was too late to go or send to John Mahony's for my walking shoes, that wanted new uppers and new soles and had no good about them but the heels; and now I have a sore throat, a pain in my side, a headache, and can do no work. But this restless spirit, impelled by that secret impulse, which must be ever busy, drives me to my pen.

When I went out with my little lady's dress folded in a newspaper, the sky had changed its whole appearance; the azure blue, so beautiful at noon, was hidden with wild angry clouds, and as I came upon Broadway, every body seemed to be like them, scudding before the wind; while I must face it and them.

They jostled me, they ran against my bundle, they never seemed to dream what a beautiful thing I carried in my arms, extended in front of me; nor would any one, in looking at me believe that I could devise or execute tasteful and beautiful articles.

On, on, I went, rushing by the herd as though my errand was one of life and death; each moment it grew darker, and one large drop of rain sent me into a crowded omnibus, a luxury I rarely indulged in, for to me "a penny saved is as good as a penny earned."

Arrived at my destination, I gathered my shawl about my bundle and prepared to leave the stage, when a gentleman said, 'Let me take your bundle under my umbrella,' and he did so, kindly shielding me from the pouring rain, till the door was opened; then, bidding me good night, he went away, and I entered the warm light hall, and a moment after was called to Miss R's room.

There beneath the magic gas light, stood that airy, beautiful being; her long rich golden hair floating over her shoulders, her neck white as the snowy lily, curved gracefully; and the light fell off from it just where the arching curve, forming no harsh line, swelled into the full round bosom. She was a beautiful picture to me, and I am glad to recall her, and to remember too, that when she spoke it was words fitting to come from a form and face like hers.

"I am sorry," she said, "that you should have come out in such a storm as this."

"I feared you would be disappointed if I did not bring your dress," I replied.

"Ah, well, I suppose I might, but then I could have lived through that, you know."

"Perhaps," I replied, "you might not have realized that it was so bad a night then, and not wishing to employ any one who was not prompt, you might have given your work elsewhere, and I cannot afford to lose any of my present patrons."

Her hair was by this time dressed, and putting the light robe upon her, I watched her glide about the room, smiling and speaking in gentle tones to her attendant, to me, or her bird; then while humming an opera air, her toilet was finished, and she flew to the large mirror where her whole person was reflected. After a brief glance, she said, "it's beautiful, all beautiful; you are an artist; you shall always make my dresses, and when I am a woman I will have you to live with me."

"And what are you now, my daughter?" asked her mother entering in time to hear the last of her speech.

"Why, mother, I am only your little girl yet;

I do not wish to be a woman these ten years." "Foolish child" said she, kissing her neck, lips and forehead.

And then they gave me my money and I left alone, wet, cold and almost fearful; almost, not quite, for I have escaped danger so long as to feel nearly secure for the future. I sped along, my clothes dripping, and my paper slippers growing every moment less and less inclined to cling to my feet. A sudden gust of wind faced me and my bonnet flew off. This will never do, thought I, to lose both bonnet and slippers in one walk, and I ran after it; but the spiteful thing would make a new leap just as I was ready to seize it, till at last, a passer by put his cane upon it until I could catch the rebel, and pinning on the string I tied it to my head, and putting up my hand, gave it a push that fastened it firmly on for the time.

The rescuer of my bonnet had stood looking at me all the while, and at last said, "Is not this Lucy Vernon?"

"Yes," I replied, sorry that I had not said no; but there was no denying myself to him, he knew me, and why should I be ashamed of my honest name. "You are wet and cold," said he, "take my arm, and come under the umbrella; I will see you safe home. You should not be out alone on such a night as this."

There was a choking sensation in my throat as I replied, "Women in my sphere are obliged to forget danger, disregard storms, to fear neither heat or cold, and never be sick." I spoke bitterly as I felt. We went on in silence for some time, till at last he inquired, "what are you doing for a living?"

"I earn my bread with my needle, sir."

"Surely you ought to have been able to do something else; you were considered as highly accomplished and played well."

"I played sufficiently to entertain my friends, but a music teacher must have a thorough knowledge of what she attempts."

"Could you not make your pencil available for a living?"

"My knowledge and taste for drawing are serviceable to me, but I was not mistress of my art, and when misfortunes came there was no time for me to improve myself in that way."

"Well, would not your pen serve you?"

"No sir; I may think and converse well, but I cannot write what would buy bread for three mouths."

We then walked on in silence, the violence of the storm had spent itself, but tears still trickled down my cheeks. This interview with one who had known me in my happy childhood days, unlocked the fountains and I felt as weak as those women who make tears and complaints their strong weapon of warfare upon the other sex. I sought to hide them from him, as I came near the lamp, and would not have invited him into my little home, if I could have avoided it. But he did enter, and sat for half an hour kindly inquiring after all my life in these last years; when he left he bade me hope for better days to come.

Dec. 15th. * * * * *

I am still oppressed with weariness, and this cough, this pain in my chest wears away my strength. Sewing hurts me but not so much as the unrest of my heart. This perpetual struggle, this shutting up the fire of my life and leaving it to burn out my soul will end in the grave.

He has visited me professionally for the last five days, he has held my hands in his, has cooled my throbbing temples with the magic of his touch, has relieved my troubled breathing by his wise skill, but I shall not rise from this sick bed as strong either to bear or to conceal as heretofore. Oh God! would that my work was done, and that thou wouldst take me home. Hush, repining spirit! live and do thy work well; be faithful over the few, if thou wouldst gather more love to thee.

20th.—He has been again beside me, a careful friend; a just, a wise, and excellent counselor; but with his heart turned aside from me. He came this evening to announce his departure in the next steamer, for France.

Ah! how well my heart divined that misfortune was near it.

He will go, I shall sit alone and my sad heart will grow each day more dreary; but its bitterness will not be felt by him. Borne away on the laughing billows, his life will enlarge expand, growing more and more beautiful, while I shrink and shrivel into nothingness. Why have I aspirations which can never be realized? why should I have a love nature, strong enough to be capable of entire self abnegation, and yet never be met? He goes, and will only think of me as a good, dutiful, person in whom, in his younger days he had some interest, and in after life, could aid. He will never dream that it is my voice, the voice of my breaking heart he hears in the wailing winds, that my tears are falling and my life wasting away in gloomy loneliness for him.

While I know he is here, this great city is not desolate to me; but how can I live when the great ocean rolls between us. Oh God! Oh God!! my cry is unto thee, for thou art all merciful. * * * * *

Dec. 29.—Gone, gone; his farewell kiss is on my lips, his blessing still lingers in my ear, I am calm, strangely calm, and I must be so, that I may quiet the grief of Mary.

The child weeps incessantly, and moans in her sleep, and tells how she loves him, but can she a child, love, or feel as I do? I whom God created a woman, and planted in my very soul all the desperate earnestness of man, with the unchanging, patient constancy, and the fatal exclusiveness of a woman. It cannot be. I sit by her in the dead silence of the night and listen for her next words of anguish, till it seems as though I could hear the minutes drop, one by one, into eternity. Her pale face is turned towards me full of sorrow even in her sleep, but it is a child's sorrow, and will pass away. What a mystery is love. Comes it from heaven or of earth?

How can I think freely when I feel this stifling grasp at every breath I draw.

How even do my duty to this child who would come in and rob me of all; for she too loves in her way; and when he held her clasped to his heart, when his lips touched hers, I saw them quiver with emotion; and when he laid her in my arms it was not sympathy with my grief, but hers which moved him to tears—Gone, yes. Let me repeat it, till it burns into my brain and let me never hope again. Give me strength to meet all trials fairly and fully, setting aside my weaknesses and asking only to know all,—this is wise and rational.

PETITIONS.

The following excellent forms of petitions to the State Legislature of New York, were a part of the action of the late Convention at Rochester. We are rejoiced that this Convention assumed so practical a form, and that work for every one, who feel that they can do a little, is provided; and, if these petitions are as extensively circulated as they should be, they cannot fail of gathering a vast number of names, and of having their due influence on the Lawmakers of that State.

PETITION FOR WOMAN'S RIGHT TO SUFFRAGE—Whereas, according to the Declaration of our National Independence, Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, we earnestly request the Legistature of New York to propose to the people of the State such amendments of the Constitution of the State, as will secure to Females an equal right to the Elective Franchise with Males; and we do hereby request a hearing before the Legislature by our accredited Representatives.

PETITION FOR THE JUST AND EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN—The Legislature of the State of New York have, by the Acts of 1848 and 1849, testified the purpose of the People of this State to place Married Women on an equallity with Married Men in regard to the holding, conveying, and devising of real and personal property.

We, therefore, the undersigned Petitioners, inhabitants of the State of New York, male and female, having attained to the age of legal majority, believing that Women, alike married and single, do still suffer under *many and grievous* LEGAL DISABILITIES, do earnestly request the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York to appoint a Joint Committee of both houses, to revise the Statutes of New York, and to propose such amendments as will fully establish the LEGAL EQUALITY of Women with Men; and do hereby ask a hearing before such Committee by our accredited Representatives.

The resignation of all pleasures is far better them the attainment of them.

The only firm friend, who follows men even after death, is Justice; all others are extinct with the body.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

[REPORTED FOR THE UNA.]

ROCHESTER, Nov. 30th 1853.

Pursuant to the call issued two weeks previous, on Wednesday morning at half-past ten, there were assembled in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, a goodly number of the friends of woman's elevation, including several from distant parts of the State.

Rev. Wm. H. Channing, of Rochester, invited the attention of the meeting to the reading of the call, which he said, indicated the character of the Convention. It was for action, rather than agitation. The latter had already been employed, till the time had arrived for addressing the Legislature for legal and civil reforms. The aim of this Convention is eminently practical. That our minds might be fitted for our high duties, he would invite the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown to ask the Divine blessing.

After prayer, Mr. Channing said that the callers of this Convention had hoped to give its first office to one who had lead in this movement in Western New York, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton, but she was detained at home, and (at the suggestion of a woman,) it was advised at a preliminary meeting that Rev. S. J. May be nominated.

The Convention then elected the following officers and Committee:

President—Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, New York; Samuel C. Cuyler, Pultneyville; Mrs. Amy Post, Rochester; Mrs. Mary F. Love, Randolph, Cattaraugus County; Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, Seneca Falls; Caroline Keyes, Cayuga co.; Griffith M. Cooper, Williamson; Rev. Miss Antionette L. Brown, South Butler; Matilda E. J. Gage, Manilus; J. W. Loguen, Syracuse; Sarah A. Burtis, Rochester; Mrs. Emma R. Coe, Buffalo.

Secretaries—Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Sarah Pellet, Syracuse; Wm. J. Watkins, Rochester; Sarah Willis, Rochester.

Finance Committee—Mary S. Anthony, Mary L. Hallowell, E. J. Jenkins, Lucy Coleman, of Rochester; Mary Cooper, of Williamston.

Business Committee—Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, Frederick L. Douglass, Amy Post, Samuel J. Love.

Taking the Chair, Mr. May said, he felt humble in assuming this office, which would have been filled by an able worker in the cause were she not kept from us by sickness in her family. He would have been content with a private position, for he was conscious how little he had done for this enterprise, which he regarded as the most important of the numerous reforms, seeking as it does, to change those customs of society which degrade woman, whom God made to be one with man.—Whatever was an evil, we knew was not in harmony with Divine intentions, however time santioned the long-endured interference with dreaming over the extent of the evil; we endured slavery, regarding it as a dismal swamp, unredeemable. But examination of these outrages on society, had determined us to act against them. Who did not have his heart wrung last night, at the recital of the wrongs done the Georgia Exiles? (referring to the address of J. R. Giddings.) There is a striking parallelism betweeen the wrongs done the slave and women; and when it is claimed that woman is contented with her lot, in the language of Edmund Burke he would reply, "The happy slave must be a most degraded man." The spirit of humanity is crushed when she kuows not what God made her to be. The Government formed for our Republic recognised woman no more than it did the slave, yet it made her amenable to the laws, and taxed her for the support of legislation in which it gave her no voice. This is the *primal* wrong!—Declaring all equal, it asked neither counsel or consent of the female man. And yet, accused of any crime, it arraigned her and denied her jury trial—a trial by one's peers—for where was a woman ever tried by a jury of women? There are cases where a woman is accused of crime, whose circumstances only a woman can understand. Then the rights of property have been denied her. Closing his address, the President introduced Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose.

Ernestine L. Rose took the stand. The remarks of the President have impressed us to do our duty with all the earnestness in our power. This was termed a Woman's Rights movement. Alas! that the painful necessity should exist, for Women's calling a Convention to claim her rights from those who have been created to go hand in hand, and heart and heart with her, whose interests cannot be divided from hers. Why does she claim them? Because every human being has a right to all the advantages society has to bestow, if his having them does not injure the rights of others. Life is valueless without liberty, and shall we not claim that which is dearer than life? In savage life, liberty is synonymous with aggression. In civilized countries it is founded on equality of rights. Oppression always produces suffering through the whole of the society where it exists; this movement ought, therefore, to be called a Human Right's movement. The wrongs of woman are so many—(indeed there is scarcely anything else but wrongs)—that there is not time to mention them all in one convention. She would speak at present of legal wrongs, and leave it to her hearers if we are not all—men, perhaps, more than women—sufferers by these wrongs. How can she have a right to her children when the right to herself is taken away? At the marriage altar the husband says in effect, "All this is mine, all mine is my own." She ceases to exist legally, except when she violates the laws. When she assumes her identity just long enough to receive the penalty. When the husband dies poor, leaving the widow with small children—(here the speaker pictured thrillingly the suffering of a poor, weakminded, helpless woman, with small children dependent on her)—she is then acknowledged the guardian of her children. But any property left them takes away her right of control. If there is property the LAW steps in as guardian of the *property* and therefore of the children. The widow is their guardian, *only* ON *condition* that the husband has left her sole guardian of the property. Can any human being be benefitted by such gross violations of humanity?

Letters were read from Mary C. Vaughn, expressing sympathy with the movement, in so far as it made woman a worker in the various reforms, especially for temperance; and urging the propriety of petitioning our Legislature to make drunkenness a sufficient cause for divorce.

From Paulina W. Davis, congratulating the convention upon the practical character of its call, hoping the women of New York would take to the Legislature numerously signed petitions, which shall ask the removal of specific disabilities. She said: Prayer is our weapon, therefore, let us be importunate and we may rest with firm faith in the success of our work.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting was called to order, and the following resolution as reported by the Committee, read by Mr. Channing:

1. *Resolved*, That the movement now in progress throughout the United States, for securing the just and equal Rights of Women, in Education, Industry, Law, Politics, Religion and Social Life is timely, wise and practical; that it is authorised by all the essential principles of Republican Institutions, and sanctioned by the spirit of the Christian Religion; and finally that it is but the carrying on to completeness of a reform already begun by legal provisions in the most advanced States of the Union.

2. *Resolved*, That the design of all true legislation should be the elevation of every member of the community,—and that the violation of this legitimate design in depriving Woman of her just and equal rights, is not only highly injurious to her, but by reason of the equilibrium which prevades all existence, that man, too, is impeded in his progress by the very chains which bind Woman to the lifeless skeleton of Feudal Civilization.

3. *Relolved*, That we do not ask for woman's political, civil, industrial and social equality with man, in the spirit of antagonism or with a wish to produce separate and conflicting interests between the sexes, but because the onward progress of society and the highest aspirations of the human race demands that woman should everywhere be recognised as the co-equal and co-sovereign of man.

4. *Resolved*, That women justly claim an equally free access with men, to the highest means of mental, moral and physical culture, provided in Seminaries, Colleges, Professional and Industrial Schools—and that we call upon all the friends of Progress, and upon the Legislature of New York, in establishing and endowing institutions to favor pre-eminently those which seek to place males and females on a level of equal advantage in their system of Education.

5. *Resolved*, That inasmuch as universal experience proves the inseparable connection between dependence and degradation, while it is plain to every candid observer of society that women are kept *poor* by being crowded together to compete with and undersell one another in a few branches of labor, and that from this very poverty of women spring many of the most terrible wrongs and evils which corrupt and endanger society; therefore do we invite the earnest attention of capitalists, merchants, traders, manufacturers, and mechanics to the urgent need which everywhere exists of opening to women new avenues of honest and honorable employment; and we do hereby call upon all manly men to make room for their sisters to earn an independent livelihood.

6. *Resolved*, That whereas the custom of making small renumeration for Woman's work, in all departments of industry, has sprung from her dependence, which dependence is prolonged and increased by this most irrational and unjust habit of *half-pay*; therefore do we demand, in the name of common sense and common conscience, that women, equally with men, should be paid for their services, according to the *quality and quantity* of the work done, and not according to the SEX of the worker.

7. *Resolved*, That whereas the State of New-York, in the acts of 1848 and 1849, has honorably and justly placed married women on the footing of equality with unmarried women, in regard to the receiving, holding, conveying and devising of all property, real and personal, we call upon the Legislature of the State to take the next step—so plainly justified by its own precedents—of providing, that husbands and wives shall be JOINT-OWNERS of their joint-earnings—the *community estate* passing to the survivor at the death of either party.

8. *Resolved*, That whereas the evident intent of the Legislators of the State of New York has for many years been progressively to do away the legal disabilities of Women, which existed under the old Common Law, therefore we do urgently call upon the Legislature of this State, at its next session, to appoint a Joint Committee, to examine and revise the statutes, and to propose remedies for the redress of all legal grievances from which Women now suffer, and suitable measures for the full establishment of Women's legal equality with Men.

9. *Resolved*, That whereas, under the common law, the father is regarded as the guardian *by nature* of his children, having the entire control of their person and education, while only upon the death of the father does the mother become the guardian by nature; and whereas by the Revised Statutes of New York it is provided that where an estate in lands shall become vested in an infant the guardianship of each infant, with the rights, powers and duties of a guardian in socage shall belong to the father, and only in case of the father's death to the mother; and whereas finally and chiefly, by the Revised Statutes of New York it is provided that every father may, "by his deed or last will duly executed, dispose of the custody and tuition" of his children during their minority "to any person or persons, in possession or remainder;" therefore do we solemnly protest against the utter violation of every mother's rights authorised by existing laws in regard to the "guardianship of

infants," and demand, in the name of common humanity, that the Legislature of New York so amend the Statutes as to place the mothers and fathers on an equal footing in regard to the guardianship of their children. Esepecially do we invite the Legislature instantly to pass laws entitling mothers to become their children's guardians in all cases where, from habitual drunkenness, immorality or improvidence, fathers are incompetent to fulfill their sacred trust.

10. *Resolved*, That whereas, according to the amendments of the Constitution of the United States it is provided that, "in all criminal cases, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury," and that "in suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved;" and whereas, according to the Revised Statutes of New York, it is provided that "no member of this State can be disfrachised of any of the rights or privileges secured to any citizen thereof, unless by law of the land, or the judgment of his peers;" therefore do we demand that Women as "members" and "cititizens" of this State, equally with men, should be equally with men entitled to claim a trial by an "impartial jury of the peers." And especially do we remonstrate against the partial, mean and utterly inequitable custom, everywhere prevalent, that in questions of divorce, men and men *alone* should be regarded as "an *impartial* jury."

11. *Resolved*, That whereas, in the Declaration of Independence of these United States one of the "injuries and usurpations" complained of is taxation without the consent of the persons taxed; and whereas, it is provided in the Revised statutes of the State of New York, that "No tax, duty, aid or imposition whatsoever, except such as may be laid by a law of the United States, can be taken or levied within this State, without the *grant and assent* of the *People* of this State, by their representatives in Senate and Assembly;" and that no *citizen* of this State can by any means be compelled to contribute to any loan, tax, or other like charge not laid and imposed by a law of the United States, or by the Legislature of the State; therefore do we proclaim, that it is a gross act of tyranny and usurpation, to tax women without their consent, and we demand either that women be represented either by their own appointed representatives, or that they be freed from the imposition of taxes.

12. *Resolved*, That inasmuch as it is the fundamental principle of this nation, and of every State in this Union, that all Governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," it is a manifest violation of the supreme law of the land for males to govern females without their consent; and therefore, do we demand of the people of New York such a provision in the Constitution of the State as will secure to Women the right of suffrage, which is now so unjustly monopolized by men.

13. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to prepare and present an address to the Legislature of New York at its next session, stating as specifically as they shall see fit, the legal disabilities of women, and to invite a hearing befor a joint committee specially appointed to consider the whole subject of the just and equal rights of women.

14. *Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to prepare an address to capitalists and industrialists of New York, on the best modes of employing and remunerating the energies of women.

The resolutions were accepted by the Convention, and under the motion to adopt, came before it for discussion.

Mrs. Gage, of Manlius, read an address on the legal disabilities of women, the law merging her in her husband, allowing separation from her children, &c.

Antoinette L. Brown followed. Said the feeling that man and woman were not equal, was the cause of this state of wrong. They were not alike, but could the world any better do without woman than man? Women should feel that if she does as much for the good of the world, she should have equal pay with man. The laws ascribe her the position of a slave; no married woman can earn a penny for herself. But ours is not an antagonistic movement; we would take from man no right, but would make man and woman a moral and social unit, one in every interest. It would be wrong to try a woman by a jury solely of women. Crime is committed against society, and should be judged by both men and women acting together.

Mr. Pryne, of Cazenovia, advocated woman's *taking* her rights, rather than talking for them. It was useless for them to agitate, to make themselves farmers, merchants, shoemakers; they must walk into those professions would they fill them. In the same way would they obtain their political rights. Let them institute and manage a ballot of their own.

Mrs. Love, of Randolph, said there were impediments to woman's rising, which she could not remove unassisted.

Mr. Hopkins, a lawyer of Rochester, thought the eighth resolution would effect nothing with the Legislature. Specific acts, rather than general reform should be asked. He cited numerous points of law which gave women peculiar immunities.

Mr. Channing said the resolution was drawn after consultation with a distinguished legal gentleman, who first moved in our State to remove the legal disabilities of women. That gentlemen was Judge Hay of Saratoga Springs. Mr. C. then read a long letter from Judge Hay, addressed to the Convention. It went over the whole ground of the existing injustice of our laws toward woman.

Both sessions have been well attended, and more enthusiasm manifested than is usual in these Conventions.

EVENING SESSION.

Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of Geneva, was first introduced. He thought woman should engage in all the professions. Should they be lawyers and legislators, our present codes would not suffer.

Mrs. Rose in the chair, Mr. May said he exceedingly regretted that he must leave at the close of this session, so deeply interested had he been in every part of the proceedings. He made a speech of great beauty and enthusiasm. He narrated the incidents of his conversion to this movement. He became a Woman's Rights man because he could not help it. His convictions conquered his prejudices. In reply to those opposers who triumphantly inquire, What! would you take woman from the privacy of home? Would you have her leave her family and children to go to the ballot-box? He was accustomed to reply, that he would have the family neglected for the State, no more by the father than the mother. He thought it was only those who had acted wisely in the family relation, who were fit to have the care of a State, which was now a half-orphan—a great over grown boy, that had never known a mother. When we recognised a Higher Constitution than that given by the fathers of the Republic, then should we know such a state of society as a wise mother promotes in her family.

Antoinette Brown said that it required greater moral heroism than most people possess, to acknowledge a change of opinion, as friend May had done; and twenty years from now, the man or woman who to-day refuses to recognise woman as the equal of man, will either be ready to acknowledge that he has changed his opinion, or else will protest that he always believed the views we advocate. It is conceded on all hands, that in Heaven, women is to set up for herself; she should begin to practice here, that she may not prove a novice in the art. Mr. Pryne was right in saying woman should take her rights, yet from the responses to his remarks he must have felt that "no one knows where the shoe pinches so well as he who wears it." To defy public prejudice required a fearful struggle, but it was our only hope. Woman must not only be ready to suffer contumely herself, but must learn to hate father, mother, brother and sister, for the cause of God and Humanity. True, neither man nor woman should neglect the duties of home, but all must be ready to make sacrifices to the public weal. Mrs. Stowe is charged with neglecting her family for the slave. She replies that when the cholera was raging in Cincinnati, she visited a house where a poor family had all died, save an infant that was suffering with disease. She took home the sick stranger. The child lived, but her own fell a victim. The world needs such Christian Heroism. We would ask for better laws, and should get them when we had better law givers.—Punch represents a Legislature as an assemblage of puppets moved by a man in the lobby. If legislators would be puppets, women, too, should be lobby members.

For the beautiful touching speech of Mrs. Rose, which occupied the rest of the evening, a brief sketch must suffice. Women would not be less *beneficial to man* with the mind and heart expanded, but we want *for ourselves* a different position, because we are human beings. Man has erred concerning his own, as well as our highest good. When he knows better, he will do better, Twenty years from to day, it will be a wonder that there was ever any necessity for such a Convention. The better feeling would grow till woman attained all rights for herself and man. She then instanced various legal assumptions derogatory to woman's manhood; showed the violation done to woman's feelings by the executors of her husband's estate; appealed to fathers to consider the perils to which their daughters were exposed unless they educated them to independence—perils greater to rich than to poor, because the worthless are induced to seek her not for what she is, but for what she has. The miserable beings who walk the streets of our large cities are brought to their condition by the injustice done to woman. It is helplessness has brought them there. Their fathers knew not how to take care of their daughters; were ignorant of their own as well as woman's happiness. You look down upon the poor degraded creature, and forget that your delicate, dependent daughter, is exposed to a similar fate. Legally, socially, and morally, there is a distinction kept up in the treatment of man and woman, and shall not men of influence do something to cure this evil? Our movement will correct it, will teach woman to rerely upon herself.

A sea of listening countenances filled to the brim, Corinthian Hall, and gave evidence, by its earnest stillness and its frequent applause, of telling interest in the speeches of the evening.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

Mrs. Rose in the chair. She said the Rev. Mr. Pryne would open the meeting with prayer.

Letters were read from several persons.

The resolutions were before the Convention.

Rev. Milo D. Codding first spoke, and was followed by Fredrick Douglass. He assented to woman's claim to the employment, of the elective franchise, to the jury-box, to equal education, to whatever her powers of mind fitted her to do. In regard to the disposition of funds and investments of married people, there were hardships now, and there would hardships arise from giving woman an equal right with man. The married relation was either a single individuality or otherwise. In cases where a man earned all the property, provided all, while his wife had but to enjoy in idleness, who ought to have the disposition of that property?—But he desired to aid the object of the movement in which he heartily sympathized. Woman's sphere of usefulness would be enlarged most surely, by her calling together the women themselves, and showing them how they might open for themselves, new spheres of industrial effort. Prejudice in the mind of women, was the greatest hindrance to their obtaining their rights. There were several ladies employed in the county clerk's office, keeping books. But women who consider themselves of

the higher circles, look upon those of their own sex employed in such an office with scorn. He saw young women go into his printing office to set type, and considered it no isgrace. He thought we should best meet prejudice by asking the reason. Were he content to sit in the Jim Crow Pew, and to ride on deck on the steamboat he might do so till dooms-day, but he took his rights, and so should women.

Douglass was followed by E. A. Hopkins, Esq. He thought the movement was not entirely timely, wise and practicable, though parts of it might be. He took up and answered each of the questions appended to the call for the Convention. His speech was characteristic *of the lawyer*, and the frequent recurrence of the idea, *it is right because it is customary*, will illustrate its moral character. He stated three several points where he thought woman was aggrieved and should have legislative redress. Office was a temptation, and he thought woman was better off without it.

Miss Brown proposed that the men, for a while, be relieved from this great evil, and excused from the burdens of office. If this necessary duty was so burdensome, women should be a helper and share its burdens with him. Miss Brown said we are taught to be grateful for small favors. So we are. Our friend has been giving you milk, but to me it seems even at that diluted with water. There is one law, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—When our brothers are ready to be paid a dollar a week for keeping house and nursing the children, let them dictate this also to us.

We women now offer to take the burden and responsibility of government upon ourselves. We would be willing to save our friends for a time from temptation and care, as they have so generously done by us; if we are to be satisfied with things as they are, so should the slave be. He should be grateful for the care of his master, for according to the established price paid for labor, he does not earn enough to take care of himself.

We should be satisfied with our present license laws, they are right, just and good, judged by our friends reasoning. If our offer to rule alone is not liked, we are ready, then to co-operate with man in this according to the original design and arrangement of the Creator.

Mrs. Rose again made a few remarks.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mrs. Rose presiding. Mr. Channing presented the following forms of petitions to be presented to the New York Legislature during the approaching session.* They were adopted by the Convention

Mrs. Jenkins, of Waterloo, made a speech of some length.

* * * * *

Mrs. Love of Randolph, read an address, flowery in style, but full of truth, upon the discord that pervades social life. Homes should be reformed; from domestic uncongeniality spring the chief evils of society. She advised men and women, to beware of unharmonious alliances, and made a touching appeal in behalf of the fallen of her sex. Mr. Channing arose, he said, whenever he heard a woman in face of existing prejudices—speak the simple truth in regard to the social wrongs of her sisters, as Mrs. Love had done, asking no leave of convention, and making no apology for her sincere words, however, they might startle false delicacy—he felt bound as a man, and in the name of man, to offer her the tribute of his hearty respect.

Mrs. Coe, a law student, at Buffalo, next spoke at length. Her style is diffuse—she touched few new points; reviewed some laws and decisions, relating to the condition of married women.

Mrs. Gage, of Manlius, followed. Frederick Douglass, again raised the inquiry, in the investment of money or use of property, where there is a joint ownership, and in regard to which, there may be disagreement between husband and wife, how shall the matter be settled between them? Law is not a necessity of human nature—if love ruled, statutes would be obsolete, genuine marriages, and harmonious cooperations, would prevent any such necessity. Miss Brown proposed to reply in a word; law must regulate differences where there is not true union, and as a business copartnership, if the matter could not be adjusted between themselves to mutual satisfaction, let it be referred to a third person; where it is a property transaction, let the usual business custom be observed; but if there be a difficulty of a different nature, so serious, that the parties, bound to each other for life, cannot enjoy existence together, if they cannot make each other happy, but are to each other a mutual source of discomfort, why, let them separate—let them not be divorced, but let them each be content to live alone for the good of society. The resolutions were then read and adopted, with no discussion till the last; this Mr. Hopkins opposed with several objections, one of which was, that private stations demand as high qualifications, and more surely command a just recompense, than public offices; woman has yet taken few lucrative private employment; why, then till these are taken, should she seek for public office?

Committees were appointed answering the end of the last two resolutions. They were, Committee on Legislative Address, E. C. Stanton, S. J. May, Ernestine L. Rose, William Hay, Burroughs Phillips, Antoinette L. Brown, William H. Channing and Lucy A. Jenkins,

Industrial Committee, Horace Greely, Mary C. Vaughn, Abraham L. Payne, Sarah Pellet and Matilda E. J. Gage.

EVENING SESSION

Was occupied with speeches from Mrs. Hollenback, of Lockport, Mrs. Sands, of Canandaigua, Susan B. Anthony, who urged that woman should have a purse of her own. Mr. Bartlett of Geneva, who thought Paul's inspiration to wives to be subject to their husbands, was not intended to apply to the women of America, Man's Rights now were to labor unnecessingly for the extravagances of wife and daughters. He went for Woman's Rights, that she might help bear the burdens of life, and give men a chance to rest. He wanted women should have a higher aim than aping cod-fish aristocracy in buying new carpets, shawls and bonnets.

Mrs. Rose said that men would be saved much suffering, many a man would be saved from ruin, by consulting with his wife about his business; woman's human nature was beautiful, and the best way to call it out was to make her a confidant.

Mrs. Jenkins read an address under which the audience were somewhat uneasy on account of its length.

Mrs. Rose made the closing speech—the valedictory—and the Convention adjourned sine-die, the members taken home with them blank petitions which they will return filled to the committee.

The interest was well sustained through the Convention, and the members in attendance continued to increase; the members may well be satisfied with their work, thus far, and be encouraged, gradually without noise to prosecute the remainder.

*See petitions on page 195.

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

Buy any matches?—buy any matches?—please, sir, buy any matches? And as the rain beat down with measured tread on the old market sheds in Market street, two tiny bare feet, with reluctant pressure, kept tune on the cold, wet pavement below. Surprised, we turned to discover what the owner of that plaintive voice could be hopeful of doing, on such a night, and at such an hour, when match buyers had retired to their homes and their chambers;—the bits of wood—the sad, feeble voice that cries—the infant hand of poverty that presented them—the expression which asks and urges—was not it their dreams; THEY wandered then where no such children come.

We turned; was there hope in that face as it turned to look up to us imploringly? revealing small pale features by the lamp light, which gave an additional pallor to her appearance. Nature need not be ashamed of her handiwork in this child of misfortune, methought, as great tears rolled from the lustrous eye, and awakening a response down in the well of our own soul. Those tears were from the great fountain of childhood's woes, where, as age comes on, the waters dry up, and a consuming fire rages in its depths, which scorches and burns the goodness and purity that was planted there, and might, but for it, grow and strengthen into perfect bloom. About her fair proportioned forehead lay "matted and uncombed locks." Her Grecian profile and general expression gave one an idea of superiority in this, over other children usually found clad in such habiliments and thus employed. This aroused in us an indescribable desire to know of what and whom she was, and why in the big lone market shed at this unseasonable hour. Why, child, what are you doing here at this time of night? were our words; this is no time to sell matches; see, there is only an occasional person in the street, and they are not likely to stop and buy matches in the rain. "Oh! please to buy my matches—do sir; and let me go home!" Go home at any rate—there is no one to buy to-night—go home and wait till morning, besides you have exposed the matches to the rain, and they are spoiled. Again those dewy eyes, full of sad memories, raised to our own with a gaze, such as would haunt us between waking and sleeping. It spoke of the anguish of that child's heart, grown old with its cares, and would gladly have shut it out; and the soft trembling voice broke forth—a new trouble was hers. Oh, sir; if they are spoiled, I shall stay in this market all night, and in the morning I shall not dare to go home, for I shall have no money. I can never go to bed till I have sold all my matches—they will never let me."

This sad reality of the oft-told tale ran through our mind, that this little creature was driven forth day by day to sell those bits of merchandise, with orders not to return without money, obtained by the sale of a given quantity of the same. Preferring that she might give her own story, we asked, "Why can't you go home." Her eyes fell as she replied, picking the string that fastened her hood; "Oh sir, father—is—is—mother says I must not tell about him—she is good and feels so bad about him! I can't tell about him—but he will not let me come home, unless I bring money for him to get what he wants."

Affecting ignorance, we suggested that he wanted the money to buy bread. "No," said the child "once he did buy bread," and added, half doubtingly "mother says we lived in a nice house, but father got sick or something, and did'nt live there any more, and he never buys bread more." No pleasant recollection came rushing in to darken the present by comparison, or beguile her for a moment, to let her live over again the past; 'twas not her recollection, but her mother's—a pleasant something beyond her conception—better for her had her little memory retained it, for 'tis painfully pleasant to look back upon bright or even shadowy conceptions, when the present is dark and the future heavy and dense with its unrelieved blackness. "Where is your home, child, I will go and take you," said we. It's a long walk for a gentleman to go in such a storm: oh! if I could only sell my matches, I would run down there in a little time. "Come," said we, drawing her under the umbrella, as we merged into the open space. The vaulted heavens were black and spread a gloom, through which the rays from the street lamps pierced but dimly.

The rain fell faster and in greater drops, and the heavy Autumnal wind impeded the progress and chilled the strong, well-clad man, and for any other than an accustomed child, must have been beyond endurance; but she, one of the many infant victims of misfortune, had learned to encounter and endure so very early. 'Twas plain that her father had lost his way before her time, and she, a helpless thing, had been set down in a wilderness life, amid surroundings beyond her control, and was wandering—Oh! she knew not whither. When the good shepherd gathers his flock, will not this lamb require and be shown especial favor? Her misdeeds, for whom other than herself are responsible, forgotten in commiseration and love—for 'tis such as her that elicit most of these from the good parent. At first our little guide was reluctant, as if fearing some harm would come of her being taken home. Kind words assured her, and removed her fear of danger—passing into Seventeenth street, we commenced a dreary walk towards Moyamensing. Our little guide was silent, and evidently moody, and despite all effort to draw from her something to form conclusions of family history, naught could be drawn forth, save sighs and monosyllables. Reaching the well known concentration of heathenism, Bedford street, we traversed it a short distance and turned into a narrow lane that led to the rear of an old wooden building, one side of which had decayed so entirely as to give the house a reeling position, a fitting sight for the drunken inhabitants of the neighborhood. "Be careful now," said the child, "the stairs are broken, and some of them are gone be careful or you'll fall." She clambered up the steps leading the way; the steps trembled as the wind rattled the loose boards like the playing of a castinet band out of time. The State-house clock added to the hollow dreariness about us, as its solemn and measured tones proclaimed, as it seemed, with unusual deliberation and precision, the hour on the verge of which we enter upon another day.

The door opened hurriedly, and the figure of a woman stood before it to receive the little wanderer. "Oh where have you been till this late hour—I have waited so long for you, and, began to fear you were lost and would never come to me again." "Hush, mother, a gentleman has brought me home under his umbrella." "Heigh there, has Nannie come? have you sold out and brought me the money? you're rather late; I can't wait so long another night,—hand over the change," said a trembling broken voice. "Father, father, a gentleman is here, don't talk about the money now" The woman had lighted a bit of tallow candle, and as its first faint glimmer reached the more remote corner and revealed the miserable apartment, a shrinking feeling came over us. The gaunt form of the mother as she held the light in her hand looking the perfect embodiment of despair, her eyes directed to a straw bed on one side where we directed our gaze and discovered thereon the father—the natural guide and protector, bloated and besotted, struggling in the last days of a drunkard's career, all plainly told the demon, rum, had driven them here, from their quiet peaceful home that lived in the mother's recollection and the child's imagination—this had pursued, and was still pursuing them. The bitter draught of misery had been swallowed even to the dregs; earth gave them no hiding place, save in her bosom—there the relentless foe is baffled—the victim is sheltered there. There was no inclination for conversation, no words came up to express the thoughts which such a scene crowded upon us. Suggesting the propriety of a dry dress for the child, we were told she wore all she had—shivering and saturated in the only clothes she had—she was late, and he who once provided for her, had in consequence of her being late, pawned the last change she possessed. No fire, and no place to make one, a sickening consciousness of suffering without power to relieve, hushed us into silence, and only able to do the little to redeem the pawned clothing, we turned sadly and thoughtfully away, full of the strengthened resolution to labor on and on, with a fixed purpose which shall never yield, until the last child young and innocent is sent forth in the pelting storms in the night-time, to feed the insatiate fire kindled and kept burning by rum. We left Nannie there then, but remembered her well; the thought of her on that dismal night never left us, and now she is cared for kindly in the "Home" where many a worse than orphan finds an asylum, away from vice and temptation, where temporal wants are cared for, the blighted soul warmed and quickened into new life, and prepared for usefulness here and peaceful rest beyond.—*Daily Register.*

STORY ON RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

In Story's Treatise on the Law of the Sales of Personal property, pages, 38, 39, 40, second edition, some opinions are expressed with regard to women which it may be well for many, who receive unqualifiedly the decisions of Lawyers, to read and reflect upon. At no period of the world, has the law kept pace with the growth and necessities of the people.

Over Legislation is an evil in all countries. The common law still forms the basis of all jurisprudence. This Common Law may command our respect. but none can deny, that in many points, it is unsuited to the present time, and especially to our country, where society is so peculiarly composite. The first aim of the liberalists then is to enlarge its boundaries, and to adapt it to the exigencies of commerce and requirements of justice.

Sec. 41. It is greatly to be desired that the whole law relating to the powers and responsibilities of married women should be revised. The servile rules of a feudal age relating thereto, have survived the customs, institutions, and opinions from which they sprung, and are in utter discord with the freer and more expanded socialism of the present age. Many of the restrictions upon the power and privileges of married women are but the relics of that early English barbarism, which made woman the slave and degraded handmaid, in the home where she should be the equal and friend; which reverenced brute force and despised the grace of gentleness; and which had a nearer affinity to the animal than to the angel. The condition of women in any age affords the best type of its true civilization. Uniformly, in the same ratio as education, commerce and peace have enlarged the views, liberalized the temper and humanized the spirit of the age, has the condition of woman improved; *and we shall hail it as a symbol of a progressive civilization, whenever the legal fetters in which the powers of women are now cramped, are stricken away,* AND SHE STANDS ON A PLATFORM OF EQUAL RIGHTS WITH MAN. At the same time, however, that her disabilities are removed, it is but fit and proper that her responsibilities should be enlarged; for it is difficult to say whether her disabilities operate more to her own injury, by depriving her of powers and rights, or whether her privileges operate more to the injury of those who contract with her, by narrowing so closely her responsibilities. Her privileges and responsibilites are but the two edges of a sword, which injures more often than it aids, and from which, with all the rest of her feudal armor, she should be relieved.

Sec. 42. The first step in any reform on this matter, would be to enable a married woman to hold property independently of her husband, and to give him no rights or powers over property bequeathed or given to his wife or purchased by her, by virtue merely of his being her husband. The objection so often raised against this policy, that the existence of distinct rights of property would disturb the harmony of domestic life, and occasion an opposition of interests fatal to the internal peace of families, seems to be merely specious. For, in the first place, such separate rights and powers can always be obtained by means of the awkward intervention of trustees; and in cases where resort had been had to trustees, no such injurious consequences as those predicted have followed, unless the money of the wife was the object of the marriage; and also, in the second place, wherever there is true harmony of feeling, the mere fact that the wife has separate funds, will never occasion domestic quarrels or ill feelings; and, in the third place, if there be no true harmony of feeling, there never will be any unity of interest, and in these cases, the power of the husband over the property of his wife affords opportunities to him for his exercising tyranny and injustice. Again, in cases of bankruptcy, where no credit has been given to the wife, and where she has been in no fault, she and her children may, by the operation of the present law, be rendered [illegible] argument, that any woman can, if she please, place her property in the hands of trustees and thereby prevent her husband from exercising control over it, does not apply to cases, where the property is not put in trust, and such are by far the most numerous. Ordinarily, women will not, from motives of confidence and affection, or from carelessness, wilfulness, or ignorance, place their property in trust, before marriage; and after marriage, it is at the option of the husband to allow or forbid such a proceeding. Besides, although the property be put in trust, the husband may legally appropriate the income, as soon as it comes to the possession of his wife, and thus virtually annul the objects of the trust. *The true policy would be, as it seems to us, to enable the wife to hold property independently of the husband, in like manner, as if she were an unmarried woman.*

Sec. 43. The moment a married woman shall be invested with rights of property independent of her husband, all the reasons for her disabilities will fail, and the whole fiction of the law, upon which they are founded, will be without support. Then, there will be no plausible reason why she should not contract, and render herself liable on her engagements, and assume the same personal privileges, as if she had not been married.

I feel—and in some feelings, there is all the strength and all the divinity of knowledge.

They who truly love would seek for the treasre they obtain, every bond that can make it sting and secure.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, JANUARY, 1854.

PECUNIARY INDEPENDENCE OF WOMEN.

In our last we commenced an examination of this question, by showing the analogy between chattel slavery and the position of woman under the common law in our free government. And now after finding her a slave, with some few privileges granted her, as maiden or widow, we will see what shall be said of that sophistry, which justifies the annihilation of woman's natural rights in marriage, under the pretence of a mystical identity of husband and wife, when the union is made, in fact, to absorb the one party, for the aggrandizement of the other, where the mutuality and reciprocity of joint interest and right are utterly refused, and where the unity, which is only of the spiritual, and moral nature, is by usurpation, extended to the material and pecuniary rights of one of the parties. Has the husband any better right to take the property and earnings of the wife from her, by claim of law, and with its compulsory force, than he has to take her food and other material necessaries from her? Can he eat and drink and breathe for her, and shall he take by right that which necessarily sustains her physical existence? In right reason the oneness of the husband and wife in law, cannot be the doubling of the husband and annihilation of the wife, in matter of property but the possession of the entirety by each, so that neither can dispose of it without the consent of the other, and the survivor to take the whole, as both really own the whole during their joint lives. If the nuptial unity is any thing but this, and if it can have any other consequences, it is a sham and imposture. But in fact it is made to answer the purpose of giving the control and disposal of all the joint acquisition of both to the husband during his life, and the legal title to his heirs at his death. The securing of the wife's property separate and free from the husband's disposal, and exempt from liability for his debts, is a slight advance upon the old injustice, but, it is so far, a denial of the unity of marriage, and is in effect a property divorce. But, it also stops short of securing to her the value of her care and earnings, during marriage, and leaves her after his death just in the position of a hireling, whose separate estate has been preserved from a master's grasp and who received food, clothing and lodging for a life's services.

Let us have a true identity and its just results, or give us a fair partnership of profits, as well as a separate capital and its fruits. The present system with all its modern amendments is as illogical as it is unjust and oppressive. Why should not children and collateral heirs depend upon the mother as well as upon the father? A widow is no more likely to marry again than a widower, and if every man knew that all his wealth must be left to his surviving wife, he would be looking for better qualities in her than he now considers, when he chooses her, and she would be worthier of the trust than present enslavement and want of responsibility allows of, or induces. We insist on the divine unity and identity of marriage, and we ask for all its incidents that the fact may correspond to the ideal, and afford all its excellent fruits.

An heiress, arrived at her legal majority, is now entrusted with her own estate; a widow is obliged to support herself and children, if her husband dies poor. Where then is the enormity of giving her the property of the marriage, any more than entailing upon her its burden! Can she be trusted only to toil and suffer for her children, and not to govern them and administer the estate, which they may have in expectancy? Verily, a married woman is a slave in pecuniary conditions and burdened beyond any slave, with the obligation of providing for her orphans and for her self when she happens to be emancipated in old age.

The plea of tenderness and regard for the sex, and its delicacy and infirmity, which is made to cover the pecuniary wrongs of married women, is terribly exposed by the fact that sex, professedly so regarded, is oppressed to the farthest limits of endurance, by the laws and customs of society. Why are unmarried women excluded from the thousand resources of independent support which are open to men? and why are they but half paid for the drudgeries that are permitted to them? What construction does this throw upon the motives which are paraded in justification of liberties and opportunities denied to them? The conservators of female purity and decorum, make no objection to her employment in the menial occupations of the household, the exhausting toil of the needle, and the ill paid labor of the cotton factory. This sort of labor is permitted, and tenderness for the sex does not prevent a heavy discount upon its wages; but when clerkships, office holding, and professions, which pay well both in money and influence, are demanded, they are refused; aye! not only refused, but the demand is treated with obloquy, and the advocates are charged with an unwomanly departure from their proper sphere. Another proof that we are held and regarded as slaves and dependents. When thinking is treated as rebellion, and argument as insurrection, it must be because the subjects are held to service and duty, incapable of rights. We put ourselves upon the ground of equal justice, and the enemy must disprove our equal humanity if they would make their defence available. And here for the present we leave it, while we turn to the party most immediately concerned in the movement, and which has the remedy in their own hands; we mean the women, who can give character and effect to the efforts for her sex's emancipation.

The poor and illiterate, compelled by their sharp necessities, have already pressed into such avocations of business, as cheap wages and light responsibilities have opened to them; but this will never relieve the fate and fortunes of women; it does no more for us as a class, than hod-carrying, barbering and coach-driving does for the free colored people.

The higher functions of business must be attempted, and the higher capacity and culture of the more fortunate class of women must achieve the triumph here. We must not stop with teaching in primary schools, with the finer and more delicate manufactures, retail clerking in fancy stores, book-binding and type setting, all of which have been to some extent entered by women, under the pressure of pecuniary necessity, and are generally abandoned as quickly as marriage or any other mode of living affords the opportunity. These employments must be taken up by those who choose them *with a purpose*, being free to choose, and not accidental resorts under difficulty, and in the same spirit a higher and better range of business calling must be undertaken. To name a few; daguerreotyping, chrystalotyping, drug-stores, (though we look upon these as only evils,) clerkships in public offices, book-stores, printing, goldsmithing, the administration of descendent's estates, the study and practice of medicine and dentistry, law and divinity, with a hundred other kinds of business requiring some talent, education and capital, all of which have been already tried with success, in a few instances, and all of which are waiting to engage and reward our energies.

We call upon the women who are at liberty to take these forward steps, for the relief of their sex and for their own honor and benefit. Now you are occupying your wasteome and idle talents in the wretched charities that poor houses and hospitals can perform better and cheaper, than your voluntary associations are able to do, and you are diverted from the service which would prevent wretchedness, pauperism and dissoluteness by idle and vain attempts to relieve these evils by almsgiving, after they have become incurable.

When honest, capable industry comes to you for employment, you have nothing for it to do, you turn the appliant away to return, only when she has qualified herself for your benevolence by suffering disease, dispair and crime.

Mercy is twice blessed, it blesseth him who takes and him who gives; but almsgiving is more frequently twice cursed, blighting those who receive and blighting those who give.

It is not an enlightened, it is not a divine charity, that contents itself with following the destroyer and nursing the cripples; it is not a liberal charity that doles out odd pence, and old clothes and broken victuals, to remediless wretchedness.

The Saviour did not part only with his superabundance, but he took the form of a servant

that he might redeem the world. We must enter, that we may open the opportunities of honorable self-support to the hosts of dependant women who are crowding our cities and villages. We must provide and prepare the avocations of business which will secure them from want and worse suffering than mere physical want implies, by making the way and means easy and honorable to them. If we withhold yourselves from duty, the thousands who depend upon our pioneer efforts must suffer and we must pay the penalty. Of the majority of us it may be truly said, that we are really slaves and dependants upon the labor and care of the men of our families; as expensive and as worthless as any luxury that ornaments their parlors and gardens, and about as easily replaced when worn out or cast aside. We are eaten up with ennui or exhausted with frivolity, and above all our souls are starved for the lack of use and purpose. The question with us is, what shall be the next show, the next amusement, the next agreeable idleness; or in lieu of these, what even the next calamity that will bring us the full enjoyment of our faculties. We call upon you now at the opening of this new year to deliver yourselves from the wretchedness of being nothing, and doing nothing, and we point you to the means and method; you must do it. Your condition is every day growing worse: the earnest woman-hood of the times is bestirring itself and the contrast will expose and disgrace us. Our earnest word to you is, drop your trivialities, your perpetual pursuit of amusement, and charities, that do but make paupers, and go to work for the world, and for your own sake.

HAPPY HOURS AT HAZEL NOOK.—This is the title of a beautifully bound and embelished book, more than appropriate to the approaching holidays, because specially adapted to them. There are just a baker's dozen of stories, imitative of the fanciful lore of as many lands, and different people. The Floral allegory leads the fairy band. Then follow the German extravaganza, the Indian legend, the Spanish fable, the Irish myth, the Scotish tale, with many others, not forgetting the Oriental phantasie, and the New England superstition.

Children, who cannot read, love to listen to these stories; and cultivated intellects have found a charm in the wild conceits, and easy grace of style. It is a fascinating book for the social circle, or the solitary hour.

The writer commenced the work several years since, and communicated her whole plan to the designer. But other occupations and duties interfered with its completion. This will explain the seeming imitation of Hawthorne in the story of "The Golden Peach," which she thought best not to omit, though the Senor fabulist had forestalled her in an appearance before the public. The literary jewelling from many mines, is set in a ground-work of simple rustic artifice; and the village tale, which binds the whole into one connected story, has its own interest. We learn to like the good, benevolent Lottie, who takes a double share in efforts to please the children, and to love the little Ellen, who is so gentle and reverential in her childish faith and love.

We feel that we must laugh at Ben, who tries so hard to be witty; and are aware that the sprightly Katie is not unlike other children, though she would rather have another story than go to bed almost any time.

There is a promise of another series, which we hope will, in due time, be published.

As this story was written, and its illustrations designed by *ladies*, we have a particular interest in commending it, for a gift-book, to parents and others.

Published by Dutton & Wentworth, Boston.—Will be for sale by Whitney of this city. Price, 75 cts. in plain binding, $1,25 in gilt.

For the Una

PAUL VS. SILENCING WOMEN.

[CONCLUDED.]

To the Editor:

5th. Then immediately in the connection, the apostle says, *Wherefore, bretheren covet*, [or love still,] *to prophecy*, [or preach yourselves,] *and forbid not to* [others] *speak with* [their own] *tongues*: i. e., in doing the same work. And here Paul shows more clearly than before, what the offenders were doing, calling for such reproofs, viz.: they had actually been forbidding others, the women, "to speak with [their own] tongues," in the "churches of the saints." This is seemingly too plain to be now misunderstood, as Paul's explanation of his own words so long "wrested" (as Peter calls it,) on the subject of freedom of speech, or making speeches, for all. For instead of Paul's forbidding one sex the right of so doing he actually here forbids bretheren's forbidding their sisters, or women from enjoying equal rights with them in the great work. And he seems here to say as much as, that none of any sex or position should be forbidden to preach Christ's Gospel, who have literal "tongues" with which to do it.

And although the word "tongues" be not always literally understood, I see no proof against its being so here. And it appears necessary now, in making sense, and harmonizing the whole subject.

6th. The next verse, which also classes the chapter and subject, says, "*Let all things be done decently and in order.*" If I understand the apostle in this, his last remark, he represents it as not "*decently*" doing business in Christ's church and as quite out of "*order*" there, for one class so to monopolise to themselves the right of doing all the speaking, in their silencing, by force, as it were, one-half of the whole number. And sure, neither himself nor any other humble disciple like him, could any more approve of their practicing such monopolising indecency and disorder, even should the weighty reason be assigned for it, that by so doing, the ruling party can make capital out of it, both in an honorary and pecuniary point of view, i. e., in thus preventing the possibility of the silenced party's diminishing it, in sharing a due portion of it themselves.

On closing, it may be proper to say, lest some misunderstand me, as I misunderstood others till of late, that I do not claim for women the rights of clerical or political aristocracy, and domination which are now so generally practiced by men who become leaders, but I would rather labor only to show, that in addition to woman's being hindered from publishing Christ's glad tidings, the present general male monopoly over the weaker sex, is grossly wrong and unchristian, because, as is apparent, it has already reduced multitudes of them especially in large cities, to the condition of starvation, or to obtain a kind of equal livelihood for themselves by theft, or other crime more ruinous and degrading to themselves and children, who have them. PHILANTHROPOS.

MRS. SWISSHELM ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A new horror has lately arisen from the grave, which is open for old Tyranny; and very devoutly turns up his eyes, that we, a woman, should meddle with politics.

We beg leave to refer to the Harrison campaign for any number of precedents, and for authority, go to the common interpretation of the "higher law." This recognizes a woman's right to freedom of conscience in matters of religion. A woman may join what Church she will and worship according to its particular dogmas.—Well, we learned our politics at our mother's knee with the twenty-third Psalm and Shorter Catechism.

Under the ministry of Rev. Dr. Black were regularly taught the principles which now distinguish the Free Domocracy; and when we joined the Church, were requested to profess faith in them and pledge ourselves to support them to the extent of our abilities. If it is wrong for us to redeem this pledge, it must have been wrong for the church and her agents to administer it, and this blame attaches to Rev. A. W. Black, Hon. Gabriel Adams, and others. Both branches of the Covenanter Church require all their members to "meddle" in politics, for their distinguishing doctrines are political.

Nay, we cannot see how any woman can intelligently become a member of any one of nine-tenths of our Churches, without professing a political creed, for about this proportion of the sects had their origin in some political question.

The Presbyterian Reformation of Scotland was eminently a powerful measure, and one which accomplishes important political ends. In it men and women were both actively engaged. The King, the parliament and the people, men and women, signed the solemn league and covenant. Women enjoyed equal rights to be shot, to be hunted as wild beasts, to be driven into dens and caves of the earth,—they "of whom the world was not worthy."

Tyrants never dispute woman's right to the martyr's crown, and when men have once got the politics of the world in such a fix that the good can no longer get leave to live in it, women may die on gibbets, and welcome, or she may then, even strain every nerve to remedy the evil; but until matters arrive at this crisis, it is quite out of woman's sphere to "meddle."

The Puritan women of England were altogether right in forsaking home and friends to testify against a political tyranny. Had they made active efforts to prevent or cure the evil, they would have been shockingly unwomanly!

But women have meddled so much in politics, and their right has been acknowledged in so many ways, that it is scarce worth while to cavil about it.

No Society ever sent out a female missionary but they endorsed woman's rights and proclaimed her duty to "meddle with politics."

It was the policy of India to burn widows and drown babies. The Christian world sent men and *women* to break up the policy, to abolish the laws—change the politics of the country. Well, here, in the United States, it is the policy to sell the women and steal babies. The Free Democratic Missionary Society has sent us to convert these heathens, and we are doing our best.

Pitsburg Saturday Visiter.

NOTICE.

We were favored by the friends in Rochester with a condensed report of the late Woman's Rights Convention, which we have preferred to that given in the New York Tribune. The only omission of any particular importance, so far as reports ever do justice to speakers, we will remedy by giving in this column the speech of Mr. Hopkins, of Rochester, a lawyer, who spoke against the eighth resolution. Wherever there is a manly or candid opposition, to principles or measures, we shall most cheerfully give it space, and place it along with the arguments in the affirmative. We cut this from the Rochester Democrat.

E. A. Hopkins said the question was whether this movement is timely, wise and practical? He proceeded to show that it was not altogether so; because it comprises what was not timely, &c., with what might be addmitted to be in that category. He went on to illustrate this sentiment, but was interrupted once and again by the Chairman and others, for not speaking to the question, which was supposed to be that presented in the 1st resolution. Mr. H. indicated the amendments which ought to be made in the present laws regulating the relations of the married state. He argued against making the man and wife joint owners of property, except in certain specific cases.

Rev. Mr. Channing said that in Louisiana and California this joint ownership was recognized by the laws.

Mr. Hopkins was not aware of that; and he did not see why labor, worth in the market no more than one or two dollars per week, should be paid for at the rate of, it may be $200 per week. He thought the law should be altered so that the widow may have control of property while her children are minors. The right to vote, which was claimed under the idea that representation should go before taxation, he discussed with ability, taking ground against women voting. The arguments used by the other side were shown to be fallacious, or at least partaking of the aristocratic element. Women are already tried by "their peers," though not by those of their own sex. As to women holding office, this movement had proved the position of Dr. Channing, in his discussion with Miss Martineau, that "influence was good, and office bad." Women should be content to exercise influence, without seeking for the spoils and risking the *temptations* of office. He argued upon the maxim that "governments derive their just rights from the consent of the governed," contending that it was not true; those powers are derived from the majority who are brave enough to set up and sustain the government.

Mr. Hopkins farther stated that,

Tenancy by the courtesy operates in favor of the husband, not of the wife. It is the husband's right during his life to the use of the wife's real estate from her death, in case of a child or children born of the marriage. It is defeasible now by the wife's will.—Cow. Rep. 74, 2 R. S., 4th Ed. 331.

Tenancy by right of dower is the wife's right during her life to the use of one-third of the husband's real estate from his death. It operates in favor of the wife and not in favor of the husband, and is indefeasible by the husband's will or the husband's acts while living, and does not depend upon the birth of a child by the marriage.

The order of distribution of the husband's personal property on his death is as follows, viz.: 1st, the widow of a family takes articles exempt from execution as hers, also $150 worth of property besides. 2d, she has one-third of the personal property, absolutely—if there be no children, one half, and if there be no parent or descendent, she is entitled, of the residue, to $2000, and if also no brother, sister, nephew or niece, all the residue.—This order may be varied or defeated by his will.

The order of distribution of the wife's personal property on her death without will is as follows: It goes, after paying her debts, to her husband, if living; if not, then 1st, to her children, 2d to her father, 3d to her mother, 4th to her collateral relatives. This order may be varied or defeated by her will. She may devise it as she may please.

His property before marriage continues his after marriage, subject to her inchoate rights of dower.

Her property before marriage continues hers absolutely.

Upon marriage he is liable to support her, and may be compelled to do it if he prove refractory.

She is not liable to support him, however wealthy she may be, or poor he may be.

He is liable to support the children. She is not so liable, though possessed of millions.

The husband is the guardian of the wife, as against third persons. (Page 488.) Bu the has no power to preserve, retain or regain the custody of her against her will. (Page 47.)

He may maintain his action against third persons for enticing her away or harboring her. But this harboring, to be actionable, must be more than a mere permission to her to stay with such third person. (4 Barb. 225.)

If the husband seek to take away his wife *by* force, it is an assault and battery upon her. If a third person resists such force at her request he is not liable to any action. (Barb. 156.)

The wife is not the husband's guardian, but if he will desert her he may be put under bonds for her support and the support of her children by him. (2 Rev. Stat., 4th Ed. page 53, 54.)

The husband is liable for the debts of the wife contracted before marriage, but only now to the extent of her property received by him. (7 W. R. 237, 1st Chitty pl. 66 to 68, laws of 1853.) And he is liable for her debts contracted during marriage, if permitted by him, or if for necessaries which he neglected to provide.

The wife is not liable for her husband's debts contracted at any time.

The law casts the custody of the minor children upon the father and not upon the mother. But if this custody is abused, it is by the Court to the mother.

The father may appoint a guardian for his infant children. (2 Rev. Stat. 33. But the Court will not allow such guardian to take the children out of the State against the mother's will, much less to separate them unjustly from the mother even though the father's will command it. (5 page 596.)

During the separation of husband and wife, it is for the court now to decide, under the circumstances of each case, whether father or mother has such custody. (2 R. S. 330 332.)

When both seek such custody, and both are equally qualified for it, that of daughters and young children is usually given to the mother and that of the sons to the father, but this is in the discretion of the Court.

The earnings of the husband are his. The earnings of the wife are his, if she live with him and he support her.

But he cannot compel her to work for him. And if she separate from him for cause, he may be restrained for intermeddling with her earnings.

The husband's abandonment and his refusal or neglect to provide for her, are good causes of separation. (2 R. S. 329, sec. 53, sub. 3.)

For the husband's torts the wife is not liable. For the wife's torts, committed by her before marriage or during marriage the husband is liable jointly with the wife. If committed by the wife and husband, or committed by the wife in his presence and without objecting, the husband is liable alone. (1 Chitty pl. 105, 7th Amican ed.) Nay, even felonies (excepting murder, manslaughter, treason and robbery,) are excusable in the wife if committed in the husband's presence and by his coercion—and such coercion is presumed from his presence For this he must suffer and she must be spared. (Barb. Crim Law 247 and 348, and cases there cited.)

In actions or lawsuits between men and women, the law in theory claims to be impartial but in practice it has not been impartial. Before a Court of male judges or a jury of men the bias is in favor of the woman; and if she is pleasing, in person and manners, such bias is sometimes pretty strong.

If the man and woman between whom litigation arises are husband and wife, the Court may accord an allowance to be advanced by her husband, to enable her to defray the expenses of the litigation.

NOTES FROM THE WEST NO.—4.

It is rather amusing, as well as interesting, to notice the different manner in which the Woman's Rights movement is regarded in different sections of the country, and different neighborhoods. In families where the New York Tribune is taken and read, the subject usually comes in naturally, as a topic of conversation; and is discussed with more liberal and candid feelings than it is, where religious papers constitute the family reading. A great many of our religious papers seem to regard the woman's rights movement as an offshoot from the great vine of infidelity which they imagine is running under and around all movements not originating in their own denominations, nor designed to propagate their own peculiar religious views.—And, certainly, so far as their own self-interest is concerned, they have reason to regard it with a jealous eye; because some of its bearings will eventually tend to dry up some of the sources from which a large portion of the revenue have, for a good many years, been derived. I suppose it is an admitted fact, that missionary operations, Bible and tract societies, &c., and so on, have been mainly sustained by the aid and influence of women.

True, they have never been permitted to hold the *big purse;* but they have been suffered to carry the *little purses* from which the big one is replenished. And while they have been working and begging, and begging and working, as none but women can beg and work, they have handed over their gains to the proper authorities to be dispose of, as they supposed, for the glory of God and th good of souls. The women were considered as effi

cient agents in collecting funds; but, when they came to the distributing part of the business, they were not capable of understanding the matter; and the men were too tender hearted to permit such a burden to be thrown upon their little souls. What disinterested generosity! O, my, the world is full of it; but, thank fortune, it will soon be growing less.

When women become conscious, as they will as the woman's right movement progresses, that they possess a distinctive individuality of their own, and that their proper place is by man's side as equal and companion, instead of his tool and slave, they will cease to be pliant machines in the hands of selfish and designing men; and operators in missionary stock will find their means essentially diminished; for they, [the women,] will find that they need elevating as well as the Burmese, and will be very apt to assume the responsibility of distributing, as well as of working, begging, and collecting; and if they are not trusted with the *big purse* it will not be very bountifully replenished from the *little purses*. The more sagacious of our denominational brethren are aware of this, hence their hostility to the movement. They know that its bearing will directly affect their own self interest, which they consider as of more importance than the elevation of the whole feminine creation. Their enmity will do us but little harm. If we cannot push them along with us, we will pass over them, and leave them to heal up their wounded self-interest, and to adjust the damages in accordance with their views of right and wrong. We cannot comply with their requisitions when they conflict with the laws of our Maker. We are amendable to a higher law than man's authority.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

Unionville, Lake Co., Ohio.

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

ANNUAL REPORT.

In rendering their account for the year that is passed, the Committee have the pleasure to report the establishment of the NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN on a permanent footing, as incorporated and endowed by the State.

By the acts of April 22nd and May 3d, 1853, the school is incorporated and empowered to hold property, and by a separate resolve, dated May 25th, a grant was made of fifteen hundred dollars per annum for three years, from June 1st, 1853.

The following extract from the Report of a Committee of Manufacturers, who examined the School in January, 1853, will give a fair idea of the condition of the School during the year, and the report of the treasurer will show whence the aid, by no means inconsiderable, required for the object has been derived.

Extract from the Report of the Examining Committee.

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 December, 1852, or since; 15 entered 22nd September, or during that term; and 15 entered about the 1st April, 1852.

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 two at the Lowell Mills. Of these seven, 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 woolen 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, speaks highly for the management of Mr. Bellows and his assistants.

Few persons are probably aware of the great 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 pupil and employers, the School and the public. Whosoever 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 average number of pupils throughout the year was sixty-two. Twenty-one of the pupils have employment by which they are contributing to their own support, of whom seven are at factories in Lowell and elsewhere, seven are employed by wood engravers, one is engaged in making designs for ground glass, two are employed in making drawings for engravers, and four are teaching. All these are now employed away from the School. Some still remain in the school who are as well fitted to design or draw.

It is not proposed to make any material change in the plan of the School as hitherto conducted. The present instructors are Mr. Albert F. Bellows, principal, Miss Jane F. Clark, assistant teacher, Mr. N. Brown, teacher of wood engraving. Other teachers in special branches will be employed as the pupils may seem to require them. Occasional instruction will be given in the elements of Geomtry, Botany, and Anatomy, according to the wants of the pupils. The best teachers will be employed to give practical instruction in the various branches, and every effort will be made to perfect the School.

The Committee feel that there is much reason for those who have so liberally contributed to the enterprise to congratulate themselves on its results, and to hope for still greater success in the future.

The report of Mr. Charles Norton, secretary of the meeting at which the Act of Incorporation was accepted, as well as copies of the various acts, are annexed.

All which is respectfully submitted,

EDNAH D. CHENEY, *Secretary, For the Committee.*

BOSTON, Oct. 4th. 1853.

—

ACT OF 22ND APRIL.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same as follows:

SECTION 1. Samuel Lawrence, Robert M. Mason and Samuel G. Ward, their associates and successors are hereby made a Corporation by the name of the NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN; with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the restrictions and liabilities set forth in the forty-fourth chapter of the Revised Statutes.

SEC. 2. This corporation is authorized to hold real and personal estate to an amount not exceeding fifty thousand dollars, to be devoted exclusively to the education of females in the arts of designing, drawing and engraving.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect from and after the passage.

—

ACT OF 2D OF MAY.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in the General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

The Corporation established under the name of the New England School of Design for Women.

—

RESOLVE

Granting aid to the New England School of Design for Women.

Resolved, That the sum of fifteen hundred dollars annually, for three years from the first day of June next, be appropriated to the support of the New England School of Design for Women, and paid in quarterly payments; the said amount to be deducted from the proceeds of the public lands, set apart as a school fund, according to the provisions of the act of the year 1846, chapter 219; and that his Excellency, the Govenor, be authorized to draw his warrant accordingly.

—

INCORPORATION OF THE NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN.

BOSTON, July 5th 1853.

Notice is hereby given, that a First Meeting of this society will be held at the School in Thorndike's Building, Summer Street, on Wednesday, the 13th inst., at 12 M., to take action with reference to the Act of Incorporation, passed at the last session of the Legislature.

SAMUEL G. WARD.

—

In accordance with the above notice a meeting of the petitioners for the Act of Incorporation and others, was held at the above mentioned place, on Wednesday, 13th July, 1853, at 12 M. Present Messrs. Lawrence, Mills, Sargent, Flagg, Dixwell, Ward and Norton, and Miss Goddard,

On motion Mr. Sam'l. Lawrence was chosen Chairman of the meeting, and C. E. Norton, Clerk of the society, *pro tem.*, and sworn as follows:—

SUFFOLK, ss, *Boston, July* 13, 1853. Then personally appeared before me Charles Eliot Norton, and made solemn oath that he would faithfully perform the duties of Clerk *pro tempore* of the New England School of Design for Women.

CHARLES H. MILLS, *Justice of the Peace.*

The Act of Incorporation having been read, on motion of Mr. C. H. Mills it was voted:

That the Act of Incorporation be accepted. On motion of the same gentleman, it was voted:

That Messrs. Ward and Norton be a Committee to revise the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society, and report the necessary changes at the Annual Meeting.

The meeting was then dissolved.

CHARLES E. NORTON, *Clerk pro tem.*

Beautiful Soul! whose leaves I have read with reverence.

A BRIEF CHEMICO-PHYSIOLOGICAL ESSAY ON MILK.

BY M. GROSS, CHEMIST.

A very accomplished chemical writer praises, in the following beautiful language, the important nutriment, which is the subject of the subsequent remarks:

"In the nutriment which has been provided for the young of the human race, and of the higher classes of animals, we have the most perfect type of food in general that it is possble to give. Provision for this helpless condition of life has been made with the most tender care; the finding of suitable food has not been left to chance, but a supply has been provided, of a kind in a manner to impress alike upon the giver and recipient a placid enjoyment of happiness, perhaps not surpassed by anything on earth; and calculated, at the same time, from its very peculiar chemical nature, to afford every principle required for the development of the body of the little one for whom it is destined.

This eulogy on milk does not contain the least exaggeration; it is strictly in accordance with what chemistry and physiology have taught us on the subject of the alimentary process, and on the nature and properties of food, not only for the human race, but for the higher classes of animals, the mammalia in general. The above few lines must, no doubt, have a sufficient force of conveying a correct idea of the great importance of the milk even to the minds of those entirely non-conversant with the special teachings of the above-named sciences.

Much, it is true, has been said on the subject, and even our news paper literature of late has been very prolific in editorials and communications on the adulterations and the nearly general obnoxiousness of our city milk. But although the New York Herald was hard upon the 'Distillery-milk,' the Tribune gave vent to its moral indignation, the Post furnished an elaborate and valuable treatise on the "Milk Trade," and the other papers did not stand back in their denunciations of the 'slop-milk,' they altogether have not brought sufficient light upon the subject, which remained still in the dark, or, rather, an open and unsolved question. The newspapers, however, presented but one side of the reigning agitation in regard to the supposed nuisance; it no less attracted the attention of physicians and chemists. Among others I saw noticed somewhere that, in 1848, a commission of medical men was trusted with an investigation of the matter, and according to their analytical researches of Dr. Reid, distillery slop-milk has been found containing, in 1,000 parts, but from ten to fourteen parts of butter, and Orange county milk, in the same quantity, thirty-five parts. Although such a composition of milk indicates a poorness of one very valuable constituent, especially if taken as an object for trade and profit, it cannot form a palpable or stringent objection against the use of such milk for food, and might, in some cases, rather be turned to advantage or preference for the same, as I shall show hereafter. Combined action of the chemist and pathologist is here the *conditio sine qua non*; without it, we look in vain for any satisfactory results. Pathological researches into the conditions of cows, particularly it confined, must go hand in hand with *comparative* analysis of their milk, if we would decide, with certainty and without hesitation and injustice, the question—for an enormous amount of industry and capital is at stake. But, if the unwholsomeness of the distillery slop-milk, or milk from cows in confinement, can be sufficiently proved—and there is no doubt that it can—then it will be time to follow the advice of our energetic City Inspector, who, in his annual report, uses the following strong, but, doubtless, appropriate language.

"SPURIOUS MILK TRADE.—This long existing evil should early engage both the attention of the Common Council and Board of Health; its disastrous effects upon the public are no longer the subject of doubt; the use of this fluid when pure, or when furnished from proper and wholesome sources, has ever been deemed an essential dietetic observance; but when it is obtained from animals kept in the most filthy condition, reeking with *miasmata* and burdened with foul disease, it becomes a medium of poisonous imbibition—devastating the health of thousands, and unquestionably occasioning to no considerable extent, a portion of the early mortality that incumbers our record. Its sale should be at once inhibited."

The City Inspector has evidently touched the mark, and it shall be my endeavor to contribute some to gain a clear sight of it, although with my thus far limited means, I cannot well expect to give entire satisfaction. But whatever may be the deficiencies of my labors, I hope to be able to furnish proof, that an analytical result, discriminating only the relative proportion of the constituent parts of the milk, is by no means the measure for the estimation of the value of the same. We may, by such analysis, become aquainted with the exact proportions in which the elements of milk are united together, yet such knowledge gives us not the least information as to the medical or dietetic properties of this fluid, and teaches us not any of the provisions which we must take to get it pure.

After these few introductory remarks, I may be indulged to enter into the discussion of the subject before me, and shall to this end bring it under the following heads:

1. Vegetable and animal life.
2. Animal food and diet of men.
3. The milk of the mother and the milk of the cow in a physical, chemical and dietetical view.
4. Adulterations of milk.
5. The distillery slop-milk of New York and its neighborhood, chemically and pathologically considered.

I.

VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE.

The most wonderful contrasts as well as relations do exist between plants and animals in regard to their constitution and development. *Albumine, Fibrine* and *Caseine* are the chief elements on the formation or assimulation of which depends vegetable and animal existence, with this remarkable difference, however, that vegetables, from a few unorganic materials, as carbonic acid, ammonia, water, and certain salts of metalic oxides, produce the former and keep them in store to serve once as the most appropriate and indespensible food for animals. Out of simple unorganic bodies are formed the above named very complete organic compounds, containing all the necessary elements for the support of animal life; and these compounds, after having passed in a descending scale through the system, regain their former simplicity of composition and become capable of being once more assimulated by the plants. The products of decay in the earth, the decompositions in the atmosphere, and the excrements of animals, furnish the food for the plants, which themselves nourish a perpetual and uninterrupted chain of vital phenomena is thus maintained, the products of the one order of beings becoming the supporters of the other.

Most of these phenomena have been brohght to view in a very ingenious manner by the French chemists, MM. Dumas and Boussingautt, as will be seen from the following table:

The Vegetable.

Produces neutral azotized matters.
" Fatty matters.
" Sugar, fecula, gum.
Decomposes carbonic acid.
" water.
" the ammoniacal salts.
Disengages oxygen.
Absorbs heat and electricity.
Is an apparatus of reduction.
Is stationary.

The Animal.

Consumes neutral azotized matters.
" Fatty matters.
" Sugar, fecula, gum.
Produces carbonic acid.
" water.
" the ammoniacal salts.
Absorbs oxygen.
Produces heat and electricity.
Is an aparatus of oxydation.
Is locomotive.

Be it allowed now to take a retrospective view of the above.

A graminivorous bird finds accordingly in the corn that it lives upon all the elements necessary for its nutrition; a dog finds in bread whatever the system requires for its subsistence and growth; a cow has in grass all the elements that serve not only for its own nourishment, but also for the formation of milk, that is so rich in caseine. Hence, the cereal grain contains, in addition to their saccharine and amylaceous elements, the azotized materials, which are found in all animal bodies. But moreover, if we consider the beneficial influence which vegetables exert by their power of decomposing the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, our gratitude for the universal and unbounded providence of the Supreme Being cannot be too exalted, and we cannot be too deeply imbued with admiration for the high order existing in every sphere and region of nature.

The sources of the production of carbonic acid are so many, that in course of time the atmospheric air must become irrespirable, if it were not removed from the atmosphere by the agency of vegetables. It is true that a thousand, and perhaps more years would elapse before the poisonous gas had risen to such a proportion as to exert a deadly destructive influence on men and animals; but we may easily comprehend that at no very distant time the carbonic acid would be present in the air to such an extent as to destroy at least the vigor and health of the animal system; not many successive generations could pass ere this pernicious influence would be felt. The decomposing power of vegetables, however, prevents forever such a gloomy catastrophe, which must at first degenerate and at last destroy the human race. Carbonic acid gas is everywhere in the atmosphere held in its equilibrium of about one in two thousand parts, and the common habitation of mankind will never present itself in such a state as did lately one of our city-prison cells. A benign Providence has so constituted the air we breathe, that it acts equally and harmoniously to benefit all living creatures—that it gives health, vigor and animation to the child, as well as to the man; and whenever men meet with adverse influences or injurious agencies in their physical existence, they have themselves, in most of the cases, been the creators of the foe that weakens their health and threatens their lives; for, although man has been provided with the means of understanding nature, of appreciating its beauty and loveliness, and of discerning the truly useful and wholesome, he nevertheless very often so yields himself up to bad passions, or indulges in such bad habits, that he actually appears as his own detroyer. I shall have immediate opportunity to show that the latter is especially the case with that all-important nourishment, milk.

WOMAN AND WORK.

Whether Women should or should not be permitted to Vote, to hold Office, to serve on Juries, and to officiate as Lawyers, Doctors or Divines, are questions about which a diversity of opinions is likely long to exist. But that the current rates of remuneration for Woman's Work are entirely, unjustly inadequate, is a proposition which needs only to be considered to insure its hearty acceptance by every intelligent, justice-loving human being. Consider a few facts:

Every able-bodied Man, inured to Labor, though of the rudest sort, who step on shore in America from Europe, is worth a dollar per day, and can readily command it. Though he only knows how to wield such rude, clumsy implements as the pick and spade, there are dozens of places where his services are in request at a dollar per day the year through, and he can even be transported hence to the place where his services are wanted on the strength of his contract to work and the credit of his future earnings. We do not say this is the case every day in the year, for it may not be at this most inclement and forbidding season; but it is the general fact, as

every one knows. And any careful, intelligent, resolute male laborer is morally certain to rise out of the condition of a mere shoveler into a position where the work is lighter and the pay better after a year or two of faithful service.

But the sister of this same faithful worker, equally careful, intelligent, and willing to do anything honest and reputable for a living, finds no such chances proffered *her*. No agent meets her on the dock to persuade her to accept a passage to Illionois or Upper Canada, there to be employed on fair work at a dollar per day and expectations. On the contrary, she may think herself fortunate if a week's search opens to her a place where by the devotion of all her waking hours she can earn five to six dollars per month, with a chance of its increase, after several years faithful service, to seven or eight dollars at most.

The brother is in many respects the equal of his employer; may sit down beside him at the hotel where they both stop for dinner; their votes may balance each other at any election; the laborer lives with those whose company suits him, and needs no character from his last place to secure him employment or a new job when he gets tired of the old one. But the sister never passes out of the atmosphere of caste—of conscious and galling inferiority to those with whom her days must be spent. There is no election-day in *her* year, and but the ghost of a Fourth of July. She must live not with those she likes, but with those who want her; she is not always safe from libertine insult in what serves her for a home; she knows no Ten-Hour Rule, and would not dare to claim its protection if one were enacted. Though not a slave by law, she is too often as near it in practice as one legally free can be.

Now this disparity between the rewards of Man's and Woman's labor at the base of the social edifice is carried up to its very pinnacle. Of a brother and sister equally qualified and effective as teachers, the brother will receive twice as much compensation as the sister. The mistress who conducts the rural district school in summer, usually receives less than half the monthly stipend that her brother does for teaching that same school in winter, when time and work are far less valuable; and here there can be no pretence of a disparity in capacity justifying that in wages. Between male and females workers in the factories and mills, the same difference is enforced.

Who does not feel that this is intrinsically wrong?—that the sister ought to have equal (not necessarily identical) opportunities with the brother—should be as well taught, industrially as well as intellectually, and her compensation made to correspond with her capacity, upon a clear understanding of the fact that, though her muscular power is less than his, yet her dexterity and celerity of manipulation are greater?

Where does the wrong originate? Suppose that, by some inexorable law, in the spirit of Hindoo caste, it were settled that Negroes, regardless of personal capacity, could do nothing for a living but black boots, and that red-haired men were allowed to engage in no avocation except horse-currying; who does not perceive that, though boot-blacking and horse-currying might be well and cheaply done, black-skinned and also red-haired men would have but a sorry chance for making a living? Who does not see that their wages, social standing, and means of securing independence, would be far inferior to those they now enjoy?

The one great cause, therefore, of the inadequate compensation and inferior position of Woman, is *the unjust apportionment of avocation*. Man has taken the lion's share to himself, and allotted the residue to Women, telling her to take that and be content with it if she don't want to be regarded as a forward, indelicate, presuming, unwomanly creature, who is evidently no better than she should be. And Woman has come for the most part to accept the lot thus assigned her, with thankfulness, or rather, without thought—just as the Mussulman's wife rejoices in her sense of propriety which will not permit her to show her face in the street, and the Bramin widow immolates herself on the funeral pyre of her husband.

What is the appropriate remedy?

Primarily and mainly, a more rational and healthful Public Sentiment with regard to Woman's work—a sentiment which shall welcome her to every employment wherein she may be useful and efficient without necessarily compromising her purity or overtasking her strength. Let her be encouraged to open a Store, to work a Garden, plant and tend an Orchard, to learn any of the lighter Mechanical Trades, to study for a Porfession, whenever her circumstances and her tastes shall render any of these desirable. Let Woman, and the advocates of Justice to Women, encourage and patronise her in whatever laudable pursuits she may thus undertake; let them give a preference to dry goods stores wherein the clerks are mainly women; and so as to hotels where they wait at table, mechanics' shops in which they are extensively employed and fairly paid. Let the ablest of the sex be called to the lecture-room, to the Temperance rostrum, &c., and whenever a Post-office falls vacant and a deserving woman is competent to fill and willing to take it, let her be appointed, as a very few have already been. There will always be some widow of a poor clergyman, doctor, lawyer or other citizens prematurely cut off, who will be found qualified for and glad to accept such a post if others will suggest her name and procure her appointment. Thus abstracting more and more of the competent and energetic from the restricted sphere wherein they now struggle with their sister for a meager and precarious subsistence, the greater mass of self-subsisting women will find the demand for their labor gradually increasing and its recompense proportionally enhancing. With a larger field and more decided usefulness will come a truer and deeper respect; and Woman, no longer constrained to marry for a position, may always wait to marry worthily and in obedience to the dictates of sincere affection. Hence constancy, purity, mutual respect, a just independence and a little of happiness, may be reasonably anticipated.

[The recent Convention of the friends of Woman's Rights designated the writer of this as one of a committee to address the public on the subject of Woman's Industry and its rewards. The above are his views on the subject, which, so far as they are approved by his associates on the Committee, may be embodied in any paper they shall see fit to issue.]—*Tribune.*

TEACHING NEGROES TO READ.

The Norfork *News*, reports a trial before the Circuit Court of Virginia, Judge Baker presiding, in which the State prosecuted a Mrs. Margarate Douglass on a charge of teaching negro children to read and write, "contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the "commonwealth." By the testimony of witnesses called for the prosecution, says the *News*, it appeared that some months ago information reached the Mayor, Simon S. Stubbs, Esq., of a school for the education of blacks, being in successful operation in the City of Norfork, under the superintendence of Mrs. Douglass. A warrant was immediately issued with directions to the officers to bring all parties concerned before him, in order that the matter might be investigated. Upon repairing to the residence of Mrs. Douglass, the officers found some eighteen or twenty youthful descendants of Ham engaged in literary pursuits, all of whom, with their teachers, Mrs. Douglass and her daughter, were taken into custody and carried to the Mayor's office.

After a full investigation of the matter, the Mayor decided to dismiss the complaint, in order that a Grand Jury might have an opportunity of giving it consideration. At the meeting of the Grand Jury, a true bill was found against Mrs. Douglass and her daughter, but the latter having previously gone to New York, process could not be served upon her. On the part of the defence, the lady examined several prominent and respectable gentlemen, members of the church, for the purpose of showing that the practice of teaching blacks had been sanctified by the customs of the members of the different churches in the city, in having Sunday-schools exclusively for that purpose. It did not appear from the evidence of any of the gentlemen called upon by Mrs. Douglass, that they had actually seen negroes taught from books in any of the Sunday-schools of the city; but the fact, as stated by them, that nearly all negroes attending Sunday-school could read, gave rise to a violent suspicion that many of the ladies and gentlemen of the city, moving in the higher circles of society, had been guilty of as flagrant a violation of the law as could be imputed to Mrs. Douglass and her daughter.

The testimony having concluded, Mrs. Douglass, who appeared in person, rose, and without denying the charge preferred against her, proceeded to justify it. She disdained to deny the charge preferred against her, or to shrink the responsibility in any way whatever, but gloried in the philanthropic duties in which she had been engaged. She denied, however, any knowledge of the existing laws upon the subject, and confidently expected that the jury would not pronounce her guilty for having committed no other offence than that of being betrayed into error, if such it was, by what she deemed distinguished precedents. Having concluded her address, she retired from the court, and the case was briefly concluded by the attorney for the commonwealth.

The jury at first could not agree, and it went over until the following morning, when they brought in a verdict of "guilty of teaching negroes to read and write," and fined her one dollar. The *News* adds:

"The judge in passing sentence according to the statute, will condemn her to imprisonment for not less than six months."

If the blacks are so incapable of improvement as the friends of slavery pretend, is it not a little strange that the whites should enact and enforce such unnatural laws against instructing them. If they are susceptible of improvement, the law which consigns Mrs. Douglass to a prison is unworthy of Algiers or the Barbary pirates. While the courts of Virginia are enforcing such legislative penalties against the benevolent impulses of philanthropic women, it is of little use to make platforms at Baltimore against the agitation of slavery.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

FEMALE compositors have been employed in the offices of the three Cincinnati daily papers which stood out against the demands of the Printer's Union. The Pittsburge *Daily Dispatch* is also set up entirely by females. The experiment was commenced on that paper two months ago, and the proprietors now announce its entire success. The Louisville *Courier* announces its intentions to try the experiment in the spring. Wherever the change has been made it seems to be completely successful.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

TYRANNY OF FASHION.—She makes people sit up at night, when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades their pleasure, and interrupts their business; she compels them to dress either upon their own property or that of others; she makes them through life seek rest on a couch of anxiety, and leaves them in the hour of desolation on a bed of thorns.—*Canada Watchman.*

For the Una.

"THE SEASONS."

How would'st thou picture SUMMER dear?
Two sun-browned children fast asleep,
Beside some yellow streamlet clear
Whist sly winds mid their garments creep.

And AUTUMN, when September smiles
Is a lone maid in deepest wood,
Kneeling to pull blue gentains, while
His clear voice cleaves the solitude.

And WINTER is a pallid nun,
With mobile lips and passionate eyes,
Who chant cold prayers till set of sun,
Whose nights are filled with *memories*.

And SPRING-TIME? why, I'll tell you, sweet,
'Tis me, thus looking in your face;
Love springing all your love to meet,
Love shrinking from your fond embrace.

SALLIE.

Hartford.

PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY.

MRS. MARY ANN JOHNSON, Lecturer on Physiology and Anatomy, who has been through the autumn in Vermont, has already made arrangements to lecture in Western New York, a portion of the present winter. Her first course will be given in Rochester, from that place future appointments will be made. We bespeak for her a kindly and generous reception, as we know the knowledge she imparts is of the utmost importance to women.

NOTE.

A very able argument on the Elective Franchise for Women, by Mrs. Sarah T. Martyn, is deferred till the next number, with the hope of thereby giving it a more extended circulation. The Myth of Una is also on file for February, together with several other articles of interest.

BOSTON, Nov. 29, 1853.

Dear Mrs. Davis:—Miss M. A. Dwight had a lecture on Art, on Monday, Nov. 28, to a small circle of ladies at the United States Hotel. It was well written, and showed an intimate acquaintance with her subject, and with the writings of the best authors. Her views were liberal and just, ascribing to Art its due place as an important agent in the elevation and refinement of the public. This lecture is introductory to a series of practical lessons on the principles of art, on color, form, design, composition, &c. She has long been a successful teacher of drawing, and probably no woman in our country has studied the subject so earnestly and profoundly as she has. We hope she will be able to form large classes here, and perhaps hereafter you may welcome her to your city, which is not behind ours in love of art. Miss Dwight is one of those women who are doing much for the advancement of her sex, by quietly and faithfully preparing herself for a more public position, and stepping into it as her own native right. Her lecture was not characterised by great originality of thought, or brilliancy of diction, but was well arranged, and contained important information and satisfied her audience, who were all women of superior mind and culture. It was worth more than a whole course of lectures delivered here some time ago, by a gentleman, which elicited so much applause that he was induced to repeat the course.—These things all have their meaning and are harbingers of the day. Yours, E.

Subscriptions received for the Una, from November 9th, to December 20th.

G. H. Graves,	$1	Dr. Williams,	1
G. P. Grant,	1	R. Newcomb,	1
D. Gates,	1	S. Gould,	1
A. E Goodman,	1	W. Chase,	1
M. Cubbs,	1	M. Hansenger,	1
H. C. Garwood,	1	C. Hulder,	1
J. Allen,	1	Wm. M. Harrison,	1
M. A. Atherton,	1	E. Kellam,	1
M. Burdett,	1	G. Kethle,	1
S. Brawley,	1	H. Lewis,	1
D. W. Biddee,	1	M. Luse,	1
E. G. Barry,	1	E. Malary,	1
H. Booth,	1	C. Millar,	1
E. H. Chapman.	1	E. Mulikin,	1
W. Channing,	1	J. G. Marshall,	1
T. H. Collins,	1	S. Miller,	1
C. Chapman,	1	M. Madison,	1
T. J. Clark,	1	R. R,Newby,	1
E. Devannah,	1	L. Nelson,	1
P. H. Drake,	1	S. Payson,	1
Wm. Dutton,	1	S. Pierce,	1
M. J. Elliot,	1	E. Rood,	1
A. Fry,	1	M. Rariden,	1
F. A. Eairbanks,	1	S. Rugg,	1
J. Harris,	1	J. Reynolds,	1
Wm. Hill,	1	S. Rumsy,	1
E. Hurst,	1	S. Rockwell,	1
S. M. Harmon,	1	A. Redin,	1
E. Hotchkiss,	1	J. Randolph,	1
C. Hibbard,	1	C. Sands,	1
R. Hunt,	1	Rev. E. Stone,	1
H. Hoyt,	1	S. Sellick,	1
S. Harrington,	1	E. Stewart,	1
S. Halliday,	1	Dr. J. E. Stephenson,	1
E. Wiley.	1	P. Sibley,	1
F. A. Wilson,	1	A. Tuller,	1
F. Weaver,	1	Dr. Townsend,	1
M. Wayland,	1	W. Updike,	1
A Wulber,	1	M. Vosburg,	1
Mrs. Woldo,	1		

HAVE WE A DESPOTISM AMONG US.

It has become an interesting question lately, in circles where thought has superseded gossip, what is woman in a political sense? In Turkey or Egypt this question is easily answered—legally she is nobody—none of her rights are respected, she is utterly subject to the will of her master—who is father—husband—Sultan, as the case may be. In European countries, where the Salic law does not prevail, she has an occasional value as a queen. Even in other monarchies, as a wife to kings and princes, she can occasionally be useful in a political speculation, or even act as regent during a minority. But in republican America we are curious to know what her position actually is. Miss Bremer thinks she has all the advantages she desires, and every fourth of July orator, or pulpit declaimer, congratulates her on the religion and civilization which have elevated her to her present exalted position. We were specially led to these thoughts by a perusal of the new constitution proposed for Massachusetts, which we had the audacity to read, and try to understand, notwithstanding our incapacity to write upon it. Although this constitution was not adopted, yet as we have not the old one at hand, and as this certainly represents the liberal side in politics, and there was no discussion about woman'sposition, involved in it, for neither the conscientious divine who so manfully opposed his friends by rejecting it, or his companion, the son of that man who so bravely contended all his life for the rights of the minority, and the power of petitioning, the whole conservative Whig party, or the conscientious Free Soilers, objected to this constitution as utterly neglecting the right and petition of women to be reinstated in her true legal position, I shall take it as the groundwork of my present remarks.

The first section says:—"The end of the institution, maintenance, and administration of government, is to secure the existence of the body politic; to protect it, and to furnish the *individuals* who compose it, with the power of enjoying it in safety and tranquillity, their natural rights and the blessings of life, &c."

Individuals are the first class named. Are women individuals? Let us see further,

"The *body politic* is formed by a voluntary association of individuals; it is a social compact, by which the whole people convenants 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; that every *man* may, at all times, find his security in them."

Here we have the *body politic*, *citizen*, *people*, *man* named. Does woman belong to the *body politic*, is she a *citizen*, one of the *people*? Is she a *man*?

The next paragraph settles it that she is not one of the *people*, for

"We, therefore, the *people* of Massachusetts, acknowledge with gratified hearts the goodness of the great Legislator of the Universe, in affording us in the course of his providence an opportunity, deilberately and peaceably, without fraud, violence or surprise, of entering into an *original*, explicit, and solemn compact with each other, &c."

Now, certainly, no woman had this opportunity provided for her, and had she attempted to make it, I think considerable surprise, and to judge from experience, no little violence would have been manifested towards her. One point is settled, we are not of "the people." Let us look at the "declaration of the rights of the inhabitants of the commonwealth of Massachustts." Is woman an inhabitant?

Art. 1. Says "*All men* are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential, and inalienable rights," &c.

Art. 2. Concerns the rights of all *men* to protection in public religious worship.

Remember it is not yet shown whether women are or are not men.

Art 2. Treats of religious persons, and says:

"All *persons* belonging to any religious society, shall be taken and held to be members."

Now as two thirds of the members of religious societies are often women, we must conclude that women are persons, unless we read to the contrary.

Art. 4. "The people of this Commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing, &c."

Women are not the people then.

Art. 9. "All elections ought to be free, and all the *inhabitants* of this Commonwealth having such qualifications as they (i. e. the *inhabitants*) shall establish by their frame of government, have an equal right to elect officers, and to be elected for public employments."

Poor woman is not an inhabitant, for she has framed no government yet, cannot elect or be elected to public offices.

Art. 10. Is so involved that it is hard to analyze it. "Each *individual* of the society has a right to be protected by it in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and property, according to standing laws. He is obliged, consequently, to contribute his share to the expense of this protection, to give his personal service, or an equivalent when necessary; but no part of the property of any *individual* can with justice be taken from him, or applied to public uses, without his own consent, or that of the representative body of the *people*, &c."

Now, as women are certainly taxed, yet as they are not the people, and have no part in the representative body of the people, we must conclude either that an individual is without justice taxed, or that she is not an individual. Let us be too charitable to suspect injustice, but rather favor the latter idea, which the exclusive use of the masculine pronoun in a document not at all chary of words seems to favor, and set it down that woman is not an *individual*.

Art. 11. Here we have a new word. "Every *subject* of the Commonwealth ought to find a certain remedy, by having recourse to the laws, &c;" and,

Art. 13. "No subject shall be held to answer to any offence, &c."

Art. 15. "Every *subject* has a right to be secure from all unwarrantable searches and seizures of his person, &c." And again:

So far it would seem as if we had found an appellation for women—as a *subject* of the State she has the power of being punished, and of causing the punishment of others—but let us see.

Passing over the Chapters touching the duties of magistrates &c., we come to Chapter 11, on the qualifications of voters and elections.

Art. 1. "Every male citizen, of twenty-one years of age and upwards ,(excepting paupers and pesons under guardianship,) who shall have resided &c., &c., * * shall have a right to vote, * * and no other person shall have such right." It seems very clear that women are among those other persons. She is no *individual*—no *citizen*, does not belong to the *public*, is not even an inhabitant, but is an "*other* person," and a *subject* of the *State*. We thought this last word appropriate to monarchies and despotisms; that kings and emperors, sultans and czars had subjects, but in a *free* commonwealth it seems to us an inappropriate term.

You are not, then, my fellow subjects, idiots, if you were you would be educated to the extent of your capacity, which you are not now by the State: you are not paupers, or you would have a free home provided for you; you are not insane, or special guardians would be appointed for you; but you are subjects of the State. Your privileges are obeying laws made without your assistance, and which neglect your rights; sending petitions to bodies which scornfully reject them; being tried for both moral and legal offences, by a judge and jury in which you have no peer; and paying taxes to support a government in which you are totally unrepresented.

It is curious to see how carefully the word woman is left out of this instrument; the obnoxious "slave" is not more skilfully avoided in the constitution. One would suppose it a little difficult in a document purporting to cover the whole subject of social and political government, entirely to ignore one half, and in Massachusetts more than half of the human beings in the State; but except in one single paragraph, relating to "marriage, divorce, and alimony," we have been unable to find one word acknowledging her existence.

We rejoice with our Whig friends, with whom we seldom can rejoice, that this constitution was defeated, though doubtless better than the old one, it is yet unworthy of the age, and the people for whom it was framed. We must have reform, but it must be far more thorough and radical. We trust to live to see the day when the constitution of Massachusetts will be made for all, and not for half. X.

HOME. Dec. 18.

The old year with all its joys and sorrows, its toils and anxieties, its petty feuds and animosities, will have passed away, and the new one, with its fresh sprining hopes, have dawned ere this UNA shall reach you; hence we join in the wish of the "happy new year" which falls so plesently on the ear, as one after another of the household gather round the board, or as a friend meets friend, and forgets for a while that the day, marks the lapse of time. But even this year will grow old, as the last has done, still it should not sadden us, for we need not grow old with the passing away of time, for the fountain of youth is at hand; the keeping the heart young is the grand secret after all, and from this fountain flows the living stream in which all may bathe and be rejuvinated. And so, too, may we possess all good and all beauty, by making all we behold ours in enjoyment; and it is quite possible that enjoyment may be greater where there is not the trouble of possessing, an idea in its true apprehension which lies beyond the scope of the senses. Again, we say a happy, a happy new year to all our readers, in whom we have come to feel a personal interest, and to whom we shall come with the same cheerful hope for another year as we have done the past, for every day brings us new tokens of the progress of our work.

In Cincinnati, a Miss Wentworth has just started a new literary journal, of which she is editor and proprietor. This paper is printed entirely by women. Her office is to be furnished with a library, a piano, carpeted, &c. We have not yet seen a number of her paper, but gladly welcome its announcement, and shall give it a further notice, if we deem it deserving, as soon as it shall be forwarded to us. It is certainly a noble step for women with means, to thus open a way of escape for a few of their toiling sisters.

We cannot yet announce that we have an office of our own (where our Una is printed) as nicely furnished, and as inviting as the one above descibed, yet our paper is typed by young women, and it is a pleasure to go in and see them at a work so much more congenial to them than the needle; and as soon as our subscription list will warrant us in the outlay, we will have an office so pleasant that we will tempt into it some of those who have no pecuniary necessities for manual labor. They shall come because there is an attractive field of industry for them, and attraction is ever better than compulsion. The latter accomplish their mission, so far as self is concerned, the former a work for humanity.

Among the wrongs of women, few are really more terribly insupportable than the forced inactivity to which so many are condemned in the life and fire of youth. The thirst for pleasure, so much complained of, and so severely reproved by age, is only a thirst for action. They look from their prison-houses and sigh for the freedom of poverty.

Our present and last number have had an unusual amount of extracted matter, our friends may understand that the reason of this is, that it is easier for beginners to learn to set type from printed than manuscript copy. In another month we shall welcome the communications of our correspondents, and shall hope to fill our columns with original matter.

The ladies paper started in New York some three months since, printed by women, and whose contributors were mostly women, but whose editor was a man, has failed. We are sorry it has, although we did not feel quite cordial toward it in the outset, for there was no woman connected with it who was not in a subordinate position.

Rev. Antoinette Brown lectured in this city on the 7th of December. It was one of a course of independent lectures, and was very favorably received. By some of our most conservative papers it has been extravagantly eulogised, and praised by all. We did not hear it, but have no doubt it was worthy of herself, and in saying this, we say much for its merit.

Mrs. Rose gave the fifth, of the same course, on the rights, duties, and sphere, &c., of women. Mrs. Rose is always logical, eloquent, strong, and earnest. In her quiet enthusiasm, and her command of the English language, she reminds us of Kossuth, who seemed to have it spread out before him, and with his clear discerning eye, could seize the words most fitly adapted to the utterance of his thought, never mouthing one too many, for the feeling, or idea, he wished to express.

The Convention at Rochester has done a noble work, so far as we can judge from the full reports, it was wisely conducted. No extraneous subjects were introduced, and practical work was laid out, in which all may share. The New York legislators will, we think, find themselves so importuned that they will be compelled to give ear to the petitions of the daughters of their State.

Mr. Miller, of Georgia, has introduced

"A BILL *to be entitled an Act for the preservation and protection of the rights of married women and distribution of their estates.*

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from and after the first day of June next, any property, real, personal, or choses in action, which any *feme sole* may own, or be entitled to, shall not on her marriage, vest in her husband but shall be and remain her sole and separate property, and any property either real or personal, or choses in action, which may at any time descend or accrue to any *feme covert*, shall in like manner remain her sole and separate estate.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That during the coverture of any such female, the husband as trustee, shall have the use, control and management of any and all such property, and the proceeds thereof, without accountability for the artificial increase and income thereof, beyond the support of his said wife and her children, if any, and the necessary expense incurred in the control and management of the same.

And be it further enacted. That upon the death of any *feme covert*, her whole estate, real and personal, and choses in action, shall descend to and vest in her child or children then in life, and the descendants of any who may be dead, and her husband; but if there be no such child or children, or descendants of a deceased child, the husband shall be entitled to the whole; if but one child, or the descendants of only one child, the husband shall be entitled to half; and if there be two or more children, or one child and the descendants of another or others, or the descendants of two or more children the husband shall be entitled to one third; the residue in either of the two last cases, to be divided equally among said child or children, and the descendants of any deceased child, such descendants taking in place of such child.

And be it further enacted, That the provisions of this act shall not apply to any property which the wife may, in any way or manner, derive from her husband at the time of or after her marriage, during her coverture with him." * * * *

We give this bill entire, as we find it in the Georgia Citizen. Several Northern papers are taking strong exceptions to it, which we do not understand, as they are of the class which usually bow low to the dictum of the South.

The Missouri legislature has also a bill before it, to make the signature of the husband invalid as an endorser without that of the wife. Excellent say we. * * * *

ASSOCIATION.—A friend writes from Raritan Bay Association. "Our Unitary building is in progress, and is a massive pile that I should think might be everlasting, whether the idea is or not." "Our Unitary business also goes on well thus far." A report has been in ciculation that chills and fever were prevailing to a frightful extent in this beautiful place, where so many have garnered their hopes for a future home, in which they may live out their own idea of true life. But our friend disproves this slander by giving us a circumstantial statement as to the health of the family, now numbering thirty, and really, few families have suffered less sickness in the year, which proves two things, first, that the locality is not improperly chosen; second that when people have a grand, noble object in life, it drives away *ennui*, that mother of half at least of our ailments. * * *

The Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune says, that Professor Nickles is engaged in experiments for the purpose of applying electro magnetism to practical purposes; and that Mr. Kunemann is ready to give the world more light by means of electricity, for less money than the common mode of illuminating. His invention is used with great success for illuminating the work of building a bridge, which is carried on day and night, in order to get the pier above high water mark before the season of the freshet. It is said the experiment turns day into night.

For the next three or four months we shall be absent from our home, but we trust the young Una with loving hearts, and faithful hands, while we shall ourselves give to it as much of our time, thoughts, and interest, as though we were still daily in our sanctum, watching its progress as we have done during the last year. Business letters, either inclosing money or orders for the paper, may be directed to to the Una, Providence. Communications for the paper may also be directed in the same way, or, if preferred, to our address, Washington, D. C.

THE LIFE-CLOTH.

BY NILLA.

Life weaves its tangled thrumbs for me,
In many a quaint device,
Half-patterns from each strange design
Of large and lesser price.

The broken threads with busy hand,
The old beside the new
Time knots together, weaves them in,
Regardless of their hue.

Thus smiles and tears are dotted in,
As fast the shuttle flies,
And life's dark shadows fall beside
Rich gleams of paradise.

As day and night together blend,
Still turns the rolling beam,
Winds o'er and o'er its added store,
This cloth without a seam.

And on and on, forever on,
When once the warp is sleid,
Still gather minutes, months, and years,
Of dark and lightsome shade.

And still the tenter marks the scale,
And still the warp rolls on;
No pause, no break, on earth, in heaven—
Begun, yet never done!

A WILL.

The following will was read by Mrs. F. D Gage, at the Woman's Rights Convention, held in September, in New York, and afterwards commented upon in an original and interesting manner. Trusting to the phonographic reports, we did not attempt to take notes ourself, which we now regret, for, from memory we cannot do justice to her remarks. It is, perhaps, sufficient to say that they were impressive, earnest, and truthful; and that we have heard of their good effects upon some who had considered it their right to devise, bequeath, and bestow, the joint property of the two, just as suited the caprice, fancy or will of one party.

We are grateful to Mrs. Gage for sending to us this well-drawn legal document, just as we had been expressing our opinion of one-sided wills, such as are made without the concurrence of the parties interested:

WILL OF BRIDGET SMITH.—In the name of God, amen. I, Bridget Smith, being weak in body, though sound in mind, blessed be God, for the same, do make and declare this my last will and testament: Item first—I give my soul to God, and my body to the earth, from which it came. Item second—I give to my beloved husband, John Smith, Sen., my Bible, and forty acres of wild land which I own in Bear Marsh, Ill., for the term of his natural life when it shall descend to our son, John Smith, Jr. Item third—I give and bequeath to my daughter, Tabitha, my farm, house, outhouse, barns, and all the stock on said farm, situated in Pleasant Valley, and which said farm consists of 160 acres. I also give to my said daughter, Tabitha, the wagons, carriages, harnesses, carts, plows, and all other property that sball be on said farm at the time of my death. Item fourth—I give to my son, John Smith, Jr., my family horse, my buggy, harness, and saddle, and also eighty acres of wild land, which I own in the State of Iowa, for which I have a patent. Item fifth—I give to my beloved husband, John Smith, Sen., the use of the house in which we live, together with my bed, so long as he shall live, or remain my widower, but in case he shall die, or get married, then it is my will that my house and bed shall descend to my said daughter, Tabitha. Recommending my said husband to her care, whom I make the sole executrix of this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all others.

Signed, sealed, and proclaimed this —— day of ——, 1853, in the presence of John Doe, and Richard Roe.

BRIDGET SMITH. [Seal.]

HOW TO EDUCATE YOUNG AMERICA.

I read in a paper the other day that some new ornamental branches in ladies' education were coming out soon—"*Cook*-ology, *Spin*-ology and *Weave*-ology." All honor to the projector of so happy a movement; but allow me to ask, when our young Misses become such pattern housewives, in what "circles" they will look for suitable companions? Not in upper-tendom could they be found. Just fancy one of the be-whiskered, be-scented, moustachioed exquisites in companionship with one of Solomon's maidens, who layeth her hands to the spindle, or plyeth the flying shuttle, or compoundeth rare cookery. What affinity would there be between them? The same that exists between a butterfly and a honey bee—one all glare and glitter, and frisking movements, the other all patient industry and sobriety.

I cannot think of a more useless article, or one more out of place, in a room where work is progressing, than a fashionable young man. He knows so little about matters and things, I feel in pain until he is safely lodged in the parlor among other things "more for ornament than use," annuals and bijouterie.

It will never do to commence the work of reform entirely on one side. I propose three branches more to be added to the list of studies for *finishing* young gentlemen fashionably:—*Saw*-ology, *Chop*-ology, *Split*-ologo, and that, in addition to the requsite number of "sheets, towels, spoons, and napkin-rings, each promising pupil be furnished with a new wood-saw and axe, well sharpened, and daily exercise with them be practiced. It will supersede the necessity for gymnasiums.

In our onward march to perfection, and in taking up the accomplishments of our grandmothers, we earnestly beg that some provision be made against being cut off from "the best society," and such would be the result, unless the lords of creation are willing to keep pace with us. Their lily hands would scarcely, with present views, be willingly united with those which bear the marks of labor; and what a dreadful state of affairs would occur in upper snobdom, if one of the *first families* were to marry beneath their dignity.

Hasten, then, the glorious era, when walking sticks shall be converted into hoe-handles, crochet-hooks, and knitting needles, and quizzing glasses and flirtations, be known no more.

KATE.

N. O. True Delta.

"WE WERE TOO POOR TO PAY!"

Yes, it was a lovely spot—that village graveyard! such a one I fancy as inspired the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." There was less pomp and show than in our city burial places, but what of that as Jeremy Taylor says, "We cannot deceive God and nature, for a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a sumptuous pall." So a grave, is a grave, though it be piled over with sculptured marble.

"Then that little girl! How her image comes up before me,—bending over her brother's grave. I marked her when we entered, and was soon drawn towards the spot where she was kneeling,—I approached cautiously—there was something so sacred in the picture of a child weeping at a new made grave, that I feared my presence might break the rapture of her mournful musings. I know not how long I might have stood, apparently reading the rude grave-stone, had not the child raised her eyes and timidly said.

"Our little Willie sleeps here! We's too poor to get a tomb-stone; we and the angels know where he lies, and mother says that's enough."

"Are you not afraid to be here alone?" I asked.

"O, no; mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets were in bloom yet."

"How old was your brother, I asked?"—feeling interested in the little girl.

"He was only seven years old; and he was so good, and he had such beautiful eyes; but he couldn't see a bit!"

"Indeed! Was he blind?"

"You see he was sick a long time; yet his eyes were blue and bright as blue skies with stars in 'em, and we did not know he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked."

"Is it a white rose, Dora?"

"Can't you see, darling?" asked mother.

"No, I can't see any thing. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark."

"Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind; but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his dear little hand on our faces to feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry for he could see God and heaven and the angels. "Then, never mind, mother and Dora," he'd say. "I'll see you, too, when you go away from this dark place."

"So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here and buried him; and though we're too poor to get a tomb-stone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody 'ill trouble them I know, when they learn that our little Willie sleeps here."

As many as are the difficulties which virtue has to encounter, her force is yet superior—*Shaftesbury.*

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., FEBRUARY, 1854. NO. 2.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

From Eliza Cook's Journal, of Nov. 12. 1853.

THE HON. MRS. CAROLINE NORTON.

FEMALE authorship is now so common a thing, that the woman who has written a book, is no longer regarded as a *lusus naturæ*. A woman who writes is not now considered 'a blue,' for the tint of female stockings has become all but cerulean. Women are also extensive readers of books, as well as writers of them; and it is right and proper that literature, which promises to become universal, should reach them with its gentle and harmonizing influences. They cannot afford to be excluded from its domain if they would preserve that degree of intellectual refinement which enables them to act their part aright in the family and in the world. Literature has now extended so far—has so penetrated the life of society in almost all classes—has so mingled with all our associations, and feelings and tastes, that the woman, ignorant of letters would feel as it were divorced and severed from the intelligent life around her, and her influence as a member of society, as an educator of children, as a companion and friend, would be reduced to comparative insignificance. Woman, then, *must* be a reader of books now-a-days, for it is necessary that she should be intelligent and possess a cultivated mind. Without this intelligence on her part the other half of the race can make but little progress, for the march of the human race must be equal—man cannot advance except in woman's company; and if he think to march ahead without her, he finds that before long he is dragged back to the position in which he has left his inevitable partner.

From reading books women have proceeded to write them; and it is well that they should do so. They thus infuse an amenity, gracefulness, and generosity into our literature which we could not very well dispense with. We expect greater refinement in the writings of women than in those of men; a more delicate purity; a sweeter tone, reminding us often of the fireside, and the gentle domestic associations which hallow that sacred spot; nor are we disappointed. There is all that we would naturally expect in the writings of our best female writers. Many of them have already taken the first rank as novelists; and what can be more graceful and delicate than the tales of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Miss Mitford? These, however, may almost be regarded as writers belonging to the past generation. Among the modern female writers we have certainly as great as they, Miss Muloch (author of *The Head of the Family*), Miss Bronté (author of *Jane Eyre*), Mrs. Gaskell (author of *Mary Barton*), Mrs. Marsh (author of *Two Old Men's Tales*), Mrs. Norton (author of *The Wife and Woman's Reward*), and many other distinguished living novelists.

We have also many admirable female writers in other and more solid departments of literature,—as for instance, Mrs. Somerville in her works on Physical Science, Miss Martineau on History and Political Economy, Miss Strickland on Biographical History, and Mrs. Jamieson on Art. The number of female poets is also great, among whom may be mentioned Miss Mitford, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Butler, Miss Frances Browne, and many others, including the subject of our present sketch, who is as much distinguished for the excellence of her poetry as for the vivid interest of her novels.

Mrs. Norton has come of a gifted family, and in her genius may be said to be hereditary. She is the daughter of Thomas Sheridan, one of the sons of the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. Sheridan, shortly after his marriage, fell into ill health, and removed with his wife and young family to the island of Maderia to try the effect of milder air. From thence he proceeded to the Cape, where he died of consumption, and then the widow and her two infant daughters returned to England. Mrs. Sheridan devoted herself assiduously to the education of her children, living almost secluded from the world for their sakes, and sacrificing even her personal comforts to advance their interests and form their minds.

Mrs. Sheridan's two daughters early cultivated literature. Even as children they wrote together; and before either of them had attained the age of twelve years they had produced two little books of prints and verses called *The Dandies' Ball* and *The Travelled Dandies*. But Mrs. Sheridan did not encourage these precocious attempts of her children; she checked their disposition to scribble; and for some time she kept works of fiction out of their way, and denied them the free use of pen, ink and paper, with a view of inducing them to resort to occupations of a more useful character. But the active and ardent mind of Caroline Sheridan would not be restrained, and by the age of seventeen she accomplished her first complete poem, entitled *The Sorrows of Rosalie*, although it was not published for several years afterwards. Her sister also—afterwards the lady of the Hon. Capt. Price Blackwood—early appeared as an authoress of considerable taste and power, though her writings have been chiefly in an anonymous form.

While a girl at school, of the age of sixteen, the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother of lord Grantly, sought the hand of Caroline Sheridan in marriage. Mrs. Sheridan postponed the contract until her daughter was better qualified to fix her choice. In the mean time she formed the acquaintance of one whose early death prevented a union which would have been wholly consonant to her feelings. After the lapse of three years Mr. Norton renewed his offer, and was at length accepted. We fear there was some great error here, for the union could never have been one of heart and soul. It may have been a "match" as the world calls it, but never was pair more "unequally yoked" as the event soon proved. We have no wish, however, to open up this sad story, so full of griefs and heart-burnings. The world has heard enough, and too much, of the cruel slanders which have been pointed at Mrs. Norton, and against which she has not only triumphantly vindicated herself, but which also men of the most honorable character, though professionally employed by her detractor and libeller, have united in discountenancing and condemning.

The story which Mrs. Norton has told of her domestic life and of her literary struggles, will prove one of the most painful chapters in the history of literary women—should such a history ever be written. But the glorious manner in which she has grappled with the difficulties of her position, and earned by her indefatigable industry the sweet bread of independence, is at the same time full of heroism and of true womanly tenderness. It was her affection for her children which inspired all her efforts, and bore her through all her toils. And now that the story has been told, we trust there is not a man's nor woman's true heart but will do her reverence.

The *Sorrows of Rosalie* was followed by a second volume, entitled *The Undying One*. In the former story, the fortunes of a ruined village girl were told; in the latter, the old story

of the *Wandering Jew* was brought to life again. Had Mrs. Norton had an opportunity of reading Godwin's *St. Leon*, and Maturin's *Melmoth*, probably she would not have written her poem, or cast it in another form; but she has since explained that, until she married, she had fewer opportunities of reading works of fiction than most young persons, and therefore her early works of fiction were crude and immature. The next volume, entitled *The Dream, and other Poems*, exhibited much greater powers and higher cultivation. It was published in 1840; by this time she had suffered deeply, and, like other poets, she "learnt in suffering what she taught in song." The dedication of the volume to the Duchess of Sutherland, who had befriended her throughout her severe domestic trials, exhibits her Byronic powers in a striking light. Take the following introductory verses:—

Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird, from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below.

* * * * * * *

——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 I had 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 loved, 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 deceived.

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 them once good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew.

These striking lines abundantly justify the remark of the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who styled Mrs. Norton "the Byron of modern poetesses." She has very much of "that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel."

There were some minor poems included in the above volume, which were inexpressibly charming. That entitled *A Mother's Heart*, descriptive of the feelings of a mother for her several children, is such as none but a mother, and that a most affectionate one, could have written. First, there is the eldest—

When first thou camest, gentle, shy and fond,
My eldest born, first hope and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that I yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Then follows a description of this first-born in several charming verses. But another succeeds of an altogether different temperament—

Then thou, my merry love, bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper and thy spirit free,
Didst come as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a mild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sun-beam to the gladdened earth!

Still there is room for a third in the mother's ample heart—

At length thou camest—thou, the last and least,
Nicknamed "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming,—
Fair shoulders, curling lip, and dauntless brow,—
Fit for the world's strife, not for the poet's dreaming;
And proud the bearing of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,
But in the Mother's Heart found room for all.

The last poem which Mrs. Norton has published, was her *Child of the Islands*, a poem steeped in the strongest and tenderest sympathies of humanity. Some seven years previously to the publication of this work, she published anonymously a little poem with a prose preface, entitled *A Voice from the Factory*, which was appropriately enough dedicated to Lord Ashley. *The Child of the Islands* is a more complete development of the same idea which inspired the *Voice from the Factory*. It exhibits more depth of thought and regularity of structure than any of Mrs. Norton's previous poems, and is animated throughout by a lofty purpose. That purpose may be best expressed by one of the pithy mottoes to the poem, taken from Bentham, "*If the poor had more justice, they would need less charity.*" The work is descriptive of the condition of the poor, their trials and sufferings, and it points to the requisite remedies. In fact, it is a poem on the "condition-of-England question," and never before was the subject treated with such pathos, force, eloquence and true poetry. There are word-pictures of scenery in the work, of extraordinary power and beauty, which we would wish to quote, but for the limits of this article; one particularly of Scotland in Autumn, which is especially grand. But we confine ourselves to the following stanzas:—

Brown Autumn cometh, with her liberal hand
Binding the harvest in a thousand sheaves:
A yellow glory brightens o'er the land,
Shines on thatched corners and low cottage eaves,
And gilds with cheerful light the fading leaves;
Beautiful, even here, on hill and dale;
More lovely yet, where Scotland's soil receives
The varied rays her wooded mountains hail,
With hues to which our faint and soberer tints are pale.

For there the Scarlet Rowan seems to mock
The red sea coral—berries, leaves, and all;
Light swinging from the moist green shining rock,
Which beds the foaming torrent's turbid fall;
And there the purple cedar, grandly tall,
Lifts its crowned head and sun-illumined stem;
And larch (soft drooping like a maiden's pall)
Bends o'er the lake, that seems a sapphire gem
Dropt from the hoary hill's gigantic diadem.

And far and wide the glorious heather blooms,
Its regal mantle o'er the mountains spread;
Wooing the bee with honey-sweet perfumes,
By many a viewless wild-flower richly shed;
Up-springing 'neath the glad exulting tread
Of eager climbers, light of heart and limb;
Or yielding, soft, a fresh elastic bed,
When evening shadows gather, faint and dim,
And sun-forsaken crags grow old, and gaunt, and grim.

Oh, Land! first seen when Life lay all unknown,
Like an unvisited country o'er the wave,
Which now my travelled heart looks back upon,
Marking each sunny path, each gloomy cave,
With here a memory, and there a grave:—
Land of romance and beauty; noble land
Of Bruce and Wallace; land where, vainly brave,
Ill-fated Stuart made his final stand,
Ere yet the shivered sword fell hopeless from his hand—

I love you! I remember you! though years
Have fleeted o'er the hills my spirit knew,
Whose wild uncultured heights the plough forbears,
Whose broomy hollows glisten in the dew.
Still shines the calm light with as rich a hue
Along the wooded valley stretched below?
Still gleams my lone lake's unforgotten blue?
Oh, land! although unseen, how well I know
The glory of your face in this autumnal glow!

I know your deep glens, where the eagles cry;
I know the freshness of your mountain breeze,
Your brooklets, gurgling downward ceaselessly,
The singing of your birds among the trees,
Mingling confused a thousand melodies!
I know the lone rest of your birchen bowers,
Where the soft murmur of the working bees
Goes droning past, with scent of heather flowers,
And lulls the heart to dream even in its waking hours.

The purpose of the poem is best described in the two concluding stanzas:—

"I thought, in my own secret soul, if thus
(By the strong sympathy that knits mankind)
A power untried exists in each of us,
By which a fellow-creature's wavering mind
To good or evil deeds may be inclined;
Shall not an awful questioning be made
(And we, perchance, no fitting answer find!)
Whom hast thou sought to rescue or persuade?
Whom roused from sinful sloth? whom comforted, afraid?"

"Faint not, oh spirit in dejected mood,
Thinking how much is planned, how little done;
Revolt not, heart, though still misunderstood,
For gratitude, of all things 'neath the sun,
Is easiest lost, and insecurest won;

Doubt not, clear mind, that worked out the right
For the right's sake: the thin thread must be spun,
And patience weave it, ere that sign of might,
Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flashing to the light."

Mrs. Norton has also achieved a deservedly high reputation as a novelist. The first work of this kind was published in 1835, and was cordially welcomed by the public. It was entitled *The Wife and Woman's Reward*, and displayed abundant evidences of knowledge of the world, acute observation of life, racy humour, and a truly refined taste. Since then she has written several other novels, the most celebrated of which have been her *Temptation, or a Wife's Perils, School for Wives* and *Stuart of Dunleath;* the last of which has already been noticed at some length in this Journal.

Mrs. Norton is yet in the prime of life, and the vigor of her powers; and if not prematurely worried to death by her arch-enemy, we hope to see other works from her pen, which shall fully justify the high opinion we have formed of her character and genius,

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.—NO. 9.

April 1st.—Months have intervened since the pages of this journal have been opened.

On that day, when I saw the last speck of the noble steamer, which bore him away, I felt my heart sealed up and all expression henceforth denied. I can calmly recall the long walk to the high point on the island where I could catch that last glimpse, there in the city of the dead, I too made a grave as I thought, and buried the secret of my heart where to human eyes it could never be revealed. How vain the resolve, how futile the effort to bury the affections. A thousand wrappings of selfishness, of cold and stern resolve will be torn asunder by them and they will live while the soul tabernacles here. But calm endurance may be reached, the heart even can learn patience, and while it throbs at sound of the loved name, or stands still and waits when the step approaches, it may still be calm in its hopelessness.

Letters have been frequent and full of the sweetest and gentlest affection for Mary, and of kindness for me. He has not told the child that he looks to make her his wife, but in all ways seeks to fix himself in her heart, and strangely confides his secret to me.

I stood not far from his office window the night before his departure and saw him; then I said, eyes look your last, and yet I could not be satisfied, not to see him borne away. While I stood looking on the steamer, I remembered suddenly the old superstition that if you gaze long after a departing friend they will never return. I closed my eyes and put my bonnet over them, but a strange uncontquerable desire to gaze once more, forced me to take them away; and then again there was almost a hope that he might never return; that our lives might be as widely sundered as possible, if they are not to be united to flow on as one through all time; why, let the ocean roll between us; let barriers of every kind lie thick, and then when the heart is wrung with anguish let it have time to still its tempests and rock itself to quiet ere human eyes obtrude.

While I sat there in Greenwood, half hoping, half fearing, with a grief at heart too big for utterance, the sun went down, and an awe of the silent dead crept over me; a feeling that it was almost profane to bring my rebellious heart there, compelled me to rise and bend my steps homeward; but ere that shelter could be obtained, a cold drenching rain had wetted me to the skin, my thin clothing clung to me, and the despair of my heart weakened my once strong limbs; a single sixpence would have carried me home, but that I had not, and slowly I dragged myself on to the home where they waited anxiously for me.

Maria took off my wet clothing, chafed my cold hands and feet and gave me warm tea, but fever with all its horrors was upon me, and week after week I lay upon my bed racked with pain and fearing to open my lips lest the secret I so cherished should escape me; and this obstinate silence has given my poor friend more pain than anything else. A thought sometimes of rent due, of work neglected, of bills unpaid &c., would obtrude, but these were all of small importance compared with the never ceasing anxiety of not betraying my breaking heart to the pity or contempt of others.

While on that bed, wild visions floated through my brain, I heard rich music, I saw landscapes fairer and more peaceful than eye has ever yet rested upon, palaces more gorgeous, and old ruins, such as I have never even heard described, where fountains of pure water still gushed forth and where the ivy that clung to the walls was cool and fragrant, and screened beauty not deformity; but every where I felt that I carried beneath my robe (for I saw myself robed in pure white) in all these scenes a withered heart; and this not being in harmony with the outward beautiful world, gave me the most exquisite torment, and hence my wandering fancies aided me in hiding my sad secret: the secret of half the suffering of the world. Millions are dying of soul starvation, hungering and thirsting for affection. Yes, these haggard faces, these corrupted hearts, and vacant heads, come quite as often from the want of love and human sympathy, as from such causes as are made prominent.

Our physical necessities may cause the flesh to waste and the form to bend beneath its suffering, but give the soul its own proper life, and the eye will brighten, the lip wreath in smiles in its ideal life; it will conquer circumstances, will sustain the body and banish from its dominion all evil into the outward —and rising in its own strength will be forever enlarging and growing more and more beautiful.

I have seen one, in the small circle that surrounds me, busy making coarse clothing for her infant, her light song was forever gushing forth like the carrol of the spring bird, the very air of her narrow apartment was redolent of the breath of love, her husband was the idol of her heart, she had lived in wealth and luxury, but "poverty came as an armed man," and tried his power on their truly wedded hearts, but so wedded were they that they could step down from their position and each seek only the more, to make life a joy to the other. I have seen her pale cheek color and her eye brighten as he came to her, and I have watched his brow as the clouds of care and anxiety were dissipated, when he entered her presence or folded her to his heart. How rich are they, has often been my thought as I have looked upon them.

Poverty, what is it? it is not the want of fine clothes, of handsome equipage, of luxurious food, but the soul's wants, which may be as great in a palace, as in a garret.

* * * * * * * *

May 2d. Another month has passed, my needle resumed, work has poured in, debts have been paid, my watch, which had gone as security for house rent, redeemed, but the effects of long illness, and of deep sorrow do not pass away with the snows of winter, with the frosts of spring, or with the coming light of rosy summer. Ten days ago and mother earth was clothed in her white robes of winter, but the sun looked forth and bid them begone and called for a summer dress, which dame nature gladly furnished to the order, and since alternately baptising her with gentle showers, and warming her with genial sunshine and soft breezes, he has quickened her into new life, and the birds are breathing and flowers singing so joyously that it half wakens even my dull heart.

* * * * * * * *

June 6th. To-day, Mary returned from school an hour earlier than usual, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling and joy speaking in every motion. "Oh! sister, I have a letter, a whole letter, every word to me from Dr. L. Ah, I love him so dearly; and he is coming in six months more."

Are you sure of that I asked?

"Certainly, he says so?"

"And you believe him."

"Why sister how could I doubt him?" she asked, with a look of innocent wonder at my half suspicious cold tone.

For a moment her sweet face was shaded, then lifting it up and throwing back her curls, she looked full in my face, and said, "I do not understand you, sister; I thought when people loved each other they did not doubt them nor hide themselves away in mystery. I am sure I love him so dearly that I believe all he says; I could trust him always and tell every one so. I am happy to receive everything from him. I wish indeed that he were my father, and that I could live always with him.

"And do you owe every thing to him?" I asked, for an instant jealous even of her love to him. I believe there was bitterness in my tone, for she threw herself weeping into my arms and begged me to forgive her, and replied, "I meant only, dear sister, that I owe to him my education, and that I am very, very grateful for it; that I had much rather owe it to him, than to Miss T. or to Mrs. A. who you know offered to send me to school." And then she added, "He is so noble, so good, so true and beautiful. Don't you think so, sister Lucy?"

The child deemed that beauty was his right because she loved him; she was not jealous in her love, it was not of a nature to hide, and she would hear him commended by one in whom she had faith.

"Do you not think he is very noble looking, sister, and don't you love him as well as I do?"

"I certainly esteem him highly I replied, but my dear I think it would be more decorous in you to say less of your love for him. You are almost a woman now and it does not sound well."

A deep burning blush mounted to her very temples, tears sprang to her eyes, she was unaccustomed to my tone of rebuke, and I felt instantly, that to save myself pain I had done the child an infinite wrong. She would no longer open her heart to me, her free spontaneous expression was checked, and how should I hereafter know her, how study the progress of her heart's history.

She loves him with a child's fondness, she could see him lavishing his favors on thousands and yet be happy in it, glad and joyful that he was known and loved by so many; and she, should she ever be his wife, will be so without the knowledge that there is a love so deep and strong, that it over masters all other feelings, that it quenches pride, and conquers fear, that lives through all time, and, passing beyond the veil, lives through all eternity, that it is the sacred centre of life from which may flow out streams of joy and good to all.

Her life will be pure and passionless, a grateful tenderness and a reverence for him, which will render her calm, and in part beautiful, not fully so; for the whole nature must be aroused in order to produce symmetrical development.

The children, who for seven years have been my care, sleep, sleep in unconsciousness of the sinking heart and failing health of her who has watched them with more than a sister's love, and less than a mother's; that love so pure, and long suffering which fails not, nor falters, even though guilt, misery and crime enter the breast of the child.

I will sleep and renew my strength that I may labor on for them while there is need, and for the good of humanity, when they shall pass from me to other homes and other spheres.

THE MYTH OF UNA.

"A rose might *smell* as sweet by any other name," but the title of a periodical, should mean something descriptive of its character and objects, and in particular cases, both significance and taste ought, if possible, to be equally regarded. We think ourselves quite fortunate in the selection of ours.

It was taken from Spencer's "Fairy Queen," and intended to embody the idea of the heroine of the first book of that exquisite allegory, in which UNA is made by the author to personate *Truth* in its reformatory agency upon human affairs.

Spencer's own exposition of the plan of his epic, given in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, serves our present purpose so well that we extract it, preserving the orthography, as well as the diction, for the additional interest that our readers will find in it:

"The beginning of my History," he says "if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelvth booke, which is the last where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annual feaste XII days; uppon which XII severall days, the occasions of the XII several adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by XII severall Knights, are in these XII books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this:

"In the beginning of the feast, there presented himself a tall clownishe young man, who falling before the Queene of the Faeries, desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaste she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchivement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entered a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a Knight and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene had bene by an huge Dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffered them not yssue; and therefore, besought the Faerie Queene to assygne her some one of her Knights to take on him that exploygt. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: Whereat tha Queene much wondering, and the Layde much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Layde told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a christian man specified by St. Paul, VI Ephesians.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was liked of the ladye. And eftsoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz;

A gentle Knight was pricking on the playne &c."

It will be recollected that this, the Red Cross Knight, is presented in the poem as 'Holiness,' or the perfection of the spiritual man in religion. He is accompanied and excited to good deeds by Una or truth who constantly encourages him to the extirpation of Error, a hideous monster with an innumerable brood. He defeats "Sansfoy," or faithless, yet falls for a time into the snares of Duessa, or Deceit. He then deserts Una and is betrayed by Archimago or Hypocrisy, into the castle of Orgoglio (from Osgueil, Fr.) or Pride; afterward, he is cast into the dungeon of Despair; and so, passing through all the trials and temptations of the christian warfare, is by its varied dicipline qualified for the conquest of the Dragon, and is finally married to Una as the reward of his grand achievement.

The reader of this incomparable poem—incomparable at least in its kind—will not fail to perceive, in the agency of the heroine, the points which led us to the adoption of her name as the title of our paper. But it is especially in an incident of the third canto that our idea of its special fitness is to be found.

Una, after she has been abandoned by her Knight, that is, after Religion has been beguiled by Deceit into distrust of the virtue and purity of Truth, journeys alone in the wilderness in pursuit of her champion, pursuing her toilsome way, until one day resting in "secrete shadow, far from all men's sight" a lion the symbol of irreflective savage force rushing out of the wood,

"With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
But to the pray when as he drew more nigh
His bloody rage asuaged with remorse
And with the sight amazed forgat his furious force."
"Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And liket her lilly hands with fawning tong:
As he her wronged innocence did meet,(know)
O, how can beautie master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!"

The lion thereafter accompanies her as her page.

"Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wakt, he wayted dilligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fayre eyes he took commandment,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent."

Travelling thus through the desert, she found at length a trodden path and saw a damsel—Ignorance, carrying a water pot, who when desired to guide her to a lodging for the night, made no answer, for she was deaf and dumb, but throwing down her pitcher, she fled, in fear of such beauty so attended, to the hut where her mother—Bigotry—abode, a blind old hag, "in darksome corner pent, that day and night did pray upon her beads, devoutly penitent."

'Arrived at the door of this rude den, the dwelling place of poverty, superstition, ignorance and terror, and enterance being refused, the unruly page with his rude claws the wicket open rent and let her in."

Here, for our purpose the interest of the allegory culminates and we are specially indebted, for the thorough comprehension of it, to the illustrative print of the London Art Union published for its subscribers in 1842 from a painting by Hilton, and since engraved and published by Sartain, of Philadelphia.

This print exhibits Una standing within the hut, upon the door which has been thrown down, with her left hand upon the mane of the enraged lion, at her side, gently restraining his eagerness; her face full of benignity; her attitude majestic, but gentle and engaging in general expression; and her figure and features divinely beautiful. Before her, the old woman, Bigotry, is seated in her chair, with crutch and beads beside her, palsied with age, and scowling her feeble hate at the presence of the goddess; the wench Ignorance is before her on her knees, clutching the trembling limbs of the blind mother, her eyes starting from their sockets with affright.

Study this admirably significant presentment of the group. How capitally it illustrates the saying, "The light shineth in darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." "He came unto his own and his own received him not."

Truth personified, with the force accompanied that overturns the institutions which resist reform, is terrible to Ignorance and hateful to superstition. And how just the exhibition of Ignorance taking refuge in the arms of authority from the danger threatened by the light which she cannot comprehend, and how happy is the correspondence to the action of Fear throwing itself upon Helplessness for protection in the bewildering apprehensions which beset it.

To our conception of the subject that tableau discovers the whole philosophy, and at the same time illustrates the history of all beneficent reforms. Bigotry resisting Progress; Ignorance flying from the Light; Poverty refusing its redemption; and, even Holiness deceived into temporary desertion of the truth; while she *ever the same*, as the name given to her by the Poet is intended to signify, without variableness or shadow of turning, traverses the deserts of the world, abiding with a constant patience the wrongs encountered at every step from the objects and agents of her divine mission, ever intent upon her task and hopeful of its achievement. The avenging power she might employ is tenderly restrained, and the sword, which the artist has added to the poet's symbol of executive authority, hangs sheathed in its scabbard. Her inherent attractiveness is her only argument, her beauty the only weapon used to effect a generous triumph over error.

The intimation that she has the right of compulsion in the assertion of her claims, is em-

inently just; but the policy and the principle of redemption is persuasion. He who could have prayed the Father for twelve legions of angels, nevertheless submitted as a lamb dumb before his shearers, and illustrated the manner of his mediation by the touching declaration, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will open unto me, I will come in and sup with him and he with me."

The riddle of our name is read. Our cause is on its weary, dangerous pilgrimage through the wilderness of ignorance, error, pride, despair and bigotry, seeking its champion, Holiness, for the destruction of the Dragon that has laid waste our rightful heritage.

There are few who have not some interest in Baron Von Humboldt and will not be glad to hear of him, from so pleasant a narrator as that of Professor Silliman, who takes us into the homes of those he visits and makes us acquainted, with them in reality, by his few graphic touches.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

In fulfilment of an appointment, we went at one, and were admitted by his faithful servant, the companion of many an arduous journey. His manson is a plain edifice, situated in a retired part of the city; and he would not have been now at home had not the king gone to Konigsberg; for his residence is generally with the king at Potsdam, who keeps him near his person, as his father did before him, not only for his society and conversation, but, no doubt, also as a counselor, wise from his many years, and his large experience in the world. We passed through his library, which fills, on all sides, a room of considerable size, and he issued from a door on the remote side of the apartment, opening apparently from his private room. He met us with great kindness and perfect frankness, and with a pleasant rebuke for my having hesitated to call on him, (I had written a note asking permission to call,) implying that he was not ignorant of my position and efforts at home. I then introduced my son and Mr. Bush, and we were at once placed perfectly at our ease. His bright countenance expresses great benevolence; and from the fountain of his immense stores of knowledge, a stream, almost constant, flowed for nearly an hour. He was not engrossing, but yielded to our promptings, whenever we suggested an inquiry, or alluded to any particular topic; for we did not wish to occupy the time with our own remarks any further than to draw him out. He has a perfect command of the best English and speaks the language quite agreeably. There is no stateliness or reserve about him; and he is as affable and as if he had no claim to superiority. His voice is exceedingly musical, and he is so animated and amiable that you feel at once as if he was an old friend. His person is not much above the middle size; he is not unlike in form to the late Colonel Trumbell. He stoops a little, but less than most men at the age of 82. He has no appearance of de crepitude; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light; his features and person are round, although not fat; his hair thin and white; his mind very active, and his language brilliant, and sparkling with bright thoughts. He alluded in a flattering manner to our progress in knowledge in the United States, and to the effect which *The American Journal of Science and Arts* had produced in promoting it. He showed himself perfectly acquainted with the progress of physical science and general improvement in our country, and particularly commended the labors of Colonel Fremont in the Far West, of Professor Bache in the coast survey, and of Lieut. Maury in navigation. Bringing out his maps, and tracing his lines without glasses, he pointed out a channel of communication across the Isthmus of Darien, which he had observed and described more than forty years ago, and to which his attention had been recalled by a paper of Capt. Fitzroy's in *The Journal of The Royal Geographical Society*. He showed us that there are no mountains in the course he indicated, which is more southern than any of the existing routes, and that it possessed several important advantages. I alluded to his brief visit in the United States in 1804, when he travelled no further north than Philadelphia. He told us that he passed three weeks at Monticello with the late Mr. Jefferson, who entertained him with an extraordinary project of his inventive but often visionary mind, regarding the ultimate division of the American continent into three great Republics, involving the conquest of Mexico and of the South American States. He discussed many topics regarding the United States. The discovery of gold in California furnished him an abundant theme—our topography, climates, productions, institutions, and even political controversies, were all familiar to him.

Baron Humboldt, although associated intimately with kings, is evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoices in the prosperity of our country. He made some very interesting remarks on the present state of Europe, and on the impossibility of keeping down moral power by physical force. In his library hung an excellent likeness of the King, and another of his own brother, the late William Humboldt, the eminent philologist and ethnological antiquary.

We retired greatly gratified, and the more so, as a man in his 83d year might soon pass away.

When we were about leaving Berlin, I addressed a note to the Baron expressing our great satisfaction at the interview, bidding him farewell, and asking for his autograph. He readily replied but instead of his signature merely, he sent an interesting original letter, written on the occassion, from which, I trust, it is not improper to make an extract of sentiments relating to the American constitution.

After some very kind expressions of personal regard, he alludes to his usual residence at Potsdam, where are both the rural palace of the King, and the tombs of some preceding monarchs: "Compelled to return in the morning to the country, where are the tombs which I shall soon occupy, I have reserved to myself the perusal of"—certain scientific American papers which had been presented to him. He then adds: "I have moral reasons to fear the immeasurable aggrandisement of your confederacy—the temptations to the abuse of power, dangerous to the Union, (and have occasion also to fear) the distinct individual character of the other populations (descriptions of population) of American. I am not less impressed by the great advantages which the physical knowledge of the world, and positive science and intelligence, ought to derive from this very aggrandisement—from that intelligence which, by peaceable conquests, facilitates the movement of knowledge, and superimposes, not without violence, new classes of population upon the indigenous races which are in a course of rapid extinction. However imposing this spectacle may be, which is being realized under our eyes, and is preparing another still more remarkable for the history of the intellectual development of our races, I already descry the distinct epoch, when a high degree of civilzation, and institutions free, firm and peaceful (three elements which are not easily associated,) shall penetrate into the tropical regions where the high table lands of Mexico, Bogota, Quito, and Potosi shall come to resemble (in their institutions) New-York, Boston and Philadelphia."

The letter concludes with warm personal good wishes, and a kind message to Professor Agassiz, "equally distinguished by his vast and solid acquisitions in science and the great amenity of his character."

The signature is without a title: ALEXANDRE HUMBOLDT, a Berlin, 5 Juillet (it should have been Aout,) 1851."

It is proper to add, that at the time of our visit, Baron Von Humboldt was engaged in the preparation of a new production of Outline Form of Mountain Peaks, in which he was working up original observations and drawings made during the course of his various wanderings. He assured us that the greater part of his literary labor was of necessity performed when others slept, as the hours of usual labor were with him consumed by the demands of the King. He added, that he early made the discovery that he could get on very well with four hours of sleep. This as has been often remarked, accounts for his prodigious performances in literary labor.

Such are the modest and unassuming language and appearance of one who has, in person, explored a larger portion of our globe than any other living traveler; of a philosopher who has illustrated and enlarged almost every department of human knowledge; general physics and chemistry, geology, natural history, philology, civil antiquities and ethnography, have all been illustrated by him.

He has endured the extreme vicissitudes of opposite climates, and seen men and animals, and plants under every phase and aspect. His published works are a library. His faculties combine the enthusiasm of poetry with the severity of science; and from the culminating point of fourscore years and four, he surveys all his vast labors, and the wide panorama of universal science, which, as probably his last labor, he is now presenting to his fellow-men by the reflection of that splendid intellectual mirror, his KOSMOS—the comprehensive *Hellenism*, which expressed both *the universal* and *the beautiful*.

Such is the philosopher, who of all living men belongs not so much to his country as to mankind, and who when he departs will leave no one who can fill his place.

We dismiss him, with the hope that he may inherit blessings beyond the grave, and find in a higher state of being, that his large measure of human knowledge is infinitely surpassed by the spiritual illumination and revelations of that glorious world.

BED CLOTHES.—Three-fourths of the bed covering of our people consists of what are miscalled "comfortables," viz.: two calicocloths, with glazed cotton wadding laid between and quilted in.

The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth,

while it allows escape to the rest. Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapors, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, what is called insensible perspiration is checked, and something analogous to fever supervenes. Foul tongue, ill taste, and lack of morning appetite betray the error. In all cases the temper suffers, and "my dear, this is execrable coffee," is probably the table greeting.

How much is the rosy health of poor children due to the air-leaking rooms of their parents; and what a generator of pale faces is a close chamber?

To be healthy and happy, provide your bed with the lightest and most porous blankets. The finer the better. The cheapest in price are the dearer in health. "Comfortables" are uncomfortable and unhealthy. Cotton, if it could be made equally porous and kept so, we should prefer to wool. The same for daily underclothes. But more than all else, let your chamber be well ventilated. Knock in a hole somewhere to give your escaping breath an exit, and and another to give fresh air to your lungs in the place of what they have expired. So shall you have pleasant dreams at night and in the morning cheerful, rising, sweet breath and good appetite! These blessings combined, will secure to healthful parents a houseful of bright and rosy cheeked memorials of rich and fruitful affection. —*Phila. Reg.*

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, FEBRUARY, 1854.

INEQUALITY OF WOMEN IN MARRIAGE.

We have already more than hinted at the inequality of women in the marriage relation; it is a common theme, but those things which are most familiar are not always the best understood. A religious faith prevailing over a whole nation, and lasting for centuries, may be a very absurd and a very injurious superstition. When a system of opinions and usages is once completely incorporated with the general institutions of society, a sort of harmony results from the ordinary operation that prevents their inherent mischief from exposing itself. Polygamy in Persia and slavery in Virginia, despotism in Russia and barbarism in the wilds of America, do not exhibit their special enormities to the observation of the people among whom they prevail. The evils which these systems inflict, and the good which they prevent, alike escape the judgment of unenlightened experience; and there are a thousand prejudices and interests to maintain, because they profit by them.

In like manner the conditions of the marriage relation among us may be a grave departure from the true economy of the institution, and yet challenge no especial wonder among its custom-trained subjects. We are the creatures of habit, and are skilful in discovering reasons for things that we habitually do, not only without reason, but against all reason, right and expediency.

A writer of very high authority among lawyers, after remarking that "the existence of a married woman, being merged by a fiction of law, in the being of her husband, she is rendered incapable, during coverture, of entering into any contract, or of sueing or being sued, except she be joined with her husband; and she labors, besides, under all the incapacities for holding offices, civil and public, of single or unmarried women," remarks that the "principal reason of this exclusion is to *encourage that modesty which is natural to the female sex*, and which renders them unqualified to mix and contend with men; the pretended weakness of the sex is not probably the true reason."

This is doubtless the best choice among the reasons alleged for the maintainance of the masculine despotism. It is the best because it is not in itself a sheer falsehood. Bondage is very well adapted, not only to encourage, but to compel that sort of modesty which is here meant not only in women, but in the slaves of both sexes. The question is, whether the modesty so induced be a virtue, and whether it does not discourage and destroy certain other virtues, as essential to a good and noble character, as modesty itself, and even more so.

The defference, and submission of dependence, carried even to the length of abject self-abnegation, are certainly capable of pushing modesty to its superlative degree, but such subserviency may be unworthy, unnatural, and unprofitable to both the parties concerned in it. Humility is anything but a merit, where it disqualifies any one from the service of which he is capable, and to which he is bound; and when it is made to answer as a furlough from duty, it is a flat desertion of that duty, and ought rather to be punished than *encouraged*. Faithfulness and efficiency, are better in their place, than modesty and humility out of place.

We believe that woman's enforced inferiority in the marriage relation, not only wrongs her out of the best uses of her existence, but also cheats her master of the richest and noblest blessings of the nuptial union. Let us see. A man may derive such happiness as gratified vanity is capable of from political or literary fame; he may enjoy the reputation of wealth, of wit, of taste in art; he may relish the admiration secured by his style of equipage and dress; he may even sweeten his leisure with such love as the softer sex bestow upon his personal grandeur or grace, but in marriage, if he is wise and noble, he will seek something that he can find in none of these, nor in them all combined. His real want is to be *known*, to be understood, as the soul knows and is known, in that state where we see each other, "not as through a glass darkly, but face to face." He seeks to mingle his entire being with that other being whose light shall kindle his own life like sunshine woven into water.—The ocean within him rolls through frost and darkness, till the encompassing heaven opens its glory upon him; and it is not a star here and there specking the firmament, that can irradiate and warm his depths, but the full flood-tide of the perfect day.

How mean and meagre then must be the marriage, that narrows his heart to a miniature of humanity, a dwarfed womanhood, a modest apology for a match that must not meet the measure of his demands, for fear of over reaching that measure of meanness that idolizes because it cannot comprehend his majesty! A man can receive the sort of homage he may demand from a dog, a child, a slave, a mob, or a world; but the incense can be no worthier than the worshipper, and will rise no higher, and come no nearer, than the apprehension in which it is offered. He still seeks the worship of one created in his own likeness and image, and he is robbed of the honors due him till he finds it.—Nay, he needs as much to give as to receive, such exalted regards. He cannot *stoop* to bestow, without diminishing his own life, and nullifying the noblest part of his nature. His loves must go out and return to him on the plane of a level reciprocity, or he is dragged down by the descent of his affections. How poor a cheat then he puts upon himself, by exchanging a large, generous, and complete appreciation, for a blind, meagre, and low toned idolatry! It is a sin against his own higher nature, and a renunciation of his better self. He mingles contempt with his affections, and suffers the reflected degradation, and all the infinite loss of adequate worthiness in the object of his love. Adam was in solitude even in Eden, till Eve was created a help, not inferior or incapable, but *meet* for him. The universe beneath him, in all its richness, still lacked something of that which was necessary to fill his heart, and receive its fullness; and in every son of Adam there is a want which nothing less, or less noble than the full stature of his own thoughts and emotions can supply. Men and women are one in their natures, and marriage is eminently that relation in which they become one flesh and one blood.

No words of human language but these, have meaning enough in them to help to the apprehension of the wonderful mystery; and if this be so, what shall we say of that policy which severs the parties in the very points that mark their highest and holiest capabilities, and limits their equality and conjunction to those points only in which the inferior creatures, or at most, the inferior qualities of the husband, have their activities! This is nothing else than a suicide of the spiritual nature in the one, and its murder in the other.

Men and women are in fact and effect, just what their accidental developments make of them. Deny the unfolding, and growth and excellence, that the faculties receive from all the functions of civil life—restrict the social liberties within the narrow compass assigned by custom to womanhood,—train her in youth to the restraints of semi-annihilation, and in marriage bar her out from all the larger and higher interests and offices, the trusts, sympathies, and experiences of the common life of the world around her, and what chance for the reciprocities of equality are left to him who looks to such a mutilated existence for the reflex of his own?

But beside the deprivation suffered, and the death inflicted, there is a necessary depravation resulting from the double wrong and injury. The affections of our nature will not hold, what they are not large enough to grasp in the one case, any more than they can be satisfied with that which does not fill them in the other. We have seen love matches fall into indifference, and worse than indifference, by the operation of those causes which are allowed to divorce the mutual lives of conjugal partners. On the wedding day the happy pair were equals, fully and fairly, and all the demands of each were completely met by the other, but, from that hour the drift of their respective lives began to diverge. The young husband had his business, his politics, *his* literary and social pursuits, into which his wife might not enter, and was forbidden even to understand. Her children, her housekeeping, and the starving race of her enslaved sisterhood,

made up the whole world of her existence. To the natural effects of this discipline of decripitude, was soon added sickness with its nervousness, care with its oppressions, and neglect with its jealousies, and conscious inferiority with its angry resistance, till all the beauty, worth and happiness, for which she was once loved, was gone forever. At this juncture, other and worthier, and more life giving attractions, opened elsewhere for one or the other, or for both, and falsehood, concealment, and infidelity, complete the mutual ruin of the once happy pair.

Now every shade and degree of such divorce has its proportionate quantity of the curse, which by inevitable laws of nature, avenge the customary wrongs of marriage. The man that shuts his wife out from one thought, one interest, one necessity of his own soul, has thus far severed the union on which all that is best worth living for depends; and he must not rely upon the sentiments of duty merely, to secure to him what alone can come from conformity to truth, nature, and right. Indeed, we doubt not that the religiousness of women, by which they are distinguished from men, is, in a majority of instances, only a substitute for the denied happiness of domestic life, and a sanctuary of retreat from the vice and wretchedness which the inequality of marriage engenders. As the despair of a broken heart buries itself in a cloister in Catholic countries, so the disappointed affections of wives, both Catholic and Protestant, find in the austere devotedness of church services, a substitute for the life of the heart at home. There is more rivalry between heaven and husbands "than is dreamed of in your philosophy," and the feeling of abandonment not unfrequently gives as much disturbance to the stupid tyrant who has driven away his wife's affections and hopes, as if they were more unworthily transferred. The worship given in church, is often that which is unavailable at home. It has much of the nature of death-bed piety in it; it springs from the mourning of the soul over a lost world, a celibacy of the heart that drives it, in the language of the nunnery, to become the "bride of heaven." This comes of treating the sex as *angels*, and refusing them the right to be women; they become angels *indeed*, and are not wives or women to those who have robbed them of the proper life of nature.

But a thousand untold mischiefs, both of excess and defect, flow from this fountain of evil; and a thousand more that can only be known by the contrast that a righteous system would exhibit, over the miserable policy that now prevails, if once, such change as we demand had opportunity of full development.

We may content ourselves now with the plain proposition, that womanhood can never come up to its full worth, nor manhood derive the resulting blessings, until every faculty and every function of her nature is drawn out in unrestrained liberty to the utmost measure of which it is in any wise capable. We ask that *every* "grace, power, and capacity of her soul be encouraged," in the certainty that her "modesty," which is but one of them, will take good care of itself. Whatever she can be and do, she was destined to be and do, as certainly as every wheel, lever, spring and pully, in a well made machine, was designed to play in harmony with every other. Whatever represses, stifles, or crushes one element of the nobler structure, injures the whole, and the evils resulting are as great, and as wide spread, as the error of the mismanagement.

The author of Ecclesiastes seems to have had this very subject in his mind, when he said "One man among a *thousand* have I found, but one *woman* among all those have I not found; lo, this only have I found, that God made man upright; but they have sought out many *inventions*." None could judge more justly in this matter than he, and whatever application he intended, it never had a better one than to the mutual mischief that results from the customary degradation of woman in marriage.

If we have written with more than our usual warmth on this subject, it is because we are jealous for the sacred institution of marriage, and look with loathing and distrust upon lives of mere duty, and we are jealous, too, that the seeming devotion to God should be true, and truly understood by all parties.—Ed.

The leading editorial article, it will be observed, is out of its appropriate place; and we ask the indulgence of the reader for the awkward manner in which this number is made up, Mrs. Davis being absent at Washington.

WANTED.

Several ladies of respectable position and easy address, to canvass for the Una. A liberal per centage will be allowed.

THE BABY'S COMPLAINT.

I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you are mistaken, and that I am tormented half to death though I never say anything about it. How should you like every morning to have your nose washed *up*, instead of *down*? How should you like to have a pin put through your dress into your skin, and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head while your nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose and not know how to take aim at him, with your little, fat, useless fingers? How should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and have a great pussy jump into your cradle, and sit staring at you with her great green eyes, till you were all of a tremble? How should you like to reach out your hand for the pretty bright candle, and find out that it was way across the room, instead of close by? How should you like to tire yourself out crawling way across the carpet, to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away, as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper. How should you like to have your mamma stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cub, and be left to the mercy of a nurse who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached? How should you like, when your mamma dressed you up all pretty to take the nice fresh air, to spend the afternoon with your nurse in some smoky kitchen, while she gossips with one of her cronies? How should you like to submit to have your toes tickled by all the little children who insisted upon seeing baby's feet? How should you like to have a dreadful pain under your apron, and have everybody call you "a cross little thing," when you could not speak to tell what was the matter with you? How should you like to crawl to the top of the stairs, (just to look about a little,) and pitch heels over head from the top to the bottom? Oh, I can tell you it is no joke to be a baby, such a thinking as we keep up; and if we try to find out anything, we are sure to get our brains knocked out in the attempt. It is very trying to a sensible baby, who is in a hurry to know everything, and can't wait to grow up.—*Fanny Fern.*

The Late Josiah F. Flagg, M. D.—At a meeting of the Directors of the New England School of Design for Women, held on Tuesday, Dec. 27, the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the sudden death of Dr. Josiah F. Flagg, we feel that our institution has received a great and irreparable loss. We recognize him as the first mover in our enterprise, and from the day when his interest in promoting the improvement and developing the resources of women led him to plan the school, up to the period of his death, his care for it has been constant and efficient. His views were broad and generous, his aims high and lofty, and he infused into them the whole genial warmth of his nature, so that the school seemed to him like a cherished child. He devoted his time and influence freely to its advancement, and his direct personal interest in both teachers and scholars endeared him to many who knew him in no other relation. His associate directors have ever found him judicious and clear-sighted in regard to the management of the school, punctual in the performance of every duty of his office, and a most genial and sympathising companion. In losing him they lose not only a valuble member of their board, but a loved and valued friend, and can only hope that the influence of his example and his spirit will still remain and encourage them in their work.

Resolved, That as Dr. Flagg was the original projector of the School of Design, we would gladly pay a lasting tribute to his character and services, and at the same time extend to that class, whom he labored to benefit during his life, the blessing of his benevolence even after his death. We, therefore, propose, that one pupil, desirous of earning her living by one of the professions taught in the school, be admitted gratuitously for his sake, and that the right of presentation to this place be vested in his wife during her lifetime.—*Boston paper.*

THE LAST PEARL.

"Whither hast thou brought me?" whispered the guardian spirit of the race. "Here dwells no fairy whose pearl must be entwined with the brightest gifts of Life."

"In this place she dwells, now at this solemn hour," said the Guardian Angel; and pointed to the room where in her lifetime the mother was wont to sit amidst pictures and flowers; where as the presiding fairy of the house, she used to provide for the comfort of her husband, her children, and her friends; where, cheering as the bright sunshine, she used to diffuse happiness around her, and be the heart and soul of the family. There, in her place, a stranger sat, a female, in long, dark, flowing garments; it was *Sorrow*, now the mistress, instead of her who was dead. A burning tear rolled down her cheek, and fell on her sable robe; it became a pearl,—a pearl lustrous as the rainbow's hues; the Guardian Angel caught it up, and it seemed to shine with the mild effulgence of some distant star.

Sorrow's pearl, the latest, but one which cannot be dispensed with, for it enhances the value and power of the rest. Seest thou not here the reflection of that rainbow, which unites earth to heaven? As each of our beloved ones die and leave us, we have one friend more in Heaven to long to rejoin. Whilst it is night on earth, we look up at the the glorious stars in the infinite expanse above. In Sorrow's Pearl lie the Psyche-wings that will bear us up to yonder distant spheres.—*Poet's Day Dream.*

THE RIGHT OF WOMAN TO THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE.

BY MRS. S. T. MARTYN.

Were human nature other than what it is, it would not be necessary to speak of woman's *rights* in the ear of man. Surely, she to whom he owes his being—who is the nurse of his helpless infancy, the guardian of his childhood, the companion and ornament of his manhood, and the solace of his age—who has clung to him in joy and sorrow, sickness and health, prosperity and adversity, with a self-sacrificing affection which not even death itself could destroy. Surely, she is entitled to love and gratitude in return. And if she have wrongs to redress, or rights to maintain, he will gladly avail himself of his superior advantages in her behalf. Surely, he will carefully guard her interests, and if by any possibility they could come in collision with his own, hers would have the preference. Such, I say, we might reasonably suppose, would be the fact; but I ask, is this so? Let the pages of the world's history answer. From the beginning hitherto, woman, as the weaker of the joint proprietors of this fair world, has always occupied a station far inferior to that of her lord and master—too happy if she might partake the crumbs that fall from his richly spread table. In barbarous heathendom she has been a patient and submissive drudge—little more than a beast of burden; in polished and refined heathendom, she has been a mere plaything of the imagination, an object of sensual gratification—and in christianized heathendom, if I may be allowed the expression, until within the last half-century, she has been classed if not with the horse and the bottle of her owner, at least with birds, and fruits, and flowers; as an ornamental appendage to his being, but she has not been recognized as a sharer with man in the same high and holy duties, an expectant of the same glorious destiny. Has then, the advent of the Son of God, the promulgation of his Gospel, done so little for the sex he delighted to honor, who were among his earliest, latest and firmest friends?

> 'Not she with traitorous kiss, her Saviour stung,
> Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
> She, when apostles shrunk, could dangers brave,
> Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

Ah yes, the Gospel is to woman glad tidings of great joy, for it furnishes the fulcrum whereon to rest the moral lever that is to raise her from her long degradation to fellowship with men, with angels, and with God. When Jesus Christ condescended to lie on the bosom of a woman like ourselves, and to call her by the endearing name of mother, he sanctified universal womanhood, and when he promulgated the sublime truth that "there is neither Greek nor Jew, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus," he struck a death blow at oppression and caste through the whole world. But the principles of the Gospel are not like Jonah's gourd, which sprung up and reached maturity in a single night. They are rather germs, in which all the elements of truth and progress lie concealed, but whose growth and development are to be reckoned by ages, stretching far forward into the distant future. The sun shines and the rains fall upon the tender germ, and slowly, very slowly it is developed, and the hearts of the watchers are saddened and impatient, but the eye of the great cultivator is upon it, and in due time the plant of celestial origin will blossom and bud and fill the face of the world with fruit. Thanks to the teachings of the Gospel, woman's social and intellectual equality is now in theory, generally acknowledged, and from this fixed fact we may argue in pleading for the removal of the existing disabilities under which she labors.

But the field is extensive, and my space limited, so in the remarks I have to offer here, I shall pass by the subject of the property rights of woman, and her right to an adequate and *equal* renumeration for labor, and confine myself to the question of her civil disabilities. I am aware that I am venturing on ground almost untrodden, and it may be forbidden, but a new truth is better than an old wrong, better *per se*, and better in its influence on society. The disfranchisement of woman is a wrong, which we find underlying the whole enormous structure of evil which it is the object of good men and true to overthrow, and it must be removed, before the regeneration of the world can take place. Those who are deploring the downward tendencies of society in christian lands, and under the noontide blaze of light in the 19th century, might perhaps find one cause lying at their own doors, in the fact, to use the words of Talleyrand, "that one-half of the human race are excluded by the other half from all participation in government, a fact which constitutes a political phenomenon, impossible on abstract principles to explain." Society, we know, is always found in a state of semi-barbarism, a state in which might makes right, where the stronger oppresses the weaker, and moral and intellectual power is overborne by physical force, hence arises class legislation with all its attendant evils. But however the wrong may have arisen, I fearlessly affirm that there is not one reason why man should possess the elective franchise which does not apply equally to woman, that he holds his political rights by no better tenure than that under which we claim ours, and that he cannot continue to withhold the one without jeopardizing the other.

What, then, is the ground on which civil rights are claimed for all men? Clearly not on the possession of physical power, for he shares these in common with the brute creation. It is because man is a moral being, endowed with reason and conscience, capable of understanding his duties to others, and theirs to him, that he is invested by God with a right to exercise supreme authority over himself, so far as this right consists with the equal rights of others. Beyond this, he posesses also a law of rectitude written indelibly on the heart, constituting him an accountable being, and enabling him to appreciate his relations to other beings throughout the universe. Now, I ask, does not woman share with man this common nature of humanity? Does not she, too, possess reason and conscience, and the law of right written on the heart, in an equal degree, since if any may be disposed to deny her an equal amount of reason, the deficiency is made up by a greater amount of conscience? Jeremy Bentham, the well-known writer on political economy, says "that after a careful examination of the whole subject, he has been unable to discover any reasons for the exclusion of woman from the elective franchise, and that those who for want of better arguments, meet the question with a sneer, have no objection to vest supreme power in the hand of one woman, so that it is not without palpable inconsistency that they could insist on the exclusion of the sex."

But it may be said by opponents, we grant the abstract right, but the exercise of that right is so clearly inexpedient, that it ought not to be insisted upon. Now, I believe that in moral questions, the *right* and the *expedient* are always the same, and that as God is the author of truth, he cannot have made that right in principle which would be wrong or inexpedient in action. But setting this aside, I maintain that it is not only right, but highly expedient for woman to possess and exercise the elective franchise, and this for two reasons:

Firstly—It would tend to ennoble and elevate her as a moral and intellectual being; and secondly—it would promote her temporal interests which have greatly suffered from partial legislation.

Slavery is always debasing in its effects, "crushing and extinguishing the moral and spiritual, and giving strength to the animal in human nature," and every species of constraint, however removed, from absolute slavery, partakes its nature and its tendencies. It prevents mental development, forbids independent thought and action, (the very foundation of virtue,) and in a thousand ways exerts a pernicious influence over character. Who does not know the cramping, degrading effect of the remark so often heard when a woman interests herself at all in questions of civil government or political economy, "what have women to do with such things? Let them keep to their knitting and their household affairs." Even when not expressed in words, the spirit of this remark pervades the whole framework of society, and moulds our *free* institutions. But yet these very women are the educators of the world, since, by common consent, to them is committed mind and character in its forming stage, to receive an indelible impress for good or for evil. Now let the mothers of the land, feel the sense of responsibility which the possession of a vote would bestow—let them resolve to justify the confidence placed in their good faith and judgment, by educating themselves for their high duties as mothers, and as citizens too; and who does not see that such a state of things would tend to banish levity and frivolity, and ennoble woman as a rational and immortal being? Again, it would fit woman to become a *helpmeet* for her husband, by ministering to the wants of his moral and intellectual, as well as animal nature. The statesman, the scholar, the jurist, the philanthropist should have a wife capable of contributing to the wants of his head as well as his *feet*, a province to which many would exclusively confine her. If in those great questions of human progress and human destiny which occupy the mind of the earnest thinking man, the wife were capable of affording sympathy, counsel and assistance, if light and love were thus blended and fused together in the twain made one, what an impulse would be given to the cause of universal emancipation!

But we need the elective franchise for our own protection from the pressure of unjust and injurious laws. I can only call the attention of my readers

to the nature of the property laws, by which the whole fortune of a woman, if not secured by an ante nuptial contract, becomes the sole property of her husband; and should he die without children, may be willed away, or descends to his relatives, leaving her to comparative, and often to real destitution. The case is harder still where the joint earnings of husband and wife are concerned, for the weaker party in this conjugal partnership, has no right to control a dollar, and in many cases receives a mere pittance; doled out grudgingly, and as if it were an act of charity, when her skill and industry, and economy, have contributed equally with those of her husband to the common stock. But worst of all, the very produce of her unassisted labor is not her own. The husband may become the robber and oppressor of his own family —he may sweep away the hard earnings of his wife's unrequited toil to spend on his lusts, leaving her and her babes to absolute beggary, and the law protects him in the robbery. Think you these things would be so, could women control the laws under which they suffer? Think you the heart-broken wife who has been compelled to separate from her dissolute, drunken husband, would be forced by *law* to yield up her children to the tender mercies of such a father? I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say.

"No taxation without representation," is the motto of a representative government, but "does the tax gatherer pass by the dwelling of the self dependent and unprocted female?" Thousands of dollars are annually paid in taxes of various kinds by women who are yet denied any voice in the disposal of the public revenue.

Women suffer too from unjust legislation, in the regulations for the trials, whether civil or criminal, in which they are concerned. No woman was ever yet tried by a jury of her peers, and in the case of seduction, that greatest wrong and outrage she can sustain at the hand of man, what is her legal redress? Simply and solely, the contemptible quibble by which her nearest *male* relative may bring a civil suit against the betrayer for *loss of services!*

That the possession of the elective franchise by women would promote the interests of society, by the enactment and enforcement of good laws where they are now defective, and I think there are few who will deny. I ask the voters of this land, if they do not beliive, that if women voted, the Maine Law would be everywhere enacted, and the infamous Fugitive Slave Act repealed? And so it would be in most cases in which humanity and justice are concerned, and in which they are now made to succumb to party interests. If, then, it is right, expedient and necessary, for woman to possess the right of voting, is it not time the question was brought before the public, and urged upon their impartial attention. But says the objector —"women are not competent to vote intelligently."

This is a stange objection coming as it does from American husbands and fathers, in reference to American wives and mothers. The foreigner, who is unable to sign his own name, or even to read the Declaration of Independence, by taking out papers of naturalization, may at once exercise civil rights and control our elections, but the women of this country are not intellectually qualified to vote! The very attempt to answer such an objection seems like tame submission to an indignity. If women are to a great extent ignorant of, and indifferent to party questions, so much the better for them and for their votes. They know, at least, how to select a good man and true, and one who will dare to stand by the principles of his constituency, and this is enough.

"But they will neglect their appropriate duties."

Does man of woman born know so little of the mother's heart, as to believe this for one moment? The All wise Creator, when, in addition to the gifts of reason and conscienee, he implanted the maternal instinct in the breast of woman, made adequate provision for the wants of helpless infancy and childhood, as the history of the world fully attests. I throw back the insinuation with indignant scorn, and assure these wise gentlemen that it is needless to *tie* us to our sphere in order to insure the performance of its duties. The faintest cry of infancy would drown in the mother's ear, the loudest blast from the trump of fame, and vainly would ambition tempt her to its giddy heights, when the sweet voice of childhood was wooing her to the nursery.

Another objection is often urged against the political action of woman, viz.: that she would be out of her own sphere if found at the ballot box. What, I ask is the sphere of woman? From what stand point shall we undertake to define its limits? It seems to me, to resemble in some respects the apparent horizon, which forms the boundary of vision as we look around us. In childhood we imagine it to shut us in on every side, but as we approach the fancied boundary, it recedes, and the sky which a moment before rested on the plain, now stretches away in illimitable grandeur. Thus woman's sphere; embracing as it does first and foremost, the sacred duties of home, has at different times, and under various circumstances, been made to embrace nearly the whole circle of human duty and obligation. Was Apollonia Jagello unwomanly, when she perilled her life on the battle field in behalf of the bleeding, outraged Hungary? Was the heroine Grace Darling unwomanly, when she braved the fury of the deep, to save a company of strangers from a watery grave? Was the noble American woman, Ann H. Judson, out of her sphere when she went forward and backward between the Burmese court, and the English camp, presenting remonstrances, statements and petitions, on behalf of the imprisoned sufferers who could not speak for themselves? Whatever may be a man's theory on this subject, his heart will answer *no*. Since, then, exigencies may confessedly arise, which shall justify woman in overstepping the limits prescribed to her by man, who shall judge for her as to the nature and extent of these exigencies? May we not, reasoning from analogy, experience and observation, rather than from preconceived opinions, conclude that woman's sphere, like that of man, is limited only by her *ability* to act? This is clearly the limit of man's sphere, and as a rational and accountable being, I am unable to find any other safe principle on which to fix the boundaries of mine.

Another objector fears that voting would destroy female delicacy and refinement, and introduce domestic discord into now happy families. Were women even to become the heated and unscrupulous partizans this objection supposes man to be, I should be inclined to give up—not the right of my sex to the elective franchise, for I regard this as an inalienable right, which cannot be given up, however it may be wrested from us, but to give up the whole system of representative government as utterly impracticable in man's fallen condition. But I do not believe such would be the case. Woman's instincts are truer to the cause of humanity than those of man, as the natural distinction of sexes made by God, would preserve her to a great extent from the thirst for office, she would be guided in the selection of candidates, far less by questions of party, and expediency, than of right. The intelligent, conscientious performance of duty could not have an injurious effect on character, though it might substitute self reliance and dignity, for the playful weakness, and clinging dependence men admire so much in woman. But will domestic discord follow the possession of civil rights by woman? I cannot see why it should do so, if man is willing to allow her the privilege he claims for himself, that of thinking and acting freely. Where the husband and wife are agreed in opinion, there can be no danger of strife, and where they disagree, then surely the wife ought to have the means of acting on her own convictions of right and duty.

The last objection I shall notice is, that the elective franchise is not needed by us, as man is our natural representative and agent, in civil and political matters. If this is so, why should the voting of woman produce domestic dissensions? The merchant who employs an agent or factor to transact his business, would hardly be satisfied if he found that all knowledge of his own concerns, or personal attention to them, was the occasion of strife with his agent. If both are honestly seeking the same thing, why should there be discord between them, and if not, it is time for the principal to attend to his own interests. But, I ask, how can man with but one vote in his possession, represent woman, if she is neither goods nor chattels personal, but, like himself, a creature formed in the image of God? Unless he is willing to confess himself half a man, and therefore entitled to but half a vote, it is the merest figment of imagination to call him the representative of woman at the polls. But setting this aside, does the husband truly represent his wife as a voter? Does the political hack, who always wears the collar, who at the dictation of his leader, is marked and branded like an article of merchandise, "this side up with care," and trundled off to the ballot box, does he truly represent the noble woman who loves justice, freedom and humanity, better than life, but whose prayers and tears and entreaties are poured out upon him, to induce him to follow what he confesses to be the right? Ah no—we have long enough been misrepresented, we ask the right of now representing ourselves. One human being cannot act for another in those high duties which pertain to him as an immortal and accountable creature. As well might one delegate to another those animal functions that belong to our higher nature, and which distinguish us from the brutes that perish. The vote is the impersonation of principle, the embodiment of thought, the carrying out of conviction into action; can this be the subject of delegation?—Then may the Romish priest properly act as the

representative of his flock at the court of Heaven; then may they safely commit their consciences to him, and expect him to account for them at the tribunal of Jehovah.

But we are told that we can exert a separate influence as petitioners for redress of grievances. We can, indeed, help to swell the list of petitioners, but when our petitions are examined in the halls of legislation, the fact that so few of the names belong to *voters*, deprives them of half their power. If women possessed the elective franchise, and their petitions were disregarded and spurned by their representatives, as they have too often been, the same thing would not be done by the same men:

> "The vote, the vote, the mighty vote!
> Though we have used the humble note,
> And prayed our" masters "to be just,"
> We'd tell them—"they must, they *must*!"

I have said nothing in this article about the eligibility of women to office, because it is not necessarily connected with the subject of which I have been speaking, but if any say it must naturally follow, then I answer, "let justice be done though the heavens fall." I believe all the evils that might possibly follow the extension of the elective franchise, would in time correct themselves, and that the good sense of woman, and her appreciation of the natural and strongly marked distinction made by the Creator between the sexes, would be sufficient to guide her conduct in this respect. But to those men who are afflicted with visions of deserted homes and neglected children, I would observe that until the domestic virtues of patience, meekness, and endurance, are more strongly developed in the other sex than at present, we shall hardly leave our babies in their care, and until we can obtain proper substitutes, we shall not at least *en masse*, desert our throne in the nursery, even for a home in the coveted White House.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16, 1854.

We shall not give a detailed account of our journey to this city, for it had not the piquancy of a single adventure in it; we were neither too late, nor too early, at any starting point; were not set in any snow drifts to wait for twenty-four hours without food and fire, as were some of our less fortunate friends: hackmen, the class on whom all the ill nature, spite and spleen of travelers is usually vented, were neither more or less civil than is their wont to be, and to us, the noise, eagerness and life among them has always been rather a study than an annoyance: the play of countenance, the shrewd glance of the more voluble, as he bears off triumphantly some rather uncertain, doubtful victim, all have their interest in them, and go to fill up a canto in the grand moving poem of life; a poem of profoundest depth, not a lyric, but an epic, full of deeds of heroism, of wisdom, of sorrow and sacrifice, of guilt and atonement, of penitence and faith.

New Years we passed in New York, which rendered the day peculiarly agreeable. Many old friends called, and several persons whom we have long wished to know were among the guests of our friend, whose hospitality we shared in company with several ladies who are busy, in putting the world to rights, for as Hon. Gerrit Smith says, (who by the way is quite a lion here,) "It's all topsy turvy now, and so will remain till woman stands beside man in every department of life his acknowledged equal."

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Our stay in Philadelphia was very brief, only one night, but we contrived to make the most of that time by seeing as many as possible of our old friends.

Among other subjects of inquiry was that of the Female Medical College and its professors, and we were glad to hear that it seems looking up a little. They have a class, (if we remember rightly,) of about twenty earnest, studious women. In New York we were told that Miss Fowler, demonstrator of anatomy, had passed a more thorough and critical examination, than most professors could sustain. Her questioner remarked that he was surprised at the minuteness and fullness of her knowledge, of this branch of science. This information was confirmed, and the two others female professors, Miss M. H. Mowry, M. D. and Miss A. Preston, were also spoken of as sustaining themselves well. A person might be able to give several courses of popular lectures on Anatomy and Physiology, but to sustain one's self for three months, lecturing every day on a particular branch, requires either a great amount of knowledge or an ability to spread a little matter over a large surface; and in either case, it evidences talent of no ordinary character.

The professors' chairs are all filled; they have means of illustration &c., but by no means equal to the colleges instituted for young men; and women ought not to rest satisfied with this, as an apology for closing the doors of other and better endowed institutions.

We are not of the class who reject the half loaf when we are starving, because we cannot have the whole, but like Oliver Twist, take that and still hold out our hands for more, more. But were we a graduate of this school we should still demand all the advantages which could be afforded us from the more extended lectures, the larger cliniques, &c. of these older schools. The care of life entrusted to the physician is a serious responsibility, and the question now is whether the demand becoming so universal for female physicians, shall be answered with the half loaf, or shall it be met largely, nobly, and as it deserves to be by our brethren? Shall women who are to have the charge of your wives, your children and your sisters be inadequately fitted for their work? Will you entrust your loved ones to those who have less opportunities for education than you demand in the man who is to take charge of your life when disease visits you?

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Sunday the eighth, both morning and evening we listened to Rev. W. H. Channing, who has been here the last four weeks. His morning sermon was upon holiness and the aesthetic idea was throughout very prominent. His evening, on what constitutes great men. In this sermon he took occasion to speak as earnestly and strongly against slavery as we have ever heard him in Boston; while doing so, there was not the slightest manifestation of that peculiar sensitiveness upon the subject which we have often seen in churches in New England and New York. There was no shuffling of the feet, no one was suddenly seized with an asthmatic cough or went out letting the door fall back with a bang to disturb and awaken the antagonism of those who remained. The pro-slavery of the north has been in nine cases out of ten, like the zeal of the whiffet that runs beyond his master's orders, and then gets whipped on his return. Senator Douglass with his Nebraska bill may yet find that he has bayed too loudly to please even his master the south.

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Yesterday we went with a friend to visit Miss Miner's school among the free colored people of the city. It consists of about forty pupils, remarkably bright and intelligent for the opportunities they have had. Miss Miner is an earnest, energetic, enthusiastic woman, capable of entire self abnegation; or she would have never thought of coming here to teach our heathen. Had she taken her life in her hand and gone out to India or the South seas, she would have had the sympathy of all christendom; have been spoken of with reverent affection. Here she toils with few to care for or sympathize with her, but she is, nevertheless, doing a glorious work, for she is caring for the souls of those whom no one has regarded in the past. We shall take occasion to learn more of her plans, purposes, aims and objects.

In the school were all shades of color from the regular Topsy to the almost blonde. One little girl with dark grey eyes, long drooping eyelashes, brown hair and a finely formed head, interested us greatly, for she seemed to have no place, too white for her caste, and yet the one little taint in her blood shutting her out from her sisters, who were many of them of the same shade, or even a darker hue. The pale children of the school looked less vigorous than the dark ones, and less happy, and we could not but think that the heaviest portion of the curse had fallen upon them.

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Mrs. Hale has issued a memorial to be presented to Congress during its present session, asking for three or four MILLIONS OF ACRES OF THE PUBLIC NATIONAL DOMAINS to be set apart to endow at least one normal school in every State, for the gratuitous education of Female Teachers. The memorial sets forth the demand for teachers, stating that "there are *two millions* of children in our country destitute of the means of instruction, and that *sixty thousand* teachers

are needed to supply them at the same ratio as is common to our best districts." The memorial, with the exception of the third clause, is a good one, but we are astonished at the ignorance betrayed in that by the writer in saying, that women are not expected to pay from their earnings for the support of the State. Can it be possible that the fact must be reiterated, that women who hold property, either by right of dower, by inheritance or the fruit of their own industry, are subject to all the taxes of men, with the exception of the poll tax in some of the States, and the registry tax in others, and this is but a single dollar. Our legislators are not asleep, and will not look one whit more favorably upon the memorial than they would if it had come to them and said, we want this, because we have been deprived of our just educational rights; we petition for it because we desire to make education universal, because for purposes of full development, we must have lucrative avenues of employment, because we desire to have the antagonisms between the sexes removed, and this can only be done by giving us such positions, as will secure to us the fullest intellectual development and pecuniary independence. The demand has been made and its justice recognized by the leading minds of the age, and attempts to hide away or ignore it only renders the actor ridiculous. We do not want it because it will be more economical for the State to have female teachers, or for other reasons herein assigned. If there is to be economy let it be in other departments, not in that of such vital interest. If women are better teachers than men and it is pretty generally admitted they are, then demand for them education and remuneration equal to that of men.

A visit to the Patent Office this morning, gave us a new object of interest. Setting nearly every thing else aside, we devoted our hour to the new Planetarium, by Thomas H. Barlow, of Lexington, Kentucky. It places before the eye of the student all the important features of the motions of the Earth, Moon and the interior Planets, with many of the phenomena resulting from those motions; the causes of such phenomena, and also the various lengths of day and night, and the different seasons of the year. It exhibits, with surprising accuracy, the relative positions of those planets for any date, past, present or future.

Mr. Barlow has devoted thirty years to this work, and is rewarded for his perseverance by the perfection he has attained. Whether his work will be accepted and introduced, as it certainly deserves to be, into our schools and colleges, remains yet a problem.

We have said nothing of the debates in the house, for we have not as yet been there, or of society, for we have been here too short a time and have seen too little to be called an observer.

In our next, health being always the proviso, we may have seen and heard much that will be of interest.—Ed.

MRS. COE'S LECTURES IN NEW YORK.

A friend in New York who attended Mrs. Coe's lectures there, writes us as follows:

"I have been to hear Mrs. Coe. She is a new comer to most of us, and has made a decided impression. For force and correctness of elocution, I do not think she is excelled by any of the female speakers, nor, for that matter, by many of the other sex. Her manner is not unfeminine, but her speech is marked by a certain terseness and vigor, which makes it seem by no means inappropriate, that she has chosen the profession of law. I think those who heard her took away with them a pretty firm conviction that all the speaking power was not confined to the male part of community.

"The weather was unfavorable on both evenings of her lectures, but the audiences were respectable and attentive, and expressed themselves highly gratified with her treatment of her subject, which was the legal inequalities of the sexes. She is coming here again, when I hope she will have a better hearing."

Passion Flowers. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

A book of short occasional poems, unheralded by previous announcement, or famous name, and which has yet already become the theme of every literary circle in Boston, is a phenomenon which rarely occurs. As this volume is unquestionably from a woman's pen, we have a double interest in examining its contents and expressing our opinion of its merits. The poems are very brief, the longest not numbering twenty pages, and were evidently written to satisfy the author's need of expression, not for the purpose of publication. "Poeta nascitur, non fit," is literally true of her. In a graceful little poem, she herself expresses it:

I never made a poem dear friend,
  I never sat me down and said,
This cunning brain and patient hand
  Shall fashion something to be read.

* * * * * * *

'Tis thus, through weary length of days,
  I bear a thought within my breast,
That greatens from my growth of soul,
  And waits and will not be expressed.

It greatens, till its hour has come,
  Not without pain, it sees the light;
'Twixt smiles and tears, I view it o'er
  And dare not deem it perfect, quite.—pp. 91, 92.

The book has both the excellencies and the defects, which this circumstance would naturally produce. It is a fresh living book. Every page betrays the author's own soul and life. You have a new person in your galaxy when you have read it, and may analyze her as nicely and truly as you could one of Shakspeare's heroines. She is a child at heart, she has more, perhaps, of girlish sentiment, of changing joy and sadness, of lofty aspiration mingling with a love of gay worldly pleasure, noble moral enthusiasm, and timid shrinking before life's darker experiences and inevitable death, than the sustained steady passion and purpose of the mature woman. She has a joy in life, and a natural horror before death, which reminds us of the Greek Iphigenia. Yet she has had a woman's deep experience, and the two are mingled in her song.

The newspapers compare her to Elizabeth Browning, but the comparison does not seem to us a just or happy one. The author of Passion Flowers has more of fresh natural life, than the greatest of English poetesses—but in rich and nice culture, in sustained power of thought and feeling—in creative imagination, and in musical flow of language, the American poets, as yet, fall very far behind Mrs. Browning. We believe she herself would shrink modestly from the comparison.

The religious tone of the book is free, lofty and in unison with the progressive spirit of modern reform. A few pieces spoke directly of the slave and his wrongs—of Kossuth, of the fredom of Italy and other public themes—but the greater part are private and personal in their subjects. They are thoroughly feminine and give us glimpses of her home life amid her children and her handmaidens, which are full of tender beauty.

Many are disposed to ask—whence is this tone of sadness so evident in the book, and which yet seems so inappropriate to one whose lot in life is so brilliant and so highly favored as that of the reputed author of this book? We would not, if we could, open her private life to the public view—even were it needful to answer this question. But it needs no personal knowledge of a gifted woman to find causes for her sadness. It is, alas! the rule and not the exception, and more wonderful is it to find one brave and noble enough to look over all the barriers now about her, and see the clear sunrise in the glowing east, and sing songs of triumph in her home of captivity, for the deliverance that is yet afar off.

For the sensitive poet's soul must always suffer and still more so when enshrined in a woman's form. Then the lofty culture which is free and open to man, she must purchase by struggle and ridicule, and often by the surrender of many of the heart's dearest ties, and the conflict which all must wage between lofty aspirations and the allurements of pleasure is complicated for her by a thousand voices which declare that her lofty aim is impious and that the soft attractions of ease and idleness are prompt-ings of duty and the pure interests of her feminine nature. It is plain that the brilliant circles of fashion and gayety in which she is so well fitted to shine have their attraction for our author, and yet that the nobler promptings of her soul are continually calling her to a higher and better life. Is it then strange, that she should know the sorrows of the heart, and that her wreath should be a wreath of Passion Flowers?

The poems are very unequal in merit, and of the longer ones, passages are far superior to the whole pieces. There is indeed some vagueness and indistinctness of thought and imperfection in the arrangment of many of them. Rome seems to be the holy city of her lore, and there are noble passages on this subject. Of the lesser poems we like the playful boldness of "Philosoph Master, and Poet Aster."—The tenderness of the "Tribute to a Faithful Servant," the meek reverent spirit of "The Joy of Poesy," the "Mother Mind," from which we have quoted a few stanzas at the commencement of this notice.—The pretty story of "Mind versus Mill Stream," with its pithy moral, many of the brave words on "Whitsunday in the church," and the gentle and graceful "Salutatory Address." This book came through the winter snows like a pleasant voice singing to us on a New Year's Eve, of the joys and sadness of life. We welcome it, as coming out of a living heart, and trust it may refresh and bless the hearts of those who receive it in the honest spirit in which it was written. E. D. C.

For the Una.

"Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face." By Charles Kingsley. Boston. Crosby & Nichols, 1853.

These volumes cannot fail to be popular. They are written in a brilliant, striking style, by a man, who in his earlier years at least, has felt all the power of the world's baits and lures. They are written for a special purpose, and they serve it. There is such an amount of humanity in them, as must win readers, and no man who looks at the first chapter, will be willing to throw the others by. Because it must be popular, it rouses our moral indignation. Because Hypatia will be henceforth as little honored in the popular thought as Aspasia, have we deemed it our duty to turn some critical glances towards these pages, wherewith admiring eyes will have only too much to do. Already newspapers, reviewers, and scholars—Heaven save the mark! are singing in their praise;—already the beautiful, pure image of Hypatia, shrined in many a maiden heart, is growing dim and discolored, and we hear no word of remonstrance. For some critical glances, then, we hold ourselves ready,—not for a thorough review, for that would require a classical library, not to be thought of, in that out-of-the-way corner of the earth, where these volumes happen to find us. And in the first place, let us protest against historical fiction in general. True, it serves to make certain historical persons and their deeds familiar, but it prejudices the popular mind it teaches. Men know no longer the historic persons, but only what some romancer thought them, and not always his own honest thought, but another, which being more effective, will be better likely to serve his turn. Richard must go down to all posterity a hunchback, because Shakspeare's genius made him so, though a thousand commentators prove and reprove, that he had the fairest natural proportions.

The man who undertakes to turn a passage of ancient history into a modern novel, ought to be sure of two things; first, that he has sufficient historical material to justify the superstructure that he intends to raise; second, that his aim however pure and lofty it may be, shall not essentially falsify the character which he makes use of. Mr. Kingsley fails, we think, in both these particulars. It is well known to scholars that the bare facts of Hypatia's success and martyrdom, are all that remain to us of her ancient glory. There would have been even less, had not the atrocity of the latter deed given an effective shock to the development of Christianity in Alexandria. For many a year have we looked longingly towards the ideal of this virgin teacher, and more than once have we written her name at the head of our page. What checked us, ere the page had grown into a chapter, and the chapter to a novel? Only the deep consciousness that whatever we built up about that name, would owe its existence to our own reverent fancy, and that her pure garments might be tarnished for the common eye, by our earthy touch. Whether our fears were just or not, we wish Mr. Kingsley had shared them. Better never done, than ill done, may be safely said of every such work.—What little may be known of Hypatia, besides what is told us in the letter of Synesius, and Isidore of Pelusium, is to be found in Suidas, and Damascius the author of the Life of Isidore the Philosopher in Photius. Also, in scattered allusions, running through literature nearly cotemporaneous, and in the pages of the christian historian Sokrates. Sokrates tells the plain story without comment. Suidas whose authority weighs little, since we do not know who he was, nor where he lived, adds that she was beautiful, catalogues her works, and repeats an anecdote, which entitles her, at least, to be considered the most straight forward of women. Damascius, if we remember rightly, tells us only one fact, which is not a fact, namely that she was betrothed to Isidore, the Philosopher, a manifest anchronism, which Photius contradicts by stating again, that Isidore married one Domna. Synesius and Isidore of Pelusium, were her cotemporaries, and whatever fair inference may be deduced from their letters, can be trusted, but neither it, nor whatever else a scholar's toil may gather up, forms any fit basis for an historical novel.

With regard to the second point, we shall not attempt to find out the New Foes, that Mr. Kingsley offers us, under the Old Face. We presume they are such as every man can readily call by name.—If the author's aim was, as the concluding paragraph of his preface might justify us in asserting, merely to exhibit one of the last struggles between the New Church and the Old World, some less precious name might have served his purpose as well as Hypatia. But the object which the public at large will recognise, is the making familiar as a household word, a name until this day the property of scholars. And in giving any true idea of this extraordinary woman, we say, without hesitation, that he has worse than failed.

What we positively know of Hypatia is, that she was wondrously wise and beautiful, so superior to the age in which she lived, that her worst enemies never dared to breathe a word against her purity, and that Cyril never dreamed of corrupting her. That she invested the night of a past age with so wonderful a dignity and power, that in that great city, her influence was second only to the ambitious prelate's own; and whatever there was of learning and culture, and refinement there, bowed at her feet. The christian populace, maddened by her public devotion to the past, and the father's well known heathenism;—the Jews who cried out for justice against Cyril, and were answered by an ominous finger pointing to the Academy;—these, rose against her, but the historians of the church who would have been glad to justify them, could say no more, than that she was supposed to stand in the way of Cyril's reconciliation to Orestes. No man dared to say he believed it. No man not the vilest, dared to accuse her of any desire to become the high priestess of Athene, or the Empress of Africa. It was reserved for the author of Alton Locke, to sully her memory, by imputing it as possible to her, her, the Hypatia beloved by that Synesius whose lofty character and blameless life, secured him the Bishopric of Ptolemais, against his own wishes and his well known metaphysical heresies! What we do certainly know of her, is that she showed neither vanity nor self-elation, that she modestly shrank from teaching where Ammonious and Hierocles had taught, but that being persuaded, her eloquence, her insight, her practical wisdom, charmed listeners of all ages and degrees of culture.

And what, then, has the author of Alton Locke made of this woman? He has introduced her to us, as one whose very handwriting shows a calm, self-conscious, studied character, dwelling in the midst of affected archaism. Arguments that were used by Porphyry and Julian are thrust into her mouth, as if she were capable of uttering them; then, as a self-elated fool, who believing that she could win back a glorious past, as no woman, possessing a tithe of the wisdom attributed to Hypatia, could ever have believed, prostitutes herself to a man, vulgar, effete, licentious in the highest degree. You reject the tradition of Damascius, but you do not hesitate, oh modern author, to throw this saffron cloak over her name! He brings her before us, shrinking like a silly girl from a beggar in the street, owning the superiority of Ben-Ezra, in "practical cunning," as if that were a thing to be desired, and finally, electrifying an audience with an outpouring of trashy mysticism that could never have turned the head of the youngest boy, far less have won the wise ear of Synesius! Our author assumed too much, when he undertook to lecture for Hypatia, and he left too many holes in his philosopher's cloak, when he caused her, who believed in Greek myths, and tried to marry them to Oriental fancies, to be shocked at the Savior's humble birth. It is no *woman* who so addresses an audience, much less an Hypatia! Again, he permits Philammon to reproach her with sins, profligacy, and sorceries, such as the advocates of the church who tore her quivering limbs asunder, never yet dared to bring against her; such as the foulest rumor of her own day never stooped to whisper. The true Hypatia, looking upon God as a Father, and seeking in mythology manifold expressions and interpretations of his love, was wise enough to be humble, but he brings her before us, inveighing in terms that fill us with horror, against the sacred duties of wife and mother, and shrinking from the contaminating embrace of Orestes, not because she did not love him, not because he was unworthy of her, but because of the degradation which the divine tie of marriage would imply. She does not quail before a fate, worse to a pure minded woman than death; but she shrinks with unphilosophic terror from the gaze of Miriam, and finally becomes her tool. She sits beside Orestes, while children are torn limb from limb; she sits beside him, while fibre after fibre of a sister's soul is strained and torn, while the plaudits of a multitude deafened with dishonor the nude form of Venus Anadyomene! If our Hypatia had been bad enough to do this, she could never have been weak enough. Philosophy had not quenched in her womanly love and power, else fiery old Synesius, who refused to resign his wife and children to the church, could never have so loved her. Our Hypatia must have felt the full force of Philammon's love, for Pelagia must have been too great to yield to the weak cupidity of a father, the honor of her faith, or the good abbot of Pelusium need never have mentioned her with praise!

We have no patience when a name sacred as Hypatia's is dragged down to a level low as this. This character, full of inconsistencies, no where challenges our love or admiration. Skilfully as the scene in the Amphitheatre is managed, none of our pity is felt for the Hypatia who kneels before a reb-

el unknown to history. Such a woman need never have excited Cyril's enmity, it would have been only too easy to corrupt her. It was the native antagonism between Cyril and the true Hypatia, that made the Bishop hate her, even as Bonaparte hated De Stael. Her keen sight penetrated the flimsy veil of his Christanity, and detected the bold, ambitious, unscrupulous *man*, under the garb of the Bishop. Could she not then penetrate the still flimsier garb of the Roman prefect? That she did so, Orestes' unwillingness to avenge her death, may seem to indicate. That we may not be supposed unable to appreciate the great points of this book, we may advert to the fine sketch of Synesius, of whom the reader may remember

> "That the church was scarce propitious,
> As he whistled dogs and gods."

and the well drawn characters of Ben-Ezra, and Philammon. With each of the two latter, the author has a certain inborn sympathy, which secured their being well done. Colleges have their temptations, as well as the old Academy, and the wisdom of our author was matured in bitter experience.

What impression does the whole book leave upon us? If it were a history, the world had lost a martyr, for Kingsley's Hypatia is no martyr. She is a weak, presuming woman, fitly punished for meddling with matters that she did not understand. Alexandria need not have mourned, nor Theodosius have avenged her. What noble woman could read her story, and not prefer to be Pelagia? For Divine Art's sake, the Ariel should have lived, and been won to a nobler life through his bride.—The kin-ship between Philammon and his sister was no mere tie of the flesh. It underlay the whole natures of the two, and should have justified to both the ways of God with man. Pelagia when she threw aside the love-philter of old Miriam, and demanded to reign in her own right, or not at all; Philammon when he withstood the temptations of Hypatia's presence, was nobler, aye, nearer to Christ, than as these volumes would have it, our philosopher ever showed herself.

Hypatia was at the head of the Ecclectic or Platonic school. This school was one which arose in consequence of the growing strength of Christianity, after the first Platonic philosophy had died out. The new christianity absorbed into itself, some of the worst errors of old paganism, and sustained itself by metaphysics and enormities which disgusted the refined. In this Neo, or *New* Platonism, there was, had its disciples only known it, much of the truth which Christ came to proclaim. To proclaim by a pure life and earnest soul, unaided by sophistries or dialectics. It was this truth which gave Hypatia and her school strength to stand, but it was by means in misty declamation alone that they employed themselves. They aimed at the fullest knowledge of the Absolute, in order to attain holiness and happiness, to which they believed nothing else could lead. They recognised in intuition, which precedes thought, the voice of God, and they doubtless urged in their discourses both these points; but they were eminent also in mathematics and astronomy, and taught at Alexandria not only these branches of science, but natural philosophy, natural history, and a wise investigation of the universe had its varied ranks of being. It was to Hypatia that Synesius applied to perfect the silver astrolabe that he gave to Peonius. It was to the same school as Hypatia, that Origen Longinus, Plotenus, and Herennius belonged. Mr. Kingsley's devotion to the metaphysics of his churchmen, has misled him in this book, as it did in the very unartistic conclusion to Alton Locke. He wearies himself in gathering for Christianity, laurels that she can never wear. Let the heathen claim this bay, and let us seek only for the christian church the "crown of light."

Toronto, Dec. 18, 1853. C. H. D.

THE FAIRY WIFE.

AN APOLOGUE, BY VIVIAN.

A merchant married a Fairy. He was so manly, so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her heart was constrained towards him, and she gave up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of woman.

They were married; they were happy; and the early months glided away like the vanishing pageantry of a dream.

Before the year was over he had returned to his affairs; they were important and pressing, and occupied more and more of his time. But every evening, as he hastened back to her side, she felt the weariness of absence more than repaid by the delight of his presence. She sat at his feet and sang to him, and prattled away the remnant of care that lingered in his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of many families depended on him. His affairs were vast and complicated, and they kept him longer away from her. All the day, while he was amidst his bales of merchandise, she roamed along the banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright fancy pageantries, or devising any gaieties with which to charm his troubled spirits. A bright and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of Care.—Life was abounding in her. She knew not the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplexities of life. To sing and to laugh—to leap the stream and beckon him to leap after her, as he used in the old lover days, when she would conceal herself from him in the folds of a water lily—to tantalize and enchant him with a thousand capricious coquetries—this was her idea of how they should live; and when he gently refused to join in these childlike gambols, and told her of the serious work that awaited him, she raised her soft blue eyes to him in baby wonderment, not comprehending what he meant, but acquiescing, with a sigh, because he said it.

She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her. Life to her was Love and nothing more. A soft sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was Love, and something more; and he saw with regret that she did not comprehend it. The wall of Care, raised by busy hands, was gradually shutting him out from her. If she visited him through the day, she found herself a hindrance and retired. When he came to her at sun set, he came pre-occupied. She sat at his feet loving his anxious face. He raised tenderly the golden ripples of loveliness that fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft beseeching eyes; but there was something in his eyes, a remote look, as if his soul were afar, busy with other things, which made her little heart almost burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times when he was absorbed in calculations, and throwing her arms around his neck, woo him from his thought. A smile, revealing love in its very depths, would brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he pushed aside the world, and concentrated all his being in one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him, she could not win his life; she could charm, she could not occupy him! The painful truth came slowly over her, as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny Day until at last it is Night: Night with her stars of infinite beauty, but without the lustre and warmth of Day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness her keen-sighted love perceived, through all his ineffable tenderness, that same remoteness in his eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there grieving and apparently absorbed in her, there still came dim remembrances of Care to vex and occupy his soul.

"It were better I were dead," she thought; "I am not good enough for him." Poor child! Not good enough, because her simple nature knew not the manifold perplexities, the hindrances of *incomplete* life! Not good enough, because her whole life was centered in one whose life was scattered!

And so she breathed herself away, and left her husband to all his gloom of Care, made tenfold darker by the absence of those gleams of tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated life. The night was starless, and he alone.—*London Leader.*

A BRIEF CHEMICO-PHYSIOLOGICAL ESSAY ON MILK.

BY M. GROSS, CHEMIST.

Continued.

ANIMAL FOOD AND DIET FOR MAN.

II.

The animal body consists of certain solid and fluids, in the proportion of about one to ten parts. In other words, by extracting from the animal body every liquid substance—as in the mummies of Egypt—the body may lose nine from ten parts of its original weight. It has further been mentioned already, that three substances, related in a very close and intimate manner among themselves, principally represent the proximate animal constituents, namely Albumen, Fibrine and Caseine. The two first-named are diffused throught the whole system, the third is found only in special secretions in higher animals, and in man. The albumen, wholly identical with the white of an egg, forms the fluid part of the blood—the "serum;" the fibrine is found in two distinct conditions in the living animal, in the blood, namely, where it is dissolved, and in the muscular flesh, of which it forms the characteristic ingredient; the third substance, caseine, is found only in the milk, where it exists in a state of perfect solution—owing, like albumen or serum of the blood, its solubility to a small portion of alkali.

Of the chemical constituents of the animal system, a few words only can properly be said here. It appears from the most reliable and often-repeated analysis, that the albumen and fibrine are compounds of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, sulphur and phosphorus. Caseine contains the same elements, with the exception of phosphorus. The most remarkable feature, however, is the nearly absolute identity of composition in these three bodies, as respects the carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; the only difference is to be found in the very minute quantities of sulphur and phosphorus.

The annexed analytical results, obtained by Mr. Mulder, will serve sufficiently to exemplify this very important coincidence of the chief supporters of animal life.

	Albumen.	Florine.	Caseine.
Carbon	54.84	54.56	54.93
Hydrogen	7.09	6.90	7.15
Nitrogen	15.83	17·72	15.80
Oxygen	21.23	22.13	21.73
Sulphur	.64	.36	.36
Phosphorus	.33	.33	

Very slight variations only from these proportions are to be found in the corroborative analysis of Messrs. Dumas, Scherer and others. The great importance of this discovery must be apparent; it explains the constant transmuta-

tion in the animal system of one of these substances into the other; it shows in the most easily conceivable manner how easily the milk of the mother becomes the flesh of the offspring, and with what simple change the vegetable albumen in the food of an animal becomes in part converted to fibrine by the time the former finds its way to the veins to form new blood. But it must not be forgotten, that besides these chief constituents of the animal body some others play a more or less important part in the organism, namely: gelatine, chondrine, fat, phosphate of lime, and other earthy salts, iron, &c., &c. These, however, do not, like the other three, belong to the proximate organic principles, because they have no power of reproducing *blood*, and can consequently, not furnish nourishment to the system in the strict sense of the term, although, on the other hand, it is not meant that albumen, fibrine and caseine alone are all that is required for the due maintenance of the vital powers. The experiment has been tried repeatedly, and always with a negative result. Certain substances which do not contain nitrogen, are likewise essential, such as fat, or its substitutes. We may with safety, in this instance, adopt the hypothesis of Liebig, who divides the life-supporting materials into "elements of nutrition," and into "elements of respiration." To the former belong the vegetable fibrine, the vegetable albumen, the vegetable caseine, animal flesh and blood; to the latter, fat, starch, gum, cane, grape, and milk, sugar, mucilage, wine, beer, spirits, in one word, the fuel-food of the body, as it has been justly called by those writers, who compare the process of life to a slow combustion, taking place without interruption in the animal system.

"Muscle, brain, nerve, membrane, &c., which have been formed out of the blood, waste away like a burning candle, are consumed to air and ashes, and pass from the system, rejected and useless; and where no means are at hand for repairing these daily and hourly losses, the animal (or man) perishes—dies more slowly, but not less surely, than by a blazing pile, and is, to the very letter, burned to death at a low temperature. The various constituents of the body give way in succession; first, the fat, as the most combustible and least essential substance, disappears; then the muscles shrink, soften, and decay. At last, the substance of the brain becomes attacked, and madness and death close the scene. This is starvation."

Thus, most beautifully, a recent writer explains the phenomenon which is of daily occurrence in life.

The most simple process of nutrition is that of animals which feed on flesh—the *carnivora*. The food which they consume is identical in every respect with the body for whose nourishment it is designed. Arrived in the stomach, it undergoes simple solution in the slightly acid secretion of that organ, and then, as it passes through the short and simple alimentary canal of these creatures, it gets almost entirely absorbed, and at once carried into the blood, nothing being rejected but the bones and hair and other insoluble relics of the prey. The flesh of the animal devoured becomes, by mere transposition, part and parcel of that of its devourer. These alimentary processes are simple and clear enough. The majority of animals, however, do not live upon flesh, but are, on the contrary, exclusively vegetable feeders. It is here that the great importance and value of the three alimentary substances, already mentioned, becomes manifest. These bodies, as has been stated already, are diffused throughout the whole vegetable creation; not a plant exists which does not contain one or the other of them. The grain of the cereals is rich in the azotized matters of this kind; in wheat-flour, the vegetable fibrine amounts to nearly ten per cent, and is the principle cause of the high value of wheaten bread as an article of food. From the juice of any green plant the vegetable albumen may be extracted; it is to be found throughout the whole vegetable world. It has lately been discovered, too, that beans, almonds and many other seeds, very often contain, in addition to albumen and fibrine, a substance which is identical with animal caseine. The great nourishing and sustaining power of Indian corn is easily explained by its containing not only the plastic elements of nutrition, but also a large quantity of fat, the chief element sustaining the respiratory functions. It is thus to be seen that the process of nutrition in the *carnivora* and *graminivora* is exactly the same, with but this difference, that in the food of the latter, the nourishing principles are separated and brought into a soluble state to become blood. That the *graminivora*, however, assimilate less azotized matter, has its reason in the minor vitality and lower temperature of their system, in consequence of which the waste of substance, the general combustion, is much less than in the *carnivora*, in which the destruction of the tissues of the body is very rapid. This rapid decay is compensated in the organism of the latter by an abundant supply of highly azotized food, capable of complete assimulatiou.

A certain proof of the correctness of these views lies in the fact, that the analyzed fæces of the *carnivora* are found to contain large proportions of azotized matter, superfluous for the support of the system, which is not the case with the excrements of the *graminivora*.

After this brief discussion of the general principles of the nutrition of animals, the principles of a proper diet for man remain to be explained.

The bodily frame and constitution of the human race have been so adjusted, as to admit of the maintenance of life and health under a variety of circumstances truly surprising. Although the possession of reason has enabled man to conquer articles of diet from every domain; and the art of cookery, also peculiar to him, renders such of them as in their crude state would be inadapted to nourish him, competent to effect this object, still his alimentation rests on the same principles as that of the higher animals. It is useless here to speak of the so-called merits of an exclusively vegetable diet, since the physical constitution of a distinct race, the varying habits of living, and the influences of climate, must decide the question, and not the notions of enthusiasts of a system.

The sustenance furnished to the human race has been adjusted, chemically, in a most admirable manner, by a wise and bountiful Providence. In tropical climates, where the temperature of the air approaches within a few degrees to that of the body, the generation of animal heat by the burning of organic matter in the blood may be reduced in amount. Where muscular power and motion are less required and less employed, because the teeming earth gives its increase with the least possible toil on the part of the cultivator, and all nature invites to repose and indolence, the waste of the body is diminished in the same ratio; a comparatively small quantity of food both for fuel and for nutriment, is, in such a case, required. The stomach, however, must be filled, the uneasy sensation of want must be removed; and this has been provided for. In the rice, fruits and other products of southern climates, we find a food extremely agreeable to the taste, but possessing little sustaining power; much of it is mere water, and the solid portion itself is chiefly made up of neutral nonazotized bodies. The azotized portion of the food of hot countries is always very small in comparison with the rest, and the desire for animal food is very slight. If in hot climates a more azotized diet be indulged in, the carbonaceous compounds must be eliminated by the skin, liver and lungs; but should the cutaneous surface, especially of the white variety of mankind, decline the additional duty demanded of it, the liver is called into an excessive exercise of its function, in consequence of the accumulation of carbon in the blood, and of the inactivity of the skin; hence the prevalence of hepatic disease in the tropical zone.

Exactly the opposite state and manner of living we meet in the North American hunter, the trappers and Indians, the diet of whom consists chiefly of flesh. Without it and the large proportion of fat which they consume, they could not be heedless alike of frost and heat, sleeping on the bare ground, a thin blanket or a buffalo-robe their sole protection; but the meat of the game, and occasionally Indian-corn, supply abundantly, during the period of repose, the losses sustained by over-exercise and extreme hardship. It would not do for them to live upon rice and fruits, like the man who holds his siesta in the shadows of a tropical foliage. If we go still further north, we meet the Esquimaux in his ice-block cabin, living in a region cold enough to freeze quicksilver, his only food the seal and walrus. He wraps himself in his furs and travels with impunity; he bears his climate easier than we a chilly day of winter season. And if we ask, how he is capable of supporting this intensity of cold, the answer is, that the peculiarity of his food enables him to do it. When we read in the narratives of navigators, that an Esquimaux prefers a piece of tallow-candle or a draught of cod-liver oil to a sumptuous meal, we must not look at the news with disgust or horror, but once more admire the wise and benevolent hand of Providence, which conformed his tastes to his wants. Not only is the blubber and fat of the *cetacea* and fish the sole food the inhabitants of those countries can obtain, but it constitutes really the only sort of food which could enable them to bear up against the extremities of cold to which they are subject. There is no other substance but fat, and that in very large quantity, which would answer the purpose required; it is a substance exceedingly rich in hydrogen, and in the body eminently combustible. Weight for weight, it will generate a far larger amount of heat, when burned in the blood, than anything else which can be taken as food.

If we now cast a glance at the dietetical habits of the human race in ancient and modern times, we find them as follows:

The ancient Greeks subsisted mainly on vegetable food, though animal food was undoubtedly used by them, at least occasionally, as Homer so often specifies the kinds of meat served up at the repasts of his heroes. The diet of the Romans in the early ages of the republic was extremely simple, consisting mainly of vegetable aliment of the commonest kind, such as pulse and barley; afterwards, the latter was mostly replaced by wheat, and barley only resorted to in cases of necessity, from the failure of wheat crops, or as punishment for misbehaving soldiers. The poorer classes, of course, had

still to content themselves with barley. As Rome increased in wealth and power, however, the diet of the citizens underwent a great change. Not only was animal food more freely taken, but the Romans indulged in a much greater variety than is acceptable to our modern notions; fricasseed sucking puppies were in great request, and water-rats, snails and maggots, fattened on old timber, were among their dainties. In the East Indies the food was and still is generally vegetable. Rice is, perhaps in the greatest use, besides fruits and dairy products. In Upper Egypt, where they cannot produce rice, they make a hasty meal on boiled horse-beans, or on lentils, steeped in oil, onions are used to an incredible extent; dates supply them with sustenance part of the year; in summer the vast quantities of gourds and melons bring within their reach an agreeable variety; their drink is the water of the Nile, more or less purified, and mixed with buffalo-milk. In Abyssinia the people evince a marked inclination, not only for flesh, but for raw flesh, cut out of an animal alive, and while the fibres are yet quivering. The Arabs chiefly subsist on the milk and butter obtained from their flocks and herds, and grain converted into flour; a distinguished guest will be served with camel's flesh, a kid or lamb. In China, people chiefly subsist on rice and every variety of animal food; dogs and rats not excluded. The Tartars have for their favorite food, horse flesh, the horses being carefully fattened up for the tables of the rich. As however, the number of horses is limited, the poorer class and wandering tribes in general, must put up with mutton in its stead. The Siberians hunt and fish for the sake of food and to procure furs, but live chiefly on cow's milk, mare's milk, and horse flesh; fat is their greatest delicacy—they eat it in every possible shape, raw and melted, fresh and spoiled. In the northern and central parts of continental Europe, the mass of the population, that is the poorer classes, subsist in a great measure on vegetable food, viz.; rye, potatoes, &c., seasoned with the products of the dairy, and a small portion of fish and meat. In middle and southern Europe, wheat or maize take the place of rye to a certain extent, and the products of the dairy occupy a still superior rank in the general diet, as in Holland, Germany and Switzerland. England boasts of a larger proportional consumption of animal food and wheat, than any other country; milk, too, is highly appreciated. In Ireland, it is well known that the potato forms the chief subsistence of an equally abounding and starving population; it is the hard fate of the great majority of the Irish people, to be tantalized with an abundance on their own fields, of live stock, which they cannot themselves convert into food, but must sell to satisfy others. In the United States, alimentary products are most abuudant, and their consumption placed within the means of nearly all classes; even the slave population of the South is better fed than the peasantry of any part of continental Europe, and luxuriously, compared with a large proportion of the operatives of England.

Miss Elma M Gove, a young lady, known for five years past as an earnest student in art who has availed herself of every facility, and profited by the instructions of the best masters, has solved the problem of woman's rights, so far as she is concerned, by bravely opening a studio, at 442 Broadway (the site of the old Olympic,) where she is taking, chiefly in cray on, admirable portraits, full and cabinet size- of ladies, gentlemen and children. Miss Gove has taken already a high place as an artist, and we are glad to know, and to state for the encouragement of others, is in a business point of view, entirely successful.—*Home Journal.*

THE SEWING MACHINES VS. THE NEEDLE.

To the Una:

At the request of friends, I very cheerfully furnish for the Una, the following extracts from a letter written to a lady connected with a charitable institution in this city.

Wm. F. Channing,

—

Boston, Dec. 12, 1853.

* * * In my capacity as mechanical inquirer, I have watched for some years past with great interest the progress of the sewing machine. The early difficulties, connected with this invention have been surmounted year by year, and it is now in successful and rapidly extending use. The number of depots at which these instruments are sold in this city alone, and the number of the instruments themselves which are in daily use in the manufacture of clothing and other articles, decide already the question as to who, or what, shall do the sewing five or ten years hence. *All* the plain sewing, (and much fancy work,) which is now given out by shops *must* be done by machinery because it can be so done much *better* and much *cheaper*.

I am not sorry to propose here the question, what are you going to do for the employment of women all that time, *three*, *five*, or *ten* years hence, when nine-tenths of their principal resource, sewing, is taken out of their hands? I believe that help can only be afforded to them by opening new modes of employment. Some, of course, will operate sewing machines,—and this suggests other mechanical occupations which they can pursue. There are various branches of manufacture and applied arts in which they can be properly and usefully engaged. There is also bookkeeping and tending upon shops where their place is now often improperly supplied by men. In a word it is for you ladies to discover and open a field for the occupation of women, in the crisis which must soon come when the needle can no longer furnish a scanty support to the drudge.

While there is reason to apprehend great temporary distress in this change in the occupation of women, I believe that it will *result* in infinite advantage to them.—I shall rejoice for the sake of woman, when the needle becomes (as the Patent Office report predicts it soon will be) only an object of curiosity.

* * * * * * *

P. S.—In speaking of new fields for the industry of women, I have not referred to the arts of design,—designing, engraving, wood-cutting, lithographing, &c., and the importance of which are illustrated by that admirable institution, "The New England School of Design."

DEATH IN LIFE.

I lay in a heavy dream,
  Yet neither asleep nor awake,
My heart knew no feeling, my soul no revealing,
  No accent my marble lips spake.

The sky was o'er arched above,
  Nor star, nor a cloud could be seen,
But here and there loom, heavy pillars of gloom,
  And more terrible nothing between.

My feet seemed to touch on the Earth,
  It answered the pressure not back,
It lay spread out below, like a terrible show,
  But a void and unfathomless tract.

And forms of my friends flitted round,
  I knew that I once called them dear,
But no thought to the heart, could that accent impart,
  But fell like a blow on my ear.

Time pressed, I had nothing to do,
  I was, I could not cease to be,
Eternity came, but, it called me in vain,
  It had heaven nor sorrow for me.

O God! with what joy I awoke
  And found I had hard tasks to do,
That creations great plan left something for man,
  And a hope for him still to pursue.

E.

☞The story of "The Little Match Girl," in the January number, should have been credited to the Philadelphia Register.

Subscriptions received for the Una, from Dec. 20th to Jan. 16th.

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THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer—
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tender to the last,
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath hath left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same!

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EXTRACT—Our wishes are presentiments of the faculties which lie within us, and harbingers of that which we shall be in a condition to perform. Our imagination represents to itself what we can and would like to do, as being out of ourselves and in the future; we feel a longing after that which we already possess in secret. Thus a passionate grasping at the object of our wishes beforehand, changes the truly possible into an imaginary reality. Now if there lies such a decided bias in our natural disposition, then, at every step of our development, will a part of the first wish be fulfilled, by favorable circumstances on the right way, by unfavorable on a roundabout way, from which we always come back again to that. Thus we see men by perseverance attain to earthly wealth, they surround themselves with riches, splendor and external honor. Others strive yet more certainly after intellectual advantages, they gain for themselves a clear sight into things a peacefulness of mind, and a certainty for the present and future.

But now there is a third direction, which is compounded of both these, and whose issue must be the most surely successful. When, namely, the youth of a man falls in present times, when the productive overweighs the destructive, and an early questioning is awakened within him as to what such an epoch demands and promises, he will then be forced by outward inducements into an active interest, he will be led to take hold now here, now there, and he will feel a living wish within him to be laboring on many sides. But so many accidental hindrances join themselves to human weakness, that at one time he suffers a thing, once begun, to go to sleep again, at another, what has been once grasped falls out of his hand, and one wish after another is dissipated. But should these wishes have sprung out of a pure heart, and in conformity with the necessities of the times, he may composedly let them lie and fall, right and left, and may be assured that these must not only be found out and picked up again, but that also many other kindred things, which he has never touched and never even thought of, will be brought to light. Should we now, during our own lifetime see that performed by another, to which we ourselves felt an earlier call, but had been obliged to give up, with many other things, then the beautiful feeling enters the mind, that only mankind together is the true man, and that the individual can only be joyous and happy when he has the courage to feel himself in the whole.

Goethe.

The pure and proud mind can never confide its wrongs to another, only its triumphs and its happiness.

Every desire in human hearts is but a glimpse of things that exist, alike distant and divine, in the world, there have been from age to age, some brighter and happier spirits who have attained to the air in which the beings above mankind move and breathe.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

CIRCULATE THE PETITIONS.

The design of the Convention, held last week in Rochester was to bring the subject of Women's legal and civil disabilities, in a dignified form, before THE LEGISLATURE of New York.

Convinced, as the friends of the movement are, that in consistency with the *principles* of Republicanism, females equally with males are entitled to FREEDOM, REPRESENTATION and SUFFRAGE, and confident as they are that Women's influence will be found to be as refining and elevating in public, as all experience proves it to be in private, they claim that *one half* of the People and Citizens of New York should no longer be governed by the other half, without CONSENT asked and given.

Encouraged by reforms already made, in the barbarous usages of Common Law, by the statutes of New York, the advocates of Woman's just and equal rights demand that this work of reform be carried on, until every vestige of *partiality* is removed. It is proposed, in a carefully prepared ADDRESS to specify the remaining legal disabilties, from which the women of this State suffer; and a hearing is asked before a Joint Committee of both Houses, specially empowered to revise and amend the Statutes.

Now is this movement right in principle, is it wise in policy?

Should the females of New York be placed on a level of equality with males before the law? If so, let us petition for IMPARTIAL JUSTICE to Women.

In order to insure this equal justice should the females of New York, like the males, have a voice in appointing the law-makers and law-administrators? If so, let us petition for Woman's Right to SUFFRAGE.

Finally, what candid *man* will be opposed to a reference of the whole subject to the Representatives of New York, whom the MEN of New York themselves elected. Let us then petition for hearing, for *a hearing* before the Legislature.

A word more, as to the Petitions, given below. They are *two* in number; one for the JUST AND EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN; one for WOMAN'S RIGHT TO SUFFRAGE. It is designed that they should be signed by men and women of *lawful age*, that is of twenty-one years and upwards.—The following directions are suggested:

1. Let persons ready and willing, sign *each* of the petitions; but let not those, who desire to secure Woman's Just and Equal Rights, hesitate to sign *that petition*, because they have doubts as to the right or expediency of women's voting. The petitions will be kept separate, and offered separately. ALL fair minded persons, of either sex, ought to sign the *first* petition. We trust that many thousands are prepared to sign the *second* also.

2. In obtaining signatures, let men sign in one column, and women in another parallel column.

3. Let the name of the town and county, together with the number of signatures, be distinctly entered, on the Petitions, before they are returned.

4. Let every person, man or woman, interested in this movement, instantly and energetically circulate the petitions in their respective neighborhoods. We must send in the name of every person in the State,—who desires full justice to woman so far as it is possible. Up then, friends and be doing, *to-day*.

5. Let no person sign either petition, but *once*. As many persons will circulate petitions in the same town and county, it is important to guard against this possible abuse.

6. Finally, let every petition be returned to Rochester, directed to the Secretary of the Convention, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, on the first of February, without fail.

In behalf of the business committee,

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

Rochester, Dec. 8th.

N. B.—Editors throughout the State, in favor of thi smovement, are respectfully requested to publish this address and the Petitions.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., MARCH, 1854. NO. 3.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

FROM THE TOWER.

1853–54.

"Watchman, what of the night?"
Scriptures.

Dawn glimmers on our lone watch-tower;
The slow night wanes; and far withdrawn,
And lingering ere it lights the hour,
Breaks in the east the ashen dawn.

O sweet to us whose prophet-eyes
Have waited long the immortal day—
When, with soft gales, and odorous sighs,
It's surf of glory floods the gray!

Dawn glimmers on the darkening sky;
Dark thickens; ghastlier awes are born;
And like a still, unearthly eye,
Looks down the solemn star of morn.

Does the night wane? The night does wane!—
O friends, in faith and hope allied,
Sharp in our bosoms burns the pain,
But still we watch the morning-tide.

Our white, mute faces blanch with fears,
But, sad and stern, our souls rebel
Against this race of nightly years—
This dynasty of Death and Hell.

O solemn air of sighs and moans—
O sombre earth of griefs and graves—
Are not thy years on sable thrones
The rulers of a brood of slaves!

Dark, ghostly kings whose power is dire—
The dread insignia of whose term
Is the unquenchable, red fire,
And the dull, never-dying worm!

Kings of submissions, sobs and throes;
Lords of disaster, doubt and care,
Who from the tract of earthly woes
Charm the black blossoms of despair.

So! one hath yielded up his sway!
His ghost may but molest us more:
Darkward he stalked—the gathering day
Behind him, and the night before.

To regions which no gleam illumes,
Nor winds' ancestral music cheers;
There in the great, eternal glooms,
He sleeps with all the buried years.

They lie beneath the pyramids
Of centuries, in a numbered row;—
Beneath their sculptured coffin-lids
They lie all livid, stark and low.

The idiot-dancers, demon-bred,
Who played their frivolous posturings
On earth—above the faithful dead;
On earth—before the King of Kings!—

Black corpses who sowed plagues and pangs—
Crowned anakim of blood and bane—
And venomous incubi whose fangs
Clung to the throbbing heart and brain;

And fierce, gray fiends whose leaden lips
Breathed mysteries of woe and crime—
Wreaked night, anathema and eclipse,
On all the sullen realms of Time!—

He sleeps with them; his masque of din
And glare—an echo and a gleam!
His pomps of wretchedness and sin—
The broken pageant of a dream!

His heir is throned; he holds the train
Of fate that light in darkness whelms;
But—joy to know—he sits to reign
Divided and dividing realms.

In shaken tyrannies, exiles tears,
Great loves, compassions, hopes divine,
Heroic lives, grand deaths—appears
God's menace to the guilty line!

Up, friends! the future throngs the hour!
The light of vision lies unfurled;
And, lo! before our lone watch-tower,
The tragic sceneries of the world!

Vast fluctuations shake the air—
Great thunderings throb from lifting seas—
And shadows sway, and pale lights glare,
O'er roaring towns, and swarming leas;

And monstrous shapes upstand, or sprawl,
Or stream upon the fearful gloom;
Each o'er a kingdom, and to all
The symbols and the springs of doom!

Up, friends! and gaze with steadfast eyes—
For these phantasmal forms of woe,
Type in the supernatural skies
The sceptred anarchies below!—

Isle of the world, whose glorious dome
Looms proudly from the circling sea
That belts thy shore with flashing foam—
Heart of the world, we turn to thee!

Lo! shadow-shaped, with eyes aglare,
And looking from his mighty mane,
Thy rampant Lion guards the air
In royal and superb disdain.

Hark! measured gasping, sad and slow,
In vast pulsation, swells and fails:
Look! timing to the breath below
The Lion palpitates and pales!

The breath a dying Titan breathes!—
From fœtid town—from glebe and mine—
This doom avenging sin bequeathes—
Heart of the World, this doom is thine!

Turn, and behold with brooding thought,
Beyond the wild and moaning main,
What fate the wizard years have wrought
The ancient realm of Charlemagne.

The burst of light that blessed her, died,
When Freedom, spurning jess and cowl—
A falcon towering in her pride—
Was hawked at by a mousing owl.*

Behold the felon night-bird, pranked
In purple—with a slouching crown
Low on his beak—adored by ranked
Degrees of zany, churl and clown!

Look! where the storm the darkness rends—
O'er Kremlin-towers, and snows afar
A scowling face of murder bends
Topped with an Emperor's tiar!

Foul greeds are burning in the eyes
Whose hot and glaring gaze expands,
As shricks and battle-thunders rise
From Gothic and from Orient lands.—

And look! what bodes yon streaming whirl
Of stretching hounds and demons, who
Pursue their swift and airy swirl,
With hollow horn and shrill halloo?—

It bodes the flash—the sabres clash—
And the red year of carnage comes!
Hearts throb to hail the rolling crash
And stormy rattle of the drums!

Hears the gray student in his gloom,
And ponders o'er his drowsy lore?—
Tremble the brood of kings to whom
It prophesies the years of gore?—

And thou—great ghost on Wartburg's height,
Seest thou, nor fearest what betides
When the wild huntsman through the night,
With all his howling rabble, rides?—

* "A falcon towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at, and slain."
Shakespeare.

The boding spectres may not win
Thy distance brooding gaze aside:
Still thou dost watch that land wherein
The great Italians lived and died!

O shape more foul than Dantè saw!
Well, Luther, might thy phantom rise:—
The Crozier clutched within its claw
A Vampyre blots the southern skies!—

Displacing with its stagnant breath
The natural air—the thing expands,
Sucks in these pageantries of death
And sin, and stretches o'er the lands!

Souls sink; high spirits grope for graves;
Nought free or beautiful may dwell
Beneath it, what it spares and saves
Were beautiful or free in Hell.

And monkish night the darkness palls
With deeper night—while, wide unfurled,
Its dragonish vans still reach, and falls
Their smirching blackness o'er the World!

Enough! give o'er;—the spirits swoons
Within us, and we yearn to die!
The soul discerns the fiendish runes
Of horror traced in every sky.

O hope, to thy blank gaze remains
Uptowering malediction crowned
With doom!—an Ethiop lifts his chains,
And fills the whole horizon's bound!

It is our sky his form obscures—
And while around us swells the din
Of greeds and civic feuds—and boors
And knaves, and cravens, smile and sin—

He cowers upon the blasted sward,
And his chained arms, upheaved in air,
For thy delivering thunder, Lord,
Pray the unutterable prayer!

O God! thy brutal world reels through
The course familiar to its form,
Nor to the sunshine and the blue,
Turns from the darkness and the storm:—

And whirling ever into space
This Hell of sounds that disagree—
These mad appealings of Thy race—
What current sends them home to Thee!

Turn from the east; let faith forego
Its trust, and troop with eyeless moles;
O God—whose earth is warmed by snow—
Let this cold sorrow calm our souls!

Turn from the east; dawn glimmers there—
But dawn deferred may never shine:
We are oft mocked;—but, oh! forbear—
The western zenith holds a sign!

Hush!— in the air a seraph sings!
Look!—in the hollow heaven stands
A golden Bee, whose winnowing wings
Are scattering radiance o'er the lands!

The same sweet song that long agone
Once sang good-will and peace to men:
Yet Oh! a holier sign than shone
To cheer the simple shepherds then.

O blessèd vision! hope divine!
Shine on the eyes to thee unsealed—
Shine on the nations' blindness, shine!
And, at the last, be thou revealed.

Shine, till Time's dynasty be thrown
From its long sway of savage pride,
And its last year shall totter prone
Before the Christ it crucified!

Thy glory widens soft and low'
In calm approach, while rise and roar
The various sounds of War and Woe,
And all their spectres shriek and soar.

Thy dark-dispersing labor lasts—
And, striking through the night, we dream,
On Freedom's flags and swords, it casts
A calm and penetrating beam!—

The flags of all who hate the wrong—
The banners streaming to the storm!
The swords of Paladins who throng
Round the bright standards of reform!

Thou seest their banded hosts increase—
And banded though the lands divide!
For loving Righteousness and Peace,
And Liberty, they stand allied.

God's panoplies their forms enfold—
His weapons in their hands defend
The martyr's gospel, grand and old,—
Thou shinest on them to the end!

Gone!—to the dark and empty sky
Howls the Euroclydon's blast of scorn;
But like a still, unearthly eye,
Looks down the solemn star of morn!

Light, star of Liberty, our skies—
Bright herald of all tranquil things!
O Sun of Righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy mighty wings!

Great Star of Promise light the hour!
We trust in glories far withdrawn—
We trust;—and from our lonely tower
We watch the breaking of the Dawn!

ARAMIS.

ITEMS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NURSE.

No. 1.

My Dear Niece:

These items are only now to be found in an old note book, an unbound volume, in which I kept my list of engagements, and my receipts for those sick room toils. But the chronicles of memory are well filled out; and, in compliance with your request, I will narrate a few of these incidents which may interest you. You have resolved to go forth and obtain, in scientific schools and female colleges, the knowledge which I have partly gained by long experience, will feel a willingness to pass, with me, through the record of that painful school, that few may sympathise with, but you are welcome to publish it as widely as you please.

I find my first item, as follows:

"William Putney, two weeks: received payment, $2,00." I will begin at the beginning; and no matter if it be found the stupidest of my tales.

You may remember, child as you were, the death of my husband, the desolation of my position and the destitution of my purse.

I had resolved to become a nurse; to help others; and, in thus doing, help myself.

Every workman must pass through an apprinticeship and I must do this, ere my services could be much sought after. I let all my friends know that I was ready; that I had been schooled in the sick-room, and bore still about me, the diploma of a pallid cheek and wasted hand. But I was a novice, they thought, and no one employed me.

One evening William Putney came to my room.

"O, Mrs. Pinkerton, will you come and help my wife? the baby is but two weeks old, and she is very weak; the girl, who has been helping us is down with the fever, I havn't much to pay you with, but you must come if you can."

I knew that William Patney was a poor man, and it was a sore trial to my pride to go and work for him, to say nothing of the disappointment and my pecuniary expectations. But I thought within myself, "This will be the apprenticeship, and, after this, the rich will come and ask for me."

"Yes William; I will come in the early morning."

It was a long walk, and rather late when I arrived. William, in expectation of my coming, had gone to his work, and left a dirty table, covered with dirty dishes, against the wall, around which were gathered the half dressed, and wholly hungry children. The mother was in the room beyond, with her little sick babe, clasped to her fevered bosom, and I saw that she needed all my care.

"Do not think of me," she exclaimed, feebly, "Just do what you can for the children."

I knew what would set her most at ease, and went back to the kitchen. I soon had a good fire, and boiled a fine kettle full of hasty pudding, with a forlorn raisin scattered here and there in the hot mess; and, with the aid also of a mug of syrup, soon had filled the hungry stomachs of the children. I tied on their aprons, and bonnets, and sent the little ones out to play; made the oldest girl wait upon me, and the oldest boy bring in wood and water; and soon had the wash-boiler on. Then I made gruel for the mother, changed her clothes, and bedding, rubbed the babe, swept and dusted her room; and, after I had seen her quite comfortable, went to washing her things and the baby's. What piles and kettles full of clothes!

But I got through it all, made more pudding for dinner, took my rinsing suds and washed up the floor, set the girl to washing up dishes, and scouring knives, and then went to starching and ironing. The remains of the pudding were served for supper, and, when it was cleared away, it was like a feast to see how nice the sick-room and its occupants looked.

The kitchen too was in order, when the father came home, and, what a smile he brought! and how the light broke over the mother's face, and shone, almost for the first time, upon her baby!

'I can do very well out doors, with my trials,' said William, "but I have made a poor nurse, and nurse-maid." He was in fine spirits now; played with the one who had been the baby, snapped his fingers at the new comer, and distributed, from the basket of shavings he had brougth home, ribbons to the girls, and Chinese junks to the boys.

Tired as I was too, I enjoyed it all; and, after a happy hour or two, we went to bed.

William was gone by sunrise, and, soon after, the children were up. I had made the gruel for the mother, and now asked "How many will eat pudding again, to day, for I must wash the children's clothes, and father's shirts and the family bedding, the towels, table-cloths, &c. 'We will put it to vote!' every little hand was up, and I soon prepared their breakfast.

Then I went to work, and toiled all day at the tub, excepting while I was at work about other things. The next day I ironed, made chicken broth and *soup maigre* for the children: the next day I baked and cleaned house for the Sabbath; and what a pleasent Saturday eve it was! with fish-balls ready for the breakfast, and pudding and beans for the dinner; everything clean and in order, plenty of fresh bread, and a nice chicken stewing for the mother; William bathed and changed his clothes, before he went into his wife,s room, where the quilt and curtains were so nice and white; and she was looking so hopeful and happy.

The next week William worked at home, in his own shop, and I had dinners to get, and also to rest some what from the over exertions of the time I had been there.

There was cleaning of cupboards, and arranging of chests and drawers to do; also some mending for the children, and work for the husband. Then, after another Sabbath, a thorough washing, ironing, house-cleaning and baking up of pies, bread and cake; as much cooking to do of other kinds, as would remain unspoiled, and then I was paid my two dollars and went away.

For a few weeks I kept up a sort of supervision over the convalescent; going to her in a friendly visit, or so, and making lotions for her breast, and plasters for the baby, brewing diet, drinks and baking my favorite Graham bread; for I felt that my reputation was at stake in the confirmation of Mrs. Putney's health and the growth of her babe.

All went on very well, and I have still among these poor people some of my best friends; and have been to assist the good woman through half a dozen of the same sicknesses since.

The baby upon whom I tried my prentice hand at nursing, is now a stalwart fellow, who brings me pigeons of his own shooting and fish of his own catching, for tokens of love and good will; and I am pleased to knit him a pair of mittens, or net him a warm comforter, to keep up this pleasent intercourse.

His interest in me is but an echo of mine in him, and mine is but the natural result of welcoming my first nursling.

STRAY LEAVES FROM A SEAMSTRESS'S JOURNAL.—NO. 10.

June, 18th. I no longer live to feel—but to know. Frigid indifference mantles all my sentiments. I await events with more of curiosity than interest. I am no longer indignant at the meannesses of women. Great griefs cause the lesser to be forgotten.

Mrs. A. came for her cap; 'what is your price?' she asked.

"Fifty cents."

"That is very high. Can you not say three shillings?"

"I never change my prices," I replied languidly.

Slowly and as though it gave her pain she told out the money in small coin and took her departure. Not long since my spirit would have been roused and I should have uttered some biting sarcasm, some wholesome truth that would perhaps have startled her into momentary feeling.

24th. Mary has grown under my care to womanhood, graceful as a young fawn, beautiful as an Hebe, gentle, loving and sunny as an angel of light. In my hands she has been plastic and I have moulded her to all nobleness.

In analyzing so closely, as I have done, my own nature I have been able to guard her and to uproot the first germs of evil temper, to make her pure, truthful and free as the air she breaths, now on the hill tops where he has carried her; pure as a sunbeam, she needs no law, "for she is a law unto herself."

He returned and surrounded her with an atmosphere of devoted tenderness, aye of love bordering on worship and she laid her hand in his, and leaning her soft fair cheek against his bronzed and bearded one said, yes I will live always with you, for you will make me wise and good.

I dressed the child bride as I would have decked a lamb for a sacrifice, I shed no tears, they fell, in purple drops, in upon my heart, and have there congealed. God help me.

I stood with them at the alter—Once, and once only did L's eye meet mine and then I saw the color pale in his cheek, and the hand extended to his bride shook.

When I look in the glass, I wonder not that he should start and tremble, for I know that this pale haggared face will come often between him and his bride, that he will see it in the deep stillness of the night, in the grey of the morning and evening, that his life will many times be overcast by the sorrow he has wrought. He will remember this face when it was round and full, when the eye beamed with hope, when lofty aspirations and an earnest heart full of love gave it joy, and he will secretly ask how much have I had to do with wrecking this woman nature. * * *

I shall not die. I shall live on for hearts break slowly, grief lingers in her work and gloats over faded cheeks, swolen eyes and wasted forms.

I shall not die for the restless spirit within claims an utterance ere it leaves this form to assume another, or enters illimitable space and becomes that undefined escence called spirit.

Aug, 20th. * * * * *

I have been told that "every thing is for the best," I have known one, and one only who could always bow the head, and in holy trust, kiss the rod which afflicted, but I find no such submission in my heart; I have indeed recalled my usual outward serenity, and unquestionably the precepts I have heretofore laid down for myself, my mode of contemplating things, of viewing trials as a necessity for the full development of character, will, now that this one is over, aid me in winning back peace to dwell in my bosom. It has always been a habit with me to seek to soften all misfortunes and to see the best side of every picture. When ill in bed, every duty was laid aside, and but once has any solicitude then disturbed me, and now, indeed have I not reason to be grateful that I could and did controll myself then, that I uttered no complaints and made no confidents, but gave free scope to my imagination calling up all agreeable impressions, all pleasant remembrances and living over again my blessed childhood that noble inheritance which cannot be taken away, was cheerful.

Sickness of the soul is curable.

Already am I the better for thus calmly looking at my disease.

It is only weakness that is incurable.

Weakness is *the* only sin.

Either mental, moral, or physical weakness is *the* sin of all and between these I make broad distinction, though I do not believe that either one can corrupt or deface the spirit, God's gift, his free gift to man, that must remain intact pure and incorruptable.

My dream is over, I cast it aside as a dream, an idle one, and return to my work, and while I train Ella I shall have no conflicts, at least, not such as I have had. * * * * * *

Aug, 21st. When I had written thus far—had resolved and reresolved, I laid my head upon my arm and slept a heavy dreamless sleep. At length the thunder, which had for hours been muttering, came nearer, and a loud crashing report and vivid flash of lightning awakened me fully. Peal, after peal, reverberated through heaven's arch-way, deep and booming as the roar of the angry ocean, anon sharp and crackling as though the charriots and horses of the sun were rushing over the bridge of chaos. The lightning flashed in at our windows blinding in its brilliancy and terrifying in its sharpness. The wind swayed the largest trees and bowed them like mere saplings, large branches were torn off and tossed wildly about, and the dust flew in thick heavy clouds. Maria laid her head upon my lap and shuddered. I soothed her and drew her towards the window to watch its glories, as the pouring rain came, cooling, refreshing and baptising the earth. I put out my hand and caught the big drops and wet my forehead. I rejoiced in this conflict of nature and was calm, but as the tempest died away I felt that the elements which had been at war in my spirit were like it, only quitted because they had spent themselves, and might, by like causes, be again aroused when they had gathered up their natural forces. The storm cleared, the sun came forth in his robes of glory, the light clouds, that flecked the blue sky, danced before the gentle zephyrs and as I watched them I could not but exclaim fit emblems of the human soul, thou changeful, passionate, dark, mysterious things, now wildly gay and beautiful, again gloomy and morose uttering thy strange bold notes as though no power could longer chain thee. Again thou art wreathed in smiles, thy pain forgotten, thy sorrow soothed, thy anger hushed. A deep and holy stillness rests in thy azure bosom full of sweet peace. While thus thinking Maria brought me my bonnet and shawl and asked me to go with

her, I put them on mechanically and went out, we walked on in silence till in the neigborhood of the cathedral, when, taking my hand, she said with her usual quiet air, come, there is a place for thee poor stricken one, in the holy mother church. Come with me into its bosom, be its child, receive it as your friend, your mother, find there the rest you need. In the mood I was then in, I readily yielded to her direction and entered with her into the outward church which was to her symbolic of the true sanctuary of rest. I walked up the long isle to the decorated altar where here and there an old woman was kneeling, counting her beads, with truest devotion, her eyes fixed upon the holy cross. The peace of the cloister came then and there, as suddenly to my heart as a feeling of remorse or a memory of love.

I could have knelt at the feet of some Father and opened to him the pent up hidden griefs of my heart, all its yearning desires, all its conflicts and rebellions, even the most sacred, such as human ear hath never gathered the first sound of, from my lips.

Maria knelt before the cross, bowed her head reverently before the pictures of saints, touched the holy water and crossed herself, and I was not offended, I did not even think this is all mummery—I followed her to the Sacristy and saw that meek gentle saint enter the confessional. I rubbed my eyes to know whether I was in a dream. Could it be that she felt the need of spiritual guidance, that she so strong in faith, so wise and steady in purpose, trusted to a delegated authority; I doubted my senses but it was even so.

The solemn stillness, the mellowed softened light, the reverential air of the worshippers had awed me, but on coming into the busy street, into the stream of life and light, the illusion vanished and I was again in the world, with a heart subdued by sorrow and disciplined by trial, and for these reasons I could not be a devotee. Had these trials been less or greater I might perhaps have been.

Had they been more overwhelming I might have fled to the church for refuge, had they been less, I might not have understood that I could stand alone trusting in an unseen arm—I might then have felt an outward form needful. * * * *

Five years have passed, a few records have been made in this book, for I wearied of recording perplexities of writing of the meanness of one, of the hardness of another, the falseness of a third. Of writing of over taxed nerve, of aching fingers, of wearied eyes, head and back; sufficient is it to say, of all these years, I have toiled and have won my object. I have stitched, stitched, early and late, late and early. I no longer love; hence, the key, which opens up the souls of those whom I would know, is gone, and I grope for the knowledge of humanity through the intellect alone. The divine instinct that gave my vision the clearness of light sleeps.

Two children call me aunt and daily come to visit me, my life has still its objects of interest in them. My sister Ella has grown to womanhood not beautiful, not strong and vigorous, nor yet gifted with genius, but sunny, joyous and loving; she carries a blessing with her wherever she goes. She is a teacher beloved, indeed.

Maria, dear Maria, has gone to her final rest; calm and enduring in life her spirit passed away without a struggle, a sweet celestial smile rested upon her lips, and as I knelt by her bed side and felt the last throb of her heart, I bade her pure spirit welcome to its blessed home.

I am an old maid, old in life's experiences and cares, I have no longer need to live in the city, I have a small competence, the fruit of my own industry, and with that last year I purchased a little cottage with a plat of ground at the entrance of the village of———, and there I still make caps, dresses, children's clothes &c., and live contentedly in my narrow circle.

The aspirations, I once cherished, are all gone, my high hopes are all centred in others now, and I seek only a quiet peaceful life.

Dear Una, you have had leaves from my journal, scattering along, for fifteen years. Leaves written for myself alone, but now extended to your readers, or to such, at least, as have been interested to know of a seamstresses toil. The last note in my journal is one in which you will be interested.

A knock. "Walk in." A brisk looking man entered, and, after "Fine morning, Miss," begins fumbling over a pile of papers in his hand, "here is a small bill marm."

A bill! I do not owe any thing. "Beg your pardon marm, but this is a tax bill, we have been repairing the road, and want to fix up the schoolhouse, &c., here it is, nice little place, this is taxed very low, 'pon honor." I opened my drawer and paid the five dollars, and began to think this is taxation without representation.

For the Una.

BOLOGNA AND ITS WOMEN.

By C. H. D.

"Receive Truth from love for the Truth itself, and be not jealous of her, who devotes herself to tell it to you. Listen not to those who seek to depreciate her words, by accusing her person, for the weaknesses of the individual belong to man, but the word of truth belongs to God."—*Constant.*

"Why should woman surrender her peculiar power, to convince mankind of her peculiar feebleness? We turn unrefreshed from such an experiment to seek the serene home, which Mary Ware blesses with counsel. Would it not be better for women who have time enough to utter their public protests against misery and crime, to spend that nature and temper so exquisitely made for charity, in silent alleviation of some of the evils that implore their intervention?"

The above are a few sentences taken at random, we trust not unfairly, from an article contributed recently to the leading journal of the most liberal denomination in this country. Contributed too, by a scholar and a clergyman, and we write the last word with peculiar sorrow, because it seems to us, that one who knows anything practically, as every clergyman should, of the misery of the lower classes of women, on this continent, still so fresh and young, should write with tenderness of the movement we have now begun.

No man holding such a position should be indifferent to it, or contented with the popular impression of its leaders. He should read our reports and papers, he should seek to know the women who have risked thus all that is most dear to them: and if he find here and there an advocate whose zeal outruns her discretion, let him ask himself whether *men* are never found, who in the same manner, scotch the wheels of their party or faith. We do not believe in controversy;—in advocating this reform, above all others by the battle of words. We would rather assert and re-assert the Truth of God, so far as He imparts it, but such sentences written by such a man, sorely tempt us aside. It is hard for those of us, who have loved and known Mary Ware, and who have been honored with her love and high regard, to be told that her life is our rebuke. We loved her, where she stood, with her hands full of domestic ties, but we remember that at Osmotherly, she became a somewhat public character, and we know that if she could stand where some of us stand, she would do as we are doing. Let no one dare to imply that we undervalue such a life, and for the rest, let us bless those we love with wise counsel, and let the "serenity" of our homes be our only answer. Had our author investigated his subject with a suitable fairness, the character of those who are leading in this movement, would have checked him ere he wrote the ~~vulgar~~ heading to his article; he would have known that among the most zealous advocates of this reform, are those who have followed for years, in the footsteps of the lonely and the depraved, and that they do not check their private charity because they feel that they have a public duty.—There is implied in the accusation something resembling the popular idea that a student cannot be a good wife and mother; why then—let our author answer, a good husband and father? The tone of this article is the more likely to strengthen existing prejudices, because it seems to be liberal, because it asks for higher wages, better education, and makes no very strong objection to a Mary Somerville or a Lucretia Mott. Surely, if the result of all our efforts shall only show us how weak we are, all this manly argument to save us might be spared. Let us rest and we shall soon dethrone ourselves. Yet again, if the best that we can do is only to "rehash" the well-cooked dishes of our masters, is there any great danger that we shall wander far from their control? Let it be said, and let it be believed, for our lives will justify us in demanding such a faith, that many of us, who demand for women at large, the exercise of civil powers, do it not on account of a "brawling ambition," nor with the smallest reference to ourselves, but because we believe that such a proof that men regard them, as responsible human beings, full of the authority and dignity of womanhood, would call out the self-respect and power of usefulness that in a large majority of women, now lie dormant, and furthermore because we believe that men ought to leave us as free as we have been compelled to leave them, and have no more right to decide what we shall do, or what we shall not, than we reciprocally for them. But what, some one, may think it quite time to ask, has all this to do with Bologna and its women?

Simply this, that just as we were about to do honor to some names in her fair past, and show how woman can be at once, good Doctors in Physics, and tender wives and mothers; how they can utter sound philosophy in the market place, and not neglect the sweet charities of home;—this article appeared and we thought fit to preface our observations in this wise.

Italy has always been remarkable for her pride in her learned women. Her men have been generous, their laurels all too green for them to fear the warm breath of a woman's renown, but among the cities of Italy, Bologna stood pre-eminent in this regard.

At a very early period the children of the

middle classes in Italy, had as much care expended upon their education as the children of noblemen in England. Petrarch and Boccacio, were instances of this. Thus many opportunities were thrown open to Italian women, and the inducement to use them, was found in the state of society. For women of rank, riding, driving, and dancing, were the only resource, beside dishonorable love, or coquettish intrigue. Superior persons there were who sought nobler employments than these last, and that what they gained in learning, they did not lose in good housekeeping or wife-like truth, History affords fortunately the best of evidence.

After Bonaparte's coronation at Milan, he turned abrubtly round, and asked a lady, where her husband was. "At home sire." "What is he doing?" he resumed. "Fa niente," she said dryly. "Fa niente," "fa niente," reiterated the Emperor, "always this cursed doing nothing," and he immediately gave orders, that in all invitations from his Court, husbands should henceforth be included with their wives. Trivial as this incident may seem, it was the beginning of a very important reform. It threw a new and healthy life into society, and the fashionable gallant, became from that moment one too many. That it was necessary, is the point to which we would direct attention as illustrating the poverty of Italian life. No one will doubt that under such circumstances those women who were best calculated to make faithful wives and mothers, would be the most likely to turn to literature, as the only fitting employment of their leisure hours.

The origin of the city of Bologna is lost in obscurity. It was once a city of the ancient Etruscans, under the name of Felsina. Its university is the oldest and still one of the first in Italy, nor has there ever been a time from its foundation to the present day, when there were not connected with it, ripe scholars, who drew to it illustrious persons from abroad. It is said to have been founded by Theodosius II, A. D., 425, and to have been restored by Charlemagne. Its schools of medicine and law, have been most widely celebrated. Bologna was the first city in the world to found schools of jurisprudence, and the first teacher of the civil law. Irnerius, was called to the Professor's chair *by a woman*, the Countess Matilda; the noble minded friend of Gregory VII. This was about the year 1100, and from that time, the reputation of having studied at Bologna was a passport to office throughout Christendom. The existence of the University gave rise to Libraries and other literary institutions; and naturally turned the minds of the women to the subjects, which interested the society about them.

Political economists would do well perhaps to consider that what was and is—the most literary city of all Italy, retains in spite of political reverses, a position of thrift and activity not equalled on the peninsula. The higher classes are extremely cultivated, and the people industrious, and there seems to us a natural connexion between the lives of the learned women, who even in this century render Bologna illustrious, and the public school where in 1833 Valeri tells us, that the children of the poor, are gratuitously taught Latin, mathematics, singing and drawing. That the people of Bologna are more independent than those of the other cities of Italy, has never been attributed to the influence of letters, and yet who has ever studied or written with true enthusiasm, and not been grateful for the vigor, it is thus possible to nourish in spite of political or personal reverses?—That this University, numbering once its ten thousand students, where the dead body was first dissected, and where the galvanic current was first recognized and measured, should move the enthusiasm even of women, was not strange; but how early it did so, we have no precise information.

Panciroli states that Accorsa, the daughter of Accorso, the celebrated Professor of Jurisprudence, at Bologna, taught jurisprudence from her father's chair, as early as the middle of the thirteenth century. He has been followed by many other authors, but the patient and trustworthy Tiraboschi says with a little mannish spite, "These are those it seems who think that the reputation of so many learned men, is not sufficient for the honor of the University, which they would fain render more illustrious through many talented women;" and he goes on to prove that so far as he can discover, the said Accorsa was a fabulous personage.

At the same period Bettisia Gozzadini assumed the cap and gown, together with the title of Doctor. The only trust-worthy memorial of her, is to be found in the following extract from an old Calendar of the University of Bologna.

"Oct. 23. Hac die: A. autem S. 1236. celeberrima D. Bethisia Filia D. Amatoris de Gozzadinis jam Doctor in juris. hujus ipsius anni, cepit publice legere quam plur. Scholar. cum magna admiratione et doctrina, ut videretur portentum ad incomparabilem honorificentiam Archigymnasii;" the wretched latin of which, may be thus rendered;—"This day, Oct. 23, in the year of salvation, 1236, the celebrated Lady Bethisia, daughter of Signior Amatori dei Gozzadini, who had already this year been made Doctor of Laws, began publicly to read, to the great admiration and instruction of many pupils, so that she would seem a prodigy to the incomparable honor of the chief school of learning." The Historian of Italian literature does not hesitate to say that some men call this whole Calendar a "solemn imposture." The author of the "Record of Women," a work which merits attention as the first of its kind, however unworthily executed, adds to this the following particulars. "Bettisa Gozzadini, born at Bologna in 1209, having prevailed upon her parents to gratify her love of learning, followed every course of study at the University clad *in man's apparel*." A somewhat unnecessary trouble one would think, in a University which did not hesitate to confer degrees upon women! "She took the highest standing in her college, and received the laurel crown, with her degree. She afterwards studied Law, obtained the title of Doctor, and the privilege of wearing the robe. She lost her life in 1261, in consequence of the overflow of the Idice." The very minuteness of this record, where the most careful investigation has found nothing but uncertainty, makes it suspicious. From the orthography of the proper names, we suspect that the author derived her material from early French sources, and we need not tell any one accustomed to careful research, that these are for the most part unworthy of reliance.

Among the names still honored at Bologna, is that of Madonna Giovanna Buonsignori. Lady Morgan calls her Maddalena, but that must be a mistake of her own or the printer's. In an ancient Italian Chronicle published by Muratori, it is said that when Charles V entered Bologna, in 1354, with his Empress, the latter "had with her, as a companion, a venerable Bolognese lady, skilled in letters, and acquainted with the German, Bohemian and Tuscan tongues. She was called Madonna Giovanna, daughter of Matteo dei Bianchetti, of the street of San Donato, and was the widow of Messer Buonsignor dei Buonsignori of Bologna, Doctor of Laws." We omit the old Italian from which we freely translate, because we do not wish to cumber our pages, with what may be uninteresting to the general reader. It is elsewhere stated that she had mastered Latin, Greek, and Polish, and was well versed in philosophical and legal science. Lady Morgan accords to her the honors of the cap and gown, on the personal authority, we suppose, of her friend Cardinal Mezzofanti.

It will be observed that all the women to whom tradition has attributed this honor, have been the daughters or the wives of Doctors of the Law; and it is but fair to suppose that their public proficiency in a study, which most men call dry and technical, was the result of a natural and praiseworthy sympathy. Should we hereafter consider the lives of Italian women in general, we shall see how many of those distinguished in other states owed their enthusiasm to the fact of some recent ancestral relation to the University of Bologna. Such an one was Christina da Pizzano, resident at the court of France, whose old and idiomatic French we are compelled to quote as the best existing evidence of the Professorship of Novella d' Andrea. It is entirely uncertain, we believe, whether this person ever lived, or if she lived, whether her name was not Bettina—whether her father had two daughters or one. But Tommaso da Pizzano was born at Bologna, and lived there in the time of Giovanni d' Andrea, the celebrated lecturer and father of Novella. Probably it was from his lips, therefore, that Christine received the story of the latter, so we may hope that with its touching beauty it wears also the stamp of truth. Bettina d' Andrea whose existence is authenticated by the record of her marriage and funeral, died just two years before Christina was born in 1335.

"Pareillement a parler de plus nouveaux temps, sans querre les anciennes histoires Jean Andry, solemnel legiste, à Boulogne La Grasse, n' amie soixante ans, n' estoit pas d' opinione que mal fust que femmes fussent lettrèes, Quand a sa belle et bonne fille qu 'il tant ama, qui ot nom Nouvelle, fist aprendre lettres et si avant la loix que quand il estoit occupe d' aucune essoine, parquoy il ne pouvait vaquer a lire les lecons a ses Escholieres, il envoyât Nouvelle sa fille, lire en son lieu aux escholes en chayre. Et afin que la beautè d' icelle n' empechast la pensèe des oyans, elle avoit un petit courtine devant elle. Et par cette maniere suppleoit et allegoit aucunes fois, les occupations de son pere, lequel l'aima tant, que pour mettre le nom d'elle en memoire fist un notable lecture d' un livre des Lois, qu' il nomma du nom de sa fille "La Nouvelle." In this extract from "La Citè des Dames," there is a peculiar beauty in the picture of the young girl, shading her soft Italian eyes with a veil, lest their "doctrine," should prove more bewitching than that of the canon law, and of the father proud and loving, who gave to what he believed would be an immortal Thesis, the name of his precious child. Upon this single passage is founded all that history or poetry have said or sung of Novella d' Andrea. The Novella who married John Caldesimus, as mentioned in the "Record of Women," has been proved to be another person.

We have said that Christina da Pizzano was born of Bolognese parents, and as she was, we believe, the first woman who attempted to support herself and her family by her pen, her life is of of no common interest. It may well be attached to those of the Bolognese women, whose accom-

plishments kindled her emulation, and sustained her rivalry.

Her father, Tommaso da Pizzano, was one of the most eminent men of his day. Having exhausted all the resources of learning and science, he applied himself to astrology. He was residing at Venice when Christina was born, in 1333. He was invited by Charles V. to the French court, where he went with his daughter when she was about five years old. In intellectual ability, Christina was worthy of her father, and at the early age of fourteen she was married to Stephen de Castel, a young noble of Picardy who was Secretary to the Emperor.—When Charles died, the prospects of the family were clouded, and disappointment soon carried the husband and father of Christina to the grave. At the age of twenty she found herself a widow burdened with the support of three sons. A foreigner, she had no resources but those within her, and when the relations of her husband disputed her inheritance at the law, she devoted herself to study with such zeal, that few men of the time could equal her. She says of herself, "Ains me pris aux histoires anciennes des commencemens du monde; les Histoires des Ebrieux, des Assiriens, et de principes de signouries procedant de l'une en l'autre dessendant aux Romains, des François, des Britons et autres plusieurs Historiographes, après aux deductions de science selon ce que en l'espace du temps que y estudiai, on pos comprendre. Puis me pris aux livres de Poëtes."* She was a good Latin and Greek scholar, and began to write books in 1399. In 1405, she says, that she had written 15 large volumes. She complains that the publication of her poems gave rise to calumnies, but she grew rapidly in the esteem of scholars. We have quoted her quaint old French instead of translating it, because her works are either in manuscript or not easily accessible to persons on this side of the Atlantic. When the Count of Salisbury went to France on a mission connected with the marriage of Richard, he carried home with him Christina's only surviving son. Richard sent Christina a warm invitation to his court, and after the death of both Salisbury and the King, Henry of Lancaster not only continued to employ her son, but renewed the invitation to herself. She could not be persuaded however to quit the land where she had suffered so much, and although she was still further urged, by the Duke of Milan, she remained in France, under the protection of Philip the good Duke of Burgundy. After his death, she recalled her son, and about this time, we find an order awarding her the sum of 200 livres in memory of services rendered by her father to Charles V. The attempt to claim this involved her again in law suits and, as some authors have said, hastened her death, but the time of this is wholly uncertain.

She printed the life of Charles V, in French. One of her manuscripts is in the Biblioteca Estense. "Le tresor de La Cité des Dames" was printed, at Paris, in 1497. The Hundred Tales of Troy, went through two editions and she left beside an immense number of manuscripts. Next in order of time come the "Two Isotte," the ugliness of whose portraits on the walls of the university, frightened the fascinating Lady Morgan out of all literary propriety in 1820. The first of these, Isotta da Rimini, the mistress and afterwards the wife of the celebrated Pandolfo Malatesta, need detain us but a few moments. She was learned and the Laura of a knot of poets, who wrote verses in her praise. But if their praises of her learning bore no truer witness, than their exaltation of her chastity;—if the beauty they lauded can find no better defence, than the portrait which has descended to posterity, we need trouble ourselves but little about either.

Her cotemporary, Isotta Nogarola, who was so unfortunate as to bear the same name, was born at Bologna, but in what year, is uncertain. She was as remarkable for her chastity as for her wisdom, well instructed in the sciences, and a ready versifier. When one of the Foscarini became Podesta of Verona, in 1451, Isotta entertained the learned company around her, with a discussion upon the comparative guilt of Adam and Eve. Her thesis which proved Adam to have been the seduced rather than the seducer, was printed a century after her death. She never married. Lady Morgan says it was to show her contempt for that sex of which Adam was an example, but a manly critic wickedly suggests that the countenance which hangs in the library at Bologna, could never have found many admirers. She died about 1466, it is generally thought at an early age, and left a large number of manuscripts, chiefly Orations and Epistles in Latin. It is after praising the eminence to which Isotta attained, that Vasari introduces to us, the name of Properzia dei Rossi, "a maiden of rich gifts, who equally excellent with others, in the disposition of all household matters, gained a point of distinction in many sciences, well calculated to arouse the envy not of women merely, but of men." Alidosi calls her the daughter of Martino Rossi, of Modena, but if she was not born in Bologna, it was there that she grew up, and there that she exercised her talents. Properzia was distinguished by remarkable beauty of person. She sang and played better than any woman of her time in Bologna, and to satisfy an exuberant fancy, began her life as artist, by carving peach-stones. More fortunate than many children of more modern times, she found among her immediate friends, warm and appreciating admirers. No one said, "A foolish fancy that, she had better be taking care of the house." And when she finally completed on this small surface, a sculptured Crucifixion containing many heads besides those of the executioners and the apostles, no one added, "It is but a womanish trick of art, after all." The true lovers of beauty beside and around her said, "See what better you can do." So encouraged, she executed numerous arabesques in stone, of flowers, animals and so on, for the principal chapel of Santa Maria del Baracano. Just at this time, the superintendent of the Cathedral was authorised to ornament with marble figures the three doors of the principal façade of San Petronio. For a portion of this work Properzia now applied, and here occurs an inconsistency in her biographer which we cannot explain by any authors within our reach. At the beginning of the Life, Vasari says, "she was *a maiden* of rich gifts." He now says, that she applied to the superintendent of this work, through "her husband," and again, that she succeeded in a certain piece of sculpture all the better for a *disappointment in love*, all the more grievous to bear, because with this exception, she was perfectly successful in all things. However, she applied, she was commanded to produce a specimen of her work as a proof that she was capable of what she undertook, and for this purpose, she executed from the life, that admirable bust of Count Guido Pepoli, now perserved in the church of San Petronio. Upon this, she was entrusted with the execution of two groups. She chose the wife of Pharaoh's Steward and the Queen of Sheba, for her subjects, and delighted the whole city by her eminent success. But there was one critic whom she could not please, a certain Maestro Amico Aspertini, who is elsewhere described, as having his head full of vapor and vain glory, who never spoke well of any one, yet was always full of babble and gossip, and who had so little true love of Art, that when he made any fortunate discovery, he immediately destroyed all traces of it, lest some other person should by chance derive some benefit from it. Properzia was a woman, and she did not care to struggle with this incarnation of the evil passions. Having finished several noble works, already undertaken, she turned her attention to copperplate engraving, wherein she soon established an enviable reputation. The rumor of her lofty genius spread through Italy, and reached the ears of Clement VII. Having crowned Charles V, at Bologna, in 1530, he sought out Properzia. She had died that very week, and been buried at her own request in the Spedale delle Morte. Both Latin and Italian epitaphs were written in her honor, but as they have no peculiar interest we do not copy them. On a peach stone in the Florentine cabinet, there is a "Glory of the Saints," carved by Properzia, on which more than sixty heads may be counted. The stones in the possession of the Grassi family, are generally of simple workmanship, but one of them contains twelve figures. Vasari had drawings executed by Properzia, which he describes as admirable copies, after Raphael, in "Pen and Ink." She was about thirty at the time of her death. It will be seen that this account differs considerably from that in the "Record of Women."

Next in the succession of time, we hear of Lucia Bertana, who was considered by Maffei the third in eminence among the poets of her time. Tiraboschi, more to be relied on, mentions her as one among many. She was born at Bologna of the family of Orto, and became the wife of Gurone Bertano. She was not only a graceful poet, but accomplished in music and painting, and possessed all the gentler virtues of her sex. It is a pleasant tribute to her womanly tact, that she was chosen to appease the literary quarrel of Caro and Castelvetro. Though she conducted the matter with the utmost delicacy and good sense, she was not successful. Ludovico Domenichi not only dedicated to her some of his works, but left a beautiful eulogy upon her. She died, at Rome, in 1567. Her husband preserved her memory, by a splendid monument in the church of Santa Sabina. Learned societies struck medals in her honor. She left one son, Giulio, who inherited her love of verse, and some of whose rhymed fancies have been, oddly enough, preserved in manuscript, on the blank leaves of a copy of Sanazzaro's Arcadia, still in the library of the Count Fantuzzi.

And in pleasant harmony with the sculptress and the poet of the sixteenth century, is the sweet memory of that painter of the seventeenth, Elisabetta Sirani. She was born, in Bologna, in 1638, and her father was Gian Andrea Sirani, the favorite pupil of that great master with whom her name and genius were always associated, as well in life as in death. Greatly gifted by nature, her talents came very near lacking all cultivation, simply because she was a girl. But her father had a friend who was wiser than himself, and as he had no sons, he was at last induced to offer her every advantage. She engraved extremely well, modelled in plaster, and, before her eighteenth year, executed Historical pictures which still hold a high place in Art. She played and sung with uncommon grace, and best of all, was gifted with that plain good

sense which so seldom accompanies what is called artistic genius, in either men or women. To her invalid father she gave all that she received for her pictures, and her mother having become paralytic, she supplied her place to her younger sisters, and was faithful to all the details of household duty. That she possessed the rare talent of an Improvisatrice in Art, is evident from the fact, that when a committee of the church of the Certosini called upon her for a companion picture, she seized a paper and sketched before their astonished eyes, and when only twenty years of age, the outline of that Baptism of Jesus, which she afterwards executed. Few artists in the world have ever done, in their ripest manhood, a more remarkable thing. Foreign courts desired to patronise her, and one of her paintings had been ordered by the Empress, widow of Ferdinand III, when her death took place at the early age of twenty-seven, and so suddenly, that it was attributed, though without proof, to poison. She was buried in the Dominican church at Bologna, in the same tomb with Guido Reni. In the Palazzo Lambeccari de San Paolo, at Bologna, are two of her paintings, a Holy Family, and a Magdalen. Her success in art gave a great impulse to female genius on the continent.

The name of Laura Bassi Veratti, is probably better known than most of those which we have presented to our readers. It would be still better known and more brilliantly famous, were the women of the present day as well versed in Latin as Laura's cotemporaries. She was born at Bologna, in 1711. Early appreciated by her father's friends Stregani and Tacconi, they led her to the study of Latin, French, logic, metaphysics, and natural philosophy. What had satisfied her masters was the ordinary teaching of the schools; but Laura soon began to think and "discover" for herself. To gratify them, and with much pain to herself, she prepared on the 17th of April, 1732, for a public dispute on philosophy. It took place at the palace Anziani, and the elegance and delicacy of her Latin speech were as remarkable as the extent of her acquirements. Applause and admiration followed her efforts, and Cardinal Lambertini urged her to contend for the Doctor's degree, which could alone establish her position. On the 12th of May, attended by many ladies of distinguished rank, she passed her examination. Bazzani crowned her with a silver wreath of laurels in the name of the faculty, and addressed her in a Latin oration when he invested her with the gown, to which she made an elegant extemporaneous reply. At the dinner which followed, even the subtilty of the Cardinal Polignac was distanced by her ready wit. She received the highest honors, and the Senate settled a pension upon her, to enable her to pursue her studies without interruption. She mingled in the most distinguished society and Dr. Veratti, a Professor of the University, and a celebrated physician, became attached to, and married her. As his wife, she became as remarkable for domestic virtues as she had hitherto been for her scholarship. She carefully educated a numerous family. Not merely a tender wife, but also an *excellent* manager, her frugality, united to generous hospitality, excited universal admiration. Nor did these lesser cares disturb the serenity of the far reaching gaze which she turned towards the realms of mind and nature. For 28 years, she carried on in her own house, a course of experimental philosophy, until the Senate of the University invited her to become their public lecturer. Her memory was very great, her understanding strong, and her conversation sparkling with wit. The portraits of Laura show us a spirited head with a profile slightly retroussé, indicating a French vivacity. She died in 1778, of a disease of the lungs. She was buried in her Doctor's gown, crowned with her silver laurel. She left behind her some manuscript Poems, and some Latin treatises. The following inscription on her monument shows the generous love of her Bolognese sisters.

Laurae Bassae Verattae
Physicae in hoc instituto,
Philosophiae universae in gymnasio,
Magistrae
Quod priscas urbi feminas
Doctrina illustres
Feliciter aemulata
Veterem sui sexus gloriam apud nos
Renovavit ac plurimum erexit,
Matronae Bononiae aere conlato
Vixit 66 annos, obiit 1778.

Which may be freely translated thus: "The matrons of Bologna, by united contributions, erect this monument to Laura Bassi Veratti, Teacher of Natural Philosophy in this Institute, and of all philosophy in the University, for by a happy emulation of the honored and learned women that this city once produced, she kindled afresh the former glory of her sex among us. She died in 1778. Aged 66 years."

Cotemporary with Laura Bassi, and quite as worthy of the grateful remembrance of the world, was Donna Morandi, by marriage Manzollini, who was born at Bologna, in 1716. It will strike the reader as a matter of surprise, that a name of so much importance is not included in the "Record of Women," which could hardly omit, one would think, a professor of Anatomy, and one whom Italy claims as the inventor and perfecter of anatomical preparations in wax. We ought perhaps to state here, that we have examined the claims of Gigoli Tumnio and Lelli, to whom this invention is usually attributed, without finding anything to conflict with this claim. The honor is divided between herself and a French lady, Mademoiselle Bihéron, and, as the invention was one of the greatest importance to medical science, the fact that it was due to two women, should always be borne in mind. English Biographical Dictionaries assert that Morandi's husband, who was a wax modeller, also excelled in anatomical preparations. But if so, they must have been of quite a different kind from those afterwards perfected by his wife. French medical authorities are explicit on this point, they say that being a student of medicine, and regretting the rapidity with which the processes of nature deprived her of her specimens, she readily perceived the manner in which the material, in which her husband worked, might be turned to the advantage of Anatomy. Her first attempts were so excellent that they challenged the admiration of the college. She was employed to make specimens for the institute, and her success raised her to the chair of Anatomy in 1758. No modern student can fitly estimate the boon thus conferred on medical science, who has not taken the pains, like ourselves, to read the medical works of the era. At this very moment, a celebrated Scotch physician, Dr. William Smellie, who had educated more than a thousand pupils, and whose works on Obstetrics were thought worthy of being translated into several living languages, was lecturing at London, from a mannikin, the secret of whose construction provoked a smile. What modern student could resist the ludicrous emotion excited by a wooden woman, with an abdomen of leather, in which a vessel of beer, a cork stopper and a bit of packthread, imitated the impulses of nature? But here again the genius of woman came to the aid of science. An admirable mannikin invented and perfected by Mad. Ducondray received the approbation of the Academy of Surgeons, in the very year in which Morandi was elected to the chair of Anatomy at Bologna, and Elizabeth Nihell, who had been born at London in 1723, had the courage publicly to expose the absurdities of the popular master of a thousand pupils, and introduced the French mannikin.

The elevation of Morandi, to the anatomical chair in a University which was still, in 1820, the most thorough in the world, in its preparation of medical students, was a significant token of the appreciation, by the Faculty, of woman's relation to the science. Bihèron's preparations were purchased by Catharine of Russia, and Morandi's received an admiring appreciation from Joseph II. She died in 1774. Her preparations, since surpassed, are preserved in the collection at Bologna.

Clotilda Tambroni, the Professor of Greek at Bologna, links these celebrated women to our own century. She was born in 1758, and was the sister of the celebrated poet and historian, Joseph Tambroni. Devoted to her needle she listened to the Greek lessons given by the Hellenist, Aconte, to his pupils. An accident revealing to him her wonderful powers, he persuaded her mother to give her a learned education. To a familiarity with elegant literature, she added an acquaintance with Latin and mathematics, but she chiefly excelled in Greek. While yet a girl, she was appointed to the Greek chair in the Junior Department of the University of Bologna. She was admitted to the Arcadian Academy at Rome, the Etruscan at Cortona and the Clementine at Bologna. After an absence of a year in Spain, whither her family had gone for political reasons, her countrymen received her in 1794, with the highest honors, and the government of Milan immediately conferred upon her the Greek chair at Bologna. She was displaced in 1798, because she refused to take the oath of hatred to royalty, required by the Cispadane republic. Bonaparte with his usual appreciation nobly restored her, and she retained her chair, save when it was politically suppressed, till her death in 1817. During her last years, it was shared by the celebrated Cardinal Mezzofanti; and Lady Morgan, who visited Bologna, just after her death, says: "It was a pleasant thing to hear her learned coadjutor, in describing to us the good qualities of her heart, do ample justice to the learning which had raised her to the same rank as himself, without one illiberal inuendo, at that erudition, which in England, is a *greater female stigma than vice itself.*" Upon Clotilda's monument at Bologna, it is written that she was "crowned with modesty and every virtue." Her works are chiefly Greek poems and a Latin oration.

In the Gallery at Bologna in 1820, a young artist, Carlotta Gargalli, seemed fast following in the graceful foot-steps of the gifted Elisabetta Sirani, but since that time we have heard nothing of her. Perhaps she died early. In the same year, the Countess Sampieri and Madame Martinette presided over literary circles, which gave something of the old lustre to Bolognese society, and we have no reason to doubt that they have found worthy successors.

In concluding these sketches, we desire to say a word of the responsibleness of women to-

Concluded on page 238.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, MARCH, 1854.

DISCUSSION IN THE FRANKLIN LYCEUM.

ON WOMAN'S RIGHT TO VOTE.

On the evening of January 4th, 1854, a discussion, which continued for two or three hours, was held in the Franklin Lyceum, on the above named subject, and resulted in a vote of eight in the affirmative to seventeen in the negative.

We are glad the subject has received this amount of attention from the gentlemen composing that society, and that there were eight in favor of truth and justice. "The day of small things," "is never to be despised, every discussion is a gain, the word of truth uttered in weakness shall be raised in power," it is the good seed which finding a lodgment springs up bearing fruit in the true soil an hundred fold, but because there is some which will fall on stony ground, and by the way side, and from having no depth of earth will wither away, therefore, must it be scattered with an unsparing hand, broadcast, that the harvest disappoint us not.

We have read carefully the reports given of the arguments on both sides, hoping to find something new from our opponents, or at least, "a foeman worthy of our steel," but alas, it is only the same worn out ridicule, the same charges of frivolity upon women, the same fear of departing from time honored institutions and customs, of usurpation, of all offices and lucrative branches of business, if woman is co-equal with man; the same plea of her present great political influence, of her being the power behind the throne, greater than the throne, &c.—Often as these points have been met and entirely overthrown by fair reason, still we will once more sit down and do battle for the right with the little weapon that when wielded by a strong hand, is more potent for the truth than sword or spear, and in our cause we look to the shedding of ink, and not of blood, for the accomplishment of the revolution we aim at.

We do not find that any one attempted to disprove the fact that single women holding property are taxed without representation, but after admitting it, sought rather to justify it on the ground that minors are also taxed without the right to vote.

Single women, the spinster and the widow, are both recognized, in law, as being subject to all the taxes to which men are, except the registry tax in some States and poll tax in others. These women hold the title deeds of property, either acquired by their own industry, or inherited by them. They understand the laws and legislation of the country. Who is to represent them in the nation's councils? shall it be the foreigner who digs their soil and who can, perhaps, neither read nor write?

No *man* can vote, either by proxy, or delegate the power to another. If he will not himself exercise it, it is lost to him. The right is as personal as it is sacred. The policy of sound government forbids any man to vote for more than himself, because no man has a right to govern more than himself. If a man by neglect or incapacity fails to exercise the right, he is unrepresented, and is a child, a slave, a criminal, or more hopeless than either, a WOMAN, and therefore liable to all their incapacities together. A child will come of age, a foreigner may be naturalized, a criminal pardoned, a slave emancipated, but a woman is doomed to interminable nothingness forever among her brethren!!!

It is equally ridiculous also to say that a wife is represented by her husband, the sister by the brother, &c. They are governed, not self governed, any more than either of the classes of men excluded for infancy, foreign birth, color or crime. Taxation never had a stronger example than in the case of women of free and enlightened America. As we write, the position of husbands, fathers and brothers, who insist upon women's being always in the relation to them of infants and idiots, comes to us as so irresistibly ludicrous, that we are almost disposed to believe that they are holding up these flimsy arguments, that we may see their texture, and brush them away as we would the spider's web.

Again the influence of woman is spoken of by the opponents in the discussion as being now almost unlimited, they are the power behind the throne greater than the throne. This is merely assertion unsustained by fact, or philosphy. It is an imposture and is generally intended as an evasion, for it is made by those who deny the right and dispute the propriety of its exercise in any form. If women have such an influence, they must have the capacity and should have the direct and legitimate method for its employment, and be open to its proper responsibilities and not be left to manage, manœuvre and diplomatise in public affairs as they do in private, to rule their husbands. If this alleged influence is urged as an equivalent for the legal right demanded, it is destitute of truth. Woman has no agency in the laws that beggar, disfranchise and degrade. Politics is not her vocation, she is not a student of the laws. Ignorance of civil functions and policy is one of the negative accomplishments of her education. The barbarism, the injustice and moral abominations, which disgrace our public codes, have no signs of female character in them. The fugitive slave law could not have been passed in a congress of women, even of a fish market; and Nebraska could never be made a territory for the extension of slavery, nor the Missouri compromise repealed if women were co-equal in the government. The women of the South would not be the dishonored prima donnas of black seraglios, if their voices had any force in the legislation which maintains the slave system.

Feeble, ignorant and frivolous, as effeminacy has come to signify the decent selfishness of the sex, would not for a day endure the horrible polutions of domestic slavery, if they possessed the power to remove that special curse of womanhood.

Woman with all her enforced frivolity and ignorance of life and law and civil policy, has nevertheless true and quick moral intuitions. We say the enforced frivolity, for such it is in many, nay, in the majority of instances. We are frequently told by women how far short their lives fall of their early aspirations. The girl often passess through all the primary system of education, not only the equal but superior to her brother. There her course closes, the farther pursuit of those studies, which would best discipline her mind, are forbidden her and all the avenues to the attainments of a laudable ambition are closed to her, hence she necessarily turns to the lighter accomplishments, (which, by no means, are to be despised,) to fill up her time. The mind capable of the most brilliant achievements lies idle and grows rusty. The brother meantime reluctantly enters college, drudges through his four years and comes out a mediocre scholar, unfitted by his misdirected education for the life to which he was naturally suited, and equally unfit for a profession which is thrust upon him. But law offices and law schools, medical colleges and theological institutions are all open to him with a bonus, and the profession points to positions of respectability, and the young man chooses one in which he may or may not have a certain degree of success. At the age of twenty-five how different the prospect of this brother and sister. The young lady who should have been self sustaining must marry and have a strong arm to lean upon, servants to direct, &c. Where now are the aspirations that once stirred her whole being? Smothered, and she has grown to be like other women frivolous and dependant. Affliction is to be her educator, and pain her discipline if ever her restrained life shall be worthy of her natural and high destiny. It is in the school of martyrs she must graduate, if she shall ever do a great deed answering to the promise of her young enthusiasm. She never can be a *woman*, she may be a heroine in some old way, she may be an angel in any way, she is like to be a victim every way, but a natural whole, free, harmoniously developed woman in the right way she can never be, for she must have freedom for the full play of all her powers, and the unfolding of the rich gifts of her nature.

If the sentimental, the religious and poetical nature of woman appears now in the strongly marked contrast, against the acting, organizing, judging and speculating powers, as they are developed by the education given to men, it should be remembered that these are also ready and in waiting to be revealed in woman when

the circumstances around her shall make her less one sided in her actual life, moreover, she is generally admitted to have, even now, quick and true moral perceptions. Her heart dictates right action in all questions where the heart should direct, and, hence, it may be for the best interests of all that the heart, as well as the intellect of the nation should be represented.

These gentler elements are precisely what should mingle with the sterner qualities in man, that, while one is acquiring strength, the other may be unfolding in moral beauty.

It is said by one of the disputants that government means physical force, and that he who can vote can fight, hence, if woman be enfranchised, she must protect herself. Well let her equality of right be established by civil government and you make her self depending, and self protecting, and man is no longer degraded by having an inferior, as a companion.

The man who loves downward is degraded as a dumb idol worship sinks the votary to the level of the block which fills the place of the true God, in his devotions.

The coercive forms of government are needed only to maintain the unjust war of races, classes and sexes, which the lingering barbarism of our institutions still retain in civilized societies. Abolish legal privileges, inaugurate equal rights, and every element in the social structure obeying its native impulse, will fall into place, and through the free appointed harmonies of the divine order, accomplish the best good of all, rendering "glory to God in the highest and peace on earth" as Kossuth reads the sacred text, "to good willing men."

We do not press the point of political rights because we believe that the salvation of man depends upon police or legislation, or that the perfect form of society will be a political one. Our faith takes a higher form, it rests upon the real and inexhaustible presence of Deity within the individual, and herein is the great hope of all progress. But as a step towards harmony, man must cease to legislate for and against woman. He must lay aside his fear of domestic discord, if she become enfranchised and is regarded as an equal human being.

We are not to measure the value of blessings according to the degree in which they may be abused or the susceptibility to danger, and the misapplication of these principles; if we do we shall soon arive at the startling conclusion that all action is but another term for danger. Such views come from inperfect moral vision; and are the offspring of weak ill balanced minds and are false to the true dignity of manhood. They indicate an indolent selfishness which would reduce the plan of infinite wisdom to the narrow sphere of individual cowardice, or weak passiveness. It is from these convictions of what is required, for the perfect development of the race, that we never hesitate to press our claims for a full and just recognition of our rights.

The last point of the opposition, (and it is the one every where met,) is that all these claims are so new, that there is no precedent for them, and that, therefore, they must be set aside. But we insist that they are not new in the world's history. Long ago the sages of Greece, whose wisdom is on every tongue, insisted on women's having a share in government, and upon their being educated as were the men of their time. In the model republic, Socrates settles the question, that there is no function among the entire members of State that is peculiar to women, as such, or to men, considered as such, but that natural talents are indiscriminately diffused through both, and the woman naturally shares all offices the same as man. "Are we," he askes, "to commit all State concerns to the men and none to women? It is true that one woman is suited to be a physician, and another not so, one is musical and another not so, one is fitted for gymnastics and warlike employments, one is a lover of philosophy, and another averse to it, one is high-spirited another timid. That, too, is true that one woman is suited to be a guardian, and another not so. And have we not made choice of such talent as this for our guardians? Yes, just so. The nature, then, of guardianship of the State, is the same." Here speaks the wisdom of the world honored Socrates, now let conservatism follow its own instincts and render the due veneration it its own time honored and time worn authorities.

He farther urges that there shall not be one mode of education for men, and another for women, but that all be educated alike, and he adds, "we have been establishing the law which is, not only possible, but, best for the State." The sage seemed even then to apprehend ridicule for his plan of progress, for he says, "The man who laughs at women going through their exercises with a view to the best objects, reaps the unripe fruit of a ridiculous wisdom, and seems not rightly to know at what he laughs, or why he does it, for that ever was and will be deemed a noble saying, that the profitable is beautiful and the hurtful base."

THE AMERICAN VEGETARIAN AND HEALTH JOURNAL.

The first number of the fourth volume of this Journal, has been for some time on our table. Although we do not believe in strict vegetarianism at the present time, we are nevertheless glad to see it advocated earnestly, for we think it will have something the effect that Homœopathy does on the old school system of medicine. It will moderate the use of animal food, and direct attention to the cultivation of fruits and vegetables, that will in future generations supply to man its place and relieve him from the cruel necessity of taking life.

The fact that the paper has lived four years and is to be enlarged, and to have a new title page speaks favorably for the future.

ELIZA COOK'S JOURNAL.

A friend forwarded to us a few days since, a number of this lady's Journal, in which there was a bitter attack upon the Woman's Rights Convention. We were requested to republish and answer this article, which we decline doing, as it is both principle and policy, with us, to ignore every thing of the kind. We have not room in our Una to spread scandal, even for the purpose of refuting it. The article is cabalistic, and, though Fourier has charged upon all woman-kind a love of cabal, we beg leave to dissent from him, as we have really no taste in that direction.

The Conventions we will report truthfully, and they must stand or fall by their own merits; we have no fears that the truths uttered in them will be lost, and it is rather a matter of surprise and congratulation, that so few follies have been perpetrated by the actors.

NOTICE.

The call for the Convention at Albany did not reach us, until too late for the February numb er and as we had had no direct information regarding the time, we hesitated to speak of it. Any communications designed for the paper should be in our hands as early as the tenth of the month, as we design to make our issue promptly, by the first of each month, and it takes some days to arrange the matter, for a paper of this kind; printed as it is at a job office, it is subject to delays which daily papers are not, and it will not be fully within our power to control these, until we have an office of our own.

HYDROPATHIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

We are already favored with the second number of this excellent publication, which is devoted to medical reform, containing articles from the best writers on Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, Surgery, &c. Its table of contents embraces the following subjects. The movement cures, (illustrated) Dyspepsia, Cold and relapses, Hysteria modus operandi of medicines, Philosophy of common colds, The hunger cure, Water crisis, Reports, Criticisms, Reviews, Miscellany. Published by Fowler and Wells, N. Y. $2 a year in advance.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

We have received the following letter from one of the professers of this institution, and very cheerfully give it a place, as we would not willingly do injustice to any one.

We believe we did not say that the term was but three months. We said "that the lecturer who could sustain himself lecturing an hour a day for three months must have talent, &c."

We think if this institution has already obtained a museum, with all the means and appliances of illustration, equal to that of the old and richly endowed University of Penn, that it has been peculiarly fortunate, and if its lecturers have qualified themselves by the same long course of study and experience, we are certainly very glad of it; but we should still say, as we ever have, that we preferred no separate schools. Were colleges at once endowed for women, richer and higher in every respect than those for men, we would only protest the more earnestly against them, for we only ask equality in all respects; and it will take

us long to believe that separation of the sexes in business, in education, &c., does not produce antagonisms of interest, rivalry and bitterness, and consequently, neither are being benefitted by the others differences.

Our women want strength, and men gentleness; and never have we realized more fully the evils of exclusiveness, than since we have sat daily in the Senate gallery and looked down upon the weakness of men, who are acting alone through the intellect. Were women there, men would be compelled to cultivate their moral intuitions, or they could never cope with them in argument.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 13th, 1854.

Mrs. P. W. Davis,

My attention has been called to an editorial letter in "The Una" which contains some remarks on the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania.—From what source you received your information, I do not know, but it was evidently from some one who was either ignorant of the facts, or strongly moved by predjudice, or, perhaps both.

The length of the session is not "three months" but *five months*; the same as in the other medical colleges in this city. The University of Pennsylvania, is the oldest medical college in this country, and acknowledged by all, I believe, to have the highest reputation. I offer you a tabular statement of the number of lectures in that institution and in this at each session.

	University of Penn'a.	Female Medical College.
Chemistry,	72	105
Physiology,	72	84
Materia Medica,	72	84
Obstetrics,	72	84
Practice of Medicine,	96	84
Surgery,	96	84
Anatomy,	120	105
	600	630

You see that the Female College gives thirty lectures more each session than the University.

The regulations and requirements of the students are about the same in all the medical schools in this city worthy of notice, and in the Female College are not less stringent than in the University, the Jefferson, the Pennsylvania, and the Philadelphia. The letter says "they have means of illustration, &c., but by no means equal to the colleges instituted for young men." I am sure your informant never visited this and other colleges before making the comparison. Our museum was enriched within the past year by an importation from France of papier mache models, and by the preparation of a large number of anatomical specimens. Arrangements are made by which it will receive about $3000 worth more of models, preparations, &c., before the opening of next session. The Laboratory and Materia Medica cabinet are supplied with all the chemicals, apparatus and specimens necessary to illustrate the lectures on Chemistry and Materia Medica. A dispensary is open in the college building where patients are treated twice each week; and students take charge of patients at their own homes under the supervision of their teachers.

If your informant and yourself will take the trouble to visit the institution at No. 229 Arch street, Philadelphia, you may have these statements confirmed by your own observations. I am sure you had no intention to misrepresent or injure the Female Medical College; and I do not complain that you "ask for more" than you *supposed* was offered here; but I do complain that you went so far as to condemn an institution of which you had no definite, reliable information.

E. HARVEY.

HORRIBLE.—The burning of a negro alive near the city of Natchez, an account of which appears in *The Natchez Free Trader*, as one of the most frightful phenomena of the peculiar institution that we ever had to record, and will match in atrocity gladiatorial and inquisitorial times. The slave according to the account struck a white man, and the Democracy of that region, not waiting for "justice" to take its course, inflicted Lynch law. The victim was chained to a tree, faggots were placed around him, while he showed the greatest indifference. When the chivalry had arranged the pile, in reply to a question if he had anything to say, he is reported to have warned all slaves to take example by him, and asked the prayers of those around. He then asked for a drink of water, and after quaffing it said—"Now set fire, I am ready to go in peace." When the flames began to burn him, in his agony he showed gigantic strength, and actually forced the staple from the tree and bounded from the burning mass! But he instantly fell pierced with rifle-balls, and then his body was thrown into the flames and consumed, to show that no such being had ever existed. Nearly four thousand slaves from the neighboring plantations were present as at a moral lesson written in characters of hell-fire. Numerous speeches were made by the magistrates and ministers of religion (facetiously so-called) to the slaves, warning them that the same fate awaited them if they proved rebellious to their owners.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

From a Member of the North American Phalanx.

My dear Miss P.

Your kindly inquiry respecting the development of the inner life in practical associations finds me in the midst of our annual settlement, and I am sure you will make due allowance for necessary brevity, at this time, in treating this important question. Besides a person whose life has been so absorbed in practical affairs as mine, is not one you would look to, for elaborate doctrinal statements.

* * * * * * *

Compared with the standards in the various branches of the professional church, we should doubtless be pronounced an irreligious people; because there are but few of us who observe the current religious forms, or subscribe to the current religious creeds.

It is not from any lack of interest in the religion itself, or from any prejudice against religious professions or observances, that we do not follow the customs prevalent with the professional church; but from a conviction of the utter worthlessness, in this day of formal observances, and of the peril to the soul of him who trusts to professions. Because when one measures his obligations by a careful observance of the forms of faith and ceremony of his sect, that soul is well nigh dead, and cannot feel the great impulses that are now stirring the heart of humanity. He has placated God and can give thanks that he is not a sinner like other men, and being blameless before the law, he is, thenceforth, free within the limits prescribed by the law and public opinion, to prey upon his fellow-men; and hence the oppressions and sharp dealings of religious professors, which have grown proverbial, have this rational exposition; that is they have commuted their obligations paying the price stipulated, and the world therefore is their rightful plunder in virtue of Science.

Compared with a higher standard of judgment (than that of profession) those who are endeavoring to express their ideal in fitting humanitary institutions, are the truly religious people, while the professional church is the great embodiment of practical atheism.

The associationists are not now alone in the conviction that a growing Humanity requires new forms for its expanding life, which is no longer to be expressed in single words and broken stammering utterances and fragmentary fruitless aspirations, but which is to flow in rythmic phrases, be clothed upon with sinews of strength and in robes of beauty.

Other hands are industriously engaged in folding up the garments of sack-cloth, but for us there seems nothing left but to begin and continue unfalteringly, the world of universalizing through the medium of common institutions the best thought and highest aspiration of the individual,—to make real in daily life as much as is possible, the brightest ideal of God's chosen messengers, the inspired ones of earth. For it seems to us eminently irreligious that the highest activity of nations should be destructive war; that the highest activity of man should be the most energetic and subtly managed commercial or other professional strife, to appropriate to private use the fruits of labor produced by other hands; and that for men and women to solicit as a privilege,—which is granted or denied at pleasure or convenience, that which should be enjoyed in right of birth, namely opportunity to acquire the means of life and culture, seems to us broadly inhuman and hence atheistic or more strictly speaking demoniac. Therefore under the strongest impulses tempered by profound conviction, our inner life has thus far expressed itself outwardly in the following named institutions.

In place of destructive antagonism, subtle methods of plundering and universal disfranchisement we have instituted,

1. Unity of Interests.
2. Guaranty of labor and compensation therefore, in a convertable form, including a division of the annual Profit and Loss in proportion to earnings.
3. The necessaries of life at cost.
4. Education at public cost.
5. A home and minimum support.
6. Opportunity of social culture.
7. The full recognition of woman's *Equal Rights* to any property or position that her endowments or acquirements entitle her to claim.

The 8th term in the series, the full resonant octave would be Plenary Inspiration. This attained we may know of our whole life, and in some sphere of human activity, some department of creative art, some form of human expression, each soul of man will be an oracle of God, and announce as with authority the Divine methods of procedure.

Now the conditions of universal inspiration, I believe to be the evolution universally, of the Passional Group; and in so far as we shall partially recognize the Divine law as expressed in our original endowments, we shall in like measure obtain glimpses of the Divine order.

To establish either one of the institutions mentioned in the foregoing series would be a step in advance of the existing professional church and state; and perhaps none but enthusiasts would attempt to establish the whole seven, as we may claim to have done, so far as a life of ten years may be said to determine any societary fact. That this has been accomplished through great struggle and wearying labors, and that so much remains to be done that the past seems almost nothing, need not be denied; but that our life has some positive qualities in accordance with man's deepest spiritual

needs may be inferred, first because men would not be likely to persist ten years in a new form of life involving personal sacrifices, when opportunities of personal advancement under existing institutions are so great as at present, if the new form were greatly artificial; second because, not unfrequently those who have left our life for a time returned to it finding new faces and new conditions, and yet the life itself is attractive, familiar and home like, beyond any thing within the compass of their experience.

However much we may be deficient in culture, or short coming in outward expressions of the element of beauty in human life, those who know us ought not to believe that we aim simply at material successes, because in our acts, we assert, that the soul for its highest exhibitations of power demands the highest material conditions; and that our idea in associating is fully realized, the slightest observer will not urge, but to doubt the religious element in man, and its fitting expression as conditions subserve, is to doubt God; and it is precisely because we were strongly, through the sanctions of science, impregnably strong in this central faith of Divine Power evolving Divine order, that we are to-day, hoping and believing as ever that there will yet be found enough with able hands, clear heads and willing hearts, to demonstrate in daily life the unity of man with God, through full inspiration into all acts of uses and rich graces.

The unity of man with man, through full recognition of the equal rights of every soul to the means of expressing his life, and attaining his destiny.

The unity of man with nature, through full mastery through complete subjugation to human use of the entire domain of nature.

We have not taken part in the discussions upon the rights of women, because we have not assumed to be teachers in any respect; but we have often wondered that the advocates of the rights of woman, of the abolition of slavery, and of other practical reforms, have not attempted constructive measures. The problem of chattel slavery, of wages slavery, and other forms of servitude, has solution in the organization of labor upon the basis of unity of interests; and the problem of enfranchising woman, we also solve adequately and by organic measures; for in our constitution, our enactments, our awards, there is no word or formula that indicates a distinction of sex, on the contrary, as I have said on other occasions, we recognize in our organic law, an order of society in which the citizen shall be fully enfranchised; that is, secured the possession and enjoyment of his inherent rights; so that Christian Fraternity shall be the basis of the State, and from this common platform upon which each (men and women alike) shall stand the equal of his fellow so far as rights of home, employment, culture, means of expression are concerned, he or she may thence, and thus endowed, develop his or her own personality—assert his or her own genius.

Why shonld not this state be recognized in adequate institutions instead of existing, with very slight exception to the common fact, as a vague aspiration? are there no constructive minds in these practical movements? A new impulsion of the parital movement, I too believe, is sweeping over the land, and I trust that this time, some organizers will be thrown to the surface and do this proper work.

Yours, truly,

CHAS. SEARS.

Miss A. Q. T. Parsons, Boston.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

At the Cleveland Woman's Rights Convention, the undersigned were appointed a committee to obtain the preparation of two essays, one on the *Educational Opportunities* of American Women, and one on their *Business Opportunities*.

Even a superficial discharge of this duty must involve a wider investigation of facts, than is possible for any one person. Agents have therefore been already engaged in several of the States, to make inquiries. It is impossible, however, to do the whole work even in this manner; and the Committee therefore respectfully ask the voluntary co-operation of all who are interested in elevating the position of Woman.

The following are the points on which information is especially solicited:

1. *Educational Opportunities of American Women.*

(*a*) State legislation respecting Female Education;

(*b*) Statistics and condition of Primary and Grammar Schools to which Females are admitted, in the several States.

(*c*) Do. of High and Normal Schools.

(*d*) Do. of Academies and Private Schools.

(*e*) Do. of Collegiate and Professional Institutions.

2. *Business Opportunities of American Women.*

(*a*) Statistics of actual employment of Women in various parts of the Union.

(1) Mechanical, (3) Mercantile,
(2) Agricultural, (4) Professional.

(*b*) Wages paid to them, as compared with those of Men.

(*c*) Emp'oyments which they might fill, but do not, and impediments in the way.

It is important that the information given should be as definite and systematic as possible. Facts are what we now aim at—not arguments, but the preliminary basis for argument. Let each person who reads this, ascertain what is within his or her reach, and commnnicate it within six months, if possible. For any very extensive or valuable communications, payment may in some cases be made. Any pamphlets, newspapers or circulars bearing upon the above subject, will also be gladly received. Communications may be addressed (POST PAID if possible) to *Rev. T. W. Higginson, Worcester, Mass.*

Lucretia Mott,
Wendell Phillips,
Ernestine L. Rose,
Lucy Stone,
T. W. Higginson.

January 15, 1854.

Mrs. Coe's Lecture.—The lecture of Mrs. Emma R. Coe, at Washington Hall, last evening on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," was attended by a large and intelligent audience, and received with marked favor. The propositions of the lecturer were clear and distinct, and maintained by such a mass of solid reasoning as to effectually preclude their overthrow. It is an attractive feature of Mrs. Coe's lectures that she refrains from anathematizing and abusing those who oppose the woman's movement, seeking rather to win them to her side by gentle words and candid arguments. We doubt if there is another female lecturer now in the country, who is calculated to render such effectual assistance to the cause of Woman's Rights as Mrs. Coe.

Albany, Feb. 20.

Woman's Rights—In the House of Assembly this morning the petition of Woman's Rights Convention, after a warm debate, was referred to a select committee of seven, by a unanimous vote.

Subscriptions received for the Una, from Jan. 16th to Feb. 16th.

A. Parsons, G. H. Jerome, J. H. Rees, U. A. Crane, J. R. Shedd, D. Smith, G. Hubbard, Mrs. J. O. Fitts, Mrs. J. H. Woodworth, W. B. Louisburg, M. O, Jones, W. G. Chamberlain, J. Blair, A. H. Richardson, J. Gage, Mrs. A. Blodget, W. Bibb, S. Andros, R. N. White, Mrs. E. Boyer, Mrs. S. Reed, Mrs. R. H. Chadbourne, Miss L. E. Hill, M. Peck, J. Reidler, G. T. Foster, C. R. King, Mrs. C. Price, L. Read, A. M. Granger, S. M. Wilson, J. L. Wilson, P. Page, R. Baker, Mrs. G. Rossiter, M. A. Rice, W. W. Roberts, W. Atkin, H. M. Carlton, E. A. Alberty, J. E. Rice, H. Anderson, H. Scott, N. Ewing, P. Fergus, J. Read, S. W. Sofohee, H. Wilson, E. Willard, A. H. Haines, P. Gerry, B. Hill, H. W. B. Manfred, F. Field, I. W. Davison, R. Wright, M. Padelford M. Colvert, C. W. Hubard, M. J. Graham, Dr. C. H. DeWolf, I. Pitman, T. Richmond, R. Cheeny, Miss Goddard, Q. T. Parsons, R. S. Lash, A. H. Clark, J. Rodgrs, S. Ashley, E. B. Houghton, C. C. Warner, I. B. Washburn, R. M. Foote, H. A. Dow, R. W. Jones, Dr. R. P. Simons, M. A. Grenman, M. A. McCord, M. Lackland, L. Gunn, D. Marks, D. B. Thayer, J. O. Harley, J. Larman, N. G. Coleman, S. A. Bennett, H, R. Bridge, J. B. Goff, R. Long, M. A. Rowe, J. C. Lauderman, M. A. Ely, H. H. Eaton, W. A. Whiting, S. D. Hayden, Dr. F. G. Vastine, A. P. Worthington, L. Bogg, J. H. Barnard, M. C. Watts, Rev. J. S. Weaver, B. R. Hawley, Wm. Johnston, R. H. Davis, A. Taber, N. McDose, J. Williams, M. O. Regan, Rev. R. F. Barrett, H. O. Stone, H. Newhall, Mrs. S. Clarke, A. Pinkerton, R. Newhall, J. M. Noble, R. A. Murry, C. D. Rentgen, M. O. Walker, F. Clark, J. Crow, R. K. Swift, J. Gage, D. C. Thatcher, M. W. H. King, H. S. Hibbard, J. H. Collins, P. T. Finley, Mrs. Dr. Gibbs, Dr. A. Pitney, P. B. Ring, M. Sims, Wm. H. Adams, H. H. Husted, J. Grinley, S. Wadsworth, M. R. Heald, J. H. Butler, F. O. Morgan, E. C. Hines, H. W. Gardner, S. I. Chaffee, W. B. Gorham, Gov. Whitcomb, J. Walton, C. H. Allen, D. Wells, H. Huntoon, I. C. Moses, J. Bannister, H. N. Gilbert, H. Clarke, R. S Cadwalader, M. E. Fish, S. M. Whipple, J. R. Hills, I. A. Colby, G. Brewster, N. T. Wilburn, W. Durfee, J. S. Snow, R. Hall, W. Crosby, M. Starbuck, N. Barney, J. Barney, M. P. Swain, R. Palmer, S. M. Shelley, M. C. Burt, S. Fuller, R. Randell, H. E. Boughton, J. Dugdale, H. M. Monagohan, S. Pugh, M. P. Willson, G. Tabon, N M. Wood, R. Smith, P. Dupius, G. F. Waters, I. Gray, E. Broadway, C. Hyatt, L. H. Ballou and L. S. Wilson, $1 each.

Rev. F. J. Higginson, N. M. Baird, A. L. Brown, J. Bower and O. P. Howard, $2 each.

S. B. Anthony, $3.

G. W. Jonson, $4.

E. L. Giles and D. Child, $5 each.

H. Lupton, of England, $1.25.

WASHINGTON, Feb 13th, 1854.

Dear M.—Were you sitting in that rocking chair opposite, and with us enjoying the cheerful wood fire burning in an old fashioned franklin stove, with brass handirons and a fender in front, we should surely have a long talk, not only about St. Valentine's day, which you remind us is approaching, but about the busy world without. A day or two since, when in the library at the capitol, looking over old volumes in hope of finding something more about the myth, that gives us a festive day in this cold month of February, we chanced to find a volume of the autographs of the queens of England, and of the celebrated women, the literary women of earlier times. In this we became so much interested, as to forget the myth, and it is now too late to find it for this month. But in lieu thereof we will give some of the letters which we found there treasured up. The first is Charlotte Smith's letters to her publishers.

"I am sensible that whatever misery tears my heart, I must drudge on or starve, and see my family starve. Believe me, I envy the fate of the dear little sufferer, now breathing his last beside me."

Charlotte Smith.

The word sufferer was blotted with a tear, and brief as is the letter, it reveals a world of anguish and tells the same tale of the publishers in all times.

The next letter, with its firm tone, will be readily recognized.

"Some wretched enemy has accused *me* of hostility to the government.—I would therefore simply name my cheap tracks for the common people, to which, I entirely devoted three years of my life, when we were in danger from revolutionary principles. Two millions were sold the first year.

Hannah More.

One other we copied for its quaint style and spelling.

Dear Lady Evelyn,—You woud oblige me very much if you coud get me a large umbrello to shade two or three people at once to carry abroad.

Marlborough.

But few of the early queens gave anything more than their own signature. Queen Bess made a shocking autograph, but surrounded it with an infinite number of flourishes, which reminded one of her wardrobe, and fancy brought her vivedly before us in a scarlet dress and standing ruffle, with her pen in hand signing a death warrant.

Next hers came Lady Jane Grey's, a page in Latin written in a fair round hand with no ornament, or flourishes. Next came sweet Mary Queen of Scots, her chirography, in her brief French note pleased, for it was graceful and indicated gentleness and strength, while here and there a broken line, or strong curve marked the waywardness of the writer. The book was a study and we felt that we even knew Victoria better from having seen her signature, which was so very like one of our English correspondents, that we almost thought it must have been written by our friend.

* * * * *

The spring like days that we are now enjoying, and the return of health has enabled us to adjust ourselves to our new position, and to make observation of what is going forward.

A week or fortnight's stay in the capitol gives one but a faint conception of the social life here. In that time yon can only see the fuss and feathery foam of the conventionalisms, but once through these, and there is more freedom and ease than any where we have ever been. There are no little cliques who set themselves up as the immaculate, and to whom all others must bow down or be ostracised. The lower classes never stand and stare, and gape, after a person, let the dress be what it may, either long or short, with or without trowsers, it seems to be all the same to them, and nothing less than the Pope's Nuncio with his robes of State would cause the higher classes to turn their heads. So far this cosmopolite population approaches more nearly to a true order of society than any other.

The receptions at the President's are democratic in so far as being open to every one; are often as brilliant as dress and display can make them, are *sans ceremonie*, and very pleasant if one goes with a party of acquaintances or mingles easily with strangers. There you meet every body from every where, and in every variety and style of dress and the moving crowd can but amuse and interest. The receptions given by various members of the cabinet are more select, but these too, are often crowds where ludicrous scenes sometimes occur. At the President's there are no refreshments, and close at ten o'clock, but at other places there is one practice that chills the blood and sends it back to the heart, slowly and with pain, and this is the almost constant passing of intoxicating beverage, so temptingly prepared that nearly all partake, women as well as men.

Every one is alive here, ladies never faint in the densest crowds. In the morning the Senate gallery is often thronged for hours, many of whom will stand through a long speech and in the evening be at some gay festive scene, as full of life and animation as though they had not been for hours inhaling the vilest air this side the black hole in Calcutta. The only principle on which this can be accounted for, is that the monotonous routine of an aimless life is broken in upon by the one grand desire to see and hear every thing that is going on, and hence the *ennui* is driven to the shades.

* * * * *

We have a pleasant seat in the reporters' gallery appropriated to us. We have always been averse to claiming any exclusive privileges on the ground of our profession, but the desire of seeing and hearing the Senate upon the great question of the day, induced us to send in a request for a seat which was readily granted, and there we are very often for hours together, trying with might and main to comprehend the motives of these men's acts. Sometimes there are amusing occurences even in this grave body, where, those at a distance are apt to imagine that every thing is conducted in the most dignified manner.

On Monday, the 7th, Mr. Johnson, on behalf of the committee on military affairs, reported the petition of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Smith for relief and extra pay for her services in the Mexican army. It seems she enlisted as a private, and served three months before her sex was discovered, she then served out her time and was honorably dismissed. The bill proposed to pay her for her full services, and for three months extra pay, also to direct the Secretary of the Interior to issue a warrant for one hundred and sixty acres of land. There was some laughter, and the reading of the bill again called for. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, said he was not acquainted with this soldier, and desired to know of General Shields if she was under his command. (laughter again.)

In reply, General Shields said, in a calm dignified manner, and as though he had respect for womanhood, "I was not so fortunate as to have this person under my command, but have no doubt she performed her duties faithfully where she served. I hope this report will be satisfactory to the Senator." Laughing again. The bill was then engrossed, read a third time and passed. After the passage of this bill, Mr. Wade, of Ohio, spoke for an hour and a half upon the Nebraska bill. He is not a fluent or graceful speaker, but his thoughts were well arranged, clear and strong, and what was better, he left the impression that he was in earnest in his opposition to this measure, and honest in his convictions. We were not so fortunate as to hear Mr. Chase's speech, but we know that his manner, though less attractive than some others, is impressive and earnest. And it is admitted to be unanswerable in its arguments. In his peculiarly lucid style he has cleared away all the perverted facts and strange distortions of history, which Senator Douglass presented in opening this debate.

Great expectations were felt with regard to Mr. Everett's speech. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the galleries were crowded to suffocation an hour before the opening, and hundreds were standing in the lobbies when General Houston proposed, that on account of the storm and the very great desire to hear manifested, that the ladies should be admitted to the floor, that out of courtesy, if not gallantry, the rule which excluded them should be, for this once, suspended. One gentleman objected rather faintly, however, and finally hinted, that if they were admitted they should be requested to be perfectly quiet, as those in the rear are often more disposed to listen to them than to the debates. Hereupon Mr. Pettit, of Indiana, rose with an air and gravity becoming a judge about to pass sentence, and said, "I do most solemly protest against the motion," and so the ladies were excluded, greatly to the General's discomfiture. * * *

At one o'clock Mr. Everett took the floor, and now there was a breathless silence where a moment before all were buzzing like a swarm of bees. His voice was low and he seemed to us laboring under some oppression or embarrassment. We had heard his eloquence described as unrivalled, and we looked to see him break away from his restraint. But not so, he labored on, and on, smoothing and rounding every period till there was no vitality in it, not a feeling of ours was touched with sympathy for the outraged Indian, not one momentary spark of indignation roused against the purposed wrong to the Negroes, to the north, or to the spirit of the compact which has heretofore been held sacred. In all this there was not one word that evinced the man had ever had a heart to help his intellect. When he spoke of Webster, there was, indeed, a momentary glow, a little warmth in the eulogy upon him, and the compromise of 1850, might by some have been

deemed eloquent, but not having any reverence even for the memory of the man of giant intellect, who debased himself to the lowest moral position, and dragged down, with him, his worshippers, we were not able to appreciate even that. On reviewing the impression of this speech, we cannot but still consider it a very small bid for the presidency. * * * * *

Have just returned from the Senate, where we listened for more than an hour to a sort of school boy fourth of July oration, from Mr. Weller of California. It was very amusing, for he was on all sides of the question, was a northern man with northern principles, but desired to have slavery extended wherever the southern man desired to go, and said when the southern man cannot pursue and retake his property any where, then it is time this Union should be dissolved, and it will be too. He had no regard for the compromise of 1820, nor yet for fifty, if they interfered with present demands. Said, very emphatically, that Ohio, his native State, that he loved, had disgraced herself by sending two abolitionists to the Senate, but that they did not represent the feelings of the people, and that he mourned over its fallen State, &c.

Mr. Everet presented a large petition against making Nebraska a territory, from Worcester, signed, as he significantly remarked, by the Governor, Ex Governor, &c., eleven memorials were presented by Mr. Broadhead, of Pa., on the same subject, Mr. Sumner presented two others from Mass. and Mr. Chase several from Ohio. * * *

We are compelled to go back in dates when we notice the speeches in the house, having been there but very little, our impressions are rather vague as to the men and measures, but from that little, we need no help to discern that there is no very great harmony between the North and South, and that there can be none, only in so far, as northern men will succumb to the south. It often reminds us of women, who wearied of domestic strife, yield feeling, principle, and individual interest, for the sake of peace to-day; a mistaken policy, for the arbitrary encroacher demands more to-morrow.

On the fourteenth of Jan. Mr. Cutting, of N. Y., introduced and supported a bill in relation to the naturalization laws; one clause of his speech is of particular interest, as it touches the position of woman. In explanation of the act, Mr. Cutting remarked,—

"The second section of this act provides that where an American citizen marries a woman—a foreigner—that by the act of marriage itself the political character of the wife shall at once conform to the political character of the husband. That section was taken in so many words, or in nearly so many words, from the recent act of 1844, of Victoria. And it is a remarkable fact that where England has been a power antagonistic as it were to that great principle of legislation which has prevailed with us—namely, that honorable liberality by which we naturalise foreigners—although, I say, the legislation of Great Britain up to 1844 has been the reverse of this, yet, to the honor of that country be it said, they have been always foremost in promoting the interests and in protecting the rights of its own subjects. And they have said, that where a wife—a foreigner—is married to a subject of England, it is better that she should understand that she is an English subject, so that she may at once inculcate in the minds of her children those principles of that country to whose political fortunes she has become united. And the House will perceive, sir, that there can be no objection to it, *because women possess no political rights; and where you confer on her the political character of her husband, it is a relief to the husband, it aids him in the instilling of proper principles in his children*, and cannot interfere with any possible right of a political character. And therefore, sir, it is that the section, in my opinion, ought to be immediately passed. For there is no good reason why we should put a woman into the probationary term required by the naturalization laws, nor to the inconvenience of attending at the necessary courts, or places for the purpose of declaring her intentions and renouncing her allegiance; nor, again, put the husband to the expense of the proceeding; nor, yet again, to the embarrassments connected with the tranfer of real property."

Some of our friends may perhaps deem that we are saying more of slavery, than in our paper is quite justifiable, but to us there is so close an analogy between Southern slavery and that of woman everywhere, that we cannot well avoid it even if we desired to do so.

Dr. H. K. Hunt has been on a visit here for some weeks, and her protest having preceded her, considerable interest has been manifest to see her; and after some solicitation to do so, she took rooms and has been for a few days receiving professional visits. From this she goes westward to Ohio.

Lucy Stone paid a flying visit to the city, on her return from the west. She gave but one lecture. Very great disappointment was felt that she left so soon, for the inclemency of the weather prevented many from hearing her, who earnestly desired to do so.

Here as elsewhere, our old infirmity of shrinking from asking questions prevents our gathering all the news we might, but we sometimes benefit by a friend's clear head and straight forward pursuit of knowledge, asking the very questions which trembled on our lips, but was restrained by that strange undefined feeling, which has always made us prefer to go through any amount of toil or perplexity, rather than ask a question. "Try and find out for yourself" was a maxim so thoroughly learned in childhood, that it will never be overcome.

Au revoir, Ed.

Mrs. Stanton's address will be found in our next.

Dr. W. Elder is about giving, to the public, a volume of his miscellanies; to be published by J. C. Durby. This will, undoubtedly, be a work of rare interest.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith is also soon to issue a novel, by the same publishers.

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

HELD IN ALBANY.

On the 14th, of February, this convention assembled in Association hall, and although the weather was inclement several hundred were presant. S. B. Anthony called the meeting to order and nominated Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton, of Seneca Falls, as President, which nomination was accepted. Vice Presidents, Rev. S. J. May, Ernestine L. Rose, N. Y., Hon. William Hay, Saratoga, William H. Topp, Albany, Lydia A. Jenkins, Geneva, Lydia Mott, Albany, Mary F. Love, Randolph.

Business Committee, Rev. Antonette L. Brown, South Butler, W. H. Channing, Rochester, Mrs. Catherine Stebbins, Mrs. Phebe Janes, Troy.

Secretaries, Susan B. Anthony, Sarah Pellet.

Finance Committe, Mary S. Anthony, Rochester, Anna W. Anthony, Cayuga.

Mrs. Stanton on taking the chair gracefully returned acknowledgments, for the honor conferred upon her, in making her the President of this meeting. The following list of resolutions were then read by Rev. Miss Brown on behalf of the business committee.

1. *Resolved*, The men who claim to be Christian Republicans, and yet class their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters among aliens, criminals, idiots and minors, *unfit to be their coequal citizens* are guilty of absurd inconsistency and presumption; that for males to govern females, without consent asked or granted, is to perpetuate an aristocracy, utterly hostile to the principles and spirit of free institutions; and that it is time for the people of the United States and every State in the Union to put away forever that remnant of despotism and feudal oligarchy, the CAST OFF SEX.

2. *Resolved*, That women are human beings whose rights correspond with their duties; that they are endowed with conscience, reason, affection and energy, for the use of which they are individually responsible; that like men they are bound to advance the cause of truth, justice and universal good in the society and nation of which they are members: that in these United States women constitute ONE-HALF the people; men constitute the other half; that women are no more free in honor than men are to withhold their influence and example from patriotic and philanthropic movements, and that men who deny women to be their Peers and who shut them out from exercising a fair share of power in the body politic, are arrogant usurpers, whose only apology is to be found in prejudices transmitted from half civilized and half christianized ages.

Whereas, The family is the nursery of the State and the Church—the God-appointed Seminary of the human race. Therefore.

3. *Resolved*, That the family, by men as well as women, should be held more sacred than all other institutions; that it may not, without sin, be abandoned or neglected by fathers any more than by mothers, for the sake of any of the institutions devised by men—for the government of the State or the Nation any more than for the voluntary association of social reformers.

4. *Resolved*, That women's duties and rights as daughters, sisters, wives and mothers, *are not bounded within the circle of Home;* that in view of the sacredness of their relations, they are not free to desert their fathers, brothers, husbands and sons amidst scenes of business, politics and pleasure, and to leave them alone in their struggles and tempations, but that as members of the human family, for the sake of human advancement, Women are bound as widely as possible the influence of their aid and presence; and finally, that universal experience attests that those nations and societies are most orderly, high-toned and rich in varied prosperity, where women most freely intermingle with men in all spheres of active life.

5. *Resolved*, That the fundamental error of the whole structure of legislation and custom, whereby women are practically sustained, even in this republic is the preposterous fiction of law, that in the eye of the law the husband and wife are ONE PERSON, that person being the husband; that this falsehood itself, the deposit of barbarism, tends perpetually to brutalize the marriage relation, by subjecting wives as irresponsible tools to the capricious authority of husbands; that this degradation of married women re-acts inevitably to depress the condition of single women, by impairing their own self-respect and man's respect for them; and that the final result is that system of tntelage miscalled *Protection*, by which the industry of women is kept on half pay, their affections trifled with, their energies crippled, and even their noblest aspirations wasted away in vain efforts, ennui and regret.

6. *Resolved* That, in consistency with the spirit and intent of the statutes of New-York, enacted in

1848 and 1849, the design of which was to secure to married women the entire control of their property, it is the duty of the Legislature to make such amendments in the laws of the State as will enable married women to conduct business, to from contracts, to sue and be sued in their own names—to receive and hold the gains of their industry, and be liable for their own debts so far as their interests are separate from those of their husbands—to become joint owners in the joint earnings of the partnership, so far as these interests are identified—to bear witness for or against their husbands, and generally to be held responsible for their own deeds.

7. *Resolved*, That as acquiring property by all just and laudable means and the holding and devising of the same is a human right, women married and single, are entitled to this right and all the usages or laws which withold it from them are manifestly unjust.

8. *Resolved*, That every argument in favor of universal suffrage for males is equally in favor of universal suffrage for females, and therefore if men may claim the right of suffrage as necessary to the protection of all their rights in any Government, so may women for the same reason.

9. *Resolved*, That if man as man, has any peculiar claim to a representative in the government, for himself, woman as woman, has a paramount claim to an equal representation for herself.

10. *Resolved*, Therefore, That whether you regard woman as like or unlike man, she is in either case entitled to an equal joint participation with him in all civil rights and duties.

11. *Resolved*, That although men should grant us every specific claim, we should hold them all by force rather than right, unless they also concede, and we exercise, the right of protecting ourselves by the elective franchise.

12. *Resolved*, That if the essence of a trial by an "impartial jury" be a trial by one's own equals, then has never a woman enjoyed that privilege in the hour of her need as a culprit. We, therefore, respectfully demand of our Legislature that, at least, the right of such trial by jury be accorded to women equally with men—that women be eligible to the jury box, whenever one of their own sex is arraigned at the bar.

13. *Resolved*, That could the women of the State be heard on this question, we should find the mass with us; as the mother's reluctance to give up the guardianship of her children; the wife's unwillingness to submit to the abuse of a drunken husband, the general sentiment in favor of equal property rights, and the thousand of names in favor of our petition, raised with so little effort, conclusively proves.

Whereas, The right of petition is guarantied to every member of this Republic; therefore

14. *Resolved*, That it is the highest duty of Legislators impartially to investigate all claims for the redress of wrong, and alter and amend such laws as prevent the administration of justice and equal rights to all.

Resolved, That all true-hearted men and women pledge themselves never to relinquish their unceasing efforts in behalf of the full and equal rights of women, until we have effaced the stigma resting on this Republic, that while it theoretically proclaims that all men are created equal, deprives one-half of its members of the enjoyment of the rights and privileges possessed by the other.

In the evening Mrs. Stanton called the meeting to order, and read the address prepared for the Legislature. The petitions were signed by over 6,000 persons. This is the practical result of the Convention held, in Rochester, in November last.

MR. SHEARMAN presented the petition of Mary Wall, of North Kingstown, a married woman, asking authority to transact business in the same manner as if she were not married, which was received and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.—*Providence Journal.*

Concluded from page 231.

wards each other, and of the reasons which lead us to refer so often to the 'Record of Women.'

Personally, we have a high regard for its author, and we feel that the cause of woman's independence owes a great deal to her early example in New-England. But her acknowledged sphere was wide enough and she misunderstood its character, when she took charge of this work. No salary should have tempted her to undertake it in three years. Had she been as learned a pedant as Bayle, this would have been a period far too short to devote to the lives of the women of any one country, or to contribute anything of value to what we already possessed, of any one century. "From the Beginning till the year 1850!" What an announcement! We confess that the title-page reminded us of the advertisement of a certain "Orator of the West," who informed the inhabitants of a little town in Canada that he would deliver an *evening lecture* 'upon all celebrated women from Eve down to Mrs. Moodie!' No, this book must be judged on its own merits. If female authors are ever to take lofty rank, they must not be judged tenderly because they are women, but *severely*, as of the kind to which they aspire. The first fault of this book is that it assumes certain theological positions, and endeavors in pages of connecting reflection, and unauthorised Lives of Scripture Women, to sustain certain preconceived views. The "Boutâdes," of its Prefaces are, to say the least, as presumptuous and unworthy one who believes man to be the child of God, as the brilliant but now forgotten Thesis of Isotta Nogarola. And quite as fatal to any reputation for thoroughness, is the internal evidence which the book contains of the variety of hands employed upon it. It contains omissions and misstatements inexcusable in a work of such pretensions. Classical sources have seldom been exhausted, and frequently the very words of the commonest French and English Dictionaries have been quoted. We do not wholly blame the author for this. It was evidently impossible for her, in three years, to accomplish such a work, entirely unassisted. But if she employed other hands to collect material, she should have demanded of them most accurate references. She should have verified every article as it passed under her eye, and her own mind should have acted on whatever was submitted to her, until, like the painter's canvass, the whole work was suitably "toned up."

Let no one think that, because we so criticise, we consider ourselves any better fitted than our author, for such an undertaking. Patient labor we give to the preparation of our sketches; hours of research sometimes produce but a few lines, or enable us to cross out of our manuscript a doubtful page. We are often compelled to trust to our memory, when we would gladly sustain ourselves by accurate quotation, and when the scanty treasures of a provincial library can give us no assistance. We beg others to judge our work as we judge the "Record," by its merits, and not by its author.

With regard to the responsibleness of women towards women, let us claim a moment's hearing. Whoever writes in the present day, can hardly remain neutral with regard to the reform now started, and let every conscientious woman beware, lest an unlucky witticism, a smart saying or a careless slur injure forever a reputation, of which she knows nothing with certainty. Public opinion is a mingled stream, flowing from a thousand nameless sources. An example will show how really liberal and right thinking women may swell the current of popular prejudice.

Lady Morgan, whose merits no one can appreciate more highly than ourselves, since she has always preserved through the remarkable honors and distinctions to which genius has raised her, her unaffected, sprightly democratic air:—Lady Morgan, whose books are so crowded with incident and literary gossip, that we forgive the awkward air, with which recent acquisitions seem to sit upon her, says above "that erudition is in England, in 1820, a greater female stigma than even vice itself." Yet in the same chapter in speaking of the Institute at Bologna, she says, "The ante-room of the Library has an interest of its own, from being covered with the portraits of the learned, among which, *strange to say*, the ladies hold a distinguished place. *At the head as 'chef de brigade' stares* Isotta da Rimini 'Le due Isotte' as they are called and Madame Dacier compose, a group that *can never be mistaken for that of the graces.* They are indeed *fearful examples* to convince the most indigo blue stockings, that the waters of the Pierian springs are not among the most *efficacious cosmetics.*"

Does this prove that a bold courtesan stands at the head of literary women in Italy, or that learned women are never beautiful? Yet how strongly it *implies* something of the sort! In a note, she says, Cassandra Hedele was far too "pretty for a pedant, and farther on, that "*in woman*, genius and abstruse learning, never yet went together."

She spoke without her host, though it is perfectly true, that in herself genius has supplied the *want* of abstruse learning. Trivial as such remarks may seem, every one who adds without cause to the number, does something to lower the popular estimate of women. It was because of the almost infinite power of *light words*, that our Savior said, "Let your conversation be as yea, yea."

Let every true hearted woman, speed all other women, striving for honorable distinction, and so in good time shall come a happy emancipation.

Our sketchs of Bolognese women, may bring some of our readers to reflect, as to what natural connexion there is, between the presence of a large number of literary women within its walls, and the prosperity and mutual independence of Bologna La Grasse. The city was always a favorite with Bonaparte, and through all changes has stamped the charmed word—libertás upon its coin. The Liberties of which the people are deprived *de jure*, are less violently invaded *de facto*. The only tax which the Pope can require of Bologna, is a duty upon wine, and it continues to be celebrated for its University, for the elegance of its literati and despite that sad "Pierian spring," for the *loveliness of its women*! It is worthy of remark, that its social circles have unusual attractions from the fact that young unmarried persons, there enter into society with their parents, which, in 1830, was not the case in any other city in Italy.

Toronto, Jan. 24, 1854.

REVIEW OF MR. WEISS' ARTICLE, IN THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

In the Christian Examiner, for January, we find an article on the Woman question. It is a good and a cheering sign, that an article on that subject is there at all; it shows that this question is a prominent one before the public mind, and that every periodical, however conservative, must say its word on the subject.—

Had this article emanated from the brain of any one of nine-tenths of the Unitarian clergymen in Massachusetts, we should have patiently shrugged our shoulders, thanked God he has got so much light already on the subject, and waited quietly for him to receive further illumination. But alas! it bears the initials of John Weiss, and it was with a feeling of disappointment and sadness which threatened to moisten our womanish eyes, that we closed the book after its perusal. A few years ago we first heard him preach. He spoke in a pulpit where it required manly courage to stand at all. In the course of his sermon, a few brief sentences were devoted to woman, but they recognized her nature, and prophesied her future, with such poetic life and beauty, as stirred every listening heart. It was said among the congregation that the mantle of Channing had fallen upon him, and many felt that he was one who would plead for woman on the same broad platform, of the worth of her own individual nature, where Channing had placed his plea for the slave, the drunkard, the pauper. That was his first word, and this was his last. Oh, Ichabod!

The article contains much that is true and noble, but a want of faith runs through it, which it is humiliating to perceive. The writer seems to have given over the kingdom of this world in despair to the Prince of darkness, and to bid women save themselves out of the world and into the kingdom of heaven. This is the only hope, that at last, even in this world, may be redeemed also. His position is, that woman possesses by necessity a subtler, more delicate, warmer spiritual nature, than man; that she is necessary to the completion of the idea of man, as the representative of divinity. This is good, and we thank him for the thought, but is it not necessary that the whole of God should be represented in every department of human life? If man and woman were the same, it would be only a numerical loss in excluding her from any public sphere, but being different, it is also an essential loss. If politics are poor and mean, and vulgar, unfit for woman as they are, if she is better than they are, it is her duty to enter into and purify them. Mr. Weiss likens woman to the beatitudes. Were they preached to a company of saints, carefully guarded from pollution, or were they scattered abroad from the hill-side? The Pharisee needed the sanctuary of the temple to keep his prayer holy, but Christ made a sanctuary of the houses of publicans and sinners.

We are willing to allow, what we believe to be true, that the secluded position of woman has had its value in the past, in preserving an ideal of grace and refinement in a rough age, just as the monkish seclusion of clergymen has been of incalculable value in the preservation of learning; but the time for both has passed away.—Indeed many of the same arguments which Mr. Weiss uses against woman's sharing in politics, are often urged against clergymen doing the same thing. When party spirit runs high, it creates quarrels in the parish, ill feeling between minister and people; it hurts his influence, which should be purely spiritual, &c.

When Mr. Weiss stood up in the town hall at New Bedford, at the meeting in opposition to the fugitive slave law, and uttered a few words of glorious enthusiasm, which sent a thrill of resolution through the half-chilled and doubting audience, how he would have blown away such paltry reasoning like chaff before the wind. Does he not know, that it is not the subjects which make the quarrels, but the disposition? When there is mutual respect and love between a married couple, the gravest differences in opinion and action, will be freely and generously discussed, and produce only a more perfect union, where these are wanting; the turning of a straw is as likely to produce irritation, as the overthrow of a kingdom or a fortune. What he says of the courage required in marriage is true, and his warning to those inconsiderately hopeful youth, who think it is to be only a joyous summer-existence, has its value, though his picture is too darkly shaded, and too sombre in hue; but we firmly believe that more of the unhappiness in married life among the upper classes, arises from the want of an independent, important, and interesting sphere of action for woman, than from all other causes put together.

Still more sad it is to see Mr. Weiss falling into that hopeless strain of thought, which is well represented by one of the books which he reviews, "the angel over the right shoulder"—bidding woman be content in passive suffering—knowing that it will bring them a spiritual and heavenly reward. Alas! this is the gospel which is preached weekly to the slaves of Carolina and Georgia. It is the doctrine which the priests of power have preached to the people ever since the church formed a league with the princes of the world; but we do not believe it is the gospel of Him who came "to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free." If you are in prison and cannot get out, it is better to be patient and cheerful, and resigned, than to beat your head and arms uselessly against your prison bars; but do not accept this condition till you have strained every nerve and muscle to accomplish your deliverance.

Much that Mr. Weiss says in regard to female education, is very true and good; take it in connection with Mr. Higginson's profounder statements on the subject, showing that it is as much a purpose in education, as education which is required, and it would be very valuable. In this connection we would answer his question of "Why it is that no woman has composed music, when her whole nature seems to be so musical?" To enjoy music to a certain extent, requires only feeling and sentiment, but to write it requires careful culture and training. So while we are paying such prices for music, as tempt the best European performers here, we yet have no American composers of any note among us. Now look at the different training in music which young men and women receive. A young woman whom we knew well, living in a small city, in comfortable, though not affluent circumstances, had a strong love of music. The instruction she could receive there was hardly third rate, yet she acquired a command of the instrument, which enabled her to express her own feelings with great power and beauty. Here it ended, her intellectual culture was neglected, she had no direct musical discipline; she delighted her friends, entertained company, and that was all. In her sweet soul were unsatisfied longings which the world never knew. Now read the story which Mr. Willis tells of his musical education. He was sent to college, and received the same intellectual discipline as a lawyer or minister; then by the aid of a generous friend went to Germany, and under the most accomplished teachers devoted his whole energies to the study of music for three or four years. Do we wonder that the result is different? Yet we believe that in these instances the woman's genius and intellect was fully equal to the man's. Neither had that rare genius which can stand alone, and flourish without care or fostering. "The mute inglorious Miltons" are often found among women.

One other grave question which Mr. Weiss proposes at the very commencement of his article, we have not left space to speak of as fully as it deserves. Is it possible to carry on the daily duties of housekeeping, to take care of a family, and yet to have time for intellectual culture, and for other more public occupations?—We believe to most women it is, and the question is thus practically answered every day.—In truth there is no woman in easy circumstances, who does not, on an average, spend two or three hours of every day in other than the necessary duties of her household. Bear witness the time spent in idle round of ceremonious visiting, which does not contribute to either improvement or happiness; and the amount of useless needle work expended on dress and ornament. The same time wisely given to study, or occupation, would produce very great results. What is needed is more mind given to housekeeping, so that the lesser shall be subordinate to the more important, and order and method shall serve, and not rule in the household.—What is made of the first importance is always attended to, and when women are so educated, and have such duties that intellectual occupations are more dear to them, and more prized by their husbands, than finery in dress and show in housekeeping, there will be no difficulty in combining the two. An allusion to a circumstance occurring in the "Angel over the right shoulder," allows us to make a remark here which might seem trifling in another connection. The heroine of that book, is interrupted during her sacred hour of study, by her husband, who must have a button sewed on before he can go down town. Now we never could see why a man need be so childishly dependent upon his wife for such services. We will grant that sewing is better adapted to woman, so perhaps is hammering to a man, but what would we think of a woman who called her husband from his sermon, or his client, to drive a nail for her. It is extremely pleasant to do for, and to receive from, those we love, little services of this kind, and a mutual interchange of them, forms one of the many silken cords which bind us together, but to be dependent on them, takes from them this graceful character, and makes them slavish. Bachelors can sew on their buttons, why cannot a married man, if occasion requires? Many a man thinks himself incapable of buying his own clothes, or taking them from the draw—almost of putting them on. These things help to make up the annoying petty drudgery of a woman's life, and always seemed to us unworthy of both parties.

We must close this article, though the subject is so pregnant with suggestions that we would gladly say much more. We do not like to meet Mr. Weiss as an opponent; we have always admired him as one of the most able and accomplished, as well as most spiritual writers among the Unitarian clergy, and we should have welcomed his aid in our cause, as most powerful and encouraging. And though we must object most strenuously to the general tone and groundwork of the article under review, we yet recognise in it some of his old manly and generous and poetic nature, and trust that this is only an accidental lapse, the despair of an hour, and that we shall some day have from his pen something more worthy of the author and the theme. E. D. C.

Subscribers will very soon be supplied with the January number. So many more subscribers than we had anticipated are still coming, that we deem ourselves justified in reprinting it.

From the Home Journal.

FINE ARTS.

AKERS' STATUE OF BENJAMIN IN EGYPT.

To the Editors of the Home Journal:

GENTLEMEN—The annexed article was written by a stranger to me, a clergyman, travelling and studying abroad—but I am ready to vouch for its truth, and so are you, I am sure, if you have not overlooked this unpretending Hebrew youth. I send it without changing a syllable, as you see, and wish I had written it myself.

Yours truly, JOHN NEAL.

—

This statue, which, for some months past, has been quietly growing in the artist's narrow studio, was, a few weeks since, exhibited to the public eye in Portland. The papers of that city gave some account of the production, and the favorable impression it had created.

The subject is from Hebrew story, at a time when the primitive and simple life in tents and among flocks, upon oriental plains, and by wells of water, invests personal character and incident with a peculiar interest, seldomer found since men have been more drawn into organizations, and individual life and history has become blended with that of masses. The statue suggests how the early Hebrew Scriptures abound in materials for an art that loves detached and individual subjects; the frequent and stately poetry of the Prophets, and the sweetness and sublimity with which the Psalms go forth, show that the Jewish people were not insensible to beauty, nor unable to reproduce it in poetic form; and we are led to ask what sculpture among the Hebrews answered to, and adorned, the glory of the Temple. But at this period sculpture lay dangerously near idolatry, and the command, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image," was perhaps most wisely interpreted as prohibiting both. Greek art confined itself to Greek subjects; or, if it sometimes lent itself to foreign conceptions, and could carve the Isis, or other characters, from Egyptian mythology, the difference between the religious ideas and worship of the Jews and those of others was so great, as would have disqualified the Greek artist from appreciating and expressing Hebrew feeling. It is only when Christianity has unfolded the significance of Jewish history, and has opened to the service of a completer religion the offices of Art, that the Scriptural characters that in childhood took sacred possession of our imagination, come forth in marble to realise and reawaken the old feelings of reverence. The earlier Scriptures have already inspired some of the finer productions of Christian sculpture. One of the grandest conceptions of Michael Angelo's sublime genius, appears in the "Moses." Powers is said to prefer his statue of "Eve" to the more popular "Greek slave;" and now Akers has from the same source chosen the subject of his first full-formed work.

It is easy for a tinge of sadness to slide into our conception of Benjamin's character. "The child of my sorrow" would Rachel have called him in giving her life for his. His only own brother had been abruptly and violently taken from him; and if the explanation that an evil beast has devoured him was doubted, a still more terrible suspicion remained. There was a mystery about the money of every man found in his sack, and about the strange demand of the Egyptian governor, that the youngest brother should come down into his presence. And Benjamin may well have shared in the heaviness of his father on the departure, whose forebodings broke forth in the words, "If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

But the interview with the Egyptian has passed. The older brothers have cautiously kept their integrity. Benjamin has been marked with special favor, and his mess made "five times so much as any of theirs." They have drunk and been merry with Joseph, still unknown to them, and now, relieved from dread of evil, full of joy, they have "as soon as the morning was light," gone eastward out of the city, on their way home. But before they are yet far off, the steward has overtaken them. He charges them with stealing my lord's cup. "Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth?" But Benjamin's forebodings had been too heavy, and the joyful issue of yesterday in the city had too completely removed them from his mind to permit him to tremble at this new and unexpected peril. It seems to him only a temporary trial, to detain them a few moments, and then they will once more journey on to bless their father with their safe return. Completely conscious of his own innocence, his confidence in that of his brothers grows stronger with the opening of each sack, until, their integrity tested, a smile begins to play around his lips, and a feeling of gladness to light up his whole face, as his own sack is opened, when, lo! "the cup was found in Benjamin's sack."

The first moments after the discovery, are those which the artist has chosen; the time when, to the young Benjamin, the present surpasses all his past experiences, and the future seems about to open something entirely new—a state of suspense, when what may come seems so indefinite that the mind catches a new glimpse of the infinite, and before the emotions which possess him have subsided into words.

As one looks at the work from in front, the truncated palm against which the left leg rests, and which rises nearly to the knee, seems to occupy a too prominent and central position; and, if the spectator's fancy leads him to prolong the trunk to a tree, he finds that its line of growth would interfere with the present disposition of the left arm, and, indeed, of the whole upper part of the statue. But the sharp and abrupt lines of the trunk leaves of the palm, form an admirable contrast with the long sweeping lines of the human figure above; and the comparatively stout trunk is well brought to a position that reduces the apparent size of the feet and ankles, that might otherwise appear too large; they speak of early days, when the noble of the earth walked upon bare feet, or wearing open sandals, upon the plains of Egypt or the hills of Judea.

At the base of the palm-tree trunk, and almost flowing around it, are the untied sack and the corn, which has been poured out sufficiently to reveal the gleaming cup, which is crowned with a serpent, and with lotus leaves. A piece of drapery hangs over the palm-tree trunk, and with wider folds falls down its sides, the fringed border resting upon the extremity of the sack, which slightly raises it. Considered by itself, the sack seems to us too small; the size of the pedestal does not admit a larger accessory of this kind.

It has been observed that the eyes overshoot the cup, on which it is supposed they should rest. It may be that the artist himself would have preferred no accessories; that the figure should have been left to concentrate the whole attention, and that the cup and sack are introduced rather as unimportant concessions and suggestions to spectators of a less lively fancy.—Accessories, however, admitted, the artist shows his skill in overcoming their difficulties, and managing them consistently. Here, is there an inconsistency, or has the artist deliberately preferred to represent the eyes of Benjamin, after the cup had once flashed on his view, as wandering from the object on which, most would suppose, his thoughts were fastened?

The attitude is that of turning toward the cup in sudden surprise; the figure leaning towards the left seems hardly well supported upon the left foot, which rests a little advanced, while the right is raised as though it would follow the rest of the body in its sudden motion. It was the remark of a visiter, we believe, that the sculptor has presented to us the figure before the intelligence of the dreadful discovery, in passing over the frame, had reached the right foot.

The left hand, with its downward palm, disclaims the discovered vessel; while the right is beginning to appeal to Heaven, or to protest his innocence before those who see all that he sees, and knows all that he knows, of the apparent theft.

Next to the face, we think the eye rests most gracefully upon the form of the youthful Benjamin. Here we behold muscles that are just rounding to their full development, but which have not yet been strained and toughened by toil. There is a certain pillowy softness about the flesh; the constant transition from depression to fullness is exquisitely done, the whole surface suggesting water, here gently swelling, then slightly subsiding into dimples.

Fleecy, flocky hair, like that of Hercules, covers the head, and hangs in eddying locks over the fair, firm forehead. Beneath the abrupt line of the brow are features of great beauty, and flexible with the feelings of youth. The surprise that the hands and attitude express, scarce disturbs the habitual repose or reserve of the face, in which sweetness and sadness are blended. We especially admire the type of countenance the artist has chosen. Accustomed to the prolonged lines which give a certain feminine grace and softness, such as appears in many "Madonnas" and "Magdalens," for instance, we had almost supposed that only to ideals of such a cast could high spiritual beauty be communicated. The style of Benjamin's face is altogether different, and contrasts finely and freshly with these. The lines are shorter. There is more breadth to the features; yet they have not lost in refinement and spirituality. We accept it as a fresh and fitting ideal of the countenence of a Hebrew youth—before Hebrews became *Jews*.

In the presence of this statue, it might, by way of contrast, suggest clearer ideas of its character and design, if we attempted to think of it as some production of Greek mythology. The attitude, and some of the accessories, were not incongruous to a youthful Mercury detected in real guilt, and attempting to disclaim the cup which he had stolen. But try the countenance and character of the statue by such a subject, one feels at once that it belongs to another and higher class of conceptions.

Believing himself capable of imparting to a statue more than the mere surface interest, which is all that many possess, passing by the Cupids and Venuses over which young artists so fondly dally, Akers has taken a high and manly direction. Out of the rich but little wrought quarry of Hebrew story, he has hewn, not a faultless statue, but a fresh form, a genuine creation, noble and winning. That a young artist of promise is at work among us will gladden all who are charmed or elevated by noble forms of art.

THE UNA.

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., APRIL, 1854. NO. 4.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL, NO. 6.

JONATHAN GROUTY.

BY NILLA.

The man who never turned out! "If that hog don't get out the way, I'll run over him!" said Jonathan Grouty to his better half, pointing at the same time, to a large porker, who lay wallowing in the sand, in the middle of the road way. "I tell you again, Mrs. Grouty, I'll run over him!" "O pray Mr. Grouty, pray don't! Let me get out!" "Sit still! *I'll run over him!*" Not an inch budged the should-be inhabitant of the sty, although the danger drew instantly, nearer and nearer.

The horse shied, seemingly with more humanity and prudence than his master; but on went Jonathan Grouty. Whoa, whip, whoa! Poor piggy woke up, just as the wheel struck him; and rounded up his back, like a cat, in the presence of an ugly dog. Mr. Grouty found it was'nt as smooth riding, as might be! Climbing a hog's back, was 'nt as easy as he imagined! The wheels gave a half rotation, piggy squealed, Mrs. Grouty screamed, and over went the wagon, Grouty and all! "That confounded hog! the deuce take him," said Jonathan; "I wish he was at the bottom of the sea!" "O, Mr. Grouty, if you had only just turned out! O dear, O dear," sobbed poor Mrs. Grouty, as her lord and master lay floundering in the gutter! "What shall I do! what shall I do!" "Go and get some help; don't stand there, snivelling, like a great overgrown baby! My leg is broke, that is certain; and all for that confounded hog! What business have folks turning their hogs into the road, cant nobody get by, if they try!" "O Mr. Grouty, Mr. Grouty, if you had *only just turned out!*"

Turn out indeed! that was what Jonathan Grouty never intended to do. He was as pugnacious and dogmatical, as his name deemed to dignity. He claimed for himself the reserved right, of making other people turn out! Not an inch would he give, quarrel or no quarrel! He knew what his rights were; and he intended to maintain them. Other folks might knuckle and cringe and bend; he never did! Not for for peace's sake? No, not for peace's sake, blessed peace's! What were the laws good for, if they were not to be tried? He was not to be imposed upon, if he spent every dollar he had!

But we left him in the gutter, with a broken leg. Piggy came off first best, in this bout with Jonathan; and now stood eying him as if ready for another heat! Jonathan threw upon him a glance of wrathful retribution, such an one, that if he had been more or less than a hog, would have made every separate bristle stand on end! But piggy grunted, all in a homelike way, "nough! nough!" as if he recognized, at least a cousin, Jonathan, as he lay sprawling in the gutter!

All in due time Mrs. Grouty appeared, Jonathan was carried home—his face washed—the surgeon sent for and his leg pulled into shape and placed in splinters! The wagon was sent to the carriage maker; and piggy was doomed, once more, to the druggery of the pen! Three months after, I saw Jonathan limping around with a crutch-handel cane, looking as placid and good-natured as ever, while poor Mrs. Grouty, seemed pale and worn, and would, sometimes, so far forget herself, as to say, "If you had only turned out!"

The one great principle of English law is to make business for itself. There is no other principle distinctly, certainly and consistently maintained through all its narrow turnings. Viewed by this light, it becomes a coherent scheme and not the monstrous maze the laity are apt to think it. Let them but once clearly preceive, that its grand principle is to make business for itself, at their expense, and surely they will cease to grumble.—*Bleak House.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

[REEORTED FOR THE UNA.]

ROCHESTER, Nov. 30th, 1853.

Pursuant to the call issued two weeks previous, on Wednesday morning at half-past ten, there were assembled in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, a goodly number of the friends of woman's elevation, including several from distant parts of the State.

Rev. Wm. H. Channing, of Rochester, invited the attention of the meeting to the reading of the call, which, he said, indicated the character of the Convention. It was for action, rather than agitation. The latter had already been employed, till the time had arrived for addressing the Legislature for legal and civil reforms. The aim of this Convention is eminently practicable. That our minds might be fitted for our high duties, he would invite the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown to ask the Divine blessing.

After prayer, Mr. Channing said that the callers of this Convention had hoped to give its first office to one who had lead in this movement in Western New York, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton, but she was detained at home, and (at the suggestion of a woman,) it was advised at a preliminary meeting that the Rev. S. J. May be nominated.

The Convention then elected the following officers and Committees:

President—Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, New York; Samuel C. Cuyler, Pultneyville; Mrs. Amy Post, Rochester; Mrs. Mary F. Love, Randolph, Cattaraugus County; Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, Seneca Falls; Caroline Keyes, Cayuga co.; Griffith M. Cooper, Williamson; Rev. Miss Antoinette L. Brown, South Butler; Matilda E. J. Gage, Manlius; J. W. Loguen, Syracuse; Sarah B. Curtis, Rochester; Mrs. Emma R. Coe, Buffalo.

Secretaries—Miss Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Sarah Pellet, Syracuse; Wm. J. Watkins, Rochester; Sarah Willis, Rochester.

Finance Committee—Mary S. Anthony, Mary L. Hallowell, E. J. Jenkins, Lucy Coleman, of Rochester; Mary Cooper, of Williamston.

Business Committee—Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, Frederick L. Douglass, Amy Post, Samuel J. Love.

Taking the Chair, Mr. May said, he felt humble in assuming this office, which would have been filled by an able worker in the cause, were she not kept from us by sickness in the family. He would have been content with a private position, for he was conscious how little he had done for this enterprise, which he regarded as the most important

of the numerous reforms, seeking as it does, to change those customs of society which degrade woman, whom God made to be one with man.—Whatever was an evil, we knew was not in harmony with Divine intentions, however time sanctioned the long-endured interference with dreaming over the extent of the evil; we endured slavery, regarding it as a dismal swamp, unredeemable. But examination of these outrages on society, had determined us to act against them. Who did not have his heart wrung last night, at the recital of the wrongs done the Georgia Exiles? (referring to the address of J. R. Giddings.) There is a striking parallelism between the wrongs done the slave and woman; and when it is claimed that woman is contented with her lot, in the language of Edmund Burke he would reply, "The happy slave must be a most degraded man." The spirit of humanity is crushed when she knows not what God made her to be. The Government formed for our Republic recognized woman no more than it did the slave, yet it made her amenable to the laws, and taxed her for the support of legislation in which it gave her no voice. This is the *primal* wrong! Declaring all equal, it asked neither counsel or consent of the female man. And yet, accused of any crime, it arraigned her and denied her jury trial—a trial by one's peers—for where was a woman ever tried by a jury of women? There are cases where a woman is accused of crime, whose circumstances only a woman can understand. Then the rights of property have been denied her. Closing his address, the President introduced Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose.

Ernestine L. Rose took the stand. The remarks of the President have impressed us to do our duty with all the earnestness in our power. This was termed a Women's Rights movement. Alas! that the painful necessity should exist, for Women's calling a Convention to claim her rights from those who have been created to go hand in hand, and heart in heart with her, whose interests cannot be divided from hers. Why does she claim them? Because every human being has a right to all the advantages society has to bestow, if his having them does not injure the rights of others. Life is valueless without liberty, and shall we not claim that which is dearer than life? In savage life, liberty is synonymous with aggression. In civilized countries it is founded on equality of rights. Oppression always produces suffering through the whole of the society where it exists; this movement ought, therefore, to be called a Human Right's movement. The wrongs of woman are so many—(indeed there is scarcely anything else but wrongs)—that there is not time to mention them all in one convention. She would speak at present of legal wrongs, and leave it to her hearers if we are not all—men, perhaps, more than women—sufferers by these wrongs. How can she have a right to her children when the right to herself is taken away? At the marriage altar the husband says in effect, "All thine is mine, all mine is my own." She ceases to exist legally, except when she violates the laws. When she assumes her identity just long enough to receive the penalty. When the husband dies poor, leaving the widow with small children—(here the speaker pictured thrillingly the suffering of a poor, weakminded, helpless woman, with small children dependant on her)—she is then acknowledged the guardian of her children. But any property left them takes away her right of control. If there is property the Law steps in as guardian of the *property* and therefore of the children. The widow is their guardian, *only* ON *condition* that the husband has left her sole guardian of the property. Can any human being be benefitted by such gross violations of humanity?

Letters were read from Mary C. Vaughn, expressing sympathy with the movement, in so far as it made woman a worker in the various reforms, especially for Temperance; and urging the propriety of petitioning our Legislature to make drunkenness a sufficient cause for divorce.

Give tribute, but not oblation, to human wisdom.

BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN INDIA.

PATHETIC PETITION OF AN INDIAN LADY.

The following was published many years ago in England. It is one of the most heart-melting appeals we ever read, and would have softened the heart of any man but Warren Hastings. The catastrophe was rendered more shocking, from the fact that the only crime of the husband was patriotic hostility to the enemies and despoilers of his native country.

The translation of the petition is said to be literal, and was presented to the Governor General Hastings, by the wife of Almas Ali Cawn, one of the native princes of India, in behalf of her husband, who was seized and put to death for political purposes.

To the high and mighty servant of the most powerful Prince George, King of England, the lowly and humble slave of misery comes praying for mercy to the father of her children.

MOST MIGHTY SIRE:—May the blessing of thy God wait on thee; may the gates of plenty, honor and happiness, be ever open to thee and thine; may no sorrows distress thy days; may no griefs disturb thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasure of imagination attend thy dreaming; and when length of days make thee tired of earthly enjoyments, and when the curtain of death gently closes round the last sleep of human existence, may the angels of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction. Oh hearken, then, to the voice of distress, and grant the petition of thy servant; spare the father of my children, save the partner of my bed, my husband, my all that is dear. Consider, oh! mighty Sire, that he did not become rich through iniquity, but that which he possessed was the inheritance of a long line of ancestors, who when the thunder of Great Britain was not heard in the peaceful plains of Hindostan, reaped their harvest in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested.

Think, oh! think the God whom thou worshipest delighteth not in the blood of the innocent; remember thy own commandment, "thou shalt not kill," and obey the ordinance of God. Give me back Almas Ali Cawn, and take all our wealth, strip us of jewels and precious stones, our gold and our silver, but take not the life of my husband; innocence is seated on his brow, and the milk of human kindness floweth round his heart. Let us go and wander through the deserts. Let us become laborers in those delightful spots of which he was once lord and master; but spare, oh! spare, mighty Sire, spare his life—let not the instrument of death be lifted against him for he hath committed no crime. Accept our treasures with gratitude, thou hast them at present by force; we will remember thee in our prayers, we will forget that we were ever rich and powerful.

My children, the children of Almas Ali Cawn send this petition for the life of him who gave them life—they beseech from thee the author of their existence. By that humanity which we have been often told glowed in the breast of European loveliness; by the tender mercies of the enlightened souls of Englishmen; by the honor, the virtue, the honesty and maternal feeling of thy great Queen, whose numerous offspring is so dear to her, the miserable wife of thy prisoner beseeches thee to spare her husband's life, and to restore him to her arms.—Thy God will reward thee, and she now petitioning will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy humble vassal.

This petition was presented by the unhappy lady to the British Governor General, who, after having perused it, gave orders that Almas Ali Cawn should be immediately strangled, and this order was immediately put in execution.

APPETITE.—Though appetite for food be the most certain indication that nature requires a supply, yet, when irregular, it ought never to be indulged beyond a moderate extent. By slow eating, the stomach suffers a very gradual distension, and the food has sufficient time to be duly prepared by mastication or chewing in the mouth; and he who observes this simple rule will feel himself satisfied, only after he has received a due proportion of aliment; whilst he who swallows his food too quickly, and before it is perfectly chewed, will be apt to imagine that he has eaten enough, when the unmasticated provisions merely press on the sides of the stomach; the consequence is, that hunger will soon return. Those who take more exercise in winter than in summer, can also digest more food. But as individuals leading a sedentary life, usually suffer in winter from a bad state of digestion, owing to a want of exercise, they ought at such seasons to be more sparing of aliment.

Johnson.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.—If you see a man and woman, with little or no occasion, often finding fault, and correcting each other in company, you may be sure they are husband and wife. If you see a lady and gentleman in the same carriage, in profound silence, the one looking out at one window, and the other at the opposite side, be assured they mean no harm to each other, but are husband and wife. If you see a lady accidentally let fall a glove or a handkerchief, and a gentleman that is next to her tell her of it, that she may herself pick it up, set them down for husband and wife. If you see a man and woman walk in the fields, at twenty yards distance, in a direct line, and the man striding over a stile, and still going on, without ceremony, you may swear they are husband and wife. If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the notice of every person present, except one man, and he speaks to her in a rough manner, and does not appear at all affected by her charms, depend upon it they are husband and wife. If you see a male and female constantly thwarting each other, under the appellation of *my dear, my life*, &c., rest assured they are husband and wife.—*English Newspaper.*

Jefferson's ten rules of life, given, in 1825, to his name sake, T. J. Smith.

1. Never put off till to-morrow, what can be done to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst or cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pains have those evils cost us which never happened.
9. *Take things always by the smooth handle.*
10. When angry count ten before you speak—if very angry, one hundred.

NOTICES.

We feel it due to our contemporaries, to offer an apology for our remissness in not more frequently noticing them, but we trust they have attributed it to the right cause, our inexperience in editing, and to the large number of articles which we have been desirous of presenting our readers. But we will begin now and try to make the *amende* honorable.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL—The fifth number of a new publication, bearing the above name, is on our table with a request to be noticed, which we most cordially give. It is in folio form, containing about thirty pages, beautifully printed and illustrated with sixty wood-cut engravings of noted persons; of fruits, animals, birds cottages, landscapes, machinery, diagrams, &c. The first engraving is of A. J. Downing, our country's benefactor. The second of Hon. Charles Mason, commissioner of patents. The third of Capt. Creighton, of the ship Three Bells. Price of this valuable work is $1 per. year.

MOORE'S WESTERN LADY'S BOOK—This monthly, of forty pages, comes to us in a new style, and has in addition to its former interest ten pages now occupied by Mrs. Aldrich, former editor of the Genius of Liberty. It is several months since we have seen a number of this paper, and are therefore unprepared to say how it compares with those of the past months, but certainly this one leaves a very favorable impression, as to its prosperity and the taste with which it is conducted.

PRIZE ESSAY ON TOBACCO—We have received two numbers of this valuable essay, which goes very fully into the diseases occasioned by a use of this poisonous weed, and offers a remedy to those unfortunately addicted to its use. It is stated that 2,000,000 tons of tobacco are annually produced in the world, and that 1,000,000 of these are produced in the United States. The article is very cheap, but it has often been computed to cost more than our bread, aside of all the diseases which it engenders in the system, and which create another expense, very large doctor's bills. This essay is published by Fowlers and Wells, New-York.

THE BARCLAYS IN BOSTON. BY MRS. H. S. OTIS. This book was heralded by puffs, in all the city newspapers, and the first edition was exhausted on the day of publication, by curious expectants. It is a fair instance of what can be done to give a transient and false reputation to a book, for never was there a novel which seemed less calculated to excite or please the public. Its only merit is freedom from that which this same public expected, personal gossip and satire. It has no immoral tendency, no coarseness, no exciting horrors. It is as safe as "Cœlebs in search of a wife." At the same time it has neither variety of incidents, truth in the delineation of character, wit or wisdom, in its conversations, ease or elegance in its style. It is an attempt to write a story without any particular aim, and certainly with no effect. We suppose the writer intended to sketch Boston society, but except for the names of streets, and an occasional allusion to the Athenaeum, the scene might as well be laid any where else as in our native city. A few occasional remarks reveal that the author has an acquaintance with society at home and abroad, but the general tone of the book would make us doubt it altogether. We will not enter into details for the book is not worthy of it; it is stale, flat and unprofitable, only fit for the laziest hour of a lazy summer day when the flies hinder one from sleeping.

PUTNAM—This magazine stands deservedly the highest of any of our numerous monthlies. The number before us is enriched with near twenty daguerreotypes of fine private residences in New York. These will form a very pleasing feature in the present volume. It furnishes an amount of reading matter for the month, which is agreeable, and at the end of the year forms two handsome volumes, a fine addition to a library. In the present number the editor has catered successfully to various tastes. THE GREAT CEMETERY, for the Geologist. Notes from my Knapsack, for the Tourist. Men of Character, for the thinker. THE COCKED HAT GENTRY, for the American arristocrat, and HOW I LIVE AND WITH WHOM, for a certain *class*.

ALBANY MORNING EXPRESS.

MRS. ROSE'S LECTURE—The lecture delivered, by Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, on Thursday evening, in Association Hall, on "Human Rights," was not largely attended. She complained of fatigue and of a bad cold, but was able to speak for over an hour with force, brilliancy and effect. She is a woman of a vigorous, we may say a profound intellect, and has an earnestness and enthusiasm which strangely impresses a popular audience. We have not space for a full report of her address, but she sought to establish the following points:

1. That Human Rights consists of the right to think as one pleases, to feel as one pleases, to act as one pleases, provided we in no manner interfere with the same right in others.

2. That, owing to our organization, early education, religious, social and political influences over which we individually have no control, there is no merit in a belief, or demerit in an unbelief.

3. That persecution for any belief or unbelief is illogical, absurd and uncharitable. That every one has the inalienable right not only to think and to feel, but to utter—and to utter not only what people like to hear, but also whatever the speaker believes to be true. In alluding to a certain article which had appeared in some of the city papers, Mrs. Rose intimated that she had been unjustly spoken of, and that the public had been told that on account of her unbelief in certain received opinions, she should not be allowed to address the mothers and daughters of America. She then contended very feelingly that her opinions on religious subjects had nothing to do with her right to address the public on human rights, or woman's rights, her right to utter to-day the truth of to-day, or to-morrow the truth of to-morrow.—She then proceeded to show the folly and uselessness of thus attempting to silence even a woman, a foreigner and a stranger, a little woman who might be in a minority of one. "Why," said Mrs. Rose, "such attacks will never silence me: I stood on the woman's rights platform before that name was known, and twenty years ago I presided over an association for the protection of Human rights, which embraced all colors, and nations, and sects, and I stand on the same platform still." In alluding to the author of the article in question, she said, she entertained no ill will towards him; on the contrary she admired him for speaking out what he believed to be true, with all the force that was in him, and of adhering strenuously to his platform—narrow and contracted as it might be;—her own platform was broader, more liberal, charitable and comprehensive—broad enough to contain him and his—in fact that, whether he knew it or not, he was on it already. Such is a brief outline of Mrs. Rose's remarks, which we publish as one of "the signs of the times."

She is a woman of great powers, and it is to be regretted that her opinions are so extremely ultra, for her own sake, and for the good she might otherwise accomplish.

REFORM IN NEWARK.—It will be seen by reference to the Legislative proceedings of Tuesday, that a number of strong minded women of this city have presented a petition in the Senate praying the enactment of some law securing the legal equality of the sexes.—This movement doubtless owes its origin to the labors among us of Miss Lucy Stone and Mrs. Coe, both of whom have made many proselytes. The subject is one of great importance, admitting of much and elaborate investigation, and we are glad the Senate has referred it to a Select Committee, who will be likely to give it an unbiased and careful consideration.—*Newark paper.*

All water courses find the main;
The main sinks back to earth;
Life settles in the grave again,
The grave hath life and birth;
Flowers bloom above the sleeping dust,
Grass grows from scattered clay;
And thus from death the spirit must
To life find back its way.

Life hath its range eternally,
Like water, changing forms;
The mists go upward from the sea,
And gather into storms;
The dew and rain come down again,
To fresh the withering land;
So doth this life exalt and wane,
And alter and expand.

What is mine, even to my life, is her's I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.

LEGAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

A subscriber inquires, "How long a widow may retain the homestead without paying rent? and also whether inherited property becomes the husband's, if it has been changed with *her* consent?" We are not able to answer these questions, in relation to all the States, but having in hand Judge Walker's "LEGAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN," which seems a fair exposition of the laws of Ohio, which are a type, it is to be supposed, of most of the other States of the Federal Compact. We make from it copious extracts, which will, we trust, enlighten women on some points. The political rights are first considered, and explained to mean those which appertain to the formation and administration of government; of these he says, woman has absolutely none. Farther, he says, that there is "no doubt that where our Declaration of Independence asserts, that all *men* are created equal &c., that it means *women* as well; for, says he, "we should blush to promulgate a creed which professedly excludes one half the human race from the transcendant birthright of liberty." Farther, he says, that "you could not frame a definition, of *merely political slavery*, which would not include her case, for where universal suffrage prevails she can neither vote or be voted for, &c." He makes a very clear exposition of the political non-entity of women, and winds up by saying, that he presumes women feel this to be a privilege, rather than a grievance; and this, alas, is too true, they hug their chains and wreath them with flowers to hide them, because they hate responsibilities. They prefer to be fed on the confectionary of favors, rather than the wholesome diet of *right*.

The article from which we make these extracts was contributed to the WESTERN LAW JOURNAL, after having been delivered in form of a lecture some time since. Some modifications have been made in the laws of some of the States since these were published, but the most rigourous parts, in relation to property, are still in force in most of the States, and in all so far as the political rights are concerned.

THEIR LEGAL RIGHTS.

Having seen that woman has no voice in making laws, let us see in what light the laws regard her. This will depend upon her condition, whether *single* or *married*.

1. *Single Women.* So long as a woman is content to remain single, her legal rights and capabilities are, for the most part, in this country, precisely the same as those of the other sex. I say in this country; for in England, by their arbitrary law of inheritance, males were most unrighteously preferred to females. When a parent died, however affluent, the son took every thing, and the daughter nothing. The injustice of this rule is so palpable and outrageous, that we can hardly call it a merit to have done it away. If either is to be preferred, it certainly ought to be the female; because she is the least able to make her way in poverty through a cold and unfeeling world. But our law stops at the point of perfect equality, and leaves neither party to complain. Women inherit here precisely as men; and in every other respect, so far as property is concerned, single women stand on the same footing as men. They can make all the contracts, and do all the legal acts which men can. The general rule is, that the legal competency of a single woman is the same as that of a man. The only exceptions which I recollect, are in favor of woman. These are, *First*, as to the time of becoming of age. The age of legal sufficiency is generally the same for both sexes—namely, twenty-one. But in this State the female is of age at eighteen; and there are some other differences. She can choose a guardian at *twelve*, the male not until *fourteen*. She can marry at *fourteen*, the male not until *eighteen*. She can only be bound out until *eighteen*, the male until *twenty-one*. In short, the law considers a woman to arrive at maturity three or four years sooner than a man; and all experience proves this to be true. *Secondly*, as to arrests. By a commendable exhibition of gallantry in our legislators, no female can be arrested in this State for debt. In this exemption, women are named in connection with the officers and soldiers of the Revolution. But observe, that the privilege is confined to arrests for *civil* matters only. As to *crimes*, their sex is no apology. When a woman becomes a felon, she is treated with no delicacy, because she deserves none. The gaol, the penitentiary and the scaffold, are alike the destination of both sexes. And even in regard to debts, you will not understand me as saying that a female is not liable for them. She is only exempted from *arrest*; but her property may be proceeded against in the same manner as that of a man. Her exemption is, that her person cannot be taken and incarcerated. Thus much for the single state of woman. Where she is not equal to man, she has the advantage.

2. *Married Women.* A change now comes over the dream of woman's liberty. The merging of her name in that of her husband, is but an emblem of the fate of all her legal rights. The torch of Hymen lights up the funeral pile on which those rights are sacrificed. The legal doctrine is, that the husband and wife become but one person, and that person is the husband. He is the substantive, she the mere adjective—he the significant figure, she the cipher. Her legal existence is merged in his. There is scarcely a legal act of any description which she is competent to perform. In the eye of the law, he is every thing, and she is nothing. This leading idea tinctures even the legal phraseology on this subject. From time immemorial, *Baron and Feme* have been the technical names for husband and wife. Now *Baron* means *Lord*, in plain English; and the old law writers, when they condescended to speak in English, often used the ungallant word *Lord* instead of husband.

Before Marriage. When parties have agreed to marry, and one afterwards refuses, there is no power to compel, as in other cases, a specific performance of the contract. No law can directly enforce a marriage against the will of either of the parties. But either can sue the other for breach of promise, and recover damages. The cases are frequent in which very large damages have been recovered. And truth compels me to say, that I believe the man has been the plaintiff far more frequently than the woman.

In consequence of the husband's power over the wife's property, which will be described hereafter, arrangements are sometimes made beforehand, to place the property beyond his control. It is deeply to be regretted that this is not done much more frequently than it has been in this country. Where the property is large, some portion at least, if not all, ought always to be placed beyond the husband's power or liability, by being vested in trustees for her separate use and control. The husband who would object to such a protectionary arrangement, is not worthy to have a wife. There are husbands so generous and so prudent as to settle some part of their own property on their future wives by way of *jointure*. And how many a one, who has failed to do this in the hour of his affluence, has experienced the bitterest pangs of regret, when adversity came upon him in after life, and all his property was swept away by unfeeling creditors. Had a portion been settled on his wife, they could not have touched it, and she and her children would have had a refuge from the storm. If it be *generosity* in the husband to make this sure provision for his wife, it seems to me to assume the rank of *duty* in a parent, when he gives property to a daughter, whether before marriage or after. For myself, I do not hesitate to say, that though my son-in-law might be a Franklin in his industry and economy, and a saint in his purity, if I had a fortune to leave to my daughter, I would place it in whole or part, where neither he nor his creditors could ever reach it. Then, if adversity came, as it may to the wisest and best, she and her children would not be left utterly destitute. It seems to me, that even in the height of prosperity, a husband of proper feelings would delight to know that those whom he loved better than himself, could never be poor, whatever might be his fortune; and in the dark hour of distress, with what heartfelt thankfulness would he bless me for my forethought.

During Marriage. In legal phraseology, marriage is denominated *coverture*, and the wife a *feme covert*. The reason assigned is, because her legal capacities are suspended or *covered up*; or, as Blackstone has it, whatever she does is done under the wing, protection, or *cover* of her "*lord*." I shall consider the relative position of the parties under several distinct heads.

Power of the Husband over the Wife's person. In England, it was formerly held that the husband had the same power over his wife's person, as over that of a child, servant, or apprentice; and on the same principle, namely, the right of a master. Accordingly, when the case required it, he might administer moderate correction. Strange as it now sounds, a husband might legally chastise his wife, so that he did not immoderately bruise her. But to the honor of our laws, be it said, we recognise no such abominable doctrine. Though there may be perverse wives, who deserve personal castigation, and brutal husbands, who inflict it, whether deserved or not, the outrage is committed in defiance of the law. A husband has no right to strike his wife, whatever be the provocation. It is said that if she manifest a disposition to squander or destroy his property, he may lawfully confine her; and if she leave him without cause, he may lawfully seize her by force, and bring her back. But this is the limit of his power over her person. The moment he presumes to inflict a blow, he goes beyond the bond. Against this indignity the law has given the wife a two-fold shield. If the husband even threaten personal violence, and, much more, if he execute the threat, she may have him put under bonds to keep the peace. Her privilege, in this respect, is the same as that of a stranger. Again she may have a remedy by

divorce. For, though before the nuptial altar the parties have taken each other "*for better or worse,*" yet *extreme cruelty* is expressly made a cause for divorce by our Statute. But let it be remembered, that mere austerity of temper, rudeness of language, or grossness of behaviour, will not be considered as *extreme cruelty.* The wife, it is said, must disarm such dispositions with the weapons of kindness, or seek relief in her patient sufferance. But when the brutality of the husband reaches the limit of personal violence, the law no longer hesitates to untie the matrimonial knot.

You preceive that the law knows nothing like sentiment or sensibility on this subject. It considers, on the one hand, that to hold the marriage contract dissoluble for slight causes, would only operate as an encouragement to strife; and on the other hand, that not to hold it dissoluble for any cause whatever, would often occasion intolerable misery. It therefore adopts a middle course; and while it provides a remedy for positive violence, it refuses to interfere for mere unkindness. The law of Ohio enumerates several distinct causes of divorce. Of these, one is *extreme cruelty*, as before mentioned. Only two others need be referred to in this connexion—namely, *wilful absence for three years* and *imprisonment in the penitentiary.* The wife is entitled to the society and protection of her husband; and if by wilful desertion he manifests his intention to disregard this obligation, the law will place her in a situation to find a better protector. So, if the husband be sent to the penitentiary, the wife who is thus mistaken in her man, may be divorced from the infamy to which she finds herself wedded. All these cases, you observe, suppose some high misconduct in one of the parties; and without this, however unhappy the marriage, they must make the best of a bad bargain, and look only to death for relief.

Power of the Husband over the Wife's Property. We have seen that the husband's power over the wife's *person* is measurably qualified. His power over her *property* is nearly absolute. I am here supposing that her property has not been secured to her by being vested in trustees for her separate use. Then, by marriage all her personal property becomes absolutely his, and he can do what he pleases with it. Should he be disposed to squander it in selfish or even in criminal indulgence, she has no power whatever to prevent it. In vain may she invoke the the law to interfere and screen her from ruin. She may perceive ruin approaching, but she cannot stay it. If persuasion will not avail, she is utterly helpless. With her real property, the case is somewhat different. This does not become absolutely his, so that he can dispose of it without her consent. The law has made her express concurrence necessary, before her land can be conveyed. In this respect therefore, she has a *veto* upon the acts of her husband. And if she have resolution enough to refuse to join in the deed, she is safe. The law has taken peculiar pains to ascertain that her consent is given freely and with full knowledge of the consequences. For when she acknowledges the deed before the magistrate, he is required to examine her apart from her husband, and ascertain that she is free from the influence of fear or coercion; and that she may know what she is about, he is required to explain to her the effect of the deed. Were this duty faithfully performed by the magistrate, I believe that many a woman's land would be saved to her and her children, which now is converted into money for no other purpose than that the husband may squander it. There is no doubt that many a conveyance of this sort is made either through ignorance or fear. For magistrates are often wickedly remiss in the discharge of this branch of their duty. I have seldom seen the slightest pains taken to ascertain that the wife acted knowingly and freely. I presume a false delicacy often prevents the separate scrutiny which the law commands.

You perceive then that the husband cannot actually convey the wife's land without her consent. But he is entitled to all the rents and profits of it during their joint lives, in spite of any thing she can do to the contrary. Over this income he has the same power as over her personal property. So long, therefore, as the marriage continues, he can render even her real property entirely unavailing to her, by squandering the income in his own private gratification. Nay, if he should undertake to sell and convey it without her consent, so long as the marriage continued, there would be no power to gainsay the act. Nothing but the death of one of the parties, or their divorce, would open the door for setting the conveyance aside. The wife, while a wife, has no power to interfere. She can do no legal act whatever, without the joining of her husband; and he of course would not join her to annul his own act, unless he were a double villain. The result then is, that the limitation of the husband's powers over the wife's property, is, that he cannot utterly divest her and her heirs of all future claim to her real property, without her consent. But any thing short of this he may do in spite of her. Such is the stern policy of the law. I do not undertake to vindicate it. To the honor of Ohio, however, I will add, that here a married woman is allowed to dispose of her property *by will*; but this is a privilege unknown in England, and allowed in few if any of the other States. The reason assigned for making this solitary exception to the wife's legal impotency, is, that a will does not operate until death has put an end to the husband's power.

I have stated, in general terms, that the wife can make no separate valid contract, her separate acts being utterly void. There is, however, this qualification. She may act as her husband's agent or servant, because, to use the language of Blackstone, "this implies no separation from, but rather a representation of her *lord.*" We shall also see that she can bind her husband for necessaries. But this is the extent of her power to make contracts.

To illustrate still further the husband's supremacy, I will add a few more particulars. If debts are due the wife before marriage, the husband may collect them and she cannot. If the husband himself was her debtor before marriage, or if any contracts subsisted between them, the marriage cancels them all. Men have been known to borrow money of single women, and then marry to pay the debt. Again, if a wife by actual labor has earned money, her husband may collect and spend it, in spite of her remonstrance.

The Husband's liability for the Wife. We have seen how much the wife loses by marriage. Let us now see what obligations the husband assumes, in return for the power he gains.

1. He becomes liable for her *support.* But his legal obligations in this respect extends only to *necessaries*, suited to the condition, and not *elegancies* or *luxuries.* Nor does it depend at all upon the amount of property she brings him. If she came penniless, he is liable for her support, and if she brought thousands, he is liable for no more. It was necessary to fix the limit somewhere, and the law has fixed upon *necessaries* as the most certain and definite. What things are necessary, taking into view the station of the wife, a jury can determine without much difficulty. Here, accordingly, the legal obligation stops. For every thing beyond mere maintenance suited to her condition, the wife must depend upon her husband's sense of propriety or generosity. But suppose a husband having the ability, should refuse even to support his wife, it will be asked, how is she to enforce her right? I answer, she may *contract debts* for necessaries with any one who will trust her, and her husband will be bound to pay them. This is an exception to the general rule that she can make no valid contract. But she must take care to confine her debts to necessaries; or rather, they who supply her, must take care to supply nothing beyond, for the husband will be no farther liable. We sometimes hear of a husband turning his wife out of doors, and advertising that he will pay no debts of her contracting. But this will not release him from the obligation to pay for her necessary support. To this extent he sends a letter of credit with her.

2. He becomes liable for all the debts contracted by his wife before marriage; and it makes no difference whether he received property with her or not. But this liability only continues during the marriage; for by the death of the wife, the husband is discharged, and by the death of the husband, his property is discharged. It therefore behooves such creditors to make all possible dispatch to collect these debts before either of the parties die. There is a case reported, where a woman before marriage contracted a debt of $1,000. On her marriage she had $10,000 in ready money, which became at once her husband's property. The creditor made no haste to collect the debt, and the husband died, leaving his wife no property. The consequence was that the creditor lost the debt. This rule as it now stands, is perfectly arbitrary and absurd in every respect. In the first place, the husband's liability ought to depend upon the property received by the wife; and in the second place, to this extent his estate ought to be liable after his death. Then the rule would be both equitable and just.

After the marriage is terminated. Unlike other contracts, marriage cannot be terminated by the agreement of the parties. They may agree to live separately, but the law still holds them to be man and wife. They can cease to be so only in two ways, by *divorce* and by *death.*

When the marriage is terminated by divorce, the wife becomes a single woman, and is restored to her legal sufficiency. I shall only consider her situation as to property. If the divorce were for the husband's fault, besides her dower, which will be afterwards described, she is restored to all her real property, and to such a part of the husband's property, as the Court shall think proper to give her. But if the fault be hers, she not only loses dower, but it depends on the discretion of the Court whether she shall have any allowance out of her husband's property, or be restored to what was her own, A wife may, however, obtain a separate maintenance under the name of *alimony*, without a divorce, if she makes out a sufficient case to the Court. This is a further illustration of the doctrine, that the husband cannot avoid supporting the wife unless she misbehave herself.

When the marriage is terminated by death, the most important right of the widow is that of *dower*. The law gives her a life interest in one third of all the real estate which her husband owned, not merely at the time of his death, but any time during the marriage. And this right is one of which her husband can by no separate act deprive her. If she loses dower, it must be by her own act. By such gross misbehavior as would authorise a divorce, she forfeits her dower; and by joining her husband in a deed of sale, she may relinquish her right. But it must be her own deliberate act. The same precautions are required by law, as where she joins in the conveyance of her own estate. The right extends to all the land sold by the husband at any time during the marriage, if she did not thus join in the sale. And though he should die insolvent, it would make no difference; for the right is not affected by his debts. In the worst shipwreck of his property, dower would be the widow's plank of safety, unless her own hand had cast it away. This sure provision for the widow has been the theme of universal panegyric. You observe it includes only real estate; and the cases are too frequent in which husbands, take advantage of the yielding and confiding disposition of their wives, on the pretext of converting land into money, to be employed in trade, have procured them to join in the sale and thus seal their own ruin. When I have witnessed the miserable effects of these suicidal acts, I have sometimes almost wished that this exception had never been made to the general inability of married women, and that they had been declared incapable of any act of cutting off their right of dower. It only remains to add, that if dower be not sooner assigned, the widow has a right to remain in the mansion house of her husband, one year, free from change.

The next right of the widow relates to the personal property after the husband's debts are paid. If there be no children, she has the entire residue. If there be children, she has one half of $400, and one third of the residue. Unlike dower, you observe that this right is subordinate to that of the husband's creditors, and for this reason is far less to be depended on. But it has this advantage, that when she gets a share, it is hers absolutely, and not for life only, as is the case with dower.

Again, the widow, in addition to the above, is entitled to a reasonable provision for the support of herself and the children under fifteen, for one year from the death of the husband; and this right is independent of the amount of debts.

Again, the widow has a right, if she chooses, to administer upon her husband's estate, in preference to any one else, and also to be guardian of the children under fourteen, unless some strong reason should appear to the contrary. At fourteen, they have a right to choose some other person.

Thus far the widow may consider herself favored by the law of Ohio; more highly, I will add, in some respects, than by the law of any other place, so far as I am informed.

But there is one doctrine prevailing here as well as elsewhere, to which I could never give assent. It is, that so long as any relative, however remote, can be found, husband and wife shall never inherit as heirs to each other. The hundredth cousin would be preferred as heir to this nearest and dearest of all relations. It is only when no relative, however distant, can be found, and when the property would otherwise escheat to the State, that the wife or husband can be heir to one another. Now I look in vain to public policy, for any valid reason for such a law as this. The law of descent professes to give that destination to the property of a deceased person, which he himself would probably have given, if he had made a will. That is, in the selection of heirs, it fixes general rules, professionally deduced from the general principles of human nature. But here certainly is an exception: it is not in human nature that a husband would give his property to a remote relative, whom perhaps he never saw, rather than to the partner of all the joys, and the soother of all the sorrows of his life. Why then does the law seek out the most remote branches of the genealogical tree, before it admits her, to whom children alone should be preferred? I do not hesitate to say that this doctrine is a blot upon our laws of inheritance.

I have thus taken a hasty glance at the leading points of my subject. The sum is this. Woman has no political rights whatever. Her legal rights, while single, are the same as those of man. But when she marries, she becomes a mere cipher. All her property comes under the control of her husband, and a part becomes absolutely his. While the marriage continues, she is, legally speaking, a *non-entity*. When she becomes a widow, her rights revive; and liberal provision is made for her support.

If, on the whole, that sex should think themselves unreasonably restricted, I should agree with them. I can see neither policy, justice, nor humanity, in many of the legal doctrines respecting married women. They bear every mark of a barbarous origin. There is nothing but their *antiquity* in their favor. They admit only of the miserable apology, that they were established a thousand years ago, when woman was little more than a slave to man.

THE WOOD-FIRE.

FROM THE DIAL.

This bright wood fire
So like to that which warmed and lit
My youthful days—how doth it flit
Back on the periods nigher,
Relighting and rewarming with its glow
The bright scenes of my youth—all gone out now.
How eargerly its flickering blaze doth catch
On every point now wrapped in time's deep shade,
Into what wild grotesqueness by its flash
And fitful checquering is the picture made!
When I am glad or gay.
Let me walk forth into the brilliant sun,
And with congenial rays be shone upon;
When I am sad, or thought-bewitched would be,
Let me glide forth in moonlight's mystery,
But never, while I live this changeful life,
This past and future with all wonders rife,
Never, bright flame, may be denied to me,
Thy dear, life imaging, close sympathy.
What but my hopes shot upward e'er so bright?
What but my fortunes sank so low in night?
Why art thou banished from our hearth and hall?
Thou who art welcomed and beloved by all?
Was thy existence then too fanciful
For our life's common light, who are so dull?
Did thy bright gleam mysterious converse hold
With our congenial souls? secrets too bold?
Well, we are safe and strong, for now we sit
Beside a hearth where no dim shadows flit,
Where nothing cheers nor saddens, but a fire
Warms feet and hands—nor does to more aspire;
By whose compact, utilitarian heap,
The present may sit down and go to sleep,
Nor fear the ghosts who from the dim past walked,
And with us by the unequal light of the old wood
fire talked.

The imbecility of men is always inviting the impudence of power—*Emerson.*

INDIVIDUALITIES, NO. 1.

Individualities of character manifest themselves in various ways. Though very few would call themselves sufficiently close observers of men, and manners, to determine very accurately, traits of character from outward signs, yet, almost every class of society have rules, by which they estimate persons, notwithstanding the general unconsciousness as to the means by which they arrive at conclusions. Most people make up their minds concerning persons, from their dress, their manners, and their countenance.

Some of course have much wider opportunities to observe, and consequently come to much closer estimates of character. Landlords of hotels, steamboat captains, conductors of rail-roads and stage drivers, one would think, might, in the course of time, reduce their observations to scientific rules—yet of this knowledge, of which they must have a great abundance for their own use, they never communicate any to others.

Police officers understand the peculiarities of rogues exceedingly well, and have in their nomenclature some excellent hints how to mark a counterfeiter, a burglar, a highway-robber or a common thief.

We have often thought if one could make a collection of observations by shrewd men, in every department of life, on the characteristics indicated by certain modes of dress or manner of walking, as well as of looks and figures, we should not only have a very readable book, but a highly instructive one—a mirror into which all might look and see reflected back a diagnosis that would be highly suggestive.

Lavater whose works have been so extensively read and of whom Goethe said that "it was fearful to stand in the presence of one, before whom all the boundaries within which nature has circumscribed our being were laid flat," was sanguine, that at some time a systematic work would be written on the subject of physiognomy.

There have been partial attempts by Spurzheim and by Redfield, but we do not suppose they have attained to the completeness that Lavater contemplated, though both of their works are highly valuable.

There is no subject so universally interesting as character, and none upon which almost everybody can talk with so much understanding and freshness. Even the gossips, who talk generally to detract, have in their depreciating remarks, distinctions, that evince interest in the subject, and ability to judge correctly, though to be correctly interpreted what they say, must be inverted.

Our intention when we began, was to say something of our national characteristics, as evinced by dress more particularly. Negatively, there is a great want of individuality in our people in regard to dress. Everybody dresses as

near like everybody else, as possible, so much so, that any deviation from the custom, is sure to receive condemnation and ridicule, especially in New England. A man cannot wear his whole beard in any Northern city without encountering gibes and jests from the passers by.

There is a want of some kind of character in this matter of dress—in this slavish uniformity of dress. This same want is shown in our modes of architecture. It is a noticeable fact in most of our villages, that where one peculiarity has marked one house, many others will have imitated it.

Foreigners say, that in our speech, we are the most timid people in the world. We wait to know what is current, before we offer any opinion.

With all the enterprise and thrift of the New England people, there is great want of independence and gracefulness in their character.—There is too strong a tendency to mere utility. Art is looked upon as a pastime having no purpose in life, but adornment, instead of being regarded in its true light as essential to the complete development of the human soul.'

PROFESSOR LIEBIG.

Our principal object in Geissen, however, was to pay our respects to Liebeg, its celebrated professor of chemistry. We had sent in our cards, and while we were waiting for the arrival of the hour which he had named for an interview, we drove about the town, and obtained access to the library of the University, which contains 200,000 volumes. It is arranged in a large and handsome building, and we were attended by a very intelligent librarian, who spoke English fluently. He made our brief visit interesting by leading us through the different departments of this large collection. The books are divided by subjects; theology, physics, mathematics, &c., being placed in separate departments, which is obviously the most useful and convenient arrangement.

We were amused for a moment, by seeing near the library building, a peculiar kind of convex mirror. It was nothing more than a huge bottle of green glass, apparently a carboy, such as sulphuric acid is commonly put up in. It was secured with its mouth down, on the top of a post, and from its sides the landscape and houses were reflected in elegant reduced pictures, changing with every change of position of the observer. These we observed to be very common in Geissen. At the door of Prof. Liebeg's lecture-room we were detained a little by the reluctance of the janitor under orders not to amit any one after the lecture had begun, but our German attendant, whom we had engaged at the inn, overcome his objections, and we were admitted. Prof. Liebeg, who was sitting and lecturing in his chair, perceiving our entrance, gave us a pleasant smile of recognition and welcome, and the young men courteously gave us seats. He spoke about 15 minutes after we entered. His pupils were very attentive, and most of them were engaged in taking notes.—Their appearance was very much like that of a similar collection of American students. The room was crowded and from its dimensions, it could not have contained over 100 students. The table was full of the usual accompaniment of a chemical lecture. Everything was plain and business-like.

We have been surprised at the small size of the lecture rooms in several of the European universities which we have visited, and at the small number of pupils who generally frequent them. In Heidelberg, for example, Prof. Leonhard threw open, for our inspection, the doors of his lecture-room, which was in his house, and contiguous to his geological collection. The apartment had a rough appearance, and the benches did not imply more than thirty pupils.

Prof. Liebeg's manner of lecturing is calm and quiet; his voice is musical, and his fine, dark, deep set eye sparkles with a depth of intellectual expression and fire indicative of high genius. He has nothing of the action and vehemence of some of the Parisian professors, and with a manner perfectly natural, he appeared to command entirely the attention of his audience. His subject was morphine and other alkaloids of opium. When his lecture was finished he came immediately to us, gave us a very warm reception, and showed us about his working laboratory. There are four rooms, in two of which the working students are employed in their analytical labors. The tables exhibited every appearance of actual labor. They were full of chemical vessels and reagents, and of course in the disorder which necessarily attends on numerous operations which many persons are engaged. The number of working pupils in this department of the laboratory was from 20 to 30.—It being the hour of dinner (at 1 o'clock, as in New England), there were only a few young men present, and they appeared to be employed as private pupils; but Prof. Liebeg told us that there were forty young men at work in another department, under an assistant teacher. We were conducted last of all, into a private room, where delicate balances, and other nice articles of apparatus are kept.

Prof. Liebeg is a very pleasing man. In his person, he is tall and genteel, and apparently about 40, or not much beyond that age. He is very affable and courteous: and as he speaks the English language perfectly, with only a slight German accent, our interview was particularly interesting and agreeable. He showed us some new chemical products, among which was *cordein*, which in prosecution of his researches on the flesh fluids, has been extracted from the heart of the ox. Cordein crystalizes and appears to be similar to sugar, having a sweet taste. Nitrogen does not enter into its composition, which is the more remarkable, especially for a principle extracted from muscle.—Professor Liebeg also called our attention to the result of a process for obtaining barberine from the bark or alburnum of the barberry; it is a yellow crystalized substance.

The expression in the published print of Prof. Liebeg, is very different from that of his speaking face. The print is true to form of features, but it does not give the impression of suavity and mildness which he wears in conversation. It is, however, a common misfortune to men whose minds have been much exercised with thought, that the artists often catch the settled fixed expression in which intensity is easily mistaken for severity.

Prof. Liebeg expressed much regret, which we of course felt still more, that our interview must be so brief; but he was going to London, and we exchanged addresses, hoping to meet again in that city.

To our earnest invitation that he would visit the United States and lecture in our institutions, he gave no encouragement, expressing great reluctance to speak in a foreign language, and when we named Professor Agassiz as an example of great success in the United States, he added that he had a peculiar facility in acquiring a foreign language.

GEMS GATHERED IN READING.

"No character, we affirm, was ever rightly understood till it had been first regarded with a certain feeling not of toleration only, but of sympathy.' *Carlyle.*

"It is only necessary to grow old," said Geothe, "to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not myself inclined to."

To make a good converser, good taste, extensive information and accomplishments are the chief requisites; to which may be added an easy delivery, and a well toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favorable to this talent.—*Sir W. Scott.*

It is a common remark that men talk most who think least; just as frogs cease their quacking when a light is brought to the water side.—*Ritcher.*

Honesty doth not consist in the doing of one, or one thousand acts ever so well, but in spinning on the delicate threads of life, though not exceeding fine, yet free from breaks and stains.—*Sidney.*

Of great deeds I make no account; but a great life I reverence. "Splendido facinora" every sinner may perpetrate.—*Ritcher.*

"When" said Descartes "a man injures me, I strive to lift up my soul so high that his offence cannot reach me." It is certain that a man who studieth revenge, keeps his own wounds green which would otherwise heal and do well. When the sinner shall rise from his grave, there shall meet him an uglier figure than ever he beheld deformed—hideous—of a filthy smell, and with a horrid voice; so that he shall call aloud, God save me! What art thou? The shape shall answer "why wonderest thou at me? I am but thine own works; thou didst ride upon me in the other world and I will ride upon thee for ever here."—*Jellaladin.*

Taste if it means any thing but a paltry connoisseurship must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. Taste is the feminine of genius. *Carlyle.*

Lady H. Stanhope says, that Pitt had more faith in a man who jested easily, than in one who spoke and looked grave and weighty; for the first moves by some spring of his own within, but the latter might be only a buckram cover well stuffed with other's wisdom.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be because all that do may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others. Neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the streets and doth not keep house.—*Bacon.*

The difference between a great mind's and a little mind's use of history is this; the latter would consider for instance what Luther did, taught or sanctioned; the former what Luther would now do, teach or sanction.

CRITICISM AND CRITICS.

"The public are not fully aware how widely the good or ill effects produced by impartial or interested criticism extend themselves; neither do men, consider how deeply its decrees may influence the decision of that important law, the law of public opinion. Horace Walpole has this observation, "the manœuverers of book selling are now equal in number to the stratagems in war; publishers open and shut the sluices of reputation as their various interests lead them, and it is become more and more difficult to judge of the merit or fame of recent publications."

No beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic.

The resemblance will be more complete if we reflect that an engagement by sea is as great a feast to the crabs as a *paper war* by land is to the critics.

When Mrs. Macauley submitted her history of England to Dr. Johnson's inspection, she attempted to palliate its faults by observing, that she had a great many irons in the fire. The Doctor *coolly* replied "then I recommend you, Madame, to put your history where your irons are."

O beautiful—all golden—gentle youth! making thy palace in the careless front and hopeful eye of man—ere yet the soul hath lost the memories which breathed glory from the earlier star it dwelt in.—O! for one gale from thy exulting morning, stirring amidst the roses, where of old Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, APRIL, 1854.

DRESS, TASTE, AND FASHION.

We are quite sensible that we can offer nothing new or original on subjects so threadbare as those which head our fair sheet, and also that each word might afford a text for an essay, instead of standing as they do in juxtaposition, indicating that what we have to say will be brief.

Mrs. Merrifield has written a series of articles on dress as a fine art, first published in the *London Art Union* Journal, and copied into the Lady's Book, which have gone very fully into the subject and may seem to have superceded the necessity for any thing farther, and we have no doubt that a careful perusal of those articles would be very useful to most, if not all, for Mrs. Merrifield appears to have studied attentively the history and customs of past ages, and to see with the eye of an artist the defects in the present fashions, which are little if any more artistic, than in those periods when the head-dresses "towered up two feet into the air, and the skirts and petticoats were so frilled and furbelowed that every part of the garment was in a curl," so that, says the Spectator, "a lady of fashion looked like one of those animals, called a Freisland hen." But all our readers do not see these articles, and we do not perceive that they have had much effect upon the world, at large, hence we may be pardoned for offering a few words upon subjects, that certainly occupy as much of the time and care of women, and as much of the serious thought of a large portion of the sex, as is ever given to any thing. We have no pet theories to sustain, no attachments to any particular style of dress, which will render us dogmatical in our views.

The right of private judgment in all matters which effect ourselves alone, is a right so sacred that we deem a laugh at any peculiarity as almost an infringement of freedom—but the tyrannic law of fashion takes away this right, and compels a submission more abject than that of any autocrat living, and hence there is scarce a conception of what a pure taste would be if left to the study of nature and fine models of art.

At a fashionable party, not long since, our attention was arrested by the following whispered conversation:

"Have you seen Mrs B.—she dresses in most exquisite taste, every thing she wears is so recherché, you may be sure that her dress is in the very latest fashion." "Look, what a love of a wreath, oh it is sweet, but she is almost too large." "I like Miss C. better, she is quite as much a leader in fashion, and her taste is perfectly exquisite, she has the most charming little hands and feet you ever saw and a perfect fairy form."

By this time our curiosity was thoroughly roused and we peered about to see the elegant Mrs. B. and the charming Miss C. We have not piled up all the adjectives which were lavished upon these stars of the evening, nor told how often we heard it said, "how tasteful, how exquisite, how artistic." The words "taste, artistic, exquisite and beautiful," were used again and again as though they were understood to have no meaning, beyond the mere loading a person with all the finery which could be collected. Neither will we give a full description of the dress of these ladies. The first a (woman of some forty five,) if we may be allowed to judge, had made the most elaborate toilet we have ever seen. A soft light blue silk, with exqusite lace flounces, diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds, in the greatest profusion, graced her neck, arms, ears, breast and fingers. Her head was nearly covered with flowers of every variety of color and hue. A first view of her was dazzling, bewildering. She stood like a queen, with her coronet of flowers on her head, directly under the chandelier, the light flashing from her jewels equalled only by her radiant smile and beaming eye, as she received the homage she claimed and which was freely given. Her ringlets were black as night, not a shred of white indicated that time had breathed upon her. This, however, was no mystery; we knew that Bachelor, Twigg or Gilman could restore instantly the lustrous black, where time or care had bleached it white; nor were we at much loss to divine how the complexion should still have so much the semblance of youth, for the wavy blush of the cheek neither deepened or paled—while the incense of flattery was offered in profusion. The miracle had been curiously, if not artistically wrought. To all this we make no objection, for youth and freshness are always beautiful; but the question is, whether seeming is in accordance with a pure, correct taste?

Miss C.—was a very small person, with a foot, hand and waist of the smallest dimensions ever given to a woman of five feet in height. Her little head was covered with flowers twined in a wreath, that fell down on her shoulders, almost to her waist. Her little ears were nearly torn through with the heavy earrings, and her thin arms hung by her side as though wearied of the heavy golden bracelets which encircled them; the ornament of all others best suited to married women, for they are the badge, the sign of her continuing in spiritual slavery.

Her little waist bent and writhed, and we felt a sort of trembling anxiety lest some rude jostling in the crowed should snap it assunder. There was no eloquence in her face, no ray of light or joy beaming out, still her features taken separately, were regular, and in combination pretty, and she in her dark rich brocade with a waist of half, or perhaps less than half a yard in circumfrence, with high square shoulders, was called beautiful, and by connoisieurs tastefully dressed. While we only thought what excellent advertising mediums these ladies are, of silks, laces, jewelry, paints, hair-dyes, &c. "In all things with nature we behold," and hence we cannot look upon an attenuated waist accompanied by high square shoulders as beautiful. Babies are not born with sharp angular forms. the apex of the cone is not at the bottom, she is a better architect than to permit such vagaries, and aims through all difficulties to produce beauty.

This false taste is early cultivated by the dolls provided for little girls, and probably originated among the ignorant artizans of Paris. Following these, come the fashion plates, poor prints and engravings, that still farther vitiate the taste so far as regards the human figure, which is so artificialized by the variety of appliances requisite at a ladies toilet, that it is a physical impossibility for it to develope with graceful fullness.

Were the *Venus de Medicis* in the boudoirs of these ladies, where it should be daily commented upon, admired and adored, as a work of art, it would not be received as a model of modern beauty, for the simple reason that it is very old fashioned now, and nobody of any style will have a large waist. These insidious corruptors of the taste, which are every where presented to the eye, effect more than the false standard of size. The fiat for a particular form or color goes forth in the fashion plate and there is no farther regard to size, complexion, age or position. The maiden slight and delicate is clad in heavy satins and rich brocades, with ornaments suited only to some grand Zenobia. While the mature matron appears in light silks, gauzes, tissues and illusions, low necks and short sleeves, even after the wrinkles of age have superceded the roundness of youth.

Women are constantly accused of having stronger proclivities to imitation than the other sex, and we have sometimes been disposed to admit that the accusation was just, when we have seen a large woman with a bonnet just hanging on to the back of her head, precisely like the pattern hat that Mrs. Somebody purchased, somewhere, just from Paris. The leader fair and delicate wears lilac or blue and looks charmingly, while her neighbor a brunette must have a hat precisely the same shade and size and looks like a fright.

We have recently heard this imitation called the meanest plagerism in the world, and so we look upon it even in these small matters, for it robs a person of the most natural expression of individuality that they can readily have.

The feelings, instincts or intuitions would direct in the choice of colors with great propriety if fashion made no interference.

The cool blue for the blond, and the rose and gold for the brunette, are arbitary rules, but

there are brunettes who may wear blue, and its coldness will brighten by contrast and beautify, but it should be only worn when the heart is love warm, and life bright; so the pale blond may wear the rose, when she droops, and the violet when she has joy, and gold and royal purple when her heart grows ambitious and worldly, and green when home life and simple duties are sweetest. "The golden sunbeams mingling with the grass" will charm her heart away from the royal purple, and the simple green, beautiful every where, will suit the taste.

Development, growth, change of health produce desires of change in this expression often surprising even to ourselves. At one time there is a demand for severe simplicity, and then without any outward apparent cause, colors rejected a year ago as unbecoming, are found to suit admirably. As the cares of life press upon us and every day duties make us practical, the neutral tints suit us best, and if, with these feelings, we still bow to the tyrant and drape the person in gay colors, it will be found unbecoming.

In these hints from nature there is a deep significance, which it is not wise to overlook. The exercise of individual taste in dress is a duty we owe to ourselves and to society, and though objectors may complain that it takes too much time and money, we insist that in the end it costs no more to dress well than ill, and often not so much; what we mean by well, is a dress which is adapted to time, place and person, and this certainly requires but very little study. Completeness and fitness are among the first requisites of good taste in dress. An outside garment may be rich and beautiful, made so by the hand of the artizan, but this does not prove the wearer a woman of taste; that is to be known by the manner in which those articles of her wardrobe are made and cared for, which are seen only by herself, and by the manner in which the ornaments and trimmings are chosen and arranged by the wearer. Soiled, ill fitting gloves or shabby shoes will destroy the effect of the most elegant and costly material.

An air of order and neatness is absolutely essential to being well dressed. It is not the newness of the apparel, but that freshness which comes from having the gloves when taken off laid smoothly in a perfumed box, the shawl folded in the original creases, and the linen all purely white. An entire correspondence in dress is essential. We have often seen a ladies' toilet destroyed by having a coarse untidy looking pocket handkerchief, and we have sometimes seen a very elegant article of that kind with an ordinary dress which served to make the texture of that more conspicuous.

We have never taken any part in the discussion of the dress reform, we knew it was in good hands; those who felt the need of change were the ones to advocate it, and right nobly have they done it; but we are sorry to observe that among some of those who have adopted the short dress, there is a degree of intolerance towards those differing in opinion, or who have changed their views of the necessity for reform, which is not quite in accordance with the freedom they claim for themselves.

For a time we hoped that the advocacy of this movement might have the same influence upon the extravagantly long dresses, that the practice of homœopathy has had upon the old school, viz., modification, but thus far we think the effect has been rather the opposite. If dresses dragged a little last year, they now widen and sweep still farther the muddy walks, and it is no unusual sight to see a brocade or delicate plaid silk soiled a quarter of a yard in depth, nor is it an anomaly for a lady to lose part or all of the skirt of her dress in a crowd, where it becomes impossible to avoid stepping upon the trails, which we have never seen worn well or gracefully, but by two classes of women, nuns and actresses, each of whom have time and room to study attitudes.

Possibly some of our readers may feel that we have departed widely from our proper course to introduce a subject so trifling, as dress, but such is not our opinion. Any subject which engrosses the mind so much, as all will readily admit that this does, and which occupies the time and uses frequently all the purse, is not to be overlooked or treated with indifference; nor do we deem a love of tasteful dress a mark of a weak mind, but on the contrary, where there is evidence of a pure, correct taste, we think there is, all other things being equal, evidence of harmonious development. Looking upon it as we do, as a strong expression of individuality, we deprecate any attempt to bind the conscience on this subject, as an infringement of freedom.

It was our purpose to have said a few words in relation to economy in this, but having already written more than we at first designed, we will leave that subject together with some hints upon combination of colors and contrasts, for another time.

JUSTICE TO WOMAN.

ADDRESS OF THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION, TO THE LEGISLATURE.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of Seneca Falls.

"The thinking minds of all nations call for change. There is a deep-lying struggle in the whole fabric of society, a boundless grinding collision of the New with the Old."

The tyrant Custom has been summoned before the bar of Common Sense. His majesty no longer awes the multitude—his sceptre is broken—his crown is trampled in the dust—the sentence of death has been pronounced upon him. All nations, ranks and classes, have, in turn, questioned and repudiated his authority; and now, that the monster is chained and caged, timid woman, on tiptoe, comes to look him in the face, and to demand of her brave sires and sons, who have struck stout blows for liberty, if in this change of dynasty she, too, shall find relief.

Yes, gentlemen, in republican America, in the 19th century, we, the daughters of the revolutionary heroes of '76 demand at your hands a redress of our grievances,—a revision of your State Constitution—a new code of laws. Permit me then as briefly as possible to call your attention to the legal disabilities under which we labor:

First: Look at the position of woman as woman. We are persons, native, free-born citizens, property-holders, tax-payers, yet are we denied the exercise of our right to the elective franchise. We support ourselves, and in part, your schools, colleges, churches, your poor-houses, jails, prisons, the army, the navy, the whole machinery of government, and yet we have no voice in your councils. We have every qualification required by the Constitution necessary to the legal voter, but the one of sex.—We are moral, virtuous, and intelligent, and in all respects quite equal to the proud white man himself, and yet by your laws we are classed with idiots, lunatics and negroes; and though we do not feel honored by the place assigned us, yet in fact, our legal position is lower than that of either—for the negro can be raised to the dignity of a voter, if he possess himself of $250; the lunatic can vote in his moments of sanity; and the idiot, too, if he be a male one, and not more than nine-tenths of a fool,—but we, who have guided great movements of charity, established missions, edited journals, published works on history, economy and statistics; who have governed nations, led armies, filled the professor's chair; taught philosophy and mathematics to the savans of our age, discovered planets, piloted ships across the sea, are denied the most sacred rights of citizens, because, forsooth, we came not into this republic crowned with the dignity of manhood. Woman is theoretically absolved from all allegiance to the State. Sec. 1, Bill of Rights, 2 R. S. 301, says that no authority can on any pretence whatever be exercised over the citizens of this State, but such as is or shall be derived from, and *granted by the people of this State*.

Now, gentlemen, we would fain know by what authority you have disfranchised one half the people of this State? You who have so boldly taken possession of the bulwarks of this Republic, show us your credentials, and thus prove your exclusive right to govern, not only yourselves, but us. Judge Hurlbut, who has long occupied a high place at the bar in this State, and who recently retired with honor from the bench of the Supreme Court, in his profound work on human rights, has pronounced your present position rank usurpation. Can it be that here where are acknowledged no royal blood, no apostolic descent, that you who have declared that all men were created equal, that governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed, would willingly build up an aristocracy that places the ignorant and vulgar above the educated and refined—the alien and the ditch digger above the authors and poets of the day—an aristocracy that would raise the sons above the mothers that bore them? Would that the men who can sanction a constitution so opposed to the genius of this government, who can enact and execute laws so degrading to womankind, had sprung, Minerva-like from the brains of their fathers, that the matrons of this republic need not blush to own their sons. Woman's position, under our free institutions, is much lower than under the monarchy of England. In England the idea of women holding official station is not so strange as in the United States. The countess of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery, held 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 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, Marshall, Great Chamberlain and Constable of England, the Champion of England, Commissioners of Sewers, Governor of Work House, Sexton, 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 jailor is frequently exercised by a woman. In

the United States a woman may administer on the effects 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 post mistress notoriety, but with the exception of handling letters of administration and letters mailed, she is the submissive creature of the old common law. True, the unmarried woman has a right to the property she inherits and the moneys she earns, but she is taxed without representation.—And here again you place the negro, so unjustly degraded by you, in a superior position to your own wives and mothers; for colored males, if possessed of a certain amount of property and certain other qualifications, can vote, but if they do not have these qualifications *they are not subject to direct taxation*, wherein they have the advantage of woman, she being subject to taxation for whatever amount she may possess. (Constitution N. Y., article 2, sec. 2.) But, say you, are not all women sufficiently represented by their fathers, husbands and brothers? Let your statute books answer the question.

Again we demand in criminal cases that most sacred of all rights, trial by a jury of our own peers.

The establishment of trial by jury is of so early a date that its beginning is lost in antiquity; but the right of trial by a jury of one's own peers is a great progressive step of advanced civilization. No rank of men have ever been satisfied being tried by jurors higher or lower in the civil or political scale than themselves, for jealousy on the one hand and contempt on the other, has ever effectually blinded the eyes of justice. Hence all along the pages of history we find the King, the Noble, the Peasant, the Cardinal, the Priest, the Layman, each in turn protesting against the authority of the tribunal before which they were summoned to appear. Charles the First refused to recognize the competency of the tribunal which condemned him, for how, said he, can subjects judge a king? The stern descendants of our Pilgrim Fathers refused to answer for their crimes before an English Parliament. For how, said they, can a king judge rebels? And shall woman here consent to be tried by her liege lord, who has dubbed himself law-maker, juror, and sheriff, too? whose power, though sanctioned by Church and State, has no foundation in justice and equality, and is a bold assumption of our inalienable rights? In England a parliament lord could challenge a jury where a knight was not impanneled. An alien could demand a jury composed half of his own countrymen, or in some special cases, juries were even constituted entirely of women. Having seen that man fails to do justice to woman in her best estate, to the virtuous, the noble, the true of our sex, should we trust to his tender mercies, the weak, the ignorant, the morally insane? It is not to be denied that the interests of man and woman, in the present undeveloped state of the race, and under the existing social arrangement, are, and must be antagonistic. The nobleman cannot make just laws for the peasant—the slaveholders for the slave—neither can man make and execute just laws for women, because in each case the one in power fails to apply the immutable principles of right to any grade but his own. Shall an erring woman be dragged before a bar of grim-visaged judges, lawyers and jurors, there to be grossly questioned in public on subjects which women scarce breathe in secret to one another. Shall the most sacred relations of life be called up and rudely scanned by men, who, by their own admission, are so coarse, that women could not meet them even at the polls without contamination?—and yet, shall she find there no woman's face or voice to pity and defend? Shall the frenzied mother, who to save herself and child from exposure and disgrace, ended the life that had just begun, be dragged before such a tribunal to answer for her crime? How can man enter into the feelings of that mother? How can he judge of the mighty agonies of soul that impelled her to such an outrage of maternal instincts? How can he weigh the mountain of sorrow that crushed that mother's heart when she wildly tossed her helpless babe into the cold waters of the midnight sea?—Where is he who by false vows thus blasted this trusting woman? Had that helpless child no claims on his protection? Ah, he is freely abroad in the dignity of manhood, in the pulpit, on the bench, in the professor's chair: the imprisonment of his victim, and the death of his child, detract not a tithe from his standing and complacency. His peers made the law, and shall law-makers lay nets for those of their own rank? Shall laws which come from the logical brain of man take cognizance of violence done to the moral and affectional nature which predominates, as is said, in woman? Statesmen of New York, whose daughters, guarded by your affection, and lapped amid luxuries which your indulgence spreads, care more for their nodding plumes and velvet trains, than for the statute laws by which their persons and properties are held—who, blinded by custom and prejudice to the degraded position which they and their sisters occupy in the civil scale, haughtily claim that they already have all rights they want. How think ye, you would feel to see a daughter summoned for such a crime—and remember these daughters are but human—before such a tribunal? Would it not, in that hour, be some consolation to see that she was surrounded by the wise and virtuous of her own sex, by those who had known the depth of a mother's love and the misery of a lover's falsehood, to know that to these she could make her confessional, and from them receive her sentence? If so, then listen to her just demands, and make such a change in your laws as will secure to every woman tried in your courts an impartial jury. At this moment, among the hundreds of women who are shut up in prisons in this State, not one has enjoyed that most sacred of all rights—that right which you would die to defend for yourselves—trial by jury of one's peers.

Second: Look at the position of woman as wife. Your laws relating to marriage, founded as they are, on the old common law of England, a compound of barbarous usages, but partially modified by progressive civilization, are in open violation of our enlightened ideas of justice, and of the holiest feelings of our nature. If you take the highest view of marriage as a Divine relation which love alone can constitute and sanctify, then of course human legislation can only recognize it. Men can neither bind or loose its ties, for that prerogative belongs to God alone, who makes man and woman, and the laws of attraction by which they are united.—But if you regard marriage as a civil contract, then let it be subject to the same laws which control all other contracts. Do not make it a kind of half human half divine institution, which you may build up but cannot regulate. Do not, by your special legislation for this one kind of contract, involve yourselves in the grossest absurdities and contradictions.

So long as by your laws no man can make a contract for a horse or piece of land until he is twenty-one years of age, and by which contract he is not bound if any deception has been practiced, or if the party contracting has not fulfilled his part of the agreement—so long as the parties in all mere civil contracts retain their identity and all the power and independence they had before contracting, with the full right to dissolve all partnerships and contracts for any reason, at the will and option of the parties themselves, upon what principle of civil jurisprudence do you permit the boy of fourteen and the girl of twelve, in violation of every natural law, to make a contract more momentous in importance than any other, and then hold them to it, come what may, the whole of their natural lives, in spite of disappointment, deception and misery.

Then, too, the signing of this contract is instant civil death to one of the parties. The woman who but yesterday, was sued on bended knee, who stood so high in the scale of being as to make an agreement on equal terms with a proud Saxon man, today has no civil existence, no social freedom. The wife who inherits no property holds about the same legal position that does the slave on the Southern plantation. She can own nothing, sell nothing.—She has no right even to the wages she earns; her person, her time, her services are the property of another. She cannot testify in many cases against her husband. She can get no redress for wrongs in her own name in any court of justice.—She can neither sue nor be sued. She is not held morally responsible for any crime committed in the presence of her husband, so completely is her very existence suppressed by the law to be merged in that of another. Think of it; your wives may be thieves, libelers, burglars, incendiaries, and for crimes like these they are not held amenable to the laws of the land, if they but commit them in your dread presence. For them, alas! there is no higher law than the will of man. Herein behold the bloated conceit of these Petruchios of the law, who seem to say:

"Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way, in Padua."

How could man ever look thus on woman. She, at whose feet Socrates learned wisdom—she, who gave to the world a Savior, and witnessed alike the adoration of the Magi and the agonies of the Cross. Now, would such a being, so blessed and honored, even become the ignoble, servile, cringing slave, with whom the fear of man could be paramount to the sacred dictates of conscience and the holy love of heaven. By the common law of England, the spirit of which has been but too faithfully incorporated into our statute law, a husband has a right to whip his wife with a rod not larger than his thumb, to shut her up in a room, and administer whatever moderate chastisement he may deem necessary to insure obedience to his wishes, and for her healthful moral development. He can forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on his account. He can deprive her of all social intercourse with her nearest and dearest friends. If by great economy she accumulates a small sum, which for future need she deposit, little by little, in a savings bank, the husband has a right to draw it out, at his opinion, to use it as he may see fit.

"Husband is entitled to wife's credit or business talents' (whenever their intermarriage may have occurred) and goods purchased by her on her own credit, with his consent while cohabiting with him, can be seized and sold in execution against him for his own debts, and this, though she carry on business in her own name."—7 *Howard's Practice Reports*, 105, *Lovettag, Robinson and Witbeck, Sheriff, &c.*

No letters of administration shall be granted to a person convicted of infamous crime; nor to any one incapable by law of making a contract; nor to a person not a citizen of the United States, unless such person reside within this State; nor to any one who is under twenty-one years of age; nor to any person who shall be adjudged incompetent by the surrogate to execute duties of such trust, by reason of drunkenness, improvidence, or want of understanding; nor any married woman, but where a married woman is entitled to administration, the same may be granted to her husband in her right and behalf.

There is nothing that an unruly wife might do against which the husband has not sufficient protection in the law. But not so with the wife. If she have a worthless husband, a confirmed drunkard, a villain, or a vagrant, he has still all the rights of a man, a husband and a father. Though the whole support of the family be thrown upon the wife, if the wages she earns be paid to her by her employer, the husband can receive them again.—If by unwearied industry and perseverance she can earn for herself and children a patch of ground and a shed to cover them, the husband can strip her of all her hard earnings, turn her and her little ones out in the cold northern blast, take the clothes from their backs, the bread from their mouths; all this by your laws may he do, and has he done oft and again, to satisfy the rapacity of that monster in human form, the rumseller.

But the wife who is so fortunate as to have inherited property has, by the new law in this State been redeemed from her lost condition. She is no longer a legal nonentity. This property law, if fairly construed, will overturn the whole code relating to woman and property. The right to property implies the right to buy and sell, to will and bequeath, and herein is the drawning of a civil existence for woman, for now the "femme covert" must have the right to make contracts.—So get ready gentlemen, the "little justice" will be coming to you one day, deed in hand, for your acknowledgment. When he asks you "if you sign without fear or compulsion," say yes, boldly, as we do. Then, too, the right to will is ours.—Now what becomes of the "tenant for life?" Shall he, the happy husband of a millionare, who has lived in yonder princely mansion, in the midst of plenty and elegance, be cut down in a day to the use of one third of this estate and few hundred a year as long as he remains her widower? And should he in spite of this bounty on celibacy, impelled by his affections, marry again, choosing for a wife a women as poor as himself, shall be thrown penniless on the cold world?—this child of fortune enervated by ease and luxury, henceforth to be dependant wholly on his own resources? Poor man! He would be rich though in the *sympathies* of many woman who have passed through just such an ordeal. But what is property without the right to protect that property by law. It is mockery to say a certain estate is mine, if without my consent you have the right to tax me when and how you please, while I have no voice in making the tax gatherer, the legislator or the law. The right to property will of necessity compel us in due time to the exercise of our right to the elective franchise, and then naturally follows the right to hold office.

[*Continued in our next.*]

THE ARAB HORSE.

Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, who is as familar with Arabs as he is with antiquities, gives in his late work on Assyria, some curious details respecting the true horse of the desert. Contrary to the popular notion, the real Arabian is celebrated less for unrivalled swiftness than for extraordinary powers of endurance. Its usual paces are but two; a quick walk, often averaging four or five miles an hour, and a half running canter; for only when pursued does a Bedouin put his mare to full speed. It is the distance they will travel in emergency, the weight they will carry, and the comparative trifle of food they require, which render the Arabian horses so valuable. Layard says that he knew a celebrated mare, which had carried two men in chain armor beyond the reach of some Aneyza pursuers. This mare rarely had more than twelve handfulls of barley in twenty-four hours, except in the spring, when the pastures were green; and it is only the mares of the wealthy Bedouins that can get even this allowance. The consequence is that except in the spring the Arab horse is lean and unsightly.—They are never placed under cover during summer, nor protected from the biting blasts of the desert in winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs. Cleaning and grooming are strangers to them. They sometimes reach fifteen hands in height, and never fall below fourteen. In disposition they are as docile as lambs, requiring no guide but a halter; yet in the flight or pursuit their nostrils become blood red, their eyes glitter with fire, the neck arched and the mane and tail raised and spread out to the wind;—the whole animal becomes transformed.

The vast plains of Mesopotamia furnish the best breeds, and these breeds are divided into five races, of which the original stock was the Koheyleh. The most famous belong either to the Shammer or to the Aneyza tribes. Their pedigrees are kept scrupulously, and their value is so great, that a thorough bred mare is generally owned by ten, or even more persons. It is not often that a real Arabian can be purchased. The reason is that, on account of its fleetness and power of endurance, it is valuable to the Bedouin, who, once on his back, can defy any pursuer except a Shammer or Aneyza with a swifter or stronger mare than his own. An American racer, or even English hunter, would break down, in those pathless deserts, almost before an Arabian became warmed up in the work. Where thorough bred mares have been sold, they have brought as high as six thousand dollars; but these, it is understood, are not the best of the race. The Arab who sells his mare can do nothing with his gold, and cannot even keep it, for the next Bedouin of a hostile tribe who comes across his path, and who has retained his mare, will take it from him and defy pursuit. Layard thinks that no Arabian of the best blood has ever been seen in England. If this be so, we can scarcely suppose that any have come to America, but must believe the so-called Arabians, given to our government, at various times, to be of inferior breeds. Rarely, indeed, are the thorough breeds found beyond the desert. It will be a subject of regret, to those who admire fine horses to learn that the Arabian is considered to be degenerating, in consequence of the subjugation of Arabia, and the decline of the Bedouin tribes.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

WAVES.

Oh look, my heart, what seest thou?
Lov'st thou the laugh of rolling waves?
The white crests leap to kiss the clouds—
Alas my heart, I think of shrouds
For those enshrouded in their graves,
Beneath the surging flow.

Oh list, my heart, what hearest thou?
How speak these voiced waves?
Ah me, while blue this June sky glows
I only hear the moan of those
Who cleft their sounding graves,
And no more sound can know.

Hark! Hark, my heart, what hearest thou?
How shout these tempest waves!
I hear Earth's mourners call their dead,
Mad anguish for their cherished,
Who sleep in nameless graves
Whither Love cannot go.

HARTFORD. *Sallie.*

EXTRACT.

There is no lash so severe as opinion—there is no anguish so bitter as the want of sympathy. How sweet the words of a friend, greater than all things else. How warming when we have been alone with our soul come the tones of love. Like the whispers of angels they are. They in fact are angel's whispers, for it is the angel in our nature that comes out from behind the mortal, and communes face to face. Like music heard when the spirit has been weary,—like the notes caught from the early birds when winter has passed,—like unto all things that awake us into gladness, and yet greater than all, is this communion of soul with soul.

The very sunshine you have lived in is a prelude to your dissolution. When you are ripe you shall be plucked—*Junius.*

Subscriptions received for the Una, from Feb. 16th to March 20th.

H. Harmony, M. G. Cairn, S. P. Warner, L. P. Savage, M. Rolfe, J. Whitem, A. H. Weaver, J. Bunker, M. F. Gilbert, W. B. Mowry, J. Kellogg, J. Carew, S. L. Spencer, E. Dewy, S. C. Cleveland, G. Bate, S. Mendenhall, W. G. Bradley, L. P. Martin, W. H. Johnson, G. W. Calvert, Miss O. Davis, E. M. Allen, H. A. Hidden, A. Bridges, V. Nicholson, M. L. Tyson, S. H. Hill, F. Wakefield, B. Sprangles, D. F. Sayer, R. S. Janney, S. D. Clarke, A. A. P. Ketchum, D. A. Mundy, J. H. Cole, Prof. Jaeger, J. Neal and M. Lovell, $1 each.

S. L. Ober, Mrs. S. O. Ernst, S. S. Hunting, C. Stearns and F. Blanchard, $2 each.

Lucy Stone, Mrs. E. Chase and P. Baker, $3 each.

Miss S. B. Anthony, $3,50

Mrs. Emma R. Coe, Miss R. Kingsbury and Mrs. Yarrington, $5 each.

Mrs. P W. Davis, $7.

Mrs. J. D. Gage, $10.

England.

Mrs. Edward Finch, Mrs. Maguire, John Finch, Mrs. Reid and Miss Miller, $1,25 each.

WASHINGTON, March 28th.

LECTURES—Mrs. Rose is lecturing at the present time, in the city; two of the course have already been given. The first upon the education of women, the second on her legal and political rights, the third is already advertised. Thus far the weather has been very unpropitious and consequently the audiences rather small, but the lectures have called out unqualifiedly favorable notices from the press. Whatever subject Mrs. Rose takes up is always ably and philosophically presented. She has her own method, illustrating her subject, and it is the more pleasing from its originality, and from the fervid style in which it is presented. Whoever hears her, feels that she believes what she says, that it is a truth to her of the utmost moment.

Miss Ann Preston, M. D. is expected in the city soon, to give a course of lectures to ladies, on Anatomy and Physiology. Miss Preston's lectures have been very highly commended by those who have listened to them heretofore—and certainly the importance of a knowledge of the questions to be treated of, cannot be too highly estimated.

Prof. Brittian has been lecturing upon spiritualism. It seems that the human mind needs or does vibrate from the spiritual to the physical continuously, each taking at different periods of time new forms of utterance and new manifestations.—ED.

DUTY OF WOMAN WITH REGARD TO EARLY MORAL TRAINING.

"And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares; all other feelings far above;
BYRON.

"As we call our first language our mother tongue, so we may as justly call our first tempers our mother tempers."—*Serious Call.*

The subject of education seems inexhaustible, for as long as the practice continues defective, attention cannot be too much drawn to it, no one therefore need hesitate to hear this old subject, whether with new and striking ideas, or old thoughts placed in clearer light, or even if only struck by the immense importance of the subject, and irresistibly impelled to present to the heedless, the thoughtless, the indifferent, the noble nature of that great force which they trifle with or suffer to be dormant beside them.—Early training is a lever with which to move the world, and it is a force which remains in undisputed possession of women, alas; how miserably misused; "*just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.*" "*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" All writers whether sacred or profane, are agreed as to the greatness of this work, and the certainty of the success which attends a wise and earnest performance of it; so that women have in their hands already a certain means of redress for all grievances of their sex if they only knew how to use it.

Habit has been called with great propriety our second nature, and certainly next to original nature, it is the greatest element in the formation of character, simply by virtue of repeated recurrence, we come in process of time to take a positve pleasure in performances which formely we disliked as irksome and disagreeable. The second time we overcome any difficulty, moral, mental, or physical, we never find it so formidable as at our first attempt, and every repetition renders it easier and easier, till at last it hardly requires an effort. One of the greatest and most general errors in education is that of neglecting too long to avail ourselves of this important law of our nature. From the earliest infancy this law is in operation, habits are forming while as yet the child can but imperfectly express itself; in short as soon as it begins to act at all, its actions commence the formation of habits, and these habits form the character of the child. How important then to enlist this formidable power on our side from the very commencement of conscious existence. Yet instead of attempting this, we too often act as if nothing could be done during the three, four or even six first years of life, and so consign these important years to the guidance of mere chance. And what is the consequence?—when we wish to commence education we find to our surprise and sorrow that the ground is already occupied. Thus the first painful process is to pull up and tear out weeds, which but for our negligence would never have flourished there, nor is it always possible entirely to uproot evil dispositions principles and feelings, which have had the advantage of even a few years vigrous growth in a virgin soil. How much more delightful, and how infinitely more effectual to watch from the very earliest infancy, the first aspiration to good, the first appearance of evil; aid and strengthen the growth of the first, and to repress the last with all the ability we can bring to the task; rendering it imposible that any bad disposition or evil tendency should acquire over the child that additional power which it is sure to acquire by unchecked and habitual indulgence during the earliest and most impressible years of its existence. How common is the carelessness, and how inexpressibly calamitous are its results, which consigns those golden years invaluable for the purpose of implanting good feelings, habits, and aspirations, and securing to the tender and wise mother an influence which can never be lost; how deplorable, let us repeat, the error which consigns infancy and early childhood to the nursery and to the management of ignorant and foolish nursemaids.

Many parents begin first to think of the training of their children when their attention is forcibly arrested by glaring instances of ill conduct, or pervading evil dispositions. It is no exaggeration that many children have the entire bent of their minds determined—by the accident at training they have neccessarily received—before their parents have begun to consider them as the fit objects for any training at all. This lamentable neglect would be no worse than a waste of valuable time were it possible at four, five or six to commence the task with a mind possessed at once the blank of infancy and the enlarged intelligence of these additional years; but how much worse than a waste of time must we pronounce it when we consider that every circumstance which has tended to awaken the intelligence has also contributed to direct it towards good or evil—to the latter in most cases it is left to chance. The painful and tiresome work of unlearning all that he has been learning in his little life, is but too apt to give a distaste for any sort of learning, and a dislike of those who attempt a training, to which he has never been accustomed. The uprooting process is seldom entirely successful; too frequently its commencement implants feelings most unfavorable to parental influence. Children can hardly be wondered at for not understanding why conduct which has been long tolerated, perhaps even laughed at and applauded should so suddenly have become wrong; the apparent caprice loses their confidence, and with it the most powerful instrument for the direction of their minds and formation of their character.

Very different is the case of those children who have been brought up from infancy under the eye of a mother deeply impressed with the neccessity of reforming every bad disposition which shows itself, who gently and lovingly leads the opening mind to the admiration and imitation of what is good. In such a case the entire confidence which ought to subsist between mother and child is never broken. The influence she exerts cannot be overcome should she live, and even should death or misfortune occasion a separation in the child's early years, the moral force she exerted will give direction to his latest years. "Such a management will make them in love both with the hand that directs them and the ritual they are directed to."

It is true that to acquire and exercise this beneficent power one must give upmany vanities, and be content in a great measure to devote oneself to to the work. To be successful in it, it is neccessary to give time and trouble to many little matters, appearing on a superficial view to be trifles, but which are not really trifles to the little people whose affairs we regulate. Now if those who ought to be most interested in the children's welfare, disdain their little world, and refuse to take any trouble, or to submit to the smallest annoyance, which they occassion, can it be expected that hired attendants will be more consicentious? It is a very common because a very easy immediate remedy to send an ill behaved child out of the room. But is that the best way to teach it to behave better? If the parents of the poor child get rid of all their duty or guidance in so summary a manner is it not more than probable that the persons to whom the erring child is sent will make use of some other perhaps more unjustifible means to save themselves trouble. The bold will be cajoled and flattered; and the timid frightened into submission and quietness. Moreover mothers who thus leave their children to the guidance of others during their earliest years never can attain that intimate acquaintance with their minds which is only to be acquired by studying them and watching their development from the very first. So that even after they commence their attempt at training they must often go wrong from misunderstanding and misinterpreting the child; but when the contrary course has been pursued where the mother has been from its infancy the tender and watchful guide of the child, all its thoughts are known to her, she can follow and understand its mind and gently and firmly bend it in any direction. She is its earthly divinity, and can best lead it to the knowledge and love of its heavenly Father, and best teach it to follow those aspirations after goodness and truth, which he has implanted in every breast. Others may give it the knowledge to be acquired in books, but she alone is likely to give it those dispositions and habits of mind which make knowledge useful for improving and elevating the soul.

What mother fully impressed with the truth of these ideas, and alive to the solemn truth which is reposed in her, would forsake these heart stirring and really delightful duties for the tiresome gaities and empty pleasures of the world? Thoughtlessness or indolence seem the great cause of the neglect of these duties. Let us beseech the thoughtless to arouse themselves to a consideration of the happiness which they lose in neglecting the exercise of the greatest moral power which exists in the world, and which it lies with them to use, for the benefit of their children, for the advancement and development of their own individual being, as well as to assist in the progress of humanity. And let us no less impress upon the indolent the undoubted fact that the care, attention, and watchfulness, which they cast from them for a while as an unbearable tax will bye and bye be exacted of them, more rigorously and with far fewer hopes of a successful issue, by the painful consequences of their negligence.

It is hard to say with regard to which sex this early training is most important, but that is a question not important to be decided, as however it is the only way in which girls can become practically and habitually acquainted with those domestic duties which according to our modern manners really form the great business of their lives, it is quite obvious that for them it is an absolute necessity. (And here let no one think it is sought to circumscribe the sphere of woman's activity, only that she may nobly fulfil the duties which all agree lie within it, and so pass outward beyond present barriers.)

It is surprising how soon a child who has been trained in devout feelings and good moral and intellectual habits will be able to give valuable assistance in the training of those who are younger; even although that assistance should be limited to the example of good conduct she shows then and her kind forbearing and affectionate behaviour towards them. Upon a child so trained it is easy to impress, even at the early age of four, five, or six years, the responsibility she is under with regard to other children; and as soon as this motive to good conduct can be understood and appreciated it is a very powerful one with children, and may be made the means of developing great force of character. With grown up people it has long been allowed that nothing tends more to bring out and elevate the character than being thrown on one's own resources, with powerful motives to exertion and self-control; and this is a principle which will be found to hold good even with very young children and which it is easy to apply in the course of their intercourse with each other. Besides beginning very early to make girls sensible of the influence of their conduct over others is a practical way of teaching them some of the most important duties of women, and their training in this respect is at present very defective. Maternal love often inspires the greatest devotion in the service of children, but when unenlighted how many different foolish ways does it not take to manifest itself?—Frequntly it is entirely exhausted by care for the physical well being of the children while the diviner part of their nature is left to take its chance.—How often do we see mothers in the middle classes up early and down late, toiling in the service of their families, most exemplary in the faithfulness of their duties, such as they conceive them to be, but all their labors bestowed on the clothes, food, and lodging of their children, while the children themselves are turned into the shed or an empty room, that the mothers may work in peace. Sometimes every care is exhausted to give children those glittering accomplishments which would qualify them for making a shining figure in society, while every thing is neglected which would teach them to ennoble whatever rank they may hereafter fill, and to find happiness and contentment even

in obscurity, an obscurity in which the greater part must ever remain.

It seems then in many cases, not to be the want of sufficient devotedness, which occasions the neglect of the early training of children, but rather the absence of any idea that such training is necessary. Yet who that has at all studied the characteristics of childhood does not know that at two years old children show freely both good and bad dispositions and feelings, and are quite susceptible both of praise and blame. Here then is seen both the necessity and the maternal for moral training at that early age. Tell the youngest child, who is capable of understanding a tale in the most simple words, of some noble trait in the character of any other child, such as a love of truth, or the ready forgiveness of injury, you will soon find the little bosom in a glow of sympathy ready to be imprinted surely with the determination to go and do likewise. Having in some such manner, not by a dry and hardly intelligible nursing, but a lively and striking example, enlisted the feelings of the infant in favor of goodness and virtue, we must continue and deepen the impression by keeping a constant and tender watch over its conduct, and gently constraining it to the practice of that kindness, disinterestedness, and truthfulness with the love and admiration of which we know it to be inspired. To inspire a child with the love of virtue is not enough; it is an impulsive little thing, and often will in a moment, before it has time to consider, do a wrong or an unkindness even to a beloved companion; but a single word the holding up of a finger, a warning look even, from the loving mother, who knows that in its soul the little child hates such actions is enough to deter it. Thus untiring watchfulness is necessary to give to good feelings and dispositions all that additional strength which they are capable of receiving from being constantly applied to practice in the daily life of the child. In order that children may not feel their liberty restrained and so their moral growth become stunted by the process, we must be careful to associate themselves with us in all this watchfulness, that we may be regarded, not as spies, or severe and hard governors, but rather as kind assistants to them in acquiring the power of self-government.

Neither must we be on the watch only for the errors into which the child may be hurried, we must be as ready with a look or word of approbation and encouragement on proper occasion, that it may see its earnest efforts after goodness are understood and valued as they deserve. One can hardly exaggerate the immense advantage which a child so trained for the first five or six years of its life has in the struggle after virtue over the child which has been neglected or mismanaged for the same time. No degree of parental watchfulness will always save the child from doing wrong, but if proper care is taken these wrong actions will be merely isolated, it will be impossible for them to have been so often repeated as to acquire the force of habit. Thus in the case of the well trained child not a single bad *habit* has been formed, the mind is filled with an enthusiastic love of goodness, justice and truth, and the practice of these virtues has been rendered so far habitual by daily application to practice throughout the short lifetime.

On the other hand the neglected child has all the contrary evils to contend with, happy if among the attendants to whom it is intrusted, or in the entire liberty in which it is left, it is exposed to no positively vicious influence by example or precept; it is not to be expected that it will have acquired any enthusiasm in favour of virtue or any love for the practice of it. It will so often have repeated over and over with all the force of a child, those actions which if performed with the force of a man or woman would have been crimes, that it no longer clearly recognises them as evil; these actions will have acquired all the additional power over which habitual practice can give. The energy of passion displayed by an infant is absurd from the small effects which its weak violence is capable of producing; so also with its duplicity, it is generally so transparent that one feels rather inclined to be amused with its simplicity than alarmed at the cunning or falsehood displayed in it.—But we ought to remember that "the child is father to the man," and what seems only absurd or amusing in an infant, lays the foundation for intolerable conduct in the boy or girl. When at five or six we begin to perceive the necessity of attempting to correct those bad habits which we have suffered to grow up, the arrears we have allowed to accumulate have prepared for us a much more difficult task than that which it was our duty to have performed. It is more difficult now to excite in the mind of the child any enthusiasm in favor of goodness, and even should we be so fortunate as to succeed, what a struggle must take place before the bad habits of the whole life, short though it be, can be overcome. Often in cases of this kind considerable firmness and even severity are required to effect the desired change, but the severity ought never to be harsh or passionate, else it is nothing better than an evil example to the child. Those parents who have made severity to their children necessary by neglect of their early training, have much more reason to be angry at themselves than at the victims of their indolence, thoughtlessness, or carelessness. The thought then that they themselves are so much to blame for the necessity, ought to make them feel an evident sorrow at the infliction of any punishment.

But this struggle against bad habits so difficult to be maintained by a little child is the last evil to be apprehended. What if the severity of the mother, now against conduct which she has long indulged without opposition, deprives her of the confidence and partly of the affection of the child. She may fail to inspire it with any love of goodness or any desire to practice it, so that instead of any improvement in his character her present severity will probable only add to his old faults a desire to appear, rather than to be better than formerly.—And here is laid the foundation for the formation of many a vicious and deceitful character. Neglect of the early years of childhood is then one of the most serious though one of the most common blunders with regard to education. Not only is it bad in itself but frequently originates still farther neglect by rendering the work when at last undertaken, so disagreable and difficult, that it is speedily laid aside again. And this apparent caprice and uncertainty have most injurious consequences to the child. There is none save a mother or some one in the place of a mother, who can be expected to possess that affection which is necessary to the success of such training, or that constancy and devotedness without which it is apt to be irregular, or even sometimes altogether abandoned; here then are duties which mothers even of the highest rank, must perform for themselves, if they wish them to be well performed, and which mothers of a lower rank must perform if they are to be done at all. Such considerations as these lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the education of girls is misdirected, if they are left in ignorance of what is one of the most important of all the duties of woman,—training of childhood in the paths of virtue. Not only ought they to be deeply impressed with the general principle that such is their duty, but tolerably well skilled in the particular manner of discharging it; they ought in short to be deliberately and carefully trained to understand the management of children from infancy, not only physically but morally and intellectually, for this is or ought to be the great work of woman; a great and noble work it is, no present barrier between her and it, possible therefore to be begun instantly, and the due performance of which presents to every woman who faithfully undertakes it, a wide field of activity and exertion, and a perpetual source of personal progress and improvement.

A friend of the cause, in England.

St. Louis, Feb. 22d, 1854.

Dear Una,

Our city has been alive to day and full of excitement, mirth, noise and parade, celebrating the birth day of the father of his country, the immortal Washington. Our military,—no not ours,—but the military have been out in all their show and shine, and if military display could be made interesting and beautiful, this certainly has been made so. For the companies are composed of those possessing the best physique in our midst, and they spare no pains to make the outward as soldier like and attractive as possible.

But as I looked I was thinking—aye thinking, for twenty three years ago this day, I gave birth to a son. I called his name George—and thinking of my absent boy, with a mother's love, I could not but think of the mother of that great man, whom we all so delight to honor. That mother who through long wearying years fought life's stern battles for her child; who as the hours passed on, with untiring vigilance, with unbribed love, kept all enemies at bay, and shielded and protected him from all assaults within and without, who with unwearied care and watchings wove for him, the unseamed vesture of truth; who guided him about with honor, and inspired him with love of liberty and manhood, and at last, after hours, days, weeks, months and years of paternal efforts, sent him forth armed and equipped with moral power and physical strength, to do the mighty work designed for him.

What plaudits meet the man, who has invented and perfected, with a few months labor, a new machine, an impervious lock or a patent reaper. But she who has spent years in perfecting an immortal machine, that can invent a machine, a power that can create power, is forgotten by the world, and he is called "a self made man." I heard a President of a college, not long since, arguing that no woman needed any further development of mind than was required in her business transactions in life.

How narrow, how short sighted is such a view of woman's needs. If we would have men, we must have women for mothers. If the mother has no mechanical power or development, her son will not be likely to have. If she has no mathematical ability, her child will rarely excel. If her taste is uncultivated her child will be more or less a type of herself.

When will the world learn to worship and adore by beautifying, elevating and ennobling the future, instead of turning back to lay all their sacrifices on the dead altar of the past. How great, how glorious would be the onward march of time, if we commemorated the past by building up the future—not by monuments and dumb idols—but by making living temples, in every human soul, temples of freedom, broad enough for all mankind, high as the heavens and reaching into eternity.

But I must tell you of my lecturing tour. Every where I met with friends and earnest thinkers on the subject of Women's Rights, and what seems most encouraging, is that those who are sure that women have *rights*, are the very best people in the towns and villages. I have visited no place without feeling that I left strong and true hearts, to go on with the work—the political press has been every where respectful. I spoke two evenings last week in the legislative hall, in Springfield, Illinois, more than one member came to me, and requested me, to be there at their next regular session—(this is a called convention) and press the remodding of

the laws, with regard to the property of women. The Eastern press may croak and chatter falsehood, the pulpil hurl anathemas, ladies may snear and simper, its no use. This subject is *the* subject, that engrosses more generally the passing thoughts than any other. Alas! for the Knickerbocker, Putnam and Harper, what will they do when it will become unpopular to caricature a Woman's Rights movement. Let the friends take heart and banish pride, let our women prepare themselves, for the way is opening, hasten thou me, have hands for our work. We must be up and doing, strong and true. FRANCES D. GAGE.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

WASHINGTON, March 17th.

The drama which has been in progress for some weeks in the Senate has closed at last, but it is whispered that the plot is not yet all developed, that there are to be other acts, and fresh scenes with all the by-play, which may possibly be more strangely startling and exciting than the last has been. If the next demand is for a right to bring slaves into the free States, it will be presented with the same audacity that this was, there will be the same complaint of wrongs heaped upon the South, the same brow-beating, swaggering and boasting of whipping in the North to any measure they may choose. If it be a renewal of the plot for dissevering the union so signally defeated, but a few years since, it will be presented in the same offensive manner; there can be no party union between North and South without an entire sacrifice of all manliness on the part of the North. By their own acts, they have said that slavery is wrong for us, hence, they cannot countenance, aid and support it for others. In the discussion just passed, to which we have listened, every institution of the North has been insulted; its manhood defied, sneered at and spoken of most contemptuously. Every subject, no matter how foreign to the question has been dragged in. We had been in the habit of supposing that in parlimentary bodies, speakers kept somewhere near the question, but it sometimes needed here a microscope to trace the subtle lines of connection between speech and subject. Bloomerism and woman's rights were specially treated upon. Whether the speeches were aimed at Mrs. Miller who appears often in the gallery, in her very handsome reform dress, or at ourself sitting quietly in our seat, or were called out by the recent action of the Legislature at Albany and the convention held there, we are unable to say, but it was well, doubtlessly, that they had these things to lay hold upon, for they certainly gave piquancy to long dull speeches.

Senator Butler went very extensively into the sphere of woman, quoting from Washington Irving, and Shakspeare, hinting severely that Mr. Sumner was affected with a sickly sentimentality towards the woman movement. Lady Macbeth he found the horrible model of what women are likely to become, if in mens clothing they are to arrogate to themselves the jurisdiction over men, "these are a part," he said, of the *isms* which have resulted from, "I may say, abolitionism, and symptoms of a dangerous revolution in the social organization."

The Chaplain, of the House, preached a few Sabbaths since upon the christian influence and the true sphere of woman. The sermon was in many parts admirable. He spoke like one whose heart had been touched by the wrongs of woman. He dwelt long on the sufferings of the seamstress in her cold attic; repeated a portion of Hood's song of the shirt, which by the way ought to have been sung, at the close, by the Hutchinsons who were present. He was not surprised that women had been roused to speak out earnestly, boldly about these wrongs, but the work must now go into other hands, than those who call conventions, and whose vociferations would reach into heaven, "*if their voices were only loud enough.*" They were all amazons, fanatics &c., whose only aim was a wild political ambition. His heart was better than his knowledge of the movement, for he demanded for woman all that we have ever asked, except the elective franchise, demanded reform of the laws, that she might be protected in every respect. He did not seem to see that every other right lay behind, or was involved in that of the elective franchise. To him it would evidently be a strange problem to meet those who have no such ambitious motives to prompt them, nor yet personal wrongs of which to complain, but who came into the work in the spirit of true beneficence, to bless and uplift humanity. Happy in their own surroundings, they look upon the wrongs of others and seek aid by striking at the root of the evil.

* * * * *

"Marriage is to woman a state of slavery. It takes from her the right to her own property, and makes her submissive in all things to her husband."—*Lucy Stone.*

"Marriage a state of slavery! Aye, but the bonds are silken and easily worn.—Marriage is the sanctifier of love—an institution which acknowleges the right of woman to be protected, and the duty of man to protect her. The offices of wife and mother are not those of slaves. *What* higher destiny beneath the skies than to instruct the infant mind in thoughts of purity? What holier mission than to sooth the turbid torrent of man's passions by a word—a look—a smile?"—*Ella Wentworth's Journal.*

In an exchange we find the above quotations of opinions. None of Lucy Stone's arguments are given to sustain the hateful fact she announces of the legal slavery of woman in the marriage relation.

Ella Wentworth starts back in alarm that the thing should be mentioned, and goes on rapturously picturing the poetical side, which no one disputes; for no mother ever dreamed of making a charge against her babe for its daily nourishment, even though it be her life-blood. Nor is it a weariness for the wife to do all love's bidding, aye, to invent new modes of uttering her heart's devotion; life itself is but a paltry offering on this altar where she worships, hence she wears the bands, iron or silken though they may be, with meek grace.

It is rather paradox to us, to find Ella Wentworth so apparently ignorant of the law of which Judge Walker, of her own city, has given such an excellent digest; and it is not wise in her to attempt to gloss over wrongs so flagrant. She should nobly stand for the right, even though there be but here and there an obscure case of oppression. She should not forget that privileges granted where right is denied, is a loose and insecure tenure even for the most highly favored. It is not long since we knew a meek, gentle woman, persuaded to let her only child, a little daughter, a perfect sunbeam to her mother's heart, go to stay for a few weeks with a rich uncle and aunt. She knew that the brother and sister were long closeted with her sick husband, but she did not fear treachery from the man who had stood with her at the altar, and made solemn vows. After months of watchful care and anxiety, aye, even toil for their bread, for she was a sewing woman, he died; and then the stricken one, in her widow's weeds, went for her child. At first she was met with persuasion and entreaty to let the little Ruth remain, they could do so much better for her, could educate her, and she should be their heir. I cannot give up my darling, my only one, said the mother's heart; I can toil for her, but she is my all. The instrument then by which the father had bound his child to his unfeeling relatives, was shown to the young widow. Her husband's will had been a law, for they had truly loved, and been happy together; but now that love of years was uprooted, and his name became a loathed and hated memory. Her hair grew grey, and her flesh wasted under a settled melancholy; another shock came, and she was next found in a maniac's cell. This is but a solitary instance of oppression, but it was legal, and, therefore, in law, right.

* * * * *

BUSINESS AVOCATIONS.—New ones are constantly opening to women, and it only needs among them the requisite ability to enter upon them. Two ladies are here, attached to the Coast Survey. One has been engaged three years, the other six months. They have been occupied with computations and magnetics, and are now engaged upon tides. They are paid monthly from the Coast Survey Office, exactly the same as men would be doing the same work.

Mrs. ——— sends her metereological observations to this city, with the initials of her first name; they are recorded and introduced into the reports as his, Mr. So and So. Ere long the time will come to claim them as a woman's.

Yesterday a Mrs. Merriam called upon us, who has, during the winter, been reporting pho-

nographically the proceedings of the New Jersey legislature. She was engaged for about two months, her first trial after six months practice without a teacher. This is a profitable employment.

The petitions on the just and equal rights of women, were received very cavalierly by the New Jersey legislature, but they did not appear to think Mrs. Merriam at all out of her sphere.

In our visi ts to thelibrary we often see Miss Dix, (the noblest philanthropist of our day) and can but admire more and more, her gentle, womanly dignity. Her warm enthusiasm and indefatigable industry, render her a person of peculiar interest, aside from the great work she has accomplished. Her bill praying for ten millions of acres of land to be appropriated to the benefit of the insane, has passed the Senate, and will soon come before the House. The asylum for which she has labored so zealously in this city, is nearly completed. Her efforts are not confined alone to the insane. She is equally in earnest wherever humanity may be benefitted. A late effort of her's has been to have life boats supplied at all the dangerous points on the coast, and for this purpose she has herself visited and made the necessary examinations. This would naturally seem to be the work of man, if there were any which belonged to him peculiarly as man ; but having been accomplished by a delicate and refined woman, it is another evidence that all the fitness required for a work, is found to be in that internal impulse that prompts the person, and not in sex. Mrs. Fry could visit prisons, and preach as successfully as Howard. Mrs. Chisholm can labor as effectually, even more so, than any man, for and with the emigrants of Australia; and Miss Dix's work could not be so well done by any other as by herself, for in her own warm heart, the first impulse is felt and conceived, and her own judgment matures her plans of action.

Letters.—Last evening's Union brought out an answer to Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe's letter, (that most touching appeal to the women of our country, in respect to the present crisis) from Mrs. Pettit, of Indiana. Its most striking features are its reiterated charges of malicious lying and slander. The letter is very Senatorial in its tone, and undoubtedly passed under the review of the honorable gentleman who has fought so gallantly for the passage of the Nebraska bill.

* * * * *

Miss Miner's school still continues an object of very great interest to us. They have now taken possession of the property purchased for them by their friends. In their report recently issued, we find the following: "The cost of the property, including interest on borrowed money &c., is $4,300. The trustees have received funds to the amount of $2,500, of which $1,000 was contributed by Harriet B. Stowe; $250 by Jasper Cope, Philadelphia; $150 by the trustees of the Murray Fund, New York, and the balance by many other persons in various sums." The location is a fine one, the lot of land valuable, but the house is old and ill suited to the wants of the school. Much more will be needed to erect suitable buildings, and to put the premises in order for a permanent institution, which this certainly should be.

We have just received the report of *The Idiot Training School*, of Pennsylvania. This institution is also in its infancy, but one of so much interest and importance, that it seems almost incredible that it can be left to languish while there is so much wealth in the state, and so many who need the training. The census report of 1850 gives 1467 idiots, an estimate, it is stated in the report, very greatly underrated from the reality. These helpless beings are a heavy charge upon the public or private charities, and without the care requisite, become often dangerous from their vicious disposition.—Schools of this kind have been some years in operation in France, Switzerland, and Prussia; and in our own country the enterprise has been crowned with success. The malady, though incurable, has yielded to the power of love; the soul has been wakened to consciousness and some degree of healthful action through the wretched habilliments in which it finds itself clothed. It would be grateful to our feelings to give large extracts from these reports, but our small space forbids. * * * *

Boys' Lodging House.—A plan is on foot in New York to furnish those boys with good lodgings at sixpence a night and in connection with them to provide a comfortable room where they can have books, paper, and lectures, or instruction in other forms. There is to be a bathing house, and a book and Savings Box where each boy can deposit in the Sixpenny Bank. Will there never be lodging houses for homeless women and girls ? Must they always be driven away to the haunts of infamy ?

* * * * * * *

Christian Inquirer.—In a late number of this paper we find an article in reply to one of A. Q. T. P. in which the writer is evidently laboring under a serious mistake, which when discovered will not a little surprise him. A. Q. T. P. is a woman and has written as a woman.

* * * * * * *

After the close of the Woman's Rights Convention in Albany, the very excellent adress of Mrs. E. C. Stanton which was adopted by the Convention and the large petition of 5931 men and women praying for just and equal rights, was presented to the Legislature by Mr. D. P. Wood. A debate of some length ensued which resulted in the appointment of a select Committee. This Committee gave hearing on the 20th, to the one appointed by the Convention viz.: Mrs. Rose, Rev. W. H. Channing and Rev. Antoinette L. Brown. On this occasion Mrs. Rose spoke for more than an hour, to a large and attentive audience and with her usual happy effect. Another petition of over four thousand was presented to the senate in favor of the rights of sufferage, this was also referred to a select Committee. It remains to be seen whether the petitions thus respectfully treated will have a bill reported in their favor or not. Be this as it may, a great work has been accomplished in obtaining a hearing and the truths which have been uttered will not be without their effect ultimately.—Ed.

* * * * * * *

Yesterday at midday Miss McNiel, a niece of the President, was knocked down in the street and robbed of money and jewelry to quite a large amount. A colored man witnessed the scene, but his evidence of course can be of no avail, for the robber was a white man, and according to our wise laws a black man's testimony is inadmissable in a Court of Justice. "Oppression always reacts upon the oppressor."

ITEMS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NURSE.

No. 2.

The next item, in our note book, my dear niece, with which incidents deeply impressed upon my memory are connected, is this, George Tuthill, five days, received, $50,00. You will say this is a vast improvement upon your receipts! Dear girl! I earned it all.

After my successful trial, at William Patney's there was no lack of employment; still my patrons were from the poorer class. But my reputation for kindness, attention, energy, and discretion was accending into the circle in which I had not yet entered, *as a menial.*

George Tuthill was the name upon a card, handed me, one evening as I sat reading, in my room.

Show him in, Katy. A young gentleman entered, of big handsome person, smiling expression, and winning manners. It seemed almost strange that he should be so obsequious to me ; as in his first announcement of his business; and, had he come upon any other errand, I should have started as he took my hand, and led me to the little sofa, where he seated himself at my side. My uneasiness, and embarassment, increased his own. At length he muttered "Before you come, I must tell you somewhat of my wife. This will be our fifth child but she is very slender, and none of them have ever breathed. God knows how earnestly I have prayed for a living child; and how unselfishly too; for, were I beggar, I should wish for offspring. But there are selfish, worldly hopes, also bound up in the life of this unborn creature. My wife and I, are one in law, one in love, one in possession; and why should we be two in inheritance! Yet her property, now due from her father's unsettled estate, will not be mine if she dies without having borne me a child, a living, breathing child. Mrs. Pinkerton, you know about those things; can I hope this now?"

"I fear not, from your account. Yet life is in the hands of Him who can work greater miracles than this; who gave to Sarah, and to Hannah, and to Elizabeth, the fruit of their own bodies; to live and to bless the earth.—Lay aside the selfish hopes; pray from the unselfish fountain in your heart; and this boon may yet be granted."

"I Cannot! I cannot! If God will give me this child I will then pray, and bless Him; if not I will curse Him." He arose and walked the room in deep agitation. Then he was calmer, he returned. "Mrs. Pinkerton," said he, "this child must live! *shall* live! If but for five minutes, it shall live; and I *will* be its heir, at least this; if I am to have no child to inherit from me."

"Well, Mr. Tuthill, if you can order life, or death, I shall not blame you for doing the first; and will do all in my power to preserve the life that you have given. "You must understand me, Mrs. Pinkerton, it is through you alone, perhaps, this child will live. If it lives but for ten seconds, you shall have fifty dollars for thus assisting it. If ten minutes, one hundred dollars; and if ten days, I will pay you five hundred dollars. If you could preserve it for as many years, you shall have I was going to say, half my fortune."

I pitied the man, with all his wicked selfishness, I felt no doubt of the deep, paternal fountain that was troubled within him.

"How I wish I could do all this and more for you. Every thing that woman can do, in such a case, shall be done. Who is your physcian?" "I am a physcian! I shall be with her, as heretofore. But, you know that much depends upon a skilful nurse; and if it should live, but the ten seconds, *my* word alone will not be taken for that."

"Let us understand each other fully," said I to him. "Do you wish, do you ask me to forswear myself to say that your child has lived if it has not?"

"*The child must live!*"

How like a fiend's glower had the smile become. I shuddered as I looked at him. A troop of thoughts rushed simultaneously through my brain and then I answered calmly, "I will come!"

When he had gone, and all was still again, I called back and reviewed the thoughts that had flitted before me. They were these.

The man is wicked and desperate; but God is good. If harm is intended, I may avert it. I will see this unfortunate wife. I will save her child, if I can; but, if I cannot, I can stem the current of these wicked plans better than most women could do. God may, in answer to my prayers, give this baby life."

Mr. Tuthill came for me when it was time and took me in his chaise to his house. He said nothing, during the drive. He pressed my hand expressively as he handed me out, and then I was introduced to the family. There was a shrewd looking mother in-law and a sagacious sister of the wife. I soon saw that, as the doctor's own nurse, I was an object of suspicion and dislike.

"We could have done without any special nurse," said the mother of the wife. "Mary and I could, and would, gladly have nursed Helen. But her husband for purposes of his own, has determined otherwise."

She looked very hard at me, and I was conscious of a blush. The doctor came to my relief.

"We will go to Helen now," said he, taking my arm within his own. "They tell me she is better."

I went to the young wife's room. There she lay, pale, sweet and sorrowful, even in her transient sleep.

She heard my steps, and opened her eyes.

"I fear this has been unnecessary," said she to the doctor, "I shall not want Mrs. Pinkerton yet."

I saw that she too suspected, distrusted, me—I was pained, and felt that I was justly punished for my seeming compliance with wrong. I sat down by the bed, and took the wasted hand within my own. One pressure told all I wished to convey. I was *her* friend, I would do all for her that could be done.

The old lady and Maria came in. The doctor's sour looks sent them out again. Soon he was himself called out. And then Helen talked, or rather murmured to me.

It was no uncommon story, this of a woman whose health, spirits and heart were all broken.

She had been a gay and lively girl, with a rosy cheek and sparkling eye. She had loved her husband, and he had loved his bride. She loved him still, when he came to her with the old smile, and gave again the old kiss. But she had, again and again, disappointed his hopes; and, when the prospect of another disappointment was before his mind, then he was a terror to her.

"He was to blame himself, though he blamed only me, for the death of the first child, I need not tell you how, Mrs. Pinkerton. And then I was so anxious and frightened afterwards, that I knew it was enough to kill them. Oh, how glad I should be, and how glad he would be, and how he would love me again, as once he did, if this would only live."

"You must be very calm, and very resigned and very hopeful," said I. "There is no knowing what good things will come of it."

"I will try; but so much depends upon this puny life of mine. It should not be so; I love my mother, and my own family, and my husband too; when they do not terrify me. I am sorry to be occasion of so much difficulty among them, but I cannot help it. If God will give me a living child, that I may leave it to my husband, when I go, I care not how soon he takes me to himself."

"He will, Mrs. Tuthill, I feel that he will. You must hope, as well as pray for it."

Soon after this my patient was asleep. I watched the troubled dreamful slumber; and in the broken words escaping from her lips, I heard the sorrows that had eaten into her life.

At dawn she was awake again, and then commenced the struggle between two lives; the one beginning, and the one so near its end. Watchful and anxious as I was, I lost not my self-possession.

"Let us call some one, besides Maggie," said I to the doctor.

"No one else is needed yet," said he decisively.

I wished the mother to be with me; but knew it would be useless to express that wish.

At length the struggle was over; and the child was taken to my arms. There was no cry. It was too feeble for that, but I knew, I was sure it lived. The doctor and Maggie were long about Helen. The child was purposely entrusted to me. I breathed into its lungs, I warmed it, I magnetized it, as far as I could. God be thanked! it lived! There was a brief dalliance of the soul with its frail body, a testing, as it were, of the habitation which had been prepared for it, and then it did not like it, for, without a cry, without a sob, or ought stronger than a smothered sigh, it went away.

I knew there was no more hope; and then I said, to him, "The child has died!" There was a scowl at the fainting mother, a very expressive look at me, and then he took the little corpse into his hands.

I pitied him then. God knows he was punished, even though he had deeply sinned.

I robed it beautifully in shining white, and laid it on the couch with reverence.

Then I went to Helen. "Tell me," said she, "did it live?"

"There certainly was life, for a few moments. I could take my oath to that."

"My husband," said she joyously, even in her weakness and agony, "I have borne you a living child."

There was no answer, no kiss, no strengthening look,—the husband was glum and still.

The mother and sister were called.

"It is just as we expected," said they, "another dead child."

"But it lived a few minutes," said I, "It was born alive."

A look of scorn at me, and then the mother sat down by Helen's pillow, and kissed her tenderly.

"Mother you will not doubt it," whispered the eager daughter, "my child did live."

"Do *you know* it."

"Mrs. Pinkerton says so."

"She has been hired to say so."

"But I do believe her, and so must you."

Again the scornful incredulous smile, and the whispers, which all had heard, now ceased. Helen kissed her babe, before they placed it in the coffin, and said, "it lived! it shall have the name I had designed for it. Call him George."

The husband became more dark and moody, after the child was buried, and Helen was soon in a delirious fever.

"Will he speak to me? will he ever kiss me again? will he love me any more? will he drive me away? may I not live with him again? will he own me after this? will he hurry me in the grave yard where the mothers lie? the mothers whose children live and grow? will he let me lie by the baby's side? will he put *our* name on the head-stone? Such were the musings of delirium, for a day or two, and then they ceased, the fever was over, the sufferer at rest.

I laid her too, in shining robes of white upon her bed, and then I went home, to rest my exhausted system.

I saw much more than I wished to see, after this, of the mother and daughter's husband.

He became the heir of his wife, through their child, and the property the old lady did not wish him to share, become partly his. It was my word, my testimony that gave him this; and the mother professed always to disbelieve my assertion.

I never felt sure that the doctor really believed me. But he treated me as though he did, and paid me of course, the fifty dollars he had promised that transient life.

But to many eyes there came a blight upon my reputation; and I had cause to know and feel that there were those who considered me an unscrupulous appropriator of all that I could gain.

I saw that there was sophistry among those thoughts, that led me to yield seemingly to the doctor's entreaties, and knew that the command should be literally obeyed, "go not in the way of evil men."

THE UNA.

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., MAY, 1854. NO. 5.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL, NO. 7.

BY NILLA.

THE SMILEYS.

"What a simpleton of a wife, and what a jewel of a man."

'*Never* trust to appearances,' is taking things sweepingly; and if I may suggest an amendment, I should say, judge not *too much* by appearances, for only to look at Moses Smiley! a traveling picture of a June day, all smiles and posies, as if he fed on "the milk of human kindness," and was made up of "bowels of compassion!" In society, everybody said, "What a jewel of a man!" so pleasant and companionable; and then with a sigh, each discriminating gossip, male and female, would throw up their eyes and wonder how he came to marry such a little automaton as Fanny Nelson; and settle it in their own minds, that it must be that she was rich, for she certainly wasn't handsome—and the wisest of men would do silly things sometimes!

What a precious "wise-acre," the world is! and the verdict is as near correct as most of its verdicts—made up half through ignorance and half prejudice! Moses Smiley is not as "meek as Moses," notwithstanding his name, on the contrary, behind all this gloss of smiles, the varnish of society; he is a domestic tyrant—a Nicholas in his small way; and no one better than Fanny Smiley—(poor soul!) knows the meaning of a "married-man's eye," for she has learned to note every variation of the domestic barometer, and can calculate before hand something of the probable severity of each approaching storm, and no one like her can feel so grateful for each glimpse of sunshine vouchsafed to her.

Fanny Smiley is not a fool, notwithstanding that old grandame, the public, has so decided—in a different atmosphere she is sensible and companionable, no longer the shrinking, timid creature we find her when her husband's eye is upon her. She needs encouragement instead of reproofs—smiles instead of frowns—caresses instead of rebuffs—but Moses Smiley believes in an absolute monarchy—he looks upon a wife, not as a creature for whose happiness he is at all responsible, not as a human soul, a being with loves and hates, wishes, hopes, will, caprices, piques and fears; but only as a necessary appendage to house-keeping; an accompaniment to respectability; a getter of good dinners and the like! A "White Slave," who is his peculiar property, who is bound to him by her own act; bound to bear all the spleen and ill humor he gathers in his out-door intercourse with his fellows. And he expects her to bear it with shut lips too, pressing back the tears, and striving to put away the feeling of bitter injustice, trying to harden her heart until it shall not feel!

Vain task for a woman who loves! that can never be; and so poor Fanny struggles on striving to win her husband's favor; but he never notices her constant aim to give him pleasure, and she turns away with a sigh, feeling it is of no use! how much would she give for one glance of approbation, for one such pleasant word as he yields so readily to others; but as for her she never does anything right in his eyes, he only sees to disapprove! He comes into the house with a scowl, never deigns to give her a civil answer to the civilest question; wishes to know "who hung up Tommy's hat on his peg?" then walks into the parlor, and wonders if they ever *would* have a fire, if he did not come home to make it! gives Carlo a punch in his ribs, which sends him yelping into the kitchen; tells the children to "shut up!" when Fanny anticipating what is to follow, draws Tommy and Minnie as softly as possible up stairs to the nursery before the tears break forth. Little Minnie creeps into her mother's lap, and with a feeling of fear and injustice sobs herself asleep on her bosom; while Tommy, now that he is out of his Father hearing, asserts that he "wasn't making a breath of noise, and he wishes his Papa was like Billy Smith's Papa! He only wishes he was a grown up man—that he does!"

The children once into bed, Fanny with a foreboding heart, not daring to stay away, descends to the parlor—her "Lord and Master" having sole occupancy. She takes up her sewing and sews away as if her very life depended upon it.

After a half hour or so, she is startled by Mr. Smiley, with an abrupt question.

"What piece of foolishness are you about now?"

"It is only a dress for Minnie; I am putting some braid on it. I heard you say you liked the one Jane Sheldon had on, and this is like it;" and Mrs. Smiley pulled open the draw of her work-table and displayed the identical dress she had heard him praise.

"So you sent and borrowed it, like a great fool! some women learn something, and some seem to know less and less the older they grow! I dare say the Sheldons called you a great booby."

"But I thought you liked the dress," said Fanny deprecatingly.

"What if I did,—you don't pretend the thing you are making looks anything like it?"

Fanny did not answer, but she knew very well if there was any difference, hers was the most prettily and neatly made; but tears swelled into her eyes in spite of every effort to repress them—for she had hoped to gratify her husband and give him a pleasant surprise; which he no sooner saw, than he says, "What are you crying for? think it makes you look interesting; that is just the way—nothing in order—kitchen work all behind hand—every thing at 'sixes and sevens,' and the minute there is a word said, set to sniveling, instead of trying to do better!"

Such dear reader is Moses Smiley in the little back-parlor, with only Fanny and the little ones by. It is all in vain for her to ask him to particularise in what she shall change; all the answer she gets, is, "if she don't know, it is of no use for him to tell her," and after making her thoroughly uncomfortable, he takes himself off to the club or else to the drawing-room of some admiring friend, who wishes there was only another "such a jewel of a man."

And still Fanny *loves* him; loves him with the same infatuation we sometimes see the Drunkard's wife bestow upon the man who debases the image of his God into the semblance of a brute! They will cling to them through blows, curses and accusations; and are there not wounds sharper, and blows deadlier than the Drunkard's arm can give? In the one case, the wife knows it is not *her husband* but *the whiskey* which is in him; in the other, there is no such excuse; and how many, like Fanny Smiley, feel—"my husband hates me, and it were better if I were dead."

And the world looks on, and with its acute discrimination utters the verdict—"What a simpleton of a wife and what a jewel of a husband!"

For the Una.

THE COUNTESS MATILDA.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

"Una donna soletta, che si gia
Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
Ond'era pinta tutta la sua via.
Deh! bella Donna, ch'a raggi d'amore
Ti scaldi s'io vo'credere a sembianti,
Che soglion esser testimon del cuore,
——non altrimenti
Che vergine che gli occhi onesti avvalli."
Dante, Purg., Can. 28.

The above fragments of the divine song with which Dante welcomes to his presence the Countess Matilda, when she comes, not merely to share with Beatrice, the pleasant task of guiding him through Purgatory, but to symbolise to him and us that spiritual affection which all godly rulers should bear toward the Supreme head of the Church, sufficiently express the Poet's reverence for her. She, who, "maiden-like veiling her sober eyes" approached him, could hardly deserve the ruthless fling of Lady Morgan, who speaks with a carelessness, for which her ignorance is but a poor excuse, of "the illicit passion of her lover, Gregory VII." That the ambitious prelate, who, in sincere love for his church,—indignant at its corruptions, and ignorant of the true sources of its welfare, forbade marriage to his clergy, and sought to build up his own power over the ruins of the empire, should have turned malicious tongues upon himself, is not strange. Stranger far, that in modern times protestant lips repeat the outrage, and liberal thinkers find no merit in a friendship so well grounded, so natural, and, in its own age, so uncommon and beautiful, as that of the Countess Matilda, and Gregory VII. That she died and left all her possessions to the church, gives her a sufficient hold upon the affections of Catholic countries. It is not on that account that we recall her well-known name, but because there was blended in her, as Kohlrausch finely says, "All mental attainments and firmness of spirit, beside her austere piety and virtue." Because we think her one of the noblest womanly types of the period in which she lived, and a fair model for the present age, so far as regards courage, good faith, and a steady purpose. In an illuminated poem of Donizone, a portrait of the Countess is preserved. Seated upon a throne, which resembles an ancient settle, surmounted by three pinnacles, shaped like fleurs de lis, and without arms, the Countess grasps a white lily in her extended hand. The seat of her throne is supported by carved and twisted pillars, and colored to a kingly purple. Her person and her feet rest upon green cushions, embroidered with gold. She wears an under-vest of crimson, visible only at the hands, and over it a long loose robe of Mazarin blue, of which the hanging sleeves are deeply broidered with gold and gems. The cloak, of a beautiful rose color, is lined and bordered with cloth of gold, garnished at the edges with jewels. It is loosely hung on one shoulder, only the men, of that period fastening it securely about the throat. She wears yellow stockings. A high, conical cap of gold cloth, bordered with jewels, allows a delicate rose-colored veil, resembling that of a nun, to fall in stiff folds about her face. The picture has no value as a portrait, for in the eleventh century, the art of painting had already fallen into hopeless decay, but, as a bit of costume, it is extremely valuable, and the countenance is not wanting in a look of unconquerable will.

It is impossible to separate her history from that of her papal friend and ally. The "monk, Hildebrand," as envious cotemporaries delighted to call him, was born of an obscure family, of Soano, in Tuscany, and becoming a monk of Clugny, his rare abilities and acquisitions soon brought him into notice. At an early age he accompanied Bruno, Bishop of Tours, to Rome, and by active partisanship secured his election to the Papal Chair, under the title of Leo IX., in 1049. At this time the Countess Matilda was only three years old. She was the daughter and heiress of Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany, and Beatrice, the sister of the reigning Emperor, Henry III.

The elevation of the new Pope, who belonged to the Imperial family, formed the first link in the chain which united the future interests of Hildebrand and the Countess. Beatrice, naturally grateful for the honor thus conferred upon her family, taught Matilda to regard him with reverent affection. His rigid purity of conduct disarmed all maternal scruples. Under several successive Popes, Hildebrand held a position of great influence, and by Stephen IX. he was sent on a confidential mission into Germany. This journey, beside leaving impressions as to the abuses of spiritual power at the German court, which may have contributed to his future course,—undoubtedly tended to strengthen the ties between him and the future Countess. Soon after the death of her husband, who had roused the envy of the Emperor by reigning with oriental magnificence and luxury over the Marquisate which had been granted him from the Empire, Beatrice married Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, and contracted her young daughter to one of his sons, by a former marriage, called Godfrey the Hunchback. This alliance displeased the Emperor. Boniface had left no male heir, and Henry wished to bring Tuscany once more within the imperial domain. He had refused to sustain Godfrey's claim to the duchy of Lower Lorraine, which had been left to him by his father Galezo, and could therefore look for little cordial support from him in Tuscany; so marching upon Beatrice, he took her and her child prisoners and deprived them of their estates. Some authorities state that faithful servants concealed the little Matilda from the invaders, and brought her up in deadly hate of her uncle's name and nation. At all events, there was nothing in her early experience to attach her to the Imperial Court. She was eleven years old, when Hildebrand visited Germany, and whether he saw her there just after the death of her arbitrary uncle, or in Tuscany on his return, she could feel nothing but affection for the man whose influence was even then exerted in her favor. Henry died in 1056, and Matilda married Godfrey. They lived apart, for Matilda's constitution could not bear the bracing atmosphere of Lorraine, and the regent Agnes soon found means to win Godfrey over to the Imperial party. In 1073, her friend Hildebrand was elected to the papal chair, under the title of Gregory VII. Strangely enough, he sent to Henry IV and asked his acquiescence in the election. Whether Gregory intended to propitiate him by this show of deference or whether he thought in this manner to deprive him of any right to object to the ecclesiastical reforms, which he wished to secure, cannot now be known. We can hardly realise in Protestant countries, the dreadful corruption which had eaten into the Roman church, at the time when Gregory took his seat. His character has been greatly misjudged by posterity, who have ascribed to a ruthless desire, for the agrandizement of his temporal kingdom, that energy in reform, which was inspired by a sincere love for his church, and a natural austerity and sense of justice, which could not fail to be outraged by the condition of its spiritual interests. In 1045, the year previous to Matilda's birth three several Popes elected by different factions in the church, were sitting at Rome, and while she grew up to womanhood, the most imprudent simony prevailed throughout the Christian world. Muratori tells us, that her own father, by far the most powerful prince in Italy, had been flogged before the altar, by an Abbot, for the selling of benefices. Sees were sold or given, by sovereigns, to favorites, who pandered in the most unblushing manner to their basest passions. Bishops thus appointed, cared but little for the interests of their flocks, and sold or gambled away the benefices, over which in their turn, they held control. It was a noble ambition which sought wholly to reform the tottering, crippled church, and it was only through that human shortsightedness, which so frequently appals us, in the world's history, that Gregory, forbidden by his religion to think of *Popes* as *men*, never for a moment anticipated that frightful abuse of power, which he sought to consolidate, which afterwards occurred. With his own eyes, he had beheld the abuses of the German Court, during the minority of Henry. He had seen the Emperor grow up to manhood, licentious, ambitious, and continually at war; ready at a moment to supply an always exhausted purse, by means, which involved the worst consequences to himself and the church. Gregory had proved himself the friend of the Emperor and his family, and undoubtedly felt justified in sending to Henry, a private admonition, in the very first year of his elevation. Finding this unheeded, he held a council in the following year, which anathematised Henry and insisted upon the celibacy of the clergy, a measure of immense importance as regards the power of the church over her servants. During all the controversies which ensued, Matilda stood firmly by her friend. She was at this time the most powerful sovereign in Italy, and reigned like a Queen, says the German historian, Kohlrausch, throughout Tuscany and Lombardy. Like all remarkable women, she had a peculiar relish for the administrative energy in men. She contested with all her power during thirty years, for the elevation and consolidation of the papal power. She not only embraced this idea with all the strength of her natural character, but Gregory's indignation at the debased condition of the clergy found a ready response, from her most austere and rigid virtue. In 1076, Matilda lost her beloved mother, and her husband. From this time, she devoted herself more unreservedly to the papal interests. In order to make the church independent of the temporal powers, Gregory now forbade to kings the right of investiture. How wholly her woman's heart went with him, may be seen from the fact, that in 1077 or '79, the loss of the original record makes it uncertain which, she executed an instrument conveying to the Papal See, the whole of her immense estates. These consisted of Lombardy, Tuscany, Mantua, Parma, Reggio, Piacenza, Ferrara, Modena, a part of Umbria, Spoleto, and Verona, almost all in fact, that now constitute the States of the church, from Viterbo to Orviedo, with a portion of the march of Ancona. Hallam, in his Middle Ages, attempts to show, that Matilda being herself a subject of the Emperor, had no legal rights to alienate these estates from the Empire. But if as all history asserts,

Henry the III had forcibly deprived Beatrice of them, when she incurred his displeasure;—if Matilda, at the time she executed this instrument, found herself, not only reinstated in these possessions, by the aid of Gregory, but the possessions themselves greatly increased by his gifts; then, she had that very best of rights, which in all ages and countries has availed more than any other, namely, *the right of possession by conquest*, nor could it be expected, that she would in such an instrument, recognise an authority, which she had spent her whole life in defying. That Matilda did not keep her intentions secret is evident from the scandals that followed their announcement. The indignant clergy deprived of their wives by Gregory's ban, concubines deserted by their priestly lovers, were naturally incapable of understanding her gratitude, or sharing her lofty generosity. They ascribed to a passionate love, the gift which grew out of reverent esteem. But such a scandal could not spread. Matilda's incomings and outgoings, were of too much importance to be long concealed or misunderstood, and the rigid purity of Gregory defied all evil tongues. A being highly strung like Matilda, and endowed with what the world chooses to call a *masculine* firmness could not live in an atmosphere which such rumors might disturb.

The difficulties between Gregory and Henry, were now assuming a more formidable shape, and Matilda found more engrossing cares. The Pope and Emperor had mutually deposed each other, and singularly enough the letter which the indignant monarch addressed to the Holy Father, proves conclusively that the sympathies of a large number of Henry's subjects were on Gregory's side. "Thou hast trampled under thy feet," he says, "the ministers of the Holy Church, as slaves who know not what their lord doeth, and by that desecration hast thou won favor from the common herd."—This insolence induced the Pontiff to pass a formal sentence of excommunication upon the Emperor. Such a sentence derives its force from popular opinion, and so Henry would have felt had he been irreproachable. As it was, the Empire was elective, and he dreaded its effect upon the Diet. Overpowered with fear, he hastened to cross the Alps, and seek assistance from his mother in-law the Marchioness of Savoy, and the Pope's friend the Countess Matilda. Of Adelaide of Savoy, little is known, but that little shows her to have been a woman of rare discretion. Without forfeiting the favor of the church, she knew how to extend to Henry and her daughter Bertha, all the favor that they might expect from a tender mother, all the aid that they might ask of a Queen. She ought to have been remembered with gratitude by all subsequent Dukes of Savoy, for whatever they possessed below the Alps, they owed to the manner in which she consolidated her estates by a tripple marriage. By her first and second husbands she had no children; but by the last, Odo, Count of Morina, she had several, one of whom, called Amideo, now presided with her, over her marquisate. She was a woman of learning and ability, whose favor, even Gregory did not think it disgraceful to solicit. Her mind seems to have misgiven her, concerning her repeated espousals, and she addressed a letter to Damiano upon the subject. The reply of the Cardinal in which he reassures her mind, by pointing out the political results of these alliances, is still in existence. He shows her therein, the great influence that she has been enabled to exercise over the affairs of Italy, and gives her credit for wise principles of government, and of ecclesiastical discipline.

When Adelaide heard of the approach of the Emperor, she went as far as Mount Cenis to meet him. Never did a dissolute monarch impose upon himself a bitterer penance than Henry. The winter was terribly severe, the Rhine was frozen over from Martinmas to April and the passage of the Alps was attended by many dangers. Henry was accompanied by only one servant and his Empress. The latter wrapt in an oxhide, was slidden down the precipitous path of Mount Cenis by the hired guides. At Susa, the Marchioness furnished them with more attendants, and Denina says, accompanied him herself to the castle of Canossa, near Reggio, where Gregory had paused on his way to the Diet, at the intercession of Matilda. This impregnable castle, had been built upon a lofty rock, by Alberto Azzo, the great grandfather of Matilda, then a feudatory of the Bishop of Reggio.

The severe measures of the Pope, had made him many powerful enemies, and had Henry been less terrified by a guilty conscience, he would have known how to make the most of the evident joy, with which he was received in Upper Italy.—Through the influence of Matilda, he now received permission to approach the Pope, bare footed and clad in the hair shirt of a penitent.

(Concluded in next Number.)

TRENTON, N J. March 18th, 1854.

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS:—At the request of several ladies of this city, I have concluded to address you a letter for publication in your journal, a number of which, I have just perused with a great deal of satisfaction. It was thought by them, that a communication relative to some action of our Legislative body, would benefit the cause in which you are engaged. I profess to know very little of the subject, beyond what I have learned from a brief course of lectures delivered in this city, during the past week, by Mrs. Emma R. Coe; but if she fairly represented the principles you advocate and the rights you claim, I have not the least objection to offer, but on the contrary, my hearty acquiescence.

The greater part of the winter, Mrs. Coe has spent in this State, and her lectures, if we may judge by the language of the press, have been well attended, and given general satisfaction. In some places they have made a decided impression, and in others numerous proselytes, who, in the fervor of the moment, petitioned the Legislature for a redress of their grievances. But, like myself, most of the members of this body were unconscious of the wrongs of which the petitioners complained, never having given the matter any consideration, and the prayer was treated with comparative indifference.

I say comparative, because the Senate, (of which I am a member,) contained several bachelors, (of whom I thank God I am not one,) and it was thought an excellent opportunity to introduce something light and humorous, as a relief from the daily consideration of a vexed monopoly question. Accordingly, the petition was referred to a committee of bachelors, to confer with a similar committee from the Assembly, and report at their earliest convenience. The committee was instructed to give audience to the accredited representative of the petitioners, provided that representative was of their own sex. This was in the earlier part of the session; but as the Assembly refused to appoint a concurring committee, and the petitioners failed to send a representative, the matter was dropped.

But last week it was brought to mind, by the announcement of a course of lectures by the lady above named. Of course a good deal of interest was excited, and a still greater quantity of curiosity, for many of us had never heard a woman talk in public, much less of wrongs we supposed to be imaginary. It was then very near the close of the term, and so much anxiety had been manifested for a final adjournment, that both houses resolved to hold night sessions in order to expedite their business. But notwithstanding these facts, it was with difficulty a quorum could be obtained on any evening during the course of the lectures.

The committee to whom the petition was referred, after hearing these lectures, deemed the prayer of sufficient importance to justify them in reporting it to the Senate for their serious consideration; and by a unanimous vote it was agreed to invite the lecturer to address them on the wrongs of woman, in the presence of the members of both houses. The invitation was given and accepted; but the Senate subsequently resolved to adjourn on Friday of this week, (yesterday,) and the press of other business interfered with and prevented the object of the committee from being carried into effect. It is the general opinion of the members, and also of many of the citizens, that if the lecturer had come hither at an earlier day in the term, that a favorable report, if nothing more, would have been elicited.

In this connection I may mention one other fact, though it does not pertain to the subject under consideration. Mrs. Coe introduced herself to the people of this city, by a lecture on the subject of temperance. Now it happened that a bill for the enactment of a prohibitory law, was pending before the Assembly, and notwithstanding its members had refused to appoint a committee to confer with the one to whom the Senate had referred the ladies' petition, yet they appointed one to invite the lecturer to address that body before the vote was taken on the final passage of the bill. Before this was done, however, Mrs. Coe had gone to Easton, Pennsylvania, and the invitation was not received until it was too late to meet the emergency. The bill was lost by a vote of twenty to thirty-eight. What effect a lecture from this lady would have had upon the negative voters, it is difficult to conjecture; some of the majority are strongly impressed with the belief that it might have saved the bill.

It is suggested by the ladies, at whose request I am writing, that I should say something of the lecture. I think I ought, but scarcely know how to commence. I can not compare her with other women, for I never heard any other speak in public; and I can not compare her with men, for in dress and deportment, she was entirely the woman. But she is nevertheless an accomplished speaker, possessing all the prominent elegancies of oratory. Her voice is still the voice of a woman to the most fastidious ear. Her enunciation is clear and distinct, and her diction excellent, at least so it seemed to me at the moment of deliverance. There is a grace in her manner and an ease in her utterance, that captivates the hearer and rivets his attention, so that the most violent opposer is seldom dissatisfied with himself, for having listened an hour to her eloquence. Nor do I recollect to have heard a complaint from those who walked a mile through a heavy rain, and stood for an hour and a half, in an over crowded house, to hear her lecture on Love and Marriage.

A SENATOR.

It has been the error of some devout men in every age to conceive that religion is so exclusively occupied with the great interests of our eternal being, that the body, which is destined so soon to perish, is hardly an object of its pious care.

MRS. E. C. STANTON'S ADDRESS

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.

(Concluded.)

Third: Look at the position of woman as widow. Whenever we attempt to point out the wrongs of the wife, those who would have us believe that the laws cannot be improved, point us to the privileges, powers and claims of the widow. Let us look into these a little. Behold in yonder humble house a married pair, who for long years, have lived together, childless and alone. Those few acres of well tilled land, with the small white house, that looks so cheerful through its vines and flowers, attests the honest thrift and simple taste of its owners. This man and woman, by hard day's labor, have made this home their own. Here they lived in peace and plenty, happy in the hope that they may dwell together securely under their own vine and fig-tree, for the few years that remain to them, and that under the shadow of these trees, planted by their own hands, and in the midst of their own household gods, so loved and familar, here may take their last farewell of earth. But, alas! for human hopes, the husband dies, and without a will, and the stricken widow at one fell blow, loses the companion of her youth, her house and home, and half the little sum she had in the bank. For the law, which takes no cognizance of widows left with twelve children, and not one cent instantly spies out this widow, takes account of her effects, and announces to her the startling intelligence that but one-third of the house and lot, and one half the personal property, are hers. The law has other favorites with whom she must share the hard-earned savings of years. In this dark hour of grief the coarse minions of the law gather round the widow's hearthstone, and in the name of justice outrage all the natural sense of right; and mock at the sacredness of human love, and with cold familiarity proceed to place a moneyed value on the old arm chair, in which but a few brief hours since she closed the eyes that had ever beamed on her with kindness and affection; on the solemn clock in the corner, that told the hour he passed away; on every garment with which his form and presence were associated, and on every article of comfort and convenience that the house contained, even down to the knives and forks and spoons—and the widow saw it all; and when the work was done, she gathered up what the law allowed her and went forth to seek another home! This is the much talked of widow's dower. Behold the magnanimity of the law in allowing the widow to retain a life-interest in one-third of the landed estate, and one-half the personal property of her husband and taking the lion's share to itself. Had she died first, the house and land would all have been the husband's still. No one would have dared to intrude upon the privacy of his house or to molest him in his sacred retreat of sorrow.

How, I ask you, can that be called justice which makes such a distinction as this between man and woman?

By management, economy and industry, our widow is able in a few years to redeem her house and home. But the law never loses sight of the purse, no matter how low in the scale of being its owner may be. It sends its officers round every year to gather in the harvests for the public crib, and no widow who owns a piece of land two feet square ever escapes this reckoning. Our widow too who has now twice earned her home, has her tax to pay, also a tribute of gratitude that she is permitted to breathe the free air of this Republic, where "taxation without representation," by such worthies as John Hancock and Samuel Adams, has been declared "intolerable tyranny." Having glanced at the magnanimity of the law in its dealings with the widow, let us see how the individual man under the influence of such laws doles out justice to his helpmate. The husband has the absolute right to will away his property as he may see fit. If he has children he can divide his property among them, leaving his wife her third only of the landed estate, thus making her a dependant on the bounty of her children. A man with thirty thousand dollars in personal property may leave his wife but a few hundred a year as long as she remains his widow.

The cases are without number where women who have lived in ease and elegance, at the death of their husbands have, by will, been reduced to the bare necessaries of life. The man who leaves his wife the sole guardian of his property and children is an exception to the general rule. Man has ever manifested a wish that the world should indeed be a blank to the companion whom he leaves behind him. The Hindoo makes this wish a law, and burns the widow on the funeral pile of her husband; but the civilized man, impressed with a different view of the sacredness of life, takes a less summary mode of drawing his beloved partner after him; he does it by the deprivation and starvation of the flesh and the humiliation and mortification of the spirit. In bequeathing to the wife just enough to keep soul and body together, man seems to lose sight of the fact that woman, like himself, takes great pleaeure in acts of benevolence and charity. It is but just, therefore, that she should have it in her power to give during her life, and to will away at her death, as her benevolence or obligations might prompt her to do.

Fourth: Look at the position of woman as *mother*. There is no human love so generous, strong and steadfast as that of a mother for her child, yet behold how cruel and ruthless are your laws touching this most sacred relation.

Nature has clearly made the mother the guardian of the child, but man in his inordinate love of power, does continually set Nature and Nature's laws at open defiance. The father may apprentice his child, bind him out to a trade or labor without the mother's consent—yea, in direct opposition to her most earnest entreaties, her prayers and tears.

He may apprentice his son to a gamester or rumseller, and thus cancel his debt of *honor*. By the abuse of this absolute power, he may bind his daughter to the owner of a brothel, and by the degradation of his child, supply his daily wants, and such things, gentlemen, have been done in our very midst; moreover, the father, about to die, may bind out all his children wherever and to whomever he may see fit, and thus, in fact, will away the guardianship of all his children from the mother.

"The Revised Statutes of New-York provide that every father, whether of full age or a minor, of a child to be born, or of any living child under the age of twenty-one years and unmarried, may by his *deed or last will*, duly executed, dispose of the custody and tuition of such child during its minority, or for any less time to any person or persons, in possession, or remainder.—2 *R. S. page* 150, *sec.* 1.

Thus, by your laws the child is the absolute property of the father, wholly at his disposal in life or at death.

In case of separation the law gives the children to the father, no matter what his character or condition. At this very time we can point you to noble, virtuous, well educated mothers in this State, who have abandoned their husbands for their profligacy and confirmed drunkenness. All these have been robbed of their children, who are in the custody of the husband, under the care of his relatives, while the mothers are permitted to see them but at stated intervals. But, said one of these mothers, with a grandeur of attitude and manner, worthy the noble Roman matron in the palmiest days of that republic, I would rather never see my child again than be the medium to hand down the low animal nature of its father, to stamp degradation on the brow of another innocent being. It is enough that one child of his shall call me mother. If you are far sighted statesmen and do wisely judge of the interests of this Commonwealth, you will so shape the laws as to encourage woman to take the high moral ground that the father of her children must be great and good.

Instead of your present laws, which make the mother and her children the victims of vice and license, you might rather pass laws prohibiting to all drunkards, libertines and fools the rights of husbands and fathers. Do not the hundreds of laughing idiots that are crowding into our asylums, appeal to the wisdom of our statesmen for some new law on marriage—to the mothers of this day for a higher, purer morality.

Again, as the condition of the child always follows that of the mother, and as by the abuse of your laws the father may beat the mother, so may he the child. What mother cannot bear witness to untold sufferings which cruel, vindictive fathers have visited on their helpless children? Who ever saw a human being that would not abuse unlimited power? Base and ignoble must that man be, who, let the provocation be what it may, would strike a woman, but he who would lacerate a trembling child must be unworthy the name of man. A mother's love can be no protection to a child; she cannot appeal to you to save it from a father's cruelty, for the laws take no cognizance of the mother's most grievous wrongs. Neither at home nor abroad can a mother protect her son. Look at the temptations that surround the paths of our youth at every step—look at the gambling and drinking saloons, the club-rooms, the dens of infamy and abomination that infest all our villages and cities, slowly but surely sapping the very foundations of all virtue and strength.

By your laws all these abominable resorts are permitted. It is folly to talk of a mother moulding the character of her son when all mankind, backed up by law and public sentiment, conspire to destroy her influence. But when woman's moral power shall speak through the ballot box then shall her influence be seen and felt; then, in our Legislative debates, such questions as the canal tolls on salt, the improvement of rivers and harbors, and the claims of Mr. Smith for damages against the State, would be secondary to the consideration of the legal existence of all these public resorts, which lure our youth on to excessive indulgence and destruction.

Many times, and oft, it has been asked us with unaffected seriousness, what do you women want? What are you aiming at? Many have manifested a laudable curiosity to know what the wives and daughters could complain of in Republican America where their sires and sons have so bravely fought for freedom and gloriously secured their independence, trampling all tyranny, bigotry and caste in the dust, and declaring to a waiting world the divine truth that all men are created equal.

What can *woman* want under such a Government? Admit a radical difference in sex, and you demand different spheres, water for fish, and air for birds.

It is impossible to make the Southern planter believe that his slave feels and reasons just as he does—that injustice and subjection are as galling as to him—that the degradation of living by the will of another, the mere dependent on his caprice, at the mercy of his passions, is as keenly felt by him as by his master. If you can force on his unwilling vision the vivid picture of the negro's wrongs, for a moment touch his soul, his logic brings him instant consolation.

He says the slave does not feel this as I would. Here gentlemen is our difficulty when we plead our cause before the law makers and savans of the Republic. They cannot take the idea that men and women are alike, and so long as the mass rest in this delusion, the public mind will not be so much startled by the revelations made of the injustice and degradation of woman's position as by the fact that she should at length wake up to a sense of it.

If you, too, are thus deluded, what avails it that we show by your statute that your laws are unjust, that woman is the victim of avarice and power?

What avails it that we point out the wrongs of woman in social life—the victim of famine and lust?

You scorn the thought that she has any natural love of freedom burning in her breast, any clear

perception of justice urging her on to demand her rights.

Would to God you could know the burning indignation that fills woman's soul when she turns over the pages of your statute books, and sees there how like feudal barons your freemen hold your women. Would that you could know the humiliation she feels for her sex when she thinks of all the beardless boys in your law offices learning these ideas of one sided justice—taking the first lessons in contempt of womankind—being indoctrinated into the incapacities of their mothers, and the lordly absolute rights of man over all women, children and property, and to know that these are to be our future Presidents, Judges, Fathers and Husbands. In sorrow we exclaim, alas! for that nation whose sons bow now in loyalty to woman. The mother is the first object of the child's veneration and love, and they who would root out this holy sentiment, dream not of the blighting effect it has on the boy and the man. The impression left on law students fresh from your statute books, is most unfavorable to woman's influence, hence you see but few lawyers chivalrous and high toned in their sentiments towards woman.

They cannot escape the legal views, which, by constant reading, has become familiarised to their mind—"*femme covert*," 'dower,' 'widow's claims,' 'protection,' 'incapacities,' 'incumbrance,' is written on the brow of every woman they meet.

But if, gentlemen, you take the ground that the sexes are alike, and therefore, you are faithful representatives—then why all these special laws for woman? Would not one code, I ask, answer for all like needs and wants? Christ's golden rule is better than all the special legislation that the ingenuity of men can devise: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. This, men and brethren, is all we ask at your hands. We *ask* no better laws than those you have made for yourselves. We need no other protection than that which your present laws secure to you.

In conclusion, then, let us say in behalf of the women of this State, we ask for all that you have asked for yourselves in the progress of your development, since the *May Flower* cast anchor side Plymouth rock, and simply on the ground that the rights of every human being are the same and identical. You may say the mass of the women of this State do not make the demand. It comes from a few sour disappointed old maids and childless women.

You are mistaken; the mass speak through us. A very large majority of the women of this State support themselves and their children, and many their husbands too. Go into any village you please, of three or four thousand inhabitants, and you will find as many as fifty men or more, whose only business is to discuss religion and politics as they watch the trains come and go at the depot—or the passage of a canal boat through a lock—or to laugh at the vagaries of some drunken brother, or the capers of a monkey dancing to the music of his master's organ. All these are supported by their mothers, wives or sisters.

Now do you *candidly* think these wives do not wish to control the wages they earn—to own the land they buy—the houses they build—to have at their disposal their own children without being subject to the constant interference and tyranny of an idle, worthless profligate?

Do you suppose that any woman is such a pattern of devotion and submission that she willingly stitches all day for the small sum of fifty cents, that she may enjoy the unspeakable privilege, in obedience to your laws, of paying for her husband's tobacco and rum?

Think you, the wife of the confirmed beastly drunkard would consent to share with him her home and bed if law and public sentiment would release her from such gross companionship? Verily no!

Think you, the wife with whom endurance has ceased to be a virtue, who through much suffering has lost all faith in the justice of both Heaven and earth, takes all law in her own hand, severs the unholy bond and turns her back forever upon him whom she once called husband, consents to the law that in such an hour tears her child from her, all that is left on earth to love and cherish? The drunkards' wives speak through us, and they number 50,000.

Think you that the woman who has worked all her days in helping her husband to accumulate a large property consents to the law that places this wholly at his disposal?

Would not the mother, whose only child is bound out for a term of years, against her expressed wishes, deprive the father of this absolute power if she could?

For all these then we speak, If to this long list you add all the laboring women who are loudly demanding remuneration for their unending toil; those women who teach in our seminaries, academies and common schools for a miserable pittance; the widows who are taxed without mercy; the unfortunate ones in our work houses, poor-houses and prisons; who are they that we do not now represent, but a small class of fashionable butterflies, who, through the short summer days, seek the sunshine and the flowers? but the cool breezes of autumn and the hoary frosts of winter will soon chase all these away; then they too, will need and seek protection, and through other lips demand in their turn justice and equity at your hands.

For the Una.

INDIVIDUALITIES, NO. 2.

It were an immense work, to classify and arrange all the individual evidences of character, which can be found in a man's sayings, doings and appearances. In seeming not to be, a man, oftentimes is the more apparent to the close observer of men and manners. Some things are easily read and understood by all men.

The signs of strength, indicated by the athletic man, in the sinewy arm, the broad shoulders, the steady eye, is noticed by even the most common observer; no one would take a Calvin Edson for a Hercules.

The language of mind and manner, is no less clear to him, who is familiar with men of intellectual habits, and cultivated manners: a Chesterfield, would never be mistaken for a Bacon, nor an Indian Chief for a refined citizen of Paris. These illustrations are common enough, but they are so, because we have become familiar, with the prominent traits that mark and distinguish their peculiarities.

An old theologian says, "as our principles are, so is our life," this may be rendered sententiously, thus, what we believe we practice.

A remarkable illustration of the power and force of a cherished habit, may be found in an instance on record, of a criminal, whose propensity was to steal, and when on the scaffold and about to be executed, actually stole from the pocket of the officiating priest a watch. Equally characteristic was it of love of repartee, when Lord Chesterfield's physician, informed him that he was dying by inches, that he said, he thanked heaven he was not so tall by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

He who ascertains a law, may not be familiar with all its details and peculiarities; but the law contains its own facts and arguments. Christopher Columbus believed that there was a western continent, because he knew a few principles of navigation, but he knew but little or nothing more of this western world.

Every seed contains in itself a plant, this plant another seed, and so on to the end; to one who knew nothing of the laws of vegetation, it would be evidence of great prophetic power, for him to say, I see whole navies in this single acorn.

In what part of that letter, said a king, to the wisest of living diplomatists, did you discover irresolution? In its "ns" and "gs" its beginnings and endings was the answer.

The Sculptor, as he gazes on the block of unhewn marble, sees not only the outlines of the human form, wrought into perfect shape and proportions, but ere the chisel cuts the first chip from its surface, he contemplates the internal thoughts and feelings that actuate real life, and from this previous study of separate parts, does the sculptured block finally impersonate the form of man.

Patient study will enable every one to trace somewhat definitely, the lineaments of character and mind, in their most external conformations. Whosoever would correctly study character, must free himself of all prejudice, by severe discipline; for simple and true results are not attainable, without passing through the fires of self abandonment. He who has not thus prepared himself, will gather his impressions through the medium of bad customs, false tastes and erroneous principles; and his opinions will be from the medium, and not from the object; to every thing we look upon, even after severest discipline, we give something of the hue of our own condition.

The estimate we make of others, is in some sort, the test of our own strength; it is not alone by dissemination, that man becomes complete, but by conservation and by withholding.

To depreciate, colors black the best and brightest things, making them appear gloomy and mean. Out of its own corruption, start up horrid forms of evil.

Dismantle the facts of character, from all uncharitable coloring, and the deepest prejudice shall lift its black wings and fly to that abyss, where nature perpetually restores deformity to harmony.

LACHESIS.

The true treasures of the thought as well as of imagination are the relations of the human heart with its creator.—*Lady Jane Grey.*

We must look within for that which makes us slaves.—*Ion.*

The brain of a hasty man is like a sooty chimney, and is continually in danger of taking fire from the flames beneath.

The man who has nothing to boast of but illustrious ancestors is like a potatoe, *the only good thing belonging to him is under ground.*

Man is placed between two magnets, ambition and vanity. While the former urges him to the goal of his wishes, the latter prevents.

WASHINGTON, April 12th.

Editor's Notes.

"Please marm will you give me a penny, and if you has'nt got a penny a three cent piece will do just as well." The thin face that looked up in mine was pale and pinched with cold, but the eyes were bright, and a sweet childish smile gathered on the blue lips. "What will you do with a penny." "I'll get me some bread, for I'se hungry." Her short, quick step, kept her in front of me, and her tiny hand came up to mine with a pleading gesture, and grasped the money which had already escaped from my purse. "Thank you marm," and away flew the child, leaving me to wonder that in this land of plenty, where so many are rolling in useless luxury, there should be little children, God's angels on earth, pinched and starved.

A little farther on stood a splendid carriage with two servants in livery waiting. The horses were pawing, and champing their bits with impatience, and the driver lazily swung his handsome whip back and forth. A door opened and a little girl, a very little older than the one who had a moment before begged for bread, came out and nodded her wish to enter the carriage. The footman carefully wrapped the furs about her feet, and closed the doors and windows to exclude the cold air, then mounted the box, and in an instant they were gone.

Turning a corner, we passed into a more obscure street, through which the wind swept less fiercely, and where the sun had a more loving influence. A childish, almost infantile call, half joyous, half pitiful, for it sounded like the note between laughter and tears, arrested us, and turning we saw our little beggar on some wooden steps eating the stale roll she had purchased. "It's nice and warm here lady, the sun shines so," said the child. Her feet were bare, and she stood first on one then the other, to keep them warm; and with one hand she drew tightly about her, her old cotton shawl that some one in charity had given her, while her flesh quivered with cold. Again her large eyes looked into mine, clear as though no sin or soil were on her soul; suspicion, doubt, nor fear, had ever contracted them, or caused them to hide the angel nature within. She had suffered want all of her little life, but she had not learned to be envious, and as she tripped along by my side, she laughed gleefully at the toys in the windows, and clapped her hands in perfect ecstacy at the beauty of a little stove, and exclaimed, "it's proper pretty!" No doubt it brought visions of a warm, cheerful fire, in a snug room, where there might be some love for her. Ah! children do bear the angels with them, if they are not themselves angels.

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In the Congressional burying ground is a little grave, without stone or monument to tell the name, or whose treasure lies buried there; but on the head, between two small rose bushes, is a little marble lamb, reclining in sleep, and at the foot a kneeling Samuel, with clasped hands as in prayer, The love tokens on this green knoll reminded us of the baby graves at Greenwood, where the monuments are a little chair, a rocking horse, a wool dog, a tin whistle, a cup and ball, a fife, a half worn shoe, a headless doll; the toys best loved are treasured on the little green mounds where the babies sleep. The feeling is full of poetry which thus marks the rest of these sweet sleepers. While we were looking upon these love-tokens on this baby grave, Elihu Burrit, that best of good men, took from his pocket "The Two Angels," by Longfellow, which was read aloud, and then we went reverently and silently on to the other side of the burial ground, where range three long, straight rows of monuments, dedicated to members of Congress who have passed away during their term of public service. These, weary from their monotony and extreme ugliness. It would be difficult to class or define their style of architecture, or to conceive of anything more disagreeable than the effect of these piles of granite; heavy, untasteful, and in every way inelegant as they are, they seem to press gloomily upon the bosom of our mother earth, and make one sad to look upon them. The larger number are of granite, a few of the late ones only of marble. A large square block, rising about eight inches above the ground, forms the base; on this is placed another block six or eight inches smaller, and rising about two feet, and on this is placed a rounded capstone. On the second stone is inscribed the name, age, place of residence, and other particulars of the man whose memory it is erected to perpetuate. If there were to be a small earthquake and swallow up these monstrous monuments to great men, it might be a decided improvement all round; for it is certainly to be hoped that the next generation will have a higher appreciation of art and beauty than the last have had; and if they are not so overwhelmed with reverence for the works of their fathers as to cherish deformity it will be so, and we shall see the cities of the dead so beautified as to make them pleasant resorts. In the cemetery in Baltimore, on a tree overhanging one grave, are a large number of bird cages, and the owner comes daily and scatters seed to attract other birds, and teach them that that is their home.

There is a beautiful myth among a certain tribe of Indians of the office of birds. When a maiden dies, a bird is loosed over her grave, and as it soars away they suppose it bears the soul to its new home; and if the song of the bird is joyous, (as it is very likely to be when emancipated from its hated bondage,) they believe that the good spirit is pleased with the new comer, and that she is happy. Birds appear to have been greatly regarded in the Indian mythology. Among the Navajoes, it is stated that one day a turkey-hen came flying from where the morning star rises, and alighted in the midst of a circle of their wise men, and when shaking her feathers an ear of blue corn fell to the ground. This they divided into four parts. The point was given to the Coyoteros, who to this day raise small corn; the next to the Navajoes, whose corn is somewhat larger; the next to the Pueblos, whose corn is much better, and the best end to the Mexicans, who have large corn. Again the benevolent bird came, and brought them white corn and wheat, in fine all the seeds they have. When looking at the beautiful collection of birds brought by the Exploring Expedition to the Patent Office, these and various other of their myths were brought to mind. "They are so beautiful that their mission to earth must be a holy one," said a friend, who is an enthusiast about birds and flowers. * * * *

The discussion on Nebraska still lingers in the House. No one seems in a hurry to bring it to a close; we cannot help often thinking that, if the representatives of the nation had a certain salary fixed, that business would be expedited, they would find it patriotic to get through in about half the time it now occupies, and then go home like good husbands and fathers, to do what is quite as essential as that of adding new territory, to our already over-grown country. On Tuesday, the 6th, we were in the House to listen to Hon. Gerrit Smith and Mr. Preston on Nebraska. Mr. Preston failed of presenting a single sound argument. He spoke like one who was talking against his own convictions of right, truth and justice, as though he were doing an unwilling duty—but it was not a break down, as stated in the Tribune. He failed in making the "worse appear the better cause," because he does not himself believe it right and cannot be in earnest.

Had Mr. Smith failed of making the points in his argument clear, he would still have commanded the attention of the House; for none can look on his radient face and not feel that he is inspired by truth. His opposers listen and say, "we can do nothing with him; he goes back to first principles; he goes behind the constitution." He does; and so should all Christians, for all constitutions will ultimately have to be tried and tested by this first great principle.

* * * Succeeding Mr. Smith comes a representative from Maine where there has never been any chattel slavery, and with might and strength advocates the repeal of the compromise, and the passage of the Bill. Mr. McDonald followed the lead of the Senate rather more obsequiously, than any other of the speakers have yet done; finding it in the way of his argument to attack woman's rights and other isms of the North. Mr. Cullun of Tennessee followed him, and opposed the Bill with clear and forcible arguments. The readers of the government organ, the Union, get but a

one sided view of this movement, for not a word or line of the opposition is permitted to appear. If the reporter gives a little scrap from G. Smith's or any other, who says that the measures and policy are wrong, the Editor strikes it out; the organ presents one picture, while eye witnesses see quite another. There never has been freer discussions, never more earnest out spoken truth—and the fossilized remains of these old politicians and young irreverent progressives are made to tremble for their patch work of the past, and bungling of the present. For ourselves, as far as slavery is concerned, we cannot see that the repeal of the compromise will be such a deadly evil. Once clear and free from all compromises and compromisors, we shall have a fair field, in which to combat the demon of slavery, which looks hideous in the distance, becomes doubly so as we approach it.

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A new member, from the Washington Territory, has just arrived and taken his seat in the House. His journey was made in a little less than six weeks, *en route* San Francisco and Panama. He has been a resident there about six years; he is a man of excellent sense, calm, steady, and free from the stupendous bombast of most of the new made men from the far West; still he astonishes us with his reports of the productions of the country. Speaks of trees three and four hundred feet high, with trunks varying from eighteen to twenty three feet in diameter. This new settlement appears to be living on the most amicable relations with the Indians. The giving the lands of these new territories to actual settlers, is as great an injustice to the Indians, as to opening them to slavery is to the negroes; for many of them have cultivated their lands, but having no other title than the great treaty, they are at the disposal of any white man, who comes with a government parchment in his pocket, and takes possession of their fields, and desecrates with his plough their graves, and their sacred places. Judge Lancaster's sympathies are evidently with the red men.

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Ohio Legislature—We find several notices of the memorial, of the Ohio women, for just and equal rights presented to the Ohio Legislature by Mrs. C. M. Severance, chairman of the committee of ladies, appointed to address that body. The "State Democrat" says, "Mrs. Severance read with deep feeling, a memorial, which was an able expose of the wrongs of woman, as practiced by the common and statute laws of Ohio; and was an appeal to Senators as fathers, brothers and sons, to do away with their disabilities; which had the vote been taken ere the sound of her musical voice had died away, would have been almost unanimous in its favor. The Senate ordered the memorial laid on the table to be printed." The Statesman says, "the memorial, presented in the Senate, by a deputation of ladies, and read with such rare beauty and effect, by Mrs. Severance, is a remarkable paper, not only for the singular beauty of its diction, but for the apparent soundness of the views presented, and the vigorous logic with which they were enforced." Again he says, "If women are treated unjustly, let the matter be attended to and remedied. With the memorial we say, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall." The memorial will appear in our next number.

In the New York Legislature a Bill has been reported giving to married women the right to their own earnings, and the control equally of their children. A small portion of what thousands prayed for, but an evidence that they were heard, and an earnest of more in the future.

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Dr. H. K. Hunt's lectures are every where very highly spoken of. In a Columbus paper we find a lengthy notice, which we would gladly give entire but for want of room.

The writer says, "the Doctor is entirely devoted to her profession, and from her love of it, and originality, in style of practice and method of investigating disease, it seems certain she was made for a physician, and her eighteen years of successful practice, in the city where she was born and educated, has not, in the least, diminished her unbounded enthusiasm.

Her practice is quite as much the art of prevention as cure. But the grand idea of her lecture was that the physician, as well as the minister, should have a regular parish with the names of families booked, and that it should be his business to visit those families, discover their hygenic habits, in order to advise how they may keep their health."

The Doctor appears to have been kindly even warmly received during all her winters tour, and to have found few of the conflicting elements which follow the course of some. This is easily accounted for, she is genial, good tempered and fearless of opposition. * * * *

Art and Artists—In the park opposite the Presidential mansion is the Equestrian statue of General Jackson, by Clark Mills, which has been frequently noticed and greatly praised. The balancing of the horse in the position in which it stands, is spoken of as a most wonderful achievement of art. "Of art I know but little, but of nature something," and I know that a real live horse could not remain for a moment in the unnatural position of this bronzed one, nor is the rider's any more natural, and it makes one tremble for the brave old General, lest they should both go over together. To our eye this statue rather mars than beautifies this pretty park; which we designate as pretty, (rather than beautiful, grand and noble, as a late letter writer from this city did;) it is too small and too fancifully laid out to be called any thing more than pretty.

It may be that Mr. Mills made a cast for his horse as he does for his heads; if so the weight of the plaster would account for the unnatural appearance of the muscles of the animal. In the Patent Office are several busts, by the same artist, not one of which has the least claim to merit. The mouths are elongated, and the muscles of the cheeks are forced backward toward the ear. Mr. Mills still adheres to making casts by pouring the plaster over the face; the consequence is, there is not one face in a hundred with muscles sufficiently hard to preserve the shape, and the expression is utterly unattainable even where that is preserved, for the constraint and frequently the difficulty of respiration gives a distressed and anxious look to the most placid face.

The equestrian statue has been purchased at an expense to government of twenty thousand dollars, and a contract made with Mr. Mills for his statue of Washington, while Powers' America is declined. This is matter of astonishment, and can only be accounted for by the fact, that Mr. Mills is a South Carolinian, and the South always have whatever they demand. Were the proposition, however, before the present Congress, it is quite possible there might be a little more opposition than heretofore, for it is becoming apparent that concession in small matters only lead to increased demands.

On the east gable of the capitol is a group, the design of which was chosen by the elder Adams, and which we do not remember to have ever seen noticed. On the left is Hope reclining on an anchor, and pointing with her right hand to Liberty, the centre figure, who bears in one hand a shield, and in the other grasps a spear; between these two is a large eagle. Beyond is Justice balancing the scales in her right hand. The position of the figures are graceful, and the floating drapery excellent. "Is it not strange, I asked of my friend Judge M., that the symbol of justice always appearing upon court-houses and elsewhere, in female form, has never awakened attention to the injustice done to woman?" "Yes, certainly, she stands in our public places and balances her scales, but she is blind," he replied. True enough, and we must pray for the opening of her eyes. Immediately beneath these the eye falls on the lamented Greenough group, of Progress or the Rescue. This work has been to us a deep disappointment, it is only cold marble; the baby in the mother's arms has none of the pliancy and grace of babyhood. The main figure of the subject is unartistic. A savage, either in painting or sculpture, is a savage still; and the fiercer the passions which the artist seeks to present, the less they are in accordance with divine art, whose life is in peace, and who knows not how to touch except to beautify.

In the rotunda are two new busts, one of President Pierce, by an Italian artist, the other by Mr. Akers, of Portland, Maine. The first is perfect in its resemblance when within two or three feet, but standing in a proper relation to it for a study, it might as well be called any one else as the President; it is lost in distance, and is only a head. The other is of the Speaker of the House, Mr. Boyd, a large fine looking man, with a genial, benevolent expression. Mr. Akers has succeeded most admirably in attaining that high point in art which gives the soul full expression so pleasing, making a likeness, so to speak, which fills the rotunda.

No one will mistake the Speaker at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet, and as you approach it, it grows strikingly life like. An artist may give every line and furrow, even to the most minute details of the face, and yet fail of a portrait. He must be able to look into the soul and catch the fleeting expression that it seeks to give, when it is in its most serene and purest states. As man should be judged by his highest and best acts, so should the expression of a picture be that of the greatest beauty ever seen in the countenance, or it is not a true portrait.

There are three private galleries of paintings in the city, two of which are opened one or two days of the week to visitors; the other, Mr. King's, is open at all times to those who choose to spend an hour. Mr. K. is a true lover of art, and believes in its hallowed influence to elevate and bless mankind. ED.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, MAY, 1854.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

"In France the ladies are educated in a manner to make them most agreeable in society, and while all are taught to keep the accounts of household expenses, many of the poorer class are taught bookkeeping so thoroughly as to enable them to follow it as a profession. In almost every Paris shop, consequently, the books are kept either by the wife of the shopkeeper or by some other female employed for the purpose. Thus the French system is, to teach females the useful or agreeable, according to their worldly condition. Our American system is to teach them a little of every thing; infact, we take more pains with them than with our boys, though it would seem from results that hitherto our efforts have been none too well directed. While we have female seminaries and colleges in which degrees are conferred, and which produce many shallow and discontented philosophers who may modestly take the rostrum at public meetings, and have begun to invade the pulpit, we have very few who can take charge of a husband's counting-room while he is engaged in the directions of other departments of his multifarious business. In Paris, you may buy a carpet of your upholsterer, who shows the goods, makes all the necessary explanations and sends it home. But when you pay, you walk to a neat mahogany desk where madame sits enthroned behind her large folio ledger, and it is with her you regulate the account. The French tradesman's wife is no mere sleeping partner. She takes an active, useful and appropriate part in the management of affairs—she knows to what extent the business is prosperous—and is therefore never in danger, like many American wives, of demanding a new carriage or other extravagance, when her husband is on the point of failing. These remarks are suggested by an account of a meeting in London "of the friends and promoters of the Hyde Park College for Young Ladies." If the English will occasionally borrow the notions of their younger brother Jonathan, it is a pity they do not make a wiser choice; it would have commenced as we did with *common schools for girls.*"

A Paris correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer writes, as above, of the education of women in France, and draws some inferences and comparisons in relation to the education of American women, which are not entirely without force, although he does not appear himself rightly to know or understand the cause of the evil he deprecates.

He complains that our country-women are not fitted to take charge of a husband's counting room, and attributes this to their education, "in seminaries and colleges which confer on them degrees, only to make them shallow, discontented philosophers."

We believe the term education cannot with any degree of propriety be used in the partial and restricted sense, which would apply it only to the elementary instruction which is received in schools and colleges. The word literally means to draw out, to develop, and may very properly be used to describe every effort and every action of our entire life; for, as we are designed for perpetual growth and progress, every act which we perform, whether of the body or mind, is at once, achievement and discipline, the acomplishment of something required in the present, and preparation and training for easier and better action in the future; thus every end has a further aim, and the harvest of the past is the seed of promise.

Human existence is crowded with duties, but development, growth, progress is the ultimate object; our entire life is one process of education, from the blank, but eager emptiness of childhood, up to the attainments of a Newton or a Somerville. Education commences with the mother's smile, and is continued by every action of her life. Every song of the birds, every fresh breeze and flower, every dash of the ocean's wave, and every sun-illumined landscape are so many lessons in the learning of life.

The father's tone of voice, his words of wisdom or of folly, are still stronger lessons. Listen to the positiveness with which the child repeats, "my father says so," and then doubt, if you can, the force and permanence of the impression. The child is being educated when he hears the father, in his petulence or his pride, exclaim, "what does a woman know," and he takes up the wise saw, and looks contemptuously on his mother, and repeats it to his sister, who competes successfully with him, in all school exercises wherein she gains not so much actual information and acquirement, as the means and instruments of a subsequent self-culture.

In France marriage is looked upon as an equal business copartnership, and the French woman, understanding it as such, goes as naturally to the counting-room, the ledger and the money drawer, as the young American wife takes possession of the kitchen and the parlor, to which, by the usages and opinions prevalent with us, her business faculties are rigidly limited.

Business avocations of larger range and higher responsibilities have not been her study, nor until very lately deemed her province, any more than politics. Positive ignorance of them has been considered an accomplishment, and any interference in the pecuniary affairs of the husband regarded as meddling with what in no way concerned her, and thus it has often happened that women possessing ability and knowledge sufficient to have made them the wisest partners of their husbands, have, from this constrained nonintervention, fallen into habits of ruinous extravagance.

It has some times happened that a woman, possessing more than ordinary business talents, (such as could not well be repressed within the activities afforded by the mere purchasing of household supplies,) has entered into trade or upon a profession; but what has been the result? She has invariably been ridiculed, sneered at, called coarse, masculine, managing, and charged with a desire to rule where she was designed to be subservient and dependent. The very sneers and gibes cast upon such a woman would repress the desire of many a girl to fit herself for other and more extended duties, than fall to the house-keeper.

The purse is wholly the American husbands, and the wife is a beggar, though she may be clad in velvet and diamonds; and we mean to reiterate this truth till women come to the full understanding of it. In every State in the Union, the husband can will away all the joint property except one third of the real estate and by converting that into personal property or encumbering it with debt, it may be spent or given away by will.

Taking this view of the case, it is certainly no very great wonder that large possessions of silks, laces, embroideries and jewelry become a necessity to her. Nor is she to be reproached for it, if we consider that every faculty of the mind desires activity, and if repressed in one direction must flow out in others.

If she may not have the highest uses of all her faculties, they will fall into the lower, and amid sacrifice and service, she accepts the mean compromise of frivolity for the proper and holy pleasures of her existence. She has not, she knows, experienced all that she was worthy of, not all for which she was created, but she has in part forgotten what was promised in the glowing morning of life. The idols of beauty she worshipped are broken and destroyed, and in old age she sleeps, and knits, and talks gossip, a second time a child, when she would be in the very freshness and maturity of her strength.

Jean Paul Ritcher thus describes his feelings in looking upon a young bride:

"But it made my soul tender, when I looked in that sweet contented face, blooming with red and white roses, and thought within myself, O, be not so joyful poor sacrifice! Thou knowest not that thy gentle heart needs something warmer than blood, and the head better dreams than the pillow can bring it; that the perfumed flower-leaves of thy youth must soon be drawn together to form the scentless calyx-leaves, to protect the honey cup for thy husband, who will soon demand of thee, neither tenderness nor a light heart, but only rough working fingers, feet never weary, laboring arms and a quiet paralytic tongue. This far wide speaking vault of the eternal blue, rotundo of the universe will shrink up to be thy housewifery apartment, thy fuel chamber and spinning-house, and in thy happiest days only a visiting apartment. The sun will be only a hanging balloon stove, a room heater of the universe; the moon but a cobbler's rush-light upon the candlestick of a cloud. The Rhine will shrink into a pool and rinsing kettle to whiten thy household linen, and the ocean be only a herring pond." A dark picture for womanhood, but, alas, too true in the larger proportion of marriages.

The system of school education here is not the evil, but the mischievous, unnatural and

false relation in which woman is kept from the cradle to the grave.

Let there be that defference paid to the mother of humanity, which she deserves, and there will be no cause of complaint that women are extravagant and selfish. The caprices with which you charge her are only necessities, to compensate for the ignorance in which she is kept of that, which as nearly concerns her as yourself. When you become bankrupt, is it nothing to her that her whole style of life is at once changed without any fault, knowledge or agency of her own? Is it nothing to her that the little field of her ambition is closed up, and she must sink into obscurity? And must she have no feeling, and no resources but submission and unquestioning contentment? You have still employment and engagements left to you. You may go on change or enter some other business; you may mingle as heretofore with men, smoke your cigar, read the morning paper in the newsroom and hear the last election returns.

Dissipation and busy idleness are your accustomed recreations in prosperity, and in reverses you have a way very wonderful to women of giving them importance and dignity—Dogberry is not the only gentleman that says:

"I am a fellow that hath had losses," with the feeling of great consequence in the fact, and the expectation of an admiring sympathy! There are some excellent reasons, for asking a kind construction and a little indulgence for feminine follies that match your own and owe their existence mainly to your influence and management of the sex's character.

There is cause of complaint, just cause of complaint on both sides, but the ground work of the wrong is yours, for you are our teachers, your maxims, your aphorisms, your books and your love educate women. Your sneers at women who dare to think for themselves terrifies and paralyzes those about you, and they who might have dared something for the world, accept marriage as their protection; and if their jailor is tender and loving, they are happy and boast that they feel no bonds upon them, when alas, their souls are bound in corsets closer even than their bodies. The night of adversity comes, it casts its long dark shadows on their path, gloom and discontent is on the husband's brow, but he will not take counsel with her who should have been first to be consulted. The final crash comes, and she is expected to show, and often does show, that her strength is superior to his; for she rises, as he sinks into despondency and gloom, and like the wise woman, "She layeth her hand to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff." She is found then to be industrious, patient, loving and trusting in adversity, and many times husbands by the trial of losses, first learn to know the capacity of their wives for the management of those affairs from which they had before been excluded. There is an extreme shallowness in the interrence that American women from mere "shallowness of philosophy mount the rostrum and invade the pulpit," while they remain incapable and impractical in those business affairs for which French women are distinguished. The women in America who are thus exposing themselves to the misconstruction are not more urgent in their advocacy of any withheld right, than this very one of efficient participation in all business avocations. If they are abroad pleading instead of at home working, it is because they are thus obliged to plead, for the privilege of working; when their prayer is granted they will cease their beseeching and remonstrating. The rostrum, the conventions, the newspapers, occupied with the controversy of women's rights, are all liable to the objection that they are not the best employment for the persons engaged in them; but they are all justified, and warranted, and commended too, by the fact that they are necessary; just as the battle field is less worthy than the harvest field; but revolutions, nevertheless, must be effected though "the plough should stand."

We copy the strictures of the *Courier's* correspondent, though written by a philosopher with a beam in his eye, for the sake of the facts reorded therein, showing the practicability of that better order of things, in France, for which we are pleading here.

We have said that the school training of girls in America is not *the* cause of their alleged inefficiency for business; by which however, we mean not that the system is a good one but that it is good enough, for the good for-nothing lives the pupils are intended to lead. Let those lives once have an aim, a purpose worthy of their capacities, and then the educational method will be made to conform. Open all the avenues of business to women without other limitation than choice and individual fitness, and the common schools and their own common lives will make them adequate to all the duties, which they owe to society, and all the engagements which are necessary to themselves. Put some meaning and purpose into their education, and they will match their natural destiny and fulfill it.

A monkey is near enough to a man to be his caricature; he is frivolous, incoherent and mischievous, because he has not the business, social and political relations to perform, that employ the bee and the beaver. If women run to millinery and frivolity, it is because men have mutilated their minds and functions.

ST. LOUIS.

Dear Una:—

You will see by the above list of subscribers, that I have planted a seed of Woman's Rights in New Orleans, aye! two seeds, in that great city of the South, which I trust may take root and grow in its genial soil, until they shall produce mighty trees, upon which the stricken children of humanity may hang their hopes of future freedom and equality.

I spoke on the evening of the 15th of March in the Lyceum Hall, New Orleans, on that subject which is to me more important than all others, the rights of woman. But I spoke to a very, very small audience.

The city was full of amusements. Madame Sontag was setting the people wild with her magic music. Dan Rice exciting the Southern theatre goers, with his Uncle Tom, got up for the South—almost as much as the real Uncle Tom did the North last year—by portraying "admirably," *they* said, "the sentimentalism and hypocrisy of the abolitionists, Mrs. *Harriet Bleacher Straw* in particular." All the other theatres were in full sail, and Mrs. Brill, the spiritualist, who speaks only when the spirit moves, was lecturing at the same time. Nothing short of a Lucy Stone notoriety, (which, alas! I have not, nor have I power to deserve it,) could have enlisted the interests of such a fun loving, folly seeking people, to even hear the unpopular doctrine of Woman's Rights; yet the ice had to be broken and as I was on a visit to the South, I ventured.

Daniel O'Connel in the first struggle for Catholic emancipation, could find but five to join him, and two of those were with difficulty persuaded to join the enterprise; but O'Connel conquered and so shall we.

The popular press of the North and East, the New York Herald, Times and others of like kind, Putnam, Harper, Knickerbocker, Graham and Godey have all helped to make our movement notorious; but at the South, where "reforms" are spurned as "Yankee notions," they have only seen the perverted view, that these presses choose to give. They have as yet, no conception of the importance of the movement, and look upon it only as a fanatical offshoot of Abolitionism. They have yet to learn that Woman's Rights and Human Rights are one and the same thing, the wide world over, based not upon Utopian theories or fanatical notions; but upon the immutable principles of Justice and Truth, and that no system of expediency or policy can ever set them aside without doing wrong to both the oppressor and oppressed.

Prof. I. D. Peck, in a discourse on woman (the popular theme now among the great men and Professors,) said to this effect, he thanked Heaven, these sad ebulitions of mistaken fancy (Woman's Rights,) have created scarcely a ripple upon the calm wave of the divinely created instincts of the women, (mark instincts not intelligence,) of our day. The D. D. has not been abroad; not read the papers. If the subject be so contemptible and ridiculous, how comes it that the leaders of public opinion, feel themselves called upon to cry out so lustily against it? Would the Knickerbocker, Harper, Putnam and others bend them from their high estate to satirise, caricature and repel an "ebulition of fancy," "a sad demonstration of uneasiness"? We think not, and though they have succeeded in making the cause seem something wrong in those sections, where both sides have not been heard, they have still done infinite good, and when their contributors come to know, as they will and must, the whole truth, they will receive

their verdict, as they are already doing, in many places, where women have dared to go and speak for themselves.

No strong man, unless he be mean and cruel, contends with a weak and puerile antagonist. He crushes at once, or passes by in silence, or subdues it by kindness and love.

I left New Orleans sorrowing over it; for never have I seen its like for dissipation and sin. I marvel not that the pestilence loves to linger in its polluted streets, and glut its deadly hate upon its self prepared victims. How can they live healthily through the scorching heat of summer, who contaminate their whole systems through the winter with luxurious excitement, with strong drink and wine. But in New Orleans as elsewhere there are good and true hearts, not a few, throbbing for the emancipation of all human souls, and the under tone of the more enlightened and thinking class, is for freedom to both black and white, body and mind slavery. Oh how fearful is its curse, come in what form it may, every hour of my experience gives strength to my hatred of its wrongs and abuses—no, not its abuses and wrongs, but to *the* thing itself—for were there never a sufferer physically, it would be *slavery* still, blighting and withering the children of the Great Father, who were all "born equal and endowed with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and every violation of that declaration, every setting aside of that compact, is a breach of trust, and a blot upon our country, calling for remonstrance. How dares the North be so recreant to their trust? I wonder not, that slaveholders bound to the terrible system, by habit, education, interest, every thing, should defend it. Dare the North the free North, to join hands with political demagogues, for a Nebraska Bill? If slavery is to be tolerated, if it is right any where, if it is good for master and slave, as Northern men contend, why not struggle for its introduction at home, in Massachusetts, Rhode Island? Why will Northern men seek to wither the South, with what, they cry out lustily, would be a curse to themselves. I have never yet talked with an intelligent man or woman at the South, who did not express a wish to be freed from its evils; why then it will be asked, do they not rid themselves of it? They have many, many reasons, all of which resolve themselvs into one; in many minds self-interest shuts out the light.

Why is our country not reclaimed from intemperance? Not a human soul, of honesty and integrity, can be found that does not deem it a curse, a wrong; it is because, "self interest shuts out the light." We must work and struggle on, the good day will come. "Be kind, be firm," be still our motto, and the world shall be reclaimed.

F. D. Gage.

ELLA WENTWORTH'S SWINDLE.

If we have sometimes been a little envious at the dashing success of Ella Wentworth, in establishing her literary Journals, and having them entirely conducted by women, we are not the less sad, to learn that it is all a hoax; and that it is even doubtful whether there is one or many Ella's. It seems that George Wentworth has been practicing upon the public sympathies, using the little ripple that has, with infinite care and effect, been made in favor of enlarging the business avocations of women, for his own selfish purposes. The baseness of the act is unpardonable, for he has not only imposed upon the public, and tarnished a good cause, but has induced a number of young girls to leave good employments and become his tools, and thus permanently injured them. Thanks are due to the Philadelphia Register for looking into this matter and exposing it.

A beggar at the gate called Beautiful am I,
Asking an alms of earth, and sea, and sky;
How morn till night I sit, nor ever lose
My hope, nor aught doth me refuse.

The earth brings flowers, in my lap she throws
Bathed with fresh dew the cowslip and the rose,
Wreathed me with tulips and the violet,
Nor ere her wealth of beauty hath denied me yet.

The sea brings all her treasures, wreathed foam
And dancing spray, each with their tribute come
The tinted shell, the deeper colored weed,
All bring their beauty to supply my need.

And the blest sky! I wake at early dawn
To drink the beauty of the blushing morn,
And mid the splendor of the noon-day light
Come cloud like angels oft, to bless my longing sight.

And night, dear night, to me her gracious boon
Of tender beauty, is the silvery moon,
The bright Aurora, and the shooting star,
And the fixed lights all glorious, still and far.

And yet nor morn, nor night, winter, nor dewy spring,
The chiocest treasure to the beggar bring;
But oft in deeper longing do I cry,
And beg the tender glance of some dear loving eye.

Then comes a friend who knows not what he brings,
Nor gold nor silver in my lap he flings,
But health and life are with his presence come,
He sees my *need* and takes me to his home.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

A PARABLE.

(*Translated from the German of Krummacher for this paper.*)

Death and Sleep, the Angel of Slumber and of Death, brotherlike, arm in arm, wandered over the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a hillock not far from the habitations of men. A melancholy stillness reigned around, and the vesper bell in the distant hamlet ceased. Quietly and silently, as is their custom, the two seemed beneficent guardian spirits of mankind in cordial embrace, as now night approached. Then the Angel of Slumber arose from his mossy couch, and scattered with noisless hand the invisible slumber-seeds. The evening wind wafted them to the quiet dwellings of the weary husbandmen. Now sweet sleep enfolds in its arms the dwellers of the rural cottages, from the old man who walks leaning upon his staff, down to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot his pain, the mourner his sorrow, the poor man his cares. Every eye was closed.

Now after his task was ended, the beneficent Genius laid himself down again by the side of his sterner brother. "When the ruddy morning breaks" exclaimed he with happy innocence, "how the world will extol me as its friend and benefactor! O, what joy to do good unseen and secretly! How happy are we, invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How noble our peaceful employment!"

So spoke the friendly Angel of Slumber.—The Death-Angel looked at him with mute sadness, and a tear, such as the immortals weep, stood in his large, dark eye. "Alas" said he, "that I cannot enjoy, like you, delightful gratitude; the world calls me its enemy, and the disturber of its joys."

"O my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "will not the good man upon his awakening recognise in you a friend, and gratefully bless you? Are we not brothers, and messengers of one Father?"

Thus he spoke; the eye of the Death-Angel glistened, and the brotherly Genii embraced each other tenderly.

Magnififent Ceremony—One of the most imposing and beautiful spectacles we have ever witnessed, was presented yesterday morning, and we were not a little surprised at the very small number of persons who were present to behold it. This perhaps may be accounted for from the silence of the city papers on the subject, and managers did not see fit to issue any "posters" or programmes. Superadd to this the fact that nearly everybody was out of town "in the land of Nod," and the reason for the small audience is pretty clear. The ceremony was nothing else than the opening of the Gates of day, and the sun standing upon the threshhold looking forth, like a prince in bright armor, upon his kingdom. The blue walls of night parted, but without a crash, nay, even without the soft and silken rustle of a curtain. The lights aloft were put out one after another, to give effect to the scene—the gates of red gold swung back, noisless as the parting of soft lips in dreams, and a threshhold and hall, inlaid with pearl, were disclosed. There was a flush, and a glow over the water and the city, and there paused the sun, as if enchanted with the scene he smiled on. A moment and he stepped forth, but there was no jar; a moment more and cloud and spire and dome were all of a glory—There was no acclamation, no song—the days have gone by when the deep blue heaven is full of unseen birds, that are fluttering at the pale portal of morning. All was silent, yet beautiful and sublime—[N. Y. Tribune.

DEPARTURE OF MRS. CHISHOLM.

Southampton, Tuesday.—This indefatigable lady in the cause of emigration, paid this day a farewell visit to this port previous to her departure for Australia, which is shortly to take place. Her object in coming to Southampton is evidently two-fold— one being to inspect a piece of land which has been purchased by some of the leading merchants of the town for the purpose of erecting, in accordance with some previously stated opinions of Mrs. Chisholm's, suitable and convenient place for the accommodation of emigrants and strangers, which shall be entitled upon its completion, "The Emigrant's and Stranger's Home." The spot selected is contiguous to both the docks and the railway, and is situated immediately at the rear of Canute-road. It is very spacious, and will enable a building to be erected capable of containing or accommodating 800 persons, with large space in the centre for drying, &c. After viewing the large piece of land selected, Mrs. Chisholm, and several gentlemen connected with the port, who wished to present her with an address previous to her departure, proceeded to a large room in the French warehouse, when several ladies and gentlemen assembled. Mr. J. Lankester introduced the business by some very appropriate remarks, and Mr. G. Drysdale read an address complimenting Mrs. Chisholm for her exertions in promoting a well-considered scheme of emigration.

Upon receiving the address, Mrs. Chisholm made some appropriate remarks for the exhibition of good feeling which had been evinced towards her. She was highly gratified with the announcement which she had received of the purchase of the suitable piece of land which had been selected for the erection of an emigrant's house, and she was sure that those gentlemen would, if the affair was well managed, find their speculation a sure and profitable one. Without they had a home of the description which was about to be erected in Southampton, she was sure that the port would not deserve that name which it was entitled to posess, and which would raise it far beyond the other ports with which England was surrounded. It was the idea of many persons that in the freighting of vessels first-class passengers paid better than any other class. That was all very well; first-class passengers, she was aware, paid to a certain extent very profitably; but they must not forget that first-class passengers were not the persons to freight ships. Ships were freighted by the mass, and it was the mass who paid the merchant. If they gave to the second-class passengers that proper and comfortable accommodation which was so anxiously looked for by them, the gentlemen of Southampton would do more by such an act to benefit the position and increase the interests of the town than by any other. Her only object in not having previously chosen and advised Southampton as the port at which emigrants should take their departure, was the want of comfortable accommodation for second-class passengers. When she first paid a visit to their port, she came into the town of a wet night at twelve o'clock, with twelve females under her charge, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could procure proper and reasonable accommodation for the young women who accompanied her. After some more appropriate and feeling remarks for the cause of emigration, and the port of Southampton, as connected with its own more perfect development, Mrs. Chisholm retired amidst the cheers of her assembled friends.

London Morning Chronicle.

ON ARROGANCE.

Pride is not to be found in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind: virtue dwells with honor, and pride with constant baseness. True honor, like a noble virgin, must be won by courtesy. He that has little to recommend him, would invade men's good opinions by vainly assuming what he has no right to; a lofty look and carriage are the property of low minds. Arrogance is a weed that grows on a dunghill, and thrives by the rankness of the soil. The approbation of the wise will be ever bestowed on humility, which values not its own merit, but lives on the delight of doing good. Of trees God hath chosen the vine, that clings for support; of beasts, the innocent and patient lamb; of fowls the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar nor sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane, but in an humble abject bush; as if he would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man: nothing procureth love like humility, or hatred like pride. To be humble to our superiors is a duty, to our equals courtesy, and to our inferiors nobleness; which with all its lowliness, carries a sway that sweetly commands the soul; it can only by forsaking virtue, dwindle into baseness. The divine justice seems most to vindicate itself upon the presumptuous, and more especially to combat against pride.

Fire burns only when we are near it; but a beautiful face burns and inflames, though at a distance—*Xenophon.*

Humility with energy, is often mistaken for pride.

From Putnam's Monthly for April.

THE TWO ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke.
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he, who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death but Life," he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshhold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door.

ON CURIOSITY IN KNOWLEDGE.

The delight of some men seems to be to puzzle the soul, and to dazzle the mind's dim sight. In matters whereof we may be certain, it is well worth the labor to be instructed; but in religion itself, where reason is at a loss, I will be content to retire with admiration. Much may be gained by studious inquiry, while that which remains is as a sea, which is too deep for the confined powers of the human mind to fathom. One will tell us of our Saviour's disputation among the doctors, and another what became of the body of Moses: the schools have made more questions than they have decided, leading us by nearer approaches to a sun that blinds us. The husbandman who looks not beyond the plough and the scythe, is in much more quiet than the divided mind of the sceptic. Why should we rack our brains for unprofitable discoveries? Since, though we cannot know how much is hid, we may profit by what is discovered.

ON HUMILITY.

He that would build to last, should lay his foundation low; even the conversation of a man is tottering, if it be not founded on humility. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in color; but bruises and breaks with every wind, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use: whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter's chilling blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which appears so flourishing. Like the pyramid he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent; and still the higher he is the lesser doth he draw at the top, as if the nearer heaven the smaller he must appear; and indeed the nigher man approacheth to celestials, the more he doth consider God, and sees the more to make himself vile in his own esteem.

Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds; it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils, but in a ground that is rich it flourishes and is beautiful.

Moses was a divine lawgiver, a statesman, historian, and philosopher; as a valiant general he led Israel out of Egypt; he was endowed with the power of miracles; he was, as Ecclesiasticus tells us, beloved of God and men; yet was he meek above all that were upon the face of the earth. We are commanded by our Saviour to learn humility of Him, that we may find its benefit in rest to our souls. We are sent to the ant for industry, to the lion for valor, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom; but for humility unto God himself.

What is that man the worse who lets his inferior go before him? the folly is in him who takes what is not his due; but the prudence rests with him who, in the sereneness of his own worth, does not value it. The Sun chides not the Morning Star, though it presumes to usher in the day before him.

Humility prevents disturbance, it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. I had rather be accounted too humble than a little proud: even in gold the stiffest is the basest; but the purest is the most ductile.

ON CONTENTMENT.

It is no fault to strive to better our condition. God hath given to man an active mind, which is ever climbing to more perfection. Perfection is set in the heights, and though man cannot reach it, yet should he ever draw nearer to it, by industriously persevering in the rising way. We cannot be too covetous of goodness, and may well labor for greater attainments. By fair means, and for good ends, it is also lawful, no doubt, to increase our temporal wealth, if we do but sustain our lot cheerfully, patiently, and thankfully. There is no absolute contentment here below; whatsoever was created was created to some end, and till it arrive at that, it cannot be fully at rest: God is the end to which the soul tends, and till it is set free from earthly elements, it cannot, but through a glass darkly, approach to such purity and such glory. When it is united to God, who is the source of all true happiness, it may be calm, and pleased, and tranquil; till then its highest state is a mixed felicity. I would be so content with what I have, as ever to think the present best; but then I would think it best but for the present. The soul that with but half an eye sees God, can never be satisfied till it enjoys a more complete vision.

TORONTO, March 31st., 1854.

My dear friend,

It was on a Sabbath afternoon, at an hour when we had no service, that I went with a stranger to the Catholic Cathedral. I had been very unlucky, the week before, in hearing nothing of the *Fête Dieu* till the pretty children garlanded with roses and strewing flowers in the way, had ended their annual procession. I was therefore agreeably surprised on entering the church to find that "The devotion of the stations of the cross" was being performed. Fourteen pictures representing scenes in our Savior's life, between his condemnation before Pilate and his burial in the new sepulchre, were framed in black walnut and each surmounted by a cross. Those who desired plenary indulgence for themselves and the souls in purgatory, were to go round the church in procession, kneeling and making a short meditation read for them from the pulpit, at each station. "Mary," the preacher said, "was the first to make this pilgrimage in reality. It was agreeable to her saddened heart, that others should follow her example. It had been approved by twenty-two successive Pontiffs, and if other argument were needed, it was surely very *cheap* to get plenary indulgences by an hour's stroll about a comfortable church, in the same proportion as by the tedious prilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, of ancient christian usage!!" First walked two children in scarlet robes and skirts trimmed with deep lace, carrying candles. Then a priest carrying a crucifix, then the Bishop swinging a censer, and followed by his attendants. The service was very clumsily performed. Most of the priests were Irish, and the thoughts and feelings attributed to Christ were a profanation. Thus at the "Station of the Scourgings," the preacher said, "Christ was here enduring great bodily pain, but he suffered far more from the thought that he was exposed in a state of complete nudity to so great a multitude. Alas! is it thus that men interpret the Divine One to each other? Him who bore patiently each blow as it fell, thinking only of his God-given mission,—strengthening by prayer the deep conflictions of his spirit, and questioning in stern allegiance his soul, that it should no longer pray, "*If it be possible* let this cup pass from me." Not all the garments of all the Kings would have lightened the heavy burden he bore, for his blind and ignorant brothers, in that day. As I sat gazing on the strange procession, I thought of him as toilworn and faithful, each succeeding month brought him to a new station on his way. He wore no purple nor advertised, by the cloven mitre on his head, the cloven tongues of fire which should bear witness to his Truth. A man suffering, yet courageous, a Prophet, despised yet faithful, a Preacher whose word lightened across the stormy sky of his era, he needed no candles to precede his lonely way, no inflated orisons to proclaim the steps so painfully trodden by his bleeding feet! This was some old heathen oblation that they offered under every arch. Like the statue of St. Peter, at Rome, it was some abomination of old Jupiter Tonans, baptised into new life! I thought of the priestly processions that wound among the forty columns at Persepolis, or along the sphinx guarded propylons of Egypt, and I mourned that the mantles which waved in that ancient air had fallen on successors of so late a day.

Nothing strikes an American in Canada, more than the great difficulty of obtaining accurate information. The common answer to every inquiry in the street is, "don't know sir," and wanting every thing like curiosity, the nearest neighbors do not ask each others names. Thus no one could tell me, what was the meaning of the broad blue scarf that Lord Elgin wore every day across his breast. Under similar circumstances, it would have been the pride of every Yankee boy to tell me, that it was one badge of the ancient order of the Thistle, which after much research among musty books, I discovered for myself; and, at the House of Assembly, I was always obliged to call the messenger, if I wished to ascertain accurately the name and county of the member speaking. The mass of the people are strongly attached to forms of which they know neither the original intention nor the present meaning. It was for this reason that I did not describe to you before the inaugurating and proroguing of the Parliament, said to be precisely similar to the same ceremonies in the mother country. I determined to wait until I comprehended the meaning of the little things that give them their costume. It was on the 13th of May 1851, that the last Parliament was inaugurated. That body is divided in Canada, into the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly. The members of the former are few in number, and appointed by the crown for life. They are the provincial peers. Those of the latter are elected from the various counties, for the period of four years, and since that change in the Government, which succeeded the return of Sir John Colborne, and obliged the Cabinet ministers to be members of the House, it has been called responsible; thus, any vote of the House, which shows a want of confidence in a minister, obliges him, here as in England, to resign his seat. The Parliament is inaugurated by the Governor General in the Council Chamber, and as the room is quite small, and it is necessary on this occasion that it should contain all the members of both Houses, but few strangers are admitted, and the tickets which confer that privilege are eagerly sought. The Parliament Houses are three old fashioned brick buildings on the very margin of the lake. They were built before the union of the Provinces, and it is very pleasant of a summer's evening to watch from their windows the colored mist, which hangs over the water, and see the sails of the fishing boats grow golden in the setting sun. The central building contains the Council Room, the House of Assembly and the Library; those on either side are devoted to the Cabinet officers and their various clerks. In the cellar of the building is a large restaurateur with its accompanying *bar*, and near the roof the luxurious members are provided with a place to smoke and a reading room. The Legislative Hall is merely a well arranged room, neatly furnished and superbly lighted by a chandelier, whose chrystal stems interpose no obstacle to the rays. The only thing in the Hall worthy of notice is the speaker's chair, which was carved in Toronto. Its mahogany frame is beautifully wrought into roses and grapes, surmounted by the beaver and bound about by a wreath of maple leaves. The Council Chamber, on the contrary, is one of the most elegant public rooms I ever saw. It has five large windows, curtained with crimson, yellow and gold. Above them are arches of white inlaid with gold. There are four immense doors whose panels of crimson cloth are fastened by the finest brass rods. The handles are of pure white porcelain on shining brass wires. At the upper end of the chamber is the throne. The canopy is of crimson velvet and gold. So are the chair and footstool, and they had so Parisian an air, that I was quite astonished to find they had been made in Toronto. The frames are massively carved and gilt. The crown is over the canopy, emblazoned in its proper colors, and five semicircular steps covered with crimson and confined by circlets of polished brass, lead to the throne. On the right wall is a fine portrait of Victoria, executed, I believe, by a grandson of Sir Thomas Lawrance, and on the left a clock. About twelve feet from the wall is a handsome bannister of brass, four or five inches in diameter, supporting twelve elegant lamps, and railing off five or six seats, covered with crimson cloth on either side of the room. At the bottom it rails off a sort of dais, raised a single step above the body of the Hall. Enclosed by this railing is a black walnut table, surmounted by the crimson arm-chairs of the councillors, and supporting a crimson cushioned cradle, at the lower end, for the golden mace. The Hall is richly carpeted.

We went early and were a good deal amused by watching the company collect. Strange animal faces, many of the men had surmounted by immense brains, which seemed to testify that they had made the most of what nature offered them. We saw chip hats and sables on the same person. The French ladies had sharp features and black eyes. They wore their hair very full at the sides under their hats, and immense rosaries about their necks. The *fine teeth* struck me no less than the magnificent uniforms scattered about the room. At last the councillors entered. They wore long black silk gowns and white bands like clergymen. One of them, the vice chancellor of the union, sits with a crimson mantle over his gown. Before them came the sargeant at arms bearing the heavy mace of silver gilt, under whose weight he fairly tottered. He placed himself on the right of of the throne, and all the councillors passed before him, bowing reverently as they went to the sceptre and the crown. One Frenchman did it with evident chagrin. At this moment there was a rush towards the windows. The Governor General goes in state to open his Parliament, and those who could, now desired to catch a glimpse of the gay procession. First came the Governor's state coach, a plain but elegant chariot, decorated with his arms and drawn by four horses. It was driven by two postillions and preceded by an outrider, two footmen standing behind. These officials wore riding boots that came up to their thighs, yellow plush breeches and scarlet coats, with the ordinary hat, surmounting their splendid livery like the democratic section of a stove pipe that it is. The outrider wore a sort of scarlet frock, the front of which was slightly ornamented with chains and badges of gold. I was told that this was the Queen's livery, and Lord Elgin the only Earl who has a right to wear it. Thus much perhaps, in consideration of the royal blood of Bruce that courses through his veins. The Governer was attended by mounted aids, and the officers of the 71st Highlanders in sumptuous array. The regiment followed, and the state carriage of the Chief Justice, and others brought up the rear. The bagpipes attached to the band wore their picturesque national costume. I think I shall never forget the impression that this procession made upon me; the glory of a Lord Mayor's day could not outshine it to my Republican eyes. The gay livery of the state coach dazzled me, but it did not bewilder my imagination like the regiment of Highlanders, who marched behind. I had never seen *real* soldiers before. My love of mathematical order was won by their fine drill, their precise array; they were men with scars upon their faces, and I

seemed to see the past life of each man, haunting him ghost-like as he went, and bearing witness to the concentrated enormities of the system. While the band played "God save the Queen," on a crimson carpet the Governor ascended the steps, and pausing for a few moments in the dressing-room, that had been fitted up for the purpose, came towards the Council Chamber; when he had ascended the steps of the throne, he seated himself uncovering for an instant his fine gray head, the group of officers, which surrounded him, made at that moment as fine a picture as I ever saw. The Provincial aids wore the Provincial uniform of silver and blue, the others the "Queen's livery!" of scarlet and gold. I smiled to myself as I thought what a figure our volunteer corps would cut in the eyes of these men, soldiers who had seen service; I was well pleased that it should be a very poor figure, for the last thing that I should desire for my country would be that her sons should be well disciplined in war. The Governor wore a black military bonnet with surperb white plumes, and his uniform as "Captain General" of the Provincial troops covered as one might profanely say, with "stars and stripes." He is a stout man and with his foot on the stool and arm on the chair, looked like the picture of Henry the 8th. Suddenly, an official, rose and said to the usher, "You will inform the House of Assembly, that his Honor, the Governor, commands their presence in this Council Chamber." The Usher went out and almost instantly, I heard a rushing stormy sound, and looking towards the hitherto vacant space at the bottom of the Hall, I saw a small golden mace trying to make a bow to the large one, but tossed most irreverently this way and that by a crowd. Even the Governor smiled, and order being restored, the officers standing about the foot of the Throne, Lord Elgin seated, and the assembly standing, the Governor read his speech first in English and then in French. Lord Elgin is the only fine speaker I have heard since I crossed the line, and I pay him a compliment, the full value of which, I have only lately understood, when I say, that his English is as pure as a Bostonian's, his French was so transparent that I followed it as if it had been my native tongue.

The little golden mace received the address from the vice royal aid, and made a bow, which the Governor returned by lifting his hat to "*les Honorables Messieures et Messieures*," and the assembly left the Hall. Then the Governor went to his carriage, the guns were fired, the procession re-formed, the crimson carpet was lifted from the stone steps, and we came away.

The Proroguing of Parliament differs from the Inaugurating, because the speech of dismissal is accompanied by the Governor's signing some of the bills which the two Houses have passed. On this occasion, I did not arrive till the courtyard was filled with the soldiers of the 71st, who hot and thirsty climbed into the very windows for drink. The liveried servants lined the the entrance to the Council Chamber. The belted, bonneted and gartered Earl sat on his throne in usual state. At the foot of the throne on his right stood the President of the Council, below the Bar stood the members of the Assembly, preceded by the sargeant at arms, bearing the mace. Just before him, with folded arms, stood M. Morin, the French speaker of the House. The Councillors were in their seats, the large mace on the table, three clerks were near it, the deputy clerk standing, read the name of the act. Bowing very low to Lord Elgin he said, "This is an act of the Legislative Council for such or such a purpose," and bowed very low again. Then the clerk took from the Deputy clerk two copies of the act he had named, one in English, the other in French, and bowing low to the Governor General held them up in his right hand, saying, "In the name of her Majesty, His Excellency, the Governor General doth assent to this bill." "Au nom de sa Majeste, son excellence, le Gouverneur Général sanctionne ee bill." This French was so badly spoken, it could hardly be understood. Then the clerk standing bowed again, and passed the acts to the clerk of the signet (leclerc du chiffre,) who signed them. When this had continued for about two hours, the assembly was dismissed with the usual speech from the throne, spoken like all the rest, in two languages. In spite of the Governor's immovable stateliness, I felt as if he must be weary, but one of the French councillors told me, with a true Parisian shrug, that this was not a good specimen of the "signing," it was too "hurried," it should have had "plus de grand air." Several bills were vetoed or suspended until they could be referred to the Queen. I was a good deal surprised, upon reflection, and, *amused* to find the "fleur de les" conspicuous on the mace. Victoria bears it, I suppose, in memory of the French Islands in the channel which she still holds. Nowhere can it be borne with more propriety than in Canada. When an American fully understands the cumbrous machinery of the Provincial government, he cannot but feel grateful for the happy fortune which gave him a birth place in a simple land, which instilled into him, with his mother's milk, a sacred reverence for principles rather than men. A great deal of inconvenience has been experienced in past years, from the conservative character of the Council, all measures of reform originating in the House having been strangled in the upper chamber.

The proposal to make this Council elective, is now under the consideration of the Cabinet, and a true Republican cannot help hoping that it will be ultimately accepted and acted on.

C. H. D.

MRS. ROSE'S LECTURE IN WASHINGTON.

The following notice, we cut from the Congressional Globe; it is the third and last of a course given, by Mrs. Rose, in this city. Though respectful in its tone, (as were all the notices of the press here,) it does not do justice to her views as expressed upon the great question pending; and we therefore give Mrs. Rose's letter to the editor of the Globe correcting the statements.

The attendance upon the lectures, we regret to say, was very small, and we cannot forbear suggesting to our friends, how hopeless is the attempt to make an impression here; eloquence is cheap to that degree, that people are weary of it.

With the present arrangement of society, social influence alone seems the only strong lever. Let the people be made right, and their representatives will speedily see the great truth. There are very few who have the temerity to suppose that they can mould their constituency, and those few are learning their mistake.

Elihu Burrit, with his great reform movement in relation to cheap ocean postage, has made no attempt to lecture, but has labored unceasingly in private and through the press, and has made an impression and enlisted attention, that it would have been impossible to have gained, by any number of lectures, in this city.

WOMAN ON THE NEBRASKA BILL.

In accordance with previous announcement, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, a lady well known for her eloquence in advocating the cause of woman, delivered a lecture last evening at Carusi's Saloon, upon that somewhat intricate and perplexing subject, the Nebraska question, as deduced from human rights. Mrs. Rose is a lady apparently about forty years of age, sprightly, intelligent looking, and her features strongly marked by a thoughtful expression, which at once enlists the attenion of her audience. In her manner, during the delivery of her lectures, she is easy, dignified and graceful; and though her sentences are somewhat tinctured by a Polish accent, her correct use of language, and propriety of expression, render every word perfectly intelligible.

Taking the great fundamental principle—the right of man to himself, a right declared not only by our own Declaration of Independence, but by the declaration of humanity—as the basis of her lecture, she launched forth into a wide field of argument, treating the subject in a truly masterly manner. She was aware, she said, that it was almost an utter impossibility, in the present state of society, to bring about an abolition of slavery. It was an institution that has been handed down from generation to generation, from father to son, for a long line of years; it is the means by which the people of the South gain their livelihood, and it could no more be expected that they would relinquish their hold upon it, than that the Nothern capitalist should relinquish his grasp upon the bag of hard-earned dollars. Her sympathies were, therefore, with the South; not because she loved its people, but because she pitied them.

In regard to the Nebraska bill, whether it was passed or not, it would be productive of the most beneficial results in effecting a change in the sentiment of the country; for already thousands, who had never before considered the subject, had awakened to a sense of its importance, and were contributing their aid to suppress the extention of this evil.

The principle of the bill, however, was wrong, and the tendency of it, if passed, will be to create distrust and discord in every section of the country, even to such an extent as to endanger the safety of the Union itself. She hoped, therefore, it would never be adopted.

Many arguments were adduced in support of the point she maintained; and the whole lecture, we must say, in credit to the lady, was marked by a display of thought and eloquence rarely to be found in lectures of this description.

Washington, March 31st, 1854.

To the Editor of the Globe,

Dear sir—In the Globe of the 29th inst. I perceive, in an article referring to my lecture of Tuesday evening, on the "Nebraska Question as deduced from Human Rights," that the writer mistook, what I repeated as the well known *Southern* argument, for my own. I did not say, "that it was almost an utter impossibility, in the present state of society, to bring about the abolition of slavery."

But, in reviewing the principles and actions of

Northern men, I said, they have not even the excuse that the South has. The South says to the North, Slavery has been handed down to us, from sire to son,—our institutions sanction it; our wealth consists in it; our means of support depend upon it; and you have no more right to expect that we should relinquish our slaves, than that your Northern capitalists should relinquish his grasp upon his ill-gotten gold.

Apart from man's inalienable right to himself, and from the fact that human freedom cannot be placed in the balance with dollars, there is an apparent plausibility in their arguments which deserve some consideration; and while I deprecate slavery, and acknowledge no reason or argument to have a feather's weight in the balance against Human Freedom, yet I can have pity and commiseration for the Slaveholder, knowing as I well do know, that he too suffers from the evils of slavery. For it is an eternal law of humanity, that the wrong doer shall suffer from the evils he perpetrates on others, and as an illustration, I alluded to the effects of slavery on the education of the young, on the formation of the Southern character, on agriculture, on every branch of industry and the arts, in fact on every thing that constitutes civilized society, as exhibited in the South. But the men of the North, who belong to the free States, who profess free principles and cannot even claim the sanction of their laws and institutions, nor the sacrifice of their interest, what can we say to such if they pander to the slave principles of the South? While, therefore, I can have charity and forbearance for many of the South, I am compelled to feel utter contempt for Northern men, who simply for the sake of office, introduce and support the Nebraska Bill. But they will miss their aim, for who will have confidence in such men? Who has confidence in John Mitchell, who professed to suffer for human freedom, but no sooner stepped on free soil, tinctured with slavery, than he defended the slave institutions, and wished a plantation in Alabama well stocked with negroes. But his object in flattering the South is lost, for no Southerner capable of reflection will trust him; he has lost alike the North and South; his occupation like that of Othello is gone. Senator Douglas and those Northern men who voted for the Nebraska Bill will find themselves in the same condition, for no one can place confidence in a traitor to his own principles.

But I will not prolong this letter, as my only object in writing it, is the desire not to sail under false colors. I hope you will favor me, by giving this a place in your paper, so as to correct the false impression, the mistake may have made on the minds of your readers, and greatly oblige.

Yours respectfully,

ERNESTINE L. ROSE.

The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

Who censure with modesty, will praise with sincerity.

There is a princely manner of giving, and a royal manner of accepting.—*Larate.*

It is usually seen, that the wiser men are about the things of this world, the less wise they are about the things of the next—*Milton.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS.

BY ANNA CORA MOWATT.

It seems rather late to speak of this work which has already been welcomed and criticised by the public. Our excuse must be that we have but just finished the volume, and that we feel it to be a book of so much interest for the cause of woman that it should not be passed by without notice in the Una. The harsh and ungracious criticism in the Atheneum has been lately copied into the Living Age, and although we do not propose to enter into a detailed refutation of its charges, we would gladly record our protest against the whole spirit of the article. The author has evidently willed to find fault, and no one ever failed in the task who set about it thus.

But let us receive the book in a more true and genial manner, as the fresh and honest record of passages in the life of a lovely and gifted woman whose experience has been quite unlike the usual routine of American life, and we shall find the book full of truth and beauty. We shall have one more of God's children in our hearts to love, for we cannot help feeling towards the author as a personal friend. If we look at it as a chapter from the book of life we shall find many interesting and instructive lessons in its pages. Mrs. Mowatt had early opportunities of a life of beauty, freedom, and high intellectual culture such as few women enjoy. Her facile imagination expanded under the genial influences of wealth and affection into great variety and fertility of power, and when the stern necessities of life crowded upon her, her play became her work, and the talent which had made her the star of a private circle, made her the ornament of a public sphere. She entered that profession which is considered the most dangerous for women, yet as her great predecessors have preserved themselves amid its dangers by the power of their intellects, so did she maintain herself by the purity and innocence of her heart. Success delighted her, why not? is it not always delightful? But success with her was not the mere triumph over her rivals, but was the means of support for herself and husband. Praise was dear to her, but never so dear as when it came from the lips of the dearly loved ones. Her reviewer sneers at her vanity in republishing the lines addressed to her by Mrs. Osgood. It seemed to us that Mrs. Mowatt was thinking rather of paying her tribute to the courageous and affectionate friendship of the author, who publicly supported her when the whole world of fashion and wealth deserted her, than of rehearing her own praises. A child like affectionate nature, full of goodness of heart, of joy in life, and trust in God, combined with a quick and free fancy, delicate perceptions, a strong will and absence of selfishness seem to us the characteristics of Mrs. Mowatt's nature.—Culture, early and judicious, free exercise of her powers, gave her the full command of all the talent she possessed. We cannot consider her as intellectually great. She has little power in reasoning, but a great deal in executing. Yet notwithstanding her natural gifts, and the ease with which she seemed to accomplish what she undertook, she does not underrate study and discipline, but as we see from her life, worked diligently to perfect her powers, and gladly accepted all the assistance which experience and learning could afford her. Her best plea for the drama is not in the closing chapter, where she arrays a list of cited authorities in its favor, but in the warm, unspotted woman's nature, which shows as fresh and beautiful after eight years spent on the stage as in the days of her early and happy married life at Melrose. No trace of envious feeling ever appears in these pages, and she gives up the triumph of a complimentary benefit at St. Louis, to hasten through the severest wintry weather to grace the family fête at New Years, and then loves to record the judgment of a bystander that her sister played as well as she could do.

This history presents many striking points of interest, her mesmeric experience is of great value, and full of meaning to those who have made any inquiry in regard to the curious psychological phenomena classed under this name. But perhaps the most interesting point to us, is the great improvement in her health when she went on to the stage. She had always been an invalid and remained so in spite of the free life at Melrose where air and exercise and every means of enjoyment were open to her. But it was the artistic purpose, which brought harmony into all her frame, and gave her a degree of vigor during her life on the stage such as she had never known before. That she finally destroyed her health by an excess of effort, against which she was warned in vain by her physicians, does not affect this fact. We wish to commend it to the attention of all who are not blind to the miserable state of invalidism in which a large majority of women spend their lives. What they need is not cold bathing or fresh air, not horseback riding or gymnasiums, but a life of greater mental and physical activity directed to important ends. The Una has published the sad diary of an overworked and care worn seamstress. We should be tempted to write the sadder diary of an underworked and aimless lady, did we not fear that its monotony would weary, and its insipidity disgust our readers. The materials lie all about us.

Mrs. Mowatt is now playing her last farewell engagement, and then leaves the stage for the retirement of private life. As she has conclusively proved that woman may occupy a public sphere without losing any of her feminine grace or purity or affection, that she may be a devoted wife without being idle, and may love her home the better for having fulfilled her duties abroad, so now she is again to enter into the most blessed of life's relations, we trust it will be only to develope still farther the rich resources of her mind, and that we shall have new manifestations of goodness and beauty through her lips or her pen. We can only wish for her the fullness of blessing which so brave and true and loving a spirit richly deserves. C.

A CURIOSITY.—The Yarmouth *Register* states that a gentleman of that place recently attempted to pick up a dead gull on the flats in the harbor, but found the bill to be firmly fixed in the sand. On digging down, it was found to be held fast by a large sea-clam. The victim of misplaced confidence probably attempted to *gull* the shelly gentleman out of a dinner, and after having "introduced his bill," had "leave to withdraw" refused him.

NOTICE.

On opening the Una, for April, we were surprised to find the proceedings of the Rochester Convention, of November 30th, on its first page, and also to find that the proceedings of the Albany Convention, which we had sent, were omitted. By this neglect of the notice of the Albany Convention, Mrs. Stanton's address, which was presented there, and over which Convention Mrs. S. presided, is left without any indication as to where or when it was given. We can only account for this upon the supposition that the former was in type for the January number, which they were at the same time reprinting, and was by mistake placed in this, the April number.

We are mortified to be under the necessity of asking our friends to pardon this almost unpardonable mistake of our printers. In our absence we have found it difficult to see our proof, and impossible to direct fully in the making up of our paper; but we did not anticipate that there would be any difficulty in making up the paper after it had been printed for a year or more by the same persons.

CALL FOR A WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION,

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, JUNE 2D, 1854.

The undersigned respectfully invites all citizens of New England who believe in the right of the laborers to control their earnings; all who believe in a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; all who believe in the equal rights of all children in the community to all public provisions for education; all who believe in the right of human beings to determine their own proper sphere of action; all who believe in the right of all to a trial by a jury of their peers; all who believe that "taxation without representation is tyranny;" all who believe in the right of adult Americans to have a voice in electing the government, where laws control them; to meet in convention, at Boston, on Friday the 2nd of June next, to consider whether these rights shall continue to be limited to one half the members of this community.

Paulina W. Davis,	Sarah H. Earle,
Samuel W. Wheeler,	David A. Wasson,
Asa Fairbanks,	S. Crosby Hewitt,
Anna T. Fairbanks,	H. C. Ingersoll,
Thomas W. Higgingson	Joseph H. Allen,
James F. Clarke,	Amory Battles,
Lucy Stone,	Mary A. Laughton,
A. D. Mayo,	B. P. Deane,
Harriet K. Hunt,	Mary F. Deane,
Anna Q. T. Parsons,	Sarah H. Pillsbury,
Wendell Phillips,	P. B. Cogswell,
Ann G. Phillips,	C. J. H. Nichols,
Wm. I. Bowditch,	Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Wm. Loyd Garrison,	Paulina Gerry.

N. B. Will editors, friendly to the cause, please copy?

WANTED.

Several ladies of respectable position and easy address, to canvass for the Una. A liberal per centage will be allowed.

Subscriptions received for the Una, from March 20th to April 20th.

Mrs. James McMaster, $11,00.

Emma R. Coe, $5,25.

John Ayres, $2,00.

Mrs. E. R. Coe, $1,50.

Mrs. Martin, G. N. Brigham, Rev. J. Pierpont, Mrs. Stimson, Rachel Wilson, S. Davis, Mrs. C. Newbro, Henry Miller, S. E. Sewall, E. J. Cohoon. M. J. Henshaw, T. Meriweather, M. Dabney, B. Chadbourn, Mrs. E. L. Rose, Miss A. Place, M. H. Mowry, M. D., Dr. S. Morey, Sarah E. Wall, American R. R. Journal, A. Whiting, Mrs. E. H. Thompson, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. E. J. Gage, Judge McLane, Wm. Cranch, Mrs. Barclay Mrs R. R. Walton, J. Pendleton, Wm. Brackett, Joseph Carver, S. G. Wattles, J. Dennis, Rachel Jackson, Jane Price, Mrs. Edward Wright, Mrs. Dr. Richards, Mrs. Wright, Adeline Swift, Judith H. Burnham, $1 each.

Mrs. Gerrit Smith, S. S. Flint, $5 each.

M. A. Pope $2,00.

William Oldham, Mr. William Roberts, Liverpool, $1,25 each.

Peter Wright, J. W. Hambleton, Mrs. Hersey, Miss E. M. Allen, Sarah A. Southwick, Benjamin S. Jones, Mrs. Willson, $1 each.

Canada.

Mrs. O. R. Paine, $1,12 1-2.

Ireland.

Mary T. Gough, $3.82.

Miss Maria Warring, $1.25.

EXTRACTS.

On the earth men sometimes seem to be agents of a power independent of their own being—to be moved and guided in their best considered acts by an influence they can neither understand or resist—call it by whatever name we will, destiny or fate, it is within the observation or experience of every one who has considered in any degree attentively, the ways of human nature. We cannot say that this power is superior to all others, we do not believe it to be so. We would not say that it is to be yielded unto as insurmountable, only for the time being. While even it is leading us captive into its captivity, a deeper purpose fills our minds and hearts with strength to escape from its thraldom. This purpose is of the soul, and though it cannot at once correct the wrong into which the individual has fallen, it will finally, redeem him and lead him into the ways of entire peace.

Beyond the clouds day by day we are weaving our future destiny—and as we conceive so will be its conformation—these thoughts, yearnings, and aspirations are composing the web of our future manifestation—how infinitely more are the ideas and ideals we entertain than our acts—came we not here for our sins, and by our virtues, and go we not hence by the same law? KASSIUS.

The Cherokee marriage ceremony is very expressive—man and woman joining hands over a stream of running water, indicating that their life may flow on in one stream.

THE BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep;
Where the wind of the west breathes the softest sigh;
Where the silvery stream is flowing nigh,
And the pure, clear drops of its rising sprays
Glitter like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters flow;
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow;
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—Bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild flowers bloom, in the valley deep;
Where the sweet robes of spring may softly rest,
In purity, over the sleepers breast:
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep, undying love;
Where no proud column in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below.
Where pure hearts are sleeping, forever blest;
Where the wandering Peris love to rest.
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair,
Bury her there—Bury her there!

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

At the Cleveland Woman's Rights Convention, the undersigned were appointed a committee to obtain the preparation of two essays, one on the *Educational Opportunites* of American women, and one on their *Business Opportunities*.

Even a superficial discharge of this duty must involve a wider investigation of facts, than is possible for any one person. Agents have therefore been already engaged in several of the States, to make inquiries. It is impossible, however, to do the whole work, even in this manner; and the committee, therefore, respectfully ask the voluntary co-operation of all who are interested in elevating the position of woman.

The following are the points on which information is especially solicited:

I. *Educational Opportunities of American Women.*

1. State legislation respecting Female Education.
2. Statistics and condition of Primary and Grammar Schools to which Females are admitted, in the several States.
3. Do. of High and Normal Schools.
4. Do. of Academies and Private Schools.
5. Do. Collegiate and Professional Institutions.

II. *Business Opportunities of American Women.*

1. Statistics of actual employment of women in various parts of the Union—Mechanical, Agricultural, Mercantile, and Professional.
2. Wages paid to them, as compared with those of men.
3. Employments which they might fill, but do not, and impediments in the way.

It is important that the information given should, in all cases, be as definite and systematic as possible. Facts are what we now aim at—not arguments, but the preliminary basis for argument. Let each person who reads this, ascertain what is within his or her reach, and communicate it within six months, if possible. For any very extensive or valuable communications, payment may in some cases be made. Any pamphlets, newspapers, or circulars, bearing upon the above subject, will also be gladly received. Communications may be addressed (post paid, if possible) to *Rev. T. W. Higginson*, Worcester, Massachusetts.

LUCRETIA MOTT,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
ERNESTINE L. ROSE,
LUCY STONE,
T. W. HIGGINSON.

January, 15, 1854.

SONG.

Spring time came to me,
With thee, with thee:
Oh then, how lovely
Came it to me.

Less in the sunny sky,
Then in thy eyes;
Less in the flowering earth,
Spring beauty lies.

Spring misses not the brook
Murmuring along;
But thy sweet heart of love,
Singing its song.

Ever beloved, then
Keep me with thee;
So shall it ever be,
Spring time with me.

From the Christian Rationalist.

We call special attention to the following article, for a special reason. We of the stronger sex have taken it upon ourselves recently, to descant pretty freely upon the rights of Woman. "Turn about is fair play." The following remarks are from the pen of a lady. Let us hear what the other sex has to say of *our* rights. There is a couplet in one of our hymn books which leads our devotion thus:—

"Not what we wish, but what we need,
Do Thou, O Lord, impart."

We are mistaken if some of us, who are so disinterestedly engaged in the advocacy of Woman's rights, do not find this prayer answered in a way they least expected.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Much has been written in our time, wisely or foolishly, in jest and in earnest, on the rights and the wrongs of Woman. We hope the *Rationalist* will listen to a few words on the rights and wrongs of Man. That man has done rightly by woman we surely will not deny, but the doer of the wrong is ever the greatest sufferer from the wrong. Not an ouvrier in Paris was so degraded by Louis Phillipp's selfish policy, as the discrowned king; not a slave imbruted with his life of slavish toil in the worst plantation in Mississippi, has departed so far from true manhood as the haughty slaveholder, who stands defying God and man as he exults in his guilty life; and in just so much as man has sought to debase woman his own soul is lost. Man has a right to have—and it is the duty of all to demand that he does have, all that belongs to the perfect idea of humanity. He has a right to a heart! Man the head, woman the heart, is equally mischievous doctrine for both. If man from nature, or from inherited deficiency rather, has less heart, let him cultivate what he has more assiduously; let him know that his overgrown head cannot do its work unless the heart beats right and true, and with every pulsation sends warm life blood through the brain. The disproportionate allowance of head and heart to man and woman may be natural, or may be the result of a long train of circumstances, but in either case it is the duty of the skilful educator to imitate, "balance loving nature," and seek most earnestly to cultivate that which is weakest. Woman, in whom the affectional nature has become morbidly sensitive, is constantly told to cultivate the affections, and she who is so placed that everything combines to foster the disproportionate growth of the soul in this direction, is constantly urged to look for influence to direct her energies, to the affections. Man, with a colder nature, so placed that a thousand influences tend to encrust him in selfish worldliness, does he not need—has he not a right to a far more careful culture of the heart? Maternal love is very beautiful, but is it not often maternal dotage? parental love should be just as beautiful, just as strong. If Mrs. Hemans spoke truth when she said,

"It is but pride wherewith a father looks upon his boy,"

then man has lost the brightest jewel of his crown—the unselfish Godlike affection of a parent's heart.

Man has a right to the highest moral nature. If the moral instincts be truer and quicker in woman, it is her duty to awaken it in man; it is her greatest blessing; let her impart it to him. Let her require of him as perfect fidelity to right as she demands from herself. Surely man under present circumstances, with so much greater variety of temptation, has the strongest need of a conscience quick to take alarm, of a moral principle firm to sustain him under trial. Man has a right to possess the most uncompromising truth—it would have saved the souls of many of our politicians—the utmost patience and long suffering, the gentlest forbearance, the most thorough adherence to the principle of "doing unto others what they should do to us." In the varied relations of business, of politics, has not Man most urgent need of these? Should not these be incorporated into all our institutions, and is it not for Man to place them there? Woman, it is your duty to demand all these.

Again, man has a right to perfect purity of life and character. Foully has he been wronged by the admission that he can lose this and yet be a Man. Woman has much to answer for here. She has bestowed smiles, favors, approbation, even her heart and hand, upon men guilty of crimes, which in her own sex would not only have exiled the sinner from all comfort and respectability, but even have driven her from the privilege of toil, to live by continued degradation, or to become the inmate of a prison. What woman's reputation would not be entirely ruined by the slightest degree of intoxication? yet in how few communities does it condemn a man. Yet man has a right to as perfect temperance, to as thorough health and possession of all his faculties, as woman. If he be the nobler animal, surely he should less willingly degrade himself to a brute. And not only on these great points, but in all minor matters Man has a right to all the refinements, all the delicacy, which belong to woman. The blasphemous oath, the low jest, the coarse speech, takes as much from the dignity of true manhood as from the grace of perfect womanhood; and the gentleman's demeanor hath in it all the gentle beauty which is the blossom of strength.

Man, too, has a right to all the refining influences, to the love of the beautiful in all its forms. We mean not poet and artist alone, but every shopkeeper, mechanic and ploughboy, has a right to love music, and poetry, and painting, and to have his aesthestic nature developed thereby. Yet we have heard a superior woman say she would not wish her husband to play a musical instrument or to draw, they were not manly accomplishments. Surely Apollo with his lute is a more manly figure than Hercules with his club, and man needs these very influences to counteract the chilling, hardening tendencies of competition in business and politics.

Man has a right to the highest degree of piety. If he is willing that his wife should be religious for him, she has no right to accept the sacrifice. An irreligious woman is looked upon with horror, but if man has a larger mind, nobler faculties, how much more is he bound to know and worship the Great Spirit, who has blessed him more abundantly than the other sex. The saints should not be confined to pulpits and Sundays; every man has a right to be a saint in his shop, and in the caucus room, a saint on 'change, and in the court; and if his Christianity will not flourish there, let him, too, seek a sphere where it will not be withered and blasted. Once more, a Man has a right to the privilege of constant petty self-sacrifice which he admires so much in woman—to a loving smile, although faint and worn with a wearisome day, with which to greet the partner of his life at evening—to an ear never wearied with the incessant calls of his little flock—to a heart ever ready to do the little or great service required of him by another's need—to a step soft and gentle by the couch of sickness—to a voice breathing consolation to a bereaved heart—to the spirit of the peacemaker, ever ready to calm the angry waves around him—to an active Christian love which, while it can perform with energy the greatest tasks, can enter into and sanctify the smallest.

Will some one say, you have not spoken of the rights, but of the duties of man? Truly, every right involves a corresponding duty; woman has tamely yielded her rights, because lapped in luxuriant ease she has shrunk from the duties accompanying them, and man has often yielded the rights of which we have spoken, bebecause wrapt in ambition, and worldliness, and sensuality, he has not been willing to perform the duties resulting from them. But these rights are getting better understood. We know noble men, most thoroughly manly men, who gladly accept them as duties, and would be as unwilling to make the common prejudices an excuse for neglecting them, as Elizabeth Fry or Lucretia Mott to refrain from delivering the message of the Lord because it came unto a woman.

Great talents for conversation require to be accompanied with great politeness—for he who eclipses others owes them great civilities—and whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to *please* in conversation than to shine in it.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE, 1854. NO. 6.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"Little child! little child! seeking a home,
To the Great Spirit trustfully come,
It is no miser holding back treasure,
'Twill lavish upon you gifts without measure,
If you will but receive. Hold forth your hand,
And it is filled with streaming light,
Open your eyes, look out o'er the land,
Behold! it is day, and you thought it was night."

It was Spring, but what did I know of Spring? The May sky smiled over hill and valley. I cared only that I was less pinched with frost in our damp, narrow chamber, that I could run in and out without being bitten by the piercing cold. I had to pick up less chips in the street, and could sit with the baby on the stairs where I could watch the passers by, instead of being closely confined to the two rooms which served for our miserable dwelling. Yet Spring had come for me too. I was coming from school one day, more weary and indifferent than usual, for my favorite teacher, the only one I really loved, had been absent, I had been disgraced in my class; and as I went through the close streets the sky seemed darker and heavier than ever. Just as I turned the corner which led from Summer Street towards my home, a merry child passed me. She was not beautiful, but full of joyous, bounding life, and in her hand she held a basket of flowers. As she passed me a boy knocked her down, and the flowers fell on the pavement. Eagerly I stooped to gather them up, and looked with longing eyes, as I handed them to her. Oh keep them, little girl, was her answer; if you want them, I have a plenty more. "Put them in water and they will keep all day," she said, and swinging the basket she ran gaily on.

I held the beautiful flowers in my hands. Now I know their names. The blue violet and anemone, tinged like a sea shell. Then they were but breathings of beauty, messages from a higher world, I had never dared to enter. When I reached home, I found my mother in the state of intoxication usual with her when she had received any money, and the wretched babe had sobbed itself to sleep outside the dirty coverlid. A month before my father had been carried to his grave, and young as I was I felt that to him death was a release; and I did not realise the bitterness of his soul when he held me in his arms and exclaimed, "My God-forsaken children."

I put the flowers in an old mug, and sat down to look upon them. There seemed a voice of love in every leaf, and gentle influences flowed in upon me. I thought of my little life. My father was an Englishman. He had married a pretty young Irish peasant girl, and had come to this country in pursuit of higher wages, but his health failed him. Too proud to beg, we sank from one degree of poverty to another. My mother sought to forget misery in intoxication, and matters grew daily worse. When the little Kathleen was born, my father was already in the last stages of consumption, my mother a common drunkard, and I a miserable child of nine years old. As I looked on the flowers all these things were present to me, and in vain I tried to reconcile them with the love and beauty, of which the violets whispered. They brought a dim feeling of the father to me, that Heavenly Father of whom I had heard as a formal lesson, but to whom none had brought me near. The spring twilight passed away, the child still slept. I looked upon my flowers, I felt the degradation of my lot as I had never felt before, yet something whispered to me of hope and courage. I went out and brought the bucket of water for the morning's use. I took my poor supper of cold bread alone, and still my mother slept on. I looked at the wretched bed where I was to lie. I could not bear the close, foul air of the room, and I went out on a little balcony which connected one room with another, to breathe the air, for a moment. I looked up to the stars. They spoke to me as in answer, the questions the flowers had wakened in my heart; their light again brought to me the thought of the Eternal, and I kneeled down and uttered the mystic word, God! The child's cry aroused me. The mother's ear was stupefied. I went to her and took her in my arms. Her face was almost black with dirt, her hair hung tangled about her, and her clothes were foul; and yet childish innocence and purity spoke through all; something akin to the flowers and the stars were there too! I poured out water, washed her face and smoothed her hair. I looked upon her in the dim light and saw that she was beautiful. I took her with me to my miserable bed, her infant arms twined about my neck and we slept together. Slept! no, I was born into another world. I walked where flowers sprang at every step, breezes laden with perfume floated around me, music sounded in the distance, beautiful women kissed me and held me in their arms, and I was pure and beautiful as they. I awoke to my wretched home. In the morning light all its ugliness was revealed, and for a moment I said all is gone! But no, though the stars had faded and the music ceased, still the gentle flowers bloomed beside me. I kissed them again and again. I must try to make my home like the beautiful land I had dreamed of. I brought water, I washed away every trace of dirt, I washed the beautiful child and my own clothes; and at last exhausted with my labor I sat down faint and despairing. Little Kathleen cried for food. I had nothing but hard crusts and water, but never had I had such a dread of begging—yet said I "it is for Kathleen," and I went to the next house and begged for some milk for her. The milkman had just filled a pan with it, but I was refused. I turned away with my empty cup and said "She must starve then." The milkman stood at the door and heard me. "Give me your

cup little girl, you have got a clean face, and an honest one, and that is more than I can say for most of your kind." He filled the mug and I could have kissed the hand that gave it, but I dared not, I stammered "I thank you," and went home to the eager child.

The beaming smile of her blue eyes drove away my uneasiness, and when at last my mother awoke and I could leave the baby with her, I ran off to school with a light heart. I took one flower from the mug; I hoped Miss Murdock might be at school; the other children carried her gifts, this was the first thing of value I ever owned, I must give it to her. I laid it timidly on her desk. She looked very pale, she took it and placed it in her bosom, she called me to her and said, "Why Margaret, how happy you look this morning." Patiently I toiled through the hard sums, everything was easy to me that day, and when they sang at the close, as I joined the simple hymn tears filled my eyes. It was Saturday, there would be no afternoon school. Those around me rejoiced at it, I grieved. While I was near Miss Murdock I had something to remind me of that glorious world I had seen; I must go from it to my wretchedness, and worse yet, to my Saturday's begging. As I was going out Miss Murdock called me, but her voice was so feeble that I should scarcely have known it. Margaret, she said, "I have always loved you; but to-day, I know not why, I cannot bear to part with you. Are you very poor?"

"Yes marm."

"Have you provisions for Sunday?"

"I shall go and beg some this afternoon."

"Do not beg Margaret if you can possibly help it. Take this and buy for to-morrow." She put half a dollar into my hand, my tears ran fast and her eyes grew moist. I could not go. She took a little black cross from her neck and said, "Margaret keep this for me. God bless you my dear child." She kissed me, I dared to throw my arms about her neck and clung to her. She gently set me down, I looked back as I went away and saw her sink back exhausted, her face deadly pale

The long Sabbath day I played with little Kathleen, and watched the people as they went to and fro to church, but I was in a dream-land. My flowers were fading, but now I needed them not so much. I kissed the little cross again and again. My mother's sister, a hard working washerwoman, but honest and temperate, came to see us. She spoke severely to my mother and tried to rouse her to work, but she pitied the poor 'children,' and she gave me a frock for little Kathleen and bade me come to her when we wanted food, "for sure its a shame for the like of her that was to be lying thrunk there and the poor baby starving."

Monday morning found me at school, Miss Murdock was not there, the light of the day seemed gone, yet I worked busily to please her. Two or three days passed thus, it was whispered among the scholars that she was very sick, that she would die. I knew not where she lived, this being who alone could help me, was suffering, dying; I could not approach her. One of the teachers was her friend. I thought, "she will go to her," I followed her as she left the school, but she went to her own home. I watched around it, at last she came forth again with a little basket on her arm; again I followed her and now she entered a house where I felt sure my angel lay, I saw the carefully darkened chamber, and imagined her lying on a snow white bed, pale as I had last seen her. Should I ever see her again? It was growing dark, but I forgot the scolding that awaited me at home. I lingered till the teacher came out. She was weeping, I could not remain silent, I went to her and inquired how Miss Murdock was.

"Why Margaret! is that you? Miss Murdock asked for you, and told me to give her love to you, and tell you, you must be a good girl."

"And how is she?" I stammered forth.

"She is dying," and her sobs bursting forth afresh, she left me abruptly.

"She is dying," come to me through the close night air, and the words were on my lips, "Oh God let me die too," when I felt little Kathleen's arms about my neck I remembered that I could not leave her. Then I heard again, "be a good girl Margaret," and I consecrated myself anew to the struggle of life. The friendly teacher came with a pale sad face to school, but she went through the day's task as usual. I did not ask, I knew that my teacher was gone, and, while my tears fell on my book, I remembered her last words and performed my task in silent sufferance. Many weeks passed by in this struggle to live, often I fainted, almost despaired, but not wholly. I had one comfort, the little Kathleen grew every day more beautiful and loving. I had seen pictures in the shop windows and as I looked at her one day I earnestly wished I had one like her. That day at recess I spent my play hour trying to draw on my little slate, and rude as were my sketches I had never felt so happy before. I felt a new power, I hid them from all eyes, but I hoarded every scrap of white paper, every bit of pencil I could find and repeated my attempts at home. This work never failed to give me joy, I imitated the pictures in my school books, I tried to draw the little tree at the corner, the church, every thing I saw, but again I tried for little Kathleen's curly hair, and soft eyes, and smiling lips. Wretchedly poor were we still, often I begged for food, but the glorious world of imagination had begun to open to me, and often in the darkness a world rich in glory was formed in that hovel.

But a world of awful realities was too often open to me. My mother had done a little work through the summer, for which she had been paid weekly. Sometimes this money had been spent in food and clothes, but almost always the last of it went for rum, and Saturday night found her in a state of deathlike intoxication. I had always been careful to be at home then to care for little Kathleen, and to preserve my mother from hurting herself; but one day she was paid in the morning; it was a chilly fall morning and she could not resist the temptation of a dram, I returned from school as usual, and what was my horror to see her lying streched on the brick hearth, I strove to raise her, in vain, I ran for the neighbors. She had evidently fallen from her chair and struck her head against the hard hearth, causing instant death. She was my mother, fallen, degraded as she was, she was my mother, she had loved me, and in an agony of desolation I sat by the lifeless body. I felt alone in the world. She was buried by the city, and the overseer of the poor said that we must go to the House of Industry. It is easy for the rich to say that this is a good place for those who have no home; it is true and it is often unreasonable in the poor to refuse its shelter when sick and alone; but can they feel, can they know the horror of entering such a place? Bound to no one by ties of love, where life is a burden to be supported, but is valued by none; I shuddered at the thought, I went to my aunt and implored her to let us live with her. "I can work" I said, "I will leave school, I will work all day, only let me keep little Kathleen to be my sister."

"God bless the poor children, and it would be a shame to part you while I have the making of a loaf of bread" was the truly Irish response. "Sure Biddy McFarland hasn't but the two big boys, and she'll do the best she can for her sisthers own children, and such a entherprising one too as 'll be a credit to the family." So she made up a little bed in a corner of her room, for Kathleen and me, and the big boys and all gave us a hearty welcome. Biddy McFarland would have scorned pity, for she had worked every day in the week, she paid her rent regularly; her boys were steady at school and she had a decent cloak and hood to wear to mass on Sunday; yet on five or six dollars a week, we, a family of five lived poorly and slept hardly. But we were happy! What a pleasure for me to get the dinner all ready for the boys when their mother was gone to work, the hot steak, and the steaming '*praties*.' How I loved to surprise my good aunt, when clothes were brought in her absence, by shewing them to her all nicely washed and ready for her skillful hands to starch and iron!

How little Kathleen grew in this new house and how I loved to see the boys jump her up to the ceiling, and to hear her merry, cooing laugh. Yet there were times when my aunt worn out with toil, spoke hastily and harshly, the boys sometimes quarrelled, and I sat down after a day's hard labor and instead of thanking God for my blessings, wondered I was not

rich, and thought how I should like to live in Beacon St. and have the fine pictures that aunt Biddy told about in the houses where she washed. But then I thought of Miss Murdock's last words, and was ashamed; and I took the little Kathleen in my arms and told her fairy stories, and as the boys listened with eager wonder I gave full rein to my imagination and let the whole flood of brightness pour itself on my life.

The room next to us had been hired by a new family. "Quare people they were," my aunt Biddy said. The man talked a strange sort of English, and the woman hadn't even a word for a neighbor. The little baby looked puny as a doll, and what paid their *rint* she didn't know, for he did nothing but make pictures all day." Eagerly we watched the new comer. I soon found that he was a painter; and peering through the sometimes half open door, I had glimpses of what to me were miracles of art.

The Artist looked poor and sick, his wife too had a dejected, homesick expression; and yet she loved him very much, and he liked to draw with her arm about his neck, or with her singing to him. I had had dreams of such pictures, dreams of some day becoming myself a painter; it seemed as if Heaven had now opened the way; I watched for some chance to speak to them in the entry, but none came. She went rapidly past whenever she was forced to leave her room and the Artist seemed to sit at his easel from morning to night. At last I could resist no longer, I went one evening to the door and boldly knocked. The wife opened it and I walked in.

"What do you want, little girl?" said the painter when he at last looked up from his work.

"I want you to teach me to draw," said I.

"To draw!"

He looked at my coarse, patched clothes in astonishment. The wife smiled and said, "Do you know how much money it costs to take drawing lessons."

"Money, no I haven't any money, but if you will only teach me, I shall be very glad, for I love to draw so much, and then I will hold the baby when you want to go out, and I will help you wash and be very good to you."

The painter said something to his wife which I did not understand, and then drew me towards him and looked earnestly in my face. "Hem! hem, that will do, now let me see what you can draw," he said, and he gave me a pencil and a sheet of paper. Trembling I took it; now I thought how bold I was and how poor my rough sketch would be. I drew the willow tree at the corner, which I had so often drawn, my hand trembled more than usual and I wanted to tear it up when I had completed it, but he took it from me.

"Here, Bertha," he said to his wife, "the child shall draw, mein Himmel! she has got the very life of this old tree, see how it droops and weeps." The tears sprang to my eyes; he told me to come whenever I could and he would teach me, "and here," he said, handing me a book, "are some pictures to look at, at home." The book lay beneath my pillow that night, and the first break of day found me kneeling by the window to study the pictures. It was a collection of studies in landscape. I knew nothing more of the country than I had learned on Fort Hill and Boston Common; here how I revelled in old castles, beautiful lakes, rich woodland scenery. The reader will forgive me, though my aunt didn't, that the breakfast cakes were burned and poor Pat and Johnny had no spoons in their coffee. The first hour of leisure I went to the good painter; he received me abruptly but kindly.

"Now child," he said, "no play: begin right," and he gave me some figures to copy: great eyes and noses which were far from beautiful, but I felt perfect trust in my teacher and worked resolutely. It seemed as if I felt my own power increase every hour. Mr. Gottlieb sat absorbed in his own work. If he looked at mine it was simply to point out an error; but not a word of praise fell from him. This suited me, I treasured every word, and soon learned to watch the changes of his countenance and to know by that when I had done well. One day I sat on the steps playing with the little Kathleen, who was now two years old. "Mein Gott, mein Engel!" he exclaimed, as he happened to pass by, and snatching the child in his arms, he ran to his own room. I followed somewhat alarmed, but Kathleen smiled only as he placed her in a great arm chair and began to paint. I went and held her little hands, and waited the result. One stroke quickly succeded another, and in a few minutes I ventured to look at the picture. "My Kathleen, my Kathleen!" I exclaimed, wild with delight.

"Master, shall I ever be able to paint so?"

"I hope so," he said shortly, then he kissed the child and bade me go home.

I knew not why, but my good master was often very sad. His wife was ill and feeble, and the little babe seemed wasting away. It made me happy that I could run of errands for them, that I could help her at her work sometimes, and especially glad was I when on Sunday afternoon Aunt Biddy would let me take Kathleen and the baby and play on the Common. One evening I went as usual to my master and found him gone. His wife sat alone by the dull fire and mended clothes for herself and little one. I took out my drawing, but I wanted to talk and I ventured to say, "Dear Mrs. Gottlieb, why do you and my master look so very sad?"

"We are strangers in a strange land, Margaret, we are very poor too."

"And why did you come? Were you poor at home?"

"No, Margaret, my father is rich. Do you remember that beautiful castle?" she said, and she opened the portfolio and showed it again to me. "My father was steward to the rich lord who owns it, and himself has rich lands and harvests."

"Why did you come away?" I urged.

"I loved."

I have never forgotten the depth of womanly feeling with which she said this, though at the time I felt it without knowing why.

"And why must my master come away? could not he live with you on your father's lands and be rich too?" Though her countenance expressed exquisite pain, she did not chide my childish questions; it seemed a relief to her to speak.

"Hans was poor," she said, "the lord's son was his patron, he painted for him, and my father thinking he would thus rise high in rank, consented to our union. We were to be married in a few months, our wedding was to be gay and splendid. My Lord had promised to be there, but the wicked son was in love with a young peasant girl in the village; she had a lover, and the young lord pursuaded his father to send him to France, that she might have no protector. Hans knew it, he tried to make him stop in his wickedness; then he told him he would carry the story to his father.

"Cross my love and I will cross yours," said the young man. But Hans feared him not. "I can trust my Bertha," he said, and he knew that well—But, O Margaret! the young lord came to me, spoke of love, vowed he would die for me. He spoke to my father of a secret marriage until his father, who was old, should die. My father believed him, I did not, he would never have married me, and if he had, oh I loved my poor painter too well to leave him for the richest lord in all father-land. My father was very angry, and told me never to see Hans again, but that could not be; and so one night I came off with him to America, the poor German's home." The tears gathered slowly as she folded her hands on her breast, and said,

"Oh Father, Father."—

I could not speak to question her more closely. At last she rose up and came towards me. Parting the hair from my forehead she looked at me with her blue earnest eyes. "Margaret," she said, "you will be beautiful and poor, hard fate for you! many will love you, many falsely. Love one truly and well, and never forsake him. I am poor and sick, life has been too hard for me, but we have been happy together, and I would rather die, his wife, than live in my dear father-land with that wicked lord."

Her broken language, her simple earnestness went to my heart and I wept with her. Every day I loved her more and better, and I learned from her the best lesson of life and patience. Then she taught me German, and sometimes sang her native songs to me; and I acquired a pure and critical taste from her and her husband's few choice German books, before my mind was deluged with a flood of various reading, but I loved better my art, and my master was not one of those who are but a single step before their pupils; I could never fear to exhaust his accurate and extensive knowledge, I could only strive to imitate his exquisite skill. And yet he remained almost unknown, I in vain endeavored to pursuade him to place his pictures where they might be seen, to make any effort to draw public patronage. He cared not for it, to express his own thoughts in painting was all the reward he asked, he could not bear to think of pecuniary affairs, and when driven to distress often sent his best pictures to a paltry dealer who gave him but a quater of their worth.

[To be continued.]

MEMORIAL OF
MRS. CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE,
OF CLEAVELAND,

In behalf of Woman's Rights, in respect to property and the exercise of the elective franchise. Presented and read to the Senate of Ohio, March 23d, 1854. Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

We, your memorialists, respectfully represent to your honorable body, that by the common law of England, and the common law, constitution, and statutes of the State of Ohio, which together constitute the law as at present administered, woman is deprived of certain natural rights, which ought to be inseparable from her existence, and is subjected to certain legal disabilities which circumscribe her sphere, and diminish her usefulness. Deprived of these rights, which were originally usurped by the husband and subjected to these disabilities, which were afterwards by him enacted into laws, to insure his ill-gotten possessions, the *personal liberty, the property, and the children* of the wife, are legally, and by consequence actually controlled by the husband. In the opinion of your memorialist, these usages, which are many and grievous, ought to be thoroughly and speedily redressed, and their disabilities, which are of a like character, ought to be as thoroughly and speedily removed. Therefore we earnestly pray you in whom is vested the the power of restoration, so to change the constitution and laws of this State.

1st. That marriage shall not destroy the legal individuality of woman.

By marriage the husband and wife are one person in law, that is, the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or incorporated or consolidated into that of the husband, and neither party by any conveyance at common law, can give an estate to the other, neither can they contract or covenant one with the other. Black. 355, 356.

2d. That the husband shall not have power to control the personal liberty of his wife.

By this old law, the husband might give his wife correction in the same moderation that a man was allowed to correct his apprentices or children; but in the time of Blackstone the wife might have security of the peace against her husband, though the courts of law still permitted the husband to restrain his wife of her liberty. Black. 366. In the State of Ohio, the law and the practice of the courts are in every respect the same as in England, at the period above mentioned. The husband may compel his wife to remain at home when she would prefer to go abroad, to go to one church when she would prefer to go to another, to change her residence whenever it suits his convenience, and to do numerous other things of a similar character that need not here be enumerated.

3d. That the husband shall not have power to bind or apprentice his offspring without the consent of his wife.

By the law of England the mother has no legal power over her child at any age, and is only entitled to its reverence and respect, while the power of the father, which is almost absolute, extends to majority. Black. 373.

This power is also recognized in Ohio, the statutes of which provide, that any male person within the age of twenty-one years, or female person within the age of eighteen years, may be bound until they arrive at those ages respectively, or for a shorter period, to serve as clerk, apprentice, or servant, and that the indenture of service shall be signed and sealed by the father. Swan's Statutes 63.

4th. That the wife may sue and be sued independent of her husband or other person.

It is a rule of the common law, that every agreement of any nature, entered into by a married woman, without the express or implicit consent of her husband, is absolutely void; and this rule prevails so strongly, that a woman may avail herself of her coverture to defeat a contract, though she may have been guilty of fraud. Black. 357.

In Ohio, where a married woman is a party, her husband may be joined with her, except when the action covers her separate property, she may sue without her husband, by her next friend. Where the action is between herself and her husband, she may be sued alone, but in every such action other than for divorce or alimony, she shall prosecute and defend by her next friend. Civil Code 61, 62.

5th. That the wife may maintain in her own name and right, an action for injury done her person, reputation, or property.

By the common law which prevails in Ohio, the wife could not bring or maintain an action for an injury done to her own person, but the husband could bring such action without the consent of his wife, the same as for an injury inflicted on his beast, and apply to his own use the damage thus obtained. He could also sustain an action for an injury done his wife's reputation, but the wife or daughter, being a minor, had not then, and have not now, any redress whatever but through the husband or the father. Female virtue is perfectly exposed to the slanders of malignity and falsehood; for any one may proclaim in conversation, that the finest maid, or the chastest matron, is the most meretricious and incontinent of women with impunity, or free from the animadversions of the temporal courts, and female honor which is dearer to the sex than their lives is left to be the sport of the abandoned calumniator. Black. 367.

6th. That all property accumulated during coverture shall be owned by husband and wife in common.

Woman's personal property by marriage, becomes absolutely her husband's, which at his death he may leave entirely away from her, and the husband is absolutely master of the profit of his wife's hands during coverture; and if he has had a living child, and survives the wife, he retains the whole of those lands, if they are estates of inheritance during his life, but the wife, if she survives, is only entitled to dower out of her husband's estates of inheritance. This is common law. Black. 367.

By marriage in Ohio, the husband so far becomes the owner of his wife's personal property, that if they unite in selling her real estate, and receive the money, it is his, and if the money is afterwards, and during the marriage, invested in lands and the title taken to himself, the lands are his, and decreed to his heirs. *Randall v. Craighill, et al.* O. R. 197.

7th omit. 8th. That separation by divorce shall entitle the party not in fault, to the care and custody of the children, and to half of the property of which the parties shall be equally possessed at the time.

By the English common law, the children, no matter from what cause the divorce was obtained, or which party was in fault, were given to the father, but in Ohio, though the rule has not been changed by any special enactment, the courts have given in some instances, the care of the children to the mother, deeming her on account of their tender years, or the immoral character of the father, the more suitable protector. But this is by no means the general practice, some judges strictly adhering to the rule of the English common law. In Ohio, when a divorce is decreed by reason of the aggression of the husband, the wife is allowed such alimony out of her husband's real and personal property, as the court shall think reasonable, having due regard to the property which came to him by marriage, but if the divorce should arise by reason of the aggression of the wife, she shall be barred all right of dower in the lands of which her husband shall be seized or which he may thereafter acquire. Swan 5, 293.

9th. That the wife upon the death of her husband, shall be entitled to the care of her children, and to all the property accumulated during coverture.

By the laws of Ohio, the father whether living or dead, has absolute control of his children until they are twenty-one years of age, for it is provided by statute, that any father may by his last will in writing, appoint a guardian for his children, whether born at the time of making the will or afterwards, to continue during the minority of the child. But the mother is guardian of her children only in case she is not deprived by the written will of her husband, and even then her guardianship ceases when the male children have attained the age of fourteen years, and the female children of twelve, when they must choose guardians or have them appointed. The widow of any person dying, is endowed of one full equal third part of all lands, tenements, and real estate of which her husband was seized, as an estate of inheritance, at any time during coverture, which he has not conveyed away, and one third part of all the right, title or interest, that he may have at the time of his decease, in lands and tenements, held by article, bond, lease, or other evidence of claim. When the intestate shall not have left any legitimate child, heir of his body, the widow shall be entitled to all the personal estate as next of kin, and if he shall have left such child, the widow shall be allowed on distribution, one half of any sum not exceeding four hundred dollars, and one third of the residue of the personal estate subject to distribution. The following articles are not deemed assets, but are included in the inventory of the estate, namely: All spinning wheels, weaving looms and stoves, the family bible, family pictures, school books and other books not exceeding fifty dollars in value, one cow and twelve sheep, all wearing apparel, beds, bedsteads, bedding, and necessary cooking utensils, clothing of the family, clothes and ornaments of the widow, and wearing apparel of the deceased, one table, six chairs, six knives and forks, six plates, six tea cups and saucers, one sugar dish, one milk pail, one tea pot and twelve spoons, and these articles, except the wearing apparel of the deceased, shall remain in possession of the widow, if there be one, during the time she shall live with and provide for her children, but if she and the children shall by any means become separated, she shall only be allowed to retain as her own, her wearing apparel and ornaments, one bed, bedstead and necessary bedding, for the same, and the other articles exempted from administration and not consumed, shall then belong to the minor children. But if there be a widow and no child, these articles shall belong to the widow. Swan 3, 296, 346, 372.

10th. That there shall be no taxation without representation.

With regard to the property of women, there is taxation without representation, for they pay

taxes without having the liberty to vote for representatives; and whatever reason may be assigned under the existing legal disabilities of married women, why they should not be allowed to vote, there seems no substantial one why single should be denied this privilege. Black. 367, note. It is well known to every reader of history that this principle entered largely into the struggle for American Independence, and was the immediate cause of the first overt act of hostility. And if the principle is sound, then are the constitution and laws of Ohio unjust and oppressive, for by the latter the property of women is taxed, and by the former they are not permitted to enjoy the right of the elective franchise. Swan's S.—905, Con. O. Article V.

11th. That women shall not be deprived of the right to engage in any laudable pursuit.—By the common law, all women were denied the benefit of clergy; and until the reign of William and Mary, they received sentence of death, and might have been executed, for the first offence in simple larceny, bigamy, manslaughter, and some other offences, however learned they were, merely because their sex precluded the possibility of their taking holy orders, though a man who could read was for the same crime subject only to burning in the hand and a few months' imprisonment. Black. 366. In Ohio, no person is permitted to practice at law, or to conduct a suit in which he is not a party concerned, unless he shall have been previously examined and admitted by two Judges of the Superior Court; and no person is entitled to receive an examination, unless he is certified by a respectable attorney at law to be a citizen of the United States, one year a resident of Ohio, of good moral character, and sufficient abilities to discharge the duties of an attorney and counsellor at law. Swan's S.

The Supreme Court in Bank, upon the application of a woman for admission to practice law, decided that although she might be in every other respect well qualified to discharge the duties of an attorney, under this law was rendered incompetent by reason of her sex. But in this case the applicant was informally examined, and the examination was in the highest degree satisfactory.

12th. That woman shall not be deprived of the right to sit on juries. By the statutes of Ohio it is provided that one hundred and eight judicious persons, having the qualification of electors, shall be annually elected in each county, to serve as grand and petit jurors the ensuing year, and that if it should happen that any one of the jurors summoned shall fail to attend, it shall be lawful for the court, in either case, to order the sheriff to summon from among the bystanders so many good and lawful men as are necessary to form and complete the panel. Swan 5, 491.

13th. That the constitution of Ohio shall be so amended as to entitle women to the exercise of the elective franchise, and to the privilege of holding offices of trust and profit under government.

Every white male citizen of the United States, of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a resident of the State one year next preceding the election, and of the county, township or ward in which he resides such time as may be provided by law, shall have the qualification of an elector, and be entitled to vote at all elections. Con. O., Art. V.

Either branch of the General Assembly may propose amendments to this constitution, and if the same shall be agreed to by three-fifths of the members elected to each house, such proposed amendment shall be entered upon the journal, with the yeas and nays, and shall be published in at least one newspaper in each county of the State where a newspaper is published, for six months preceding the next election for Senators and Representatives, at which time the same shall be submitted to the electors, for their approval or rejection, and if a majority of the electors voting at such election shall adopt such amendments, the same shall become a part of the constitution. Con. O., Art. XVI.

And finally that men and women shall be placed in all legal respects upon exact terms of equality.

Long centuries ago, there fell from the lips of the obscure Nazarene these words:

"*All* things whatsoever *ye* would that men should do unto *you*, do ye *even so* unto them"—words which, in their sublime comprehensiveness, grasp all the relations of life, under all its varied aspects, and overleap all limits of time. Centuries later an equally obscure band of men and women, of grand, courageous souls, prizing life in their high enthusiasm only as it could be thoroughly free and true, and staking their all upon the issues of such faith and doing, launched their little wealth of sons and daughters, with their *uncounted* riches of hopes, upon the bosom of an unknown, threatening ocean; and through perils and trials manfully borne, *achieved the liberty they dared to seek;* and left posterity a legacy richer than all the continent they conquered, in the application of the Fisherman's sublime axiom to the *civil* government of nations, and its repetition and embodiment in the immortal and prophetic declaration—"We hold these truths to be *self-evident*, that *all men* are created *equal*, and endowed by their Creator with certain *inalienable* rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these ends governments are instituted among men, deriving their *just* power from the *consent* of the governed."

It is through the agency of these truths and deeds throughout the world, swaying more and more its mind and heart, and—however temporarily hindered—its very civil life; exposing the shams of usurpation, the inhumanities of oppression, and questioning *authoritatively* King, and Emperor, and Czar of their right to rule, —that *we* are here before you to-day—representatives of those in all lands, and in particular of our own State, who have lived to make yet another and broader application of the immortal truths of Judean and Puritan announcement.

In *their* name we come to you—not as to partizans, or narrow-minded aspirants for power or place, but as to *men*—sons, husbands and fathers, citizens of an acknowledged Christian Democracy. We come to you as to men *not* altogether depraved in heart or false in life—but as having individually and all the noble instincts and unquenchable aspirations of true manhood—as men upon whom the higher obligations of a better development and perpetually advancing civilization are laid; and whose generous natures and quickened souls cannot fail to answer truthfully and well, to all the claims of a common humanity upon them, however such answer be hindered in its expression by the false relations and perverted aims which obtain so much in life under present unnatural conditions.

We come not to upbraid you with errors which are only yours by inheritance, but to spread them before you for consideration and correction. And we come with no fear that precedents will be urged against us by those whose work for the world it is to *make precedents* and not follow and perpetuate those of lower ages and dissimilar conditions; with no just cause for such fear of those who, as legislators, or successors to such, have already taken many advance steps in the march of progress, and the recognition of the needs of the sex whose welfare we seek.

[To be continued.]

For the Una.

INDIVIDUALITIES, NO. 3.

The individual man isolated, set apart from others, from society, from law, is not, neither can he be; he is in connection with others, the source of custom, of institutions and of law. The law of individuality verifies every fact, and establishes every principle; and the standard of a complete man is the most nearly approached, by him who is the most perfectly individualized.

The most perfectly individualized man, is the man of ideas, one who has comprehended the age in which he lives, with all its forms, and taken an objective position to it. He will have erected a standard, higher than the present, by which he can take the dimensions of things, and ascertain their absolute value, their tendencies, limitations and terminations.

Genius does this, by intuition, so far forth as it does it at all, but there was never genius that did not require experience, deep and varied experience, to clarify its visions, to complete its powers, to perfect its susceptibilities; and experience, like the luxuriant growths of summer, may need the hardening, that comes in the winter of discontent.

Individual eminence is to the few, or there would be no eminence. However desirous of distinction the many may be at the starting point, ambition soon subsides with all but the few.

The fretful fever is thrown off, and a normal or abnormal state ensues, life becomes monotuous and stagnant, relieved here and there from its dreadful dullness only by the phamton play upon its waters of some illusive hope.

According to all traditions, history, poetry, monuments and memorials, mankind have been the same; differing in manifestations of the same capabilities under modifying influences, but whether ignorant or cultivated, savage or civilized, rude or refined, displaying the same original elements of passions, sentiments, thoughts, feelings and ideas.

As with races, so with classes, they are as distinctly marked, bounded and described, as the structure of the earth. Compensation is not only a fact, but it is a law of social and of civil life, it finds its verification, if no where else, in its necessity; the act of to-day ceases not with memory, if it goes down with the sun, it rises another day. I did mean not to do this thing; then you should not years ago have done that thing. We sometimes seem beside ourselves, and do those very things we would not do, and when we are apparently under the strongest influences to act contrawise. This is individuality, destiny, fate, and there is no escape from it. Destiny may not be overuled save by special grace. For in the human will there is a subtle and overpowering inability to sacrifice organic tendencies.

Individual destiny has almost an universal terminus. There is a certain ability in man to become

resigned to his condition be that condition what it may, which operates when indulged in or abandoned to upon the mind with an inperceptible and irresistible power; and this state establishes a kind of individual law of being and existence.

LACHESIS.

Dear Paulina.—We are in Florence. Our windows look forth upon the Piazza del Gran Duca. *This* is called the heart of Florence. I call it the brain, and from my balcony, I behold that portion which remembers; engraven, carved, and stained with records—records witten over records—and lines of folly over red lines of crime—but never a word of repentance. Above these rise other inscriptions up into the regions of perpetual light—and we recognise from afar the pen of Dante, the pencil of Da Vinci, and the chisel of Michael Angelo. As I sit here I can distinguish the roof beneath which the poet was born—I can toss an orange to the feet of Angelo's David, and Da Vinci's great Cartoon of the Battle of the standard, which was executed for the hall of the old palace yonder. To read what I see from this window, would be to read the history of this fair city, back to the sixth century, even far beyond *that*, for through an opening, I see the ruin crowned heights of Fiesole. To read what I see, would be to read the biography of Tuscany's immortal men. The "life of Giotto;" thus might that most beautiful truth, the Campanile, be named, and those mosaics of deep violet, and pale gold, are the records of nights, and days. One can see that in early life, nature held the youth to her bosom tenderly, and that through most loving obedience. There had been no forfeiture of inheritance, and it is written upon the lofty brow of this bell-tower, that the lowered soul of the artist looked back into the eyes of nature, and there saw its mysterious spirit. Since, having through the parental tenderness, and the perfectness of nature, seen that there was God, his work is the highest representation of religious beauty.

Not less eloquently do the stones we see tell of crime and superstition. I cannot look upon the great fountain in the square beneath us without a shudder, and its everlasting babbling of waters, babble forever of shame. *There* is record upon record for you. The sculptor has made a great statue of Neptune standing in the fountain, upon a chariot, drawn by sea horses, and surrounded by tritons and dolphins, throwing the water in all directions. If we go back we find that in the time of Cormo I, this fountain was erected to prevent the yearly assembling of a class of people who came to this very spot to heap flowers in commemoration of some great event. We followt hose festivals back year by year until we come to one, where there are no flowers, but upon this spot a scaffold from which fierce flames dart about and upward, now twisting their spires together, now parting and revealing the half burned form of an old man with his eyes turned to heaven and from whose blackened lips issue hymns. It is the wise and good Sabonarola—of *that* scene this babbling fountain is telling. A little beyond you are surprised at an unseemly irregularity in the otherwise grand and harmonious Pallazzo Vecchio, *that* too is full of significance. On that spot once stood the house of a "Ghibelline" one of the factions of Florence, and it was ordered that the Palace should be built so that no part of it should stand upon the site of said house, that they might have the glorious privilege of treading the grouud upon which it once stood beneath their feet! Few places in the world are more replete with interest than this same square upon which we look from our window, and in time we hope to master its associations, and to realise the beauty of its surroundings. Now, although we feel the grandeur of the architecture, and the excellence of the statues, the interest is as yet that of association; after which, comes the comprehending of the art, through which we learn to love its people. I desire to understand those great works, those which please and impress me, and those which do not, to see the faults, that I may value the beauties, I shall go forth in whichsoever direction beauty or truth may be found, starting from this square, with which a few of its strange records may have made you somewhat familiar. On the morrow I shall visit the great gallery, called the Galeria Uffizzi, the entrance to which is but a few doors to the right of our Casa, and in my next, I will impart to you my impressions.

ACTS OF LEGISLATURES.

The following is a copy of the bill passed by the legislature of California.

An Act to authorise married women to transact business in their own name, as sole traders.

The people of the state of California represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

Sec. 1. Married women shall have the right to carry on, and transact business, under their own name, and on their own account, by complying with the regulations prescribed in this act.

Sec. 2. Any married woman residing within this state, desirous to avail herself of the benefit of this act, shall make a declaration before a Notary Public, or other person authorised to take acknowledgments of deeds, that she intends to carry on business in her own name and on her own account, specifically, setting forth in her declaration, the nature of the business, trade, profession or art, and from that date she shall be individually responsible, in her own name, for all debts contracted by her on account of her said trade, business, profession or art; said declaration shall be recorded in the office of the County Recorder in the county where said business, trade, profession or art, is to be carried on or practiced, and also to be advertised in some public newspaper of general circulation in said county for three successive weeks; and if no newspaper be published in said county, said publication shall be made in the paper so published in an adjoining county.

Sec. 3. After the declaration has been duly made and recorded, as provided in the second section of this act, the person so making her declaration as aforesaid, shall be entitled to carry on said business, trade, profession or art, in her own name; and the property, revenue, moneys, and debts and credits so invested shall belong exclusively to said married woman, and shall not be liable for any of the debts of her husband, and said married woman shall be allowed all the privileges, and be liable to all the legal processes, now or hereafter provided by law against debtors and creditors.

Sec. 4. Any married woman availing herself of the benefit of this act, shall be responsible for the maintenance of her children.

Sec. 5. No married woman shall commence or carry on business on her own account, under the provisions of this act, when the amount originally invested in said business is more than five thousand dollars unless the declaration provided for in section second contain also a statement under oath, that the surplus of money above five thousand dollars invested in said business, did not come from any funds belonging to her husband.

Sec. 6. The husband of the wife availing herself of the benefits of this act, shall not be responsible for any debt contracted by her in the course of her said business, without the special consent of her husband given in writing, nor shall his separate property be taken in execution for any debts contracted by her.

Sec. 7. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved April 12th 1852.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
Office of Secretary of State.

I hereby certify the forgoing to be a true copy of an original act on file in this office.

Wm. VAN VOORHIES.
Secretary of State.
By Wm. H. R. WOOD, Deputy.

Bill reported in the Ohio Legislature by Senator Townshend reported, from a select Committee, a thorough Woman's Rights bill. It provides (says a Columbus paper) that hereafter married women shall have the same right to hold, own, manage and control property in their own name and right, and for their own use, and to contract and be contracted with, to sue and be sued, and maintain and defend all actions and proceedings in the same manner and to the same extent as male persons; and hereafter no husband, by reason of marriage, shall have or acquire any right to ownership, custody, management or control of property owned by the wife at marriage, or which she may, during marriage, acquire; but all such property owned and managed by the wife, in her own name and right absolutely; provided, that husband and wife may contract with each other, and sue and be sued by each other, the same as other persons. That married women hereafter shall have the same rights of personal liberty and locomotion, to all intents and purposes, as male persons; and no husband shall, in any manner, by any proceeding in courts or otherwise, restrain or interfere with the same.

That in all cases of contracts respecting the custody of minor children and their guardianship such controversy shall be decided by the proper court now or hereafter having jurisdiction; and no husband, as such, shall have any preference, or other or greater right than the wife; but such controversy shall be determined according to right and justice, having due regard to the situation, circumstances, and qualifications of the parties interested.

That no father shall bind out as an apprentice or servant any child or children of such father, during the lifetime of the mother of such children, being the wife of such father, unless such mother shall assent thereto, and, with the father, execute indenture or covenant of service.

That upon the death of any husband, leaving a wife, surviving heir, such wife shall succeed to and have the same rights of property in the estate and property of her husband by way of descent, distribution, dower and other and otherwise, as are or may be conferred by law upon husbands in the property of the wife, in case of the death of the wife.

The fate of the bill we will not attempt to foreshadow.

Pork eaters may believe as much of this as they please. It is said that the Jews, Turks, Arabians, and all those who observe the precept of avoiding blood and swine's flesh, are infinitely more free from disease than Christians; more especially do they escape those opprobia of the medical art, gout, scrofula, consumption and madness. The Turks eat great quantities of honey and pastry, and much sugar; they also eat largely and are indolent. The swine fed natives of Christendom suffer greater devastation from a painful tubercular disease of the bowels (dysentery) than from any other cause. Those persons who abstain from swine's flesh and blood are infinitely more healthy and free from humors, glandular diseases, dyspep-

sia, and consumption; while in those districts and among those classes of men, where the pig makes the chief article of diet, tubercle in all its forms of eruption, sore legs, bad eyes and abscesses, must prevail. It is stated as a remarkable coincidence that Prince Edward's Island has a climate exactly similar to Great Britian, yet the inhabitants are not consumptive, neither is the pig there cultivated. —*Boston Post.*

From the Portland Eclectic.

LOST AND SAVED.

Darkly falls the stormy even,
Fiercely frowns the angry heaven—
While the bitter wind is calling,
And the driving sleet is falling.

Homeless, parentless and lonely,
Cared for by the angels only,
Roams a child, unblest by pity,
Through the mazes of the city.

Darkness, wind and storm are fearful,
Yet the night is bright and cheerful
To the guilt and sin which hover
Darkly round the homeless rover.

No kind father's eye beholds her,
No fond mother's love enfolds her,
And when evening's shadows gather,
Teaches her to say, "Our Father!"

Round her neck, with soft caresses,
Cling her wild, neglected tresses—
Hail and snow, with icy spangles,
Gemming all their golden tangles.

None to smooth their wavy beauty—
None to guide to right and duty—
None to show her worldly favor—
None to love, and none to save her.

Lost! poor friendless one, forever,
Cast-away on life's wild river—
Lost! amid its wild commotion,
Rushing down to sin's dark ocean.

Where a proud and stately dwelling
Is of wealth and splendor telling,—
By fatigue and sleep o'ertaken,
Sinks at last the poor forsaken.

On the marble steps reclining,
Pillowed by her tresses shining,
With the snow around her heaping,
Sinks she to her chilly sleeping.

Bright the eye of morning flashes,
Beaming from its jetty lashes—
Still with weary head reclining,
Sleeps the child with tresses shining.

O'er her form the snow hath drifted,
Adn among her loose locks sifted,—
Silent lies she—white and frozen,
On the spot in terror chosen.

Saved! from wretchedness and error,
Saved from guilt's remorseful terror—
Saved from sorrow's weary wearing,
Saved from hopeless, dark despairing.

"Saved!" the angel band are saying,
"Saved from sinning—saved from straying,
Gladly we the lost lamb gather
To the bosom of our Father!" MIST.

"I HOPE SO!" All have said so, for all hope. But for hope, how many an arm would fall nervelessly on the battle-field of life, and the light fade out in the wearying eye. We sit at our window and watch the living tide which goes ebbing by, every heart-throb a life-wave beating onward to the other shore. And every wave has its freight of hopes. False beacon-lights are many of them. They have deceived us, yet we follow them again. Every one who tramps past our door, is nerved with hope. The two ragged children hope for manhood, for a better day to them. The old wreck, on staff and crutch, hopes for the rest of death. Earth's sky has no sun for him. Tell him that he shall forever be thus, and he would weep, for his life is a burden which he longs to cast away. The old and the young—the rich and the poor—the evil and the good—they all hope.

"All
Have hopes, however wretched they may be,
Or blest. It is hope which lifts the lark so high—
Hope of a lighter air and bluer sky:
And the poor hack which drops down on the flints,
Upon whose eye the dust is settling—
He hopes to die. No being is which hath
Not love or hope."

But for the clouds, we should never realise the brightness and the beauty of sunshine. The brief instalments lately let down through a more favorable sky, have seemed all the more rich and warm for the keeping. Or does the sunshine grow more welcome and beautiful as life finds its supply decreasing? All things bless the Almighty Giver for the sunshine. Thank the Creator, it cannot be made an article of merchandise. Speculators cannot buy it all up and sell out at advanced prices. It comes free. The threshold of the hut is as light as the marble one of the palace. Could avarice convert it into money, how many a pale cheek in the homes of the poor would grow paler, and the eye close in gloom! It does not take wings when misfortunes gather. Old age is not driven out into darkness by Shylocks who have swallowed the golden wealth which shone on a better day.

"What happy things are youth, and love, and sunshine!
How sweet to feel the sun upon the heart!
To know 'tis lighting up the rosy blood,
And with all joyous feelings, prism-hued,
Making the dark breast shine like a spar grot,
We walk among the sunbeams as with angels."

A BIT of "Germanism" from the "Story without an End:"—

"There was no end to his delight. The little birds warbled and sang, and fluttered and hopped, and the delicate wood-flowers gave out their beauty and their odors; and *every sweet sound took a sweet odor by the hand*, and thus walked through the open door of the child's heart, and held a joyous nuptial dance therein. But the nightingale and the lily of the valley led the dance; for the nightingale sang of nought but love, and the lily breathed of nought but innocence, and he was the bridegroom and she was the bride. And the nightingale was never weary of repeating the same thing a hundred times over, for the spring of love which gushed from his heart was ever new; and the lily bowed her head bashfully, that no one might see her glowing heart. And yet the one lived so solely and entirely in the other, that no one could see whether the notes of the nightingale were floating lilies, or the lilies visible notes, falling like dewdrops from the nightingale's throat."

THE FIRST STATUE OF CANOVA.

There are doubtless, few of our readers who have not heard mentioned with honor, the name of the great Canova, that skillful sculptor of modern times, whose admirable statues which almost have taken rank among the master-pieces which Grecian antiquity has transmitted to us. Canova, like many other great men, owed his rise solely to himself. Diligent labor was the only source of his fortune and the first attempts of his infancy presaged the success of his mature age.

Canova was an Italian, the son of a mason. All the education which he received from his father consisted in learning the business of his trade.—As soon as his strength permitted, he learned to handle the trowel and hammer, to mix the plaster and to place the gravel—occupations which he discharged with sufficient zeal and activity to be soon able to serve as the journeyman or rather the companion of his father, notwithstanding his youth. But in the frequent intervals of repose which his weakness rendered indispensable, he amused himself by observing the different objects which he saw about him; with sketching them roughly with brick or even with modelling their forms in the plaster cement which he had just mixed. These constant exercises, practised with as much perseverance as intelligence, soon rendered him familiar with the practice of drawing, and of sculpture in relief.—But his youthful talent was unknown to all, even to his father who only concerned himself with his greater or less skill in passing the plaster to the sieve and in pouring enough water into the trough.

A whimsical event suddenly occurred to reveal it to all the world.

His father had been summoned to make some repairs in the country house of a rich lord of the neighborhood. He had taken his son with him according to custom, to act as his journeyman; and the genteel carriage of the little Canova soon procured for him the affection of the chief cook and all the scullions of the house, so that, the day's work being ended, Canova did not stir from the pantry, where he executed in crumbs of bread or in plaster, grotesque figures and caricatures which delighted the valets, and in return they fed him in the style of my lord.

One day there was an entertainment at the country house. Canova was in the kitchen, playing with the scullions, when they suddenly heard a cry of despair from the pantry, and saw the head cook coming out in alarm, throwing up his cap, striking his breast and tearing his hair. After the first moments of astonishment, they crowded around in him a huddle.

"I am lost," he cried, "I am lost, I am lost!—My magnificent master-piece! my palace which I had built for the dinner! see in what a condition it is!"

And with a pathetic gesture, he showed an edifice of pastry, which he had just drawn from the oven. Alas! it was burnt, covered with ashes and half demolished, There was a general cry of surprise mingled with that of grief.

"What is to be done?" demanded the cook; "here is the dinner hour. I have not time to make another. I am lost! My lord expects for the dessert something remarkable. He will turn me away.

During these lamentations, Canova walked round the diminished palace and considered it with attention.

"Is this for eating!" he inquired.

"Oh no!" my little one, answered the cook, "it is only to look at."

"Ah well, all is safe. I promise you something better in an hour from now. Hand me that lump of butter."

The cook astonished, but already half persuaded by his boldness, gave him all he wanted; and of this lump of butter, Canova made a superb lion which he sprinkled with meal, mounted on a pedestal of rich architecture, and before the appointed hour, exhibited his finished work to the wondering spectators. The cook embraced him with tears in his eyes, called him his perserver, and hastened to place upon the table the extemporaneous master-piece of the young mason.

There was a cry of admiration from the guests. Never had they seen, said they, so remarkable a piece of sculpture. They demanded the author of it.

"Doubtless, one of my people," answered my lord with a satisfied air; and he asked the cook.

He blushed, stammered and ended by confessing what had happened, All the company wished to see the young journeyman, and overwhelmed Canova with praises. It was decided at once that the master of the household should take charge of him, and have him go through studies suitable to his precocious talent.

They had no cause to repent of this decision.—We have seen that Canova knew how to profit by the lessons of his masters, whom he soon excelled. Nevertheless, in the midst of his celebrity, he was pleased with remembering the adventure of the lion of butter, and said he was very sorry that it had been melted. "I hope," he added, "that my later statues will be more solid, otherwise my reputation runs a great risk.—*Musical World and Times.*

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, JUNE, 1854.

EMANCIPATED WOMEN.

The heading of our page, is not of our choosing. The term as applied, has no meaning, for there is no class of women who can claim, in the present stage of the movement, that they are "set free from bondage, slavery, servitude, subjection, or dependence," which is the definition given by Webster of the word emancipated. It was, we believe, first applied to a class by Fredrika Bremer, whose limited knowledge of English may be an apology for her use of words and phrases, which are not only inexpressive, but in exceeding bad taste. Woman's Rights has always been offensive to us, and is only used because no other term can be found which covers the whole ground we must occupy in this discussion. Cant phrases belonging to any set sect or class, are offensive to good taste. The slang terms oftentimes made quite significant, but still more frequently meaningless are equally disgusting. We however, make no complaint about them, we are not disposed to quarrel about words, we simply ignore them, unless they will serve a purpose which this has done; for we find in Eliza Cook's journal of the 25th of February, an editorial article under this head which we have read with a good deal of interest and not a little gratification. It opposes some of our movements, it misunderstands and misrepresents some of our positions, but it virtually endorses all our principles. The Editor has a general, though inaccurate notion of the work that the "Emancipated women" in this country are engaged in, and is spreading the rumor of it in Europe most effectually. It is something to our purpose to have the women of the British Islands informed that women here are making speeches at crowded public meetings, practising as physicians, establishing medical colleges, schools of art, printing newspapers of their own, setting type as journeymen compositors, lecturing upon Anatomy and Physiology, working in the coast Survey offices and receiving pay from government, reporting legislative bodies, and regularly engaged in the public advocacy of reformatory movements without special hindrance from the prejudice of sex.

The British public will mark the fact that two or three of our "Emancipated women" have been heard patiently and respectfully upon the delicate subject of slavery in the slave state of Kentucky, and will infer from it, if they but stop to think, the providential warranty which this new agency already carries with it. In the parable of the wicked husbandman, (Mark XII 6,) the owner of the Vineyard after the lynching of all his ordinary servants sent to them *his* well beloved son, saying "they will reverence him." In the case cited the reserve messenger was not accepted, but in our imitation of the trial they were; and "the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner." We could ask no better support of our policy than this experimental demonstration affords. Let the wondering and doubting women of Europe only know the fact that there are already at least twenty women in the United States who draw larger audiences, and produce better effects upon them than any other equal number of our public orators can do, and besides can go freely where our men dare not be found, and we will trust the judgment which must follow upon the necessity and propriety of our movement in this respect. The women of England should know also, that the two forms of oppression which this country suffers in the slavery of our Negroes and of our sex, both come to us by inheritance of their own Anglo Norman feudalism, and that the indications of providence distinctly point to women as the agents of the great redemption for which the world hopes. The oracle of history reads, "who would be free themselves must strike the blow." Human Rights, as the lawyers say, are imperfect, till fitness of their subjects prepares for their investiture. While women refrain from demanding they must be held incapable of receiving and employing the franchises of civil, social and industrial life. The natural rights of infancy are inherent and inalienable but they are inchoate, and those of women must remain in abeyance till they are self asserted.

Would Eliza Cook condemn the rebellions, and reformations, that have advanced the civil and religious liberties of England because they were disorderly? Will she condemn the woman movement of America not because it is even disorderly, but because it is novel? Standing firmly on the facts of experiment we answer that our action is practicable, and successful to the full measure of the time and opportunity, capable of all we expect from it and already so far allowed and accepted that familiarity has worn away, the only objection which hindered its success among us.

It is scarcely yet four years since the first General Convention of women was held here for the assertion of woman's rights and the organization of the national effort, and within that time, several of the oldest states in the union have by legislation advanced very far towards the exemption of woman's property from the absolute control of their husband's, and from liability for husband's debts.

In Pennsylvania for instance it has been decided by the highest judicial authority, construing the recent statutes upon the subject, that a wife can by will dispose of her real estate absolutely, without regard to her husband, that he cannot sell, lease charge or incumber it in any way without her consent, that the only interest he has in such an estate, if it can be called an interest, is his expectant right therein for his life in the event of his wife's dying without a will. Nothing of the old *tenancy by courtesy* is left him but this chance or accident of her failing to make a will which may take it away from him, and her personal property is not liable for his debts nor even for debts contracted for the support of the family until his own property is first exhausted and it is proved that such debt was absolutely contracted for necessaries of family consumption.

There has also recently been a decision rendered in the Supreme Court of New York by Judge Rosevelt in which the woman may dispose of her property, either with or without the consent of her husband, and all moneys due must be paid to her in person or upon order from her. She may sue in person or her husband may or may not stand as her "next friend," as she may select.

These are samples of the progress which is growing out of the agitation of the great questions with which we are now engaged.

Our emancipation in the matters of industrial avocations is going forward rapidly; professional and artistic employments are steadily and surely falling into our hands, and in a word every idea that we hold, and every claim which we make is in the rising tide of successful experiment. Political suffrage and representation only of all our claims, have not attained any actual or practical recognition. But observe nevertheless, that these rights have been claimed as steadily and boldly as those which have been admitted. They have been urged side by side with the more immediately successful ones and have not in any way hindered that success.—They will be the last conceded just, because they are the highest, not because they are most questionable in themselves.

Miss Cook thinks the American women "greatly over estimate the advantages derivable from *mere* political privileges for the sex," and contents herself with saying "that the healthy political condition of a country does not depend upon the extent of its constituency so much as it does upon the spirit in which its legislation is conducted." We need not debate this abstraction with her, for our purpose, it is so essentially English, so unamerican, so dead—and buried among the rubish that our revolution made of feudalism, that the discussion would only weary our home readers. But we suggest to her that possibly the spirit of our legislation would not deteriorate by the participation of woman, as it is usual to believe it would if committed to the ignorant masses of European men, who are constantly flocking to our shores.

It *might* indeed be improved. It is not doubted that if the women of the United States were voters, the prohibitory liquor law would be carried in every State at the first election.

In the year 1851 it was stated that the British subjects of England paid eighteen millions of pounds sterling into the revenue of the queen, upon narcotic stimulants which they consumed. The whole revenue of the kingdom for the year

was fifty-six and a half millions, the tax upon its drunkenness was the one third of this sum. Does the editor of the Journal think that woman's suffrage and legislation would allow all this degradation in her own favored and beautiful Islands?

Does she not rather believe with us, that it will never be cured till the political power of woman is employed for the purpose? Till through a unitary legislation of the whole of humanity, a truer and more philosophical system of government, shall be obtained.

But this is not the point. The question is not whether the political condition of our country depends upon the extent of its constituency, but what is the condition of the classes that are not represented in its legislation?

An Irish stevedore, at New Orleans, stood looking at a machine newly employed to load a vessel at the wharf until he felt that his occupation was gone, that steam and tackle were too much for his bone and muscles to compete with; but before he fell entirely into despair, he thought of his political influence and its available operations upon his interest, and shaking his clenched fist at the crank and pulleys, cried out in triumph, "by the powers, but ye can't vote, though."

A friend of ours related to us, not many days since, the statement of a colored man of highly respectable character. My friend says, "he assured me that before the right of suffrage was taken from his caste, in Pennsylvania, he was as well treated in the village, by all parties in authority, as any white man was; but when this power was taken away, by the change in the constitution, he felt, in every interest of life, that he was disfranchised and crippled. Before the change he could vote and command a few votes, in all the elections that were often decisive of the result, and every day in the year he felt the advantage of the power he held. The law makers and ministers were so far dependant upon him, and they conducted themselves accordingly.

Eliza Cook cannot tell why woman's work of equal value is nowhere equally as well paid for as man's. We will answer her in one word, they can't vote—just as the aspirants to office settle our wages for us, and answer our complaints in the style of the Irish porter, "By the powers ye can't vote, though." There is not another reason in the world why a woman makes a waistcoat or a pair of pants for half the price paid a tailor than this. She can't vote; she is nobody in the sphere that rules the greatest interests of life, and she has no rights, because she has no power to enforce them, or punish their infraction. Restrict her as much as you please, but invest her with all the defences of the range left to her, and within that range she will be able to command equal justice. The limitation of employments is not the sole cause nor any cause of the lowness of her wages. In our cities where laborers are in demand in every sort of employment, where women are just as scarce as men, the *disparity* of price is still as sternly maintained as it could be if there were three women seeking such special employment instead of one. If every other disability were removed we have the proof that her political disfranchisement would still hold her in comparative serfdom and accordingly depress the remunerations of her labor, and hold her down in its least respectable and profitable departments.

Moreover the difference of sex and resulting difference of character, being always and absolutely preserved as by the laws of nature they must be, the feminine element in the civil government of this country is required to counteract the mischief arising from increased suffrage held as it is, by everything masculine, that grows in the rank soil of republicanism, native and foreign.

The editor's objections seems to us good for nothing—they have none of the intended force upon the point at issue.

At another time we will consider Miss Cook's remarks in relation to diversity of employment for women, their health and power of making home happy, and the aptitudes of our countrywomen to housekeeping. In the mean time, after our long absence, we find that home duties claim our attention to the extent that renders very lengthy editorials impossible, but we have no purpose of shrinking the points most dwelt upon by our friend, and shall resume the pen with quite as much pleasure as we now have in taking our position in the domestic department.

A WORD IN PRIVATE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

On looking over our books, we find some of our subscribers still delinquent. It is an unpleasant duty for us to remind them that "every person receiving a paper after its term of subscription has expired and failing at once to notify the publisher that it is not wanted, is legally holden, (to say nothing of the morality of the thing,) for the full amount of such subscription for the ensuing volume."

We have received the third and fourth numbers of our paper from a few persons, with the brief and cutting notice, to an editor, "not wanted," while the injustice of withholding the subscription which we are lead to look for, by not receiving a timely notice of discontinuance forces other and larger evils. The hundreds needed to carry on an enterprise of this kind, are made up of single one dollars, to each individual a small amount, but to those who depend upon the larger, a matter of great moment. The writer whose brain is his capital cannot be paid if we ourselves are not paid, nor the printers, whose trade is their living, nor the paper makers, whose demands are urgent in these pressing times, while they in turn cannot pay their baker, their seamstress, their wash-woman whose children are asking for bread that the day's labor must procure.

While speaking of pecuniary matters, which we are most reluctant to do, we must remind our friends that on small Western or Southern bills we are compelled to pay a heavy discount, and they would therefore greatly oblige us by sending us either large bills or gold. Punctuality is a virtue deserving the highest veneration.

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.

Among the large pile of new and old books, papers and periodicals which have accumulated on our table, we find one with the above title published in New York, and devoted to *Science, Art, Manufactures, Agriculture, Commerce and Trade.*

In the present number are twenty-four articles, among which we observe one from Mr. Cowes, on *his new theory of Astronomy*, another on the philosophy and cure of intemperance, by Dr. J. R. Buchanan, also several others of interest, by well known and popular writers. The editor's table presents the introductory remarks. Books, publishers and authors, illustrations of the present number, Poetry of a bank president, A magazine for the people, Poetry for the times, and a notice of a new romance, by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. We own to having rather a penchant for the editor's table, and always turn first to that in all our magazines, and this one is so peculiarly interesting that we commend the paper as worthy of notice.

A SUGGESTION TO THE FRIENDS OF UNA.

Since the commencement of the publication of the Una, we have carefully avoided teasing our friends to get subscribers, or telling our want of an increased subscription list, preferring rather to have the wholesome truths she speaks, make their own way to the hearts of her readers and prompt them voluntarily to enlarge her subscription list; but we have now commenced on a story, by one of our best writers, (whose articles have appeared in nearly every number for the last six or eight months,) so illustrative of the truths we have been teaching, so full of touching pathos and sterling principle that we cannot forbear calling attention to it. We have also another reason for asking each subscriber to do this. Agents who follow in the track of those who have canvassed for the Ella Wentworth Journal are looked upon suspiciously, and are unsuccessful where a person who was known would obtain many new names. Back numbers, from the commencement of the year, can be supplied, one of which contains the article entitled "Bologna and its Women," another "The Countess Matilda," also other articles by Mrs. Dall, all of which display great historical research and are admirable for reference; also Mrs. Stanton's address to the legislature of New York, "Judge Walker on the legal disa-

bilities of Women," &c., a series of articles which might profitably be distributed as tracts. Single numbers will be forwarded for three post office stamps, to any persons who may wish for them.

For the Una.

Dear Una—The following extract is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney, the refined and gifted poetess, our country's boast and pride.

* * * * *

MRS. SIGOURNEY ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

That intellectual and exemplary lady, Mrs. Sigourney, thus beautifully discourses on Woman's Rights:

There is much clamor in these days of progress, respecting a grant of new rights or an extension of privileges for our sex. A powerful moralist has said, that "in contentions for power both the philosophy and poetry of life are dropping and trodden down." Would not a still greater loss accrue to domestic happiness, and to the interests of well-balanced society, should the innate delicacy and prerogative of woman, *as woman*, be forfeited or sacrificed?

"I have given her as a help-meet," said the Voice that cannot err, when he spake unto Adam in the cool of the day, amid the trees of paradise. Not as a toy, a clog, a wrestler, a prize-fighter,—no, a *help-meet*, such as was fitting for man to desire, and for woman to become.

Since the Creator has assigned different spheres of action for the different sexes, it is to be presumed, in His unerring wisdom, that there is work enough in each department to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be the benefit of both. If He has made one the priestess of the inner temple, committing to her charge its unrevealed sanctities, why should she seek to mingle in the warfare that may thunder at its gates or rock its turrets?" Need she be again tempted by pride or curiosity, or growing words, to barter her own Eden?

True nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere and to adorn it; not like the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but as the pure star, which is the first to light the day, and last to leave it. If she share not the fame of the ruler and the blood-shedder, her good works, such as "become those who profess godliness," though they leave no deep "foot-prints on the sands of time," may find record in the "Lamb's Book of Life.",

Mothers! are not our rights sufficiently extensive—the sanctuary of love, the throne of the heart, the "moulding of the whole mass of mind and its first formation?" Have we not power enough in all realms of sorrow and suffering—over all forms of ignorance and want—amid allministrations of love, from the cradle dream to the sepulchre.

So let us be content and diligent, aye, grateful and joyous, making this brief life a hymn of praise, until called to that choir which knows no discord, and whose melody is eternal.

My heart sinks within me when I see the subject of Woman's Rights thus carelessly noticed and unfairly represented by one whose intelligence and amiability should lead to more just conclusions. It seems inexplicable that the sentiments of those noble souls, who in sincerity and single-heartedness bind themselves to the stake, and brave the martyr fires of public scorn and criticism, for the sake of enslaved woman, should be so often misunderstood and misinterpreted.

There can be no doubt that woman's nature differs intrinsically from that of man—that she is more refined, more sensitive, more affectionate; less adapted to the rougher, sterner walks of life than he. There can be no doubt, nor do the most strenuous advocates of Woman's Rights deny, that in the domestic and social circle woman naturally finds her truest enjoyment, and her most congenial field of usefulness; and if left to the unrestrained exercise of all her faculties, and protected in the free manifestation of her sympathies, affinities and powers, the light of her soul will indeed illuminate the charmed circle of home, give new life to the social sphere and send electric waves of thought throughout the domain of mind, warming, quickening and invigorating the dormant diseased body of humanity.

But while the laws and customs of society fetter woman in that very sphere which nature has assigned her, it is useless to prate of "contentment and diligence," of "gratitude and joy" in the performance of her task, while *the law* leaves thousands of women in the hands of brutal husbands, who can legally claim control over the persons of their wives, squander their hard earned property in debauchery and vice, and tear their children from the arms of maternal love and give them to strangers;—while these outrages on the name of humanity are known, the beauty and harmony of woman's condition exist only in the imagination of the poet or the dream of the idealist. "Man's inhumanity to *woman* makes countless millions mourn,"—and the wounds which are centuries deep in her spirit, can never be healed by the flimsy gloss of poetic fervor or the dreamy admonitions of startled conservatism. Bright visions of flowery fields and singing birds will not satisfy the dungeon captive, nor will glowing pictures of "the far off unattained" atone to woman for the wrongs which bow her spirit to the dust.

"Mothers are your rights sufficiently extensive?" Do you consent to that legal enactment which would invade "the sanctuary of love, the throne of the heart," and wrest from thence your cherished idols—your darling little ones to place them in stranger hands? Do you consent to see the legal existence of your daughter merged in that of another at the marriage altar, when a few years may prove him a tyrant, a spendthrift, and a debauchee? God grant that "in these days of progress" when the world knows so little of domestic happiness and so much of misery, there may arise the strong, the true, the brave, who, spurning the fetters of conventionality, will in the glorious spirit of freedom, proclaim "*the true nobility of woman.*"

Mary F. Love.

Randolph, N. Y. May 22nd.

CAMILLE URSO.

There is one phenomenon which of all others is to me the most incomprehensible—that of a child brain, measuring itself with the whole world—a child-arm poising upon the tips of its small fingers the big weight history tells us some giant of time toiled long and hard to move. And history grows garrulous on *that* theme. Nor can it be wondered at, that those who live at a distance from, or after the death of a mighty man, should demand a record of his acts—an account of his exercises and "training"—and there arise men whose mission it is to satisfy those demands. When we have heard, although we honor not *him* less, nor suffer the glory of his deeds to become dimmed, we wonder no longer. That Hercules should have slain the Nemean lion, is no more a miracle to those who have seen the ponderous muscles of the Farnese statue.

"They were inevitable," may be written of nearly every great man whose acts are recorded. He stood upon the *known*, and reaching up, took from the unknown—which is but a step higher—a great thought; and those who stood by his side knew *of* him, and were familiar with his footsteps.

But of the child who does this—whose only *visible* footprints are the little ones upon the green lawn, or upon the flowery hill-side—what shall be said? Of such an one the historian speaks often, but not much. Campbell wrote the history of Chatterton on six pages—the man has not lived who could explain the phenomenon of that "marvellous boy." Another, nay, three others, who stood not upon the steps of the known, take their places beside the poet of Bristol—not side by side in point of power, but in the region of unexplained phenomena—Mozart, Safford and Camille Urso.

It is a pleasant picture, that of the Mozart household—the little boy perched upon the piano stool—the floor strewn with playthings, now flung aside—the father sitting near, with pencil and paper to note down the improvisations of his son. It is a sublime picture, that throng of nobles with their king—the king of England—gathering around the great organ in the royal chapel, the crimson and golden light falling from the lofty stained windows, upon *them*, and upon *him* who played—the child Mozart.

A genius more unfathomable than that of the poet, or of the great composer even, is that of the boy Safford, the untaught mathematician—his, a power more remote in its operations than any other.

I remember him. A great brain—too large for the frail boy-frame—and intensely earnest eyes; *they* seemed to foresee the severity of the path he was to tread. His expression pained me—for there was a record on his face of a hidden toil in the far depths of his nature, of which he was unconscious. The "Mecanique Celeste" is a great work, understood only by the most profound mathematicians—by those few, who for years have applied themselves with severe and unflinching labor to the study of its science. And yet this boy from the little mountain village in Vermont, has been employed to correct the tables of this stupendous work.

I turn from the contemplation of a character like this, so unnatural, to that of the girl, Camille Urso, with pleasure. With her the spirit of the child still remains, although she performs with ease, playfully even, feats which weary strong men. No struggling with her. Her life in moving onward, is musical as the flowing of a forest brook.

It must have been a glorious sight, one more beautiful even than that of the little Mozart before the king, to have seen Camille before the princes of Europe—before kings in the realm of art.

One year ago, the celebrated musical society of Paris awarded her the first prize—*that* I knew. And when I was to hear her, I dreaded the appearance of some unchildlike creature. I think I see her now, as when at the conclusion of one of Beethoven's grandest overtures, she came forth from among the dark forms of the orchestra—a point of light, like one of Paganini's violin notes.

I have seen a bird issue from the depth of the wood, and floating into the full sunlight—rest a moment, listening to the surrounding voices of other birds—to the humming of insects, and to the solemn plaint of pines—as if to catch the inner tone of the whole. A few clear notes are sent out upon the morning air—others follow—longer and of "celestial quality"—succeeded

by a bursting forth of scintillations of enrapturing sounds—of joy—exultation—and praise—closing with some softly drawn strain—so tenderly sad—so sweet, we can but weep. Thus was the coming of Camille—thus her music. Free she was, certainly, yet most exquisitely obedient to the laws of her art, free *through* that.

One thing charmed me. Her consciousness of the rare excellence of the treasure she poured forth at the feet of human beings and her unconsciousness of the value of *their* offerings —*unless they were flowers.* And when *these* are showered around her, how unchecked her child-delight!

A being with a mature earnestness of poetical feeling—with that intuitive perception of the value of numbers, so mysteriously manifesting itself in the case of the youth Safford—with a power in her art hitherto unknown in a child—rarely known at widely apart points of time among men—a little girl unbereft of her childhood—such is Camille Urso.

THE DREAM ANGEL.

Once the bright angel, whose duty it is to watch over the happiness of men—the guardian angel of the world—drew near the throne of the Heavenly Father, and prayed;

"Give me, O Father, a means by which I may teach man a way how to avoid, in part, at least, the many sins and temptations which the fall hath entailed upon him; for man is not always bad. At times his heart is ready to receive the good which a light eternal might fix upon him."

Then the Father spoke to the angel, and said:

"Give him the Dream."

The sweet angel flew over the world with his sister, the Dream.

Far and wide they spread the gentle influence, and the hearts of life-weary mortals were rejoiced.

But the soft breathings of the Dream Angel fell not alike on all.

To the good and gentle, who had sunk to rest amid the blessings of their loved ones, and whose slumber was deepened by the toil of good deeds which they had done, there came soft and silent glimpses of the fair land of light. Forgetting the narrrow prison of the world, their souls rose up, and spread broad and wide over the land of visions, and gazed with eagle eyes upon the glories. But as the night waned, their dreams grew dim, and the outer influence of the soul gently closed upon them, even as the corolla of the night flower closes about it, and shuts from its gaze its best loved starry heavens.

To the toil-worn, sun-burnt husbandman, who has fallen asleep in despair, and who ever feared lest some grim accident might destroy the fruit of his labors, the sweet dream came like a soft summer shower upon the parched and dusty fields; and as he dreamed, he saw the green corn rising in goodly ranks, and gazing with joy upon the small, soft ears—which at first no larger than flower buds, seemed as he beheld them, to expand to ripe maturity.

There are certain dream-fantasies and strange sleep-changes that are to be found only in deep, unbroken slumber, which results from extreme bodily fatigue, or in the light, irregular rest of a fever—even as the grotesque blue dragon-fly and the strange water-flitter are found only on the surface of the deep, silent pool, or shallow brook. And as the husbandman slept on, the fantastic Spirits who attended the dream flitted about him, and spread a gay confusion over the happy vision, for, as he gazed upon the golden ears, a purple and scarlet cloud seemed to overshadow him, while round about he heard the pealing of bells, the singing of familar voices, and the lowing of cattle; and in the intervals, there came the shouts as of glad friends at the harvest home. Then the purple clouds gathered again about him; but the dream-Spirits, with their long shadowy arms, drew him through it, and he now stood before a well-filled granary, and the tears of joy ran down his cheeks. His wife and loved ones gathered around him, and their blessings and praises sank into his heart, and mingled with the hymn which rose like a golden cloud from the ocean of his soul. And he awoke from the sweet dream, and blessed it for the hope which it had inspired him with.

But the dream flew on to a guilty prisoner, who had fallen asleep cursing his judges, his doom, and the black, damp fetters which clung like cold adders to his limbs; and as he dreamed, the prison was opened the cold chains flew away, and remorse and rage no longer fixed their poison fangs upon his heart. A bright light shone upon him, and blessed thoughts of mercy, repentance, and reconciliation flitted through his mind, like golden-winged butterflies through a summer garden; and he awoke trusting in release, with his heart filled with love and kindness. Did the cold damp fetters fall from his limbs? Were the prison doors opened? The fetters fell not away, the prison door remained fast; and, worn down by famine and sickness, he perished alone in the narrow dungeon. But the blessed hope which the gentle dream had left in his heart, gladdened his last hour, and he died exclaiming, "Not my will, but Thine, O Father." Behold there was joy in heaven!

It has been said that hope alone is left with mortals—but with her abideth her sister, the Dream, who maketh her known to us; for by dreams men are led to Hope—and by Hope shall be saved.—*Jean Paul.*

CONTEMPLATION.

May we not sit awhile to cool and rest ourselves in the shade of some shut-in valley, with its talking rills, and fresh and silent water-plants; or, pass over the free and lit hill-tops, catching views of the broad open country alive with the universal growth of things, and guarded with its band of mountains resting in the distance like patriarchs of the earth?

Man has another and higher nature even here; and the spirit within him finds an answering spirit in everything that grows, and affectionate relations not only with his fellow-man, but with the commoner things that lie scattered about the earth.

To the man of fine feelings, and deep and delicate and creative thought, there is nothing in nature which appears only as so much substance and form, nor any connections in life which do not reach beyond their immediate and obvious purposes.

Life, indeed, with him, in all its connections and concerns, has an ideal and spiritual character, which, while it loses nothing of the definiteness of reality, is forever suggesting thoughts, taking new relations and peopling and giving action to the imagination. All that the eye falls upon and all that touches the heart, run off into any distance, and the region into which the sight stretches, are alive and bright and beautiful with countless shapings and fair hues of the gladdened fancy.

From kinds acts and gentle words and fond looks there spring hosts many and glorious as Milton's angels; and heavenly deeds are done, and unearthly voices heard, and forms and faces, graceful and lovely as Uriel's are seen in the noonday sun.

The ordinary acts which spring from the good will of social life, take up their dwelling within him and mingle with his sentiment, forming a little society in his mind, going on in harmony with its generous enterprises, its friendly labors, and tasteful pursuits. Making a part of his secret joy and melancholy, and wandering at large among his far off thoughts.

So universal is this operation in such a man, and so instantly does it act upon whatever he is concerned about, that a double process is forever going on within him, and he lives as it were a two fold life. Is he, for instance, talking with you about a north west passage, he is looking far off at the ice islands with their turreted castles and fairy towers, or the penguin at the southern pole, pecking the rotting seaweed on which she has lighted, or he is listening to her distant and lonely cry within the cold and barren tracts of ice; yet all the while he reasons as ingeniously and wisely as you. His attachments do not grow about a changless and tiring object; but be it filial reverence, Abraham is seen siting at the door of his tent, and the earth is one green pasture for flocks and herds; or be it love, she who is dear to him is seen in a thousand imaginary changes of situation, and new incidents are continually happening, delighting his mind with all the distinctness and sincerity of truth. So that while he is in the midst of men, and doing his part in the affairs of the world, his spirit has called up a fairy vision, and he is walking in a lovely dream.

It is round about him in his sorrows for a consolation; and out of the gloom of his afflictions he looks forth upon an horizon touched with a gentle morning twilight and growing bright as he gazes.

Through pain and poverty and the world's neglect, when men look cold upon him, and his friends are gone, he has where to rest a tired mind that others know not of, and healings for a wounded heart which others can never feel.

He brought into the world passions deep and strong—senses tremulous and thrilling at every touch—feelings delicate and shy, yet affectionate and warm, and an ardent and romantic mind.

And there are beautiful souls to hold kindred with a man of feeling and refined mind, and there are delicate and warm and simple affections that now and then meet him on his way, and enter silently into his heart like peculiar blessings. Here and there on the road go with him for a time some who call to mind the images of his soul—a voice or a look is a remembrance of past visions, and breaks out upon him like the opening clouds. The distant beings of his imagination seem walking by his side, and the changing and unsubstantial creatures of the brain, put on body and life. In such moments his fancies are turned to realities, and over the real the lights of his mind shift and play—his imagination shines out warm upon it—it changes, and takes the freshness of fairy life.

Sudden and short lived passions of men take no hold upon him, for he has sat in holy thought by the roar and hurry of the stream which has rushed on from the beginning of things; and he is quiet in the tumult of the multitude, for he has watched the tracery of leaves playing safely over the foam.

The inocent face of nature gives him an open and fair mind—pain and death seem passing away, for all about him is cheerful and in its spring.

Religion to such an one has thoughts and visions and sensations, tinged as it were with holier and brighter light than falls on other men.

The love and reverence of the creator make their abode in his imagination, and he gathers about them the earth and air and ideal worlds.

Freedom and order and beauty and grandeur are in accordance in his mind, and give largeness and height to his thoughts, he moves amongst the bright colors, he wanders away into the measureless depths of the stars, and is touched by the fire with which God has lighted them—all that is made partakes of the eternal, and religion becomes a perpetual pleasure.

DANA.

For the Una.

FOUND DROWNED.

AGNES.—Oh Annie, Annie, this is pitiful!
That young, small face, so white and sharp with wo,
And the wild opened eyes—be merciful;
Oh God! Oh God, man's pity is so slow.

They told me, Annie, that she came last night,
The peaceful evening we thought like the one
When angels did round Bethel's sleeper light,
But friends or angels, Annie, she had none!

Not one. She entered late the village Inn,
Her hair all loosened, straying to the knee;
Clasping her child, "Bides my lost Love within?
Is he here?" said she, Oh so piteously.

Anon she started, like a frightened bird,
Sped through the dewy starlight to the pier;
A strange wild cry the dozing barge-men heard,
Like a soul's call, curdle the brooding air.

This morning, Annie, rowing down the stream,
They found the twain among the lilies dead.
Twined with her floating hair, their silvery gleam,
Leaning their pity round her fair young head.

Poor wild one! Love earth never knows she sought,
Pressed through the gate of shuddering river waves,
Seeking the summer land where cold is not,
'Tis for her sinless one Heaven's warmth she craves!

And so, God help her! life's dream was too wild;
Mother and baby, now they're fast asleep;
And God alone can judge His wandering child:
And as eternity, His love is deep!

HARTFORD. S.

For the Una.

THE COUNTESS MATILDA.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

[*Concluded.*]

In the inclement month of January, 1077, the Emperor entered the outer court at Canossa. The first gate closed behind him, shutting out his escort and leaving Henry shivering and alone. What followed was equally unworthy of the good man. And wise ruler that Gregory ought always to have shown himself. For three whole days, the haughty Emperor stood naked and forlorn, waiting for pardon. All within the castle were moved. As for Henry himself he only besought permission to depart. Matilda in vainly pleading for him, was affected to burning tears of pity and grief, and when on the fourth day, the royal penitent was brought into the presence of the Pope, we can hardly blame him, though his vows of obedience were neither very cordial nor sincere. Nor could Gregory expect them to be so. The custom of those times, must have admitted of somewhat plain speaking, for Gregory himself wrote that "Every one present had severely censured him, and said that his conduct more resembled the ferocity of a tyrant, than the severity of an Apostle." Burning with indignation Henry remained throughout the winter in Italy, and assembled about his person all the discontented. During the years of contest that succeeded, Matilda felt the full force of his ire. He forgot the tears which she hads hed, when he saw her manœuvering her troops, sustaining his sieges, urging the Pope to endure with firmness such evils as were unavoidable, but always enlarging her dominions and exalting her own fame. By intrigue, rather than force of arms, he at last gained some advantages over her, and in the beginning of 1081, he marched on Rome, which he kept in a state of siege for three years.

Gregory in his extremity, had recourse to Robert Giuscard, the conqueror of Naples, who was indebted to the Holy See, for much of his success. Just upon the point of adding the Eastern Empire, to his many spoils, Robert, wiser than many modern captains who might be named, thought it better to secure what he already possessed, than to attempt to acquire new dominions. He hastened to the aid of the Pope. Upon the news of his approach, Henry withdrew his exhausted troops and Gregory left the castle of St. Angelo in which he had taken refuge.

Not thinking it safe to remain in Rome, the latter accompanied Robert to Salerno, where he invested him with the Duchies of Puglia and Calabia, and died in 1085, saying with his last breath, "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore am I compelled to die in exile." His death was a severe blow to Matilda, but she was not likely to mourn with folded hands. All Italy was still divided into factions, and the troops of Henry continually ravaged Tuscany. "It is difficult to decide," says Muratori, "which had derived the greater benefit from their long alliance, Matilda or the church." Her dominant ambition, the purity of her life, and her zeal for religion, caused her to feel a real satisfaction in arming herself again a monarch whose frivolous cares, enhanced by contrast, the reputation of his adversaries for piety and soberness. The love of command was strong in her, and her subjects obeyed her with enthusiasm, because in her they obeyed the vicegerent of the Deity. On the other hand, she had the privilege of availing herself at all times and everywhere of all ecclesiastical resources. Her reputation for brilliant achievements, spread far and wide; and soon after the death of Gregory, Robert of Normandy, the son of William the Conqueror, who found it somewhat difficult to secure his patrimonial inheritance, came to Italy, to ask her hand in marriage and so secure her assistance. Matilda, feeling naturally but little interest in a wooer who was unable to defend his own rights, and by no means in haste to marry, did not hesitate to keep him waiting for a while. In the mean time, Urban II, took possession of the papal chair, and with his accustomed promptness turned his eyes upon Matilda. He was not far from a very common arrogance, which gave him little confidence in a woman's administrative energy. He did not understand Matilda, now in the very prime of her womanhood, but anxious to secure her estates to the church, he commanded her to receive the addresses of Guelph, afterwards the 5th, Duke of Bavaria. He was a brave and warlike man, ten years yonger than his bride, but Urban assured Matilda, that she would secure a noble leader for the armies of Italy, and a strong ally for the papal party in the German states, since his father the reigning Duke, would naturally prefer the interests of his son to those of the Emperor. Matilda unwillingly consented. The affair remained a mere political alliance, the marriage never being consummated. They separated at the end of seven years. Guelph not having found a bride of forty two attractive to his restless spirit, and Matilda anxious only to secure her inheritance untouched to the papal see. Henry was highly indignant at this marriage. He had succeeded in imposing Pope Guibert upon the greater part of Italy, and he now urged on a war against Matilda. Guibert himself besieged Montebello and Modena. Mantua after a siege of twelve months was lost through the treachery of Matilda's captain. Fortresses which Matilda had believed to be impregnable now surrendered, and astonished at his successes, her father in law evidently wavered toward the Emperor. Her subjects prayed for peace, but it could be had only on one condition, submission to the false pope. Such a petition was by no means palatable to Matilda, but so great was the exigency that she called a council of her Bishops. The Bishop of Reggio insisted that it was her duty to lay down her arms. What could she do against all Italy? Surely God would pardon a defection which had its origin in a sincere desire for the welfare of her people. Theologians and dignitaries sustained the Bishops. The whole council were evidently weary of the burden of war. They painted in eloquent colors the desolation of her estates, the wretchedness of the army; and while she sat with glowing cheeks and downcast, tearful eyes, they dreamed perhaps that the woman would conquer the Enthusiast. But there stood up in the midst of that aristocratic council, an austere man called John, to whom the odor of his sanctity gave the only right of entrance. He held up before the eyes of the Countess, the interest of true religion and the rights of the church. "Perish people! perish property!" he cried, "but let the Eternal Truth live. Lay down your own life, most holy Countess, should need be, but do not surrender to a false priest." Bright visions of a world's redemption swam before those tearful eyes. Far beyond the struggles of this world, painted in the tints of Autumn sunset, Matilda saw the peaceful mansions which the church promises to her sanctified ones. She listened no longer to depressing counsel, her heart burned within her, and a youthful ardor glowed from beneath her lifted lids, and inspired her captains as she led them on in person, to drive back Henry from the walls of Montebello. He would then have attacked Canossa, but she pursued and routed him, and regaining in this flush of success several important posts, she established her authority more firmly than ever. But at this period, a new apple of discord fell between Matilda and the Emperor. Her friend Adelaide of Savoy died at Turin, in 1091. Her greatly increased estates should have descended to the son, the Duke of Savoy, but Henry trampling upon all justice sent his son Conrad to take possession of them, for his own benefit. Matilda moved by those who considered it right to violate the ties of nature, to sustain what they thought to be religion, exerted herself to separate Conrad from his father, and offered him the crown of Northern Italy. The unhappy father sought to secure the person of his son but in vain. Conrad was crowned at Monza, but Matilda did not allow his elevation to diminish her own authority. A simple Countess, she reigned at this moment over Italy, notwithstanding husband, King, and Emperor, with more absolute power than was ever enjoyed by any son of Charlemagne. Her position became still more conspicuous, when the Empress Pressida took refuge with her from the persecution of her husband and the unnatural violence of his son. We would willingly turn our eyes away from deeds so horrible, but it may help us to forgive Matilda for the influence she exerted over Conrad, to look the atrocious conduct of the Emperor full in the face. The unhappy Pressida, had become distasteful to him soon after her marriage, and after enduring manifold indignities, had been shut up in prison, on purpose that she might be subjected to the licentious passions of one of his sons. Having escaped, and rested for a short time under Matilda's roof, she went before the council at Piacenza, and received absolution for the sin, to which she had never consented, and immediately entered a monastery where she died of grief in less than a year. Nor was this the first time that members of the Imperial house had received protection from the family of Matilda. Alberto Azzo, received into his fortress at Canossa, Adelaide the widow of Lothaire, afterward the wife of Otho I, when she fled from the violence of Berengarius, and the malicious envy of Julia his wife. In 952, Otho gave him in compensation, the title of Marquis, and the very cities of Reggio and Modena, now inherited by Matilda.

It has been asserted, that the Countess never bestowed her favor as protectress, nor her hand in marriage, with any peculiar grace. Nor would this be strange. During her long struggles with the enemy, so much self reliance had been developed, and all her habits had become so energetic and prompt, that she could hardly be expected to have much patience with the timidity and vacillations of those who shared her council or sought her aid.

Finding her authority thoroughly established and the emperor quiet, Matilda now sought to free herself from her uncongeinal connection, with Guelph. In 1095 they were publicly divorced, both protest

ing that the union had been only political. The true causes of their unhappiness never transpired, but the Duke of Bavaria was certainly ambitious that his descendants should inherit Matilda's estates. Perhaps Guelph shared his father's wishes, and was indignant when he found that Matilda desired to renew to subsequent Popes the concessions she had previously made to Gregory. Indignant at the scandal, as well as the disappointment which his family thus encountered, the Duke of Bavaria descended upon the plains of Lombardy, in company with the Emperor. They found Matilda so well prepared, that they had only to withdraw. The Emperor finding Conrad wholly beneath Matilda's influence, transferred the succession to his second son, afterward Henry V. Conrad died at Florence in 1101, it was supposed by poison, and Matilda was left the sole arbiter of upper Italy, continually strengthening her position and adding to her glory. Many of her subjects engaged in the holy wars, but no further conflict disturbed their native States. After the death of Conrad, the unfortunate Emperor, saw his second son rebel against him. Pretending penitence and seeking for pardon, he deluded his father into a strong fortress held by his partizans, and under the threat of instant death compelled him to surrender the Imperial Insignia, and abdicate in his favor. The wretched father wrote supplicating letters to one after another of the European courts, and died near his friend, the Archbishop of Liege, in 1106.

It was about this time, that Matilda is supposed to have invited into Italy the celebrated Irnerius, who was the first lecturer upon jurisprudence at Bologna. Bayle doubts the story, because there was no public record of his arrival until 1128, after the election of Lothario III; yet in regard to times so confused as those in which Matilda lived, a well sustained tradition must always have a great deal of weight. Henry V. left Italy in peace, for the first four years of his reign, and when he finally marched upon the papal party with thirty thousand armed men, he took good care to remain at peace with Matilda. No other sovereign however had any cause to bless him, and the pages of Pandolfo of Pisa, teem with the most shocking records of his cruelty. Matilda had renewed her concessions to Paschal II, yet he left them both for the present at peace. He was not unwise in waiting for Matilda's death. Over fourscore years and ten, and exhausted by infirmites which had been increasing for some years, she died in the month of July, 1115, at the Benedictine convent which she had herself erected at Polirone.

With the quarrels which afterwards took place with regard to her estates, we have nothing to do. They resulted in the final cession to Pascal III, of most of what is called the "patrimony of the church." She was buried in Mantua, from which city her remains were solemnly conveyed to St. Peter's, by Urban VIII. There they now lie beneath a splendid mausoleum. Her effigy represents a woman with marked features, holding in one hand the papal sceptre and traia, in the other the keys of the church. At her feet, lies her sarcophagus, and its precious relcivos represent Henry at the feet of Pope Gregory. The abject half naked Emperor, kneeling amid Italian princes and church Barons, before the haughty Gregory, still calls the blush to the cheek of his Imperial descendants.

Matilda was the most powerful ally the church ever knew, and the manly frame of Joseph II, quivered indignantly, when he gazed upon this monument to his ancestrial shame. "Call no man happy, till he dies," says the proverb of all nations. Judged by this, Matilda's life holds a singular place in history. Her dominions lying between the Empire and the church, she felt every shock of the sharp but heavy waves of conflict. While others tossed dizzily through the storms of the time, with a clear head she kept her eye always fixed upon a single steadfast point, and died possessed of all she had ever sought.

Toronto C. W. Feb. 23, 1854.

NOTE.—Should a second Edition of the "Record of Woman" ever come from the press, we may at least demand from the publishers an *Index* that can be used. Confidant that a name of the importance of Matilda's could not be wholly overlooked by the compilers, we turned from the Index where it could not be found, to the Text. There we found her, wrapt in a dozen lines, safely hidden away between the Matilda of Flanders and the Empress Maud! In this sketch of a dozen lines, a misprint of the figure four, antedates her birth ten years. Her mother Beatrice, is stated to have married Galto instead of Godfery of Lorraine, his son. Again it is said that after the death of Matilda's husband in 1076, she married Azo V, Marquis of Ferrara. This is a misstatement for which the compiler is not alone responsible. She must have thought she found it somewhere. Had she performed the duty of every Encyclopedist, and given her authorities at the close of her article, we might perhaps entirely exonerate her.—The best authority and one which she must have had at hand, the "Biographie Universelle" states distinctly that Matilda was married only twice. As to the rest, their is no such person known to history as this Azo V, *Marquis of Ferrara.*

The grandfather and great grandfather of the person intended, were in fact the cotemporaries of Matilda, but had the title of Marquis of Este, from a little town near their estates. The father of Azo V, took his title of Marquis, after Matilda's death in 1135. His name was Obizzo; and in 1184, Frederick Barbarossa, bestowed upon him the Marquisates of Milan and Genoa, which titles descended to his son Azzo the fifth *Marquis of Este.* A fraudulent transaction over which history has chosen to draw a veil, made him a *citizen merely* of Ferrara, although his son Azzo VI, was the first of the name who possessed any authority in that city. The family of Adelardi, had for a long time reigned supreme in it. To heal the internal dissensions of Ferrara, the last descendants of the Adelardi, a girl named Marchesella, was betrothed to one of the rival family of Torelli. But the girl was violently seized and compelled to marry the very Azzo V, whom Mrs. Hale has given to the Countess, dead at least a century before. This Azo, died about the year 1200 and in 1208 his son Azo VI, was elected "Lord of Ferrara." This was the first example of a free Italian city giving to itself a Lord. For these facts see Muratori, "Antichitá Estensi," Litta's "Famiglie celebri Italiani," and Alessi's "Recerche Istouis Critiche," &c. Of course, Matilda never was divorced from a man she never married. There is no doubt, that her separation from Godfrey, and her divorce from Guelph, gave some support to the scandals circulated by her enemies. But if on the other hand she married only for political reasons, sedulously guarding her own celibacy upon religious grounds, there was no reason why she should continue linked to men who disappointed her reasonable expectations and acted in the capacity of Imperial spies.—The above is the only connected account of Matilda's life known to us. In whatever language, any such work may be concealed, it certainly is not easily accessible, unless indeed some such notices may exist, to subserve the purposes of the Roman Church.

From Pro. Silliman's Journal abroad.

FAMILY OF PROF. AGASSIZ.

The distinguished Swiss naturalist, now adopted among us in the United States, whose American home is in Cambridge, New England, formerly lived at Lausanne, where we found his sister and his mother, who resides with her son. Introduced by Agassiz, we soon made our way to the house of M. Francillon, the brother-in-law of Agassiz. We were conducted by a valet to a parlor in the third story, and soon Madame Francillion appeared, with a smiling face and brilliant black eyes, the softened features of her brother; she gave us a hearty welcome, which was promptly repeated by her husband who soon came in. He is M. Francillon *Agassiz*, according to a custom which prevails here; while the wife, as with us, takes the name of her husband; if the lady be of high standing in society, she adds her own name to her husband's.

It was near the hour of the evening repast, and we soon perceived a movement of hospitality. A center table was, in a few minutes, garnished with the requisite furniture, and we were drawn around the hospitable board, as if it were a matter of course, and needed no formal invitation. Excellent bread and butter, and the best of raspberries, now in full season here, with the luxury of cream in our finely flavored tea, gave us, exactly as in New England, a most refreshing repast; especially to me, to whom tea is a cordial. They have a lovely flock of children, a beautiful group, seven in number; the youngest, a plump, joyous little fellow, full of physical happines, with a promise of mental enjoyment as his higher powers unfold.

MOTHER OE AGASSIZ.

Although it was raining, our new friends took us a considerable distauce to the residence of this venerable lady in the family of her son. She soon made her appearance, and although nearly four score, her beautiful person was erect, tall, and dignified, while her animated and warm address placed her instantly at ease. Madame Francillon had sent before us her brother's introductory note by her little son, a lad of ten years; grandma had mislaid her spectacles and could not read the note; she said, however, that her young grandson was a faithful commissionaire, and told her that two American gentlemen and a lady were coming, in a few moments, to see her, and she felt at once convinced that they were friends of her son, Louis. As soon as we explained to her our intimacy with him—that he had been often a guest in our families—that we had the pleasure of knowing his interesting American wife—and when we added the friendly notice of her son's domestic happiness, and of his high standing and success in his adopted country, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart, not yet chilled by age.

A beautiful group of lovely grand children was gathered around to see and hear the strangers from a far-distant land, beyond the great ocean. When we inquired of Mad. Agassiz her entire number of grand-children, she replied 15; and when she was informed that my whole number exceeded hers, she was both amused and surprised, and smiles of sympathy succeeded to tears; for she had considered me—from my being still an active traveler—a younger man than I am. She is the widow of a protestant clergyman who was the father of Agassiz—has a vigorous mind, speaks with great spirit, and is a mother worthy of such a son. She was grieved when she heard that our stay was to be very brief, and would hardly be denied that we should become guests at her house; or, at least, that the senior of the party should accept her hospitality.

The next morning she came walking alone, a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and parted, evidently with deep emotion, and not concealed, for we had brought the image of her favorite son near to her mental vision again She brought for Mrs. S. a little bouquet, of pansies, and bid us tell her son her *pensees* were all for him.

Such scenes come near to every benevolent heart, and prove that human sympathies have a

moral magnetism whose attraction is universal. I value highly the art of statuary, but I prize more highly still such a family scene as this; a scene away here in Switzerland, four thousand miles from my home, on the borders of the beautiful Lake Leman; and I would not exchange such living exhibitions of the human heart, for all the mute marble men and women in the Vatican, although they have a high value as exhibitions of talent, and still more as representations of human character and feeling.

Agassiz, and many others of the excellent people in these countries bordering on France, are descendants of French Huguenots who fled from persecution, and, like the Puritans of New England, they retain strong traits of the protestant character—for they were the Puritans of France.

HOME, May 11th, 1854.

NOTES OF THE WAY SIDE.

Dear E.—The summer like days, the springing flowers and the luxurious green in the grounds about our late winter residence, made us so ardently desire a sight of home that even a fierce northeaster, which commenced the evening before we left, could detain us no longer, and hence notwithstanding the warnings of friends, and the croaking of weather mongers, that we would repent our temerity, in coming north before the icebergs had all gone down, we did leave and are safely again in our cozy little sanctum with fresh flowers on our desk and table, violets, trailing arbutus, roses, sweet verbenas and heliotropes, the flower of the sun, all arranged, by loving hands, to welcome the coming of the truant. And here too are all our books, just as we left them four months ago, dear, dear, old friends of years whose faces never change, and whose hearts of sympathy are always open to the needy. Added to the treasures of our sanctum is the drowning maiden in *bas relief*, the gift of a friend at parting. It stands on our table and as we lift our eyes, the seraphic smile left by the freed spirit on the beautiful lips meets them, and causes our hearts to swell with glad thankfulness that there is expression for the ideal in other forms than words. We saw the plastic clay take the form of the beautiful in the hands of our artist friend, watched him while he gave it the expression which his soul wished to utter, and each hour realized more and more how glorious this creative art may be made by a pure soul. We have sat by Mr. Akers and seen the likenesses of our friends grow until we felt the genial smile that gathered on the lips, and the best expression of their lives fixed in the model. In the bust of Hon. G. Smith, he has succeeded in catching and retaining that look so peculiarly his own of almost sternness of purpose, combined with the greatest gentleness, and the most perfect beneficence. But these are not notes by the way side, ah! no dear friend, but indulge us in rambling with the pen while clouds, wind and rain keep us within doors. The incidents of travel in railway cars over our most public thoroughfares amount to very little, especially when we make few stops at hotels, so that the usual amount of fault-finding about poor dinners and non attendance is abridged, unless it so happens that there come one of those terrible catastrophes when it may be said that, "I alone am escaped to tell the tale;" but even these never occur when we are going, and it has sometimes seemed that we bear a charmed life, for we have rarely ever had either a fright or an adventure to recount; and as to feelings which are awakened by partings and changes, they are our own, personal, private and sacred, and we could no more pen them for other eyes, than we could our deeper griefs with which the stranger may not intermeddle; but with our joys we are disposed to be more generous, for the world has a right to all it can get, and then, there will be sour faces enough, hearts dead enough, and souls enough buried under the dust and rubish of ages.

Our first stop was at Chester Pa., from whence we were to take a carriage for Sharon Boarding school. Immediately after stepping from the cars a bright young face looked up in ours and asked, is not this Mrs. ———? "Yes." "I thought it was thee." "And you are my little friend, Warner," whom I have not seen these five years?" "Yes; and I have come in the carriage for thee." In a moment more it was at the door, with trunks and boxes duly stowed away and we seated for our ride of eight miles, over a plank road with the wind in our teeth so keen and cold, that the very marrow of the bones seemed chilled. Before we reached our destination, we had heard all about the new house, the gasworks, the ice house, the chicken house, the three hundred chickens and the pleasure I should have in seeing all these things. An hour's ride brought us to the hospitable home of our friend where a cordial welcome, warm room and supper soon unlocked our frozen senses and we were prepared to enter into the delight of the children, when the brilliant home manufactured gas was lighted in the cabinet, a room of some twenty-five feet in length furnished with cases ranging the whole length of one side and across one end, containing the finest and largest variety of minerological and geological specimens we have ever seen in any private cabinet. The evening took us to the school room where were about forty bright young girls, full of intelligence and newly awakening thought. It is with our friends John and Rachel Jackson not so much the aim to crowd the heads of their pupils with words and technicalities, as to set them to thinking and reasoning, to cultivate the heart and to make them true, noble women.

To accomplish this they throw the pupil upon her own resources. She is not governed, watched, and perpetually tutored, but is taught that she must govern herself; must watch over her own untoward propensities, and learn to control them, is made to feel that she is a responsible being. Under this system of training the youngest child soon comes to feel that to do right when alone, is a greater pleasure than to cheat and deceive. Hence, in warm, agreeable weather, the garden, the orchard, the woods and lawn are equally the school room, and the beneficial effects of this freedom is seen in their clear, healthy complexions and the well developed physiques. The studies are thorough and systematic, the means and appliances for illustration are superior to almost, perhaps we may say, any other boarding school. Connected with the school room is a fine laboratory where the lessons in chemistry are illustrated by experiments. They have also a large and excellent telescope worth $2,000 with a siderial clock, and various astronomical instruments which are used by the pupils. A life size French manakin and a large number of exceedingly fine anatomical plates are provided for the study of Physiology. We also observed large historical charts and maps, a beautiful microscope &c. In addition to these facilities for teaching they often invite popular lecturers, on various sciences, to visit the school. This excellent training does not appear to us calculated to raise up a class of discontented, shallow philosophers, still we could not but ask whether these girls who feel themselves responsible beings there, will not, when they come out into the active world, desire to govern themselves, and to still feel that they have an individual life, for which they are accountable to the highest.

On our second day's journey while reading the Lamplighter, we were accosted by a gentleman, with whom we had previously but a very slight acquaintance, but who took a seat near, and began speaking of the literary merits of our book, which it seemed to us he entirely over estimated; being touched by its pathos he saw only its excellencies, until the point where Gertrude asserted her indpendence; this gave him a slight chill, a fear that the author was tinctured with those abominable woman's rights' doctrines.

And suppose she were? we asked.

Pardon me madame, but I have no sympathy with such doctrines, and have rather an unfavorable impression of the class who hold them.

Do you know many of those who bear that cognomen?

No, none but yourself, and I have never been able to believe that you belonged to them. You at least do not seem like a women who would wish to rule her husband.

The ruling our husbands forms no part of our theory, and I should despise myself and him if I could either rule or *manage* him.

But you would not object to influence him, this is woman's sphere, woman rules man through his love for her. She makes him what she pleases, she is better than we are and must influence us to good, we do right to please her."

"I should greatly prefer that man should do right from a love of what is just, pure and holy,

rather than from a desire to please me. If you insist that women govern men and make them what they are, I shall be compelled to differ from you there, or else on another fundamental point, and that is that women are better than men."

"Well if you, ladies, do not desire to rule your husbands, what do you demand?"

"The right sir to control our own actions; in short the sovereignty of the individual is what we demand, and what no man claiming to be a democrat has the least pretext for withholding."

"So then you wish to have the right to smoke, drink, and swear in bar rooms as men do."

"No, we have the same right to do those things now which men have, for neither sex has any right to offend against good taste or to do a wrong. There is a positive standard of right, by which both must be judged, or other wise, we must have a law and a gospel for each sex, and we are taught by Christian ethics there is neither male or female."

"Well you do not tell me what you do demand, you deal in negatives. Do you wish to vote?"

"I will not deal in negatives any longer. I wish for equal educational rights, for equal remuneration for my labor, for equal protection of my property rights; I wish to vote and be voted for, because every other demand which is made is involved in the granting or withholding of the elective franchise, and that however large the privileges extended to one class of women, they are not given to all alike, and are even held by the favored few, by a loose and insecure tenure while we have no voice in regulating the laws which govern them.

"These are large demands, but not altogether unreasonable after all; still what would become of our homes if the ladies leave them for politics. No, no, it will never do, the ladies must be content to rule there. She will be out of her sphere elsewhere," said he after a moment's pause.

"But sir, we have not yet reached the spheres and I deny that any one has the right to say what is the sphere of another; by so doing you may cramp the genius of our best artists, mechanics, or orators; our first business is to settle the question of right and we shall then naturally fall into true relations and our proper spheres. If our homes were all happy and harmonious, if peace dwelt by every hearth-stone, there might be less occasion for our movement."

"But do you imagine this agitation will help the matter? not in the least I assure you, my dear Madame."

"Again, I cannot agree with you, sir. We believe by this very agitation that man will be compelled to see how poor a cheat he puts upon himself when he stoops to love a slave. Man's love must go out and return to him on a plane level or he is degraded by it, and it is not more certain that he will cease to love what does not satisfy him, than that woman will cease trying to hold what she is not large enough to grasp, and hence they must go ever more widely apart. Let woman be an equal, let her have that strength, individuality and independence which will enable her to live an old maid rather than make a marriage of convenience, and a change for the better will be at once felt in every department of life." The shrill whistle of the cars interrupted our further conversation, we were in New York, and, as we parted, our friend remarked, I rather think I have misconceived all your principles, purposes and aims, and I begin to think I must look into this matter about the *ladies*.

Another night's travel and we were at home. To you we need not say how dear that home is. The household gods are in great favor as you well know, and our pets even to the black house-dog who rejoices in the dignified name of Mephistophles was frantic with joy at our coming; his cries seemed almost human, while nothing but a dog could have jumped, frolicked and caressed us so wildly, and hours after he lay watching our sleep and expressing his delight by wagging his tail, his half closed eyes were turned to us and his head resting on our shoes while occasionally a satisfied groan escaped his lips.

* * * * * * *

Lectures—On the afternoon of the 19th, we were at the Providence Physiological Society and listened, with pleasure, to a lecture from Miss Mowry M. D., on the structure and formation of the osseus system. Miss Mowry was chosen professor of obsterics and diseases of women, in the Female Medical College, of Philadelphia last year, where, during a long term she sustained herself well, and the course which she is now delivering before this society will, we trust, give to it a new impulse. A subject of such vital interest to the human family can scarcely be pursued with too much earnestness.

* * * * *

Before the leaves here have fully burst their winter bonds, or summer has come with her cheerful face we are called hastily away; "I have need of thee," is sufficient—and if we do not enter into regrets and anticipations, we have already explained the reasons why. Our address will remain for the present, Washington.

NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

Fitchburgh, April 8th, 1854.—Messrs Editors: In the *Spy*, some time since, I noticed a call, anonymously signed, for a meeting of persons interested in the settlement of the proposed new territories of Kansas and Nebraska, to be held at the City Hall, in Worcester. Having spent several weeks on the eastern border of those territories, as well as having passed through their entire length in 1849, and believing them to be the very garden of the world, for situation, and fertility of soil, as well as for loveliness of climate and scenery, I am deeply interested for their future condition; and as I am often questioned upon the subject, I propose to pen a brief, general description of the country, for your columns.

The situation of this territory, as all are aware, is in the very heart of the country, it being about 2000 miles from its eastern boundary to the Atlantic at Boston; and also the same distance to the Pacific ocean. It is connected with the finest commercial emporium of the west and south by the Missouri, Mississippi and Ohio rivers, and thence to every State and important city in the Union, by steamboat and railroad communication. The great Pacific Railroad will undoubtely pass through this whole territory, thus opening a more direct route to California and Oregon, as well as making one of the links in the great chain of steam communication that is soon to girdle the whole earth. When this road is built, and a line of steamships established between San Francisco and China, it will be the great thoroughfare for the commerce of Europe and the United States, with Asia, as well as between the Atlantic and Pacific States. So far, then, from being out of the world, as some seem to suppose, Nebraska is, *geographically*, in the centre of the most important country on the globe, and will soon be so, *politically and commercially*, if saved from that curse of all commerce and politics, *slavery*.

The soil of Nebraska, for the most part, is unsurpassed for richness and depth by any in the world. True, in some parts, as near the mountains, and some other places, it is thin and sandy, but for hundreds of miles from the Missouri State line, not an acre of waste or poor land was to be seen on our route. The land is gently rolling, thus giving an endless variety to the scenery, as well as ridding the country of all low marshes, swamps, and stagnant pools of water, so productive of malaria and disease. Lest it should be thought that this is written for effect at the present time, and, therefore, the representation too strong, I will quote upon this subject, a line from my journal, written on the spot, in April, 1849, after visiting the Wyandott tribe of Indians in this territory, as follows: "The land they occupy is immensely rich and very beautiful. All this region, both the Indian territory and this side of the Kansas River, (in Missouri,) is superior to any I ever saw for cultivation, and if it were occupied by New England society, I would never think of visiting California." The soil is not only rich, but well watered. Not only are the clouds more prodigal of their treasures than at Salt Lake Valley, and in California, during the summer seasons, but streams of pure water are to be found, at short intervals, in every direction. These streams are almost invariably skirted with timber, in the eastern portion of the territory, and can afford water-power in abundance, for every kind of Manufactures.

Of the climate, scenery, &c., &c., I may say something hereafter, as well as give some quotations from my journal, kept while traveling through the territory in question, should you think this worth publishing.—*Worcester Spy*.

SONNET TO —.

I cannot know, my dear and far-off friend,
The path in which your feet shall walk to-day;
Yet lead it where the sylvan zephyrs play,
Or where the city's crowded streets extend;—
Where sea and shore, where clouds and mountains blend;—
'Neath builded domes, where men are wont to pray;—
Where dancers dance the festive hours away,
Or mourners o'er their last treasures bend;—
Through each or all of these, or wheresoe'er,
It is the same—you have my heart's best prayer
For strength and succor;—for how well I know
That whatsoever way you needs must go,
'Twill be the same—your guileless steps shall tend
To consumate some good, some great, unselfish end.

WASHINGTON, Apr. 28th.

Subscriptions received for the Una from April 20th to May 22d.

Mrs. Yerrinton, $5,50

Mrs. Sarah Peters, Samuel May, Jr., $5 each.

Mrs. F. D. Gage, $3.

M. O. Regan, $0,20.

M. T. Gilbert, Lydia Foster, Mrs. H. Mc Donald, Mrs. H. A. Bisbee, J. Allin, H. Curtis, C. C. Thayer, C. M. Crowley, Samuel Johnson, Mrs. S. M. Mc Donalds, C. H. Nobles, Mrs. J. C. Poolen, John C. Gladding, Stella T. Holmes, Eliza J. Leonard, Christeen Steenback, Rosetta B. Hall, Rev. H. P. Osgood, $1 each.

Liverpool England.

Miss Harris, Miss M. Finch. $7,50 each.

Ralph Heap, Esq. $2,50.

Dublin Ireland

Mr. Pare, $1,25.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S SIDE TABLE.

"I believe you do like children, even if they are not your own. Did you ever teach school? I did once, 'out west.' A precious time I had of it, too; half boys and, consequently, half girls. One day I reprimanded them for playing together. Out spoke a little 'chap' of four:

'What harm is there in playing with the girls, I'd like to know?'

Another wee fellow was learning to read in a picture-primer. He commenced one morning, 'H-e-n.' Well, what does that spell? It puzzled him; but after ogling at the picture a moment, his face suddenly brightened, and, looking up triumphantly, he ejaculated,

'Rooster!'

Another, at another time, happened to be reading of the curious skin of an elephant.

'Did you ever see an elephant's skin?' I asked.

'I have!' shouted a little 'six-year-old' at the foot of the class.

'Where?' I asked, quite amused at his earnestness.

'*On the elephant!*' said he with a most provoking grin.

He had seen 'the elephant,' that boy, young as he was.

A little boy came in one morning with his eyes wide open, and inquired if the Chinese stood on their heads.

'No,' I answered, somewhat surprised at the question, 'why?'

'Cause,' said he, 'Jim Brown says they live under us, on the other side of the world, and I don't see how they stick on, any how.'

A little fellow, from four to five years old, having perforated the knee of his trowsers, was intensely delighted with a patch his grand-mamma had applied. He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration: and in one of these moods suddenly exclaimed:

'Grand-ma must put one on t'other knee, and *two behind*, like Eddy Smith's.'

If this boy lives he will beat Gov. Marcy, two to one.

'A new comer' into a family is generally a matter of wonder to the infantile mind. 'Where did it come from?' 'Who brought it?' are questions always asked by children at such times. A few months since we had a darling baby born. Our little ones were filled with astonishment. Questions were asked, but there was no satisfying their curiosity. Nothing short of positive certainty would suit them. The matter was talked over with each other. At last a little son, just turned of eight years, solved the mystery of the 'wee thing's' birth.

'Angels had taken him in their arms, and dropped him into the doctor's house, and he had brought him to us!'

'No,' said a charming daughter of five summers, 'the baby was found in a basket of flowers, or else in a bed of roses!'

How will age and experience take away from these innocent children all that now seems so mysterious, and plunge them into mysteries which can never be solved this side of heaven!

One of the prattlers of our family once said, on first observing the moon:

'O! there is a lamp in the sky.'

A baby brother, looking up the other evening and seeing Venus beside the moon, told his nurse that 'there was a little star, and the moon was the father of it.'

This morning the brightest of my little flock, a darling boy, who has only numbered three and a half years, was walking with his nurse; as they approached a small ice-pond which is near the house, she told him that he must never go near that pond.

'Why not?' (Children must always have a reason given them for every assertion.)

'Because' she replied, 'George, you would get drowned, and I should feel so bad!'

'Then Eliza, I would not speak to you, but I'd go up to heaven.'

'I should feel so sorry for that,' replied the nurse; 'I should cry—for what should I do without George?'

He stood in a thoughtful posture for a moment, and then turning around, he says:

'Eliza, just *you* jump in and drown yourself, and come up to heaven, and I will let you in!'

A little girl here, after repeating her usual prayer which her sick mother had taught her, asked if she might say 'words of her own.' Leave being given, she went on:

'O Lord! don't let my ma die, nor gran'-ma, nor any of my uncles and aunts, or any of my cousins; and don't let our hired girl die; but, O Lord, you may let who else die you are a mind to!'

I was amused, and perhaps you will be, at a remark of a four-year *youngster* of my acquaintance. He has a brother, a few months old, that he is particularly fond of. A few days ago, a visitor told him she wanted to take baby home with her, with his permission. 'No,' said he, 'we can't spare him; but I'll tell you what to do—ask God! *He'll* tell you how to get one *exactly* like him.'

In our household, is a bright little boy of six years. A few days since, one of the family, in the course of a 'talk' with him, made some remark about 'fighting-men.' Sammy answered, 'Men that fight are wicked.' He was asked if Gen. Washington was a wicked man? Sammy instantly asked, 'if Gen. Washington was not a soldier?' 'Yes.' 'Well, soldiers have to fight!'

A little nephew of mine, a 'five-year-old,' whose mind was running on holiday subjects, said to his father:

'Papa! does Santa Claus travel all over the world at Christmas?'

'Yes, my son,' was the answer.

'I shouldn't think he'd go to Africa,' said the child.

'Why not?' he was asked.

'Why, because they have got *no stockings there!*'

Our little 'Eddy' sometimes says queer things: most little boys of two years of age do. A few nights ago, having just finished a 'famous' piece of pie, of which he was very fond, he was summoned by his mother to 'say his prayers' and go to bed. Kneeling at her side, he repeated after her that heaven-taught petition,—'Our Father which art in heaven,' etc., until she came to the passage, 'Give us this day our daily *bread*,'—when, raising his head, and looking up into her face, he said:

'Oh, no, Mother!—*pie!*—say PIE!'

Knickerbocker.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

At the Cleveland Woman's Rights Convention, the undersigned were appointed a committee to obtain the preparation of two essays, one on the *Educational Opportunites* of American women, and one on their *Business Opportunities*.

Even a superficial discharge of this duty must involve a wider investigation of facts, than is possible for any one person. Agents have therefore been already engaged in several of the States, to make inquiries. It is impossible, however, to do the whole work, even in this manner; and the committee, therefore, respectfully ask the voluntary co-operation of all who are interested in elevating the position of woman.

The following are the points on which information is especially solicited:

I. *Educational Opportunities of American Women.*

1. State legislation respecting Female Education.
2. Statistics and condition of Primary and Grammar Schools to which Females are admitted, in the several States.
3. Do. of High and Normal Schools.
4. Do. of Academies and Private Schools.
5. Do. Collegiate and Professional Institutions.

II. *Business Opportunities of American Women.*

1. Statistics of actual employment of women in various parts of the Union—Mechanical, Agricultural, Mercantile, and Professional.
2. Wages paid to them, as compared with those of men.
3. Employment which they might fill, but do not, and impediments in the way.

It is important that the information given should, in all cases, be as definite and systematic as possible. Facts are what we now aim at—not arguments, but the preliminary basis for argument. Let each person who reads this, ascertain what is within his or her reach, and communicate it within six months, if possible. For any very extensive or valuable communications, payment may in some cases be made. Any pamphlets, newspapers, or circulars, bearing upon the above subject, will also be gladly received. Communications may be addressed (post paid, if possible) to *Rev. T. W. Higginson*, Worcester, Massachusetts.

LUCRETIA MOTT,
WENDELL PHILIPS,
ERNESTINE L. ROSE,
LUCY STONE,

January 15, 1854. T. W. HIGGINSON.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., JULY, 1854. NO. 7.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

Chapter 2nd.

Why should the sacred character of virtue
Shine on a villain's countenance? ye powers!
Why fix not ye a brand on treason's front,
That we might know and avoid perfidious mortals. *Denries's Iphigenia.*

I was now sixteen years old, and felt that I should soon enter upon active life and earn my own living. My Aunt still willingly kept me with her, though her neighbors said I ought to go out to service. But though I unwillingly lessened her scanty means, with true generosity she would not let me feel myself a burden on her, and insisted that I should pursue my drawing, and some day be a credit to the family. Yet I was still a simple hearted child. One bright summer Sunday afternoon I was sitting as I often did, with my little Kathleen and Bertha, on the Common, I reading, while they played on the grass near me. I did not observe that a young man stood watching us, until in a few minutes Bertha came running to me with a bright ten cent piece, showing it with delight.

"Where did you get it Bertha," I said.

"The man gave it to me;" she replied, "Kathleen wouldn't take it."

"Why Kathleen!"

"I did not like him," she said quietly. "He asked my name and I told him, and he asked if you were my sister, but I did not like him. Let me go home Margy."

I had sometimes seen in Kathleen a strong and inveterate antipathy to certain persons. She said they were not good, and I felt it was the instinctive knowledge of the pure and good from the evil, greatly intensified by her very sensitive, nervous constitution. I looked and saw the young man at a distance watching us. He was not ill looking. He had a florid face, and a dashing, off-hand air, but without Kathleen's finer sense I should not have specially mistrusted his appearance. But the child clung to me repeating, "let me go home," and I yielded to her. I observed that the young man followed at a distance, but as we approached the street where I lived, we met the throng of people coming from church, and becoming involved in the crowd, were lost to his sight.

The following afternoon I returned late from the South End, whither I had been to carry home clothes for my Aunt, but I had no fear as I passed through the streets and I looked up for the stars that were just peering forth. I felt some one beside me, and looking round saw the young man who had given the money to Bertha. Something of Kathleen's instinctive feeling of dread came over me, as he was about to address me. I looked fixedly at him and he fell behind, but followed me at a distance. Strangely troubled, I went in to my old master's room, for I knew that, at this hour, the boys were at home for a merry play, and Bertha's quiet would restore me more than my own home, but I found her very sad. She said her health was failing and they were very poor. "Margaret," she said, "I may die, and what will my poor Hans do? You must be his daughter." I was deeply affected by this confidence, and promised to do all in my power for him and went to my own home. The next day I found Bertha much happier.

"I have good news," she said. "Last evening after you went out, a young man came to see Hans' pictures, and he saw some of yours too, and when he heard how he had taught you to draw, he wanted Hans to teach him too, and he has bought some sketches and has promised to pay handsomely for lessons. And Margaret, she said, I will not die, if my poor Hans can live rich and happy."

A vague fear haunted me. I felt that it was the same man who had followed me, that he came because I was there. I waited until evening and then went for my lesson as usual. He soon came in; my master who hardly knew there was any thing but painting in the world, gave him a copy and then, turning to his work, forgot his presence. I tried to confine my attention to mine, but I could not. I perceived that the young man had been drinking, and I shuddered at his presence. He tried to feign devotion to his work. I waited until very late hoping he would leave before me, but he did not move. At last I rose and put up my drawing; he imitated my example and followed me from the room.

"Let me go home with you," he said, "it is too late for you to be alone."

"No," said I, "I live in the same building."

"I shall see you then tomorrow evening," he said. "Good night."

He extended his hand, and taking mine would have drawn me towards him, but I looked indignantly in his face, and breaking from him entered my room. For the first time I knew what Bertha had meant by saying I was poor and beautiful; a hard fate, and I knelt down by little Kathleen's bed and wept long and bitterly. I felt degraded before the pure child and hesitated to twine my arms about her as usual. Then I thought of my dear old master and his sick wife. Was it for my sake that he came there. Still his money would support them. Ought I to tell them my fears, that they might banish him? I remembered Bertha's joyous face and felt that I could not do this. Should I leave off going thither? This could not be done without explanation. I could not tell Aunt Biddy, for she, I feared, would not understand it as I did, and I repeated to myself, I will bear it alone, I cannot see them suffer when I can help them. Evening after evening we sat there, and I felt the burning blush on my cheek as I looked up and caught his eyes fixed upon me; but the good Bertha's voice could be heard from the inner room, as she sat by her child's bed and sang, and that was pro-

tection. The young man indeed gave her money at times, and this seemed to be all that supported them. Bertha's strength failed daily, and I could not resolve to deprive them of this means of help. One night Bertha was absent. She went out to buy necessary articles for the family. As my master sat drawing at a distance, Mr. Hanson, for that was the name he gave us, came towards me and said,

"Margaret, why do you always treat me so coldly? Have I been rude to you? I had been drinking the first night I came here, with some merry fellows and, perhaps, forgot myself. Can you not forgive me?"

His manner seemed earnest, and I replied, "I have no ill-will towards you; I have nothing in common with you."

"Nothing in common," he said, "have we not a mutual interest in this poor and worthy family? Might we not do much for them together? I will try to make the good painter's works better known. The Atheneum exhibition will soon open; I will gain permission for the exhibition of some of his works there, if you will pursuade him to send them."

I felt that I had wronged him, he seemed now so truly kind and good, and I thought, "ought I to trust to a prejudice? He was indeed intoxicated that night, but can he not yet have some good in him?" and with my native hopefulness I entered eagerly into the plan and promised to use my utmost influence to persuade the artist to send his best pictures. I was successful, "I might do what I liked," he said; and the beautiful portrait of Kathleen, as an angel of mercy to a dying sinner, was chosen. I could not refuse a gift of a ticket to see my master's picture in its new position, and thither I went as often as I could be spared, and enjoyed the few choice pictures, the only ones beside my master's which I had ever seen. I had to thank Mr. Hanson for this pleasure, and he then asked me to go with him to the theatre. I refused at once. He bore it without a word of reproach, saying only, "I am sorry. I should like to see you wonder at this new world; but now let me tell you of the success of our friend's picture." And he told me many complimentary criticisms upon it, and, drawing a paper from his pocket, showed me a flattering notice of the artist and his work. I carried the paper to Bertha and read it to her. In her joy he seemed fully to sympathise, refused all thanks, and said, "he was obliged to be absent for a week, but at the end of that time hoped he might bring her word that it was sold."

"So good bye, for a while," he said as he offered his hand to her. I was so full of gratitude for this success that I could not refuse him mine; and for the first time, since I had seen him, I saw him go with a warm and friendly feeling.

But a greater good was in store for my beloved master. A few days after as we sat at work a knock announced a visiter, and I opened the door to a gentleman of about thirty-five years of age, who entered at once. Bertha at first looked at him in amazement, then dropped her work and, screaming Mein Bruder, mein Bruder! rushed into his arms. Mr. Gottlieb met as warm an embrace. A rapid conversation, in German, followed, of which I could understand little, but Bertha afterwards told me the cause of this happy meeting. It was her oldest brother, who was absent in England, at the time of her flight. She had written to him of her troubles, but as he was then travelling in Scotland he did not receive her letters, and in her despair, she had proceeded to America at once, and had supposed that he, like all the rest of the family, had cast her off forever. But he loved her too well. He had been successful in business and came to America expressly to find his lost sister, but had long searched in vain. At last, he traced her to Boston, but they had lived in so secluded a manner that he did not find them until the notice of the picture in the Atheneum assured him of their residence here. Renewing his search with greater diligence, he found them at this time when they needed comfort so much.

"And who is this?" he asked, as he looked at me, after he had held the little Bertha long to his heart with kisses and tears of joy.

"This is my friend," said the mother, and the simple words went to my inmost heart.

"And my pupil," said my master, as he put his hand kindly on my head, "and she will do me much credit. She is one genius and has worked hard too."

I left them, happy in this kind commendation, more happy in their joy, to pour out their hearts to one another. They must go back to Germany, the brother would take no refusal. He was a bachelor, had money enough for all, his father was old and would, he knew, forgive and receive his daughter. Hans would be reverenced and loved there. Their hearts turned fondly towards the Fatherland and instant preparations were made for departure. They kindly urged me to go with them. "Come for two or three years," they said, "and you shall see the glorious Rhine-land and the beautiful castles and pictures, and then you will return still better fitted for your art."

But I could not leave my Kathleen. My imagination indeed longed for the glories they painted to me, but my heart clung to my good Aunt Biddy, who had sheltered me in my utmost need and to the child of my love. My master gave me the beautiful portrait of Kathleen, as a parting gift, together with many drawings and copies that would be useful to me. Though my heart was sad at parting with them, yet I could not resist the influence of Bertha's revived gayety as she sang the songs of the Fatherland while we sat busily sewing in preparation for the voyage. She hired me for the fortnight before they went from Aunt Biddy, and I was a willing servant.

But what was Mr. Hanson's surprise on his return to find his scheme had produced an effect so different from what he intended. My master and Bertha poured out their overflowing hearts in gratitude to him, and did not see the mortified and disappointed expression which lurked amid his congratulations, but I felt it; an undefinable feeling of falseness impressed me as he wished them joy.

Every thing was ready for the voyage, and the next day they were to leave their poor home to go to their brother's hotel to spend the last few days before the vessel sailed. I must spend the last evening with them, and little Kathleen and Bertha were to hear together, for the last time, sister Margaret's fairy stories. I still held the children on my knee, as Mr. Hanson entered, "to bid," as he said, "farewell to the place he had loved so much." Bertha jumped down to meet him, but Kathleen clung closer to me and I observed slight spasms pass over her frame. He tried in vain to induce her to look at him, and at last I was obliged to carry her home, and sing her to sleep, ere I dared leave her to good Aunt Biddy's care and obey the message which Bertha had sent, for me to rejoin them. The evening passed in pleasant conversation. Mr. Hanson had a lively wit and told stories of life with zest and animation, but there was a hollow falsity in all his thoughts which made me sad and troubled, and this night I felt it the more because I was grateful to him; and hoping I saw him for the last time would willingly part in kindness. I rose to go home, and he went with me. He stopped at the window in the entry, "Come look one moment at the moonlight, Margaret," he said.

I paused and looked. "It is indeed beautiful, very beautiful," I said. Then I said, "to you too Mr. Hanson I must now bid good bye."

"And why?" he said, "will you not let me come and see you in your own home?"

"No," I replied, "it is not a fit place. You are rich and fashionable, I am the niece of a poor washer-woman."

"But you are above your rank," he said, "above such prejudices."

"But are you?"

"Yes," he said. "My Margaret, do you not feel that I love you, devotedly, passionately, that it is for your sake I have spent evening after evening in this wretched abode; for your sake I have supported a crazy German and his sick wife, and now will you not even let me see you?"

"No," I said, "if you indeed love me it is best for you that we part, such a marriage would disgust your friends."

"My dearest, let us talk of love, and not of marriage."

I started back; "Would you insult me?" I said.

He seized my hand and drew me towards him, I snatched it from him. "I will never see you again," I said.

I turned from him, ran to my room, and hid my face in my child's bosom. For the first time I felt truly desolate and alone. I felt the need of protection. I realized that I was not all sufficient unto myself. I remembered how Kathleen's pure instinct had kept me from this evil being, and I thought I now knew something of what Jesus meant when he told us to become like little children. I knelt down and poured out my whole soul to the Father.

"Oh God! I cried, I am alone; wilt thou be near me. I am a woman; wilt thou strengthen and aid me; let me lie in thine arms; shield me with holy thoughts, Oh God! keep me near to thee."

I knelt by the window and the moonlight streamed upon me. Suddenly, as if in answer to my despairing cry, I felt soft arms about me and the little Kathleen kissed my brow.

"Dear Margy," she said, "come with me."

I burst into tears, and went with the dear child to bed. She felt my sobbing and unrest, and said; "shall I not sing as you used to, to me?"

Thus surrounded by an angel's love, I went to sleep and knew that no evil could come near me.

The morning brought me a letter from Mr. Hanson. It was full of earnest, eloquent, protestations of love, but the serpent appeared in these words. "Do not hope to fly from me, I will never lose sight of you; you must be mine and I do not readily yield any pursuit. Remember Margaret, do not struggle with your fate. Mine shall you be, and all that love and wealth can give you, shall make your life glad and beautiful." As I read with a sensation of fear, Kathleen came in and took the letter which lay on my lap. She dropped it at once with a shudder, and exclaimed, "Ah Margy, Margy, I don't like it."

I turned and threw the letter into the fire; she jumped for joy, and begged me to go with her to see Bertha for the last time. Sad was the parting with my dear friends. My Master as I called him was full of new hope, in the thought of seeing his home again, and Bertha said again and again, "my Father-land and my Father-land. Margaret, I shall see them both. The good uncle gave me a larger sum of money than I had ever seen before, to help me along, as he said, and added, "don't forget you have a German home."

They sailed, and I was left without a guide in my future work, or a protector amid the dangers of my young life. I was still diffident of trusting to my art for support, and my Aunt's friends often urged her to bind me to a trade or send me out to service; but my Aunt said I more than repaid her by the work I did in the family and I should do as I pleased. I resolved to remain with her until I was eighteen and then to try my fortune. I lived now a most busy and retired life, an occasional walk with Kathleen or going to mass on Sunday was my only recreation. But my housework gave me sufficient exercise to preserve my health, and every spare moment I gave to my drawing, which I considered the business of my life. I went to mass with my Aunt, but a simple faith had sprung up in my heart. I believed in the God who heareth prayer, and the communing Spirit was too near to me for me to be able to go to him through the cumbrous forms of the church.

Patrick and Johnney had grown up two stout young men of seventeen and eighteen; they would work hard six days in the week, but they loved a bit of a spree on a Sunday, "and where was the harm, and sure they never were dead dhruuk in their lives, only jist a little disguised with the liquor." They heard brilliant accounts of the far West, and they were anxious to go and seek their fortunes. "They could squat on the new lands as well as the best of the Yankees," they said,—"for sure they were Yankee born and bred, and some day they'd reign over as much land as the ould landlord's at home that mother was so fond of telling about." Aunt Biddy at first tried to disuade them from the scheme, but when she found them resolute, she declared, "they were nice boys and should do as they liked, and she'd go with 'em the world over, for they'd want somebody to cook and wash and mend for them, for she heard a petticoat was a rare thing in those countries, and sorry a chance would her hard fortuned boys have for a wife. Though I'll be bound they could na find a likelin," was her aside to me. I offered to follow the fortunes of the family, but Aunt Biddy said no. "It isn't the place for the likes o' you. I know its for fear your auld aunt would be homesick you'd go; but Kathleen would die there and what would ye be doing with yer drawing in the woods. Stay you here and grow rich, and when Pat and Johnny's married, and you yourself may be's got a smart husband, you shall come out and look at us in our glory."

All was easily settled. I took a room in a better part of the city for myself and Kathleen, and Aunt Biddy gave me enough of the old furniture to make us comfortable. The rest was sold, and altogether they collected from all their savings three hundred dollars to start with. I slipped the half of the sum my German friends had given me, unknown into the hoard, and they went off with tears in their eyes, but a cheerful hope in their hearts. I clung to my honest woman hearted Aunt who had so truly been my friend and shall never forget the warm kiss and the heartfelt, "God bless you, my poor dear children," with which she left us.

"Now my Kathleen," said I as we returned to our lonely room and I took her to my heart, "We are all the world to each other."

We were lonely like two little birds in a straw built nest, but yet I resolved that our poor room should be a home indeed and that Kathleen should breath the air of beauty and happiness. Our little cot was concealed by a white curtain in the day time, and my beautiful picture hung opposite to it to greet our eyes as we first opened them in the morning. The few, very few books I owned, gave another pleasant object to the eye, and Kathleen had a little pot of lady's delights that monopolised the sunniest nook. Indeed, the dear child moved it from place to place to catch every stray beam of sunshine, and when no outward life beamed for it, hung her own fond life around it, to give it warmth and quickening influences. We were to live most simply on milk, and bread and apples, so that in summer we need have no fire, and in winter were spared the trouble and expense of daintier food. Yet how was this little to be supported and the rent paid? I advanced for me a large sum to pay for an advertisement, but I had no references to attract attention, and day after day passed and no one inquired after "Margaret Ramsay, teacher in drawing, water colors, crayons and pencils." I carried some of my best sketches to different fancy stores for sale, and occasionally they found a purchaser, which for a while kept me out of debt and encouraged me to go on diligently with my work. I maintained my cheerfulness, for I was the sky to my poor little Kathleen, and if clouds hung around me, her tender nature shrunk together like the scarlet pinpernel at the approach of rain, but a smile from me brought out gushing joy and music from her whole being. While I drew, she sat at my feet learning her lesson, or she bent over her pot of flowers and sung songs to them, from out her own heart. She never asked to draw though she loved my pictures and was a most sensitive and exquisite critic of them, but when I had told her the thought in painting she would warble it in song. I could linger long over those days. They were days of toil and suffering truly, of anxiety and care, yet they were lighted by freedom and hope. It was my first own home and I made it glad and beautiful to the only one who shared it with me, and I labored for her and myself and found labor sweet. But I will pass on to events that changed the even current of my life. It was late in the fall that I sat at my work as usual, when I heard a knock at the street door and the long desired words of inquiry, "Does Margaret Ramsay, a drawing teacher live here?" My heart beat fast as I opened the door, but I was delighted and calmed on seeing a young girl of nineteen. She was far from beautiful, and her dress was neither rich nor fine, but well suited to the weather and simple in form. Her eyes were dark and deep, and as I looked into them I felt that inexhaustible wealth lay behind them. Kathleen looked fixedly at her as I talked with her.

"I have seen one of your drawings at ——'s store," she said, "it was very fine; I should like to see more of your work."

Her voice was pleasant, but the manner decided and abrupt—I asked her to sit, and produced my portfolio. She looked rapidly over its contents, and I observed that she admired most some bold sketches expressive of earnest thoughts, while she passed hastily over some highly finished paintings which were studies from my master's patterns.

"I like these," she said, as she held them in her hand, "you must have genius to draw those. Who taught you?"

I mentioned Mr. Gottlieb and pointed to his picture as a proof of his skill. She looked at it carefully and praised it with feeling and judgment, though without critical knowledge. Again she sat down beside me.

"Are you poor?" she said.

"I am entirely dependent on my own exertions for support."

"Good! I am glad of it," she said. "This genius will not be wasted in lady like accomplishments. You have advertised for scholars. Have you any?"

"No ma'am" I said, "I am quite unknown, but I hope to find some before winter."

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"If you are pleased with my drawings and will reccommend me to your friends, I shall be very grateful for an opportunity to teach."

"Oh of course, I shall do that simply because I can do nothing else. Your drawings deserve it, you should teach me, but I am going in a few days to Cuba, with my father who is ill. I feared I should not know where to find you when I came back, and that drawing was too fine for me not to see the artist. Now will you let me have these few sketches I have chosen and let me pay you for them?"

"Most gladly," I replied, "give me what you please."

She took out her purse to pay me; then she laughed and said, "Keep the purse, it is too fine for me, till I come back from Cuba, then you will be sure to come and bring it to me, and I shall know where you are."

She gave me her card—Marion Willoughby, Mt. Vernon St.

"I shall take these sketches with me," she said, "into that foreign land." Then unconsciously she added, "I shall have sad and lonely hours there, these will cheer and strengthen me."

Every word drew me nearer to her, yet she did not seem to ask sympathy and her strength forbade pity. When she rose to go, she offered me her hand and held mine long.

"I should like to live with you," she said, "to work like you. I do not pity you. Will you think of and remember me?"

I promised readily not to forget her and to come to her in the Spring.

Kathleen had watched her countenance earnestly; she let go my hand, which she had held, plucked a flower from her precious plant and offered it to the young girl. The tears rose to her eyes, she stooped to kiss the child, who wound her arms about her neck and said, "you love Margy, won't you love me too?"

"You angel one!" she replied, "must I leave all," and as if with a violent effort she commanded her feelings, freed herself from the child and abruptly left me.

[To be continued.]

MEMORIAL OF
MRS. CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE,
OF CLEAVELAND,

In behalf of Woman's Rights, in respect to property and the exercise of the elective franchise. Presented and read to the Senate of Ohio, March 23rd, 1854. Laid on the table and ordered to be reprinted.

[Concluded.]

We know that appeals similar to ours, are being made elsewhere, but in our own case we feel especially honored and hopeful in coming before a legislative body which has represented more nearly and promptly than those of many of our sister States the higher freedom and effort of our age.

Thus stating the basis upon which we venture before you—the agencies which have influenced, the motives which have prompted, and the hopes which encourage us to effort—let us refer more definitely to the special petition whose granting we seek. We have asked that woman should have equal rights with man—*your* sisters, and wives and mothers, with *yourselves*, in the holding and disposing of property. We know, as before intimated, that preceding Legislatures have so modified and amended our statutes, that woman has here the right denied in many of our States to property which comes to her by inheritance or bequest before marriage, and that such property may be secured to her after marriage—but we also know that of all the "rents and profits" of such property, if real estate, she is still *legally* deprived, and may, therefore, although the virtual owner of broad acres, be as penniless a beggar as any pauper of the town—according to the cruelty or caprice of the man to whom she is legally bound; that of all the earnings of her hours of early morning or weary midnight toil, of all the outcomings of her individual genius and skill, *not one* is *legally* secure to her, but may be at any time seized and appropriated by an unmanly, tyrannical or debauched husband, while herself and children are reduced to the verge of starvation, aye, even beyond that verge, if she be too proud or too tender to make complaint; that she is still treated with legal injustice in the denial of her right to be a joint partner during the life, and sole heir at the death of the husband, to all the property inherited from either ancestry, or acquired by mutual thrift, skill and industry; that in direct contradiction of the universal admission of her equality of moral nature and the superior trustworthiness and constancy of her mother-love, she is prejudged by the *law* as unworthy of equal confidence towards the children of her care and sorrow, who are subject, during the life of the father, to be taken from her, and without her counsel, or in disregard of her entreaties, apprenticed by him under the worst of conditions, or given away as he may choose; that in case of divorce, although the husband may have been the guilty one, the children are *legally* his, and are thus oftentimes taken from a loving and capable mother, at a tender age, to be committed to the "tender mercies" and evil example of a revengeful or degraded father—and that in case of the death of the father, however poorly he may have filled, or however greatly he may have dishonored that relation, the children may also be *legally* taken from her guardianship, or entrusted to it only to choose another guardian at an age too early for prudent choice, and under a legal provision which thus weakens and impairs every way her authority, by its implied assumption of her inferiority and incapacity; that the law yet enters with its cold, unwelcome presence, amid the fullness and freshness of her grief, handling carelessly, and apportioning heartlessly, the sacred memorials of the dead, and if the husband have left no children, passing over all save a meagre *third* of the property—which *may* have been originally all her own, to relatives upon the husband's side, however distant or above need—and, if there be children, setting up its guardianship over both widow and orphan, while, in fact, the poor dolt deceased may have been the one most needing such guardianship, and the survivor the actual provider and family dependence.

Such laws, gentlemen of the Senate, may have been less palpably unjust in the days of all ignoring of Woman's common humanity, in the land where all cultivation is denied her, and under governments where caste and rank take precedence, and overshadow altogether, the individual human being; but, under her present condition as a daughter of a free democracy, and with the facts of her undeniable superiority in multitudes of cases, in mind, capacity and in all the higher attributes of humanity, to the son, brother, husband and father, or more distant male relative, upon whose good pleasure these laws now make her dependent; they are not only grossly unjust, but *ludicrously* inappropriate, when not, alas, too sorrowfully cruel.

Gentlemen of the Senate—brothers: Let it not be said by you that our appeals are groundless, and our appearance only an outbreak of unholy ambition, when throughout city and hamlet and hillside of our own beautiful State, such deeds are done under the ægis of your laws and the protection of your legislation, as should make the ears of all who hear them to tingle; such deeds of wrong and oppression as should crimson the cheek of all civilization, and write *barbarism* over our judicial and legislative records.

We have asked, moreover, that the right of the elective franchise be granted Woman—that right

"Which executes the *free man's* will, as lightning does the will of God."

You may thoughtlessly imagine that such right is little needed in the case of woman.

But *why*, we would ask, is it less needed than in your own? Is her nature so *utterly* different that its interests are not as intimately connected with her well-being as are your interests with your own? Are her relations to society and the world less real and vital than yours? Are the great themes of public thought and governmental action, less to the wife and *mother*, than to the son, husband and father? *Can it be less to her* in those most tender of all relations, that means of physical and moral death are suffered to claim the protection of law, while they do their sure, vile work in neutralizing the most powerful of possible home influences, and in tearing from the embraces of love and the re-

straints of purity, the sons—aye, and *daughters*, of her tenderest devotion; the husband who is her pledged protector, casting their integrity and their life into market, for a "*consideration*," of paltry revenue. *Is it nothing* to her that the slightest provocation, by real or fancied aggression, or a mere lustful ambition to possess broader territories and rule over feebler nations, shall suffice to call out her husband and sons to the sacrifice of blood and life, leaving her wisdom unsought, her needs and interests unthought of; and, as the only resource in this extremity of her widowhood and childlessness, a self-dependence, which, if she had been a child of wealth, or a wife tenderly cared for, all education and custom have rendered well-nigh worthless, if not altogether impossible?

Is it nothing to her that prisons are reared, in which the husbands and sons of the race, perchance even some poor tempted sister, shall be shut out from all love and knowledge, all usefulness to the family and to society, hardened and brutalized by all the circumstances of their surroundings? or the inhuman gallows erected upon which such expiate their crime against an individual or the State, which that same State thus re-enacts in its own *legal* way; that the family thus robbed of the needed services of the guilty one, shall bear the added burden of the world's scorn and the law's undue rigors, until in desperation of a bitterness thus induced they shall come at last to inherit, as a legacy, the evil bias and the cruel doom of the branded one?

Is it nothing to her that power may be faithlessly and shamelessly used to cover the green soil of God's free earth with the sweat, and tears, and blood of his enslaved and wronged children; to surround even her husband and sons and their posterity perpetually, with the temptations of oppression, the degradations of servitude?

Think you, gentlemen of the Senate, there are not now throughout our own State, woman hearts which swell with as irrepressible a sorrow as overpowering an indignation, and as holy a shrinking from the injustice and stain of those infamous outrages against Freedom and Right, which have roused and are yet rousing on free *men* to resistance, lest our own beautiful Ohio, the eldest-born of Freedom in all the glorious West, shame her high birth-right by allowing traitors to throttle in their young life, the later-born?

Aye, if it *be* so—if woman be so hopelessly lost to love of good and truth, the high heritage of Freedom, and the success of its mission on earth; so little worthy the inheritance of pilgrim faith, of heroic or even human blood, that all the great needs and woes of earth find in her heart no echoing pang and in her life no answering, earnest aid; that she can willingly suffer the power which is hers by right of birth and being, with the high uses to which her nature prompts, and her Creator destined and *demands* its application, to be withheld without a blush of shame, while the same power is granted as if in very mockery of her, to the poor thing miscalled a man, with no thought nobler than the food he fills his mouth withal, and scarce capacity to choose even that judiciously—then, oh then give to her, as did the Roman Legion of old to the traitoress Tarpeia, the tinsel and the trappings of her choice; the adornments of the outer being in token of the utter lack of inner life, of truthfulness to nature, to God and to his creatures, until their very weight crush, now as then, that life from off the earth which is so basely prized, so little worth a place amid the grand mysteries of time, the sublime verities of eternity!

But, we know you must scout, in all manliness, such an unbecoming estimate, or at most such miserable exceptions to the womanhood of our day—a womanhood which offers to your reverence such types of beauty and strength as abound on every hand, among your own wives daughters and mothers—such sacrifices of personal ease, as that which, beginning in the nursery and by the fire-side, finds fuller expression in the noble life of a Dorothea Dix—such foresight and judgment and ability as make many a wife and mother the master spirit of the family and society—and which has shown itself equal to broader spheres of duty and effort, in the comprehensive statesmanship of a Caroline Chisholm, compelling, as it does, the admiring wonder of all England, and even public and honorable recognition from peer and sovereign of its superiority in humanity and efficiency to all previous efforts of government officials in that department.

Indeed in such days and under such conditions as ours it would seem almost insulting to your discrimination, and distrustful of your enlightened judgment, to attempt the defence of woman's equal humanity—and somewhat provocative of right womanly indignation to be compelled to do so. We prefer rather to take the vantage ground of your own chivalric admissions, your own undeniable convictions, and ask, that as sons of the pilgrims, and as citizens under our fathers' uncompromising declaration of equality, you should with becoming consistency, recognize *practically* woman's humanity, by according to her its rights—rights for which every man among you, and all men everywhere, not altogether besotted and stolid, would cheerfully peril life itself. Woman is *not* now represented as it is often claimed—many have neither son, brother, husband or father to represent them—and of those who have, many are *mis*represented by such. We have lived to learn, not only from all the history of the past, but from woman's especial experience, that no class is safe under a government, which is unrepresented in that government; that all irresponsible power is absolutely and everywhere unsafe. *How* woman has been represented, *how* her interests have been cared for, *let the laws we have cited to you answer!*

And if it be clearly woman's right by virtue of her common humanity, to stand side by side with man in the ownership of that which she inherits and earns, can any, under our broad protest as a Republic against taxation without representation, against governments exercised without the consent of the governed, rightly pause at the *first* step in the process of according justice to her—admitting her right to the holding of that property, and allowing her the *privilege* of being taxed thereon, but, denying her the representation inseparable in the case of all male property-holders and tax-payers? The one must follow the other—the latter is as legitimately the out-growth of the former, as *that* is of all our first and world-acknowledged principles of justice.

Gentlemen of the Senate:—In asking the recognition of these "inalienable rights" for woman, upon the ground of simple justice, we have not deemed it necessary to canvass the catalogue of "consequences" so generally arrayed against our impregnable argument, consequences it would seem scarcely less than a "wreck of matter and a crush of worlds."

If a deed be proven and acknowledged a just one, no sane or honest man should delay its execution in deference to the fears of the timid, or shortsighted prudence of the conservative. "Let justice be done tho' the heavens fall."

And the plea that the exercise of those rights, and the discharge of those duties and trusts which might follow, and for which woman might be found peculiarly fitted, would defile the purity, and destroy the delicacy of her nature is neither sustained by sound philosophy, the analogy of past experience, nor indicative of high faith in God and nature. The assertion that such public life and its responsibilities are necessarily corrupting, is not only disproven by the stern integrity of a Washington, a Franklin, a Penn, an Adams, and their successors, but would come with a sad confession of a lack of conscientiousness from any who accept willingly such positions, and seem oftentimes well nigh to compass sea and land to secure them. Neither are we unmindful in asking the recognition of these rights for woman, of the many channels in which her energies now find scope, and her benevolence finds exercise, but we know that the according of these broader opportunities will place her near the causes of the evils to be removed, and make her life truly and thoroughly effective, rather than fragmentary and superficial. By the recognition of her equal right to the property of her individual inheritance or earning, woman would be free from the crushing consciousness of unjust, enforced dependence; be stimulated to the exercise of prudence; elevated in the bestowal of her own charities, and dignified by her own self-respect, and the respect of the world, and in multitudes of cases protected against the necessity of divorce. Much as woman may have out lived in our own, and in so-called civilized lands, the savage valuation of her as a mere physical comfort, and *supplementary* companion, she has not yet received any where that broad recognition of her humanity that shall make her truly and nobly free.

The world has never yet conceived the beauty and gain of unfettered, spontaneous *woman-action*. It is but just beginning this, the experiment of our youthful Republic to realise and appreciate that of *man*. And how miserable and unmanly seem all the evasions of those among us, who have not courage to meet boldly, or charity to meet kindly, the appeals of their sisters,—who, standing themselves upon the broad foundations of the great truth that all men are created equal, and endowed with inalienable rights, and realising with all the zest of present experience, and the past noble struggles, the high benefits of such position, yet hesitate to raise their own kindred, their wives, sisters and mothers upon the same plain of ample vision, free effort, and ennobling influences.

We know not, whether in all the wrongs now practiced towards woman, legally and socially, the folly or the cruelty be the greater; or whether she or her brother, be in the final fact, the greater sufferer. For, surely as that a fountain cannot rise above the level of its source, so surely cannot man reach the statue of full glorious manhood, until, she who moulds him so much and so truly after her own order of being and development, shall be free to cultivate, and encourage to use those powers which make up the wealth of her nature, until she be recognised in her high self-sovereignty, all her gifts and graces quickened into spontaneous exercise by such recognition, all her being electrified by the holy ambition to justify in, and the delight of enjoying it.

Gentlemen of the Senate:—In conclusion, we beg you in the name of the wives, daughters and mothers of the State you represent, be true and just,—aye, rather than imitators and perpetrators of olden barbarian codes, be dreamers, "visionary" men, like the immortal dreamer, Plato—be *more* than he, be *actualizers* of the longing hopes and prophecies of the ages. He had only the seer's eye and sublime poetic inspiration; you, with all the grand visions of his seeing and recording, the power to *set the world to the music of his great thoughts.*

Are you ambitious? would you be honored? Scorn the poor praise of the short hour, and bondage of party names—and make yourselves immortal by noble ventures, and an unfaltering faith in Truth and Right. Make by your generous recognition of woman as a citizen, an epoch in our annals, an Olympiad of Ohio, by which all future generations shall reckon the world's progress.

And as in duty bound your memoralists will ever pray, &c.

ONE OF OUR LEGAL FICTIONS.

The prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rang out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the Church and the law of the land, Charlotte and Robert Desborough were henceforth one—one in interests, one in life.

No chill rights or selfish individuality to sow disunion between them; no unnatural laws to weaken her devotion by offering a traitorous asylum against him; but united by bonds none could break—their two lives welded together, one and indivisible for ever—they set their names to that form of marriage, which so many have signed in hope, to read over for a long lifetime of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage! This strict union of interests—although it does mean the absorption of woman's whole life in that of the man's—although it does mean the entire annihilation of all her rights, individuality, legal existence, and his sole recognition by the law, yet how beautiful it is in the ideal! She, as the weaker, lying safe in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by his love, losing herself, in the larger being of her husband: while he in the vanguard of life, protects her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on himself alone the strife and the weary toil, the danger, and the struggle. What a delightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry, of devotedness, and manly protection; and what sacrilege to erase so much poetry from the dry code of our laws!

Like all newly-married women, this woman would have looked with horror on any proposition for the revision of the legal poem. Liberty would have been desolation to her, and the protection of the laws she would have repudiated as implying a doubt of her husband's faith.

She had been taught to believe in men, and to honor them; and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The profound conviction of their superiority formed one of the cardinal points of her social creed; and young hearts are not eager to escape from their anchorage of trust.

She was a willing slave because she was a faithful worshipper; and it seemed to her but fit and right, and natural, that the lower should be subservient to the will of the higher. For the first few weeks all went according to the brightness of her belief. The newly-bound epic was writen in letters of gold, and blazoned in the brightest colors of youth, and hope, and love; and she believed that the unread leaves would continue the story of those already turned over, and that the glories of the future would be like to the glories of the past. She believed as others, ardent and loving, have believed; and she awoke like them, when the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the dead leaves of her young hopes strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blazoned book was soon tarnished. Its turned leaves told of love, certainly; but of love whose passion, when it was burnt out, left no friendship or mental sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of fading caresses, and bitter words echoed the lost sounds of fond phrases; no real heart union wove fresh ties in place of the fragile bands which burnt like flax in their own fire; but, with the honeymoon died out the affection which ought to have lived through the hard probation of time and suffering, and distress. It had been a love-match, but it was an ill-assorted match as well; and want of sympathy soon deepened into bitterness, and thence fell backward into hatred and disgust. The husband was a man of violent temper, and held supreme views on marital privileges. His wife, young, impassioned, beautiful, and clever, was none the less his chattel; and he treated her as such. By bitter personal experience, he taught her that the law which gave him all but uncontrolled power over her as his property, was not always the duty of the strong to protect the weak, but might sometimes—even in the hands of English gentlemen—be translated into the right of the tyrant to oppress the helpless. From high words the transition to rough deeds was easy and natural. Matters grew gradually worse; quarrels became more bitter and more frequent, and personal violences increased. More than once she was in mortal fear, with marks of fingers on her throat, and cuts and bruises on her head; more than once relations interposed to save her from further violence. In these quarrels perhaps she was not wholly blameless. The rash passion of a high-spirited girl was not the temper best suited to such a husband's wife. Less imaginative and less feeling, she might have better borne the peculiar mode of showing displeasure to which he resorted; and had she been of a lower organization, she might have gained more power over a man who did not appreciate her intellect, or the beauty of her rich nature. As it was—he, too violent to control his temper on the one side; she, too rash and eager to conceal her pain and disgust on the other—their unhappiness became public, and by its very publicity seemed to gain in strength. Friends interfered, many thronging about her; some, to advise patience; some, resolution; some, to appeal to her wifely love, and others to her woman's dignity; and she, halting between the two, now consented to endure, and now resolved to resist. So, things went on in a sad, unhinged manner; outbreaks continually occurring, followed by promises of reformation, and renewed acts of forgiveness; but no solid peace established, and no real wish to amend. Once she left the house, after a long and angry scene, during which he struck her, and that with no gentle hand, either; and she would not return until heart-broken petitions and solemn engagements touched her woman's pity, and changed her anger into sorrow. She thought, too, of her own misdeeds; magnified the petty tempers and girlish impertinences which had been punished so severely; took herself to task, while the tears streamed from her dark eyes and steeped the black hair hanging on her neck, until at last imagination and repentance weighed down the balance of evil on her own side. And then he was her husband!—the father of her children, and once her lover so beloved! We all have faults, and we all need pardon, she thought; and so she forgave him, as she had done before, and returned submissively to his house. This was what the Ecclesiastical law calls condonation. And by this act of love and mercy she deprived herself of even the small amount of protection afforded by the law to English wives of the nineteenth century.

They had now three children who made up the sole summer time of her heart. Only those who know what sunshine the love of young and innocent children creates in the misty darkness of an unhappy life, can appreciate her love for hers—three bright, noble boys. How she loved them! How passionately and how tenderly! Their lisping voices charmed away her griefs, and their young bright eyes, and eager love, made her forget that she had ever cause for regret or fear. For their sakes she endeavored to be patient. Her love for them was too strong to be sacrificed even to her outraged womanhood; and that she might remain near them, and caress them, and educate them, she bore her trials now coming fast and thick upon her, with forbearance, if not with silence.

But, matters came at last to a climax; though sooner and on different grounds than might have been expected. She and her husband parted on a trivial question of itself, but with grave results: a mere dispute as to whether the children should accompany their mother on a visit to one of her brothers, who was avowedly (very extraordinary that he should be so, after the married life she had led!) unfriendly to her husband. It was at last decided that they should not go, and after a bitter struggle. Far more was involved in this question than appears on the surface; her right to the management of her sons, even in the most trifling matters, was the real point of contention; the mother was obliged to yield, and she went alone; the children remaining at home with the father. The day after she left, she received a message from one of the servants to tell her that something was wrong at home; for, the children had been taken away, with all their clothes and toys, no one knew where. In a storm of terror and agony she gave herself up to the trace, and at last found out their hiding-place. But without any good results. The woman who had received them, under the sanction of the father, refused to deliver them up to her, and met her prayers and remonstrances with insults and sarcasms. She was obliged to return, widowed and childless, to her sister's home in the country; like a wounded panther tearing at the lance in his side, a fearful mixture of love and beauty, and rage and despair. It was well that she did return to her sister's house instead of her own home, for, her husband, enraged at her persistence in visiting her brother against his consent, ordered the servants to refuse her admittance should she present herself, and "to open the house-door only with the chain across."

After balancing between reconciliation and prosecution, a divorce suit was decided on by her husband; expressly undertaken "because his wife would not return to him." By this suit, he attempted to prove that an old friend and patron, to whom he owed his present position and his former fortune, was the seducer of his wife. But, the case broke down; and the jury, without leaving their box, gave a verdict in favor of the defendant: a gentleman of known honor and established reputation. The crowded court rang with cheers, such as it had rarely

echoed to before, as the verdict was pronounced; friends in every degree of life, old friends and friends hitherto strangers, supported her with their warmest sympathy; and if the readiness of the world in general to be kindly honest, and to set right a proved wrong, could have acted directly upon the law, or could have essentially served her without its aid, she would have had ample redress. But it is the peculiar hardship of such a case that no aid but the aid of the law itself, remote and aloof, can give redress. The feelings may be soothed, but the wrongs remain.

And now began the most painful part of the sad epic, whose initiatory hymns had glided into a dirge; dirge for ruined hopes and wasted youth, for a heart made desolate, and a home destroyed; a dirge for the shattered household gods and the fleetings of the fond visions of her heart.

The suit was ended, and the law had pronounced the accused wife innocent. But the law also pronounced the innocent mother without a claim to her own children. They were the father's property; absolutely and entirely. He placed them with his sister, a lady who shared his propensity for corporeal punishment; and who flogged the eldest child, a sensitive and delicate boy of six years old, for receiving and reading a letter from his mother. "To impress on his memory," she said, "that he was not to receive letters from her!" The yet younger was stripped naked and chastised with a riding-whip. Yet the law held back these children from their mother's love, and gave them to the charge of those who thought their education fitly carried on by such means. Time passed, and still the quarrel and the separation continued. By a small alteration in this same law of ours—this idol made by our hands, then deified and worshipped—she was at length permitted to see her boys. But only at stated times, and at certain hours, and in the coldest manner. It was her husband's privilege to deny her all maternal intercourse with her sons, and he stretched his privilege to the utmost. No touch of pity dissolved the iron bars of the law, and no breath of mercy warmed the breast of the husband and master. Against the decree of the law, what was the protesting cry of nature? A hollow whistling among the reeds of a sandy waste, which no man heeded—which no voice answered.

Years trailed wearily on. Long years of taming down her proud heart, laden almost beyond its strength; long years of battle with the wild sorrow of her childless life; long years when the mother's soul stood in the dark valley of death where no light and no hope were. But the criminal law swept on the beaten track, and no one stopped to ask over whose heart this great car of our Juggernaut passed. The mother—she to whom GOD has delegated the care of her young—she on whom lie shame and dishonor if she neglect this duty for any self-advantage whatsoever; she,—a man's wife, and a man's lawful chattel,—had no right to those who had lain beneath her heart, and drunk of her life. The law in this respect is now changed; mainly, because this sufferer labored hard to show its cruelty. The misery inflicted upon her maternal love will be endured by no other English mother.

Pecuniary matters came in next, as further entanglement of this miserable web. By marriage settlements a certain sum of money had been secured to the children; the principle of which, neither the husband nor his creditors could touch. It belonged to the children and the mother, emphatically and exclusively. After many years of separation, the husband applied to his wife for her consent to his raising a loan on this trust-fund for the improvement of his estate. She promised that consent, if he, on his part, would execute a deed of separation, and make her a certain allowance for life. Hitherto she had mainly supported herself by authorship. After the demur of reducing the allowance she proposed, the agreement was entered into; and she then gave her consent that a loan should be raised on the trust-fund for her husband's sole advantage. She received in exchange a deed drawn up and signed by a lawyer and her husband, securing her the stipulated five hundred pounds a year for life. Three years after, her mother died, and the husband inherited the life-interest of his wife's portion from the father. At the same time a legacy of almost five hundred a year, carefully secured from her husband by every legal hindrance possible, fell to her also from her mother. When her husband knew of this legacy, he wrote to her, telling her that he would not now continue his former allowance, which had been secured, as she believed, by solemn legal agreement. She objected to this novel manner of benefiting by a legacy; and refused to entertain the proposition of a reduction. Her husband quietly told her that she must either consent to his terms, or receive nothing; when she urged the agreement, he answered her with the legal poetic fiction "that, by law, man and wife are one, and therefore could not contract with each other." The deed for which she had exchanged her power over the trust-fund was a mere worthless piece of paper.

This shameful breach of contract was followed by another law suit, where judgment was given in open court, to the effect not only that the agreement in her behalf, signed by her husband and a legal witness, was valueless according to that stanza of the marriage idyl which proclaims that man and wife are one—not only that she had no claim on the allowance of five hundred a year—but that the husband could also seize every farthing of her earnings, and demand as his own the copyrights of her works and the sums paid for them. No deed of separation had been executed between them, and no divorce could be sued for by *her*. For, she had once condoned or pardoned her husband, and had so shut herself out from the protection of the laws.

And all this is in the laws; the laws which throws a woman helplessly on the mercy of her husband, make no ways of escape and build no cities of refuge for her, and deliberately justify her being cheated and entrapped. All these are doings protected and allowed by our laws—and men stand by and say, "It is useless to complain. The laws must be obeyed. It is dangerous to meddle with the laws."

This is a true story; those who run may read it—have read it more than once, perhaps, before now. As an exemplification of some of the gravest wrongs of women, and as a proof how much they sometimes need protection even against those whose sworn office it is to cherish and support them, it is very note-worthy, indeed, in this country of Great Britain. Surely there is work waiting to be done in the marital code of England! Surely there are wrongs to be redressed, and reforms to be made, that have gone too long unmade! Surely we have here a righteous quarrel with the laws—more righteous than many that have excited louder cries.

Justice to women. No fanciful rights, no unreal advantages, no preposterous escape from womanly duty, for the restless, loud, and vain; no mingling of women with the broils of political life, nor opening to them of careers which nature herself has pronounced them incapable of following; no high-flown assertion of equality in kind; but simple justice. The recognition of their individuality as wives, the recognition of their natural rights as mothers, the permission to them to live by their own honorable industry, untaxed by the legal Right and moral Wrong of any man to claim as his own that for which he has not wrought—reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strewed. Justice to women. This is what the phrase means; this is where the thing is truly wanted; here is an example of the great Injustice done to them, and of their mal-treatment under the eyes of a whole nation, by the Law.

REFLECTIONS UPON A BURLESQUE LECTURE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I lately listened to a lecture on this subject by a white caricature of a colored woman, but the speaker divided his discourse into such appropriate heads, that I was led to consider them in a more serious view, and this was the result.

The four divisions of the essay were as follows:—

1st. Who am woman?
2nd. Where did she come from?
3rd. Who does she belong to?
4th. Where is she going to?

1st. Woman is the equal sharer with man (or ought to be) in all the enjoyments and privileges of humanity upon this globe; this follows directly as a corollary from the answer to the second question which we have proposed.

2nd. Woman is born into the earth from the same mysterious region with man, and the choice of sex for the expectant babe is made by the great Creator who presides over the fate of all beings. Neither father nor mother can dictate whether the soul, which they call into this life, shall be in a masculine or feminine body, for the producing cause is the same; we only throw the dice, and if we win, the prize may be of our own kind or the other, but is not governed by our choice.

The reply to the third question is also a corollary from this identity of origin. Our sex being the substitute for the other, each for each, in the great conscription for birth, with what justice can we determine arbitrarily, as has been done hitherto by statute and custom, that one of these God-sent creatures is superior to the other? The trial must be fairly made before this decision can be rendered, and all of each sex must have had equal and full freedom for the exercise of all their powers of mind and body.

Thus will it be proved whether there is any inequality; but may we not argue until then, that these emanations from the same divine source, through the same channel, are equal in their endowments.

Without stopping to contest the claim of superior intelligence to the right to enslave the weaker, (*vide* Mitchell,) we maintain that until by a fair trial the superior ability has been demonstrated, each individual belongs to itself, and therefore woman should call no man "*master*."

Where is she going to?

She is insisting upon her right to this trial of her abilities in every vocation for which she has an inclination; she is claiming equality before the law, and demands an unequivocal recognition of her individual existence as a member of society and a fraction of the State. She is travelling out of Egypt into the land of Cannan. I bid her God speed!

KARL.

Virtue consists in doing our duty in the several relations we sustain in respect to ourselves, to our fellow-men and to God, as known from reason, conscience and revelation.—*Alexander*.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, JULY, 1854.

MISS COOK'S JOURNAL, CHAMBERS' JOURNAL, AND DICKEN'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

It is somewhat singular to find Miss Cook in her "Journal" and the editor of Chambers Journal each so well pleased with the enlargement and diversification of woman's labor, which we aim at, and, at the same time doubting whether the health of American women will be improved by this enlargement of their sphere of action. Miss Cook inquires "will they be improved by setting them to work at printer's cases, making them engravers, woodcutters" &c., and then pathetically asks, "where are they to learn to be wives and mothers? where to make home happy, which is the highest and holiest duty of woman?"

Does she not know, or has she closed her eyes to the fact that the evils of woman's life, and the mischief to her health especially in America, is in the fact that all her allowed occupations are sedentary? and that these hold her in doors now, not ten or twelve hours only, but fifteen or sixteen, in a sitting posture and shut her up in her bedroom all the rest of the twenty-four?

Men who work at a trade seldom give more than ten or twelve hours in the twenty-four. They walk to and from their places of business six times in a day; and with all their rum drinking, tobacco chewing and smoking, they are, under their system, infinitely more healthy than the women who are confined at home. Again let women have the controling influence in printing offices, shoe stores, engraving rooms, or any other employments that might be named, and they will never be as foul and unhealthy as they now are, and the proprieties of hours and conduct will make another immense difference in their favor. It is owing to the delicacy of women so much complained of, more than to any other cause, that they are excluded from these lucrative employments which men now hold with entire safety, and this delicacy we insist is not altogether constitutional but is chargeable to causes which we have often more than hinted at.

But again, "where are girls employed at these trades to learn domesticity?" Where is the sewing girl to learn it now? for she must stitch, stitch, from the first faint beams of morning light till ten or twelve at night. It may be no mean accomplishment to know how to make a shirt, but we must confess that as our Yankee ingenuity has constructed machines which will make fifty, (all but the button holes,) while a woman is making one, it seems to us rather a waste of time for a real, living, human being to sit down when the sun is shining, the flowers gleaming out, and the birds singing, and spend hour after hour over an article which could be so much better done by machinery. The whining call for the needle sounds very much to us like the affectation there has been about the music of the hand-wheel and the loom. Our sewing machines will make from thirty to fifty dozen of gentlemen's collars per day. The work is done much better, the thread is not worn by the process and the stitching is more even and beautiful than the most skillful needle woman could possibly make it. It is cheaper and hence must supply the market. What then is to be done with the hundreds of women who have made their dozen collars per day receiving therefor four cents apiece? Shall they be driven forth to starvation or utter ruin? or will you, who have the means in your hands of awakening public sentiment in their favor, press their claims to the right to work at whatever is lucrative and attractive to them, even if it does seem at first unwomanly, or a little out of their sphere, a sphere which every generation changes either enlarging or contracting according to the spirit of the age.

There is not an employment in the whole range, which is considered as belonging to women, that men do not claim a right to, if they find an attraction in it. The paths of literature where women now by courtesy win and wear their brightest laurels, the path in which her genius burst forth like a new creation of light upon the world, was closed to her till within the last century; while the healing art which had been, through, nearly all time, considered as peculiarly her own, has, within the period of the two last centuries, been entirely wrenched from her, and every avenue to knowledge on the subject closed up, and herself thrown helpless into the hands of the invader; the hours most sacred to her are desecrated by his presence, and the delicacy of her womanhood is wounded, crushed and broken down by his unnatural course which custom sanctions. If on this subject we speak with earnestness it is because we have contemplated with shuddering terror "the great sin of great cities," and have asked in vain for a remedy, which should come through any other channel than the elevation of woman.

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To the charge that (we the editor of the Una) and our associated *emancipados* make but small account of our home duties, we scarcely know what to say or how to treat it seriously. And to the notion that American women generally are behind their European sisters in this respect, it is for us to make defence. When we are told that the "art of making home happy is really a higher art than the Una is disposed to admit," we are put into a position not a little embarassing. We know of no proper and effectual way of settling such a dispute in words. Our apprehension of the matter is that the truth stands just the other way, and we have perhaps the better means of judging.

Emigration brings English, Irish, Scotch, Welch and German house-keeping pretty largely within our observation. European women can not have any thing like equal opportunities of comparison. The result is that we hereby in the confidence of a difference all in our favor invite Miss Cook to visit us at our own home, and will give her such a chance of judging for herself as will decide the question in her mind. But look at the probabilities. The women of this country for want of servants are obliged to get along with what we very significantly call *help*. The words master and mistress are never heard, for the things themselves do not exist (north of Mason's and Dixon's line,) and a character is rarely asked; for nearly all the female servants that we have are European emigrants, and all government over them is lost almost immediately that they discover our habit of doing so much of our own work. The truth is that *we* are so much less addicted to household idleness than their mistresses at home, that they have their doubts whether we are *ladies* after all, our fine houses and plenty of money.

We lose our authority over them, Mademoiselle Editor, just because we are so much nearer your requirement than you yourselves are. If it could ever happen to a servant girl with fair American experience, to return to England, just consult her upon the subject and give the world the benefit of your discoveries, and not trust that you have a full knowledge of a country from authors who are whirled through it, during the traveling season, and imagine that the hotel life which they see, bears any analogy to that of the homes among the people. Where servants turn misstresses so quickly, it is a fair presumption that misstresses are servants; sometimes at least, and we should have no apprehension of finding many among our American wives, whether they are of the "strong minded," the literary or the wealthy classes who could not, with *their own* hands prepare a meal of victuals if the comfort of their household demanded it. Of course we speak of the women of the free States, for we are aware that slavery begets imbecility of both mind and body, and we can but pity and deplore the condition of all classes where the evil exists.

There are many causes for the feebleness of American women, and among them is that of climate or condition of physical geography; but all observation and reflection satisfy us that inattention to *household duties* is not among them, but on the contrary too exclusive occupation within doors is the principal one. Of the climate as an injurious influence we need but remark, this continent is eminently the kingdom of plants, while Europe is that of animals. The Irish bear starvation at home better than here; they endure our climate with our fullness of bread,—the European constitution is greatly superior to that of our native Indian. We, are their physical superiors, just by virtue of the national superiority which we still retain.

The duration of life in our Atlantic cities is about the same as that of London, according to the calculations of the insurance offices, but there is a climatic difference that is obvious in the teeth, complexion and epidemics of this new world, whose effects are not quite sufficiently estimated in the discussion of our subject.

This point of geographical diversity is thrown out now only to arrest a conclusion over hastily drawn against us, but it is not intended to abate any censure which our habits justly invite. It is to reform those habits (which were so severely commented upon by a correspondent in the December number of the Una, and which was attributed to its editor by a writer of Chamber's Edinburg Journal,) that we are employed in our great work; and we take leave to say that editors of public journals owe it to simple justice, to explore our doctrines a little more accurately, and inform themselves more correctly than they have yet done. Nevertheless, we are glad these editors have been thinking at all about our movement, and bringing it into notice among their readers; while at the same time we can but regret for her own sake, that Eliza Cook (whose heart is really so noble and true,) should follow in the wake of some other literary women who are pandering to prejudice and falseness on this subject. Women of genius have separated themselves from humanity, and base their rights upon their superior gifts and endowments. Womanhood is not to be benefited by their sufferings or their progress. Hear Mrs. Norton in her controversy with her husband, "I have a position separate and apart from my woman's destiny; I am known as a writer." She does not seek to refute the calumnies of her husband as a wife, and mother, who has been outraged, or as a woman who has been insulted and defamed, but as an authoress, as a woman of genius. She does not comprehend that the crucifixion of Christ was a legal necessity of his exalted nature, and that every one who approaches him in greatness or goodness must partake his fate, and that atonements are not made to satisfy divine vengeance either in his case or in that of any other martyr or philanthropist. They are the result of this integral unity of the human race. Her pride of authorship blinds her eyes and closes her heart against the thousands of women who are suffering with her. She bids them be quiet in their humble, obscure sphere, and herself looses the sweet, calm joy which might flow into her heart, if she accepted her mission as a *woman*, bearing in her heart the sorrows and sufferings of all who are crushed by unjust laws and false relations.

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Curiously enough while we were busying ourselves with Miss Cook's and Chamber's Journal, the mail brings us "Dickens' Household Words," with two very contradictory articles, one entitled "The rights and wrongs of woman," the other "One of our legal fictions," which will be found in another column. We have some time since given the basis of this pretty piece of pathos and in a much better form, for then it bore the true names of the parties, and made no attempt to awaken feeling. Our correspondent who prepared the history of Mrs. Norton sees the right clearly, and reasons dispassionately; this writer sees the right and feels the wrong. Perhaps some painful personal experience has caused the iron to enter the soul, and when the heart is thus quivering from its hurts, we always fear for the truth, for we know that all statements will receive the purple tinge from it. The writer's feelings demand all that we have ever asked, but in his or her fear makes a thrust at a man of straw, to save being confounded with the bug-bear of "woman's rights."

The other article commences by saying that "no one denies that women have wrongs, we only wrangle over the alphabet of amelioration." He says further "Some advocate her being unsexed as the best means of doing her justice." Now in our little life we have met quite a number of both sexes, who insisted that women had all their rights, that the laws were well enough as they were; if women only trusted they would be taken care of, &c. &c. The writer makes some facetious comments upon female physicians, and brings up a statement with regard to Miss Betsey Miller having commanded a Scotch brig, to prove that the aim is to compel woman, if she asks for justice and right to be done her, to be sea captains, doctors and blacksmiths. While the only demand ever made has been for freedom to develop the powers God has given, and then nature or attraction will settle her sphere. We raise no hue and cry against men, strong men, with their hard muscles and large bones being milliners, shopkeepers, dressmakers, table-waiters, &c. To be sure we do think them better fitted for some other sphere; but then we have respect for 'attractions,' believing them "proportioned to destinies." This writer tells us that the functions of woman "are those of wife and mother" —but makes no provisions for the thousands more women than men, which the British census shows they have. How are these to fullfil their destiny, my dear sir, unless you at once institute polygamy? Don't be shocked sir, at the plain term. If women are always "to walk in the shade of man" it is our humble opinion that men will have to grow very tall to make a shadow that will screen all the wives they must take unto themselves. He says "give us the loving, quiet wife, the good mother, the sweet sister; give us woman beautiful and womanly, and we will dispense with their twelve years service on board a brig, or three years attendance in a dissecting room. Give us gentlewomen who believe in milliners and know the art of needle work, &c.,—and how to sew on buttons." Ah! well, we believe every body, men, as well as women, should know how to do as much for himself as to sew on a button, mend a rent, or care for the baby. We do not despise the making a pudding, and believe religiously in milliners and mantuamakers. We think they ought, in fact, to be artists educated at the expense of the State, so that they should not make frights of pretty women. Let them have science enough to teach them where the apex of a cone should be, and where when they make up a figure, the padding should be put. A little anatomy, at least seems necessary to perfect the mantuamakers; and when Mr. Dickins gets this secret which has been unwillingly wrung from us perhaps, he will be more lenient about dissecting rooms. If we have written nonsense we have followed scripture injunction in answering folly after its own type.

It is sad to find one who has written so earnestly for humanity, as Mr. Dickins has, turning the most sacred subjects to ridicule.

The following notice of a new book in course of publication has been sent us, we are led to suppose, by the author; we give it a place, but must not be held responsible for its doctrines or philosophy. The law of acquisition is one on which there is so many new theories that one feels like waiting to see their workings before accepting them.

For the Una.

A work on *acquisition* "the principle, and perhaps *sole*, law of nature," is in course of stereotype-publication, at Saratoga Springs, and containing a chapter which has been thus dedicated:—

"The following chapter concerning *woman's rights* is (without the knowledge of any person but its author) respectfully dedicated to SUSAN B. ANTHONY, whose earnestness of purpose, honesty of intention, unintermitted industry, indefatigable perseverance, and extraordinary "business talent," are surpassed only by the *virtues* which have illustrated her life—devoted, like that of DOROTHEA DIX—to the cause of humanity.

Such names as are above associated remind us of *many more*, not written *here*; but indelibly impressed upon the *heart* of every philanthropist."

MORNING CALLS IN TUNIS.

Lady E. S. Wortley, in her description of Tunis, says:—"People pay visits at Tunis in rather a curious way, generally. On ordinary occasions you go, not exactly down your friend's chimneys, but something very like it. You walk from roof to roof, and make a descent where you will go down a steep little staircase, communicating with a small door in the terrace-roof; as there is neither knocker nor bell provided, the *visitee* has no chance of saying, 'Not *at home*,' and occasionally this must be tiresome and inconvenient; indeed, one of my Tunis friends told me she often found it unpleasant when engaged in the various and indispensable avocations connected with a well managed household. As for us, we had a very agreeable walk on the roofs, which are beautifully paved with broad stones, and often decorated with little avenues of orange-trees, beds, and parterres

of flowers, and clusters of all kinds of sweet flowering plants—the orange-trees affording a delightful shade in the heat of the day, and the flower-beds the most odoriferous breathings. After we had thus promenaded for some time, we met the daughter of the American consul who, like ourselves, was taking an agreeable little prowl. She invited us to come down the chimney, through the trapdoor, and see her father and mother, which we had much pleasure in doing. The American consul's lady told me it was so long since she had been in the United States, that she had almost forgotten her own native place. After spending a short time with Dr. Heap's amiable family, we ascended once more to the roof, and again proceeded to pay a visit to Mrs. Ferrier. One could not help, however, feeling a little Paul Pryish, thus continually and almost literally dropping in; but we were soon quite reconciled to these slight peculiarities of Tunisian custom."

MEMORANDUM.

THE COLUMBIA FIRE COMPANY,

The oldest in Washington, was instituted in the year 1806. Their engine house was situated in the capitol square, and was burned down by the British at the same time the capitol was destroyed by them, in August, 1814.

All the books and papers belonging to the company were destroyed at that fire, consequently any information relating to the officers and members prior to the re-organization of the company, in 1818, is out of the power of the present company to give.

* * * * * * * *

The company's motto, "Always ready," has invariably been carried into effect, having been in service at every fire of any note in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, worked faithfully at the burning of the Treasury, Post office and Patent-office Departments, have been mainly instrumental in twice saving the Capitol of the United States from entire destruction, at two periods when its Library was destroyed. The company has never been ruled out of service for disorderly conduct, nor has it ever paid a penalty for any breach of Law.

In 1852, the torch of the incendiary was applied to the Columbia Engine House, which was entirely consumed, together with all the furniture, equipments, badges, flags, banners and everything belonging to them save their apparatus alone.

Without house or home, dejected and dispirited, they knew not where to seek for consolation in their difficulties, but Providence sent a fast and enduring friend and benefactress by whose untiring exertions the company was once more enabled to resume the position they had always held. Need we say, that kind friend was Mrs. E. H. Pendleton! a name familiar to every fireman in the city of Washington, and whose memory will be fondly cherished by every Columbian until time shall be no more.

In the darkest hour she stepped forward to cheer and encourage them, their house was soon rebuilt, a magnificent Banner, and the most costly silver Trumpet in the world are monuments of her unbounded liberality; it is also to her exertions and munificence the company is indebted for the handsomely furnished and well stored Library which they now have in their Engine House, where may be seen every evening until 10 o'clock many of the members deeply interested in the perusal of the valuable standard works contained therein. During last winter Lectures were delivered weekly by some of our most prominent citizens, before the company, and were particularly favored by very interesting lectures from *two ladies*. It is also the intention of the company to resume the lectures the ensuing winter.

Such is the influence of Woman; would that it were more generally directed to the encouragement of the much abused and neglected Firemen; she would find strong hands and warm hearts to second her efforts in bringing to light the good traits that lie concealed in the character of the Volunteer Fireman.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

The New England Woman's Rights Convention assembled in Boston, on Friday, June 2. It was the day on which poor Burns was consigned to hopeless bondage; and though very many friends of the Woman's Rights movement staid to see his sad surrender, still, at an early hour, the hall was literally crowded with earnest men and women, whom a deep interest in the cause had drawn together.

The meeting was called to order by LUCY STONE, and the following list of officers chosen:—

President,

SARAH H. EARLE.

Vice Presidents—Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, Mass.; Mrs. A. F. Fairbanks, Samuel W. Wheeler. R. I.; Rev. S. S. Griswold, Gertrude K. Burleigh, Ct.; Eliza Spaulding, Rev. A Battles, Me.; Caroline Foster, Benj. B. Chase, N. H.; Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, Rev. Jehiel Claflin, Vt.

Secretaries—Sarah Pellet, Miss E. M. Tarr.

Business Committee—Lucy Stone, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Jones, E. L. Capron, Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, Wendell Phillips, Abby K. Foster.

After a short, but very pertinent address by the President, LUCY STONE, on behalf of the Business Committee, offered the following resolutions, which were left open for discussion:—

1. Resolved, That no accident of birth can determine the sphere of any mortal; and, since the existence of a power presupposes a right to its use, capacity, and not sex, is the only limit of sphere.

2. Resolved, That since the pecuniary dependence of woman, with its sad results, grows out of the present circumscribed sphere of her activities; it is her duty, as she alone can do it, to make that sphere wider by seeking all honest sources of remunerative industry, whether they have hitherto been accorded to her sex or not.

3. Resolved, That the unreasonable prejudice, in our so-called higher classes, which makes it more honorable for a woman to live in dependent idleness than to earn her own bread, is one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of woman; and we would pay especial honor to those women who have risen above the prejudice, and preferred active usefulness to luxurious ease.

4. Resolved, That since 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' to withhold the right of suffrage from woman is a practical denial of this self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence.

5. Resolved, That 'taxation without representation is tyranny.'

6. Resolved, That the political influence of woman is especially needful in this trial hour of our country, now convulsed with passion, and oppressed by force; and will be needed still more in the coming crisis; therefore,

7. Resolved, That we will petition the several Legislatures, at every coming session, to call Conventions for the purpose of amending their State Constitutions, so that the right to vote shall not be limited to male citizens; and that women may be admitted to a full share in the political, executive and judicial action of our country.

8. Resolved, That the Common Law, which governs the marriage relation, and blots out the legal existence of a wife, denies her right to the product of her own industry, denies her equal property right, even denies her right to her children and the custody of her own person, is grossly unjust to woman, dishonorable to man, and destructive to the harmony of life's holiest relation.

9. Resolved, That the laws which destroy the legal individuality of woman, after her marriage, are equally pernicious to man as to woman, and may give to him in marriage a slave or a tyrant, but never a wife.

Letters were received from Paulina W. Davis, Rev. T. W. Higginson, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, and Sarah Crosby.

Mrs. Emma R. Coe, Josephine S. Griffing, Rev. S. S. Griswold, Sarah Pellet, Wm. L. Garrison, Mrs. Moreton and Lucy Stone participated in the discussions, of which it is enough to say, that they were worthy of the cause.

Committees were appointed, from each of the New England States, to circulate petitions for securing a change in the laws regulating the property of married women, and limiting the right of suffrage to men.

The Convention adjourned at 10 o'clock. P. M., the deepest interest having been manifested through the entire session—*Liberator.*

Liberal donation $50, by Francis Jackson of Boston, to the Woman's Rights Convention, on the memorable second of June, 1854—a day triumphant to slavery by the rendition of Burns—the slave—a minister of the Baptist denomination in his Southern home.

LUCY STONE.

Partly in Warren and partly in West Brookfield, Mass., lies a grand old hill, which was pointed out to us as we passed over the Western Railroad, Massachusetts, and half way up its eastern slope, whose elevation costs a good hour's walk among big rocks, that most resemble little barns, lies the farm-house of Francis Stone—a jolly, well-to-do old farmer of Puritan New England stamp, who made Coy's Hill his home in early manhood, and, with a wife congenial in spirit, there brought up a family of seven children, four of them still on earth—of whom one Lucy, the world-known Lucy Stone, is a younger member. With the kitchen work for months, and an occasional out-door life, when the hay or grain might get a wetting, with picking chestnuts in the woods, and apples in the orchards, with driving cows and milking, playing hull-gull, and telling stories at the winter fireside, and the thousand little toils and pleasures with brothers and sisters of life at home, and six months yearly at the district school, where lessons were dispatched by a single reading and the rest of the day left for play, Lucy passed her earliest girlhood.

Passing intermediate events—her struggle with Dame Fortune, who denied her a prize, while she gave her an ardent thirst for knowledge, and the happiest and rarest method of communicating it—we will find her next standing, first, in one of the best classes of Oberlin College where she helped herself by teaching—and no one could satisfy her classes so well as Lucy—honored and loved, and respected by students and Professors. The sequel up to the present our readers know already, for since leaving Oberlin some six years ago, her life has been in public.

Taking a first position in the work of general reform, teaching by example as well as precept, a woman of most attractive manner both on and off the platform, with the persevering industry that merits high reward, she has won for herself a position in the public estimation beyond the fear of criticism. "I never met Lucy when she had not something interesting to say;" the Editorial Reporters say, "Lucy's speeches shall always find a place in our columns;" and the best critics say, "I have never, anywhere, heard a speaker whose style of eloquence I more admired;" the pride of her acquaintances, the idol of the crowd, wherever she goes the people *en masse* turn out to hear Lucy Stone, and are never weary of her stirring eloquence. —*Cayuga Chief.*

A chapter from a new novel, a book which speaks for itself, utters its own philosophy calmly, clearly, and with a consciousness of its truth and power.

BERTHA AND LILY; OR, THE PARSONAGE OF BEECH GLEN. J. C. Derby, 8 Park Place, New York; Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston; H. W. Derby, Cincinnati.

The excitement of the people and the continual accession of numbers delayed the service to a late hour; added to this, when the procession was about to form, a sudden shower arose, not unfrequent amid the mountains, but which added to the awe of the people, when it was observed, that one flash of light gave voice to a loud reverberating clap of thunder, and a flow of rain like a deluge. The rain pattered, and danced, and darkened the way, and as it ceased or rather moved off over the hills to the east, the procession wound its way beneath the shadows of the mountains down to the beautiful valley designed as the resting place of the stranger.

Neither Julia nor Bertha appeared publicly; but as the procession approached the quiet nook, I was pleased to see two figures, each in a large black cloak, and closely veiled beneath one of the stately trees that garnished the spot. The deep silence of the multitude, the melancholy history of the man about to be consigned to his last resting, the sight of these two women in their long robes, thus presenting the appearance of graceful statuary, or antique mutes, relieving the solitary aspect of the woods and waters with a sense of human interest, all conspired to touch the vein of enthusiasm and poetry in my soul, and I walked onward in front of the procession, with a new and beautiful gaze into the great soul of mother earth.

Scarcely had the pall bearers placed the body beside the open vault, when the shower, which had left the rustle of its robe upon the forest trees, their bare branches streaming with gems, met a full blaze of the setting sun, and a clear, beautiful rainbow spanned the hills, and hung like a pure smile of divine benignity along the sky. I sank upon my knees, and the great mass of the people did the same; and as I repeated, "I am the resurrection and the life," and prayed, no lip uttered prayer; the calm was as if every heart *gave* but one great beat.

Then the sweet voice of Julia, clear and patronizing, sang:

"Unveil thy bosom, sacred tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust," etc.

and one after another the people joined, sending their voices into the solitudes, as the primitive christians had made the caves and rocks resound with their pious melody, and at the doxology, I think, not a voice was silent.

As I returned to the parsonage, I found the tables had been spread with bread and meat, and fruits, and the people were freely permitted to partake. I saw the foresight of Julia in this, for the custom so beautiful and appropriate in our ancestors, is fast falling into disuse amongst us.

As I looked from my window out upon the scene already becoming obscure in the twilight, I saw a streak of light between the hills gleamed yet upon the spot, and the gravedigger moved hither and thither at his unfinished task. An hour afterwards he was still there, and another, whom I perceived to be John True; and as the moon arose higher in the zenith, I observed the outlines of a cross marking the spot. This cross was made of unhewn timber, and was closely bound with evergreen. I knew that Bertha was the creator of this touching tribute.

THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS.

The fourth number of this interesting publication, by Prof. B. Jaeger, is on our table. We have omitted a notice of this work previously, not because we were not greatly interested in it, but because some one else felt so great an interest as to take our copy before we had more than time to look at the colored engravings of five or six insects. Each number of the work contains thirty two pages of popular instruction upon ENTOMOLOGY; the print is excellent, the illustrating plate finely executed, and the whole series will make a valuable addition to any library. In the number before us the insects treated of are the Locust of Scripture, the Lyerman, Metamorphosis of Cicadas, the Lanthorn Fly, Lice, the Bed Bug, its native country, Kabzebues, narative of the Persian Bug, the Squash Bug, its injuries and how to prevent them. The Shield Lice or Scale Insects, &c. In speaking of the Cochineal and the mode of its cultivation, he says "the exports of it alone amount yearly to two and a half millions." "There are for this branch of industry plantations containing more than fifty thousand cactus plants, cultivated for no other purpose, than to serve as food for these valuable little Insects. The cultivation and preparation of this article of commerce most generally falls to the lot of the Indian women."

GENIUS, TALENT AND CLEVERNESS.

Genius rushes like a whirlwind—talent marches like a cavalcade of heavy men and heavy horses—cleverness skims like a swallow in the summer evening, with a sharp, shrill note and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces. The man of talent will attack theories, the clever man will assail the individual, and slander private character. The man of genius despises both; he heeds none, he fears none, he lives in himself, shrouded in the consciousness of his own strength; he interferes with none, and walks forth an example that "eagles fly alone—they are but sheep that herd together." It is true, that should a posionous worm cross his path he may tread it under foot; should a cur snarl at him he may chastise him; but he will not, cannot attack the privacy of another. Clever men write *verses*, men of *talent* write *prose*, but the man of *genius* writes *poetry*.—*Hazlitt.*

Mistress Caroline Post has been appointed Post Mistress in Gilead, Conn., vice Henry Higgins, resigned.

NOTICE.

25 per cent. will be allowed to persons obtaining subscriptions for the Una.

NOTICE.

The official report of the Convention was so long delayed that we are compelled to give only the resolutions as taken from the Liberator.

LECTURES—Our western exchanges speak in warmest terms of praise of Mrs F. D. Gage's lectures, and her own letters are full of enthusiasm about the broad, beautiful, new West. Iowa seems from her descriptions like the land of promise. One extract in which she speaks of an early teacher, is so full of gratitude and touching pathos that we cannot withhold it.

"Speaking of the Education given to our girls, led her to think of the past, and the circumscribed privileges given to women in the days when she was taking her first lessons in life. And here she asked permission to speak of one who gave the first training in the school room, to her own budding thought; one at whose knee, long, long ago, she stood, and learned her A B C, from whom, too, she gathered lessons of truth and words of wisdom for coming years. She taught her to be strong and true, self reliant, and independent; and on, and on, through life, her words had been remembered with grateful affection. She now sits in your midst. Allow me the grateful privilege to speak her name—the name of MISS MARY GOSS. Ah, little did she think when she planned her visit to Mount Pleasant, that she should clasp the hand, and look into the face of the long loved, and venerated preceptor of her childhood! In conclusion she asked of the audience, sympathy and kindness for this excellent woman. She who had walked through life alone, bearing her own burdens, and lightening the burdens of others, has a claim upon the kind regards of those with whom her lot is cast, now that the weight of years is pressing upon her, and grey hairs gathering upon her brow. Be kind to her, stay her failing footsteps, and smooth her downward path of life for her trembling feet, even as she has done for others through life's long journey."

We trust those who listened to these lectures will heed the closing injunction of Mrs. Gage, that if she had uttered aught of truth, it might be like seed sown in good ground yielding a harvest of good deeds.

For the Una.

CHILD AND POET.

Why do you *live* little sunny faced child,
Is it useful to sing with the twittering birds?
Is it useful to roam where the silly sheep herds?
Or aimlessly wander the upland and wild?

What is it, child, that you carelessly strew?
Singing, you scatter but foolish flower seeds;
Oh child, they'll be checked by rank springing weeds,
And what were the use of all May-blooms that grow.

"Nay, but *you* pause while I wander along,
Standing forth from the wearying surge of world care,
A heart smile has crept to your lips unaware,
And your flower age comes back with the soul of my song!"

Hartford. SALLIE.

Good qualities, like great abilities, are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

Envy feeds upon the living: after death it ceases—then every man's well-earned honors defend him against calumny—*Ovid.*

LETTERS.

The following beautiful letter from Mrs. Severance, addressed to the Sybil, has been kindly transferred to the Una, for which, as guardian of the young child, the Sybil has our most cordial thanks.

For the Sybil.

CLEVELAND, April 12th, 1854.

Dear Sybil,

You have asked for a letter—and I am saying to myself, wonderingly, will she willingly abide the consequences? Being not in a statistic or methodical mood to-day, but in a genuine, reckless, epistolary mood, so conquered and carried on by the beautiful Spring influences of this balmy day,—a day which has fallen upon us in our early Aprilhood, by strange mischance, fresh and full-sunned from the heart of June—that criticism and quiet judgment are alike impossible to me—what so rambling and lawless a pen may give you, is exceedingly problematic, and therefore were better submitted to your own impartial censorship; and is hereby prospectively and without reserve thus submitted. You have felt in kindred mood with mine to-day, many and many a time no doubt, under the awakening of nature from its long months repose in the glad Spring-time. The early birds twittering as they leap from bough to bough in their restless exuberant joy, the sounds of out-door industry which have come again with the glad sun-light, the delicious air, upon which, there seems a balm of health, and a spell of quiet worship, of almost palpable incense, all awaken within the soul a kindred joy and youth, a foretaste and a prophecy of the full life awaiting nature everywhere. Before launching finally upon its bosom, the mind lingers lovingly upon its past, living a double life for the brief space, what has been brightened and intensified by the coming of that which is to be; as pauses the foot of a traveller, when reaching in glad impatience the last stretch of the beach which links him to his native land, and all that land grows golden and blessed, seen through his parting eyes.

It may be that thus our past Ohio winter looks, brighter to my backward vision, than it will ever look again; but abating the glow of present sunlight thus cast upon it, it was one to be happy in now, as while in passing. And yet in the review I find little of incident to relate. Life outwardly has gone much with us at the West, as in your eastern latitudes; no doubt we have had a city's usual winter gaities, but of these I can say less than ever, so happily and entirely have I been otherwise occupied.

Life cannot go very far amiss or be greatly lacking, if only, as Emerson says, the soul be high and strong enough to "orient itself." A high purpose, a pure consciousness of stedfastness to nature and to life's great aims, suffice to this—there the outward tide may ebb and flow as it may list, the anchorage will be secure, and the progress true.

In common with many Western cities, we have enjoyed a course of lectures, well selected in the main, before our young Men's Library Association, which have gathered audiences from week to week, larger than have been called together for any other object. Lectures such as these, together with the forming or removal of acquaintance with many of the speakers, have been the features of social and intellectual life, I have most enjoyed. How beautifully our webs of Iron and Steam are weaving into one Brotherhood, the taste, and culture, and genius hitherto isolated in solitary souls, or familiar only to rare localities! a fabric firmer and of more worth intrinsically and prophetically, than any results of science hitherto.

Among the Lectures there was every variety of manner and thought from the polished utterance and somewhat Byronic *personnel* of George Curtis, to the direct, and earnest, and unstudied Theodore Parker strong ever in his directness and grasp of thought.

None of them all gave me more delight than did those of Horace Mann, an admirable, out-spoken lecture upon "The conditions of Progress," or some equivalent title, but treating mainly and earnestly upon the necessity of obedience to the stern laws of the physical being, as the first condition of all truly effective growth of mind or soul; and that of T. Starr King, upon "Substance and Show," a classification by which the Ideal and Spiritual were made more the real and most powerful forces of nature, and facts of life—and which in beauty of diction, eloquence of thought, and chasteness and significance of imagery, I do not remember ever to have heard surpassed.

Many others were exceedingly able and interesting, especially those of E. H. Chapin, and our excellent friend Com. N. Channing, but I have no time to particularise farther; Bayard Taylor who has since spoke here, I did not hear, to my regret, being absent at the time. The allusion to the lecture of Horace Mann, reminds me of an illustration of the opposite, viz.: that disease and death are special visitations from the hand of the Almighty, —which from personal knowledge and interest in the case greatly distressed me. It was that of the funeral of a child a few weeks since, the fourth of the same household within as many years. The father had been intemperate from his very boyhood, had gone through all the penalties of such a course in his own person, in terrible attacks of sickness and their ultimate in delirium tremens, until now despite a naturally strong, robust constitution, he was but a wreck of his former self. The mother married to him at a time when most men were addicted to like habits, to a greater or less degree, was also long years ago ruined in health and hope, through the crushing anxieties and cares, midnight vigils, and the necessity which drove her many a time into the winter's air by day and night to escape the fury of one thus maddened and brutalized.

The children born under such habits and conditions, have been carried many of them to the grave in earliest infancy; of those who have had vitality sufficient to meet life's needs a brief space longer, two have gone through a rapid decline—and of those which remain one has become a paralytic, and hopelessly blind at his twelfth year, and another paralyzed at *three*, so as to be already a cripple at that tender age! Knowing all this, I was greatly shocked—as I need not have been had I remembered the unavoidable interpretation of such calamities, under the prevalent theology—to hear the minister who had been called in, a man whose goodness and faithfulness to the truth as he holds it, I do not question, dwell upon "the chastisement of the Lord," "the rod with which *He* smites, but only to bless," and the "duty therefore of bowing submissively under such chastisements, and trusting where we *cannot trace* His Hand."—Alas, alas, thought I, when will Ignorance and Lies cease to slay their thousands and tens of thousands, if those appointed to teach the word, the truth, do not proclaim fearlessly the crime and the necessary consequences of living in disregard of God's sure and beautiful laws of life and health, do not show their people that the chastisement is from their own hands and doings, and not that the Great Father steps out of his place to punish arbitrarily by snatching the beloved from the parents' arms.

Such teaching as the present must and does beget "hard thoughts of God," and leaves the sinner to sin on in ignorance and hardness of heart.

The preacher I found was ignorant of the facts in this case; but of what avail would it have been to have known them, I could but ask myself. I will not say that in this individual instance it might not have modified the speaker's words—but with the most, I am well persuaded, *the creed* would have blinded their eyes to the teaching of such facts, or the *necessity* to preach it would have fettered the utterance.

But to another theme; you are anxious to know of the reception of our Memorial to the Legislature upon the subject of woman's wrongs legally and civilly. It was all we could have hoped. There was to be sure a vote at first in the negative, upon the motion to suspend the rules for our hearing, but an explanation was immediately entered into upon the misunderstanding which had influenced such a vote, and a motion for reconsideration offered by Mr. Jewett, the Senator from Muskingham, who holds a position of influence in the Senate, and deservedly if we may judge from his presence and bearing at that time. This resulted in the reversal of the primary vote; and the attention thereafter to the reading of the document, the unanimity of the vote for its printing, and the personal courtesies of members and comments of the editors were very gratifying, betokening interest in the subject, and promising well for our effort. It remains to be seen, how far our hopes shall be realised.

The Petitions accompanying our Memorial were signed by about eight thousand persons, over three thousand to the petition for the granting of the franchise, and more than four to that for equal property rights, collected mainly in a few northern and central counties, and in the briefest possible space, through the limited time allowed for action, because of the absence of one active member of the committee of arrangements. These were referred to Dr. Townsend, as committee of one,—the able and excellent Senator from Lorain, formally congressional representative from the same district, a tried and true friend of freedom and progress, who we understand is to report a bill or bills, before the close of the session.

Before leaving Columbus, Harriot K. Hunt, M.D., who had kindly allowed herself to be persuaded into filling unofficially the place in the committee, left vacant by the absence of Mrs. Coe, the regularly appointed member, was earnestly invited to lecture, and did accordingly deliver an able and acceptable lecture upon "Woman as Physician," to a large and highly attentive audience in the second Presbyterian church. She was also well received socially and professionally, by prominent members of the medical fraternity.

The action of the lower branch of the New York Legislature upon the petitions similar to ours, in passing a bill securing to woman her earnings in support of herself and children, in case of the neglect or desertion of the husband and father; and making the signature of the *mother* necessary to the validity of an indenture for services or apprenticeship, is gratifying as a beginning in the right direction, although the conditions inserted leaves woman yet under the power of any tyrannical husband who may not be a drunkard, or choose to desert or neglect her altogether, and yet *may* see fit to appropriate her earnings to his individual pleasure or passions. The adjournment may interfere with the taking up of the bill at the present session by the Senate, as it may in our own case, prevent any perfected action. We shall, however, have taken the initiative, thrown the subject in a manner before the people, and given a pledge of what may be expected hereafter. Indeed so great has been the general ignorance of the arguments sustained and the motives influencing our movement, that we have only reason for thankfulness and encouragement, that our efforts are so well received, and have promise of so candid a consideration. Politicians may decry each other as they will, and maintain with singular sharp-sightedness of the inference upon their own reputation, that public life and responsibility are *necessarily* corrupting, we shall believe only what we must of all this, and venture to oppose it their own, one assertion, that they *are better* than they claim, that none among them all are hopelessly lost to virtue and honor, and sense of justice; and that the more the man better the politician, may and should be the truth. But my limits are far transcended, and your patience taxed to little profit I fear.

Truly yours, C. M. S.

BRATTLEBORO, June 1st, 1854.

Dear Lucy,

I have "hoped against hope" till this very latest moment, to be able to attend the Convention of to-morrow, and now hasten to render the reasons, that you may know my heart is with you in your deliberations.

The recent death of my beloved father and several weeks attendance on his sick-bed, so

prostrated my energies, that with the necessary labor of bringing my household arrangements up with the season, still incomplete, I am forced to the conclusion, that a common prudence would prescribe the quiet of home, rather than a tiresome journey to a scene where the still progressing struggle between the "lovers of their kind" and the "haters of human flesh," would intensify my already too intense feeling in the result.

Well may woman feel herself in bonds, as bound with the poor enslaved humanity in this aristocracy governed nation.

Legally powerless to aid in the rescue of the millions of her fellow creatures from a bondage that combines all the horrible entailments of sin —well may the intelligent women of the country ask why God has made them to feel more keenly, if they were designed to have and exercise less power and fewer means than man, in the relief of human sufferings—in the banishment of oppression and wrong?

"Taxation without representation is tryanny," said our fathers, and their souls reiterated the truth while they deny to woman the right of representation. But it is more than tyranny to us, the nominally free women of the country. We are forced into complicity with acts of tyranny. We are taxed to sustain courts and armed troops, to strip our fellow creatures of their "inalienable rights." Our court arms itself to fight for *slavery*, and *freedom* is gravely consigned to the keeping of the *moral* forces of the nation, while woman, the acknowledged guardian of morals, public and private, is unblushingly denied the privilege and right to wield the grandest moral weapon of a free people, the ballot!

But courage, Sisters! the good and the wise are coming to our rescue. And ere long we, the mothers and sisters of the nation, may help in freedom's fight—not casting bullets, but *ballots*—not arming ourselves with deadly weapons, but with that knowledge of the moral and physical laws of our being which gives "power unto salvation."

Allow me in concluding this brief note to call your attention to the following communication by a correspondent of the New York Tribune—

WOMAN AS LAWYER, DOCTOR AND MINISTER.

La Fayette, Ind., Thursday May 11, 1854.

A plan is before the people of this vicinity for a Western Female University, to educate woman for each of the professions. This project is started by the Baptist Society, through the agency of the Rev. A. Tucker of this city. The University will be located either here or at Indianapolis, as the citizens of either city shall contribute more largely to its stock. The beautiful hills east of this city, overlooking the Wabash, are really the most desirable location. But we wish the good people would start with the higher ideal of a Union College, for this must be the ultimate result of such a project. But they hope to be entirely free from sectarianism in the institution, and we wish it all success. Yours for Humanity, H.

This being the first evidence of sympathy with our churches, exhibited by any religious body in the country, I respectfully propose that a resolution of thanks be offered by the Convention, cordially responding to the sentiments of the Baptists of Indiana, who in this movement give a most unqualified endorsement to the right and propriety of woman's occupying the highest, as well as the lowest offices that minister to human advancement and human happiness. For if she may be a lawyer, an advocate at the Bar, she may be a Judge, a Juror, and States Attorney.

Only regretting that I cannot enjoy deliberations, which are commanding the attention of too many true and able men and women to suffer by the absence of any one friend of the cause,

I remain, yours,

In the bonds of a common humanity,

C. I. H. NICHOLS.

To Lucy Stone,
T. W. Higginson,
W. Phillips,
} Committee.

To Dr. Harriot K. Hunt.

Dear Madam—I am called home from Boston by professional duties, which prevent my presence at your Convention, on Friday. I had hoped to attend and hear your debates, perhaps unite in them. On common anniversary weeks it is easy to make speeches on philanthropy in the city of the Pilgrims; but when the awful problem of social wrong concentrates and assumes the outward form that now frowns in our New England Bastile, it is no light matter to decide what we shall say, or towards what feature of the complex evil of society, we shall direct our gaze. The great spectacle of this day throws us back upon the consideration of the primary elements of the social States, and we stand silent to try to recall from what seed of evil among us has sprung up this Upas of despotism in freedom's chosen garden. I will not now waste breath upon the men who can do these things, while I can address some of them who are to be the friends, wives and mothers of those who will sit in their places, when they are summoned to the assize of God. Cold hearted and of narrow mind must be that woman who does not now feel the grandeur and peril of her gift of womanhood, and ask herself; "what can I do and be that spectacles like this combined and complete wrong may no more exist?"

Yet who shall answer this question? not man but woman herself. I distrust theories of woman's rights or wrongs extemporised by men on convention platforms. A man's creed concerning woman is his complete experience of womanhood, read in the searching commentary of his *conduct* to his mother, wife, daughter and friends, and since he must leave the commentary at home, and cannot well tell a thousand people in convention assembled the best or worst he knows of your sex, I look with incredulity upon these portraits of the ideal woman exhibited to applauding ladies. Indeed I do not believe it lies in man either to give or take away your real rights; and therefore it is not given to him to emancipate you from your real wrongs. Doubtless he is to aid woman in this great work, but all he can actively do is to remove a few outward obstacles, and support you by his constant reverence and love. That he should, as far as may be, remove these outward obstacles, I never doubted. Shame on the man who can meet with hatred or contempt any sincere endeavor of woman towards womanhood! He is not a man who can refuse to the mother who bore, and the wife who loves him, any social or political privileges bestowed on himself by the providence of God. Yet this is not giving to woman her rights; it is only saying he will not stand in her way, if she will take them. Freedom is not of position, but of the soul. The *men* of America can acquire and own property, and of that very gold how many have forged their own chains; they can occupy all positions, and how many are but beasts of burden, sweating under the tyranny of professional routine; they can vote, and they have voted the spectacle of this week. I know not that woman would use better than he these social privileges. The ownership of property, the freedom of professional choice; free suffrage are no less the chief temptation and peril than the chief blessings of American civilization. Woman now is flattered and scared out of her *womanhood* by man; will she who gives away her soul and body in obedience to custom, refuse her vote, or gold, or professional integrity when she has it to give? All these are hers by right as they are ours, yet they neither can make her nor us free; and when man has done all in this way he ought, he can only stand by and hope and cheer, while she secures her own rights of Christian womanhood.

To say that nobody can confer this right, that it is to be gained alone by facing life and shaping one's own soul amid the mysteries of this strange world is but a truism; yet it is the whole matter in a nutshell. The man or woman who seeks to invent any social theory which shall stand in the place of work and life is fatally mistaken. All things are for your sakes, *you who will use all things*; all things are vain to her who cannot inform them with her own life. If I might presume to speak to the young women who come to your convention, with all respect I would say to each; —*Become a woman*, and woman's *rights* will gravitate to you as surely as the planets to the sun. The best thing you can carry away from this conference is not the sense of injury and wrong; for nobody has entire justice in this world, and it is but folly to expect it. The best thing you can carry from this conference is a secret, silent resolve to be a woman after God's own law; to be and do the best for which you were created. I need not say that this resolve implies, as its preliminary condition, a consecration to your Maker which will lift you above the consideration of those hindrances which frighten so many female children of every age. Would you be a true woman? It is the best thing to be in this world, *therefore* the most difficult. Do not hope to wear such a crown except through toils and trials which man can neither endure nor freely conceive. Does it seem to you that a special course of conduct is the right line to that consummation? Then go *and do* what you desire. *Of course* the majority of men and women will doubt your capacity; they doubt us; they will always doubt, oppose and ridicule till you silence them—not with arguments, but with *success*. *Success* will bring society at your feet; and the woman who any where in life has *succeeded*, need hold no controversy with opponents; for these who defamed her in her day of small things, will furnish more numerous and powerful arguments in her defence, in her day of triumph. While, therefore, I blame no woman for longing and laboring earnestly for better circumstances, or sorrowing under the social slights and deprivations which a noble life necessitates, I can only say to her who stands half convinced and trembling before her destiny;

'This is not my affair, but yours only; and much as I *would* do for you, or rejoice at your success, yet if the world of folly and conventional sharers *can* beat you, I doubt whether it is my duty to leave my battle unfought to lead your forlorn hope.'

I believe madam, your convention will do good. I suppose the majority of the *plans* therein broached for reorganizing society will meet the fate of a majority borne elsewhere. Indeed, nobody can tell *how* woman shall be emancipated in America. Your verdict on the case must go in to swell the myriad words spoken towards its solution. You are one division of the vast army cancelled in the Christian crusade of the 19th century, for the elevation of the sex that stands one step nearer the issues of all life than our's. You surely do not count yourselves the whole army, or underrate the more obscure labors of your fellow soldiers, scattered through the homes of America. You will respect your own sphere of effort, and be faithful therein, and never doubt that all good men and women directly or indirectly are marching with you towards the proposed end. The emancipation of woman is the most vital of all our social reforms, therefore the most difficult. The scales must be golden and held in pure and steady hands that can weigh such interests as those with which you deal. I believe you will have your share of the honor as well as obloquy of this grand enterprise. Work on and the Lord who gave to this world the fair image of himself in woman, will see to it, that all her past and present humiliation becomes the discipline that shall make her strong to give her final supremacy.

A. D. Mayo.

Gloucester, Mass. June 1st, 1854.

[FOR THE CONVENTION.]

Worcester, June 1st, 1854.

Dear Friend,

I thought it hardly possible that any circumstances could prevent me from attending our Convention in Boston to-morrow; but circumstances have arisen which must inevitably prevent it; and I can only give you sympathy and hope, that come from my inmost heart.

I know that in a time like this, during a week so full of startling incidents and sad forebodings, it will be hard to turn aside to think of the singular daily tragedy of woman's wrongs. Yet if the Woman's Rights movement is less immediately important than the abolition movement, it is because this last slavery is really first to be removed in order of time; while the slavery of woman lies deeper in the social system, is fixed more firmly in history, and all the while is far less openly delineated and expressed.

This lesson at least may be learned from the present crisis; that if we live in a nation whose laws are half barbarous as regards *men*, it is idle to suppose them already pure and perfect in the more difficult province, of legislation for women.

It seems to me that every age has its own *test questions*. The Anti-slavery movement has tested the intellectual consistency of men; but now its theory is established; and it only tests their moral consistency. The Woman's Movement is still in its abstract stage, it does not test the moral consistency of its advocates as yet, for it demands few sacrifices. But it is *the* intellectual problem of the age, and I test the mental clearness and consistency of every man and woman by their acceptance or non acceptance of the solution which is embodied in our Convention. Never again, I pray you, express thanks to any man or woman, for advocating this pure truth; such advocacy is its own great reward; indeed no one's mind is developed who has stopped short of this. To this is due the remarkable rapidity with which the new idea has spread among the best minds; but this rapidity will increase and not diminish. And if we look to the Future, I cannot form a doubt that the time will come, when to have rendered the very least service to this greatest Reform of the age, will be deemed ground sufficient for grateful remembrance and a lasting fame.

Yours respectfully and affectionately,

T. W. Higginson.

Lucy Stone.

Dear Mrs. Davis:—Am I not a pioneer? think of it; talking woman's rights to the people one hundred and eleven miles from the mouth of the Des Moine, in the "far west" of Iowa. You are ready to exclaim, I dare say, "Who does she talk to?" I answer, to good houses and intelligent communities of thinking people, liberal enough to hear, and generous enough to tolerate a difference of opinion; and, as you will see from the above list, earnest to read and investigate for themselves, and independent enough to pay their dollars down, at the first suggestion.

Iowa is very young, but very large of its age, and very precocious. Its children are the children of intelligent fathers and mothers, who taught them common sense in their childhood, and gave them more expansive ideas on some subjects than the first founders of other States; and they have begun upon a better foundation to build up their superstructure of future greatness, than did the old confederacy.

Here, woman has some rights,—the control of her own property, or of any that may come to her by devise or will, after she is married. Some other advantages, which I cannot here detail, dignify their code.

On Temperance, too, they began well; and yet there is a deep feeling in this State to go still further, and enact a prohibitory law, which shall secure the people from the terrible effects of the infamous traffic. The effect of this law is plainly visible in the interior. The tavern doors are not so thronged by red-eyed loafers, and there is less appearance of rowdyism, and neglect; you seldom meet a drunken staggerer upon the street.

I have never had better or larger audiences, for the amount of the population, in any country, nor have I ever found more generous friends. As is ever the case, a little freedom makes the heart ask for more, and I think the Iowa women will soon learn, that to own property without the right of representation, and to have their fortunes, as well as dollars, "governed without consent from the governed," is no more justice and right now than in the days of the revolution.

This is a magnificent country. The dwellers of the East cannot conceive of its beauty, or its progress. They must come and see,—and they will exclaim, like the Queen of Sheba, "The half has not been told us."

Yours truly, F. D. GAGE.

[For the Una.]

Mrs. Davis:—I read with much interest, in the March number of the "Una," a brief exposition of the objects and purposes of the community, established in New Jersey. May it have the largest success and perpetuity. Meantime, allow me to ask, why the writer, in describing the operation of an enterprise, which must be *practical*, should make use of ambiguous or obscure phraseology? Now, for instance, what, in the name of common sense, *is* the meaning of "*passional group?*" A Frog is a Frog,—there he sits on the margin of the pool, his round bright eyes, and green jacket, glistening in the sun-beams. I joyfully recognise him as familiar acquaintance; but let him have the ill luck to pass into the artistic hands of Monsieur, the French *cuisiner*, and I could no longer identify my old friend, the amphibious songster of the marshes, or decide whether his hind quarters were "fish, flesh, or good red herring." In like manner, it appears, there may be combinations of our own vernacular which all the elucidations of Lexicographers cannot render intelligible.

Permit me to say a few words on a subject of much greater importance than mystical sentences, inasmuch as deeds have a greater effect, for good or ill, than words. It seems to me that the few women

"Faithful only found among the faithless,"

who have so bravely espoused our cause—a cause which is to us one of Life or Death—emphatically the "*bread* question," should have directed all their efforts to the abolishment of *white* slavery. *One* of the heads of Hydra was surely as much as so small a force should have attacked at once. We *need, this* side the Mason and Dixon line, *all that could be done*. The black slave, when old or disabled, has a sure support; she is in happy ignorance of her own degradation. It must be that our friends know not the magnitude, the length and depth of the evil they have so nobly undertaken to combat. On those women, to whom God has given the will and talent and opportunity, must depend the happiness or misery of future generations of white women in this country. Why go abroad for the enemy when he is in our midst?

Elmira, N. Y., June 5th. Isola.

Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis.

Many thanks, my dear madam. You are doing your work *womanfully*—which I take it is rather better for a woman, than *manfully*. I endorse herewith my subscription.

Do you remember the anecdote of sir Astley Cooper? Sir, said a surgeon, who had just finished a very dangerous operation upon a young soldier—Sir, I congratulate you—you bore it like a *man*. Excuse me, said Sir Astley—in my judgment, he bore it like a *woman*.

Your friend and well wisher,

John Neal.

Portland, March 15th, 1854.

Washington, June 13th.

Dear M.—The thirtieth of May was one of those bright days ever memorable to the heart. The air breathed over the spring flowers as pure and fresh as at creation's dawn, and the waters sang and danced as blithely, and leaped as gracefully over the rocks, and hid themselves in shady nooks, with the same playful joyousness as at the first hour of their being "gathered together under the firmament." The azalias, the rhododendron, the laurel, the lupin, and the wild rose on the mountain's side gave forth their sweet fragrance, and the songs of the birds, rich, clear, and harmonious, so chained the eye and ear, and so filled the heart with joy and gladness, that we scarcely realized we were *alone* in the crowded car, and that every puff of the engine, and every roll of the wheel was bearing us to the home of our childhood. Quite unexpected to us was this release from the city for a few days, that we might revel in scenes where our early life passed like a dream. After two days of rapid travelling we found ourselves in L——, that most beautiful of Western New York villages. Time has wrought but few changes. The

old mill that was the wonder and delight of childhood seems something smaller now than of yore—three, four, or even five stories, is not so very high after all; but the bridge, the beautiful bridge, with its three arches is supplanted by a new one, having but one span thrown over the deep part of the stream. A new, and improved plan no doubt, but not half so pretty, so picturesque, as the old. We could have wept at this change, for it seemed to break the link between the past and present.—We turned away from it to the old elm, where we girls used to go from school to eat our dinners, and spend the long summer noontimes building air-castles, and dreaming of our future. There it still stands the same, waving its slender, graceful boughs, beckoning the young fry to the same grassy seats where we sat; for a moment we stood near with one who bears our name, and who has grown to graceful womanhood in our long absence, but we turned away almost sadly as the last ray of the setting sun fell upon it; for our early companions were not there, if we except the felt presence of some of those who have entered upon the spirit life, and who we fancied lingered in the old haunts. The schoolhouse was gone, but on its site stands a new and fair edifice, a college for young ladies, beautiful in all its outer surroundings, and we could but hope equally so within. The old church, embowered in trees, appeared the very same, although we were told it had been very much enlarged; the same bell called its worshippers on the calm Sabbath morning, and we were early seated in what seemed like our old place; and there we watched, with curious interest, family after family, and memory from her retreat came forth and named them, pointing out long forgotten peculiarities. In one corner of a square pew sat a woman with an antique bonnet, made perhaps during Jefferson's administration, as it bore a strong resemblance to that date. Here memory was at fault, and a feeling of almost vexation came over us to find ourselves interrupted in this pleasant action of the mind; but at length the prayer, during which a furtive glance at our old friend revealed her, for she had a peculiar habit of opening her reticule, taking out a clean, thick linen *mouchoir*, unfolding it one way, placing it to her face, then looking out on both sides of it at her boy, and any stray child that might be in the pew; now there were a flock of grand children to watch, and we could not but wonder if they were as afraid of her eye as we were in other days, when they peered at us from behind that handkerchief.

The wings of old time were not leaden, and the morning soon came for our leave taking. At the cars we were introduced to Miss E. Clark, an agent of the Women's State Temperance Society of New York, and from the interest we felt in her, were induced to stop to some of their meetings, which were holden in Utica on the 7th and 8th of June. The sessions which we attended were conducted with dignity and propriety, excepting the frequent allusions to woman's rights; these were not made in any bad spirit, but as though they felt themselves somewhat in a dilemma, doing what the most ultra woman's rights people would approve, while they were eschewing the thing in name. For ourselves we could not see a reason for using the term even, and would sincerely advise that in temperance meetings they should adhere closely to its object,—there is work enough to do without any extraneous questions.—It always offends our ideas of order to hear speakers on the temperance platform talk of woman's rights, "church dogmas," peace, the Sabbath, anti-slavery, &c.; so in all other reform meetings, we like the one object for which we are assembled to be the subject all absorbing, all engrossing. Were we a New Yorker now, we could not be a member of the society, simply because we think men and women are equals, and if they work together should have like responsibilities, and share all honors equally.

One amusing incident occurred during the first session. The President appointed a gentleman on one of the Committees, whereupon he rose and declined, saying he feared any office lest he should be tempted to usurp authority, but would pay the amount of assessment for his wife, who might be appointed. The President very courteously received the money, but remarked as she did so, that men were so in the habit of directing their wives that even Mr. B. thought he had a right to appoint his wife to the place, and make her a member whether she would or no.

The society passed several resolutions severely handling Governor Seymour's veto of the Maine Law, and were thoroughly in earnest about political action. To us it seems like a waste of effort, excepting in so far as it benefitted themselves, for one thing is quite certain, women have no *political influence*.

The remainder of our journey was so far without incident as to leave us little to say of it. That portion of it over the Hudson river rail road was new to us, and as we flew rapidly along in the early morning dawn, watching the mists as they lifted from the hills and rolled away in strange, wild forms, we thought of those early days when the red man's bark sped like an arrow over these waters, when he too watched the first rays of the sun gilding the hill tops leaving as it did now, the ravines and vallies still in deep shadow. Half revealed through the mists we fancied we saw old castles and ruins, equal to any the Rhine boasts, and aside from them we are quite certain there can be nothing finer on those world-famed shores, than this gorgeous, natural scenery of our own river, nothing even to equal the hills draped in their violet, green and soft brown hues, the little islands in their picturesque beauty, the grand palisades, the broad, clear bays, the inlets and the many little cascades, and witching nooks, where nymphs and naiads might hold their revels undisturbed for ages yet to come. * * * * *

We find editorial notes of late are made up mainly of notices of new books, but as our table is not extensively furnished with them, we shall content ourselves with making our notes just as our fancy and observation dictate;—but we have one book containing some curious facts about women which speak for themselves. It is the United States official register, more familiarly known as the Blue book. Unattractive in its external appearance, it gives little promise of riveting the attention, still we found ourselves enchained by it, for we were interested to know how many women were holding office under government, it having been generally conceded that women are as competent to act as post mistresses as men; and government itself having sanctioned this idea by appointing to this office ninety-seven women in the United States. In Maine there are 798 post offices four of these are held by women. In New Hampshire there are 323, only one held by a woman; in Vermont 275, and three by women; Massachusetts 597, and one by a woman; Rhode Island 73, one woman having had an office, but removed the present month. Connecticut 326, and three women; New York 2268, three women; New Jersey 402, three women; Pennsylvania 1905, held by women 35; Delaware 62, none by women; Maryland 367, seven women; Virginia has six post mistresses; North Carolina, four; South Carolina one, an unmarried woman; Georgia one; Alabama, one; Mississippi, three; Louisiana, one; Texas, one; Tennessee, two; Ohio, five; Indiana, six; Illinois, three; Missouri, four; Wisconsin, one. Some of the States and Territories have none as will be observed, and in none of them any thing like an equal proportion. In Pennsylvania the influence of a once great sect, that bore a testimony for truth, is still observable—it having more women in office than all the New England States, and such other of the Northern States as have any. It was no matter of surprise to find so few in the Southern States, it was rather the reverse, for we did not hope there for even one, knowing that women are looked upon simply as a pretty piece of property belonging to the plantation, a pet, a toy, or a drudge, as the master may be constituted.

Few of the offices held by women are of very much importance, the emolument is small, but better than the needle.

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The introduction of the history of a Fire Company may be deemed a little out of place in our columns; but its purpose will be appreciated when it is seen how much one high hearted woman has done for this class of men. We give the history as it was given us, not changing a word of the reverent affection with which their benefactress is spoken of.

In her work for these men, Mrs. Pendleton has acted nobly for woman, for one sex cannot be elevated without its relative effect upon the other. In the lectures given before the company more than one woman has been invited to speak, Mrs. P. herself taking the lead, and we are told, being listened to as though her words were inspiration.

Subscriptions received for the Una from May 20th to June 16th.

Mrs. F. D. Gage, $10.

Mrs. F. D. Gage, $6.

A. M. Lapham, E. Woodward, Lucy Stone, Mrs. A. Freeman, A. B. Sprenger, M. Vernon, Mrs. J. P. Hodge, H. A. Conley, Mrs. A. S. Griswold, L. A. Richardson, Mrs. E. C. Ladd, Mrs. E. C. Martin, Mrs. Geo. D. Temple, D. Seward, S. F. Stevens, D. Mendenhall, Miss E. Shaw, Rev. Mrs. F. Shephard, Levi Brown, P. Woolcut, Mrs. H. M. Caslin, Mrs. M. G. Perkins, Mrs. E. B. Campbell, Miss M. B. Holbrook, G. W. Atkinson, James Norvell, John Allen, M. C. Sawlyer, M. M. White, E. James, L. A. Snow, M. A. S. White, Mrs. O. Atkins, N. A. Hayward, Mrs. C. Deming, W. Lampson, S. Dunwoody, C. J. Williams, Mrs. E. Tiffany, Miss M. E. Kinney, Mrs. Ellen P. Street, Mrs. C. Barker, $1, each.

THE IDEAL IS THE REAL.

"God never yet permitted us to frame a thing too beautiful for his power to make practicable."—*Wendell Phillips.*

BY ANN PRESTON.

Men take the pure ideals of their souls,
And lock them fast away,
And never dream that things so beautiful
Are fit for every day!
So counterfeits pass current in their lives
And stones they give for bread,
And starvingly and fearingly, they walk
Through life among the dead;
Though never yet was pure Ideal
Too fair for them to make their Real!

The thoughts of beauty dawning on the soul,
Are glorious Heaven-gleams,
And God's eternal truth lies folded deep
In all man's lofty dreams:
In thought's still world some brother-tie which bound
The planets Kepler saw,
And through long years he searched the spheres, and there
He found the answering law.
Men said he sought a wild Ideal—
The stars made answer "It is the Real!"

Ay! Daniel Howard, all the crowned ones
That, star-like gleam through time,
Lived boldly out before the clear-eyed sun
Their inmost thoughts sublime!
Those truths, to them, more beautiful than day,
They knew would quicken men,
And deeds befitting the millennial trust,
They dared to practice then,
Till they who mocked their young Ideal,
In meekness owned it was the Real.

Thine early dreams, which came in "shapes of light,"
Came bearing Prophecy;
And Nature's tongues, from leaves to 'quiring stars,
Teach loving Faith to thee.
Fear not to build thine aerie in the heights,
Where golden splendors lay
And trust thyself unto thy inmost soul,
In simple faith alway.
And God will make divinely Real,
The highest forms of thine Ideal.

From the Knickerbocker.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S SIDE TABLE.

Here is part of a letter which I have just received from a daughter nine years old, who is now at a boarding-school; placed there because she was one of those who know *too much* to live at home:

'My Dear Father: I was very glad to hear from you and hear you was well; but I was not a bit glad to hear that mother had a baby, because it was a boy. I should be very glad if it was a little girl, but I hate boys worse than ever. Now, I am going to tell you what you ought to name him. I am going to choose a homely name, because I don't think boys ought to have pretty names. Boys are squalling all the time. You don't have one minute's peace while there is a boy-baby in the house, but when you have a baby-*sister*, in the house, you never hear it cry. Name him Peter: that is good enough for a boy. You must excuse me for writing so much about boys: the *reason* I write so much about boys is because I don't like them.'

Don't you think she bids fair to be a perfect Woman's-Right woman?

'Our folks' have all been delighted with the rich religious developments of 'infant minds' furnished by our Editor's Table. Their perusal has called to mind some incidents in the history of our juveniles.

When 'our Gus' was a 'three-years-old' he had been for some days anticipating with great delight a visit to his grand-parents, who resided a half-day's ride from our home. But it stormed day after day so that he could not go; until 'hope deferred' made his little heart sick. As his mother saw him to his bed, she bade him repeat his usual prayer; which he did, with a slight *variation*, as follows:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
To Danbury, to-morrow morning!'

Willie was less than two years old, but he had been taught to lisp the words of the Lord's Prayer, without, apparently, a 'realising conciousness' of their import, until one evening he repeated 'Give us this day our daily bread,' when he looked up archly, and said he did not want any more supper. He was told to pray for to-morrow, when he repeated again, 'Give us this day our daily bread, *and pie, too, Gran'ma;*' and ever after, he chose to interline his prayers with requests for his favorite articles of food.

Freddy, although but two and a half years old was quite a logician, and frequently startled us by his sage remarks. He had been sick and confined within doors for some days. One Sabbath morning, the sun shone brightly after a long storm, and with great glee he told his mother that he was *well*, and should run out on the piazza, should ride with George the coachman to the cars, should walk in the streets, and enjoy himself in a variety of ways. His mother told him it was the Sabbath, and he must remain quietly in the house. After a moment's serious reflection, he said:

I wish there were no Sabbaths, for they are the worsest days in the week. They don't have no walk, no ride in the coach, no train of cars, no play, and no nothing. If I was at Grand-pa's I could see the lambs, the calves, and the chickens, but I had just as lief be sick as well here, on the Sabbath.'

He had continued his complaints for some time, in the same serio-comical strain, half laughing and half crying, when his mother turned her face from him to hide her smiles. Mistaking her emotion he said:

'I know it is sinful, mother, to say so, but Sabbath *is* the worsest day; and there ain't a single week but one comes *tagging along* to plague me, and keep me from my play.'

I have a little boy named Edward, of whom numberless anecdotes are told. I confine myself to the following which I regard as worthy of a place on your side-table. Last summer, when he was about three years old, a certain July day, hot and sultry, wound up its operations with a grand finale, in the shape of a terrific thunder-storm. I was rather busy over your latest, and at the nearest window our little golden-haired 'joy of the household,' stood, contemplatinig with interest the progress of the storm. Suddenly a flash of lightning, of excessive brilliancy, burst from the cloud, and lighted np the room; and I heard the little boy exclaim in ecstacies:

'Oh Pa! just come and *see the rain-bow winking!*'

A grandson of the present Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers was on a visit to his maternal grand-father, who is a wealthy landholder in Ohio. One day, after making his first visit to a Sabbath school, and being duly impressed with the religious lessons taught there, he took his grand-father down on the farm to show and gather the fruit of a large walnut-tree, which was ripe and ready for the harvest. On the way, the little fellow, with the philosophy which 'reads sermons in stones,' said:

'Grand-pa, who does all these woods and fields belong to?'

'Why, said the matter-of-fact gentleman, to me.'

'No, Sir,' emphatically responded the child 'they belong to God,'

'The grand-father said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree, when he said:

'Well, my boy whom does this tree belong to?'

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated; but, casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied:

'Well, Grand-father, the *tree* belongs to God, but the walnuts are *ours*.'

A little girl of five years was one day much delighted with a small basket which had been presented to her. Her sister, some two years older, wanted to hang it on her own arm, and take a little walk. Miss, of course, objected to this, and said she wanted to carry her own basket, 'or every body will think it's yours.'

'No,' said the elder, 'if any one asks I will tell them it is yours.'

'Yes,' replied the child, indignantly, 'if we meeted some little fool that says 'Whose is that?' why, you would tell them; but nice people don't ask such questions; and so every little fool will know it's mine, and all the nice people will think it's yours!'

And so she very wisely refused to be cajoled by such a flimsy pretext.

I have a little boy, who made me laugh a few mornings ago. He had heard me reading in the Bible, Christ's declaration to Peter: 'Get thee behind me, Satan;' and also, that 'Man should not live by bread alone,' etc. There was evidently but a confused notion of the matter in his little brain; and when his mother sat his breakfast before him, I overheard the following:

'My son you were so late in rising this morning, that I have nothing left for your breakfast, but bread-and-butter.'

'Mamma, I don't like bread-and-butter!'

'Yes, my child, but you should think how many poor little boys there are who cannot get food of any kind, and be very thankful that you can get this.'

'But, Mamma, didn't I hear Papa reading how that Christ said unto Satan, 'Man shall not live by bread-and-butter alone?'

And the serious air with which it was uttered, formed no small part of the ludicrous character of the scene.

I am much pleased with the juvenile portion of your 'Gossip,' and hope it may be continued. The little folks often amuse me more than any grown children can. I would not lose all my childhood as I grow old. Leave me, at least, the ability to love children, and to sympathise with all their interests, cares, and enjoyments.

Before woman's rights had progressed as far as they now have, a little girl, one day at play, wanted a younger sister to take the least responsible duty of the play-house, and be mother; but the youngest, an embryo woman's-right woman, preferred the part of father; for, said she, 'Mothers have to cook and wash, and nurse the baby, while fathers only just put a cigar in their mouth, and their hands in their pockets, and walk up street.'

This evinced considerable observation for a child of three years: and, in fact, older people have seen something of the aame sort.

A very little girl, young enough to sleep in a crib by the side of her parents, awoke one night, when the full moon was shining into her bedroom, and calling to her father, she exclaimed;

'Father! Father! God has forgot to blow the moon out! Won't you open the window and let me blow it out?'

Another little girl of nearly the same age, and living very near to her, was found one evening alone in her mother's bed-room, when she very quietly remarked to her mother;

'I have been having a *season of prayer* for the poor children at the Five Points.'

Will not such prayers go up higher than many others from older persons?

I have a couple of little nieces—twins—so much alike, as to render a distinction immpossible to any but their parents. I remember once teaching one of them a lesson in the catechism. I commenced with the question:

'Who made you?'

She replied correctly: 'God.'

'Why did he make you?'

A correct reply, again.

'In whose image and likeness did he make you?'

'Why,' says she, speaking very quick, '*He made me the very image and likeness of my sister Clara!*'

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., AUGUST, 1854. NO. 8.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

[For the Una.]

LESSONS OF LIFE.

Chapter 3rd.

'Tis Gold
Which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief;
Nay sometimes hangs both thief and true man; what
Can it not do and undo?

It was like the coming of morning to a lonely watcher. I felt reunited to the great world, I felt renewed hope and strength, and Kathleen had a new star in her heavens; but she was gone, and long months must pass ere she came again. But every day we spoke of the kind stranger, and the purse was carefully placed in a sacred corner, as a pledge of the reality of the angel visit. Her bounty carefully used lasted many weeks, but no scholars appeared, but few pictures had been sold, and as winter came on I looked forward with fear and trembling. It was now January, my money was nearly exhausted, I had little hope of more, and my fuel was almost out. Poor Kathleen, very sensitive to all outward influences, suffered terribly with the cold. Often she lay in bed all day to keep warm. She had no shoes fit to walk on the snow, and she suffered severely for want of exercise; a low nervous state attended with spasms and occasional wanderings of thought came over her. In dreadful alarm I watched by her day and night. I sent for a Doctor, he prescribed opiates for her. She refused to take them; and as I had once seen them produce on her most terrible effects, I would not urge her to it. I dared not send for him again. In her sleep she had beautiful visions and happy thoughts, but waking she lay weeping, or clung to me with a timid fear. I knew that she needed only cheerful influences, warmth, nourishment and love; the last alone could I give her. For days I had myself lived on the smallest quantity of bread, on which I could support life, and had made for her such gruels as I could procure materials for.

The rest of the house was occupied for mere washrooms, so that I had no neighbors. I had but a few sticks of wood in the cellar, and but ninepence left. It was almost impossible to leave her for a moment; spasms were sure to ensue if she awoke and did not find me beside her. I had returned from an unsuccessful attempt to sell some pictures, with the sad resolution that from my scanty treasures I must sacrifice some articles to buy food and fuel, and found Kathleen in a trance like sleep. It began to snow while I was out, and now the wind blew wildly and the snow fell fast; I was in utter despair, and superstitious dread seized my heart. I took the little cross which my dying teacher had given me, I knelt before the picture, but even then I could not pray. "Oh God," I exclaimed in agony, "Thou hast taken from me all. If she must leave me, take me also, I cannot stay. If Thou hast not help, we will die together. Long I knelt; at last the cross seemed to grow warm in my hand, a light to shine from the picture, and hope to spring in my heart. I thought of Marian Willoughby. At this moment I heard a knock, I sprang to the door. Marian was on my lips and in my heart. I opened it and saw Mr. Hanson! I sank back fainting, the disappointment was too keen, I was too weak to meet it. He opened the window and put the snow on my forehead. His touch recalled me. "Was I not wretched enough," I exclaimed, "must you too come?

"Rave not, beloved Margaret," he said, "you are ill, let me talk to you. You hid from me, but I have searched and found you; I have been sick and in foreign lands since we parted, but I came back to you; nothing shall separate me from you, you must be mine."

I could scarcely speak, but I articulated, "Never, never!"

"See," he continued, "there lies your sister ill, that the baker told me, for I had to ask many times to find you, and you are wretchedly poor. Did I not hear you pray for Death? Is not love better than Death? Say only that you will be mine, and Kathleen shall sleep to night in warmth and luxury, and to-morrow shall find all your troubles ended. Mine, mine for Life and Death, you must be."

I shrank in horror, still I said, "Never, never! leave me, I will die pure and true, at least."

"My Margaret," he said, "I have sworn to possess you. Hear me now. If you indeed childishly claim an outward bond, a marriage tie, I will marry you. My sleigh stands near. Come with me if you will through this stormy night, we will be married and return to love and joy."

Still I exclaimed, "Never, never!" but the tempter had one more wile.

"Margaret," he said, "you do not trust me; see how I have come to you in your distress. Do you not see the hand of God in that? I will not urge you to night, I will wait for you; yes years would I wait, only say you will some day be mine." He rose and looked at Kathleen, "Margaret," he said, "she must die. Do you not see that she cannot bear this life another month. Look at this wasted form, see how heavily she sleeps, like the deathly sleep of laudanum. Even my hated touch does not rouse her. Will you let her die? I will give her life, beauty, joy. You shall have a cottage among green bowers, where the summer shall be one glad life of joy, where the winter shall never come, about her shall be warmth and music and merry voices; all this will I give her, only give me yourself. Margaret, Margaret, you love her, you cannot live without her."

He knelt at my feet, he clasped my hand, the pictures of life and death he had drawn swam before my eyes, I echoed, "I cannot live without her." For the first time the possibility of

yielding came like a dim vision before me, but Bertha's words sounded in my ears, her form seemed to flit past me, I had renewed strength, and sprang up. "Leave me, leave me," I cried, "Life with you were worse than Death. I cannot be parted from her, but I can die with her."

"Child," he said, "you are weak and powerless, I will not be mocked, come willingly, or I take you by force." He put his arm about me, I screamed, but I was weak and faint. At this moment was heard a loud rap on the door, I sprang forward, it opened, I saw a human form, I cared not what. "Save me," I exclaimed and fell at his feet.

Hamilton Marshall were the words I heard as I fell; but when I became conscious I was alone and amid the darkness; but it was for but a moment; the stranger came and brought with him fire and lights. He brought me warm drink, I obeyed his directions instinctively and was refreshed; then as he busied himself in kindling the fire, I looked at him. He was young, scarcely twenty, but he had the deep manly beauty of a later age; a living light seemed to beam from his face, but it showed that it was capable of struggle and sorrow. As if used to such tasks he kindled a fire and prepared food for me. As soon as my full senses were restored, my thoughts flew to Kathleen. She still lay sleeping so heavily that as I bent over her I feared she would never wake again.

"Can't you wake her once more?" I said to him, "I must hear her speak." He approached the bed and felt her pulse and head.

"She sleeps heavily," he said, "but I think it is exhausted nature's medicine; her pulse is tolerably regular, though feeble. He felt her feet and finding them cold, tenderly as a mother, he rubbed them in his hands and warmed the flannels which I brought him and put about them.

"Have you had a physician?" he asked me. I told him my reason for not having one. "I will send one to you," he said, "who has more skill and judgment, and will try and persuade Aunt Jerusha to come and watch with you to-night. You must try to sleep or you will be in a high fever to-morrow. I will leave you now to seek better aid for you."

I had not thought of thanking him, so naturally he did everything, as if it were a rightful duty that I received it as we do blessings from God, with loving reverence alone.

"I will see you again to-morrow," he said, "you are not fit to talk to-night. Watch one hour till my Aunt and the Doctor come."

Again alone I sat down by Kathleen and took her pale hand in mine; it had a warmer, healthier feeling, which gave me hope. I dared not think. So many thoughts were seeking to rush through my brain, that I felt to open the door to them were to fill me with burning fire. I shut them out with prayer. I grew calmer and more quiet and the silent watch passed swiftly by. The Doctor and Aunt Jerusha came. Dr. Williams was one of the few men who look to nature as the great teacher of medicine, and he sought every gentle and natural means of cure. He allayed my fears in regard to Kathleen; he said she had probably no settled disease; that the low diet, the chilly and confined air were quite sufficient to produce her illness, and that opposite influences would restore her. He bade me at once lie down beside her and sleep, and gave Aunt Jerusha directions to prepare nourishing drink for her when she awoke, and promised to call in the morning. He had scarcely gone when Aunt Jerusha began her kindly ministrations:

"Now dear you must go right to bed; I sha'nt be a bit lonesome, for I brought my little teapot. I always like a cup of tea when I go out watching, and I've put Thompson's Seasons in my pocket for I supposed you mightn't have any books, and I'll just sit by the fire and read, and I never fall asleep in my chair, so you need not be a bit afraid. Oh! yes I forgot that time I watched with Susan's baby, but then you know the poor thing could not speak loud enough to call me, that was the pity. But now dear," said she, interrupting herself, "why didn't you send to me before you got so low? I'm sure I'd have done any thing in the world for you. Marian Willoughby took the greatest fancy to you I ever saw, and she'd grieve herself to death if she knew this."

The name caught my attention. "Marian Willoughby," said I, "do you know her?"

"Know her! why she's my own niece! For mercy's sake didn't you know that? and didn't you know Hamilton Marshall? Why Marian sets her life by him, and so do I for that matter, only he has such queer notions; but there I'm a talking you to death, and I always said that people talked before such folks a great deal too much."

She had just reached the point where I wished her to go on, but I thought it wisest to restrain my curiosity and so I yielded to her entreaties and got into bed. To my great joy Kathleen turned as she was wont and threw her arms around me. I saw that her sleep was becoming lighter, and with heartfelt thanksgiving to God, I slept in her arms.

The dawn of the Sabbath morn shone on the new, white snow and lighted all with splendor and glory. It was hailed as a resurrection morn in my little world. Kathleen awoke pale and feeble indeed, but in her right mind, and my heart was full of hope though I hardly knew whence it came. This young stranger, why did I repose such confidence in his power and will to aid me? I knew not why, but I was content soon as my eye fell upon him. Aunt Jerusha was indeed very kind and I thanked her most warmly, for the night which must have been so wearisome to her. She was one of those women who properly belonged to a small country village, whose heart is a household fire warming those who come within its influence. Her mind was narrow and uncultivated, and she was therefore tedious in her conversation, but she performed her little round of duties faithfully, was a kind nurse to the sick, a sincere, though often an ill judging friend of the poor, industrious with her hands, devoted to her sect and her minister; and filling a place in the great temple of life as well as she did, she had no idea of the great treasures which lay stored up in other halls, and no sympathy with the restless spirit which drove others out in search of them. She did as nearly as she could what everybody else did, and never doubted that she must then do the right and best. I did not see all this with a glance. I did see that she was a neat, precise, little woman of forty-five with false curls and cap, and that she was skillfully preparing over the fire a breakfast for Kathleen and myself. I jumped up hastily to relieve her of her task, but she bade me keep still.

"When you've eaten your breakfast my watching's out, but you mustn't interfere with me before."

She then put on her hood and cloak to run home and get dressed for meeting; and surely she deserved a benediction from him in whose name she worshiped, for she had been kind to his little ones and had thus received him. But I was glad to be alone with my Kathleen. She asked who the good little woman was, and I told her of the friends who had come to us, but was silent on the terrible scene that had preceded their timely arrival. I had washed Kathleen's face and hands and put on her clean clothes, had put our little room in order and was ready for the Doctor before he came. He gave me simple directions in regard to Kathleen's health, talked with me of my own health and gave me much good advice in regard to it, and when he went away told me that Mr. Marshall would come to see me before church.

I waited anxiously for his arrival—he came punctually. I looked with interest to see if Kathleen's heart would flow out to him as mine had done. He spoke to her, her face brightened in a moment, she put his hand between hers and she seemed to rest in him. He sat down and began to ask me of my life. I told him all but about Mr. Hanson, and he explained to me the cause of his coming to see me.

"I am now," he said, "a student in the Divinity school at Cambridge. Marian Willoughby's father adopted me when a boy, and I have always lived in his family, but about the time of his departure for Cuba, the part which I felt called upon to take in an Abolition Convention, displeased him so much that being very ill and irritable from sickness, it was thought best for me not to approach him. Marian became deeply interested in your welfare, but in the hurried anxieties of her situation could do no-

thing for you. In her first letter from Cuba, however, she entreated me to search you out and assist you if you were in need, at any rate to write to her and to ask you to write of your welfare. Now what can I do for you?"

I told him what my plans had been, but that I had no scholars.

"Can you paint miniatures?" he asked.

I showed him one of Kathleen, my only sister.

"This is fine, this is true," he said, "you must succeed. Will you trust it to me? I will see that it has a place in our great fair, and I can almost promise you scholars and sitters. What are you terms?"

"I should thankfully accept any remuneration."

"Leave it to me then," he said, "but first you and your little Kathleen must be restored to health. I must leave you enough to support you till you can realise something from your scholars."

I accepted it with tearful eyes. "If I live," I said, "I will pay it; if not, will you take my best worldly treasure," and I pointed to my master's picture, "as a pledge for it."

His manner was calm and earnest, his language concise, while he discussed these matters; but now he turned to Kathleen and it was full of playful gentleness. He turned her ringlets over his fingers, he took out his watch and let her listen to its ticks and see the wheels go round, he brought her a little painted paper doll and inquired into all its changes of dress, until a cheerful smile played over Kathleen's features, and I saw a healthful glow on her cheek which had long been a stranger there.

The bell had long ago rung for church, and still he listened to, and talked with the child. At last he rose to go and said, "One word more I must say to you, Miss Ramsay, Marian Willoughby is ready and willing to be your true friend, but James Willoughby is not a fit companion for you. Do not trust him."

I was lost in suprise, "I do not understand you," I said, "has Miss Willoughby a brother? I have not seen him."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, "that you can be false, that you are the deceiver, not deceived."

I was entirely at a loss to understand him, I said so.

"Perhaps you think it is an impertinent interference on my part," he said, "from you I expected more frankness. Farewell, I will try to serve you though you will not trust me. Never saw him!!"

He turned towards the door, a light broke upon my mind.

"Do not doubt me," I said, "I am true. You found a gentleman here last night?"

"Certainly," he said, "did you not know him?"

"Yes, years ago as Mr. Hanson, he came to my old, drawing master to take lessons."

"And you did not know that he was Marian Willoughby's brother?"

"Surely not."

"Thank God," he said, "that I have not done you indeed the injustice which entered into my thoughts. He came perhaps to carry out his sister's benevolent wishes, which he heard me read to Aunt Jerusha. Was it so?"

I felt a burning blush overspread my face, I could not tell him why he came. "Ask me not," I said, "will you not trust me?"

"Yes wholly," he replied, "and protect you too. God bless you!"

Marian Willoughby's brother—it was a painful thought. I had felt that she would lift me into a new and happier sphere, now he would ever be there to trouble my peace. Yet I felt that he could have no influence over me, that I was stronger than Eve to resist him; that I should wrong the good friends who had blessed me if I was not true to myself and them.

Hamilton Marshall fulfilled his kind intentions, one scholar after another was procured for me and occasional sitters; I gave my whole mind to my profession and succeeded. The rose bloomed again, delicate as the budding damask, but still beautiful on my Kathleen's cheek. I was enabled to remove to a more comfortable room, among kind people, friends of his, and the current of my life flowed on serenely and busily.

Have you ever seen a river which began in a little stream among rocks and weeds? it was choked up with staves and brambles, and seemed too dark and turbid to reflect the rich foliage which overhung its banks; but it flowed on and by its flowing received the tributary rills and cleared its muddy stream, until at last after many a plunge and many an eddy, it came to a smooth gravely bed and flowed over it in uninterrupted smoothness and joyous life; it might be to plunge again over precipices, but more at least was it free and glad. So was it with my life. Mr. Hanson, or, as I must now call him, James Willoughby had ceased for a while to trouble me, and Hamilton Marshall was my steady friend. I was now in the condition of that people "*dont l'histoire ennuie*," and I will pass over the time until Marian's return, and then speak more of others than myself, interweaving some circumstances which did not come to my knowledge at the time, but are necessary to my story.

[To be continued.]

Praise and encouragement are the best school for a noble soul; where, on the contrary, severity and unjust blame either render it timid or else awaken defiance and scorn. This have I learned by my own experience.

The gift, which the rich present with a light hand, lies heavily upon the heart of the poor!

For the Una.

THE DUTIES AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

"Dans les republiques, les femmes sont libres parles lois, et captivées par les Moeurs." De L'Esprit des Lois.

"As for me, I fear no scorning,
And shall speak with earnest mind,
What is in me;—self-rewarded,
If I aid, though unregarded,
The advancement of my kind."

Mackay.

The elevation of women to their just position in society depends upon themselves. Men cannot help us.

Influence follows ever close upon the heels of character, and whatever we are, that we shall yet be acknowledged to be. Two classes of women are interested in the reform advocated by this journal. Women of superior talent, left free by the noble justice of husbands, fathers or brothers, who have tasted the blessings of liberty, desire above all things that the whole human race should share them also. Women oppressed, degraded, suffering; feeling their loftiest powers crushed, their holiest mission unfulfilled, rise in bitter indignation, naturally enough, perhaps, after an antagonistic fashion, and ask not merely freedom, but acknowledgment and compensation.

There is still another class, whose influence would powerfully aid the cause, because it would be exerted quietly, unconsciously, and in circles that no other power will reach for centuries. There are scattered here and there, throughout the land, myriads of happy wives and mothers, living in a subserviency to well beloved husbands and fathers, which dulls conscience, and paralyzes the intellect. They are dimly conscious that they are not all they ought to be. Absorbed in business or politics their husbands cannot fitly judge of all their duties, and yet their decisions concerning them their wives love them too well to resist. They feel that if their husbands trusted them as reasonable, responsible, human beings, all this would be changed. That if they thus acknowledged the right of their wives to those "worldly goods" with which on the wedding day, every husband pledges himself to "endow" his wife, then the household might be more economically managed, charity might posses her own, and Art and Literature have their claim well met, without robbing the table, or superceding the orderly arrangements of the household. But a pride which we ought to respect, since it clings to the skirts of Love, prevents them from acknowledging this. They would blush to say, that the money which meets their daily expenses is drawn from favor rather than from justice, or that there is no holy cause on earth that they can aid before it has approved itself to a husband's judgment and liberality. These women have a secret undefined sympathy in whatever is undertaken for the freedom of the sex. They would like to aid it, if they could do so without going to Conventions, making speeches, or wearing Grecian costume. Let them take heed if they do, for theirs is a sacred responsibility. Upon such women, even more than upon those who are acknowledged as reformers, will the national progress depend. What can they do, do they ask? They can elevate their own

characters, they can show men that the interest of morality, religion and woman in the highest sense are one. They can make men respect them, in the austerest signification of that term; for it need be no secret, that though men love the women about them only too well, they do not respect them in the same sense that they do other men, nor preserve to them, in ordinary, social intercourse, the same privileges or rights. It is for the class of women of whom we speak to alter this. Whether it is ever otherwise, will depend on their own truth, dignity and self-knowledge.

Such women, when they are left widows or orphans with a large property, owe a great debt to the cause of female education. They ought every where to insist on the most liberal educational advantages being secured to girls, and to insure respect for their arguments as men are often compelled to do, by the offer of substantial aid. Education freely offered will soon settle the question of woman's rights and duties. We work best who work most earnestly for that. We hope to show this, to the class of women we address in the present article. In this reform, as in the Anti-Slavery, fact is better than argument, though one is no substitute for the other. A well educated, highly-principled negro is the best argument for African freedom; so, an intelligent woman, feeling an interest in the well-being of her Nation and the world, and capable at once of orderly house-keeping, a delicate toilet, acute argument and lofty speculation, makes the strongest appeal for the whole freedom of her sex.

All women can do something to prove this, and we need not go beyond Italy or the nineteenth century for the evidence. We saw the other day, a letter written by a lady in Scotland, to her brother, now connected as a Professor with one of the colleges in this country.

"You have sent me" she wrote, "some articles written by American women to prove themselves the equals of men. They have moved me profoundly, for as no one ever impugned my freedom or equality, I always supposed myself to possess both. Upon reflection I find that I have lived all *these* years under a delusion, and that I owe to the *courtesy* of a few, what I supposed myself to derive from the *justice* of all."

This is not an isolated case. It has always been easier for gifted individuals to pass the barriers of custom in a monarchical or an despotic country than in republican America. There are reasons for this, both political and domestic. In a political point of view, an exceptional case, forms in such countries no precedent. A right to a Professor's chair, or a vote on public questions, might be granted to women, as one as to men, simply as a reward or an encouragement. In the United States, where there are no privileged orders, it could only be done, in acknowledgment of a universal principle, which would secure the rights of thousands. In a domestic view, the simple condition of society in America, gives most women full employment. However wealthy or high born, American women are, with few exceptions, compelled to be their own housekeepers; and the entertainment of company, involves personal labor to a greater or less extent. Among the aristocratic households of Europe, no such obligations exist.

The only connection between a large class of women and their dependents is that of command on the one side, and obedience on the other.

Madame has no occasion to lose her appetite, because she knows what is for dinner, nor to compress her chest by stooping over her sewing. In the dearth of such occupations, intelligent women do not hesitate to step out of the "sphere" "in which Providence has placed them," and interest themselves in science or politics, with results more or less mischievous, according to the amount of their insight or the quality of their education.

The greatest mistake which a woman can commit, is to suppose that she has *no influence*. In addition to that which she possesses as a human being, she has a peculiar share as a woman. It is her duty to make it of the highest kind. "But," objects some one, "surely women have no *political* influence in the United States?" They certainly have, and no woman can go to Washington with her eyes open without seeing that it is by no means in the purest hands. To give every woman the political influence now possessed by a few from base causes, is surely a legitimate object, for in that way we should pour the holiest female influences into the molten metal of society as well as the more corrupt. In this connexion, we may fitly allude to a mistake into which many fall, as regards our proposed reform.

They assert that we wish to increase the amount of feminine influence *unduly*, and to alter its quality, that is, make it political. This supposes us to be entirely ignorant of the laws of life and character. There is a certain amount of female influence in the world, which we can no more increase or diminish than we can increase or diminish the force of gravitation. What we wish is to turn public attention to this influence, its amount and kind, so that it may be respected, acknowledged and so *made responsible*. We do not want to drive women into politics against her will, but we wish men to accord to them civil and political rights as the exponent of that respect, that acknowledgment. If women are admitted to have a keener moral insight, a more unswerving religious intuition than men; if, on the other hand, it is acknowledged that there is a moral and religious side to legislation, then woman and legislation seem to stand in as natural a relation to each other, as the first two terms of an equation of which it is only necessary to find a third. Every one can see that the moment a slave is admitted to be a man, civil rights will be conferred upon him. In the same manner, it follows that the very first result of a national conviction of woman's equality, will be the conferring upon her the right to vote. Should she never use it, its significance will make it valuable.

There is another mistake so stupid, that we hate to advert to it. There are people who fancy that equality means similarity, and who are indignant because they deem us to assert that men and women are *precisely alike*. If so, why should we ask to have women made representatives? We should but augment the number and expenses of our National Council, without in any way affecting its quality or influencing its results. No, we desire that woman should enter into public life, because we believe that she will supply an element that man is deficient in, and that without her, legislation can never be harmonious or complete.

Female influence is of many kinds. That which may be called atmospheric is the most generally justified and understood. It is exercised when a woman of talent or genius, without a positive attainment of illustrious reputation for herself, stimulates others to attain it, and like Napoleon, perceives at once, what every bystander is capable of and requires his utmost of him. There have been many such. *Lucretia Borgia* and *Renée of France* were two opposite, but remarkable examples of it. They were both Duchesses of Ferrara, but *Lucretia* stimulated the Belles Lettres faculties merely. When she grew tired of personal excesses, her learned coteries disputed in such Greek and Latin as they could master, and made smooth verses in her own and each others honor.

Renée, a profound thinker and mathematician, educated all the young girls of her court, after such a sort that it breathed an austere, but holy influence over all those who sought it. Brantôme says "she denied the power of the Popes, and refused them her obedience, but could do no more, *being a woman!*" It was at the heart and hearth of this Princess, that the reformed religion found in Italy its most generous welcome. Thus in Ireland *Mrs. Tighe* and *Mrs. Lefanu* will be remembered by the intellectual circles, which clustered round the couches, to which infirmity confined them, long after the smooth couplets of "Cupid and Psyche," and the "Songs of Erin," are forgotten. One of the most distinguished members of the "Accademia Reale di Scienze," at the beginning of the present century, was the daughter of its founder, the *Countess Diodata Roero Saluzzo*. Long after her five volumes of poetry, her two tragedies and her popular novel of "Gaspara Stampa," had had their due effect upon the Piedmontese public, she exerted a noble influence over both foreigners and countrymen, from the bed of pain to which she was confined, and by which she is still remembered. Suffering could not dim the brilliancy of her conversation, nor paralyse the activity of her acute and eager speculation.

At Paris about thirty years ago the *Princess Jablonowska*, a patriotic Polish woman, imbued the society about her, with a warmth of interest in her native land, which ought to have insured its restoration to independence. In Florence at the same time, their Royal Highnesses of *Wirtemburg* assembled a petty court of distinguished persons, and the *Duchess*, it is said, recalled by her brilliant vivacity the best days of female wit in France. "Her information was extensive, and she showed a feeling and vivacity, which rendered the *crime of knowledge* pardonable in a pretty woman."

So at Padua, the Greek genius of the *Countess Albrizzi* the original of Baron Dénon's celebrated portrait, secured for her a brilliant position, and the stinging wit of *Alfieri's sister* gave her a right so popular and well sustained to the name of "La Vespa," that no one troubles himself now-a-days to ascertain that which might have been given her at the font.

But our own country has offered two of the most remarkable examples of the excess and deficiency of this sort of influence. We speak of two persons whom we love, when we name *Margaret Fuller* and

Elizabeth Peabody. No woman of moderate powers deficient in self-assertion, ever approached Margaret at one period of her life, without feeling humiliated and repressed. They felt misunderstood and half inclined to doubt their own worthiness. Let no eager friend rise up here, to call us to judgment. When once acknowledged by her, her presence became a noble stimulus indeed, but never before.

With Elizabeth Peabody how different it was! No one ever approached her without feeling his most able points intuitively seized and drawn out. No one ever left her without having risen in his own self-respect and hers; and radiant as summer sun light in our memory is the beautiful smile of appreciation, with which she welcomed the struggling half delivered thought. When she dies, she will leave behind the results of much generous culture, profound research, and Oriental learning; but she can bequeath no legacy to her country one half so valuable as the stiumlus she has imparted to all who come in contact with her.

There is an influence exerted by enthusiastic and passionate genius, without education.

Such in this century was the influence of the celebrated improvisatrice *La Signora Bandelletta* of Parma, whose tones modulated by native feeling bore the souls of her audience up and on, lightly and certainly as autumn winds lift the tender down of the thistle.

Such too was the influence of the modern *Corilla*, whose crowning may have suggested that of Madame de Stael's Corinne.

A peasant girl of Pistoja, her passionate poetic faculty attracted the attention of some gentlemen who sent her to school at Florence. The Marchese Ginori, her lover, was not the only man who prostrated himself before her. When his vanity induced him to carry her to Rome, an *enamored faction* procured for her the honor of being crowned in the capitol. The most celebrated improvisatrice of her time, it is wonderful that when the Marquis compelled by his rank to marry, settled upon Corilla a handsome income, she retired to the Strada Forche and lived until her death, in 1798, "without reproach." The admiring General, Miollis of the French army, placed above her door, where it may still be seen, this inscription:

"Qui abito Corilla in Seccolo,
Decimo nono."

He should have written "Diciotto." To exert an influence like this, real merit is not necessary. It seems to be a matter of temperament or of vital magnetism, more even than that of passion.

Different from either of these, because the person is here forgotten in the pursuit, is the purely literary influence of women. For this, taste and liberality are essential, but not original faculty. Thus, in the present century, the *Duchess of Devonshire, Signora Dionigi*, the author of an erudite work on Roman antiquities, illustrated by her own exquisite pencil, the *Marchesa Sacrati* whose learning never overloaded her easy graceful talk, and the *Countess Perticari*, also the daughter of the poet, Monti, diffused this influence throughout a distinguished circle at Rome. Although the French began the excavation of the column of Phocas, the completion of it, and the discovery of many facts of its history are due to the Duchess of Devonshire. She has also edited Horace's Journey to Brundusium with engravings of every site he mentions, and a magnificent edition of Virgil. Both were undertaken at her own expense, and we have heard somewhere that the last was illustrated from her own designs. Signora Dionigi had a daughter who was a remarkable improvisatrice and whose talents greatly contributed to the celebrity of her re-unions. The Countess Perticaris especially distinguished for the beauty of some "Songs to the Rose."

[To be continued.]

For the Una.

AGNES AND ANNIE SEW THE SHROUD FOR THE DEAD LADY ELEANORE.

Annie,
How dared Death touch *her* in her royal state—
Were't me my sister, aye, or even you,
Even you, good, patient one, then Death's dull gate
Might glad have turned to let the weary through,
But from her youth this Eleanore had grown
Like some rare stately plant, in love's warm air,
She wore her beauty as night wears her crown
Of peaceful starlight—my face too is fair,
My beauty is forsooth, a diadem.
Albeit God set the seal—a crown of thorns!
I must bend meekly, singing patience's hymn,
And even Death the tired singer scorns.
Had I been called, Oh Agnes I had gone
So little loath,—for no life needeth mine;
But while we saw for her their tears fall down
—Broidery to make a white shroud seem divine,
I would 'twere mine, and this bright Eleanore,
So ripe and flush with life, high, gentle heart,
Returned to tell her darlings o'er and o'er
How Death had chosen with a wiser art.

Agnes,
Peace, sister Annie, from her seat in Heaven
Our mother hears your murmur!—'Tis our Friend,
The best *best* Friend, this lowly lot hath given;
So hush sweet sister, wait His own wise end.
I think our Friend will greet us to that Home
With loving smiles. I think that He will say
"I need you little children, hither come
Rest in this heart after your toilsome day."
It is enough; dear Annie, while we sew
This sad shroud work, methinks the heavens bend down,
And something whispers, "Children dear, I too
Had thorns enwreathed in mine earthly crown,
And now like mine, a crown of hallowed light
Awaits the loving soul who clings to me,
Whose shroud is made a robe of triumph bright,
With crosses wrought that were borne patiently."

HARTFORD. *Sallie.*

PLYMOUTH, April 7th, 1854.

My dear Mrs. Davis:

I read the Una with much pleasure, and feel that the noble effort you are making for Woman, is worthy of all praise.

The wrongs and privations of woman in regard to employment and remuneration have elicited some attention of late, but the more her condition is examined and the laws in relation to her studied, the more clearly will it appear that little comparatively can be done for her elevation until she is *emancipated*.

I trust therefore, that those struggling for her rights, will turn their attention principally, to laying the foundation of this work; that the edifice, when once reared, may stand firm.

As well might an architect build a splendid palace on the sand, and hope for its perpetuity, as the friends of woman, to see her perfectly developed, in all her fair proportions, until the foundation is laid in laws, that place her by the side of her husband, and brother, in all the rights, duties and responsibilities of life.

To regulate the laws, to remove from the statute book the relics of the dark ages, and to make laws suited to the exigences of a free enlightened and Christian nation, is the work most immediately to be done.

It is the grasping this fundamental principle, and carriyng it out, that will emancipate woman, nothing short.

This point once gained, all that we desire will follow; but until woman is taught from her infancy, that she is equal with man, that she has the same inducements to exertion, the same excitement to excellence in every department, the same security for her acquisitions, the same freedom in their appropriations, will she become a perfect woman.

As well might you look for the highest specimen of a noble, powerful and exalted man, among the poor victims of African Slavery, as to find a woman, whose nature has been developed, and her capacities realized, while she is DISFRANCHISED.

Let us then exert all our powers for the attainment of this end, and forgetting all minor differences of opinion, work for this object unceasingly and hopefully, believing that in due time it will be accomplished, if unity of purpose, earnestness of endeavor, and energy of action, equal to the object to be attained, are brought to the contest.

Our cause is the cause of all mankind, and our fathers, husbands and brothers will be quite as much benefited by its success as ourselves.

The whole history of the world shows, that whenever woman has been joined with man in any enterprise, it has been doubly successful.

Men and women were made for helpers to each other, not to stand in each others way.

There is no antagonism between them, they are both wanted in the *family* and in the *State*. There should be an equal number in the halls of legislation, and then, the interests of *all* the constituents, would be understood and cared for.

Has not the race progressed just in proportion as woman has been elevated and installed in her just rights?

Is it possible for a narrow minded, cowardly woman to raise a family of high minded, brave and noble sons?

Have not all our truly great men had noble mothers? And do they not look back to their teachings, as the first incentive to a great and honorable career? Shall we then continue to dwarf our women, and look for a nation of giant sons?

To say nothing of the immutable principle of justice, which demands equal laws for all God's intelligent offspring, it is most miserable *policy* to keep woman in an inferior position.

Would not our noble men think it a terrible privation to be obliged to associate in the family circles, and at all times, with ignorant, craven men, who had no ideas of their own, but only echoed those that they expressed?

Would they feel that their own minds could be expanded and invigorated by such contact?

Yet to such a state are the present laws calculated to bring woman, and woman is the constant companion of man; and when enlightened and brought within sight of his level, she is "a help meet for him."

Her warmer sympathies direct and animate his, her gentler affections control and purify his, and her self-sacrificing spirit gives him an example which he may worthily follow.

Nor can woman do without the equal society of man, without losing half her womanhood. Man and woman were made for each other, by one who understood His work, and they are exactly fitted to supply each others wants, there is no jarring in their elements or instincts.

Is it not well known that whatever one has a strong desire to do, he is likely to do well, and that the very desire to do it implies a talent, capability for its performance?

Leave, then, all free to follow their inclination, and to do whatever God has fitted them to do *best*, and there will follow one grand harmony, such as the workings of man's laws never produce.

But I will not trespass farther on the patience of your readers; my only object is to point out what I regard as the foundation of woman's elevation, and to say, that while equal legislation is denied her, she may gain some trifling amelioration of her depressed condition, but no real and permanent ELEVATION.

M. B. J.

For the Una.

HOW FARES OUR CAUSE.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

There is no more certain indication of the feelings of a people, than the tone of a popular journal, published in their midst. From the village newspapers, you may gather the teaching and taste of its patrons. From the organ of the party, the mental calibre of the mass of its supporters. From the Fashionable Magazine, the amount of intellectual power and vitality necessary to keep a living, breathing existence, in the circle of seekers for its fashion plates. From the great leading Journals or Monthly, the undercurrent of thought and opinion, that prompt the rush for its pages. These weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies are thermometers showing every change in the atmosphere politically, mentally or morally.

Hence I watch with deep interest the tone of the leading Journals, as it regards our "Woman's Rights" movement.

Among all our opposers none has seemed so violent and uncompromising as Harper. Sending out monthly, in his hundred thousands copies, squibs, burlesques, carricatures and slanders to be read and copied and recorded by millions. Thus endeavoring by ridicule and satire, to make the whole movement odious, through the potent popularity of his "new monthly Magazine." One could scarcely find a coterie of reading gentlemen and ladies in the land (outside our own circle) who did not make themselves merry over some witticism of "Harper" on the *women*. It has constantly maintained that woman had no cause of complaint—and even held out the idea that her place was one of subordination. That the loss of her legal existence—of her individuality by marriage, was right and proper; and even more than hinted at the entire want of inherent modesty, purity and delicacy in the sex; by inferring that to grant woman equal privileges with man, the freedom given to him, to protect herself, to develop her powers, mentally and physically, would destroy all of her womanly character. And that restrictive laws and coercive measures, and a state of submission, "to powers that be," alone would prevent her from being "unsexed," from becoming unlovely, and talked about manly disgust man's ceasing to love and respect; as if such a thing were possible. And the bloated demagogue, who had just swallowed his six courses at some fashionable restaurant, gulped down his pint of champaigne, and sits himself down in some fashionable reading room, with his heels higher than his head, (more brains in them perhaps,) and a long nine in his mouth, takes Harper from his pocket, and smokes and reads,

"And reads and smokes
And cracks his jokes,"

and sagely concludes he could not love a masculine, intellectual woman, and shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head with deep disgust at the bare idea of a Lucy Stone, or Antoinette L. Brown; and forthwith he seizes his pen, and writes out his honest convictions for Harper or Putnam, or the Knickerbocker; or he rushes into the lecture room and proclaims his ideas of "woman's sphere" to admiring audiences, and tells them, "That it will never do for women to be educated and enlightened, to learn to think and to act for themselves. If they do, *men won't love them.*" He speaks truth for himself—such as he would not love purity and goodness and intellect; as well might we expect Satan to love holy men.

But the world is full of wisdom, and thought and right feelings, and the very abuses heaped upon us by these Journals and these scriblers and doctors, has stirred into new life and activity, this wisdom, thought and right feeling, and even 'Harper,' conservative Harpers begins to feel the outside pressure, and cries out, "*Women have grave, social wrongs.*" * * * * *

The laws which deny the individuality of a wife, under the shallow pretence of a legal tie, which awards different punishments for the same vice; the laws which class women with infants and idiots, and which they neither extend nor act on; these are the real and substantial wrongs of women."

Here then Mr. Harper acknowledges nearly the whole ground of our complaint. These are the great wrongs which we wish to have righted, and which he, while it was popular, scoffed at us for daring to meet together to ask to have redressed. Nothing that I have seen shows so quiet a change in the tone of public feeling north, south, east and west as this admission of Harper. Dickens too, the uncompromising opponent over the water, begins to prate about "Legal Fictions," as if he was but just opening his eyes to the powerful wrongs, through all time heaped upon woman, the wife and mother. Let these strong indications of the public feelings stimulate us to renewed effort; our progress has been wonderful, let us on to complete success. Let our national convention at Philadelphia, this fall, be a great ingathering of heart and soul, for the good of humanity. Does not the Declaration assert that "when any form of government becomes destructive of the rights of the governed, fails of securing to the whole people, the inalienable rights of humanity, *life, liberty* and the *pursuit* of happiness;" it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it; are not we of the people? Has not government become destructive of those ends to one half of the people of this boasted land of liberty? Is it not our right, and being our right, does it not become our duty, to speak for ourselves?

Let our rally to this national Convention be one that shall say, still more strongly to the world, "we are in earnest," we are banded; "strong minded women."

God grant the sneer may prove a mighty wisdom; that we may prove ourselves strong minded; faithful in truth and right, unflinching in duty, unawed by the world, till we shall have breathed our testimony into the hearts of the people, and lifted the race from its abject and groveling position, on the arms of Justice and equality, to every human soul; into the regions of light and love.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. E. O. Smith.

My dear Mrs. Davis,

I regret to learn that Bertha and Lily will not be published till August. I have another book nearly ready, which will be published by the same time; I will order copies of each to be sent you.

I returned to this place on Friday last, where I am spending a part of the summer with Mrs. Derbey's family, who pass the summer in Auburn, and in the fall move to New York.

* * * * * *

On the third of July I lectured before the Female Literary Society of Alfred College, to a large audience. The village itself is small, but people come from long distances to attend the exercises of the Institution. On Sunday the 2nd, I held Sabbath evening services in the chapel, which were well received. Commencement day a table of several hundreds of persons collected in the Commons Hall of the College, and I was called out for a speech in common with the Professors, strangers and clergy. Thus you see the great work goes on. Nearly all the students accept the doctrine.

I am greatly interested in this Institution, as both sexes are equally admitted to its privileges.

But I weary you, I shall most probably remain here three or four weeks longer writing, riding, and fishing in the beautiful lake.

Yours truly,

E. OAKES SMITH.

AUBURN, July 9th, 1854.

I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence, who can live at ease in an Augean stable. What surrounds us reflects, more or less, that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns which, in spite of every thing, still throws some light around. If our tastes did not reveal our character, they would be no longer tastes, but instincts.

He who knows the world will not be too bashful, and he who knows himself will never be impudent.

Subscriptions received for the Una, from June 16th, to July 18th.

Mrs. F. D. Gage, $3.

Miss C. H. Higgins $2.

Mrs. Love, $1,50.

Mrs. S. F. Platt, Susan Tucker, Martha Jenks, Mrs. A. Wittemmyr, Mrs. D. Ogden, Mrs. E. W. Perry, Mrs. A. E. Brown, Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, S. F. Goddard, H. H. Baker, Mrs. L. Mott, Dr. H. Preston, S. Curtis, S. Saxton, E. James, N. Glover, P. Parker, Miss Olive Wait, $1 each.

RARITON BAY UNION SCHOOL.

THE UNDERSIGNED have associated themselves to institute a School at the Raritan Bay Union, Perth Amboy, New Jersey, designed to combine the advantages of home nurture, with instruction in Literature, Science and Art. Its basis is a Family School, which has been some years in progress at Belleville, New Jersey; and now, in being transferred to the Raritan Bay Union, enlarged in its number of pupils and teachers, and with ampler and more varied educational appliances, it will still retain its home characteristics, consisting in part, of the children and youth of some associated families, and in part of boarding scholars. To the latter, the place of mother will be supplied by a special individual, not engaged in the intellectual instruction, except so far as this is necessarily involved in the social and moral. The out-of-school life, the amusements, and the general behavior of the boarding scholars will be regulated by the associated teachers, in connection with the school-mother, and under their joint supervision. The associated teachers charge themselves with the intellectual and moral training and instruction of the pupils. It will be their aim to teach, according to the capacities of the scholar, the necessary branches of education for the prosecution of those general duties of life, which none can escape: the Sciences of Nature, Intellectual and Material; History, the usual Ancient and Modern Languages, with a critical study of the English Language; drawing, according to the principles of Art and Descriptive Geometry, and Vocal and Instrumental Music. As there are among the resident members of the Union, persons engaged in Agriculture, Horticulture, and various Mechanical Arts, it is intended that the pupils, under certain regulations, may have an opportunity to become acquainted with these processes by observation of them in practice. We earnestly desire to incorporate with our system of training at the outset, stated industrial employments, mechanical, agricultural and domestic; thus securing for each pupil, to some extent, not only the actual knowledge, habits and skill requisite for the prosecution of life's ordinary labors, but an appreciation of the nobility of labor itself, and that hearty sympathy with all practical workers and work, without which, social life is mere class isolation, and human contact a battle of castes. We are compelled to postpone, for the present, the carrying out of this part of our plan, but hope to possess the requisite facilities after the first school year.

While the associated families will cordially co-operate with the teachers, in making such a public for the young people as will be conducive to their innocence and improvement in knowledge and virtue, the *sole* responsibility of the school, with the care and supervision at all times, of those scholars whose parents do not reside at the Union, will rest exclusively with the teachers, assisted by the school-mother.

The teachers must regulate the general studies of the pupils according to their judgment of the needs of the individual mind. No artificial stimulus of emulation, or otherwise, is believed to be necessary, when the appropriate nutriment is furnished to the mind at the natural crises of his intellectual appetites.

Well assured that, under a wise and careful supervision, the education of the sexes *together* is most favorable to purity and simplicity of character, propriety of demeanor, attention to personal habits, refinement of feeling and manners, and the symmetrical development of the whole mind, we propose to receive as pupils, children and youth of both sexes, thus instituting our educational processes upon the basis of God's model-school—the family.

Arrangements have been made for the accommodation of between forty and fifty boarding scholars; these, with a few others, children of resident members of the Union, will constitute the entire school. No day scholars from the vicinity will be received.

Believing that the use of tea and coffee by children and youth is injurious, those articles will not be furnished to the pupils. Some of the teachers, who make no use of flesh as an article of food, will, in the refectory, sit at a "vegetarian" table, where provisions will be made for the children of those parents, who prefer for them that system of diet.

The school year will commence October 1st, 1854, and will consist of two sessions, of twenty weeks each. There will be three vacations; a week at Christmas, a week in April, and from the latter part of July to the end of September.

The terms, except in cases provided for by special arrangement, will be $100 per session, one-half in advance. This sum defrays the expense of board, washing, to the extent of one dozen per week, bed, bedding, rooms, and room furniture, fuel, lights, tuition, use of apparatus, library, gymnasium, &c. If pupils study in their rooms, fuel and lights will be charged extra. No deduction will be made for absence, except in cases of protracted sickness.

Instruction upon the Piano, with use of instrument, will be a separate charge.

Text Books will be provided for the pupils at cost.

It is requested that each pupil should come provided with four towels, four table napkins, and two pairs of slippers; and that each article of clothing be marked with the full name.

The Raritan Bay Union is situated one mile from the steamboat landing, at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, which stands at the junction of Staten Island Sound with Raritan Bay; the southern point of Staten Island being on the east, and South Amboy, the northern termination of the Camden & Amboy Railroad, on the south-east—both in sight.

Perth Amboy is twenty miles from New York, and has a daily communication with it by steamboat throughout the year.

Applications for admission may be made to THEODORE D. WELD, at Belleville, New Jersey, until September 1st; after that time, at Raritan Bay Union, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

Signed by the EDUCATIONAL GROUP of the Raritan Bay Union.

THEODORE D. WELD,
ELIZABETH P. PEABODY,
MARGARET CORLISS,
ANN ELIZA YOUMANS,
Special Teachers.
WILLIAM H. CHANNING,
EDWARD L. YOUMANS,
ANGELINE G. WELD,
SARAH M. GRIMKE,
Occasional Teachers.

A great spirit may only first attain that existence which unites him with the whole of humanity, when he has laid down the present.

We seldom find people ungrateful, so long as we are in a condition to render them service—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Copy of the laws of Maryland, protecting the property of married women.

CHAPTER 245—PASSED MAY 24, 1853.

An act to protect the property of the wife from the debts of her husband, as regarded by the thirty-eighth section of the third article of the Constitution.

Section 1st. Be it enacted by the General Assembly, of Maryland, That the property, real and personal, belonging to a woman at the time of her marriage, and all property which she may acquire or receive after marriage, by purchase, gift, grant, devise, bequest or in a course of distribution, shall be protected from the debts of the husband, and not in any way be liable for the payment thereof; Provided, that no acquisition of property passing to the wife from her husband after coverture, shall be valid, if the same has been made or granted to her in prejudice of the rights of his subsisting creditors.

Section 2nd. And be it enacted, That in and to effect the objects of the foregoing section, the wife shall have the benefit of all such remedies for her relief and security, as now exist or may be devised in the courts of law, on equality, in this State.

Section 3rd. And be it enacted, That it shall not hereafter be necessary to interpose a trustee in order to secure to a married woman the sole and separate use of her property.

Section 4th. And be it enacted, That all contracts made between persons in contemplation of marriage shall remain in full force after marriage shall take place.

PRAYER TO THE GODESS OF POVERTY.

O, beloved and gentle Poverty! pardon me for having, for a moment, wished to fly from thee, as I would from want; stay here forever with thy charming sisters, Pity, Patience, Sobriety and Solitude; be ye my queens and my instructors; teach me the stern duties of life; remove far from my abode the weakness of the heart, and giddiness of head which follows prosperity. Holy Poverty teach me to endure without complaining, to impart without grudging, to seek the end of life, higher than in the pleasure, further off than in power. Thou givest the body strength, thou makest the mind more firm; and, thanks to thee this life, to which the rich attach themselves as to a rock, becomes a bark of which death may cut the cable without awakening all our tears. Continue to sustain me, O thou whom Christ hath called blessed.—*Attic Philosopher.*

Ritcher asserts that a too early excited imagination leads a *man* into moral errors, he also asserts that it preserves the higher female nature, raises it above temptation and gives it strength to contend with difficulties before which the weaker physical nature of woman is vanquished.

"I have often remarked," says Ritcher, "that a great man, to preserve his reputation, must not live long. New monuments of his greatness are constantly expected of him. By making his past actions the heralds of his future, they raise him to an attainable point, they turn always their eyes forwards, and seek what he is going to be, and forget what he has been, ceasing to admire when they have nothing *new* to admire.

If the enjoyments of others embitter jealous minds, they strengthen the humble spirit; they are beams of sunshine, which open the two beautiful flowers called *Trust and Hope.*

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, AUGUST, 1854.

ART REFORMATORY.

From the ladies of Cincinnati, we have received a catalogue of their Gallery of Fine Arts, an Institution yet in its infancy, but established upon such a basis as appears to promise it a long and prosperous life. The aims and objects of the association are set forth in the following extract from the address of the association:

"For the cultivation of public taste—for the encouragement of artists, and to furnish a source of intellectual recreation and enjoyment to our people—it is proposed to form a gallery of copies, to be executed in the best manner, from the master-pieces of European painting and sculpture.

It is proposed that this gallery shall be under the control and management of ladies, and that the Directeresses shall have power to order from abroad, from time to time, such works of art as they may deem judicious, and within the means afforded by the subscribers. In order to faciliate a critical study of art, it is also proposed to attach a ladies' reading room, to be supplied with the standard works on art, or kindred subjects, which may lead to a more intimate knowledge of the character of the works contained in the gallery.

And it is further proposed to give an annual exhibition of pictures, to be lent for the occasion, by friends of art in this city and elsewhere, in order to increase the funds of the association and to excite public interest in the undertaking.

As soon as five hundred names shall have been entered upon the subscription list, at $5 each, per annum, a meeting of the subscribers will be called to organize the association, and to carry into effect the measures herein proposed.

From evidence already before the Association, it is ascertained that copies, all but equal to their wonderful originals, can be obtained at such moderate charges, that for a sum varying from $40,000 to $50,000, absolute fac similes may be procured of all, or nearly all, in painting or sculpture, that is most worthy of regard in the old world. If really awakened to a sense of the great public advantages to be derived from thus transplanting into our midst those grand productions, which for ages have been the delight and admiration of mankind, Cincinnati can and will readily contribute to this object one thousand, or even two thousand subscribers. Adopting the lesser number we would derive an annual revenue of $5,000. From this sum, expended with ordinary prudence and good judgment, a gallery might be formed within eight or ten years, which would justly become the pride and ornament of our community."

The collection of Pictures now offered for public inspection, is pronounced by competent judges to be the finest ever exhibited in this city, and a frequent examination of its varied and beautiful contents, cannot fail to afford high gratification to every true lover of the Fine Arts.

Beside several undoubted originals of great merit, by Old Masters, and many excellent copies from the greatest Artists of the middle ages, this collection contains a large number of modern European works. American art is also illustrated by the already celebrated works of Cole, "The Voyage of Life," and "Elijah in the Desert," which, of themselves, are sufficient to attract admiring crowds. Landscapes of interesting beauty, by our townsmen, Whitridge and Sonntag, adorn the walls,—Mrs. Spencer, Beard, Hall, Martin, Lee and Duncanson, are all well represented; together with the "Job and his Comforters," by Aubery—a picture, distinguished alike for the grandeur of its composition, and the harmony of its colors, which rival the tints of Titian. Other works there are also, of native artists—the "Cromwell," by Rothermel, remarkable for its fine grouping and artistic handling, &c., &c. Thus, it will be seen that our public spirited citizens have promptly and generously responded to the call of the ladies, and have given the best proofs of their desire to sustain this undertaking.

Accepting the idea that "Art is the handmaid of Religion," and hoping for all the varied blessings which it promises besides, the ladies of Cincinnati have set themselves bravely and generously to work to place the enjoyment of it like a free gospel, within the reach of all the people of the Queen City. "Westward the star of Empire takes its way," said Bishop Berkley, while residing at Newport, Rhode Island, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and the march of civilization towards the Pacific is rapidly fulfilling the prediction of that great patron of learning in the new world.—Already the sciences, polite literature and the arts are reflecting from the valley of the Mississippi the light of the east with a brightened ray.

In any aspect which this movement of these noble women offers to our view it can scarcely be too highly appreciated or too warmly encouraged. The malign influence of the Institution of one large region of our country* is so desperately hostile to the progress of civilization, that it is all the more necessary to sustain the new methods of elevating and purifying the public morals, which open in a more promising direction.

In crowded cities where nature's holy teachings are almost excluded, where only a little strip of blue sky brightens the long dull streets, where sickly trees in trim boxes wave their dusty branches, there is always suffered, and often felt, an inexpressible want, that can only be supplied by high art, which serves as the substitute of natural beauty and fulfills its benign offices.

*In Virginia alone, in 1840, there were 60,000 native population, who could not read and write—In 1850, there were 88,529, an increase of over 20,000. From this last number 1,137 foreigners may be deducted. There are of the sexes respectively 46,767 women who cannot read and write, and about 30,000 men. To those whose work is found in missionary societies, and their varied and far distant fields, we would say let your eyes rest in pity on your degraded white sisters in the South, clothed in rags and sitting in darkness. Let that zeal which leads you to the burning plains of India, to the wilds of Persia, Arabia and Africa find this work which demands as earnest and faithful laborers as any the world can give.

Once while passing through Broadway, we were attracted toward the 'Art Union.' "Don't go there," said our attendant, "only the *canaille* visit that gallery. It is a vulgar place."

"Are there not some fine pictures there?"

"Yes, a few."

"Well I must see them. You may go on and buy, and sell, and get gain; that is truly patrician, but I will be plebian and see the pictures, that serve the people, and the people too."

In that dusty, foot temple of taste, we found the young and old, the mechanic and the seamstress, the grave and the gay, the earnest student and the ignorant gazer. On one form sat a young mother looking upon a sea scene as though all her soul were in her eyes. Her white kerchief was pinned with a single pearl headed pin, that rested like a congealed tear against her snowy throat; her eye-lids were beaded with richer pearls, that were slowly following other drops which had fallen upon the baby's face. A little one at her side asked is that Papa's ship?

She raised her eyes and meeting our earnest look of sympathy, she said, "My husband's gone to sea, and this picture of a storm makes me fear for him. But I like to come here on my way down town, to see the sunshine on that other picture. It almost makes me feel as though I were in my dear old home again. And I feel better and more patient as often as I look at it." Here she took up her bundle of work which she had from the tailors on one arm and the baby on the other, and went forth to her toil, strengthened and refreshed by her brief, but sweet communion with the beautiful. She must earn the bread that perishes with her weary fingers, but she had gathered food here for that heart feast, which will make her forget her poverty, and fear, and desolation.

As she left, a plain, almost rough looking man came in and sat down. On his face and in his form were the marks of toil, but not of grief. His talk with his companion was of Rubens, of Titian, of Guido and Corregio. He stood before those works of art as one that held familiar converse with their idea. In a manly clearness of apprehension he discussed their merits, marked their beauties, and displayed their method and significance. When his little rest time had past, he walked away with the elastic step and erect bearing of one who had a life within that could charm away the ugly realities of his toilsome lot. Thus witnessing the soothing and sustaining power of art, upon the suffering and dependant, and the ennobling tone which it imparted to appreciative insight, in a spirit stronger, but as needy in its way,—and while we saw how the dormant sense of beauty and the innate sentiment of purity were awakened in the hearts of those whose ordinary life afforded them no rich resources for mental and moral discipline and development, the strong desire arose that

the attractions of beauty in every kind, and every where might be substituted for the compulsion of restraint! How ardently we longed for the multiplication of saloons of music and tasteful parks and play grounds, for the people and the children of the people, where beauty in its purest styles might minister to the morals and manners of the million; for there is a natural hierarchy among the faculties of the heart and mind, that would happily vindicate and assure the sovereignty of the best things in our humanity, if only the occasions and inducements were well and wisely supplied.

Swedenborg uttered an oracle, when he said "Beauty is the form of Love." John was inspired when he said, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." It is the life of life, the essence of religion, the nature of God. Converse with beauty in those forms which address themselves to the moral sentiments, to the imagination and to the higher ranges of the intellect is therefore by an excluding preoccupation, the best and surest protection from the dominion of the lower instincts and passions. There is indeed even in the tone and temper of mind and body induced, by the beautiful in art and nature, a spirit that casts out the demons which infests the grosser regions of our inner life.

The fine arts are the measure, the index, the exponent of all that deserves the name of greatness in a civil state. They are indeed "the flower of civilization," and stand every where in special connection with its religious life.

The Arts in the barbaric stage of Grecian history were as rude as the manners of the people. Their most ancient figures of men and gods were scarcely any thing more than pillars or blocks, with the upper portion formed into a sort of knob or rounded to represent a head. Even to the time of Pausanias (470, B. C.) unshapen stones and trunks of trees were still preserved in the temples, as images of their Gods although already replaced by forms almost divine,—a memorial of the semi-savage state from which they had merged.

Twelve centuries before the Christain era the uncouthness of a barbarous taste reigned in Greece, as absolutely as now in the interior of Africa. Subsequently there appeared more truth and acuracy in the sketch and outline, and more nature and harmony in the execution and expression, but there was still a stiffness and incompleteness that may be styled rude until the time of Phidias (450, B. C.). From this period to the age of Praxitlees, or Alexander (340, B. C.) the art of Sculpture advanced with the rising fortunes of the states, till it reached great loftiness, grandeur and nobleness of style; yet this was accompanied with more or less of that want of softness and ease which marked the works of preceeding artists. There was a rigid observance of proportion, gesture and attitude, but it was rather more significant than pleasing.

About the time of Alexander, elegance and grace, beauty and truth in their happiest, holiest styles were added to the accuracy and nobleness before attained; and the glory of Greece in arts, arms, polity and learning, culminated together, as they afterwards declined, till the Roman Conquest, in (146, B. C.) buried them in a common grave; leaving only some imperishable remains of their grand creations in art and "half our polite learning as her epitaph."

Their history teaches that while the arts of design were in their glory, Greece had refinement, virtue, gentleness and prosperity in all best and noblest things; and, that all these social and national blessings are by the constitution of things necessarily associated.

The argument for employing artistic culture and the development of true taste in a nation as an assistant and sanctifier, and as a corrective also, of material progress, is so broad and deep that we may not here attempt its display. A fundamental principle lies beneath it, that may, in brief, be suggestively presented.

Life, vegetative, sentient, moral, intellectual —is *relative*. Instinctive springs within, put every faculty of our nature upon the search of its object without.

The fire burns in the bosom, and tongues of flame leap forth for their fuel. Stimulation and satisfaction are the incessant want of every innate energy. A man can neither cease to wish, aspire, love or admire, any more than he can cease to breathe the air and still live. Every fibre of muscle, every wasting particle of bone dust, and every active convolution of the brain demands its appropriate excitement, but the voluntary powers have large liberty and many objects. They may turn from feeding on the mountains, to battening on the moors. They hunger for the food of Gods, but they can prey on garbage, and will gorge grossly if not feasted gloriously.

The suppression of the noblest powers of the soul is their death, with all its mournful meaning in the word; but, their perversion, abuse, destruction and misdirection is their hell —an eternal death, that never dies. If an archangel made a slave, and a prince turned pander to the grossest wrongs can horrify by their fearful possibility, so should the shockingly familiar spectacle affect us when we witness the divinest faculties in our common nature subdued into the service of a pampered animalism.

To such a catastrophe the living world around us is exposed in its ordinary and usual conditions. But there is something specially full of warning in the natural tendency of that boundless, material success which our times and country supply.

Alexander had an ambition that embraced a world, but it was physical merely, and indulged only the aspirings of the material man—the intellectual, the sensual and the selfish. He died in the fullness of his success, in the very prime of his life and glory. The surfeit of success in our ordinary pursuits comes less full and early but as fatally where it falls. If Alexander's enthusiasm had run along the higher levels of art and sentiment, he could have been "drunk with the spirit," that Paul opposed to the "drunkenness of wine," and all the infinite heights and depths of his heart and mind would have been filled with heaven.

Apply this inference to the subjects of our theme; and to the beneficence of schools of art, and of ample provision for all the nobler necessities of common life are strikingly illustrated and enforced.

Plato tells us that, in Greece, drawing was taught in the same school with the sciences and philosophy, in order that they might judge more correctly of what was truly beautiful, and it is doubtless to the great beauty of their scenery, and the eminent excellence of their own classic forms, that they were indebted for their supremacy in civilization and their plastic Arts, Sculpture, Architecture, Engraving, Lithoglyph and gardening, which are still the wonder and envy of the world.

The culture of the arts of design in Greece were a national as well as a common concern. Their maritime enterprises brought them the achievements of Egypt and Western Asia; their religion, and their chivalry and public spirit put statuary, painting and architecture in high demand for the purposes of worship to the Gods and gratitude and honor to heroic men; and the favoring conditions of climate, scenery, personal perfections, and literature, poetry, music and oratory did the rest.

The masculine arts, and those energies which give us dominion of the material elements fell very far short of our attainments; and they were less injured by their materializing influence. We need, therefore, so much the more all that is liberalizing, refining and elevating in the world of beauty.

And who may so appropriately and so successfully engage in this branch of the public education—let us even say, this department of the common salvation of our country—as our women? The slaves of color and the slaves of sex are most concerned in the redemption of their masters. It is their best hope of deliverance from tyranny. The triumph of masculine energy in the enterprizes that accumulate the world's wealth, and subdues its physical forces to human use, have no proper tendency to soften the tempers, refine the tastes, reform the morals, or awaken the spirituality of the victors. It is the office of beauty and taste, to raise gentleness, purity, virtue and goodness to the level of their proper rank in human apprehension; and on their benigner ministries do the fortunes and destiny, the welfare and social worth and powers of womanhood depend.

Let our sex therefore be foremost in glorifying and sanctifying the prosperity of the age by opening the spiritual light of heaven upon the robust strivings of the earth.

ISOLA.

The following article, in answer to Isola's letter, in the July number of the Una, is so much more spirited than our own remarks, and withal is so entirely to the purpose, that we withhold ours and give it place, endorsing most of its sentiments cordially. We do not quite admit that the wail of any bleeding heart, even though it be a *very selfish one*, sullies the garments of the child, Una.

We know, and our position compels us to the knowledge of the fact, that there are women among us so crushed, so loathing their lives, that even chattel slavery looks, in the distance, like a boon to be desired; and we cannot forbid them an utterance, though we may see them in the wrong and pity their blindness, their ignorance, perhaps the weakness that does not break the bonds which are hateful to them.

DORCHESTER, Mass., July, 1854.

To the Editor of the Una:

Dear Madam:—A firm believer in the wrongs of women and in the necessity and possibility of her demanding and obtaining her *Rights*, I hailed with great joy the advent of your paper. I have been a diligent reader of its pages and have striven by all means in my power to extend its circulation: *always* have I been an "Abolitionist," therefore I confess the first numbers of the Una were read with jealous and anxious care, to be sure, that while it advocated "Woman's Rights," it was nowhere narrow or sectional, that it was indeed doing battle for the elevation of *all* Women of whatsoever *color*, clime or condition; that while true to its prime object, it did not hesitate to grasp hands with every cause that is grounded on "One God, one Humanity, one Law, one Love from all for all."

Up to this month I have never found the Una "wanting;" everywhere and always, have I rejoiced to find it, outspoken for oppressed humanity, whatever shape that oppression may have assumed; and in your letters, when from home, you have never failed of expressing your word of condemnation for the vices and follies which have come under your observation. From all this, I must believe that *you* do not, *you cannot*, endorse the following sentiments, which I quote from the July number of the "Una:"

"It seems to me that the few women

'Faithful only found among the faithless,'

who have so bravely espoused our cause—a cause which to us is one of Life or Death—emphatically the '*bread* question,' should have directed all their efforts to the abolishment of *white* slavery. *One* of the heads of Hydra was surely as much as so small a force should have attacked at once. We *need, this side* of Mason and Dixon line, *all that could be done.* The black slave, when old or disabled, has a sure support; she is in happy ignorance of her own degradation. It must be that our friends know not the magnitude, the length and depth of the evil they have so nobly undertaken to combat. On those women, to whom God has given the will and talent and opportunity, must depend the happiness of future generations of white women in this country. Why go abroad for the enemy when he is in our midst?"

I quote the above shamefully selfish sentiments, from an article from "Elmira, New York, signature, "Isola." The Italics are "Isola's" also—a fitting signature for such sentiments! I trust for the honor of the cause we advocate, she *is alone, insulated*, in such narrow, ignoble thoughts; well may one ask, "Why go *abroad* for the enemy when he is in *our midst?* "Let her indeed tear from her own soul, this terrible selfishness before she presumes to lift a finger in this "movement!"

"*One* of the heads of Hydra * * *." Let me tell her and all others (if indeed there *are any others*) who feel that *only* this one "Head," the wrongs of "White Women *this side* the Mason and Dixon line," is all they can possibly attack; if by any chance their one-sided blows are successful and this mighty sin *seems* vanquished, they will quickly find all their labors useless, for God will never permit to *them* an "Iolaus" to finish their work, but forth from the uncauterized wound shall spring, not *two*, (as in the ancient Myth,) but *two dozen* heads, each more dreadful than the *one* they had striven to crush.

It must have a strange sound in the ears of foreign subscribers to the Una, that the "Woman Movement," in this country, "should be directed to the abolishment of *white* slavery *this side* of Mason and Dixon's line;" pray are *we* peculiarly degraded above all other women, that all the talents and power of the noble workers in this cause must be spent on us alone? I fancy there are many *white* women *the other side* of that terrible line, for whom a little of our sympathy and a share of our labors would not be spent in vain. May not *even* the *free* colored women, who are among *us*, catch here and there a crumb, which may chance to fall from the full loaf, we are struggling to clutch for ourselves? I suppose "Isola" will say, "no, *only* white slaves!" but this is just after the pattern set us by the Revolutionary Sires, who gave this same cruel *no*, as pay to the black *men* who helped them fight their battles for Liberty in '76.

"The black slave, when old or disabled, has a sure support." If this were true, (it is not) I would ask, has not also the old and disabled *white* woman *this* side of Mason and Dixon's line a sure support? Surely she has, for all other means failing her, the Alms House is a "*sure*" home; and, for one, I should prefer the very meanest one in the Free States, or a death from starvation on the public highway, to the best "support" the most humane of all the slave holders can give to the most valued of his slaves. I should at least know that my own body belonged to me, and that is better than "*bread*;" and death from starvation and the soul's *homeward* flight through *free* air, is infinitely to be preferred to *life without* Liberty.

"She is in happy ignorance of her own condition." Ah! indeed, is she really? If this is a reason for us to be silent, for them, then also is it a reason why we should evermore hold our peace, on the wrongs of "*White*" Women; for if they are not in "happy ignorance," they are at least *unwilling* to have redress, and will suffer any amount of misery rather than in any way be identified with, or acknowledge the justice and need of the "Woman's Rights Cause." I say this is true of two-thirds of the women this side of Mason and Dixon's line, and I think any laborer or leader in the movement will bear me out in this assertion.

If then ignorance, or willful hugging of the chains of slavery *be* happiness, shall we keep silent? nay, but the stones of the street would cry out for very shame! "Happy ignorance."—Then why do so many of them flee away from such "sure" homes, and escape through all sorts of perils to Canada, thus reducing themselves to the unfortunate condition of us "*White*" Slaves?—When we come to stand before God, and the "books are opened" and each one gives in the final account, and the voice of the "Inexorable One" sounds in our ears: "Where is thy Black Sister?" will it suffice to answer *there?* "Thou knowest Oh Lord! we were very "few" and could attack but "one head of the Hydra;" besides she was in "happy ignorance" of her situation" and had a "sure support in her old age;" "What is it to us? We were not our black sister's keeper!" Then shall *many* fugitives testify (and at *that Bar, color* makes no difference in the reception of testimony,) against the "happy ignorance" and more than one "Old Prue," prove the falseness of a "sure" home in old age. Then shall the Judge say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto these, ye did not unto me. I know you not."

It is just precisely because "our friends" *do know* "the magnitude * * *" of the evil they have undertaken to combat, and because they also know that the "happiness and misery of future generations" of *black* women are just as dear to God as that of "white women," do they spend their "will, talents and opportunity" for *both*.

I have no faith in the sincerity or earnestness of any advocate of the "Woman's Rights Movement," who ignores the cause of the slave, and refuses the sympathy and aid within her or his power to give. In the noble words of Mazzini, in a grand letter "to an English friend coming to this country:" "We are the sections, the regiments of one army; we may be entrusted by the circumstances * * under which we live, with distinct operations; but the same banner ought to spread over us all; and we ought, from time to time, to commune on the same ground." Glorious Mazzini! He does not, with the enslavement of his beautiful Italy pressing, as it must, sadly on his noble heart, grudge his warm words of sympathy, but reaches across the Atlantic to grasp the hands of our own Mazzina's, "and bids them on their way without haste and without rest!" *He* finds *nowhere* a Mason and Dixon's line, to bound his labors for Humanity.

In conclusion allow me to say, though grieved to see no note of dissent from the Editor's pen, and deeply pained that the child Una should thus early have so foul a spot on her hitherto fair garments, I cannot believe that any of the noble women, who lead in this cause, and *most* of those who follow, have any sympathy with the sentiments contained in "Isola's" letter, upon which I have taken the liberty to comment in this article; but I could not refrain from expressing my indignant scorn. I feel that such utterances should not go forth in the Una unnoticed and unreproved.

For myself I must say, were I convinced that the Una does indeed endorse such sentiments, that this movement does in any way countenance the pro-slavery party, "I would have none of it. I would wash my hands clean from it!"—If I must give up one, if I find *myself* unable "to grapple but with one head of the Hydra," I shall not hesitate which to give up. May God forget me, when I forget the slave! May my tongue "cleave to the roof of my mouth," when I refuse to speak in their behalf!

In working for the slave I know I emancipate myself, I do more for the freedom of white women, than I possibly could in *any other way*, if at the *same time* I turned my back on the anti-slavery cause. Not yet are the words coined, which are strong enough to express the undying hate I bear the American slave system or the sympathy and pity I feel for its victims. I believe the Woman's Rights party will never get what we ask for until this System is abolished, and we breathe free of a slave atmosphere; nevertheless, I would not stay the hand of any one, but bid all true and earnest workers a "God speed," and trust that ere long the Morning Star shall herald forth a new day, in which shall be proclaimed *equal rights* for *all*, of whatever *color*, clime, or condition! I know there are many who think they already see the horizon tinged with its coming, and that the rendition of poor Burns and that fearful 2nd. of June, was but *one* of the golden streaks that shoot up the sky, and foreshadows the beauties of the just dawning, *new* day; God help us! I am not so far-sighted as that. I said I trusted, but I can *only* trust.

H. M. C.

BOOKS.

We see the announcement of Mrs. Stowe's new work, *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, published by J. C. Derby, and Samson & Phillips.

This can scarce be other than a sunny book after the brilliant reception which everywhere met her as the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

A work worthy of its author, (we doubt not) Dr. W. Elder, will be issued next month, by J. C. Derby & Co., New York. The long expected Bertha and Lily has appeared, and will be noticed next month.

FASHION AND FAMINE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

The author's name and the title of this book, new in the market, will secure for it a general reading. The opening chapter is a most graphic description of a market morning, and the introduction of two characters, Mrs. Gray, the huckster woman, and little Julia Warren, who both figure largely in the progress of the story. There are some fine natural touches, some well drawn characters who come before the reader like old acquaintances; we shake hands hurriedly with them, for they are business like people, and are away to act their part at once. We come now to Ada Wilcox, the heroine, a woman of great beauty, intellect and passion. Married in early life to a villain, the most cold. blooded, mean and hardened of any with whom it has ever been our fortune to meet, even in the regions of fiction. While she is young he leaves her penniless, desolate, and wild with jealousy. In time she accepts the protection of another, and goes to Europe as the governess of his daughter; they both die and he bequeaths her his wealth, so that she shall no longer be a slave; returning, she seeks out Leicester, has an interview with him, in a room furnished with articles hallowed to her by old associations. She believed when he left her that he did not love her; now she *knows* it, still she is represented as loving him with a wild irresistible love. We should say the manner in which she sets forth her property right in him, calling him still *her* husband after ten years separation, an insane passion, which we could never dignify with the sacred name of love. We cannot believe that any woman, and we care not what the ties may be that bind her to a man, can love him when she ceases to respect; when convinced that her idol is wantonly dishonorable, she will cast out her love as an unholy thing. He may be the father of her children, be bound to her by all legal ties, and she may look upon that bond as indissoluble; from pride, policy or fear, she may shrink from acknowledging this, even to herself, but the heart will rebel, a woman cannot love, with a pure and holy love, a *mean* man. She may continue to love one whose fiery impulses have made him guilty of high handed crime. In the gush of generous sympathy she may say:

"I know not, nor ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I know that I love thee whatever thou art."

After a ten years abandonment, Leicester learns at a ball given by Ada that she has immense wealth, and after he has married a young trusting, loving girl, he is made to say to her, "you are my wife, lawfully married—the mother of my child, this property if it is yours is mine. Being the master of this house, if it is yours, my province is to command." She then tells him the price paid for all this wealth, and asks him if he will use it, knowing this? "He coolly replies, that the laws which gives him her property will by her own confession divest him of its only incumbrance." Still when his victim bride is shown to her and he tells her that he loves *her* as he never loved mortal woman before, she throws on her shawl and proposes to go and leave all to him, and says, rather would I go forth penniless and bareheaded into the street than believe him married to another. "Approaching him she holds out her hands, he sees the unquenched love that sheds anguish over her beautiful face and takes courage." Now all this is perfectly unnatural; a man or woman of half the capacity they are represented as having would not be ignorant that the law freed them from all obligations, after three years of continued absence.

One aim of the book seems to us to be to make woman a mere loving, depending being; but even in this, the author has failed, for the characters lack continuity. Ada was a fallen woman, still full of feeling tender, generous, loving impulses, but at the trial when she recognises her own old father accused of the murder of Leicester, she hardens herself, and adheres to the false testimony she has given, which condemns him. Her theory of hereditary descent is inharmonious; Leicester inherits all the evil of an evil father, Ada is false and proud and passionate, while her parents are pure, humble and truthful, beyond the ordinary good. One more extract. Speaking of the law which requires blood for blood, she says, "Women who from the natural and just arrangement of social life, have no share in forming laws can scarcely arrogate to themselves the right of advancing or condemning those which owe their existence to the greatest masculine intellect; and we who reason so much from the heart can never be sure that the Angel of Mercy, whom we worship, may not sometimes crowd Justice from her seat. Alas! alas! that in this age of blood and hopeless cruelty, a woman should utter even a doubt about the need of the presence of an influence which would soften and ameliorate the laws.

Only so far has the age of progress carried Mrs. S. on towards that better day, that we had hoped this new book was to aid in ushering in—but she tells us these thoughts are a portion of her own being; to us the sorrow in condemning a woman's work is all the greater that she has given us her real sentiments; we would that it were a fiction to her—the thoughts as well as the story.

CHILD'S REVERIES ABOUT FROGS.

Mr. Dixby had lately moved into a neighborhood of frog marshes. His little daughter sat listening to the moody croaking. Every now and then a deep sigh stole up suddenly from her full heart, and a plump, round, little finger was thrust into each ear. At last she twisted her blue gingham apron over her head like a turban, and tucking the golden curls up under it all around both ears, to muffle the sound, she sat with one hand resting on each knee, as if prepared to listen more composedly.

The wee little thing had evidently sprung some new vain of thought, which went dancing through her busy brain like wild fire.

She began to look interested and full of curiosity, for the child was a genuine grand daughter of that first female explorer of mysteries, at whose door we pile up the mountain of all our woes. The merit of the frog music had become a deep study. Her small head underwent a succession of nods and shakes—the latter very greatly predominating. Not much light seemed to have dawned on the subject when her mother entered the room.

"Mama! mama!" she exclaimed, bounding up suddenly, "do the frogs get cold by playing in the water."

"No darling; the frogs are made to live in the water, like little fish. They never take cold by paddling in the muddy pond, any more than you do by having a good run in the morning air."

"But some of these frogs are very hoarse, mama. Do they take cold by sleeping out doors all night?"

"God could teach them how to build nests, if they needed them, as he does the little birds. These frogs are not hoarse, child, they are only the bass singers in the great frog choir."

"They have ugly voices any way. I don't like their music! Do you mama? It sounds just as if some of the little ones had got the croup."

Mrs. Dixby was called away and prevented from making a reply. Little Helen sat listening and looking into the starry evening, still thinking aloud unconsciously.

"I wonder whether God likes to hear such singing as the frogs make! It almost frightens me, when they croak out so altogether. May be it sounds better when it gets so far off, way up in Heaven. May be it is just like a sweet little echo, coming back from the hill-side. I like the dear, little echo children; but I don't like the big guns, and I don't like such a big noise as they make 4th of July. They scare me so I jump every time. But the big sounds are the darling, little echos names. I saw some one day. They run over the hills like silver shadows, and they called and laughed together like Jimmy and me playing hide and seek."

"Oh dear! I hope God doesn't like frog singing when he is close by, cause then he'll have them singing all about in Heaven every night, and I shall want to hear angels sing. Oh! I wish frogs didn't go to Heaven! May be the naughty ones don't; and then somebody'll teach all the rest to sing like the birds. Wouldn't that be funny? frogs and birds singing all together!"

The child clapped both hands together with delight, and then sat still a long time, as if pondering something very intently. Her busy brain seemed to be revolving the most abstruse questions.

"Oh dear!" she murmured at length, with a prolonged sigh, "*will* there be any marshes and muddy ponds there for frogs to live in? I don't like them at all! Frogs are such ugly looking, chubby things, and go jumping along so! And then they get all over their heads in the mud. I don't think nice angels in white frocks will play with them one bit. They're *so* dirty."

"I'm sure I don't ever want to go to Heaven with the frogs!"

The words were spoken with an unusual sway of two fat, little shoulders, as an uncommon loud and distant croaking came floating through the windows.

"Mama!" exclaimed the child, springing to her feet as her mother entered the room, "do angels get fever and ague up in Heaven, when they live close to the frog marshes?"

"What Nelly?" said the lady opening both eyes wide with surprise.

"Oh dear!" said Nelly, pulling off her turban, and looking vexed and crest fallen. "Oh dear! I forgot! they never are sick. Angels never get shaking chills, do they, mama?" she continued in a subdued tone, drawing timidly nearer her mother. "But mama, *I don't like frogs*!"

Poor, little Nelly! This was her first experience with such noisy neighbors. No wonder it took a long time to understand their mysterious character. Stronger nerves then hers have been shaken sometimes by the unearthly croaking of an army of these native minstrels. Very unbenevolently, the wisest people have been ready to echo little Nelly's feelings.

"I don't ever want to go to Heaven with the frogs!"

BLANK NEVINS.

To the Editress of the Una:

In the Weekly Dispatch of May 28th, there appeared a leading article on the *Rights of Woman*, which it may be interesting to the readers of the *Una* to hear about, as showing how the leaders of the Woman's movement may be spoken of in England. This article had not a single argument on the merits of the question, but laid all its stress on the character of these leaders. It said that the advocates of woman's rights detested the condition of wife and mother, and despised the performance of the duties attached to these conditions,—it said also that there were persons who go about slip-shod with holes in the heels of their stockings, who vociferate for new rights while they ignore present duties, with much more to the same purpose.

It also asserted that no woman working at a business would be a good wife. The present writer knew very well that she could easily prove from their writings, that many of the advocates of justice to woman are not unnatural monsters, but loving, kindly women who glory in the name of wife and mother, and reverence in the highest degree the duties which these conditions entail; she knew also how, even that such a statement, would find no place in the pages of the Dispatch and therefore contented herself with sending the following letter on the propriety of at least opening new fields of employment for single women; moderate as it is, it has proved too strong to gain acceptance in the eyes of the editor of the Dispatch.

Sir—I have read with much interest your article on the much vexed question of woman's rights, and it has suggested some thoughts for which perhaps you may be able to find a place in your journal. Your castigation of those foolish and headstrong women, who vociferate for rights while they ignore or neglect duties, must meet the sympathy of all who wish well to the sex. (*One woman such as this does more harm to the cause than all the abuse of all the journals in England can do,*) and your clear statement of the great field of exertion for woman, being the family, must command the assent of every thinking mind. Yet in my opinion there is something to add to this. This admitted, all is not said. In our age and state of society there are a large proportion of women for whom the happy condition wife and mother is an impossibility, and that without any fault of their own. Those who ought to have been their husband's and provided for all their wants are among the crowds of emigrants, who, in foreign lands, pine for the society of the women, whose days, meanwhile, are spent in the miserable strivings for a livelihood, which is the fate of so many of the unfortunate, forsaken, single women of Britain.

All those who rejoice in the natural and happy position of wife and mother, must feel for the position of those less favored, and rejoice in any thing which might afford alleviation, if it could not altogether remove their nurseries. Now there is little doubt that women in this position would be happier if a freer scope were afforded for their powers than those which now open to them, if in fact any pursuit were open to them, which they might desire to follow. They would be more tranquil and happy in themselves and more useful to society, engaged in any congenial, active pursuit, than pining listless and inactive within their lowly home.

We may perhaps presume that most women will continue from choice to follow the common domestic occupations of woman, but should nine-tenths of them do so, that is no reason why the tenth who wishes some different field of action should be refused freedom to choose what suits her. It will, generally speaking, be great aptitude for an exceptional profession which induces a woman to enter it, and in that case it will be a benefit both to herself and society, that she performs its functious freely. The case mentioned of a Liverpool lady who makes a first rate captain of a merchantman is very much to the point. It is evident she has known what she was fitted for, and her fortunate position as daughter of a shipbuilder enabled her to attain her object. To be a first rate navigator and command a ship with perfect order and discipline may possibly be a very unwomanly ambition, yet it is quite certain that confining her to her home and her stitching, the woman who accom plishes this ambition, and forbidding her the power of self assertion would not make her a bit more womanly, she would still have been a sea captain in her heart.

In old times large families of daughters had occupation, and that very amply supplied them in spinning, weaving, baking, brewing &c. The household being in reality a manufactory of almost every article consumed in it; but now the division of labor has simplified domestic economy to such a point, that there is no longer employment in a household for many women. In the middle classes a family of half a dozen daughters—a very common number—cannot within itself give earnest real work for all of them. They become listless and unhappy, simply through idleness forced on them, by the position in which they stand. Women are very falsely accused of beginning the strife which now seems begun about the occupations of the sexes. It is because the spinning-jenny, the steam loom, and in these last days even the sewing machines have first of all invaded their sphere, and seized their old time-honored functions, that they are now at last driven to seek new fields of labor.

The good wife described by Solomon is no idle fine lady. "She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands, she layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh fine linen and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also and he praiseth her." How different is the modern household and the modern mistress of a family! All this great field of healthful and energetic action is removed out of reach, and women stretch out their hands and grope after something to replace the spindle, the distaff,—one may almost add the needle,—which modern machinery has taken out of their hands. Let us not discourage, but rather assist them in the search, for it is evident that even wives and mothers have not now in the family the wide scope for exertion which they had in old times. But if these are comparatively idle times even for matrons how much more so for unmarried women, who confine themselves strictly to household duties; nothing can be more uncomfortable than the position of a large family of daughters, too genteel to be put to any business, and too poor to have the means of amusement or elegant employment for their leisure. They waste the best part of their lives in the most tedious and useless idleness. In old times they would have spun and woven, working diligently till the expected husband appeared. Now spinning and weaving and almost all the useful arts have left the household, it is therefore very bad policy to throw cold water on the efforts of women to find some occupations to replace them. Surely the years between womanhood and marriage might still, though in some different way, be employed usefully to society; and so employed they would pass more agreeably and be a better preparation for future duty, than if spent in listless sloth, which is the worst of all preparations for any sort of active life.

They have very little faith in the great fact that woman is loving and motherly in her nature, who think that being an active and energetic helper in the general work of the world can deprive her of those essential parts of her womanhood. It is possible there may be such monsters as Mrs. Jellaby, who entirely neglects her family for a visionary scheme of philosophy; but if Boriaboula Gha had never been heard of, and some means could have been found to compass her thoughts and actions within her household, would that have converted her into a sympathizing wife, and a loving, wise and active mother? On the other hand, does not her neglected daughter grow up into quite a model wife and mother, although she is also a dancing mistress in full employment? Nay, she is all the better wife and mother, for her loving and faithful heart would have done but little good had she not also had the sense and spirit to work for her delicate husband, who could not work for her. It is not being a dancing mistress, or a merchant, or even a philanthropist, that can hinder a woman from making a good wife and mother, but the want of heart and inclination. In common life there are ninty-nine women who make bad mothers from indolence, thoughtlessness, love of visiting and gossip, for one who neglects her family from business, charity, pretended philanthropic schemes or any other cause whatever.

Those women must be very few and hardly worthy of notice, who despise the name and duties of a mother, and repine at the pains and penalties which are indispensible accompaniments of its joys and honors. If Napoleon in his answer to Madame de Steal had said, that she was the greatest woman who brought up the noblest and best children, I, for my part, would have hesitated little to agree with him; but mere number of children is but a coarse way of estimating the worth of a mother, though natural enough in him who made so many mothers childless and desolate. The work of a mother, rightly understood, is certainly the noblest *common* work that is done in the world; to shine out conspiciously in any way can never be the lot of more than a few, whereas the duty of bringing up children lies in the path of the great majority of women, and on their performance of this every day duty depends in a great measure the welfare of the state.

If the position then of wife and mother be so important in the nature of things, might we not

expect to see its real worth and greatness honored and respected in the laws of the land? We must be prepared to find the wife and mother protected here, in the amplest manner, yet this is so far from being the case, that it is in the scandalous injustice of the laws that the bold advocates of woman's rights find their best apology. Public opinion brands that man as a bad husband who enforces against his wife all the power which the law confers on him, which, however, is but small consolation for the poor suffering wife. While all who think of and pity her case, ask in vain why the law confers powers which it is unjust to exercise, and which are only enforced by the wicked and cruel. The laws of England make the wife the property of the husband, and our courts of justice show, but too painfully, how large is the number of Englishmen who highly relish the powers they enjoy, to rob and torment, and even to abuse and slowly kill the poor drudge who is afraid, except in the utmost extremity, to appeal to law, finding it so constantly against her.

A friend to the cause, in England.

For the Una.

A WIFE DOES NOT OWN HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE.

One does not realise all the horrors of that legislation which we are told is so benevolently protective of woman, until they are brought home to personal feeling. I had occasion a few days since to go to a lawyer to obtain a ticket of admission to Mt. Auburn, where is the family burial place. I asked, of course, in the name of the mother whom natural instinct taught me to consider the head of the family. The lawyer replied,—"She has no title to the place at all, the ownership is in the hands of the children, and added,—she will do well to remember this if any thing is to be done to the place." I turned away with such indignation, in my heart, as woman must feel too often when the facts of her position are pressed home to her. Even that little spot of earth, a few feet square where rests the body of him she loved in youth, and to whom she was united for eternity, where lie the forms of the children whom God gave to their love, does not belong to her, but to the legal heirs. True the law and custom *allow* her the privilege of weeping there, perhaps a sheriff would not interfere to forbid her planting flowers over her children's graves, but it is of sufferance, not of right. The heir may be a spendthrift son, who will care only for his father's money, not at all for his memory; a daughter who like her mother is no longer an individual but only an appendage to some man, who may have neither reverence nor love for his wife's kindred—it may be some nephew or cousin alien in heart and feeling; no matter! she, the widow, the mother has no right at death or in life to throw the shelter of her reverent love about this holy spot and guard it from profanity.

That practical difficulties of this kind do not often occur, we must fain believe or give up all trust in the instincts of humanity, which are our only shield against man's legal tyranny, but still the result to a woman's feeling remains, and for one, I shall never forget the burning sense of indignation with which I first received that thought—my mother does not own her husband's, children's graves.

P. S. I have since been told that this is a peculiar Mt. Auburn regulation *to prevent quarrelling*, and does not apply to all burial places. It does not affect the fact in this instance, but I should like to know how the matter really stands. Perhaps some of your correspondents can inform us.

ALBANY, June 26th, 1854.

Dear Paulina,

Your letters come to us each month like yourself beaming with love. I like them because they tell us *some* of your pleasures in Washington, during your long sojourn, and they are read with no small degree of interest I assure you.

My impulse has been, more than once, to write to you and inform you of various affairs of which you wish to know. But let me first tell you of the glorious weather we are having in this Queen of all months, June, the season most to be enjoyed. She has been with us in her beauty, and we have luxuriated in the sweet, balmy air she brought in her coming; it is delicious, after a winter of cold and storm, to feel the warm breath of the south wind upon us once more, and to enjoy the fruits and flowers of early summer. I watch their budding with interest, and their full bloom with much joy. While the latices are crowned with roses, and the garden full of the more modest and smaller ones, we live in their rich perfume; their beauty and exquisite odors invite so frequently to visit them, that there is scarce time to remember friends in the way of letter writing. Yet sweet memories do come to us of the past month, when you were watching fruits and flowers with the same positive pleasure that other of your friends do now.

It is true we are not burned at the north with the scorching sun, as you are while playing truant, in the more southern latitude; he keeps rather a respectful distance from the roof of our cottage home, because of the over shadowing trees.

The cherry trees, by which we are surrounded are richly covered with red ripe fruit. In spite of remonstrances about cholera, we persist in eating them, and while picking from the lower branches the robin, so tame in the quietness here, stands over our heads and says, as plainly as robin can, I am superior to you in one respect at least, in flying higher and gathering the choicest of the fruit.

But this was not my object in writing to you, I have constituted myself a kind of inquisitor, (perhaps you will not recognise by what authority,) but editors are made to be teased and I for one am not disposed to let you off.

You do not tell your friends quite fully enough about your amusements. Are not the parties sufficiently grand for you to enlighten those that are far from such scenes? and the dresses elegant enough to be slightly described? are not the diamonds so brilliant as to attract your eye? (it is barely possible that some of them are worn by those not quite able to pay for them; for the truth is small salaries will not buy large jewels.) Now when the mercury is in a rising state, and the more expensive and elegant garments are laid aside, are not the delicate and gossamer-like robes worn pretty enough for you to tell us about them? Those of your readers at a distance have not the same facilities for exercising their tastes that you may have. Indiana, Missouri, Iowa and Oregon are very far west, and will like to hear of these things sometimes.

Madame Rumor says, ladies do not know quite as much of social life as do their husbands, brothers and lovers; that evening after evening they are separated; we do not hear of these gatherings for *women*. In some of the States, they are called, and very appropriately too, I think, "feeds." Were women to indulge to such an extent they might assume a worse name even then that.

Let us hope that while the husbands are dining by themselves, that they are laying plans to make some change in the laws so that *all* may be represented in this Republican government. Perhaps they will arrange affairs so that a wife may control what she earns with her hands.

How surprised we shall all be to learn of such a result from a series of gentlemen's dinner parties.

Do you, dear friend, sit hour after hour, these warm days, listening to long debates? Does it amuse you to see those that we call great men condescending to weakness that children would fly from? or is it sad? The latter I fancy. Now, if you can answer all these questions, you may gratify many of the readers of the Una, certainly one. Yours ever,

HARRIET IRVING.

OSCALOOSA, Mahaska county, Iowa, June 6th, 1854.

Dear Paulina—Again I enclose subscriptions for the Una, from one of the beautiful Prairie towns of Iowa, no, not a town, A CITY, well laid out—built up in ten years—numbers two thousand inhabitants—living in neat white cottages—(for there is room *here* to live on the earth, and not wear out life climbing up stories) pretty door yards, good gardens, good stairs, and what is best of all good people, sensible enough and free enough to listen four nights in succession, to a woman, on the woman's rights subject or three nights on that and one on temperance, which is emphatically a woman's rights doctrine.

I hope I may not be thought to be speaking extravagantly when I say I have never seen any country that, in itself, was so grandly beautiful as this; nor have I ever found any people who, according to their number, were so well inclined towards the great reforms of the day—Indeed, if you do not look at the visible marks of *newness*—such as the young orchards, new, bright fences, new houses, &c., you would not know but you were among the population of an eastern town, who had shook off the foolish conventionalities of old settlements, and come out on common sense principles, on their own hook.

The taverns and hotels in the interior keep no bars, consequently a better state of things exists throughout the whole country, than in the States where there are no restrictions;—ardent spirits are allowed to be sold by the quantity "not to be drank upon the premises, where sold," sending men home to drink with the wife and children—a pretty notion isn't it? But the people are wide awake and watching every encroachment with jealous eye, and public opinion will, I think, entirely destroy the monster one of these days, for, of the new population, nearly every one stands right upon that subject.

Men from the old States, who know the Iowa law on this subject don't come to Iowa. If they want the largest liberty, they come with an eye to *that* and live it out, with a few exceptions; consequently the new population is of the most desirable character.

But I forbear. It would require more time than I can now give, to tell of half the beauties and advantages of Iowa.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

WASHINGTON, July 17th, 1854.

In your sprightly letter just received, dear H., you ask after a more intimate knowledge of our lives. After our amusements, &c., which in truth, are very few, most of our time is passed in our little sitting room; the one window of which looks out into the grounds of the Capitol; these are as you know, planted with a rich variety of trees that form a forest, luxuriant and graceful, but ah! so deceitful. The rustling leaves and waving boughs seem to promise refreshing shade, but the crisp grass, the hot gravel walks and the fierce, dry sun pouring his scorching rays through the leafy canopy, soon drive those who have the temerity to try it, back to the shelter of brick walls and dark rooms until evening, when there is a general swarming forth of men, women, and children; groups are seated around every door, and the whole, wide sidewalks are called the gentlemen's parlors. To most, the heat is oppressive; but we find no fault with the weather—it suits our health and is the best because wisely ordered. These street levees are brilliantly illumined by the large fire-flies, which are peculiarly beautiful in this latitude; their glow continues while they rise high in the air, and even after they fall dead, it still lingers. The children catch them by the handful, and call them California gold. The hand after clasping them retains the phosphorescent light and glows like fire.

Amusements proper—Twice in the week we have music—Wednesday evening in the capitol grounds when every body goes; and it is really charming to see the picturesque groups of pretty children with their nurses scattered about among the trees and flowers; sometimes a tiny little thing who has learned to dance will step out alone and keep time to the music. We often wish our people had more vivacity and could or would dance, and mingle together on such occasions with French grace and gaiety; but here we walk staidly, gravely about; mothers hush the outbursts of joy among their children, and they in turn assume the false exterior we all wear; for it cannot be that we were designed to be, always so full of care, so cold, and worldly; there is neither religion or sense in this monkish manner of ours. We often long to see one group of children grow up with no unnecessary restraints imposed upon them, no reproofs when in their wildest moods, no lessons save those given in love. Did you ever think how much less self-consciousness there would be if children were not perpetually reproved? A friend of mine, whose spontaniety has always been most charming, once said, "my mother never taught me any thing, except to always speak the truth and love every body;" her gentleness, charity and good will are every where a delight.

Saturday evening the scene changes to the park back of the presidential mansion which is finely arranged for fêtés. The musicians have an elevated seat, are dressed in scarlet coats, gold laced—the instruments of course are of the finest quality, and the music well selected. The scene is often very brilliant, for here every one comes richly or gaily attired. Glance at that group just entering, see that rich brocade and costly shawl worn by one,

"Of whom it may be said,
Indifferent to her, the heavy cost
Of that rich robe, first pawned for one poor meal;
She who now wears it, and her lord may boast
No payment made—yet none dare say *they* steal,
No, not if future reckoning hours reveal
Debts the encumbered heir can never pay;
But whose dishonest weight his heart shall feel
Through many a restless night and bitter day,
Hearing what cheated men, of the bad, dead will say.

Onward she moves, in Fashion's magic glass,
Half strut, half swim, she slowly saunters by;
A self-delighting, delicate, pampered mass,
Of flesh indulged in every luxury
Folly can crave, or riches can supply;
Spangled with diamonds head, and breast and zone;
Scorn lighting up her else most vacant eye,
Careless of all conditions but her own,
She sweeps that stuff along.

Thus writes Mrs. Norton, and the lines were recalled while we sat on a green knoll, with a friend, watching the passers by, and yet we do not enter into sympathy with those who decry dress, and assume that no good can dwell with those who wear a gay robe, for we have found as noble, generous natures, as just and clear views of truth, as active benevolence among those who dress with artistic taste as among those who affect the severest simplicity; it was the air, the manner of the wearer, which brought the poem to mind. Next passes a group of young girls, in their simple white dresses and straw cottage hats, then hand in hand two little ones with long, flowing, sunny curls, anon a gentleman with a pale, noble looking woman leaning on his arm; a child, the blended image of the two, proclaims their relation; a lover and his fair one glide past us a little farther into the shade, where she may listen to those tones, which are richer music, to her ear, then Bethoven's symphony, that has just commenced; now several gentlemen talking politics, we hear the words, treaty Gadsden, Kanzas, Homestead bill, Boston Riot, and are at no loss to put them together and decide the topics of each couple, as they saunter on to some spare seat, where the cool breeze from the river will fan their heated brows. Heaven help them, their work is a tedious one.

There are very many pleasant drives about the city and places of interest to visit. The Navy Yard occupied us one afternoon with its manufactories for cannons, anchors &c. One immense anchor was pointed out to us made entirely of the little scraps or chips of iron welded together; but the machinery for making widows and orphans, of spreading vice, and gratifying cupidity is not a pleasant sight to look upon, our only interest in it is to see how the law of progress operates every where. While we were there a government steam boat, a long, low, black, ugly thing came up the river, bringing the President from old Point Comfort. The landing from the boat among the disciplined soldiers presented a striking contrast to the wharves in other places. No loud talking, no running, bustle, or confusion.

The *Arsenal* stands on another point of land extending out into the river and the drive through the grounds is very delightful, but here too the reflections roused are painful; we turn sadly away from the neat orderly place, wishing the money expended put to some nobler purpose.

The Washington monument comes next in order. From the city it presents an unsightly appearance at present, but on a near approach, its severe simplicity of style, and its fine proportions become pleasant to the eye, and on looking at the entire plan it seems very beautiful. It is now about 150 feet high. The base is 85 feet, built up of granite 30 feet. The super structure is of fine marble, and is to be 550 feet high. The walls are 15 feet in thickness. The bevel being a quarter of an inch to the foot. The foundations are laid eight feet below the surface, and it has been ascertained by borings to this depth, that loam, sand and blue clay form the different strata, and hence it is believed that its foundations are perfectly safe. We had so frequently seen it stated that it had already settled and that it was in danger of falling, that we almost believed it, until we looked on its perfect walls that seem firm enough to stand, like the pyramids of Egypt, age after age; around the base is to be a parapet 100 feet high, sustained by fluted columns with richly carved capitals. Many of the blocks of marble sent from the various States are beautiful from their adaptation, while others outrage all taste. We saw one stone of curiously mingled red, white, brown and green; said to have once formed a part of the Alexandrian Library, sent by Mr. Baker. Another of beautiful clouded granite with a highly polished surface came from Switzerland; one from Turkey curiously carved, colored and lettered with gold and blue. The mines from Lake Superior have furnished perhaps, the richest block of all. It is of solid copper, about two and a half feet long, by two in width, and eighteen inches in thickness. The inscription is in letters of pure silver from the same region. The copper is highly polished—These blocks are to be placed on the inside at equal distances where their inscriptions can be easily read from the winding staircase.

From the monument the drive to the national observatory is peculiarly fine. The broad Potomac on one hand, Georgetown Heights on the other in the distance, with beautiful large yards and gardens of the suburban residences in the foreground; the setting sun illuminating the windows, and bringingout objects in the distance like strong light on a dark painting, rendering it perfectly charming, especially as we were with those who fully appreciated its beauty.

The astronomical instruments, so perfect in their mechanism that even the jar of a carriage at the distance of five or six squares is distinctly felt, are quite beyond our powers of description without a more thorough examination. The electric telegraph which the observer holds under his control, greatly facilitates his record of observations; for the instant the star crosses the transit he has it in his power to record it without moving from his position. The observatory buildings are altogether too contracted for what is needed in the heart of a great nation like ours.

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Having given you an idea of how our afternoons are passed, we turn to our book-table, which you ask for. It is not, we confess, so well filled as at home; still there are some upon it which we value. One, a gift from our much loved friends, Mr. and Mrs. T., a copy of Dryden's translation of Virgil, a folio of 600 pages, a real antiquity more than a century old; enriched with over a hundred engravings, which astonish by their wonderful expression. It lies open before us, at one, where the bees are swarming. You who have read it in the original may remember that Virgil singles out the bee as the "most sagacious of all animals;" shows at what period they begin to have honey; how to call them home when they stray, how to part them in battle, &c.; speaking of their wise and prudent administration of political affairs, he says:

"The Bees have common cities of their own,
And common sons, beneath one law they live,
And with one common stock their traffic drive.
Each has a certain home, a sev'ral stall;
All is the States, the State provides for all,
Mindful of coming cold they share the pain;
And hoard for winter's use the summer's gain."

Who knows but our vexed legislators will have at last to take lessons of these little communists, in wisdom. They cannot settle their Homestead Bill, and they can wrangle and wrangle over the bill, to give a portion of the public lands to take care of all our insane, and at last permit it to be lost. They will not share their brother's pain—they stretch their eager hands for gain from ocean to ocean and from poll to poll.

We have another book, NOTES AND TRAVEL by two young ladies, who got tired of their hum drum mode of life and determined to seek their fortunes. One was a seamstress with failing health, the other a governess, one plain, the other handsome, one educated and full of school accomplishments, the other uneducated except from her keen observations and contact with the world. They determined to travel and therefore set their wits to work to decide how. They applied for and obtained agencies for books and papers, and are therefore no more nor no less than book agents, and as such are seeing the world, and have together written and published their observations; some of them very just, some of them colored by their preconceived notions, but the best of it is they are making their fortunes and mean to be free women, so that when they marry it shall not be for a home; and as they can protect themselves, they will marry for the sake of having a companion whom they can respect and love during all the down hill of life. We were much struck with their cheerfulness, with the reckless gayety with which they recounted their adventures, their trials and toils, and the beautiful harmony between them. Their book has a fresh healthy naturalness of tone, that indicates the state of the writers. No pining after a life of ease, no whining for luxuries and fashion which is out of their reach. Their new life has its attractions and they pursue it joyously. As they left us when they brought their book, which we subscribed for, we said, in our heart of hearts, may the good Father bless you.

We have other books large and small, dull and pleasing ones. There are Messages and Documents, Commerce and Navigation. Thirty years in the Senate, by Hon. Thomas H. Benton, the man of whom it is said, "he knows every thing from the beginning." We have Finance *Reports*, *Reports* of the *Coast Survey*, *Stansbury's Report* of the *Salt Lake* expedition, *Herndon's Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon*, *Schoolcraft's* History of the *conditions* and *prospects* of the *Indian Tribes*, *Patent Office* reports both *Agricultural* and *Mechanical*—books enough to make us a politician if our taste ran that way.

We have been looking over the Patent Office reports to see how many women had made inventions, and find the names of very few who have obtained patents. This does not surprise or trouble us, for we know something of the difficulty and expense of procuring them, and farther more, we believe that mechanics is to be the office of manhood, until its principles and appliances are complete, women will then come in and perfect them and give them effect.

Lieutenant Herndon's book is full of interest, written in a clear racy style, it gives a vast amount of information relative to those countries so full of natural interest to us, from their geographical relations. Speaking of Para, which is situated at the junction of the Guama river with that of the Para, and at a distance of about eighty miles from the sea, he says, "It has a delightful climate. The sun is hot till about noon, when the sea breeze comes in bringing clouds, rain, thunder and lightning, which cool and purify the atmosphere and wash the streets of the city. The afternoons are delicious."

When reading this we could not but think how delightful it would be to have a daily shower here where the heat and dryness of the atmosphere are so very great.

In speaking of society he says, "I am told there are not a dozen Brazilians engaged in trade of any kind.

"The women are simple, frank and engaging in their manners and very fond of evening parties and dancing. I attended a ball given once a month, by a society of gentlemen, and was much pleased at the good taste exhibited in its management. Full dress was forbidden. No one was permitted to wear diamonds, and the consequence was that all the pretty girls of the respectable classes as well as of the rich were gathered together and had a merry time of it." A very good example, and one we might follow without injury to our morals."

He speaks enthusiastically of the wife of Enrique Antoine, of Barra. "Donna Leocadia," he says, "is unlike most Brazilian ladies, whenever her household duties would permit, she always sat with the gentlemen, and bore an intelligent part in the conversation expressing her desire to speak foreign languages, and to visit foreign countries, that she might see and know what was going on in the world."

The Lieutenant probably wrote this before he knew anything of "strong minded women" or he would have been reminded to place Donna Leocadia on that most respectable list.

He describes one plant of astonishing stimulating properties, which is as much used among the natives as tobacco is with us. They mingle a little lime with it which they carry in a small gourd and then chew it for hours together. It is not deemed injurious and serves in place of food.

"The Coca bush is about four feet high producing a small light green leaf which is the part used. The blossom is white and the fruit a small red berry. The seed is sown in March, at the end of the rainy season. It is transplanted in September, and gives its first crop a year and a half after planting, and every four months thereafter. The leaves are gathered and dried as quickly as possible; as they are injured by wetting. Supplied with a plenty of this plant the Indian performs prodigies of labor, and can go without food for several days. Without it he is miserable and will not work. It is a strong stimulant to the nervous system, and like strong tea or coffee takes away sleep. He says it was related to him, that an Indian worked hard for five nights and days without intermission, except two hours each night, and this without food. Immediately after the work he set out on a journey of twenty-three leagues, on foot, and then declared he was ready to engage in the same amount of work."

A very grand article we should say, it would be such a pleasure to work without weariness and pain.

Mrs. Peter, the founder of the School of Design, in Philadelphia, and it may be said in all our other cities, and who has been active in establishing the gallery of Fine Arts in Cincinnati, which we have spoken of elsewhere, has been in this city for a few days, preparing to go abroad to make selections of pictures, models, &c. Full of life and enthusiasm, she better than any one we have ever met, understands and appreciates the philosophy of pre-occupation, of making virtue lovely and vice hideous. While abroad she promises to send us her observations of whatever will interest our readers or benefit woman.

We have given you a long letter of nothings and can only hope you will not weary of it. This will be our last from Washington. In less than a month we shall be at our post, where your next may be directed. *Au revoir.*

[From the National Era]

JUNE.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT SUTLIFFE.

The livelong day, this summer weather,
Chased by the zephyr fleet,
The light and the shadow go together
Over the browning wheat.

And after the staring daytime closes,
Passionless, white, and high,
The moon peeps into the elvish roses,
Out of her native sky.

Under the hill where the sun shines dimmer,
Shrunk from the eager beam,
The brook goes on, with a fitful glimmer,
And music for a dream.

Over the groves and moistened meadows
The steady gray hawks wing,
And down below, in the shifting shadows,
The merry small birds sing.

My tired foot, from the broad sun going,
Presseth the curling moss,
And my eye doth see, mid the green leaves showing,
The fair clouds flit across.

Give me a bed with the brook fall nigh me,
Pattering low and sweet;
And a glimpse of the Dryads glancing by me,
With white unbuskined feet.

Give me the brown-leaved volume olden,
Quaint with its antique dream,
Leading the full-flowered fancies golden,
Back in a swelling stream.

And a vision of ancient groves and meadows,
Where Hyacinthus nods;
And fairly gleam through the mythic shadows
White temples of the gods.

Then shall the sky, with its deep-blue glory,
Telling of Heavenly clime,
Mistily blend with the gentle story,
Draperied in the rhyme.

So shall a ray of sunshine brighten
Life's ever tiresome steeps,
And a purer starlight come to lighten
My dim way over the deeps.

AMERICAN FEMALE LITERATURE.

LETTER FROM FANNY FERN.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In *The Daily Times* of the 5th inst. appeared an article entitled "American Female Literature," in which the following passage occurs:

"Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the merit of our recent female writers, there can be no doubt as to their popularity and influence. Neither Irving nor Cooper has been read in anything like the same numerical ratio as Fanny Fern, Miss Wetherell, and others of the same class. The fact is significant. No doubt their talents have had a due share in this unprecedented popularity. But it were folly to attribute the result to this cause mainly. There is no sort of proportion between the genius shown in these volumes and the immense sale they have had. The true reason is in a combination of circumstances, among which are to be enumerated the present prepossession of the public mind in favor of any good thing that ladies undertake to do, and consequently the ease with which they secure the public ear.—Woman of any intellectual force find the American world more than ready to do them justice. They are really anxious to admire them. If an American woman of pretension and position writes an inferior book she cannot be half so sorry for it as the tender-hearted public."

Will the editor of *The Times* inform us why, if "the American world" is so "really anxious to admire "female talent, and more than ready to do it justice," that editors take so much pains to persuade the public that the sale of a popular book by a female writer is owing to such a combination of circumstances as he names? Why (with such chivalric feelings as he claims that men entertain for our sex) not *allow* these ladies, without any disclaimer, the full benefit of their success, even though, in his opinion, it be mainly owing to adventitious causes? Why "damn with faint praise," after this fashion—"Very good for a *lady* book;" or huddle literary ladies together with this contemptuous expression—"Petticoat rush for print;" or why whine at all, like a vexed school-boy, "*because a girl has got up to the head?*"

Why, if "women of any intellectual force find the American world *more* than ready to do them justice," did the writer below alluded to, at whose literary baptism the editor of *The Times* himself stood god-father, receive the following unmistakable rebuff:

THE MYRTLE WREATH. By Minnie Myrtle. Dedicated to Henry J. Raymond, Editor of *The New York Daily Times*. New York: Charles Scribner. Boston: Redding & Co.

"A collection of newspaper articles, in prose and poetry; the former evincing at times some little originality—the latter of the most commonplace description. As a whole, the book is not above mediocrity."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Why did those gallant "American" fingers so unceremoniously wring the neck of this lady's first literary bantling?

Why, on the first appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did some of the gallant editors of the American world" pronounce it "too powerful to have been written by a woman" and, when driven from this "chivalric" opinion, why did they still sneakingly cling to the belief "that her *husband* must have assisted her in writing it?"—And if the American world (including of course, American Editors,) is so "anxious to admire" the female sex when developed literarily, why was a coarse anecdote stating that "Mrs. Stowe, when traveling, was mistaken by a "gentleman for an Irish servant-woman," passed from one editorial hand to another with so much *gusto?*

Again the editor of *The Times* says:

"There is something in this to be remembered by our aspiring women. To make men, you must treat them as air-condensers treat the water in a fire-engine—put six or eight additional atmosphere in pressure on their brains, and by resistence call forth their strength. They must have obstacles to surmount—suffering to test their fortitude—dangers to arouse their courage. Facility, in the sense of easiness, is the worst enemy of manly genius. But for the impediment in Demosthenes's utterance—the misfortunes in Sir Walter Scott's circumstances—the poverty of Burns, and the deformity of Byron, their genius would never have impressed the the world so potently. But womanly mind loves sympathy, admiration, praise. The fragrant atmosphere which these create, must float around the plant of her genius ere it can flower in Summer fullness."

Is this *true?* Have literary women no obstacles to encounter—no dangers to surmount—no impediments to overcome? Can a literary *woman*, how talented soever she may be, command on her *début* as great remuneration for her literary contributions as a *man* can obtain under the same circumstances?

Has she a *flowery* path, who, reared in luxury, shrinking, delicate, sensitive—suddenly finds herself thrown by misfortune upon her own exertions for her daily bread for herself and her little ones, and, casting a timid eye about her for the best means of support, finally resorts to her pen? Who ignorant of the avenues to public favor—ignorant of the chords to which the public heart vibrates—tremblingly takes her first manuscript, and finding her way, haphazard to some office, blushingly hands it to the Editor, who with his heels higher than his head, and a cigar in his mouth, leisurely finishes the story he is telling to other heels and cigars, before attending to her request. Has *she*, think you, Mr. Editor, no "difficulties to surmount?" And when she "calls again in the course of a week", and finds the same smoking party convened, and encounters the same broadside of curious glances, and the added disappointment of a rejected manuscript, only to renew that experience a second, a fourth, a sixth, or a *twelfth* time in other places, returning to her gloomy room at intervals to weep over her famishing children—is there nothing in *this*, Mr. Editor, to "test the fortitude and courage" of a woman? Was the "stuttering of Demosthenes," or the "deformity of Byron" harder to bear than this?

Do successful literary ladies *always* pen their contributions with a golden nib, in a damask chair, on a tapestry carpet, inhaling the luxurious aroma of hot-house plants, clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day?

No, no, no, Mr. Editor. I tell you, with a dark picture of suffering indelibly daguerreotyped on my memory—*no!* Oh, Man, be magnanimous! Be just to Woman. The world is wide enough for her and you. As far as any remarks relate to me, it matters little; but in God's name, drive not, by this tone of patronising tolerance, one literary female aspirant (more easily discouraged) back to "The Song of the Shirt." Pluck not one leaf from a *woman's* laurel wreath; gathered too often 'mid the night-shade of sorrow, and whose *envied* leaves, perchance, in the brightest hour of her triumph, may press an aching brow.

FANNY FERN.

CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

In accordance with a vote passed at the adjournment of the WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October 1853—the fifth Annual National Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of October, and continuing through the two succeeding days.

The subjects which will come under discussion in this Convention, as in the preceding ones, will be the EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN, to all the advantages of *Education, Literary, Scientific, and Artistic;* to full equality in all *business avocations and industrial pursuits, commercial and professional;* briefly all the RIGHTS which may pertain to her as a *citizen, religious, civil and political.*

The wide range of subjects for discussion can scarcely fail of awakening the attention of all classes, to our aims and objects; hence we invite all persons, irrespective of sex, to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and thus contribute to the progress of truth and the redemption of humanity.

Signed on behalf of the Central Committee:

PAULINA W. DAVIS, President.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Secretary.

Editors of exchanges are requested to copy this notice, and to call attention to it.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., SEPTEMBER, 1854. NO. 9.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

[For the Una.]

LESSONS OF LIFE.

Chapter 4th.

"It is vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquillity, they must have action, and they will make it if they cannot find it. Millions are condemned to a stiller doom than mine, and millions are in revolt against their lot. Nobody knows how many rebellions, besides political rebellions, ferment in the mass of life which peoples earth. Women are supposed to be very calm generally; but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts, just as much as their brothers do; they suffer from too rigid a restraint; too absolute a stagnation, just as men would suffer; and it is narrow minded in their more privileged fellow creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano or embroidering bags."

Jane Eyre.

It was late in the Spring that Marian Willoughby returned, and then her father was borne to his bed in the last stage of consumption. I went to her at once; she received me with a warm, kind greeting.

"I have thought so much of you," she said, "in the long hours when I have sat watching by my Father, and have so wished for you near me, that sometimes I have started thinking I must have heard your voice." She inquired of my success, and rejoiced over it.

"Do you not like Hamilton Marshall very much?" she said abruptly.

I silently assented.

"I knew he would be a good angel to you," she replied, "he is too good."

I asked permission to share her watchings.

"Yes," she said, "I shall like to have you come, I do not fear to be alone with my father, but you will be a blessing to me." Thus many a night did we sit beside that couch of pain, and when at the end of a few weeks he breathed his last, I stood beside her. His family were gathered hastily around. The pretty Lucile, new to the scene of death, sat weeping. Aunt Jerusha, with a trembling hand, held the cup from which she had vainly given him a strengthening draught, while Hamilton Marshall supported his head, and Marian Willoughby kneeling beside him, clasped his cold hands. He looked her steadily in the face—"Good daughter," was all that he could say and he passed.

As the last breath faded away, Marian clasped my hand with convulsive strength, but no tear escaped her. I led her to her room; or a moment, she laid her head against me and wept, but she brushed away the tears. "I will be strong, Margaret; who but I should close his eyes. I will not now think of self." From that moment she was calm and performed every duty with a cheerful heart. As we sat, the evening before the funeral, Mr. Marshall, Marian and myself, she said, "There are times when death seems a fearful mystery to me, when my heart is too full of this life, too strong in its purposes to be willing to pass away from it; when death seems the only discord in the world; but before the face of the dead it is not so, do you feel it terrible, Margaret?"

"I have seen death," I said, "in fearful form, but yet it has seemed to me release. I have lived where physical life was so hard that I have often thought with too earnest longing of a spiritual sphere. I have wished I could live in it as Kathleen does, to whom even hunger and cold seem to bring only more close relationship with another life."

"Neither is wise," said Mr. Marshall, "life is noble and earnestly beautiful, and the all of life may begin to be realized now. As I sit with you now Marian," he said, "in this solemn pause in life, the duties which lie before me on earth and the blessings of Heaven are equally near to me. Those who have passed before us seem as near to me as you and Margaret."

"Hamilton," said Marian, after a long silence, "I cannot bear these forms and ceremonies—Must I drag my grief before the light? Why should I shroud myself in black? My heart is not dark. You know I loved my Father, but his life was declining in joy and usefulness, his mind was beginning to be dim, and while I shall miss his love, my heart is full of gratitude for his life, and that I was not obliged to see his mind seem to perish, because the feeble body was departing. Must I attend his funeral?"

"Your Father would have wished it, and you will give pain to your friends by being absent. Our services are not burdensome. Your dress is your own choice, I should not change it."

"I will be present if you wish it."

The funeral was over. I did not go thither, for I knew it was painful to Marian. Mr. Willoughby had given directions that his will, according to old custom, should be read to the assembled heirs, immediately after the return from the funeral; and it caused no slight astonishment to all, for eccentric as he had always been, his will was the strangest act of his life.

After the proper legal forms, he bequeathed the income of thirty thousand dollars, to his daughter Marian Willoughby, while she remained single; but if she married, it was to be disposed of according to sealed instructions deposited with the executor. A similar sum was given, with the same conditions, to his daughter Lucile Willoughby. "I do this," he said, "because the young men in these days haven't sense enough to make a fortune, and they shan't marry one; at least, they shan't have my girls. If they love any body better than money, let them begin at the beginning and love and work together as their blessed mother and I did.

To James Willoughby I bequeath ten thousand dollars, he having spent the rest of his portion in advance. Where a man is determined to go to the devil, I know of no way of stopping him, and he may as well have something to pay his scot.

Hamilton Marshall should have his portion, but he has defamed the constitution of the United States. My mother's first husband voted for that very compromise about slavery, and its the glorious instrument of our freedom and must be right, If I gave him money he'd spend it all in freeing slaves, and so he can go to work and earn for himself. I can't help make him a minister if that's the doctrine he's going to preach."

Aunt Jerusha was remembered in a trifling bequest, and Marian was requested to keep the family together as long as possible.

Marian wished me to paint a miniature for her from an old portrait of her father, and thus a short time after his death I was sitting quietly at my painting in the family sitting-room. Lucile, of whom I have had slight occasion to speak, was lying on a couch reading a novel. She was very pretty; her blond curls and her white, fair skin, contrasted finely with her fashionable black dress, which was fitted to make grief becoming; and her whole appearance Hamilton Marshall happily described, when he called her "the butterfly of society." She sometimes looked up, from her book, to watch with a half sarcastic glance, Aunt Jerusha, who was trying on mourning caps at the glass. Marian sat near me cutting out some coarse garments as work for the poor.

"So you are determined to wear no black, Marian?" said Aunt Jerusha.

"I am," replied Marian, "for the reasons I have already told you three times this week, and which I will paste up over the mantel piece for your convenience, if you would like to have your memory refreshed oftener than that."

"Well, I never saw anybody like you," replied the Aunt.

"Probably not," said Marian, "nature never repeates herself."

"People will think it so strange," said Lucile rising, "I wish you would wear it."

"And that poor woman thought it so strange," responded Marian, "when you told her that you really pitied her, but could not possibly afford to give her anything. The case stands thus. This pile of clothes for the poor, with sundry other pleasures for myself, or a hot, ugly, disagreeable mourning dress for myself, which can do my Father no good, and is very unpleasant to my feelings, but which half of Chestnut and Mt. Vernon Streets will wonder I do not wear."

"Oh dear," said Lucile, as she took up the morning paper, "I wish I could go to the theatre to-night. Miss Tree is to play Portia; I am dying to see it."

"Go then," said Marian, "you know Lieut. Tapham and his sister are always at your service for escorts."

"Why, Marian Willoughby!" exclaimed Aunt Jerusha, "your Father not dead a fortnight and Lucile going to the theatre!"

"If the daughter's heart be in a theatre, I see no use in her body being at home."

"Wouldn't it seem strange?" said Lucile.

"I know not Seems," responded Marian, "Oh Hamlet, who since thy day, could ever say it?"

There was a short silence. It was interrupted by Marian, who exclaimed, as if unconsciously, "It is shameful!"

"What?" asked Aunt Jerusha, who was never internally absorbed.

"That after bringing up Hamilton Marshall as his own son, my father should leave him in the midst of his studies without a cent. Would to God I could repair his injustice!"

Aunt Jerusha and Lucile exchanged a sarcastic smile.

"Were it not for the will you could easily do so," said Lucile.

Marian's eyes flashed at this inuendo, but she pressed her hand to her side and said nothing. The bell rang and a young law student was announced with a message from Mr. Green, the Executor.

"Let him come in here," said Marian.

"What, with this great pile of work and you in your morning gown," objected Aunt Jerusha.

"Why not? he may come often, and the friendly warmth of the sitting-room will be more grateful to him than the chilling grandeur of the parlor."

He came with the first quarterly instalment of the annuities, and also transacted some other business, to all of which Marian attended carefully, while Lucile signed her name where she was told, put the money in her embroirdered purse and soon left the room with Aunt Jerusha to receive the formal visits of condolence from her fashionable acquaintances who were now beginning to pour in.

Marian sat some time with the pen in her hand with which she had just signed the receipt, then she abruptly addressed young Mr. Sterling,

"You mean to be a lawyer, yet I can see your honesty in your face. Can you keep a secret?"

"It is an important part of my profession to do so," he replied.

"Very well, consider this a professional matter, but neither Mr. Green nor any one else is to know of it. My father, after bringing up a young man as his son and my brother, has chosen now, that he is just entering upon his theological studies, to leave him without a cent. I know his proud spirit, he would not be dependent even on me, but it is my duty to repair my Father's injustice. You say my income will amount to $1,800 dollars, $800 of that will amply supply his wants and I wish you to be the instrument to convey to him secretly and safely this sum."

"I will serve you with great pleasure."

"You must make him comprehend that it is a case of conscience, that the giver considers it as his right. He will I hope believe it to come from some old debtor of his Father's, who met with heavy losses in business, and died poor, while many of his debtors now live in splendor. Let him therefore feel that he must in honor keep the donation a profound secret from all, and it will probably be continued till he has completed his studies."

"Here," she said, as she counted out the bills "is the first quarterly instalment."

The words had hardly passed her lips when her brother entered. He must have heard her last words. He exchanged cold salutations with Mr. Sterling, and did not heed me. I always shrunk from his presence as from something evil, and Marian did not yet know that I had any previous acquaintance with him. My friendly recess concealed me, except from Marian, who, as I looked at her, had given me a signal to remain quiet.

"Mr. Sterling has brought you your quarter's income;" he said, "I want you to lend me a couple of hundred dollars to pay a debt of honor, for my rents are all taken up for private expenses."

"A debt of dishonor, you mean," said Marian, "I suppose it is a loss at play."

"Yes, to that glorious scamp, Ned Saunders, if he wasn't the very merriest fellow alive, I'd never go near him again, for he empties my pockets invariably. Come, lend me the money, for he's waiting below, we're going to Brookline to a dinner."

"I cannot, James."

"Cannot, why if I can reckon, you have four hundred and fifty dollars; what can a woman do with all that? Confound it! if I had my rightful share, I shouldn't have to beg now."

"I cannot James. I have but two hundred and fifty dollars, half of that you should have if it could do you any real good, but I cannot take it from those who deserve and need it, to supply your vices."

"I needed," said James, while his face grew white with anger, "I can guess where it is gone, you should not speak so loud to a confidential agent. This is a pious, lovesick girl, who refuses her own brother money, that she may give it to a beggarly minister."

Marian sprang up in indignation, but checking herself by a violent effort, she bent over the papers.

"Come Mary," said James, who could descend to coaxing to serve his purposes, "give me the money, and let me go, I didn't mean to vex you. Hamilton can work his way as well as others."

"My father owed a debt to Hamilton Marshall, and as he did not pay it, I will."

"A debt, you are trying to cheat me."

"Yes, a debt. Hamilton gave to him a son's love and duty, gave the precious hours of youth which he had devoted to study, to cheer his

sick chamber; gave to that Father's children more than a brother's love and duty, for he gave them counsel, and rebuke and encouragement as they needed it; and that Father owed him a son's place, and a son's remembrance; and if all others forget it, I will remember it and be to him a sister."

"And more than a sister," said James snearingly.

"If a sister's love did not include all that is highest and holiest, if it did not mean to bless him to the utmost of my power, to esteem no sacrifice for him aught but pleasure, to live and work for him daily, then I would give him more than a sister's love, for that he shall have."

"And yourself besides. Marian, since I was a boy, he was compared to me to my disadvantage. When I was whipped, he was praised, while I was idling in the kitchen and stables, left to the company of servants and ostlers, he sat in the parlor discoursing with learned men. Even my sister prefers him before me, and when my father at last aroused to justice on his death bed gives to me a small part of that which he has denied to him, she gives to this fawning stranger what she denies to my need. I hate him, Marian, and by —— he shall feel it!"

"But not fear it," said Marian, who met her brother's kindled eye steadily.

James turned towards the door. Marian's eye softened with tears, and ere he reached it, she sprang up and offered her hand. "James," she said, "you do not believe that I love you. I try to indeed, and many bitter tears has it cost me, that your conduct is such as to drive me from you. Let me love and help you. Only show me that it will do you any real good and you shall have the money. I will pledge my income to pay it, only promise me that you will not play again, that you will act as you know to be your duty."

"Never! return to my companions and tell them indeed that I am bound by a promise to a girl—never!"

"To your sister."

"Worse and worse. To a mistress they would understand it."

"Oh, what a slave has vice made of you! Oh break from it at any cost. Leave your companions, go to Europe—anywhere; I will aid you all in my power."

"Come, this is nonsense child, they are waiting for me. If you will not give me the money I must go without."

"You must."

His heavy tread died away. Marian came and laid her hand on my shoulder. "Is it indeed thus?" she said, "One voice after another taunts me that I am selfish in my love for him, but I believe it not, he is too high and noble. There is no passion in my heart towards him, I love and reverance him as I do my God, I ask only to bless him. Why should I heed these triflers? "Tears choked her words, I soothed her and she went on. "Hamilton should have been a woman and I a man, for he can bend his mighty soul to bear all wrong and scorn all ignominy; mine rebels. I have seen him amid those who could not understand his lofty spirit, while all around looked coldly, scornfully on him; I have seen a light break over his face when every one gave him some bitter taunt veiled in polite speech, and have known that he felt it all, but rose superior to it by his own greatness. I then knew what Jesus meant when he said, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you.' But I cannot bear it Margaret, I wear a stern face and look insensible, but day by day my heart feels it more keenly, and every poisoned arrow rankles in my breast. My best virtue is but the echo of his, my best motive Hamilton Marshall will approve. God forgive me, I am a hypocrite to myself and all others." As I strove to cheer and soothe her she became outwardly calm, and we were soon interrupted by Lucile and her Aunt.

As I saw more and more of Marian Willoughby I became almost painfully interested in her character. It seemed to me that a great power was enchained in her soul, and it wanted free room to expand. The care of the household, the management of her affairs was trifling to her. She did it well and systematically, but it could not fill her thought. She studied much but irregularly, because aimlessly; her benevolence was active, but she felt constantly that it was unavailing. The evils of society oppressed her, she was not happy in affording relief to a few while so many suffered, and she sought unavailingly for a speedy remedy to remove the cause. She once said, "that all palliations seemed to her of the Devil." Yet she had a strong desire and craving for love and sympathy, and a native reserve which prevented her from all at once freeing herself from all circumstances. She would not buy love and sympathy at the expense of her freedom, yet she could not wholly yield them, and hence her heart was agitated and troubled by the conflict. Hamilton Marshall had a great and powerful influence over her, but it was an exciting not a calming one; she loved his quiet manner, his calm gentleness, because she knew the strength beneath, but it was the sturdy reformer, the bold heretic which she saw in him and reverenced. How he had freedom without isolation, she could not comprehend, and he held her strong spirit enchained by the superior harmony of his being. He was conscious of his influence, but never offensively so, and though he never had exerted it but from the best of motives, and it was pure and high, yet, perhaps, a female friend would have taught her better the lesson she needed. She now became deeply interested in drawing, which she had at first entered upon rather to give me encouragement, but it was a constant pain to me to see how poor was her success. The promise of the Artist is creation in the beautiful, and for this a subtle sense is needed which belongs to but few. Science—knowledge toils after it in vain; these may be its helpers, but they cannot supply its place, and the unwearied efforts of others will but produce copies and combination, while the Artist creates. This genius Marian wanted, and while I felt glad that she should devote much time to drawing, because I knew its blessed power to exalt and calm the spirit, and to lead us into a deeper insight of nature's works, I told her frankly how little she would ever accomplish. "I will try," was her answer, "if you will have patience to teach me." She labored hard, and, as I afterwards learned, often rose before light and spent some hours at work without my knowledge, so that I was really surprised at the progress she made in facility of execution.

[To be continued.]

DUTY *versus* FAME.—A Southern lady, whose writings have gained high approval among good judges of literary talent in England as well as in this country, thus records her opinions on a very important matter. She says:—

"Women are made for DUTY, not for FAME. So soon as she forgets this great law of her being, which consigns her to a life of heroism, if she will, —but quiet, unobtrusive heroism—she throws herself from her position, and thus, of necessity degrades herself. This mistaken hungering for the forbidden fruit, this grasping at the notoriety belonging (if, indeed, it properly belongs to any) by nature to man, is at the root of all her debasement.

"Look at the ball-room belle, for instance. Why is she a flirt, a coquette, a heartless trifler with hearts? Not because there is harm in the ball-room enjoyment of youth; in the joy-waking music, or the spirit-rousing dance; but because she would be *talked* of, and forgets duty, conscience, and heart in the love of notoriety.

"Why does the young mother forget the sick baby in its cradle to listen to the whispered inanities of those bewhiskered fops who surround her? Why, but because she cannot resign to duty that petty fame to which she degrades herself.

"Why does the gray and wrinkled matron, whom nature and duty would keep at her fire-side corner to wake the young hearts round her to the love of God, nature, and virtue, rush out with her be-rouged cheeks and stained locks, to try and play the belle a little longer? Still she grasps at her shame. It is her ambition that degrades her.

"Why does the literary lady leave too often her infant to the hireling? her sick and her poor to chance and charity? What is it that stocks the world with Harriet Martineaus, George Sands, and Lady Bulwers? Is it not the same hungering love for notoriety, the same misdirected ambition; misdirected still, though in another track? There is nothing unwomanish in the fullest exercise by woman of the thought and mind, which, if God has given, he has given for use. There is nothing unwomanish in the writing of such thoughts; nothing unwomanish, even, we think, in the publishing of them. Society has accordingly permitted, and does permit, unblamed and unchecked, woman's fullest liberty in the exercise of her literary powers in every line; and she has, equally with the man, as far as she is able to use it, this theatre of effort open to her. If she has not, equally with the man, distinguished herself in it, it is because her talents and disposition do not indicate this as the career best suited to the fullest exercise of her

faculties and virtues. It is *not her highest destiny*. It is *not her noblest life*. Nevertheless, many women, with great and true woman-minds, have written, have published, and have done good by so expanding the brighter developments of woman-thought. But so soon as woman strives with man's ambition; so soon as she forgets the ruling thought of duty, letting its throne be usurped by the illegitimate hungering for fame and notoriety, which so fatally misleads her, her writings, as her nature, become corrupted in the struggle. She has resigned herself to an *ignis fatuus* guide, which fails never to plunge her into the mire of degradation.

"Man, like woman, may fall, and does fall, through similar causes, to similar degradation. But as the woman's fall is from a higher and a purer elevation, even so grovels she lower in her debasement, and closer and heavier clings to her its consequent soil. Because women have thus sinned, we behold their punishment. Degraded they are, even in that proportion wherein they have erred. The ball-room coquette, in the midst of her triumph, is degraded in her heart and in her being. The brilliant George Sands, bold in her impudence and her talent, is degraded to the dust before the blushing mother, who watches that her innocent child shall not lay its hand upon the foul productions, wherein France's brilliant novelist often competes in obscenity with the nauseous filth spewed forth by her compatriots, a Sue and a Dumas, upon a community sufficiently degraded to admire them. In a steady pursuit of duty, such names would be perhaps entirely unknown. But dares any one say that they are better for being thus known? or is there anything but a sickly appetite for notoriety which could make such a position to be coveted? Is a Ninon de l'Enclos, a Duchess of Pompadour, or a George Sands (indisputably celbrated women, all of them) so good, so pure, or so noble in the eye of God as the unknown mother who hushes to sleep the weary eye of her baby, and whispers to its waking thought her never-to-be forgotten lessons of duty and of truth? Brilliant fallen ones the world has seen; but nature turns from them in sorrow. She glories not, but weeps for her fallen children."

Mrs. Editor,

The above article I clip from the last No. of "Godey's Lady's Book." I doubt not it will go the rounds of the Union in nine-tenths of the newspapers of the day. Editors are fond of such articles, they seize them with avidity and, making pets of them, parade them in their columns as gems of Truth and Beauty. The wherefore is easily discovered. It is this: Editors (with some few most honored and honorable exceptions) are never one foot, or even one inch, in advance of the age. They only aim to keep even with it, (which is to say truth, if not the noblest aim, may be the best to put dimes in the pocket.) To please the masses is their endeavor, hence they let slip no chance to pander to their prejudices. Sometimes my heart sickens and my hope grows faint (although phrenologists give me a big bump of it) when I see so much of such trash as the above from Godey flooding the country, and so few who have the courage if the ability to tear to fragments its flimsy veil of sophistical argument, and exhibit the *real* causes of the evils it affects to deplore.

"*Woman was made for Duty not for Fame.*" We take it this is a senseless truism. Why say it of woman more than of all humanity? Is there a particular portion of the human race set apart for Fame and licenced to ignore Duty? must *Duty* be an attribute of sex? Pretty morals this Southern lady is teaching her sons and the sons of her neighbors! What beardless "young America" just beginning to cultivate an adorable mustache, just beginning to feel the comfortable consciousness that *he* is one of the "masters," one of the "lords of creation," on reading the above article would not imbibe the idea that *Duty* was rather a feminine accomplishment—very well for his sister or his sweetheart to practice, but for *him*—Oh! bah! (twirling the incipient hirsute on his lip,) "for *him* it was not at all necessary, not at all essential. *He* might hunger unreproved after any sort of "forbidden fruit;" might desire to be "talked of;" aspire to any sort of fame; or fancy, *such* privileges are his by nature; or he may even fall to degradation," what matters it? *he* can be forgiven. That "Young Americas" would draw such an inference cannot be doubted. We would recommend this Southern lady to take Webster's Dictionary and study well his definition of the word duty, and then tell us candidly if her conscience will justify her in so much more earnestly binding its law on her daughters' hearts than her sons.

Godey tells us that this lady has gained high approval over the water and also in this country.—We trust this specimen is not a fair sample of her writings. Truth compels us to say, *we* consider this specimen as shallow in its deductions, as feeble in its arguments, as it is pretentious, dictatorial and uncharitable in its spirit. She has discovered the "root of all her (woman's) debasement in her mistaken hankering after the "notoriety belonging by nature to man." Profound discovery! What deep thought, what patient investigation she must have given to the subject. She bids us "look at the ball-room belle for instance: why is she a flirt, a coquette, a trifler? Because she would be *talked of*, (O, abstrase reasoner!) because she loves notoriety," and *notoriety* is man's prerogative. Let us look at facts. Women *are* rather more trifling than men, we admit; but to attribute her inutility, her frivolity, to a desire to *be talked of*, a love of *notoriety*, an encroachment on man's natural right to these blessings, is the sheerest nonsense ever written, and exhibits an amount of servile imbecility which is really pitiable.

How can we expect better things of those females brought up, trained from the cradle to be ball-room belles? The thing they receive, misnamed education, what is it? Examine it; analyze its various parts, and see if it does not necessarily make women just the inutile things they are. They deserve our compassion rather than reprehension. What does fashionable society demand of the young girl? You may hoot at fashionable society, and say she should not heed its demands. But from her cradle she is taught to do so, and to tremble at its frown and rejoice in its smile. It is the World, the whole big world to her. She knows no other umpire, no higher standard whereby to guide her steps. And this society is as imperious in its dictum, as it is false and hollow in its moral code; and to obey this dictum is the first lesson impressed on the young girl destined to enter its circle. To please this society, when a little thing in bib aprons she learns her French and Italian, her music and embroidery.—She dances for this purpose, waltzes ditto, and lastly dresses for this alone. At sixteen or seventeen or eighteen (just at the age when boys really begin to learn,) the girl is finished, is (O, wretched misnomer!) *educated* for life. She dances gracefully, waltzes divinely, talks a little—very little—French and Italian, rattles off airs on the piano, or sings sentimentally to the tinkling guitar, does worsted work and crochets beautifully; she is indeed finished, save and excepting the last polish a few seasons in society will give her. When she enters it, with the foreknowledge that the main object, indeed the only one, is to find a husband—a rich one if possible—but at any and all events, one of some sort or other *must* be found.—If she fail of this, the only business on earth given her to do, what disgrace! what blank, hopeless, pitiable disgrace awaits her—the disgrace of *old maidism*. She flirts, coquettes, or trifles to gain a husband. It is as much her business to do so, as it is a merchant's to sell goods, or a tailor's to make coats and pants. To some natures this flirting nonsense is at first a bore; but custom and habit reconcile them to the task, until the ambient incense of ball-room flattery becomes an agreeable and necessary stimulous. It is useless to tell girls they may stay at home and make breeches for brothers, or darn hose for the family, or study recipes for puddings and pastries. A human being, be it male or be it female, on arriving at adult years, *must* have an object in life, in the fair future, for which to strive and hope to attain. The mind and energies are awakened into activity. They pine for employment, and if noble and useful ones are not permissable, they expend themselves on the ignoble and the useless. Society makes women frivolous, flirty, trifling, and then after the first flush of youth is past, the glory of beauty gone, it despises the creature it has made; it laughs and sneers at the "grey, wrinkled, berouged" matron, seeking yet a little longer the only employment of her time and energies she has ever known. And our Southern lady writer says, "*It is her ambition that degrades her.*" We think it a *want* of ambition. Can *this* be called ambition? this deprorable weakness, this puerile vanity? Ambition is a lofty word, a high quality. It may be criminal, but it is a high criminality; it never stirs the heart with paltry or petty desires, and to say the gray, wrinkled, be-rouged woman, who seeks the amusement of the young, is ruined by ambition, is a gross abuse of words, or rather misuse. We would again recommend Webster to this writer.

The fifth paragraph deserves particular attention. "*Why does the literary lady too often leave her infant to the hireling?*" The idea here insinuated is especially odious, and, we sincerely believe, basely false. Who that knows aught of the human heart, can believe that the refinement and cultivation of mind incident to literary pursuits could lessen a mother's love, or lessen the tenderness of her care for her children? If the literary lady, more than others of her sex, leaves her child to hireling care, a small modicum of charity might suggest a better reason than love of notoriety. I believe it is a well known fact, that the great majority of literary women, use their talents as a means of support, for themselves, their children, and probably a sick or an indolent husband. It is too often a stern necessity that forces a woman to write, and a wise and prudent economy compels her to resign the sweet

task of nursing her infant, resign it mournfully to hireling hands; and for so doing she is taunted with objuring her holiest duties, taunted and sneered at. (O, the charity of the world, and of the *pure* sex especially!) "*What is it that stocks the world with Harriet Martineaus, Lady Bulwers and George Sands? The same hungering love for notoriety.*"

Now it seems to us if there be a person on earth, meriting the tenderest consideration, the most respectful compassion, that person is a woman unfortunate and unhappy in her marriage relation; that person is a woman driven by the intolerable misery of such a relation, to brave the world's disgrace by a separation. Let the fault be where it will, with husband or with wife, think of the grief, the agony, the despair, each heart must have suffered, before resolving on the eternal severance of such strong ties. Because there is error, or even crime, must we shut from our hearts all charity and pity? To the woes of the unfortune must we add the keen taunt of scorn? We know nought of the causes of the domestic troubles of Lady B., or Madam Sands; but even were they the most culpable of beings, would it not be well to follow in such cases the example of divine charity which Christ gave to the Jews and to the world, when he said to the woman, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." A late writer speaking of Madam George Sands, "Does not deny that some of the stories told of her were founded in reality, but greatly exaggerated. He explained the existence of Mrs. S., so much agitated by the consequences of her unhappy marriage, but showed her, after these trials, to be living in a very respectable way, devoted to the education of her two children, Salange and Maurice." In conclusion he says, "If she was not unexceptionable as a wife, she has been and is a good mother. If she had not all the virtues of a woman, she has at least all those of an honest man. She has many true and sincere friends, who profess a high admiration for her character; for to one who tries to judge her with impartiality, she seems to have redeemed her past errors and folies by the most honorable conduct, by the loyalty of her heart, by the generous inspiration of her last books, by their true morality."

We really would like to know what Miss Martineau has done, to merit such sweeping reprehension. We confess to the weakness of having all our life respected her as a woman and a writer.—We may not be posted in the scandal of the day; but the truth is, we have yet to hear of the first foul taint breathed on her fair name. We have been in the habit of considering her a quiet, dignified, lady-like woman, using her talents honestly for the good of humanity, to the extent of her ability. Third and fourth rate scriblers may spitefully sneer at such women, but Harriet Martineau's name will be loved and honored by a posterity that will utterly ignore the existence of her defamers.

After such open and avowed intolerance to female freedom, who would look for such an admission as *this* from our Southern lady? "There is nothing unwomanish in the fullest exercise of the thought and mind, which if God has given, he has given for use; nothing unwomanish in the writing, even in the publishing of such thoughts."—If it is permissible for a woman to have the "*fullest and freest* exercise of thought and mind," why does she arraign with such unfeeling severity those of the sex who have availed themselves of this privilege? Is she prepared to confess that she cannot *tolerate* any exercise of thought and mind, unless it be in the old worn and beaten track marked out by narrow-minded thinkers for the daughters of Eve? In this narrow path we admit this Southern lady and her friends have an undoubted right to trudge slowly on, but there is no sort of sense in indulging such ill-temper towards her more ambitious and adventurous sisters.

"*Man, like woman, may fall, &c. But as the woman's fall is from a higher elevation, even so grovels she lower in her debasement, and closer and heavier clings to her its consequent soil.*" This is all incorrect, all untrue. We, for one, don't believe in the doctrine of woman's vast moral, and man's vast intellectual superiority. Born of the same parents, their natures originally are very similar; of course, some qualities are peculiar to each sex. It is well known to any one who will take the trouble to reflect, that the reason woman sinks lower, when she falls, than her brother man, is *not* the stupid one above given, viz.; because she falls from a purer and higher elevation. The true reason is, because for a fallen sister there is no reform. Society and the *gentle* (mocking term!) the GENTLE sex are to her most relentless in their resentment. They never forgive an erring woman. There are none to take her by the hand, and with tender admonitions and kind words win her back to virtue. There are none to say to her, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." With grief and humility we acknowledge that our own sex are far more bitter, more severe on their fallen sisters, far more destitute of christian charity than is "less pure, less 'elevated,' less 'gentle' man." Let there be the least taint of impropriety or misconduct attaching to a woman, *women* make haste to drive her from society, to hunt her from its *immaculate* circle, with a scent, keen, eager, and relentless as the Southern bloodhound on the track of the fugitive slave.—*This* it is that sinks erring women so low; *this* it is that makes her "grovel in her degradation."—There is no return path opened to her. Her own sisters stand in that path and with cold scorn, or angry contempt, hoot her onward to deeper destruction. These same intolerantly virtuous females are wonderfully lenient to offenders of the opposite sex. A man may be ten fold more guilty than the woman they would not permit to brush the dust from their skirts, yet they receive *him* to their hearths and hearts; they respect and honor him, taking no heed of the past.

The last passage concerning George Sands is, to use a womanish term, *especially spiteful*. She thinks her productions "*foul, often competing in obscenity with the nauseous filth spewed forth, &c., &c.*" If Madam Sands' books are of so intolerable a character, how comes it that this rigid and pure Southern lady is so intimately acquainted with them? If she forms her opinions on the hearsay of others, and pours out abuse on the strength of such opinions, she is acting with an outrageous injustice, with (I wish I could say *un*) feminine charity. It happens that we have never read but one of George Sands' books, and with truth we say (confessing the fact may be caused by our own dullness of perception,) that we entirely failed to find in its pages any of the foulness, or obscenity, or immorality, or filth above mentioned. The story was one of wild and high-wrought imagination. The principal female character was a most noble, pure and lofty one. It is difficult for us to conceive of the mind that created *such* a character, "*spewing forth filth.*" We beg pardon of our readers for again repeating such odious words.—We trust they shall never again soil our lips, our pen, or our page.

Mrs. Editor, I am a Southern lady also, and I submit to you and to Godey's Lady's Book these opinions on "this very important matter." I dare say though, *our* opinions will not weigh a straw with the "Lady's Book," as we have *not yet* "gained high approval" either "in England or in this country."

With respect and esteem your well wisher and subsciber, L. A. M.

Memphis, Tennessee, July 15th, 1854.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR READING.

Every pleasure, every melancholy thought, being armed with a strong and keen point, nails the soul to the body with such force, that it becomes material or corporeal, and fancies there are no real and true objects, but such as the body accounts so.

I never dread or endeavor to avoid those evils of which I am ignorant, and which, for anything I know, may really be good. But I shall only dread and avoid those evils, which I certainly know to be such.

One act of beneficence, or act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiments in the world.

Whoever offers frankly and generously to oppose the whole body of a people, whether you or others, and endeavors to prevent the commission of iniquity in the city, will never escape with impunity. It is absolutely necessary that he who stands up for justice, should live a plain private life, and remote from public stations.—*Plato.*

Look up and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth like the *Venus dei Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity; but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess. Then, also, thy temple, oh, eternal truth! that now stands half below the earth—made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the majesty of its proportions, and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar, on which it rests, will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

Sorrow, they say, to one with true touched ear,
Is but the discord of a warbling sphere;
A lurking contrast, which though harsh it be,
Distils the next note more deliciously.

Leigh Hunt.

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The ivy in the dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave moistures foul, and odors dank.

But through the dungeon-grating high,
There fell a sunbeam from the sky;
It slept upon the grateful floor,
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres, to the root;
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb;
Long had the darkness been its home;
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong,
Its stem expanded firm and long,
And in the currents of the air,
Its tender branches flourished fair.

It reached the beam, it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world,
It rose toward the dungeon bars,
It looked upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting spring,
It heard the happy sky-lark sing;
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains and dews and sunshine fed,
Over the outer walls it spread;
And in the day-beam, waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place,
Its verdure threw adorning grace,
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

Would'st thou know the moral of the rhyme?
Behold the heavenly light, and climb;
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.

For the Una.

A FEW MORE NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A NURSE.

"It was the year of the stage accident!"—This was a data with old ladies of our village, like the Hegira with Mahomedans; and this great highway tragedy when two men died, and others were permanently maimed, in consequence of injuries received from the overturn of our sole travelling vehicle, was a "massacre" oft alluded to.

That was in the days when wholsesale butcheries upon the high roads, by the Dragon "Locomotive" had not hardened men's hearts to sudden deaths; to the sight, and thought, of heaps of corpses, mangled, torn, and destroyed, in the midst of the pleasures and business of life. I am used now to *these* things and they have lost their terror to me; yet does my reason revolt as much as ever at this fearful waste and havoc of life.

Yet once I had shuddered to "hear tell" of the great stage accident; and my heart would, for a moment, cease to beat, and my limbs grew cold, because "*two men were killed.*"

I was now to have some experience of this nature, of these things. "Mrs. Pinkerton," said a beardless messenger, "you must come up to the hill, for there is a man there with a broken leg!" I did not ask questions then. My shawl and cape-bonnet hung by the door; and I was on my way in an instant. "How was it done?" I then asked my companion. "He was on the seat with the driver, because he wished to see all around; and the horse stumbled and fell, going down hill. The driver kept his seat; but this man was thrown to the ground."

"Let him thank God then that it was not his neck!" and after that, I walked too fast to talk at all. Then a passing wagon gave me a lift, and I was soon by the side of the groaning man.

Ours was a sparse population, and not a great crowd had collected there. The stage coach had passed on, with its limping horse, after the nearest neighbor had come. Mrs. Smith was there looking very pale and agitated, while her husband had taken the sufferer's head upon his lap.

"We must take him over to our house," said he to me, "as soon as the boys have caught the horse, and brought him here."

"Has the doctor been sent for," I asked.

"Yes, one of the stage passengers was to take a fresh horse from the tavern, and go for Dr. Tathiel. He is better than our old doctor, or the young one either, for that matter."

"That is well," said I, "and here comes your boys with the hay cart, and a nice bed on it.—Why not take him to my house at once? I can take better care of him there; and your wife will be relieved?"

Poor Mrs. Smith brightened in a moment.—I knew the poor creature could not suffer much more from a gentle motion, than from keeping still in his nervous state. At all events it was best to move him there. I took his head upon my breast, and wiped the dust and tears from his face, the white froth from his lips, and then asked him if he would come with me to my more distant home, where I would tend him till he was quite well. I think much of my success as a nurse; it may be attributed to this, that when I took a patient to my care I became at once, mother, sister, wife, or child, to the sick one whom I served.

This young man was my son, as soon as he needed and received my professional ministrations; and a child instinctively knows his mother.

I took him home with me. I walked faster than those who were conveying him, and had time to make some preparations before they arrived. I moved my bed out into the room, where the light of the window would fall directly upon it. I had my camphor, my alcohol, my sheets, and bandages, and napkins, all at hand; tubs were filled with cold water, and everything I could imagine necessary, was at hand, before the doctor came. "Thank you, Mrs. Pinkerton," said he, as he looked around. Then he examined the limb.

"Yes, it must be amputated, at once!" he continued, in response to my inquiring look.—The other doctors were there to assist him; and many of our neighbors were also in the house.

"I will be in the next room, ready to answer your call," said I to the doctor, and rose to go.

"Do not leave me now!" begged the sufferer, catching at my dress. "Can you remain with us, Mrs. Pinkerton?" asked the doctor. I felt sick at the thought; and then I considered, within myself, if he can endure the pain, cannot I the sight of it? and if my presence can sooth that pain, or add the strength to bear it, ought I not to stay? I went back, and placed his head upon my shoulder; my arms were round him, my cheek was laid to his; and there I remained calm and well nerved through the whole. I do not intend to horrify you, my niece, with the details of the operation. Suffice it that now I knew how well those old heathen understood torture, when they martyred the seven sons of St. Felicitas before her. My boy went through it like a hero, like a martyr; and when it was all over, they went away, and left him to me.—Then I darkened the room, and brought the fan, and prepared the cordial, and said, "now none shall even look at him, but the surgeon and I." The doctor would have remained that night with us, had not other patients needed him.

I do not feel that the sick room is a theatre of much interest for a story. Where physical suffering is the only incident, and strength to bear the only sentiment, what can there be to relate to others? Yet an amputation offers new psycological phenomena, new facts in illustration of this mysterious union of body with soul.

"Let no one touch this!" said the surgeon, as he placed the severed limb in a tub of water, in the next room; and it was covered with a cloth.

After a short time our patient was more distressed.

"Some one is at the tub!" exclaimed Tathiel angrily, and he started out to find a curious neighbor examining the contents of that vessel. The sick man often complained of pain there, even in the foot; of flies bitting it, and musquitoes stinging there. Even the corns were as barometrical as ever. I knew when they were burying it under my lilac tree, and asked him how it felt then.

"As though it were going lower down," said he, though all unconscious of the operation in the garden.

He was a brave fellow, and bore his sufferings like an Indian. Soon he could even joke with the doctor, as he came to dress the wound; but as physical pain decreased, and there was opportunity for other thought than how to bear it, I saw there was new mental agony.

"Ralph," said I to him, one day, for I soon learned his name, "you are progressing finely. Thanks to my care, and your fine constitution, you will soon be leaving me; why then so low spirited?"

"O, Mrs. Pinkerton, to think of the future! to think of living *always* a maimed, digusting man."

"Digusting!" said I, stroking the fine hair from his forehead. Let me bring the mirror, and we will see if it does not show back one of the handsomest fellows in the country."

"Nonsense, my dear woman; but do you suppose I wish to lay in bed all my life? I, who have so loved the out-door world, and a savage frolic with Nature?"

"But lame people need not always lay in bed; or even sit in the house. One of these days the doctor will give you a ride, and then we will see if Nature has lost her charms."

After that, as I watched by his side at night, and heard the murmurings of his dreams, I knew that this disfigurement of his form was weighing deeply on his heart. I felt there must be sorrow for something more than the loss of beauty. He was too manly to suffer so for that. I wished to sooth him, to share his affliction, if I could not remove it.

"You need not attempt to deceive me, to deceive your nurse, who hears what you say in your sleep,' said I to him one day. "You are very sad about this limb; yet you, who are so cultivated, so intellectual, cannot dread a hopeless, useless life. There is, I am sure, some other trial involved in the loss of this member."

"Mrs. Pinkerton," said he, breaking with an effort, through a natural reserve, "Did you ever love?"

"*Loved and lost*" I replied softly, after a momentary struggle with myself.

"O, I was wrong; but women do not, cannot love as men love."

"So men *think;* and women *know* there is no love like theirs. It only proves how mighty is this passion, which we think can never have been so felt before, or the world would be other than it is. Would that it were more universal, or rather were lasting. But it is a great stimulator, for all that."

"O, Mrs. Pinkerton! I see you know. I never knew a mother's love, until yours, nor a sisters, and I have so longed for that other absorbing affection. At length I saw her of whom I had so dreamed, yet hardly hoped to find; she was free, and I aimed to make her mine."

"Well," said I, after an interval, during which he too was struggling with memory, "I know many of these lovely, youthful beings—angel fairies—of whom boys dream, yet dare not hope to find. They are quite common, and not difficult to obtain."

"O, Mrs. Pinkerton, you are laughing at me, yet you never saw one like her, whose very presence on this earth could so illumine it for me."

"Probably some slight difference in the nose, or the curl of the lip; the eye may have been of a different hue, and the cheek of a lower tint."

"O, you will not believe me! and I need say nothing more;"

"I do believe you, my dear boy, I do believe that no other woman has ever had a charm for you, to be compared with hers. Now tell me about it all."

"You know where I had been spending these few weeks of summer. Among those glorious Green Mountain "Springs" and rills, at Clarendon, Vermont. She was there before I came. I did not fall in love at first sight, but I was pleased, and could not help observing her. She grew upon my sight, as the day grows upon the watchmen on the hills. There were others who loved her, and I marked the delicacy and nobleness with which she gently put away their love, so that they might cease to hope, yet without pain. Could I succeed? My very timidity, my dread, was in my favor, for it impressed her as pride and assurance could not have done. And when, at last, I hoped, it was with fear and trembling."

"Then she returned your love?" said I to him.

"At last."

"What an age of torture for you to endure! for it was all in a few short weeks."

"There was an age of torment, and an eternity of bliss, in that brief time. When we parted, we promised to write; and then I could put in words what eyes, and hands, and speechless lips, alone had told as yet. I had not used my pen except to ————. Did you ever scribble poetry, Mrs. Pickerton?"

"No, I hope not!"

"Well, I made a fool of myself, and sent her the firstlings of my muse. She was noble, and forgave it: even set my nonsense to music, for she was a cultivated singer, and no one else there played upon that bewitching instrument the guitar. It was of that I wrote. Will you hear it, Mrs. Pinkerton?"

"Of course, if you can repeat it now."

"O, something else wrote it in fire on my heart, before I carnalized it in ink for her! Now you will not laugh? Just brush away that fly from my ——; O, no, worms are *there* now, not flies. And this is what has troubled me so. Can she, with so much to love and live for, now give herself, her precious life, to a maimed, disfigured man?"

"Would you have deserted her, had she been thus unfortunate?"

"Never! but the cases are not analogous. I should be strong and sound to guard and toil for her. A man must live in action, in the outer world; and there my hopes are gone."

"No, O, no! You did not expect to kick or leap your way through the world? Your mind has still its limbs all strong and beautiful as ever."

"Thank you! Then you think she may love me yet?"

"If she has ever loved you, she loves you still, and will love you all the more, that you have been thus tried and afflicted."

"But ought I now to strive to keep her love? Would it be noble in me to take a selfish advantage of her nobleness?"

"You have no right to throw her heart away; to take advantage of this, as an excuse, to desert her."

"Bless me! I never saw it in that light.—Will you write to her, Mrs. Pinkerton, and say how it is?"

"Yes, I will write to day."

"But now my boy, you have talked enough. I must leave you awhile, to let you sleep. Be very quiet; or dream pleasantly of a lady to whom I will write a letter ere you awake."—And then I left him.

I showed him the letter and he was pleased with it; but I did not show him the postscript I added, to this effect, that strong and heroic as my patient was, and much as it would revive him to hear from her, yet her presence could do more to strengthen him than any medicine, or any care. I was poor, a nurse, yet I added, with a proud feeling, that I felt my home, my character, would shield her from all scandal.

"When can we hear from her?" asked my patient.

"It will take one day, at least, for the letter to go, and one for hers to come. One day at least, must intervene, even if she is at home, and receives our massage immediately."

The third day from that, I saw that he was nervous and anxious for the arrival of the mail.

"Do not hope so soon," said I, "or you will surely be disappointed?"

"No, I will not be; but supposing one should come, it is nearly time to expect it.

"Yes, the mail will be in about four, and will be sorted in half an hour: and then the boy will get here with it about five. So now you must sleep for an hour."

I left him, for I heard the wheels afar off.—The driver had the delicacy to rest his horses, always, passing by my little lawn, so that *he* never heard the stage as it went along; and now the horses walked slowly to the gate to leave a fair passenger.

I went down the path, to meet her, and led her softly to my own room. She was too agitated to speak, and I left her to make her toilette, and collect her strength. I went to him, and smoothed his pillow, brushed his hair, rearranged the flowers on his table, and let the slant sunlight come into the room. I felt proud of the spotless linen on his person, his bed, and the drapery of his room; and, seeing all was right, I went away.

When I returned to her, she was calm and anxious to go to him. "Is he prepared to meet me?" she asked.

"I have just told him I felt sure we should hear of you to-day; but I did not say you were here. Now remember that he is a sick man; and be as quiet and strong as possible. Come now, with me."

I led her to his room, and opened the door. He looked up, and there she stood, like a vision before him. Thus for one instant they gazed; and then she did not leap, nor glide, nor rush, but she was there, with her face to his, her golden curls shining from his white pillow, her arms around his form; and then there was a silence, as holy as a prayer. Joy does not often kill; so, when I saw the returning thrill of life, beneath the counterpane, I left them to each other.

Then I hurried myself to get up a nice little repast for them; toast, and cakes, and berries, honey and cream, and jellies, with clear cold water and sweet milk. When I went in to set my small tea-table by the bed-side, that we might all eat together, I saw what an April frolic the smiles and tears had enjoyed; and I had to submit to dire threats of vengeance for such sly manœuvring.

"O, what a mercy!" said I, "that this young gentleman cannot fly out of bed and kick me, he feels so sorely indignant." And we had a gay time, laughing much more than we eat, I assure you.

Alice—that was her name—was very desirous to supplant me as nurse; but I was tenacious of my position. I would allow no sister near my throne; and so I told her, when she wanted to watch him at night, and dress his wound.—In truth, though I had all confidence in her love for my boy, yet I knew that sore was an ugly thing to look at, even for my partial eye, and I could not let her be too much shocked.—In short, I would never let her see him, until his toilette had been nicely made for the day, and the fresh morning breeze had bathed his bed and room.

Alice had brought her guitar, aud she played to him, sang to him, and read to him, during those long days that would else have been so tedious, and the evenings that were growing longer. O, what a happy love-making and heart-joining time was that, as the gay autumn flowers bloomed on the hills and in the garden-beds; and, while the birds were busily breaking up house-keeping, Ralph and Alice were laying their plans for one home in the future.

Then his brother came, with a great roll of bank bills for me, bringing, too, a physician from the city, and a man who made wooden legs; and we had a sore time at the parting.

I never saw Ralph and Alice again, until I went to be with her at the birth of her first babe; for she wrote me that "both would die," unless I came. They were a happy family then, and have been prospered since. He is rich, and stands prominent on his cork leg before the world. As for that limb, I don't know who made it, but remember, the last time I was there, hearing a quack doctor trying to convince him that he could cure him of his lameness, and would not give up until Ralph told him he had but one leg to cure, and that was not ailing at all.

When, at length, he brought Alice and the children to see me, he took the little folks down into the garden to see the grave of his lost limb; and that night, when the little ones were asleep, I heard Alice singing an old tune to her husband, and the words were those I had also heard, about "my love" and the "light guitar."

* *

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, SEPTEMBER, 1854.

PARENTAGE.

Of all the joys that brighten suffering earth,
What joy is welcomed like a new-born child?
What life so wretched, but that at its birth
Some heart rejoiced—some lip in gladness smiled?
The poorest cottager, by love beguiled,
Greets his new burden with a kindly eye;
He knows his son must toil as he has toiled—
But cheerful Labor, standing patient by,
Laughs at the warning shade of meagre Poverty.

"Write of children," says our friend, standing in a tree, and throwing down the delicious fruit, into our spread hands. What shall we write of them? Shall we present the angelic, or demoniac side of the picture? Shall we say they are sunbeams, that chase away the gloom from the household—that their sweet prattle is the music that casts out evil, charms the soul, and lifts it heavenward? that angels are sent forth a special convoy commissioned to steer their bark through the shoals and quicksands of their infantine years, and that looking into their deep pure eyes, we catch glimpses of heaven, and are made better for their companionship? Shall we recount their beautiful poetic speeches, so full of faith, hope and love—nature's religion? their little prayers, offered without form, ostentation, or scruple, wherever the yearning heart demands an utterance? Their little sayings are as fresh and new and as carefully treasured in the heart of love, as though they possessed the merit of perfect originality. They give as much joy, and leave the impression as strong, though it may not be clearly defined, of something divine in the new existence that has dawned; as though there had never been another side presented; as though the doctrine of total depravity was yet to be developed, and hereditary descent was not to be taken into account.

To us, children are both angels and demons; they are more than charming playthings or pets; more than subjects for us to try our hand upon in the way of education. They are the key to a great book, whose mysteries can be only read with clearness by those who dare look beyond written laws, beyond custom and habit; this book is Marriage.

In speaking of Love and Marriage, we desire not to be classed with those sentimentalists who represent women, as lavishing the rich wealth of their hearts on villains, who neither appreciate or return their devotion. There is one principle in the heart of woman, which we believe is quite universal. She cannot love where she cannot have faith. However depraved and ignorant she may be, she yet exacts honor in her lover; and where she learns to despise, she soon hates. That feeling which holds a woman in thraldom to a man who degrades himself, is not love; but a base passion, unfit to be for a moment dignified by the name.

Curran, than whom few more eloquent men have lived, uttered a thought on this subject, worthy to be engraven on every heart. "Love," he says, "is a noble and generous passion; it can only be founded on pure and ardent friendship, on exalted respect, and on an implicit confidence *in its object.*" A friendship which thus attaches to the person and character of the parties, will defy change, and survive the grave; or call it love, and you have that presentment of feeling, which alone sanctifies the relation of marriage and parentage.

Poets and novelists have been wild and extravagant in their presentations of the subject. Not a few have treated it worse than erroneously—they have been utterly false. Divines have contrived to banish it from the subject of their teachings. Utilitarians have examined it by the prices current. Thus this passion, this emotion, having more influence upon the life, than any or all others combined, because it is the divine in us, and that by which we are allied to God, is still enveloped in darkness and mystery, and left to take its chances among the neglected instincts of our nature; to be thwarted, subverted, and made only a source of evil and suffering, not to the parties alone most immediately concerned, but their sin is to be visited upon "their children to the third and fourth generation."

Heretofore when speaking of the inequality in the marriage relation, we have carefully guarded our course, choosing to present the general argument, rather than to make appeals to feelings already lacerated, by presenting cases of deep suffering, which often come under our observation, or which are confided to us from hearts that are breaking with unseen griefs.—We have retraced our steps again and again, and even now pause, trembling, lest we have not comprehended the whole of this great subject.

There is a beautiful truth half revealed, half concealed, in those eastern fables, which represent enchanted castles as being always guarded by demons, and sentinelled by frightful apparitions, where the adventurous champion who would attack those palaces of cruelty, must qualify himself for the work by purity, courage, and all the skill of weapon that thorough discipline can impart. Bulwer reproduced and gave application to the fiction in his Zanoni. Under this ingenious device, he illustrates the difficulties and dangers of every real reformation, of all true progress by his "demon of the threshhold," planted at the entrance of every department for progressive human labor.

We assume not to speak as fitted for so great a mission. We may not have had that degree of suffering which purifies and fits for a work so high and holy; but there is a demand, and we dare not withhold our word. Letters, bearing upon the question, have accummulated in our hands, and we cull from among them the following extracts:—

LETTER NO. ONE.

"Please do not send the Una any more—I cannot receive it. My husband tore the last one from my hands and burned it. Oh, for an hour of peace, of rest! A blessing which I shall never again enjoy, till I hear 'the songs of angels round the Throne.' Sometimes I wish my ears were duller than they are, I hear so many heart-grieving, wrath-provoking things; but patience, patience, says my proud, firm heart.—'To *bear*, is to conquer our *fate*.'"

NO. TWO.

"It is evident to me, my dear Madam, that the iron has never entered into your soul. You have never felt yourself a dependent, a slave in your husband's house—not daring to use one cent of money without his knowledge; and at the same time knowing he will not permit you to do, even with your own, what you desire. I brought my husband twenty thousand dollars. I have been three months trying to get one dollar to send you for your paper. My children, born in this relation, are a curse; for their inharmonious organizations are constantly a reproach to me. They are ill looking and sickly, while we both have excellent constitutions."

NO. THREE.

"I would send you the pay for your paper if I could, for it comes like a ray of hope to my weary heart. I shall be a mother again, soon. Ah, what a terrible thing it is to have children, to die so early. Just as my heart begins to have a little joy in them, they pass away, and I am again without life or love, which is the same thing to a woman." * * * *

NO. FOUR.

"A man may beat his wife, maltreat his servants, and ruin his children; that is nobody's concern. Society regards those things that are injurious to it, but meddles in nothing else; so it says. Do you not think, if society had any true regard for itself, it would prevent nine-tenths of the marriages, simply that criminals might not be born. I am quite certain, that no circumstances can so ruin a good organization, that it may not be redeemable. While in these loathed, hated unions, good ones cannot be produced. I know I am a slave, and Mr. is my lord. He can bind my body, tie my hands, but with my will he can do nothing. Do you ask why I am in this position? I was educated to get a husband—and was flattered and urged into a marriage at seventeen, that was thought to be very advantageous—and I thought that I loved. But I now see that misplaced affection differs as much from a right state of feeling, as truth from falsehood; and the living a lie, is terrible. You have seen me always immersed in gaiety; but I felt that you looked below the surface, and saw that this was not sufficient for me. I shall be a devotee when I am passé.—Dorcas Societies, Ragged Schools, Boriaboula Missions—any thing to kill time, and make me forget my degradation; for I am a legalized—bah—I cannot write the word. God help us, for there is no other 'arm mighty to save.'"

NO. FIVE.

"My heart is breaking; but, alas! how long it takes to kill. My last child is dead, and I am alone. I have food and clothes. Ah! yes, my bed is of down, and my clothing "silk and purple, and fine linen;" but the veriest slave on a southern plantation, has more freedom than I

have. More to live for; for there is some one to love them, and they love. I have nothing; for I cannot love fine furniture, fine dress, &c. I must have objects, that give as well as receive. There is no help; my husband is a drunkard; *how I hate that vice.*"

NO. SIX.

"I am half disposed, just here, to ask your advice. You know my infirmity. Ought this to prevent me from marrying? I love, and am loved by one so true, so just, so good and noble, that he would take me, deformed as I am, to his heart, and treasure me there. I have loved him for three years; but my scruples have prevented an engagement to this time. Tell me—will it be sin to marry?"

We have selected these extracts to aid us in developing a thought somewhat at variance with the material physiology, which we have ourselves at some periods taught, and which is still adhered to by very many.

We have already hinted our point, it is this: in the love nature we have our most striking resemblance to the Creator. The function of parentage is a close copy of the Divine generation of the human.

The doctrine of hereditary transmission involves to our ideas something more than the mere structure of the body, or the character of the mind. We see the children of healthy parents, like those of our friend in number two, ill-looking and sickly. They are the key that proclaims the relation of the parents to be a false one, for, said a wise man, "the children of love do not die." Physiology forbids the physically diseased to marry. This is a cold, cruel mockery, for it operates only on such persons as by their generous and self-saerificing dispositions are made worthy and capable of parentage in the highest style, while the prohibition falls useless upon the myriad herd of those whose redundant animalism might be checked with profit to the race.

Vices are more mischievous to life than consumption—drunkenness has more of death in it than pain and night sweats; so of every form of moral evil, of ignorance, and brutal coarseness. It is from these last that we may look with certainty for inharmonious organizations, while from those who may be unsound in body, like our friend number six, there would naturally in the pure love relation she suggests, descend excellent moral natures which it would be suicide to forbid. With heart and mind so developed, with a love so unselfish and refined, the life may be reformed, the offspring benefitted thereby, but not refused an existence.

This love, so pure in its action, will be an impulse to hygenie regimen, and to the world may be given children of such high spiritual and moral natures as shall counterbalance the want of strong physical powers. Our faith is so firm in the creative power of a high and holy love, that we believe the physical even, will be better organised where there is true union of hearts even with diseased parents, than where there is indifference or coarse repulsion. Thus at once we have spoken to those whose marriages are only legal, whose children born in wedlock are still the children of deep and bitter corruption, all the blacker that it is legalised by law, tolerated by public opinion, and the popular religion. These watch dogs of fashion, and blind superstition, howl with an unwonted fury when these subjects are touched, be it done with never so delicate a hand, for they are the stronghold of power, and hence are sacred; and children born under this law of force *must be governed by force*, impotent as it is to restrain from vice, or lead to virtue.

They remind us of Mrs. Shelley's story of Frankinstein, who gave his soul to science, and through that learned all the properties of the human organization. Having done so, he created a man with all the attributes of man, endowed him with life and an intellect that thirsted for knowledge, and yearned for companionship—but the creation being unnatural, the want of harmony was frightful, the life which he had thus impiously given became his curse through all time.

Not many days since a handsome young couple came into the cabin of a steamboat where we were seated, bringing their child with them, which soon began to cry; the mother sought to quiet it, but its rage grew demoniac, and, at last in her vexation and mortification, she exclaimed "I never saw such a child, so willful and wicked."

Stranger as we were to the parents, the child was the key to us, we read their relation and felt there was sting in the honeyed words of "my dear," and "my love," at every sentence. We could not help looking through the hollow forms that they threw around them, and it was not till after the cries and shrieks of the infant, which fell like molten lava on the ear, were far beyond our hearing, that we could breathe quite freely; and we thought, it is of such unions that children descend, of whom it may be justly said they are "*totallg depraved*," and "go astray as soon as they be born speaking lies."

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. Davis—It seems to me that one great obstacle to woman's success in the unaccustomed walks of life, and particularly in the professions, is her pride or vanity. She must be sure she will succeed creditably, or she will undertake nothing. This is a feeling we all share, and too frequently express. We are unwilling to see a woman do anything unusual unless she can do it a good deal better than men ordinarily do. This is partially right perhaps, because the greater difficulties in their way makes a peculiar adaptation to the chosen calling more necessary, but I think we generally are too sensitive on this point. It should be remembered that all things are to be *learned*, that we can learn only by trying—that our brothers fail in fifty cases, where one succeeds—that we must enter on the various occupations of life prepared to struggle and overcome; to persevere amid the sneers and jeers of those who always knew women were unfit for anything but the needle or house-work; and if failing in one pursuit go bravely to another.

If it were only the gifted and superior women who need remunerative labor or social freedom, this might do; but we all need to find our right place, and must therefore be willing to try and to learn, to make many mistakes and many failures, for the sake of the ultimate good. Let us not wait to be assured of our talents or ability to shine in some peculiar vocation before we will venture out of the beaten path of helplessness and dependence. Let us wait for nothing but a right good will, and let us welcome as helpers all who have this one qualification.

G.

Hippel, the author of the book "Upon Marriage," says, "A woman, that does not talk, must be a stupid woman." But Hippel is an author, whose opinions it is more safe to admire than adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women. And, again, the most stupid and the most silent, are often neither one nor the other, except amongst men.—In general, the current remark upon them, is valid also, with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water's edge. However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labors; sedentary artisans,—as tailors, shoe makers, weavers—have this habit, as well as hypochondriacal tendencies in common with women.—Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work—but women often talk double their share, even *because* they work."

That for which man offers up his blood or his property, must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life, that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her child;—in short, only for the nobility within us—only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit; but this nobility—this virtue—presents different phases; with the Christian martyr, it is faith; with the savage, it is honor; with the republican, it is liberty.

AN ANCIENT MAINE LAW.—Among the ancient Germans some two thousand years ago, there was a tribe or nation called the Suevians, who would not suffer wine to be brought into their territory, because, said they, it enervates the mind and unfits the body for exercise or labor.

"Only learned men," says Lord Bacon, "love business as an action according to nature, as agreeable to health of mind, as exercise is to health of body, taking pleasure in the action itself, and not in the purchase: so that of all men they are the most indefatigable, if it be towards any business which can hold or detain their mind."

EDITOR'S NOTES.

In our long absence, letters, books, exchanges, communications, notes, notices, &c., have so accumulated upon our table, that we find ourselves up to the eyes in reading matter, and propose to send out to our friends through the Una, a portion of what was meant for ourselves alone.

First, here is a large package from our valued friend in Florence, who is an artist of the truest, highest order of genius; and who knows of what he writes—and writes to give happiness to those who cannot linger with him before those works which have been the admiration of the world so many years. We, like many others, have been wearied of letters from abroad, written by amateurs (out of guide books,) who have made it their business to criticise and extol, without any just comprehension of their subjects. Our friend's discriminating reading, of the signification of these works, will commend itself, from its truthfulness and pure simplicity of style, and we feel sure that his letters will be as welcome to our readers as they are to us; for we need all aids, to a full appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature.

Other packages, heaps of letters, from which we will give extracts here and there; some sadden us, some increase our faith and hope in the great, good time coming. But we will put them aside to welcome some of our new exchanges, which are looking at us with a very pleading expression, and asking, as all young children do, to be fostered and cared for, and to have a kindly hand extended just now, while they need it most.

The *Women's Temperance Paper*, published by the Executive Committee of the Women's State Temperance Society, is one of the first which we have examined. A neat quarto of eight pages, price 50 cents, edited by Mrs. C. Vaughn and Mrs. Angelina Fish. The women of this society, are evidently in earnest, and understand one very great point, and that is, that no agency is more efficient than the household reading, for which people pay, no matter how trifling a sum.

The tone of the number before us, gives promise of its usefulness in the particular branch of reform, which it advocates, and we have that confidence in the good taste and ability of its editors, that we will trust them for the future character of their little sheet, which we see has already been warmly welcomed by their coworkers in the State; and we trust they will not let it die from want, as too many such children of hope and promise have. It is a woman's work, and as such, is of importance, aside from its principles.

Another, *The Nebraska Palladium*, a new paper from the new world. Its introduction is cautiously, perhaps wisely written. It says—

"The cardinal principles of our political faith is found in the doctrine of *democratic equality* and the *common brotherhood of mankind*—in the right of the people to self-government—in the fact that they are the governors themselves. We believe the principles of *true democracy* furnish the only correct system of human government—the only system that can secure the interests and rights of all classes."

We could ask nothing better than this, if we only knew whether the editor believes that the black man belongs to this common brotherhood; or whether he looks upon him as of another species, as well as of a different race. But while the sublime sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, that "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" are the inalienable *birthright* of all, is so trampled upon, while millions have not one *right* accorded them, we are very charry about accepting the high sounding professions of politicians. We want every thing specifically defined; we want them to say, white, and black, and red men; and then there will be no loophole to get out at.

PUTNAM, for August, has the usuul amount of reading, an engraving, &c. But our first glance at the Editor's Notes, has thrown us into a fever. Actually, our rights are attacked in a new direction. In noticing a Cook-Book, by Miss Leslie, he says that women are not cooks; they never write good receipts; that they never invent new dishes; that no grand compounds are named after them. We should just like to know if a "Sally Lund, a Charlotte Russe, or Charlotte de pomme," can be beat by any dishes named after any man. And then, he says, that Madame Glasse's book was not original; that a gentleman wrote all the receipts, and allowed her to have the credit. It is just as bad if it is so, (but we don't believe a single word of it,) as that affair about the Hulseman letter.

If she had obtained a little fame, why not let her enjoy it? Now, we wrote a Cook-Book, ourself, once, and had two hundred and fifty capital receipts; that we had experimented with till they were perfect—and many of them were entirely new and original compounds. But, alas, its fate! Just when it was about ready to be sent to try its luck among publishers, a man stole it; and we had the pleasure of seeing our directions for the concocting of various favorite dishes, in the weekly newspaper.

We would not have said anything about this matter, if this attack had not been made upon a point where our pride is particularly sensitive, and we can only forgive, when the *amende* honorable is made.

In solemn conclave around our table, it has just been decided, that a perfectly new dish must be compounded by our own hands, and sent to Mr. P.; but woe, if we do, for there will be more than one to have a hand in it, and fearful are the scowlings faces about us, for all feel the attack as keenly as ourself.

Publishers have contributed their quota of books for our table, for our special enjoyment. Alexander Smith has written of them as we would, if our pen were guided by his muse. He says—

"Books written when the soul is at spring-tide;
When it is laden like a groaning sky
Before a thunder-storm,—are power and gladness,
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on
With a wild joy. Some books are drenched sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps;
Like a wrecked argosy. What power in books!
They mingle gloom in splendor, as I've oft
In thund'rous sunsets seen the thunder-piles
Seamed with dull fire and fiercest glory rents.
They awe me to my knees as if I stood
In presence of a king. They give me tears;
Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughters shed
When first they clasped a son of God, all bright,
With burning plumes and splendors, of the sky,
In zoning heaven of their milky arms.
How few read books aright. Most souls are shut
By sense from grandeur, as a man who snores,
Night-capped and wrapped in blankets to the nose,
Is shut out from night, which like a sea,
Breaketh forever on a strand of stars.

Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH'S Romance, BERTHA AND LILY; or, the Parsonage of Beech Glen, by J. C. Derby, lies nearest and claims our attention first, because we have more interest in it, than any other of the new books written by women, which have so multiplied this season, that it may properly be called woman's year of creation. If any of those who are creating by their own unassisted and undirected energies, should in after time feel disposed to act by their progeny as Hêrê did by her's, and banish them to the deep, in mortification at their lameness, we hope there may be found those who will act the part of the Nereids, and heal their deformities, and bring them out perfected. There have been a vast number of one sided creations with our brethren, and it is scarcely to be expected that women should succeed at once in giving perfect expression of their ideal.

The book before us is bravely written, and is the result of heart and mind sustaining each other. Its philosophy is entirely of the progressive school. The interest of the book does not hang upon the plot, the incidents, but the all-pervading thought. The material is made subordinate to the spiritual, and is used to symbolize the higher state. The characters are not all true to our every day observation; Bertha and Lily are the woman and child of her future. The parson is a man of our own times, and very like many we have seen in quiet corners of the earth. His heart revelations will startle some of his brethren by their truthfulness, and others will wonder how the author knew so much; and who has been playing false, and betraying the cloth to a woman, at those hours when their religious feelings had fallen into inactivity, and they half believed themselves that they were hypocrites. Strange confessions we should find, could we get the soul journals of those who are filling many high places, for the feelings, oftentimes sink untoned; the deepest grief giving place to out bursts of gaiety, bordering on madness; the highest religious enthusiasm become infidel; the purest

and most ardent love, cold, even indifferent, temporarily, if the excitement is too long sustained. A knowledge of this philosophy has helped Mrs. S. wonderfully in her analysis of character, in her heart pictures. Defiance and John True are drawn from nature, too graphically to be mistaken. A few extracts will place them before the reader.

"Upon reaching the inn I sent for my friend. I am not ashamed to call this man friend. I should not be on any emergency, were I not, as I am, indebted to him beyond repay; for he is upright, diligent, and carries a soul so candid that I know him to be mostly womanly in his nature, virginal, as are the pure in heart. I went to this man once, as I would go to God, and say, 'hide me in the secret of thy pavilion till the storm be over past.' And he did so, with a clear, calm strength, a loyalty and devotion more than human—it was the kindling of the divine within him.

"When I met John True, I did not stop to think of the degree of cordiality or dignity to be assumed, but I gave him both my hands spontaneously, and held my cheek for him to kiss, and my tears flowed plentifully, and I was not sorry when he said,

"'Now the Lord be praised, Miss Bertha, you have got your beauty back, and you look like no other woman I ever laid eyes on.' And then we talked, not much of the past, and I told John I would live with him, and would have rooms for myself, and make him happy, and a thriving man in the village. 'I have disposed of my property, which is enough for us all, John,' I said, 'and now I am very calm, quite happy, also.' I saw that John wept, and looked at me as one looks whose heart aches for another, and so I talked of his own family, and said:—

"'So then, John, you are married. Well, I only hope you are as happy as you deserve to be.'

"John turned his clear honest eyes away from my face a moment, and then aswered slowly,

"'Well, a married man can't in the nature of things be very happy. He's a sort of slave at the best. But he's a poor mean man that won't marry, notwithstanding. Somehow women see things in a different light from men, and I'm firm of opinion they have a nicer sight than men, but it's a worrying kind of life married people lead.'

"'John you alarm me.'

"'I didn't speak of myself in particular, but of married folks in general. If there's children the woman's always ailing, and complains that we are monsters for causin' 'em so much sufferin'; if there isn't any children they complain contrarywise.'

"'But, John, why did you marry? Who did you marry?'

"John twisted his huge body uneasily in his chair, an ingenuous child-like expression gathered upon his face, and now he turned his eyes full upon mine. 'Miss Bertha,' he said, 'it isn't the part of a man to be talking agin a woman, and that woman his wife. But, Miss Bertha, I will speak the truth candid-like to you. I knew the woman who married me would have a sort of trial in me. I'm dull and slow of apprehendin, so when I married Defiance Green, I looked upon it I did nothin' more than my duty, and a dubious kindness it was to her.'

"'This seems very odd, John how happened you to marry her with such feelings?'

"John was silent for more than minute, and when he spoke his blush was worthy of a woman.

"'Well, somehow Defiance took to likin' of me. She tried not to show it: but I knew it always, and knew it was my duty to be considerate, seein' as I had done the mischief. So, when I popped the question, she didn't by no means refuse me; but she's got a great trial in me.'

"'Why, John, I can't believe any such thing of you.'

"'Well, she's pious, and I'm no better than a reprobate. She thinks three times while I'm thinkin' once—so my answers and doin's always meet her'n at the wrong place. No longer ago than yesterday, I nigh about killed her with my blunders. She sets the baskets, and pails, and ashes, jist outside of the door, on a big rock, and when I find's 'em there I always knows Defy means to empty em. So I comes home and finds a large kettle filled with something hot, and I takes it to the hog-pen and empts it in. Defy enymost broke down under it. I'd thrown out all her preserved peaches, sot out there to cool.'

"I am glad my nature is but little demonstrative in the way of laughing, for my unavoidable smile, slight as it was, annoyed the remorseful John.

"'You must have everything your own way, Miss Bertha,' continued John, 'but I'll tell you a little about Defy, and I know you are not the woman to quarrel with anybody. In the first place, Defy wouldn't lie nor backbite for her right hand. She took care of Dorothy, in her last sickness, and my sister said that of her."

* * * * *

"A few days sufficed to settle me somewhat in my new home. I found Defiance possessed of what might be called the imp of neatness.—Nothing in the shape of stain could resist her scrubbing, except her own forehead, which was mottled with brown spots indicating disease, and which, from incessant washing and rubbing, had assumed the color of pale mahogany. and had a polish that might do honor to a table.—She had a small figure, very neat and tidy; shoulders, a little high; lips, compressed; and eyes, rather far apart, of a black color, those fixed black eyes that never change, but look out with a steady blackness, like beads, or mice eyes.

"She met me in the middle of the room, and gave me her hand, which had a pump-handle feel about it. She did not smile in the least, but her words came out square as from a machine. Her two children were washed, and starched, and ironed to the utmost of those things, and of course, they looked like machines also.—Each scrabbled down from the chair in which she was placed and ducked me a quick curtesy, and was up again in the instant."

* * * * *

"At the breakfast I proposed that John should engage men and build upon the side of his house a new wing, and I drew the model of my rooms at once. "And then Defy must have a girl," I said, "and we must have a beautiful garden, and flowers upon our table when we eat, and they will make plesant talk and happy hearts."

John looked most gratefully into my face, but Defiance sighed deeply.

"'These are all vanity,' she said, 'and take our thoughts away from more solemn things.'

"'No; God has lavished flowers and sunshine, singing birds, blue skies, and holiday fields upon us. The storm comes, a brief space amid days of beauty. Pain intermixes with years of health. Happiness, beauty, is the rule, evil the exception.'

"'We tend to evil as the sparks fly upward,' answered Defiance piously.

* * * * *

"'Please, Defiance, never ask me of years, ages, or time of any kind. I never remember a birth-day. I never wish to know the age even of a child. I ask is the child fair? is it true? is it lovely? But its days or years are of little import. I was younger at fifteen than girls are ordinarily at ten. In one aspect I am now older than Methuselah, in another I am a child of seven summers."

Defiance opened her thin lips with blank amazement, and ejaculated:—

"'When you come to give an account for the deeds done in the body, your memory will be sharpened up to strict recollection. Did your mother not have your birth recorded in the family Bible?"

"'Oh, yes, I was duly authenticated there and in the parish register. But come, Defiance, let us climb to the top of the mountain, and see how the world looks beyond the valley."

"'No, I cannot this afternoon," she answered, "our female prayer-meeting takes place at three, and I would not fail to be there."

"May I ask the subject of your prayers?" I said.

"We pray for the conversion of our unbelieving husbands," she answered with great solemnity.

"You do not go out in in this way to put shame upon your good, true-hearted husband, Defiance?" I asked, with a feeling of pain I could hardly conceal.

"John is a good husband, it is true, but he is far from grace. He is far from acceptance in divine mercy," she replied, with a smirk of conceit that made her little, ugly, hard face, ten times more ugly, hard and disagreeable.

And so I climbed the mountain alone, and gathered mosses, and brought home wild flowers, and wrote verses, and forgot that men and women are mean and dull; but remembered only the great, nobler aspects to which all respond, in periods of emergency.

The interest of the book is well sustained.—Indeed, to our taste, the last part is decidedly the most agreeable; it is as though the author had become more and more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of her own philosophy, and had grown calm in its holy influence, while she felt that her ideal world was her real.

THE LIFE OF ROGER WILLIAMS, the earliest legislator and true champion for a full and obsolute liberty of conscience, published by George H. Whitney, is a book of rare interest, it being the only history of this truly great and good man, written in a popular style. At a crisis like the present, when the popular heart is strongly excited upon questions of civil and religious liberty, this book cannot fail to produce a healthy impression; and some portions bearing on these questions might be circulated in a still cheaper form usefully to the cause of truth. Want of room alone prevents our making extracts.

"The desire to learn does not always contain the faculty to acquire."

"It is not enough to a heart truly kind to send and give; more charitable is it to visit and console."

"Not in the knowledge of things without, but in the pefection of the soul within, lies the empire of man aspiring to be more than men."

FLORENCE, June 10th.

Dear Paulina:—

For weeks I have written nothing. Beneath this tide of art-life which has swept over me, I have bent down trembling and speechless. *Now*, I feel that I have been borne onward by the wave, until my feet touch upon the shores of another land, and, although I do but barely touch, and am bewildered, ignorant, and very little, I see that it is a new world upon which I am henceforth to walk, and like some unknown companion of Columbus, I would fall upon the radiant shore with profound thankfulness.

The forms of life in this world of art are strangers to me, who am here from the cold and earnest north, whose companions have been the pine and the ice. I can contemplate only with wonder, the power which the zones cannot enslave; and when I find that to it, a thousand years are as a day, I am awed and made aware that this ground is holy ground. Ah! the intuition of the Greek was the inspiration of the Hebrew.

But I must give you some account of those things, in whose presence I now am—for these words are written in the great hall of the Ducal Palace; and first of all, if it were possible, I would present to you the combined array of forms and hues, before directing your attention to particular portions and individual members of the vast throng.

You should look down the far vista of this first Hall, with its long phalanx of marble images.—You should go yonder to its termination, and find another vista, along which extend the silent multitude. You should feel the eternal silence and the profound repose of these dwellers within its domain. But this multitude is only the throng at the threshhold. *This* is a procession of mortals.—The gods are within the sanctuary, and as we pass along we gaze through the openings in the ranks into the Halls of the immortals.

Once I stood here with a poet, one who has hymned gloriously in behalf of freedom, and he said, I will write a poem, and it shall be of *these*. I will come here at midnight, and break this silence, unloose the tongues and free these limbs, and the gods of Egypt, and of Greece, and of Rome, and of Etruria shall come from their Halls, and hold converse with the Saints, and Apostles, and the Angels. The Prophets and the Sybils shall walk together along the star-lighted corridors, and truths shall be spoken, and new psalms chaunted for the sorrowing and oppressed.

I felt that in the starry night of the true soul, it was *ever* thus; that all the divine ones were released from the introversion we call death, and permitted to walk together, and with us, imparting the wisdom of ages.

I come here, each morning at nine, and thus avoid the throng of visitors which fills the galleries later in the day. My way is along the Piazza della Gran Duca, past the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, and up the great flight of seventy steps to the outer Hall, resting a moment upon the first landing, where stands the "advance" statue of the gallery—a Bacchus, less beautiful however than the antique altar upon which it is placed. I pause a moment in this outer hall, for here is the famous Silenus carressing Bacchus. The artist has given us Silenus the *teacher*—a noble deal of physical developement—within whose gently enfolding arms, lies the joyous infant god. Yonder is a warrior—some bassi relievi—and two marble tablets of scroll work most excellently wrought.—High up there is a bust with two faces—not Janus however—the significence of which I am unable to discover, although imagination might interpret the work perhaps more truly than history. Near at hand is the celebrated Florentine Boar, a wonderful piece of sculpture; and above all, upon an antique pedestal, curiously wrought in alto relief, with warlike instruments—sword and buckler—armor of all kinds—among which, upon the front of shields, are sweet children's faces, I say upon the top of this is a Juno. O, now calmly look out those large eyes! What profound repose! and yet there seems to be within, a great thought or contemplation. Like this perhaps, Juno gazing adown that long vista of statue fragments in the Vatican, athwart which falls the shadow of the cross, from the Dome of St. Peters.

Now we stand in the corridor with the marble army. We will pass slowly along, noting for recollection, only those which, when no longer permitted to come in body to visit, we may hold precious. How large a number betray the feeble hand of the ungifted, or the perversion of the strong. We pause only at long intervals—first before two sitting statues, probably of Roman women—one exceedingly fine, the attitude graceful and unaffected, the face sweet, and the hands very beautiful. From this figure or from one like it, Canover *studied*, or I affirm *translated* his statue of the mother of Napoleon, an engraving of which appeared in the London Art Journal. Next we are stayed before a bust, of which, for *myself*, I need make no record. I have an engraving of it in some chamber of my brain. It is the head of, Pompey "Magnus." Its severity of principle, softened by impulsive benevolence, an earnest looking forth, blended with a sad solicitude, all mingling and preserving that fine equilibrium so inseparable to a work of high art, fascinate me.—Indeed it is a remarkable head—large benevolence and reverence, large perceptive faculties, and very large destructiveness.

How calmly the sculptor motions aside with his chisel inexorable time; and to him alone Death gives back the dead.

I find myself thinking thus whenever I gaze upon the face of this little marble child, and if I knew nothing of its history I should still think thus, for you can hardly believe that a mother's fingers have not parted these waving locks this very morning, although you see that she and the boy for whom this head was carved, have been dead for many a century. Does it not seem marvelous that this faintest smile should live on undisturbed, through the mighty world-throbs of eighteen hundred years? Turn a moment! You are looking upon the bust of a man or a demon.—The forked hair is bound close about the sharp brow; the nostril is distent with scorn. That peculiar wreathing of the lips, the painter of devils should study; and, as if he knew that in the purity of the white stone, this conception of the character of his subject could not be embodied, the artist has chosen jet black marble. Can you believe—and yet when you look critically you will see—that these two heads are of the same individual; and that individual was Nero.

This "Discobalous of Miron." You recognize at once the hand of the Greek here, in the justness of the proportions. It is full of action—not motion—accounted for on the spot; a deep feeling, reminding me of the dying gladiator; the anatomy admirably concealed; no distortion of muscle; no attempt to awaken in the mind of the spectator admiration of science, instead of love of art, and through *that*, of Nature. Near this is a statue of Apollo, a beautiful, chaste work, uplifting the art, and being exalted by it. It is the youth. One arm supports the Harp, towards which, but *without touching*, the other arm is extended. It is most excellent—this thought and feeling. The fingers heve just touched a chord, and the artist, with true perception, has chosen the moment succeeding.—The beautiful head is turned slightly away in an attitude of listening; we listen also.

Another statue of young Apollo. There is far more grace in this figure than in the one preceding. He is standing, and the line of the body and leg is quite faultless. He also has a harp, elaborately wrought in colored marbles; but the simplicity, the dignity of the smaller one is not here.

Michael Angelo's Bacchus.—To attempt the expression of drunkenness in a face, and the reeling of a drunkard, is to deserve failure, and I can but look upon this statue in that light. To succeed, or to fail in representing the proposed state of being, would be nearly alike unfortunate, or, reversing the remark of a General, there can be but one thing worse than a defeat; that is a victory. I am glad to see that this unnatural expression is far removed from the silliness of intoxication; nevertheless it is equally as disgusting, and if possible more mournful. Yet, aside from its idea, the form is beautiful, the parts exceedingly soft and fleshy; without obtrusive anatomy, yet all indicated.

How much nobler is the spirit of this companion statue of the dying Adonis, by the same mighty hand! *This* is worthy of the art, worthy of the artist. He has fallen upon his side, and is past pain. One arm has fallen across the body, and the hand, faint and unstrung, hangs nearly to the ground; the other supports the sinking head.—The face is very beautiful, unlike all others; the bloodless lips are parted, and beneath the deep brow the eyes are closing. Nothing is forced, nothing exaggerated, but over all the most profound repose.

Beyond this, and the last among the beautiful works in the corridor, is a "thought" of Michæl Angelo, a block of marble "roughed out," the most graceful figure he ever made, I think; a sort of improvisation in marble.

Now we will go to our chamber and rest, and on our next visit, pass the threshhold. Until then, adieu!

Certain books are written, not to instruct you, but to let you know that the author KNOWS something.

Knowledge perverted, is knowledge no longer. Vinegar, which is exposed to the sun, breeds small serpents, or at best slimy eels, once was wine.

For the Una.

THE DUTIES AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

[*Concluded.*]

Another sort of influence frequently of the worst kind, and almost always blended with political, is that of women over their lovers. Let no one dare to call it the influence of love. Thus when Cardinal de Retz visited Rome, he was obliged to propitiate the infamous *Donna Olympia Maldachini*, mistress of Innocent the Tenth, before he could procure access to that Pontiff. This woman was the sister-in-law of the Pope. Her portrait is still preserved in the Villa Pamfili Doria. The fierce, brow-beating aspect of the picture adds weight to the report that she kept the whole conclave of Cardinals in order, and poisoned the soup of Cardinal Patilla. A room in the villa is still called the cabinet of Donna Olympia, and when Lady Morgan visited Italy, she was presented with a red feather from the tippet "come della reliquia," of one whom we should think it the highest privilege of a pure minded woman to forget. When remonstrances were offered to the Pope on this subject, he could only reply, "Remediaremo, remediaremo,"

Thus *Madame Pompadour* effected at Babiole, the unfortunate marriage of Marie Antoinette, with Louis XVI, and dared to teach her royal lover to call the "respectable" Maria Theresa "pious," at the very moment when the wily Empress was addressing herself as "Ma princeesse et cousine!"

Thus the *Marchesa de Prie* held Alfieri, in a "bizarro et tormentissimo stato," nor need we ask what sort of influence hers was, when we learn that under the cushions of an old green satin sofa in her room, his "Cleopatra" remained unknown and forgotten by its author for more than a year. Far different was the influence of her, who was released by death from the galling chains which bound her to James III of England, only to become the bride of the Poet. Of her, *Louisa, Princess of Stolberg* and *Countess of Albany*, Alfieri wrote that noble epitaph,

"Senza la quella, non avrei mai fatto, nulla di buono"

Her life will form a most romantic chapter in some future history of Woman.

When the forts of Naples were surrendered, on the capitulation, to Ruffo, Micheroux, and the Turkish and English commanders, it was the atrocious *Lady Hamilton*, who induced Nelson to violate that solemn treaty, and, in restoring the King to Naples, avenge her upon the personal enemies, whom her improper intimacy with the Queen and Acton had created. That this woman invented the shawl dance, is reason enough why every modest girl should shrink from it. That she published the private letters of Nelson, and so threw a merited stain upon his memory, adds little to such infamy as hers.

When, after the French Revolution, a terrible reaction took place in Florence, the little town of Arezzo, renowned for its bigotry, was supposed capable of supplying material to aid the Austrian Party. A Madonna was made to work a miracle, to rouse the populace against Protestants and Republicans. A ferocious mob rushed on to Florence with the most sanguinary designs.—There was no end to the horrors that followed. At Siena, seventeen persons, including an infant at the breast, were burned alive. Who, think you, led that infuriate crowd, in behalf of Austria and the Madonna? No one but the *English Minister, Mr. Wyndham, led in his turn*, by a frail and beautiful Mistress, dressed as an Amazon, and supported by a monk! This woman was subsequently created a Baroness of the German Empire, *for having done the State some service!*

There remain two distinct sorts of female influence to be considered, the purely political and the educational; but since the errors of rulers spring oftener from a bad education, than a depraved nature, and good rulers always do their utmost to establish seminaries, these two sorts frequently cross each other on the page of history, and perplex the record.

Had Boanparte retained possession of Florence, he had intended to establish there, noble seminaries for female education, as at Naples and Milan. Meanwhile he permitted three corrupt convents to remain. Perhaps thinkers may discover in this a reason why, in 1820, a Florentine mother was not ashamed to enter a public assembly, between an innocent young daughter, and her own cavaliere servente? why vaccination was still termed "a flying in the face of God," and the rejection of swaddling bands, pronounced "impious." To this day, the mention of the Bonaparte name excites enthusiasm in Italy. All the family had a genius for reigning. When *Elise*, the Emperor's oldest sister, removed from Lucca, where she had displayed an energy worthy of Napoleon, she presided over the Court of Florence, with the title of Governante. In Lucca she had encouraged manufactures, constructed roads, drained marshes, and colonized the desert wastes of Piombino; but she had an oligarchy to oppose here, and was then as little appreciated, as she has been since deeply regretted. In Florence she could accomplish little more than the presiding over a frivolous court, as she was in a great measure under the control of the Prefect.

The events of *Madame Murat's* reign are well known. As soon as they heard of the reverses of the French, the Lazzaroni attempted to revolt.—No military force had been left to guard the city, and the Aristocracy acknowledged that they owed their safety to the sister of Napoleon, who, with an energy worthy of her brother, assembled the National Guard, and, assuming their uniform, addressed them in a speech full of spirit and eloquence. She remained on horseback the whole day, and visiting every post, assured herself of the vigilance of the authorities, until the hour when the approach of the Austrians compelled her to capitulate with Captain Campbell of the Tremendous. Her life was in danger to the last moment, and the infuriate populace followed her to the ship's side with oaths and menaces. What think you were her last words to the grateful Neapolitans who accompanied her to the frigate? This woman, full of sagacity and good sense, as capable of leading an army, as of repressing an insurrection, what were her last words to her people? With the aid of the Archbishop of Tarentum, she had established the "Pensionnar dei Miracoli," a magnificent school for girls. When she stood upon the deck of the vessel, she cried, "Watch over the Miracoli! Preserve my school!" Bonaparte felt and said that a body of well educated women, could alone raise society from that gulf of immorality, into which the old governments had plunged it. This school of Madame Murat's was established on the same principle as the Imperial Pensionnar at Milan. No Italian lady could be found at once, qualified and willing to take charge of this establisment, and the *Baroness de Lor* was brought from Paris for the purpose. The accommodations for the children were magnificent. The class rooms opened into gardens and orange groves; the dressing rooms were supplied with fountains of pure water; warm and cold baths were attached to the Hospital. The dormitories were spacious, and the playrooms gently heated. The diet was generous and good. The instruction in languages, the Arts and Sciences and Belleslettres, was more liberal than any American institution can boast, and, in addition, the children were taught to mend stockings, cut clothing, and cook well; everything in short, which could make them what Bonaparte emphatically wished, "bonnes méres de famille." Ah, women have much reason to be grateful to Bonaparte. He banished Madame de Stael, because he knew her worth. He, of all sovereigns, has best understood of what women are capable. The Duc de Melzi, was, according to Lady Morgan, the originator of the similar Pensionnar at Lodi. He entreated the aid of the accomplished *Maria Cosway*. She was the widow of Richard Cosway, a man famous for exquisite miniatures, oil paintings and sketches; who believed in animal magnetism and Swedenborg, and who, although confessedly the idol of a fashionable public for sixty years, was not gifted enough to eclipse his wife.—The school which she established is still thought one of the best in Europe. On returning to their homes at the age of fourteen, the pupils are prepared to manage a family and keep its accounts. We are giving proofs that woman are often accidentally invested with political power, and that therefore they should be prepared for its wise exercise. In royal families, the contingency is of course expected, but it is seldom fitly met. The Duchess of Kent, who had to contend with a scrofulous temperament and an hereditary unsoundness of mind, formed a noble exception to the majority of royal mothers. The children of Maria Theresa formed unfortunate examples of the results of a very different training. Consuelo was not far wrong, when she called Maria Theresa, "an old gossip." Celebrated as her reign has been, she actually did nothing to deserve the reverence in which posterity has held her. She was like a thousand bustling, busy and ambitious mothers of families, who make a great rout and talk about their housekeeping, and, after all, only keep things in very good order. Sentimental French writers tell us that oppressed by the sight of a suffering family, she gave them her dinner, and "nourished herself with the tears that she shed." In the same year she assisted at the partition of Poland, and the "Wild Irish Girl" says wittily enough, "that the tears which she thus caused might have fed her for the rest of her life." She was beautiful, ambitious, selfish, parsimonious and absolute.—That made her a prosperous queen which would have made her a hateful woman. But of what kind was the prosperity, and was her intriguing skill adequate to the training of monarchs? The prosperity was external, and her children were Marie Antoinette, Caroline of Austria, and Marie Christine. The Empress reduced her husband to a state of vassalage and treated her sons as enemies to her dying day. There is such a thing as educating by antagonism; which is the reason perhaps, that the Imperial sons proved more worthy than the daughters. When Francis heard of his wife's disgraceful alliance with Madame de Pompadour, he walked indignantly out of council, and when Joseph asked, "Mother, what good faith can you find in France?" he was banished from her presence. Joseph died of a broken heart, unable to accomplish the reforms, which his mother's necessities compelled her, too late to begin, and Leopold was recalled from Tuscany, when he was doing an immense good, and compelled to govern a people who had lost their liberties so long since, that they dreaded their restoration, after the present despotic fashion.

The painful history of *Marie Antoinette*, who sacrificed the lives and Freedom of her family, to the preservation of a dressing case, is well known. *Caroline of Austria, Queen of Naples*, is never mentioned in that unfortunate city without a shudder. She kept her husband under so degrading an espionage that he was obliged to return a borrowed volume of Voltaire unread. She sacrificed her honor and her modesty to her passion for a handsome adventurer, John Acton, the son of an English physician in the south of France, whose power over her seems to have grown out of his insensibility to her charms. She was the intimate friend of the licentious Lady Hamilton. She had all her mother's faults and none of her virtues. She was so dishonest as to levy a tax of three hundred thousand ducats to open roads, and after a distressed people had hopefully paid it, to pocket at once the money and her promise. *Marie Christine*, the Governess of the Low Countries, is said to have been an infamous woman; but the lives of these persons are too recent, and they are themselves, too nearly related to the royal families of England, France and Austria, for us to be able as yet to judge them truly. The gossip of the countries that they have misgoverned, is our chief source of information. Among female sovereigns of the present century, utterly deficient, in a righteous sense of resposibility, *Beatrice d'Este*

x note. 2 * her low-born favorite

Archduchess of Modena and the *Queen of Etruria*, once *Duchess of Parma*, may be mentioned. They did their utmost to crush the popular interest.

Among such as possessed naturally kind hearts and good capacities, but who were prevented by a bad education from doing justice to either, *Caroline of Brunswick*, stands preeminent. We do not know whether her infidelity is considered an historical fact. It is certain that the Aristocracy of England believed in her guilt, though some of them defended her on the ground that her licentious husband had no right to complain of so natural a result of his own bad conduct. Her easy accessibility and cheerful good will, won the hearts of the people, who always earnestly defend her.—Even Sir James Mackintosh acknowledged a "friendly partiality" for her. Whatever she may have been in England, she sought in her foreign residence on the borders of Lake Como, to forget her trials, in works of taste, utility and beneficence. A plain tablet still informs the traveler that to her he owes the magnificent road which skirts the Lake, the first ever opened for purposes of business or pleasure. Here she did much good, and gained much popularity. Her palace is still shown to strangers. The common argument used by those who think that they feel a just horror of conferring political rights upon women, is like that so often urged against the immediate emancipation of negro slaves. They are not *fit for power*, nor can they be made so. Universal confusion would follow such a step. Yet under many governments women have possessed these rights and this power, and so little confusion has resulted that most persons are ignorant of the fact.

When Leopold became Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1765, he established a government of communes, which, it is believed, he intended should pave the way to representative government. Under this, women had a civil capacity, and could become magistrates. Under it, one *Signora Ricci* was made *Treasurer of her Commune*. In Upper Canada, where we are now writing, women vote upon all questions relating to schools, upon the same conditions as man; that is a certain property qualification. There is certainly no justice in demanding of women political penalties and the payment of taxes, if we do not grant them the power. The first is intended to crush, the second to represent. Women are hung for treason, tortured for testimony, impoverished for the State. Not since the dark ages objects some one. Yes, now, in the nineteenth century. In France and Austria, many times, in Italy still more often. After the restoration of the royal family, brought about by Lady Hamilton, at Naples, all who had shown any attachment to the Republic were condemned to death. Under this act, *Madame San Felice* was sent to the scaffold. She had revealed a royalist conspiracy, and so prevented a massacre.

Eleonora Pimentale was a young girl, celebrated for her talents, her graces, and her patriotism.—She was accused of having written some patriotic effusions in the Monitore Napolitano, and condemned to die. She met her fate with courage and heroism. She took coffee, we are told, a few minutes before she ascended the scaffold, and said with a smile to those who risked their lives by showing sympathy for her fate,

"Forsan et hoc, olim meminisse juvabit."

It was not the bigoted cruelty, nor the weak irresolution of the wicked woman, whom the admiring Romney fitly painted as a Bacchante, that brought about these executions, but what the Neapolitans expressively call "la villa" of Nelson, the British Lion! Had that "chambermaid of a lady of rank" been educated at a common school, and taught to think it possible that she should one day possess political power, and be responsible to God for its right exercise, then the mistress of the Admiral, had she ever existed, must assuredly have stimulated her lover to a *generous* policy, and a *noble* warfare, and felt a just pride in keeping Brittania's flag unstained.

In the examples of feminine influence that we have offered, we do not mean to assert that any woman exerts only *one kind*. In every woman, many kinds are mingled, but one is generally pre-eminent.

Toronto, C. W., April 2nd, 1854

RHODE ISLAND ART ASSOCIATION.

The first exhibition of this society opens in September, presenting to the public such a collection of pictures, statuary, &c., as in its present infantile state it can obtain. It aims, first at establishing a permanent gallery or Art Museum, open at all times to the public; and secondly to the establishment of a school of design, or as now generally called School of Ornamental Art. We hail the day of the organization of this Society as one of brightest promise; for in the cultivation of true art, and the love of the beautiful which will thereby be infused into the hearts of the people, will be found the greatest possible aid to that higher spiritual and moral development that is demanded for succeeding generations. The materialist, the worldling, will see perhaps, in these Schools of Design nothing more than an advance of manufacturing interests; the strict utilitarian may doubt their being of any *use*, even to that interest, until he learns that a truly beautiful design for any fabric will secure for it a ready sale, while an article equally good, or even superior in quality, is thrown back upon his hands unsaleable and useless.

But those who believe that the soul of the true artist in its sublime goodness, and simple faith, dwells with God, will feel that the brightest hope for the future is in the multiplication of these Schools of Art; they will look through the long vista of time, and see these museums, the resort of young and old, who have been saved from vice by these higher attractions. They will see the bar room and the dram shop deserted for those places where the means of "self culture" and the gratification of the taste may be so easily obtained. We may be called a dreamer, but we seek not to tear away the false till we can offer the true. We would not destroy faith in Vishnu till the soul could lift itself to a purer life or higher faith.

Our interest in this school is the greater, that it is open to both sexes, that each shares alike in its advantages. The constitution makes no restrictions as regards sex, and several ladies are already members; and as there are some among them, who take high rank as artists, we doubt not but they will share in its honors in the future. In our next we may give some account of the exhibition.

THE CALL.

We trust the call for the Convention will not be overlooked, or forgotten; but that our friends will be preparing plans, and maturing thought which shall tell well upon the future. No greater or more disastrous mistake can be made for our cause, than to come together in convention, trusting to the impulse of the moment to direct its action. The wisdom that comes from deep thought, the inspiration that flows into the heart in the hour of secret communion with the All-Wise is what is needed to guide our action.

How plausible, how irrefragable would many an objection, drawn from theory appear, had not genius succeeded in demonstrating its falsehood by mere blank argument of fact.

GLEANINGS FROM READING.

"Think you, that none others have burned with the same godlike dreams? Who, indeed, in his first youth—youth when the soul is nearer to the heaven from which it sprung, and its divine and primal longings are not all effaced by the sordid passions and petty cares that are begot in time—who is there in youth that has not nourished the belief that the universe has secrets not known to the common herd, and panted, as the heart for the water-springs, for the fountains that lie hid and far away amid the broad wilderness of trackless science? The music of the fountain is heard in the soul *within*, till the steps, deceived and erring, rove away from its waters, and the wanderer dies in the mighty desert. Think you that none who have cherished the hope have found the truth: or that the yearning after the ineffable knowledge was given to us utterly in vain? No! every desire in human hearts is but a glimpse of things that exist, alike distant and divine. No! in the world there have been, from age to age, some brighter and happier spirits who have attained to the air in which the beings above mankind move and breathe. This man, great though he be, stands not alone. He has had his predecessors, and long lines of successors may be yet to come."

"Are the cruel disparities of life never to be removed?"

"Disparities of the *physical* life! Oh! let us hope so. But disparities of the *intellectual* and the moral, never! Universal equality of intelligence, of mind, of genius, of virtue! no teacher left to the world, no men wiser, better than others! were it not an impossible condition, *what a hopeless prospect for humanity!* No; while the world lasts, the sun will gild the mountain top before it shines upon the plain. Diffuse all the knowledge the earth contains over mankind to-day, and some men will be wiser than the rest to-morrow. And *this* is not a harsh, but a loving law—the *real* law of Improvement; the wiser the few in one generation, the wiser will be the multitude the next!"

"Whoever has studied the lives of persons in whom the imagination is stronger than the will, who suspect their own knowledge of actual life, and are aware of their facility to impressions, will have observed the influence which a homely, vigorous, worldly understanding obtains over such natures."

"You must have a feeling—a faith in whatever is self-sacrificing and divine—whether in religion or in art, in glory or in love, or common-sense will reason you out of the sacrifice, and a syllogism will debase the divine to an article in the market."

"Thou art fond of one maxim, which thou repeatest in a thousand forms; that the beauty of the soul is faith; that as ideal loveliness to the sculptor, faith is to the heart; that faith, rightly understood extends over all the works of the Creator, whom we can know but through belief; that it embraces a calm confidence in ourselves, and a serene repose as to our future; that it is the moonlight that sways the tides of the human sea."

"There is a mystery in man's inheritance from his fathers. Peculiarities of the mind, as diseases of the body, rest dormant for generations, to revive in some distant descendant, to baffle all treatment and elude all skill."

"The pure and the proud mind can never confide its wrongs to another, only its triumphs and its happiness."

"In the laws which regulate the Universe it is decreed that nothing wicked can long endure."

Let woman appear in the mild majesty of Ceres, and rudest churls will be willing to learn from her.

"And I believe," says Leigh Hunt, "that power itself, has not one half the might of gentleness."

FREE MEDICAL AND LITERARY COLLEGES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Michigan must ever claim the honor of being the first State in the Union, offering the student from *all portions of the United States* complete courses of Collegiate instruction, *free of charge*.

The annual income from her University fund is now about $25,000 per annum, and is increasing.

Ample buildings have been erected at Ann Arbor, for the Medical and Literary Colleges, a town remarkable for its health and cheapness of living.

The University Library, Cabinet, Museum, Apparatus and Laboratory, are creditable to a State Institution, and one of the best Astronomical Observatories in the world is nearly completed, the dictorship of which has been accepted by the distinguished Astronomer, Brunnow, of Berlin, the assistant of Encke. The corps of Professors, (at present, ten in the Literary and six in the Medical Colleges,) have thus far been called from the different States, with reference to their ability and fitness. In the College of Arts and Sciences, there are two full parallel courses of studies, viz.: *Literary and Scientific*. The first including such branches as are taught in other Colleges; the other or Scientific course, omits the dead languages, and substitutes the Natural Sciences, Civil Engineering, &c., the better to fit young men for the practical duties of life, (to enter which but moderate pre-requisites are insisted on.) An appropriate degree is conferred on those who take a full course in either, but a student may take a partial course, selecting such studies as he may wish, and remain as long or short a time as he may desire. An Agricultural course has been established and is now in full operation.

The Collegiate year, in both Colleges, commences on the first of October, the term of the Medical College continuing six months.—*Michigan Argus*.

The above notice of the Institutions which form the State University of Michigan, speaks well for the provision made for the education of her sons. The course of study has been adapted to *"fit young men for the practical duties of life."* The provision is ample, the income large and freely offered; if her sons are not *wise*, it is not the fault of the State Legislation; but what, may we ask, has she done for her daughters? Is this College open to them, or has one been endowed for them at like expense?

The state has provided liberally for her primary or district schools, where girls may go on terms of equality with their brothers until such time as the mind begins to expand, and the desire grows strong for knowledge; then the door of the University, toward which her eye turns longingly is closed to her, and she, per-force, contents herself with stitching the new linen for her brother, knitting him a supply of new socks and mittens, turning and cleaning his old clothes, and making every article neat and jaunty as possible.

He is to write her long letters, of everything he learns, and is to help her on in vacations. At first the letters are frequent and full of love and old memories, (he is a litte homesick,) but the reward is not yet; she must urge him to study, must rouse his ambition, and stimulate him yet a little longer, and then it comes; the letters grow less frequent, then cold, and at last comes the assumption of vast knowledge; she is no longer his equal; if he does not say it, he acts the contemptuous phrase, "What's a woman know?"—She knows nothing of the hidden mysteries of that world where he has been; what right has she to an opinion, or how should she dare counsel?

A little later she may board a class of students at $1 50 per week, inclusive of washing and mending; or she may sit down within sight and sound of those halls of learning, and sew at two and sixpence per day. We are usually calm and of a cool and equal temperament, but our cheeks crimson and our very fingers tingle with indignation at the foul injustice done us, and were we not writing at the call of our printers for copy, we should be tempted to utter more stern denunciation of our oppressors than we have ever before done. We are sometimes told that education is our hobby. Very likely it may be, but that does not alter the broad facts in the case, and we shall continue to point to those institutions which debar us from equal right, until their doors open, and we are asked to enter and share with our brothers, in all that is as essential for us as for him.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILD.

A Philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied—

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I *do* know," she answered again.

It was a child's reason, but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is."

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do—it is *my think*."

"Your *think*!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?"

"Nobody, I should be ashamed if I did not know that without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.

ELIHU BURRITT, by self-instruction, had acquired, at the age of thirty years, fifty languages; and that too while he was laboring vigorously at the forge and anvil, from six to twelve hours daily.

BYRON'S PEN.—Byron wrote his celebrated poem of the Bride of Abydos, in one night, and without mending his pen. The pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.

THE ANGELS.

"Remember there are two angels
That attend unseen each one of us,
And in great books record our good and evil deeds.
He who sets down the good ones, after each action
Ascends with it to God. But the other,
Keeps his dreadful day open till sunset,
That we may repent: which doing,
The record of the action fades away
And leaves a line of white across the page."

EMPLOYMENTS FOR WOMEN.

Amongst the many avocations suitable for women we reckon house and sign painting. This trade, like housekeeping, is one which should always be carried on by men and women in partnership. Some branches of it are suited only to men and some only to women. The outdoor work must of course be done by men, but we see a special propriety in employing women on inside work. To us it looks as much out of place to see men going through a dwelling house, painting the doors and window frames, as to see them in kitchens washing dishes or cooking—two occupations which do not appear to us suitable for any one in pantaloons.

A house painter makes from one to two dollars per day. The trade is difficult to learn, and some branches requiring more delicacy of touch and taste than strength, appear peculiarly adapted to women. Graining a door, for instance, is a job requiring taste and patience; and women might do all or nearly all of that kind of work. Why should they not paint doors as well as pictures?

Almost every *educated* woman has been taught to draw, or the attempt has been made, and a good deal of money spent upon it. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this accomplishment never is of any importance in the great art of getting a living. If a tithe of the time and money spent on this were spent on the art of house painting, a considerable number of women could realize an independence at it, and relieve other avenues of the labor market.

We do wish this experiment would be made in small towns. They are better fields than our large cities, for such enterprises. If house painters having daughters whom they would like to provide for would just teach one or two of them to paint doors and windows, they would be raised above dependence or want for the time of their natural lives.

One feature of this trade which marks it as peculiarly suited to women, is its periodical nature. There is ever a rush of work in spring, while in winter and mid-summer so little is done that many hands are out of work. Now, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and almost certain as men have an unsteady employment, they themselves become unsteady. If the work is of an effeminate or unhealthy character, this is sure to be the case. Stone mason's are not so apt to get on "sprees" as our printers and painters, because their muscles are better developed and their brain firm, from better air and exercise. They do not so much require artificial stimulus and excitement. The mason can *rest*—the painter or printer must *run*, when he has nothing else to do; and very few men can do any thing when unemployed in their own particular work. When a woman gets out of work she has always plenty to do, and her leisure is apt to be her busiest time. A female painter, after the spring work was over, would have a thousand things to do to get ready for the next business season, or she could make a visit without getting drunk or gambling, and be home to take the first job that would offer; while the 'jours' now scampering about for work at this precarious trade would be much better and more useful citizens at some more athletic employment.—*Journal and Visitor*.

Dreams.—But for dreams, that lay Mosaic worlds tassellated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long, before we are allowed to rejoin our parents, brothers, friends. Every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

List of subscribers from July to August.

Mrs. F. D. Gage, $5.

C. Steigleman, A. Carson, Mrs. A. Post, Dr. P. W. Randle, J. Walton, Mrs. L. B. Read, E. B. Wilson, Mrs. L. Morgan, Caroline Ross, Hon. H. Mann, Mrs. A. Temple, Dr. Helme, Mrs. A. C. Cleveland, Miss Julia Reed, Mrs. L. A. Meriweather, A. B. Henderson, Levi Brown, Esq., $1 each.

POVERTY OF AUTHORS. Mrs. Inchbald, so well known as the author of the Simple Story, and other novels, as well as in her capacity of editor, dragged on, as we are told, to the age of sixty a miserable existence, living always in mean lodgings, and suffering frequently from want of the common comforts of life. Lady Morgan, so well known as Miss Owenson, a brilliant and accomplished woman is now dependent altogether upon the public charity, administered in the form of a pension of less than five hundred dollars a year. Mrs. Hemans, the universally admired poetess, lived and died in poverty. Laman Blanchard lost his senses and committed suicide in consequence of being compelled, by his extreme poverty, to the effort of writing an article for a periodical while his wife lay a corpse in the house. Miss Mitford, so well known to all of us, found herself after a life of close economy, so greatly reduced as to have been under the necessity of applying to her American readers for means to extricate her little property from the rude hands of the Sheriff. Like Lady Morgan, she is now a public pensioner. Leigh Hunt is likewise dependent on the public charity. Tom Hood so well known by his Song of a Shirt—the delight of his readers and a mine of wealth to his publishers; a man without vices, and of untiring industry—lived always from day to day on the produce of his labor. On his death bed, when his lungs were so worn with consumption that he was obliged to be propped up with pillows, and with shaking hand and dizzy head, force himself to the task of amusing his readers, that he might thereby obtain bread for his unhappy wife and children. With all his reputation, Moore, found it difficult to support his family, and all the comfort of his declining years was due to the charity of his friend Lord Lansdown. In one of his letters from Germany, Campbell expresses himself with joy at hearing that a double edition of his poems had just been published in London. "The unexpected fifty pounds," says he, "saves me from jail."—Haynes Bayley died in extreme poverty. Similar statements are furnished us in relation to numerous others who have, by the use of their pens, largely contributed to the enjoyment and the instruction of the people of Great Britain. It would indeed, be difficult to find very many cases in which it had been otherwise with persons exclusively dependent on the produce of literary labor. With few and brilliant exceptions, their condition appears to have been, and to be, one of almost hopeless poverty. Scarcely anything short of this, indeed, would induce the acceptance of the public charity that is occasionally doled out in the form of pensions on the literary fund.—*Carey on International Copyright.*

In the life of most persons a period arrives when the stomach no longer digests enough of the ordinary element of food, to make up for the natural daily waste of the bodily substance. The size and weight of the body, therefore, begin to diminish more or less perceptibly. At this period tea comes in as a medicine to arrest the waste, to keep the body from failing so fast, and thus to enable the less energetic powers of digestion still to supply as much as is needed to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues.—No wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favorite, on the one hand, with the poor, whose supply of substantial food is scanty, and on the other, with the aged and infirm, especially of the feebler sex, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have together begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged female, who has barely enough of weekly income to buy what are called the common necessaries of life should yet spend a portion of her small gains in purchasing the ounce of tea. She can live quite as well on less common food, when she takes her tea along with it; while she feels lighter at the same time, more cheerful, and fitter for her work, because of the indulgence. *Chemistry of Common Life.*

THE LOST SOUL,—An Indian and his wife went out from the villiage to work their chairs, carrying their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring she found it dried up, and went further to look for another. The husband alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned the child was gone; and to their repeatad cries as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no response save the wailing cry of this little bird, heard for the first time, whose notes their anxious and excited imagination 'syllabled' into pa pa, ma ma, (the present Quichua name of the bird.) I suppose the Spaniards heard this story, and, with that religious poetic turn of thought which seems peculiar to this people, called the bird 'The lost soul.' The circumstances under which the story was told—the beautiful, still, starlight night—the deep, dark forest around—the faint-red glimmering of the fire, flickering upon the old woman's gray hair and earnest face as she poured forth the guttural tones of the language of a people now passed away—gave it a sufficiently romantic interest to an imaginative man.—*Herndon's Valley of the Amazon.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

An exchange paper, in commenting upon the article in our last paper, referring to a delicate woman rubbing bed-clothes over a washboard, all day, and a Herculean gentleman measuring out rolls of lace, makes the following practical remarks:

"We well remember the story of Darby and Joan, and its moral that men and women should stick to their legitimate spheres; for Darby could not milk the cows, nor Joan guide the plow. But man is certainly out of his sphere when selling pins, needles, tape and cob-webs laces—as much as woman is when she assumes the political harness. We should like to see all counter jumping, as it is technically called—except, of course, the jumping—done by women, but if they all go into stores, are the men to do the washing? Are we to be henceforth doomed to the darkly, deeply cerulean blue inflictions of Mondays' washing days? If so, our razor and the caroted artery must become acquainted! We can stand anything but that. The women may make our laws, sell our laces and ribbons, and earn our livings if they choose, and we will take care of the children, darn the stockings, and cook the dinners; but we must solemnly protest against the washing. That is the penance of woman since the fall of Eve, and we cannot share it. Death rather than condemnation to the wash-board, is the rallying cry that animates our souls."—*N. J. Mirror.*

CLEANLINESS may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty, indeed, most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers will therefore understand—

1. That their papers will be continued after the expiration of the time for which they have paid unless otherwise ordered.

2. That no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up to the time at which the notice is given, unless we are satisfied that the subscriber is worthless.

3. That when the paper through the fault of a subscriber, has been suffered to overrun the time, the just and most convenient way is to remit one dollar for another year with directions to discontinue at the end of that time.—*Exchange.*

CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

In accordance with a vote passed at the adjournment of the WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October 1853—the fifth Annual National Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of October, and continuing through the two succeeding days.

The subjects which will come under discussion in this Convention, as in the preceding ones, will be the EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN, to all the advantages of *Education, Literary, Scientific, and Artistic;* to full equality in all *business avocations and industrial pursuits, commercial and professional;* briefly all the RIGHTS which may pertain to her as a *citizen, religious, civil and political.*

The wide range of subjects for discussion can scarcely fail of awakening the attention of all classes, to our aims and objects; hence we invite all persons, irrespective of sex, to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and thus contribute to the progress of truth and the redemption of humanity.

Signed on behalf of the Central Committee:

PAULINA W. DAVIS, President.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Secretary.

Editors of exchanges are requested to copy this notice, and to call attention to it.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCTOBER, 1854. NO. 10.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞ Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞ All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

[For the Una.]

LESSONS OF LIFE.

Chapter 5th.

"Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well—
They dropp'd like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell."

My dear little Kathleen was happy and well. I taught her daily, as much as she was able to learn; and I looked farward with hope, to the time, when I could procure her instruction in music, to which art I felt she must look for support, if I were taken from her.

Lucile gave her an old guitar, which she had replaced by a more elegant one, and the child accompanied her songs with a few simple chords, and thus employed herself during my morning absence, or refreshed me when I returned, wearied, from my work. Marian talked to me much of Hamilton Marshall, who was, indeed, kind as a brother to me, but I knew not why, a strange reserve held me silent when she mentioned him. I listened with deep interest to her praises of him, to stories of his boyhood, to all that she could tell me of later years, but when I strove to add my praises to her's, I could scarcely force the words from my lips.—His final examination at the Divinity School was approaching, and Marian was full of anxiety for his welfare, and yet more she knew that it would probably separate him from us, that he could scarcely expect a settlement in Boston; and "then Margaret," she said again and again, "how could I live without him?"

"How could I?" I did not ask myself, but I knew that as I painted, the thought of his criticism was ever with me, and that with his approbation I cared for none other.

Marian loved her brother in spite of his faults, and she spoke often of him to me. She felt that he had been neglected in his boyhood. He was so much older than Hamilton, Lucile and herself, that he had no companion. Her father was capricious in his management, and by continually presenting Hamilton as his model, had made him hate him; "and perhaps," she would often add, "I have not done all I might to correct him. How shall we judge others?"

He had been of late more at home, and she nourished some hope of his reform especially as he had been quite attentive to a friend of Lucile's, a pretty young girl, with a large fortune, which last circumstance Marian seemed to forget. "If he should marry he could certainly reform," was Marian's hope, "We will do all in our power to influence him, won't you, Margaret, help me?" My nature was ever prone to hope and trust, and I believed with her. Hamilton urged her to invite company to her house, and make it pleasant for her brother to spend his evenings at home; and many a night she made this sacrifice for his sake. I was rarely present, but one evening Marian urged me to remain, as but a few would be there. But two guests chanced to be present, one a Lieut. in the Navy, Lucile's admirer, and the other a friend of Hamilton's, a distinguished abolitionist. The conversation at length became general, as all ceased speaking to listen to Mr. P——, who was giving an account of a speech made by Miss ——, at a late abolition convention. "It seemed," he said, "to have a blessed influence on the whole meeting. Dressed in the quaker garb, which was at once a pledge of her purity and her sincerity, she stood there without apology, or any consciousness that she was doing anything unusual. The meeting had been noisy, but so sweetly fell the tones of her rich voice that they hushed even the crowd of boys in the gallery, and all bent earnestly forward to listen. She reasoned clearly and justly, she used no denunciation, no invective, but resting her argument on the obligations of the moral law, she traced the subject through its sin, to its evil consequences; showing that God had set his mark upon the institution. Her voice did not tremble until she began to speak of the wrong which slavery inflicted on woman, and to appeal to woman to estimate its horrors, and then she spoke simply, and without declamation." "I have heard many eloquent speeches," said Mr. P., "but never have I seemed to hear the inspiration of the Holy Spirit so purely manifested."

Marian listened with intense interest, and shuddered when her brother James replied, "Abolition *men* are bad enough, begging your pardon, but deliver me from a *woman!*"

"One might admire such a speech, said Lieut. Topham, but who would wish to marry such a woman? She'd be attending Conventions when she ought to be making her husband's shirts."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Aunt Jerusha, "except among the Free Will Baptists, and nobody thinks anything of them. I think it very improper; how mortified her friends must have been."

"If women wish to win our devotion," said Lieut. Topham, let them remain in their own sphere, and when the gallant knight returns from war let him lay his spoils at the ladies' feet, and secure a garland of beauty. Love and beauty is all I ask from woman. Am I not right, fair Lucile?" he said, turning to her as she sat gracefully reclining.

"I do not see why a woman should wish anything more," said Lucile. "Give me a world of flowers and love, and I ask no more; I wish I had lived in the old days of chivalry."

"A smile from you would bring them back," said the Lieutenant.

Marian arose in indignation, she was too excited to speak. The color went and came on her cheek, and she panted for breath, but a sigh relieved her as Hamilton Marshall said,

"God forbid that I should seek to deny to woman all reverence and devotion that truly belong to her, but I should have bowed more truly to the eloquent orator when I forgot she was woman, and only heard the voice of truth.

"And why should not woman utter it anywhere, and everywhere," said Marian. "Why should she be the slave of a tyrant forever? God has given her energies and powers which this narrow sphere has not room for, what right has man to control her? Would that I had the courage of a Joan of Arc, and the eloquence of a Webster, that I might speak trumpet tongued against the wrongs of this land! What a slave must she be who is content with devotion and love, while she sees millions suffering around her! God forbid that I should rest in Paradise while a human being suffers. It is this which has debased woman, because she has lived in idleness and luxury, she has sold her birthright,

but I have not sold mine, and I must be free. I can bear it no longer." She became almost wild with excitement, and walked the room with a rapid step. Aunt Jerusha held up both hands, exclaiming "What does she mean?" while Lucile flirted unconcerned with the Lieut. "You are crazy Marian," said James, "sit down, and don't talk like a fool."

"Have I not spoken truth?" she said, turning to Hamilton and Mr. P——.

"It is hard to deny it," said Mr. P., "yet I confess I am hardly ready to grant all which you would assert."

"Miss Ramsay has not given us her opinion," said Mr. Willoughby. "I am sure she will agree with me. Do you ask a wider sphere? Would you like to speak in public?"

It was an embarrassing call, but I spoke for myself.

"My life has been very free, and I have spoken in Art, yet I have at times felt the bitterness of a woman's lot. I think there is but one reason for woman to speak, but if she has a truth to utter, let her speak it when and where she can in words, or in pictures. I think, I continued, that we have not begun to appreciate the truth of human relations, but all poetry and art seem to assert a higher and purer nature in woman. If it be so, it must be slowly; but at length these *will* rise to their due height. I confess that I should feel degraded in speaking to such an audience as gathers at Faneuil Hall, but the time will come when crowds will be as pure and refined as those of the parlor, and then may woman be free. My world is Art, I know no sex there."

"Yet you are not helped as you would be if you were a man," said Hamilton.

"True," I replied, "yet I have been a favored student, and when I have gone to Nature for my teacher, she has never insulted me." I could speak no more, the tears were rising fast to my eyes, and I turned away.

Marian was not yet calm. "I cannot bear it," she said to me. Hamilton joined us at the window where we stood. He took Marian's hand. "Do not think that I do not sympathise with you," he said, "but I feel that there is a nobler stand than this of impatience and protest. Can you not rise above it? Live up to your own belief of the true character of woman; seek not notoriety; avoid not duty; be true to yourself, a path will open to you. If you cannot speak in Art nor in words, you can in character, and there is one man who will never deny to you all you ask for this good work. Be calm and brave, my sister." He put his hand on her heated brow, and it seemed as if a softer peace pervaded her system. She turned and took Kathleen in her lap.

"Thank you, Hamilton," she said, "shall I ever believe as this little child? shall I ever enter the kingdom of Heaven?"

It was a rare expression for Hamilton Marshall, and seldom did Marian reply so sadly and humbly, and I sat lost in thought, while others conversed around me. I started to find how late it was, for Kathleen was with me, and I rose to go home. "Will you not leave Kathleen with me to-night?" said Marian, "I wish it much, and it is late for her to go home." The child wished to stay, and I consented. James Willoughby came forward and asked permission to escort me home. Hamilton Marshall was my usual companion, and I saw that he watched me earnestly to see what reply I should make. Various motives contended within me. The horror of him which old recollections always brought, was combatted by the consideration that to refuse would be so marked that Marian could not fail to notice it, and I must narrate his former conduct. I had hoped, too, for his reformation; this would discourage him, and it would be at once refusing Marian's request to try to influence him; but yet I know that Hamilton Marshall would be witness of, and might misconstrue my compliance, and the thought was agonizing. But I felt this was selfish pain, and it decided me. I said, "you may go." He seemed to feel the distance between us, for as we left the house he did not offer me his arm, and we walked for some time in silence.

"Poor Marian!" were the first words which seemed rather to escape from him, than be uttered voluntarily. I was thinking of her, and I replied "Yes, it grieves me to see her suffer."

"And suffer in vain," he said, "this passion is consuming her life."

"I do not understand you," I said in astonishment.

"Is it possible," he replied, "but you have not known her as I have." He spoke in broken sentences, and at length said, "No, I cannot like him, I am not good enough for that. Forgive me, Miss Ramsay, I entertain you but poorly, but a strange feeling depresses me to-night. I have tried to love Hamilton, for they say he is good, but I cannot. My father ever drew comparisons between us as children, and the more I was blamed the more he was praised. I should have outgrown that perhaps, but I loved my sister; yes, careless, wicked as you think me, I have loved Marian, and I cannot see her peace destroyed with patience; his very kindness is poison to her."

We had reached my home, he stood for a moment leaning against the pillar of the portico.—"Yes," he said, "you do not understand it, Miss Ramsay, but I can feel the sorrows of unrequited love. I know what it is to struggle with an unfortunate passion, perhaps, I hope, successfully, but to woman's weaker nature, oh! Margaret, it is too bitter." He looked so earnestly sad as he spoke these words, that I pitied him, and I did not refuse to take for a moment, the hand which he offered at parting. As I sat alone in my room, all that he had said rose up before me, and imagination intensified by my feelings, brought up a thousand corroborating circumstances. Oh! Marian, I thought —is it indeed so—and shall I return your love, your kindness, which has saved me and my child, by one thought which shall come between you and happiness. God forbid! I will tear the veil from my heart, and if there be a wrong feeling there, I will conquer it for thy dear sake.

It was an hour before James returned to the circle which had still remained interested in Mr. P——'s conversation; then he spoke of the delightful walk he had taken, for the moonlight he said had tempted him to persuade his fair companion to a walk around the common.

That very day, as he had spent an hour or two in my studio, Hamilton had spoken to me of his early life, and of his relation to Marian. "My father," he said, "was a man of many good traits, but of a most violent and ungovernable temper, from which my poor mother often suffered deeply.—Perhaps you, like the rest of the world, Margaret, have often thought me calm even to coldness, but it is because I too had to hold this demon in constant check. You can imagine my mother's anguish when she saw the same trait in her only child which had destroyed the happiness of her marriage, and earnestly and prayerfully she sat herself to the task of reform, but it seemed long to be in vain. I would often break out into severe fits of anger, and would throw whatever I could get hold of blindly at the object of my rage. Still, her example, her councils, had some influence upon me; but it needed a bitter lesson to give me that entire control which could alone enable me to live a useful and happy life. My mother became ill, not suddenly nor violently, but with a slow, wasting disease, whose progress was not very perceptible to the eyes of a boy; still I was her constant companion and willing servant. I gathered flowers for her sick room every day, and sat by her every moment when I was not at school, or she sent me out into the woods, or to play with the boys for exercise. How distinctly I remember those days, the sunny room, the flowers growing in the windows, and the golden thrush singing in its cage, or flying about the room, and often lighting on my mother's shoulder, as she lay on her couch. Oh! that bird!" Hamilton, the strong, calm Hamilton, wiped the tears from his eyes as he went on. "It was in the early spring time, I had taken a violet from the woods and carefully cherished it, that my mother might early have this, her favorite flower. The first bud was opening, when I went to school I saw the purple tinge of the petals just appearing, and I thought at noon how I would surprise my mother with it. I came home flushed and eager, some trifles at school had excited me a little, but I thought only of the pleasure of the success of my little plan; I hurried to the little box where I had planted it, the golden thrush sat on its edge, my mother's favorite bird, and in his bill was the last remains of the violet bud, which he had fancied to eat. I was beside myself with rage; I seized the bird in my hand to throw it from me, as mother started from her couch, but it was too late; with all my boyish strength and rage I threw it across the room, its head struck the stove hearth, and it fell motionless. My passion fell as quickly, I turned to ask my mother's pardon, but—she had fallen back upon her pillow in convulsions. Even with the horror of my act upon my heart, I did not lose my presence of mind; I called her nurse, and executed all her orders, moving mechanically as one in sleep. She revived in an hour, but I had gone through hell and purgatory in that hour. The silver chord was loosed; my tears, my penitence were her best medicine, but they could not help—a few more weeks of suffering helplessness remained, and she consecrated them to me, to deepening in me the resolutions to which this experience had given birth. I buried the dead bird near the spot where my mother was so soon to lie; I planted the violet upon its grave, and since then, thank

God, I have never raised my hand in anger, nor consciously done harm to a living thing."

When Hamilton had recovered from the emotion which the recital of his mother's death caused him, I asked him to tell me about his connection with the Willoughby family. "When I was about fourteen," he said, "my father also died, leaving me poor and alone. Mr. Willoughby was my mother's only brother, much her senior in years, and he took me at once into his family, and treated me as his own child. Marian was then a child of eight or ten, James was a little older than myself, and Lucile was a blue eyed doll of six years. Marian was delighted with her playmates, and I to have sisters, and we played together, and took long walks off into the country. Marian had the same ardent temperament as ever, and we had many grand plans together. So we lived until about a year before the time I knew you," he continued—"I had then just entered the divinity school, for it seemed to me I who had been down so deep into the dark caverns of my own sinful heart, could preach to others of the light and hope I had found there. At that time a few earnest men had begun to speak and pray for the liberation of the negro slaves. The first words of Garrison had fired my soul, and I accepted his principles and his motto, "without concealment, and without compromise."

You know the scenes which followed; the female meeting broken up by a mob, Garrison dragged through the streets in danger of his life, and the dissension carried into every household. I was too young to take a leading part in the transactions, but anxious to show where I stood, I offered a bold series of resolutions at one of the meetings. On my return home I was called to a severe account by Mr. Willoughby. As I now know he had already began to suffer from the malady which ended his life, and was extremely irritable and impatient of contradiction; he expressed himself in the harshest and most contemptuous terms of my associates, and called upon me for a retraction of my opinions, as public as their confession had been. I kept down the boiling passion within me, with a strong effort. It seemed as if I could have thrown the book, which I held in my hand, at his venerable head—as in my days of childish rage—but just then, Marian came in, and saw by our attitude and speech, the condition we were in. She came and put her hand in mine; its soft warmth recalled that little bird Margaret, and I became still and calm as an angel. I answered respectfully, mildly, but firmly, that it was impossible—that these principles were dearer than life to me, and I must abide by them. I was banished from the family. I returned to the house only to share Marian's watch beside a father's death bed, when he was too ill to be conscious of this disobedience to his commands. I kept school that winter away from town, which was the reason I did not see you for so long a time after Marian's departure for Cuba. Since then, an unknown and generous friend has supplied my needs. It must be some one who thus repays a debt due to my father, whose lavish generosity was the counterpoise of his violent temper, and who thus expended all his means, and left his child dependent on strangers."

This narrative, which I have given as nearly as possible, in Hamilton's own words, though necessarily somewhat abbreviated, had made a strong impression upon me—and now I realized more than ever, the strength of his character, and felt how fitted he was to be Marian's companion for life. And yet I had begun to believe, to hope, he had been so kind to me, so respectfully gentle and still,—I was sure he did not treat me just as a sister. James was right; this was the cause of Marian's sufferings. She had saved my child's life, and I had robbed her of the heart on which she leaned so confidently, and which might else have blessed her through life. For who else was great and true enough to love Marian, to be patient with her faults, and to reverence her virtues; and she needed love and happiness to harmonise her character, and bring her whole powers into action.—Thus tossing restlessly on my pillow, I combatted with my love and my friendship. But my path seemed plain; I must renounce him. And with the morning light I knelt down and consecrated myself to this sacrifice. I tried to look at it cheerfully, and said, they will still be my friends—my child and my art are left me.

I put a watchful guard over myself, and at our next meeting, I was so reserved and cold in answer to Hamilton's more than usual kindness, that I saw his color change, and knew that he perceived its intention. The more my heart bled at this separation, the more closely I pressed the sharp cross to my bosom, for I said, thus must Marian suffer, if I accept his love.

As Hamilton and I withdrew from each other, an opportunity was offered to Mr. Willoughby to press his claims in a thousand little ways, and as I had taken the cross, so I drank the vinegar and hyssop; for I soon saw, that Hamilton believed these to be welcome attentions to me, and that Marian was happier in the thought of the good my influence would effect in her brother. So I held my heart as still as I might, and thanked God that through my sufferings others were healed. Kathleen was my constant comforter; she never asked the cause of my grief, but she never failed to feel my sadness; and her love gave me all the balm which my heart was capable of feeling.

Hamilton was now very busy in preparing his part, and I saw him but seldom. But he was more than ever, kind and devoted to Marian, and I fancied that she was happier, and tried to rejoice in what blessed her, however much I suffered.

A few lines from the journal of a new friend, who now came among us, will introduce him better than words of mine.

"Hast thou never known how the name of Mother consecrates the face of Beauty?"

"The soul that loves can dare all things."

"If a stranger had visited a wandering tribe before one property of herbalism was known to them; if he had told the savages that the herbs which every day they trample under foot, were endowed with the most potent virtues; that one would restore to health a brother on the verge of death;—that another would paralyze into idiocy their wisest sage; that a third would strike lifeless to the dust their most stalwart champion; that tears and laughter, vigor and disease, madness and reason, wakefulness and sleep, existence and dissolution, were coiled up in those unregarded leaves, would they not have held him a sorcerer, or a liar? To half the virtues of the vegetable world mankind are *yet* in the darkness of the savages I have supposed. There are faculties within us with which certain herbs have affinity, and over which they have power. The moly of the ancients is not all a fable."

THE MARKET WOMAN.

BY F. D. GAGE.

She stands behind her market stall,
That woman strong and bold,
While many an idler passes
With heartless sneer, and cold.

They roll their eyes disdainfully,
And prate of "human sphere,"
And say no woman, kind and true,
Would be a lingerer here.

In the bold gaze of vulgar men,
To stand from day to day,
Chaff'ring her yeast and "garden truck,"
Each morn, as best she may.

Not womanly?—I asked her,
One cold and rainy morn,
Why she came forth to brave the storm,
She said, "to sell my corn."

"Lady, for four long toiling years,
I've mourned—a husband dead—
I have six little ones at home—
And I must earn their bread.

"I could not sew, it made my heart
And headache, every day—
I could not wash, it wore my strength
And courage all away.

"And so I rented me a field,
And there, from year to year,
I've toiled for them, in rain and shine,
For them I'm peddling here.

"My eldest is, a stout boy, now,
Might trade my truck right well,
But I have put him to a trade,
So I must come and sell.

"For now *he's* gone, I feel I must
Do all I can for them,"
A tear fell from that mother's eye—
To me it looked—a gem.

I turned to see a drooping thing,
With servant by her side,
Touching with finger gloved, the corn,
With cold and withering pride.

Her cheek was pale, her hand was white,
Her flowing dress was rare,
But when I hunted for the heart,
I found no heart was there.

I saw her cheat that widow lone,
That mother true and strong,
Because she could not "*figure* up"
The *lady* (?) did her wrong.

Which was the woman, strong and true,
She, who wore labor's soil,
Or she, the child of wealth and ease,
Who wronged the child of toil.

Go to, ye prating ones, and learn
That woman's holiest sphere,
Is only filled by duty done,
Without remorse, or fear.

The sun-burned brow, the toil-worn hand,
The bent and care-worn form,
May hold a conscience, firm and true,
A heart, all pure and warm.

The mother working for her child,
The wife for those she loves,
Can never leave her woman's sphere
If in the right she moves.

FLORENCE, July 1, 1854.

DEAR MRS. DAVIS,

It is by an effort that I still continue to make art the only theme of my communication to you: although I am conscious of no nobler speciality, none which has *its* universality. I love its eternal patience. I perceive the sublimity of its mission. All through the night of the soul, down into its abysmal depths, gaze the great silent ones, until the day breaking. The gods themselves bend tenderly over little children, and reveal to them the mysteries of the constellations, the truths and harmonies of the Heavens.

There is no one word by which to designate that which art teaches—Winckleman to the contrary notwithstanding—who writes Beauty, as its object—nor Truth alone, as the Oxford Student affirms; but this—*the Truth there is in Beauty, and the Beauty there is in Truth.* There is in the *true*, that which is not beautiful, wherewith art has nothing to do, there is *not* in the beautiful, that which is false. Yet there is a signification, a truth within a truth, which external is beauty, the type, the visible sign of the unseen divinity, the flame marking the place where God is; and with this exterior sign of truth, *as* a sign, as a type and symbol, art has ever to deal, and wherever any human being has dared to use it for other purposes, its life has ascended, leaving the man blind and insane to wander among the tombs!

Still, the natural tenderness of these skies, the loving kindness of this earth, wooing the weary ones to restful fellowship, the vineyards, the broadcast flowers, (a procession marched silently over a carpet of flowers spread upon our streets, yesterday) all these tempt me to tell their story, they lull me to dream, alas! to sleep.

The winds blow upon me; I feel that they have passed over Lotus-fields, "to live," to breathe; to quaff the blissful flood as it pours upon our lips from the o'er-filled goblets of lillies; to hear the laughter of streams and fountains, to listen to bells, and the remote organ, is enough. Why toil? Why think? Of what avail is fame, or gold, or marbles, or Heaven? Oh! for a never-ending twilight with something of sunset, something of stars, and this same marvelous wind!

When the time for rest comes, I will yield to these influences; then give you the record of feeling instead of thought, now, I will *not* yield.

Tuscan apathy warns me of the danger; that strong men have been conquered by the south wind which has come up over the sea from Africa, like Egypt's voluptuous Queen. The unutterably beautiful life must be dissolved and lost in the soul, else the soul shall be dissolved and lost in *that.*

Perhaps no better use can be made of this twilight-time, than to look back upon the morning. Night reveals the day, and when the days of Art have departed, *then* is the time to remember the processional Dawn, to contemplate the lives of those who rang the matin bells, and said the early prayers.

Philosophies and experiences of youth are too often disregarded, notwithstanding that therein is contained the secret of salvation. The seeds of dissolution are sown in the spring. Let us learn to distinguish the seed, now that we harvest the fruits: for I am one of those who believe in the immortality of art, and who can look forward with fond faith to another spring.

My thoughts dwell especially this morning, upon the earliest outbreakings of Christian Art; driven thence, by a somewhat deeper realization of its present shrouded inactivity, a little spasmodic vibration, or a sigh, only indicating vitality, and assuring us that we may not mourn for the dead; and also drawn thence, by the unrivaled beauty of much that has come down to us from those remote ages.

The "beauty of holiness" was the highest ideal of *that* school, it might be said the *only* ideal, in all else they failed; but those throngs of the pure in heart, of those blessed ones, those hosts of angels in whose eyes we behold the immeasurable rapture of heavenly life, are beyond description.

Never before, never since has the human fall been so purged from the expression of evil, from the consciousness of sin.

The pencil is more faithful than the Artist knows. The devils of Fra Angelico are good men with wide mouths and Harlequin's tailed and hooped costume; the angels of Rubens are Harlots; and in those two facts, are contained the only truths the nineteenth century Artist should seek for in Pre-Raphaeliteism.

Pre-Raphaeliteism? By that term, I mean, that co-operative alliance between religion and Art originated, and ratified by Cirnebue, and broken by Raphæl, subsisting through a period of years, upon which I look back with inexpressible reverence.

I am no Catholic, I subscribe to no rule of church framed on the hither verge of some dark century, like Noah's ark shaped and fitted for the flood; but I believe in that all-pervading religion found wherever there is a human heart; known by its perfect fellowship with God's world, his firmament, his light, the colors with which his angels ornament the earth, the marvelous melodies his hands fashioned the throats of birds to sing; known by its power to bring us into relationship with the fragrant truths of violets, and far off loves of the Pleiades, which demands not of the toiling Icelander, or the captive Ethiopian, that he should construe Greek and Hebrew, but loves little children and childlike men; in this I believe, and in whatsoever point Art has united with, wrought with, and from, this divinely human principle, art has been glorious, and has achieved the immortal.

Precisely where the full liberty out into which this living principle drew and urged the Artist ceases, and the lines flow from a consciousness of the requirements of Catholicism, of Protestantism, or of any other artificial organization, religious or social; *then* art violates the law of its own life, and the subsequent splendor is but the "lying in state" of departed royalty.

The faces of human beings in the pictures of the Pre-Raphælites, are lovelier and more beautiful than any other embodied conception; the surroundings and accessories are never base, but feeble and unworthy; always excepting those poets over which conventionalists had no control, that is, clusters of flowers and bits of atmospheric sky; these the church had not petrified, neither had they the papal seal.

The intimate relation established between Art and the soul of the Artist, ere he had learned that a lesser part of his nature might usurp the place of the spiritual power, revealed a remarkable law in the art of expression; *the Artist could not utter a falsehood.*

Wherever by reason of human weakness, as befel Andrea del Castagno, and Lippi, one wandered from the highway, however sanctimonious his manner, however holy the words of his lips, day by day, that marvelous pencil went on in the solitude of his studio, recording all the subtle changes in his sin, his temptation, his yielding, and his hellish unrest; in a language to the clearness and adequacy of which, this of words is confusion itself, until a life's history was given to the world.

It seems strange to me, the philosophy of that history of Castagno, now that I sit with records before me; page after page, written by his own hand. One day, I stood before a Magdalen in Pitti Palace gallery—Ah, my God, woman, you *have* sinned! Here was no affectation of sorrow, for some genteel error, wept over by a maiden with rosy lips and cheeks, beautiful bosom half concealed by an abundance of envious hair, and liquid, upturned eyes; but a woman who had committed a *crime*, who could not free her hands from stains of guilt, bowed to the dust, emaciated and dishevelled, tired of all eyes, weary of the world, of life, and yet shrinking from the horrors of death. Her eyes were dry and sunken, her lips were brown and cracked, all the sweet dews of youth had forever fled, all tides of living waters had receded, and over her in mind, heaven hung the burning light!

Here was earnest work. No actor can represent for you, the visible effects of either of the fearful ills which burn along the interior world of life. Were it possible, the multitude would not allow such representations. They demand that fine conventional rendering of these phenomena, which is evolved from three distinct forces, the nature of the phenomenon modified by the character of the people to whom such representation is addressed.

Just beyond this is the great objective truth, marked by a terrible concentrative earnestness. Wherefore then, this picture of the Magdalen is not the painter's embodied conception of the character of his subject, but a revelation of himself, a betrayal of his secret. So I wrote that on my tablets, leaving space to write whatever I might subsequently learn in relation to the work and its author, which was the following:

Andrea del Castagno lived and wrought in Florence when art was poor in means; unable through the feebleness of its *pallete* to attain to those subtle and exquisite refinements of color, and light, and shade, of which a few of the more ambitious painters had seen the far off gleaming. The genius of that remarkable age, no longer gazed with gently alternating vision, now upon heaven, the ultimate of the soul's highest, now abroad upon the level human world, in human sympathy, but had caught a gleam of her own simple and spotless garments reflected in the still waters.

At this time the studio of Andrea, whose easel had borne only those quaint and often beautiful pictures in *distemper*, executed for the holy church, became gloomy. Mysteries of light and shade, and problems of colors tormented him; peace had departed, and neither in art nor in nature, nor in religion, could he find rest. The shining of gold, that gold itself could not represent, the inward gleaming of eyes, the light beneath the shade, and the deeper tone of blood seen *through* the golden surface, the quality of nature's tints, had she placed these effects there are inaccessible heights.

The adaptation of the visual organ, the demand of his nature and its receptiveness assumed the hue of prophecies, as they were. Yet of what avail were prophecies and longings? Was not the limit of the pallet too well defined?

While Andrea was thus vexing himself, goaded on by an insane ambition which demanded no less of his art than that it should enable him to triumph over all his contemporaries, there came a rumor from the north that a new and wondrous method had been discovered, by which all the effects of nature could be revealed; and soon a young man came from Venice who knew of this new process, and had in his possession the secret of *painting in oil*. Him our artist sought, and being a man of engaging manners, skilled in all accomplishments of that refined age, he speedily won the friendship of the Venetian, who waited not long to instruct Andrea in the new method of mixing colors. With what delight he saw the boundaries of his art suddenly expanded, nay, swept away, leaving the domain unlimited, a consciousness of power. Ah! but the Venetian, he too, had the power likewise, and that thought dashed the cup of joy from the painter's lips.

Little more remains to be said, and we will give it in the language of Vasori.

"One evening in the summer time, Dominica, the Venetian, taking his lute as was his custom, went forth from Santa Maria Nuova, leavin Andrea in his room drawing, the latter having refused his invitation to accompany him to their amusements as usual, under the pretext that he had to prepare certain drawings of importance. Dominica having thus gone forth alone to his recreations, Andrea disguised his person, and set himself to wait for his companions's return at the corner of a street; and when Dominica on his way home arrived at this place, he fell upon him with a certain leaden weight, and therewith crushed the lute and the chest of his victim with repeated blows. But even this did not appear to him sufficient for his purpose, and with the same weapon he struck his victim heavily on the head; then leaving him lying on the ground he returned to his room in Santa Maria Nuova, where, having locked the door, he sat down to his drawing as he had been left by Dominica."

This was the man who painted the Magdalen of the Pitti Palace, whose works henceforth from the evening of the murder, uttered with fearful power the secrets of a guilty soul, until upon his death bed the particular crime was confessed; but strangely enough not one painting in oil by Andrea del Castagno has been preserved.

In my next I will speak of another phase of the Pre-Raphælite Art, made manifest in the works of one, who from his holy tranquillity and divine enthusiasm, is known as the Fra Angelica, *Il Beatta* the Blessed. ADIO.

"What a two-fold shape there is in love! If we examine it coarsely—if we look but on its fleshly ties, its enjoyments of a moment, its turbulent fever and its dull reactions, how strange it seems that this passion should be the supreme mover of the world; that it is this, which has dictated the greatest sacrifices, and influenced all societies, and all times; that it is to this, the loftiest and loveliest genius has ever consecrated its devotion; that but for love there were no civilization, no music, no poetry, no beauty, no life beyond the brutes.

But examine it in its heavenlier shape—in its utter abnegation of self—in its intimate connection with all that is most delicate and subtle in the spirit; its power above all that is sordid in existence; its mastery over the idols of the baser worship; its ability to create a palace of a cottage, an oasis in the desert, a summer in the Iceland, where it breathes, and fertilizes and glows, and the wonder rather becomes how so few regard it in its holiest nature. What the sensual call its enjoyments, are the least of its joys. True love is less a passion than a symbol."

CEMENT TO RESIST FIRE AND WATER.—Half-a pint of new milk, and half-a-pint of good vinegar. Stir them together until the milk coagulates; remove the curd, and mix with the whey the whites of five eggs well beaten up; when these are well mixed, and sifted quicklime, until the whole is about as thick as putty. If this mixture be carefully applied, and properly dried, it will firmly join what is broken, or fill up cracks of any kind, and will resist fire or water.

DAWN.

BY MRS. MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.

In the cool gray dawn of morning,
When the swallows dart and sing;
When a hundred blessed warblers
Pour their song with folded wing;—

When the pure, bright dew-drops glisten
On the fern leaves and the flower,
And the heart is hushed to listen
To the music of the hour;—

When the Morning star has blended
Her pale light with coming day—
As our hopes, fulfilled, are ended,
And in joy dissolved away;

Here I lie—sweet fragrance stealing
Through my casement, open wide;
White and rosy clouds are sailing,
Where the stars are gone to hide:

Blessed cloudland! bending o'er us,
With its flush of morning light:
Blessed earth! spread out before us,
With its flowers and warblers bright;

Thy great heart is full to breaking,
Mother Earth, for all thine own,
Who, like bird, and tree, and blossom,
Seek the Good of Truth alone.

Wisdom shines in all of beauty—
Only thus dear Beauty lives;
No bright bird will rob its brother,
Each fair flower its fragrance gives.

Would that man were wise as Nature—
Wise as lilies, pure and white;—
Lilies on the crystal water,
Pouring love-perfumed delight.

THE NIGHTS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, the summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
While the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the bud of the rose o'erblown!

But the autumn night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of thunder,
When he shouts the stormy sea.

And the winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild-bee hummeth
And warm spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

O, the night, the night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time,
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest-bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—rest!

"Untill we can be all spirit, the tranquillity of solitude must be indifference."

"What awful learning lies hid in the ignorance of the heart that loves."

"Verily, no prophet like the poet."

Sept. 1st, 1854.

DEAR UNA:—Henry D. Thoreau, in his recent anti-slavery address, says:

"On any moral question, I would rather have the opinion of Roxboro' than of Boston and New York put together. When the former speaks, I feel as if somebody *had* spoken, as if *humanity* was yet, and a reasonable being had asserted its rights—as if some unprejudiced men among the country's hills had at length turned their attention to the subject, and by a few sensible words redeemed the reputation of the race. When, in some obscure country town, the farmers come together to a special town meeting, to express their opinion on some subject which is vexing the land, that, I think, is the true Congress, and the most respectable one that is ever assembled in the United States. It is evident that there are, in this Commonwealth, at least, two parties, becoming more and more distinct—the party of the city, and the party of the country."

That this is so I am well aware, but there is still a party which Mr. Thoreau has not mentioned, whose voice is worth more than the farmer's, even. And this party, of whose meetings no reports are made, because they are held at the fire-side, or at the tea-table, or in some equally quiet place, with no audience but the household; this party has uttered protests against the "Fugitive Slave Bill," and the "Nebraska Bill," which will find an echo somewhere. This party is the *women* of our country. Their voice is worth listening to; it is the voice of consciences which may and must look on and see the contests, but which do not join in them. Women can judge of political measures of the present day, as men can judge of them only after the lapse of time; because, while the latter ask, "is the measure constitutional?" "is it legal?" meaning, does it accord with *bills* and constitutions which men have made and passed, and called *laws*,—while man does all this, in his reverence for his "expensive bauble, legislation," women go directly to the root of the matter, and ask, "is this right?" "is it wrong?" if wrong, no amount of sophistry can convince them that it *should be* "legal." Women have clearer, more straight-forward conceptions of right and wrong, and if men would but condescend to go to them oftener for counsel they would be the gainers, for it is universally conceded, I think, that while men have to *wade* through an amount of *reasoning*, oftentimes, to learn if a thing be wrong, women have but to *glance* at the same thing to decide.

Why is the countryman's voice clearer for right than the city-residents? Among other reasons, certainly *one* is, because he is more removed from the *machinery* of politics and legislating, he has less to do with the wire-pulling, and woman has still less to do with this, nothing, indeed, generally. It has sometimes been thought that *party*-men, even good ones, and politicians, lose the capacity for moral indignation. On the Friday when Anthony Burns was sent from Boston, a gentleman was heard to say, "Boston, to-day, feels indignant and outraged, but to-morrow, she will be cool, and soon it will be past." A lady answered, "By the day after to-morrow, there will be no indignation felt, save by the Garrisonian abolitionists and women." This was but a slight exaggeration of the truth. Soon, even after that great outrage, men were absorbed as deeply as ever in business, in politics, and the miserable party distinctions of which they make so much account; so soon, and so deeply were they absorbed as to forget that this outrage was greater than any of their petty considerations, and they did not allow themselves to be sufficiently impressed by it. Not so with those women who felt the wrong; they still see it as they *did*, as a wicked act, which *nothing* can make right. While men exclude women from an active part in their legislations, it is, as one has said, "woman's right to sit in judgment upon the measures they pass, and if those measures are unmanly, to spurn them and the upholders of them."

It may be long before woman's political influence will be openly acknowledged, but let the wise men of to-day learn her opinions and her views before they act, *all* will be made better by such counsel.

It will undoubtedly add to the interest of the following article, for its readers to know that it was communicated to the friend who has favored us with it, by one of the most eminent of American female Artists, a lady who once enjoyed the privilege of being the only pupil of Allston, and who is now studying her chosen art in Rome and Florence:

ROSA BONHEUR.

Undoubtedly one of the first artists in Paris at this moment is Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. Her special talent is for painting animals. Her study of this branch of art has been faithful and successful, and her large picture of the Horse Market of Paris, at the Exposition of Modern Pictures last year was, in the estimation of excellent judges, the best picture exhibited. Her treatment of these subjects shows knowledge and force. Her handling is broad and powerful, and those who have seen her at work say they do not know how that little hand can manage such large brushes, and drive such a body of color as she uses. For this picture of the Horse Market she was adjudged worthy of the Decoration of the Legion of Honor, having previously received all preliminary prizes, but French etiquette decides a woman to be incapable of receiving the decoration, and wearing the red ribbon, and in place of this reward substitutes an exemption for the works of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, from the criticism of the Jury of Admission, and she can now send her works to the Exposition without waiting to have them pronounced worthy.

The history of this young girl, as I have heard it, interests me deeply. It appears that she was left an orphan, and the oldest of a large family of brothers and sisters, all quite destitute of resources. She assumed the responsibility of providing for this family, served as a teacher of drawing in various schools, and as fast as her brothers and sisters showed themselves capable, placed them in employments. Her talent for drawing animals was remarkable from the first, and she constantly cultivated it by careful study, and soon made herself an accomplished painter in oils. To make her necessary studies in the country, she adopted the dress of a young man, and with her knapsack and cigar she walked through the provinces unmolested as a poor artist; and in the same dress she made her studies for the picture of the Horse Market, going there every day as a boy painter, and working from nature, unsuspected of being a girl.

At her studio in Paris she has a yard where she keeps horses, cows, donkeys, sheep, goats, &c. Her pictures are full of individuality, and the comparison which was unavoidable between her picture at the Exposition at the Menus Plaisirs and those of Landseer just seen at the London Exhibition of the Royal Academy, called Night and Morning or the Fighting and the Dying Deer, was not unfavorable to the work of Rosa Bonheur. Landseer's are more poetic, but I am not sure that the poetry is not forced rather than suggested. Rosa Bonheur's pretends to nothing more than the most uncompromisin grealism, and the thoroughness of her work, as well as its breadth and freedom, is extremely satisfactory.

[For the Una.]

"WOMAN NOT A HERO,"

Is the title of Miss Frances J. Woodworth's essay, which was read at the semi-annual examination of scholars in the Normal School of this self-styled Empire State. Miss W.'s instance, for contrast with Mary Washington, is Joan of Arc; instead of a western settler's *helpmate*, who, on emergency, defended with fire-arms, against Indians, assaulting her sick husband and helpless children, their log-house, and "squatter sovereignty"—or that New England wife and mother who (according to Gen. Hoyt's antiquarian researches) destroyed her savage captors with their own tomahawks; thus exemplifying not only woman's *fortitude* but efficient *courage*. Yet those are *extreme* cases, which seldom occur "at woman's scene of action—her *home*," or elsewhere. They are, however, deeds of *heroism*, not to be condemned when achieved from terrible, but inevitable, necessity; although, as denounced by a sententious poet, (with three words inserted for rhyme-sake,)

"Heroes are much the same—the point's agreed—
From Macadonia's madman to the Swede."

Miss W. resorts to the common expedient (too stale and senseless to be deemed advice) of metamorphosing woman into a martial murderess, or election ruffian, and then deploring lost delicacy, of which she had thus been totally deprived. Does Miss W. appreciate the refining effects of woman's *presence* everywhere? *Heroine* is woman's genuine appellation—*peace* has *triumphs* as well as war—and the domestic duties are as faithfully and affectionately performed by Mrs. Stanton as they have been, or can be, by any other nation on earth; and that too, without diminution of "delicacy which distinguishes her from man." As my allotted time

and space will permit no multiplication of instances, (hundreds of which press upon memory) I beg leave to ask whether in Lucy Stone's heart "the simple flowers of affection are rooted out by the fading weeds of fame;" or whether in the demeanor and mind of Antoinette Brown, arrogance has sprung up in the place of modesty, and faith has given way to a flaunting unbelief." I am almost provoked by Miss W.'s sophistry, preceded (as it was) by Miss Babcock's unwomanly sarcasm, (which transcends even poetic license) to institute some invidious comparisons—but I forbear, and observe, instead, that the same *spirit of independence* which Washington inherited from his noble mother, and manifested in his life-struggle for the *rights of man*, will constrain every *true woman* to assert her own, her mother's, her sister's, her daughter's, (aye!) and her sex's *social rights*, which in 1776 (like many other matters of civil and religious liberty) were not agitated, nor indeed understood. Then, as now, to be sure, "taxation without representation" (and even gratuitous dominion, or usurpation, over unconsenting subjects) was intolerable tyranny; but that elementary maxim of freedom had been applied only to imposts on tea, or revenue from stamps, and not to such assessments as are *imposed* upon Harriet K. Hunt, who (unlike Hampden) *pays* (under *protest*) her quota, perhaps, toward repairing the *Boston slave-pen*, for imprisonment of some panting reclaimed *fugitive* from bondage. I trust that the memory of MARY, *the mother* of Washington, may not again be desecrated by even slight suspicion that if she had (contrary to course of nature) survived until this day, she would not have been, like the venerable LUCRETIA MOTT, an advocate for *woman's rights*.

But I have, inadvertently, wandered from my principal purpose, which is to protest against the infusion of false and suicidal opinions into the minds of guileless girls, by male teachers in a Normal school, whence instruction, for good or for evil, as may be truth or error, is disseminated throughout a common school system, which (as endowed by the people) has become the pride and hope of humanity. From the character of Mrs. Gildersleeve's premium-poem, recently read at the "New York Teachers' Association" by Professor Woolworth, of the Normal School, and probably of him to our Albany authoress, I suspect that preference is secured, not in consequence of literary merit, but of hostility to the just claims of woman. Miss Anthony, who introduced pertinent and condensed resolutions, which she sustained by the best speech of the session, can neither be *brow-beaten* by Chambers, nor flattered by Normal-school professors, into abandonment of the duty which she, in common with every civilized and enlightened woman, owes to her sex, to her country, and to the world. Since the regretted resignation of Professor Bowen, the permanent managers of that school seem (with a few honorable exceptions) to be implicated in mean machinations, for not exactly "*crushing out*" female teachers, but for *crushing* them *down* into subordinate station.

Mighty men! how magnanimous ye are!

Miss Woolworth's production, and especially its conservative doctrine concerning woman's political non-entity—whether as the single slave of a unit-master, or as one of a wife-copple in Utah—has been commended by the State Register, which, supporting oppressive, and perpetuated, feudal tenure, consistently condemns the proposed anti-Nebraska convention at this place. Thus *reciprocal sympathy* pervades all *despotisms*. Towards each other "fellow-feeling makes *them* wondrous kind." That apointed gathering of freemen, for resisting Haynau-aggression, will be succeeded by a Maine-law mass-meeting—and soon after we hope to hear words of wisdom from Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, and Mrs. Rose. Till then, this sojourn of fashionable folly must be content with frivolous amusements, in lieu of substantial instruction. Ladies, resident or visitant, may meanwhile (and many are worse employed, in rum-hotels, gambling hells, &c., of this unsunk Sodom,) continue to serve as Broomers, sweeping the street-sides, and cross-walks, with long, heavy, unwholesome and unsightly skirts, that require, to hold them up, two hands, palms downward, with angular elbows, elevated in front of stooped shoulders, converting the most beautiful female form into an ungainly figure. Why will rational beings thus self-transformed, or rather *deformed*, deprive themselves (as does not Gerrit Smith's daughter) of this *manual* power, which might be applied to beneficial purposes; and why will not *American women* cease imitating *European idlers*, and wear convenient apparel, placed easily and tastefully upon graceful, natural, (not wasp-shaped) persons, which (like that of Mrs. Jenkins) would be by Powers, selected for sculptured perfection.

LUCY LICHEN.

Saratoga Springs, Aug. 4, 1854.

P. S. Minnie Myrtle is here proposing a republication of her "stray leaves reclaimed," with additions, describing not "life among the lowly"—Mrs. Stowe's glorious theme—but "high life below stairs," and its converse, "low life above stairs;" both of which are abundant at this watering place, "in season and out of season." L. L.

HOW TO GET THE REAL FLAVOR OF COFFEE.—In Knighton's "Forest Life in Ceylon" are the following hints on the preparation of coffee, derived from long experience: The subtle aroma which resides in the essential oil of the coffee-berry is gradually dissipated after roasting, and of course still more after being ground. In order to enjoy the full flavor in perfection, the berry should pass at once from the roasting-pan to the mill, and thence to the coffee-pot; and again, after having been made, should be mixed when almost at a boiling heat with hot milk. It must be very bad coffee indeed, which, if these precautions be taken, will not afford an agreeable and exhilarating drink.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR READING.

"It is in virtue, in valor, in glorious struggle for the human race, that the spectres of Fear and Superstition will shrink to their kindred darkness."

"Dost thou not know that Fear and Distrust, once sown in the heart of Love, spring up from the seed into a forest that excludes the stars?"

"Love, the Beautifier, can walk with unshrinking hope through the wilderness of Death! Strange is this passion that makes a world in itself, that individualizes the one amid the multitude!"

"The company of the unfamiliar in our grief, the consolation of the stranger, how it irritates the wound."

"As there is one season for the blossom, another for the fruit, so it is not till the bloom of fancy begins to fade, that the heart ripens to the passions that the bloom precedes and foretells."

"He had not yet known sorrow enough to love deeply."

"For man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greatest."

"It is the shallow sensualist, who calls love 'a folly.' Love, better understood, is wisdom."

"Like those who deceive, he was ever fearful of being himself the dupe."

"Think you that vague curiosity will supply the place of earnest labor?"

"Soul of mine, how long, too austerely taught that companionship with the things that die, brings with it but sorrow in its sweetness, hast thou dwelt contented with thy solitude?"

"Of all the weaknesses which little men rail against, there is none that they are more apt to ridicule, than the tendency to believe. And of all the signs of a corrupt heart and feeble head, the tendency of incredulity is the surest."

"Learn to be poor in spirit, my son, if you would penetrate that sacred night which environs truth."

"Learn of the Philosophers always to look for natural causes in all extraordinary events."

"The flame that dazzles the eye can scorch the wing."

"It is true, that the higher we ascend, the more hateful seem to us the vices of the short-lived creepers of the earth; the more the sense of the goodness of All-good penetrates and suffuses us, and the more immediately does our happiness seem to emanate from him."

"In a moment there often dwells the sense of of eternity; for when profoundly happy, we know that it is impossible to die. Whenever the soul *feels itself*, it feels everlasting life!"

"Here, looking over the darksome past and into the starry future, I learn how great hearts feel what sweetness and glory there is to die for the things they love!"

"And some of these young hearts had loved, and even though in struggles, had loved yet.—M—— with one voice, they preferred to die! And whence comes this courage? Because such *hearts live in some more abstract and holier life than their own. But to live forever upon this earth, is to live in nothing diviner than ourselves.*

"Oh, when will men learn, at last, that if the Great Religion inculcates so rigidly the necessity of Faith, it is not alone that Faith leads to the world to be; but without Faith, there is no excellence in this: Faith in something wiser, happier, diviner, than we see on earth! The artist calls it the Ideal, the priest calls it Faith."

"What Nature is to God, Art should be to man; a sublime, beneficent, genial, and warm creation.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, OCTOBER, 1854.

PRESIDENT MANN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

We have been deeply interested in the perusal of this book, and should long since have noticed it, but that we desired to give copious extracts, and have waited till our columns were less crowded by communications from our contributors in order to do so. It is lengthy, and presents a variety of subjects unusual in addresses of the kind. We do not remember to have read any other in which the physical laws are even referred to. Mr. Mann has evidently studied not only the divine revelation, but the great book of nature, and has gathered truth from that illimitable source. He presents the absolute rule given by it, and makes the ground of obedience a high moral and religious duty.

Perhaps in the present degraded and besotted condition of humanity, direct appeals to the selfish principle might obtain, more than the one of "right for the love of right." To those who say "let us eat and drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die," these abstract principles have little weight; for they really believe that all the "disease flesh is heir to" comes directly from God, and that it is an evidence of His love to them as his chilren; and with the utmost complacency, go on sinning and accepting afflictions; the just punishment of violations of the physical laws which govern life and being, incurred with far more positive certainty than the violations of any civil code of laws. It is certainly a very great matter to convince people that the loving Father does not willingly afflict his children, or permit them to suffer; that all the laws given for the conduct of life, are simple, wise, pure, and beautiful.

We are perfectly aware that want of true scientific organization, renders obedience to these laws difficult, and that the highest, purest natures often suffer the most severely. Society is one body, and must be in harmony, or the conflict will produce disease. Like the human body, it comprehends all forms of life and every variety of office and power, from the earth in the bones, to the blood that leaps through the arteries, to the brain that thinks and feels. Why must the highest suffer, to atone for the baser? The answer is made in the question. To atone—atone. If the hand or foot are inflamed, the nerves telegraph the brain, that seat of feeling; the heart is aroused, fever is the sympathy of the circulation with the local disease. The nerves, the circulating system, the most highly organised portions of the body, are the agents of its restoration, as well as the directors of all its actions. They must suffer in the act of repairing, if the disease is remediable; if it is not, if they have not the power to save, they must die for that hand or foot. The heart, arteries, and brain, always die first. The muscles live longer and suffer comparatively nothing, but still more than the bones, which feel no pain, and do not waste till long after all the higher tissues have paid the last penalties.—These lower portion of the nature have nothing to do in the redemption. The diseases of the body cost them nothing. In this community of feeling they do not suffer only in so far as they depend upon the higher organs, the heart, the arteries, and the nerves.

Mr. Mann has painted the evils of society, has given its dark shades and varied coloring, with the skill and power of a Rembrant; but we do not think he has so clearly shewn the great first cause of all these evils, nor does he so plainly see the remedy.

He is earnest in enforcing obedience to physical laws, but to us, this seems an impossibility, while society is thus disintegrated. St. Paul recognized the idea of the oneness of the whole human family when he said, "if any member suffer, all the others suffer with it;" and again, "the church is one man, one new man." Swedenborg saw the kingdom of heaven as one man, perfect and glorious. This is the great central thought of Christianity, and from it radiates all pure wisdom. No single individual of the human family can suffer from ignorance, vice, or disease alone; all the higher suffer with him, and the highest most—for as they approach in goodness and purity to Christ, they partake of his cup; the vinegar and wormwood is oftenest pressed to the lips of those whose lives are one unceasing act of self abnegation. The crucifixion of Christ was a legal necessity of the condition of society, and so are those of the present time. Physiology, Philosophy, and Christianity, teach alike the same doctrine, that society should be organized harmoniously; every member interlinked for all purposes, and in all activities with every other. The great thinkers of every age have seen the necessity of reforming and re-organising society, but it has been left to the present century to offer theories which may be reduced to practice; and this institution, so recently sprung into life of which Mr. Mann is the guiding spirit, has taken one step toward this reorganization by admitting women to equal educational privileges.—The separation of the sexes in education and business, can result only in evil. The keeping one class in ignorance and dependence, sends through every vein and nerve of society moral disease and spiritual death. We withhold farther remarks that we may give Mr. Mann's own sentiments on the subject.

"In this regenerative enterprise, we enlist a new auxiliary,—one which History has never yet recognized as man's moral or spiritual helpmeet in the reformation of the world;—we summon woman to the holy work of redeeming from human ills. Military and naval men speak of this or that "Arm of the National Defence." With woman at our side, we can speak of the Heart, not less than of the Head, as a source of human improvement; of inspiring youth with purer sentiments, as well as of instructing them in richer lore, and of infusing a subtler and a diviner essence into all the elements that go to make up the body-politic or the mystic body of Christ.

"I am aware that, in proposing to educate males and females together, and to confer equal opportunities for culture upon both, we encounter some objections—objections all the more entitled to our consideration, because they are made by pureminded persons, and originate in a most laudable vigilance to conserve the relations of delicacy and purity between the sexes. If I do not respect the objections, I respect the motive that prompts them. It forces into review most grave and momentous considerations; and notwithstanding the novelty of the theme in an Inaugural Address, and the proneness which the frivolous-minded may have to treat it with levity, yet I propose to meet it here, in this public manner, fairly and fully, face to face, and 'try conclusions' with it.

"That female education should be rescued from its present reproach of inferiority, and advanced to an equality with that of males, is a conviction which has already taken fast hold of the best minds in society, and is soon to mark the grand distinction between cultivated and uncultivated communities. But those who feel the necessity of this reform may still object to congregating both sexes in the same institutions of learning. To this objection, I consider it to be a complete answer, at least for many years to come, that as separate institutions for the different sexes would nearly double all primary outlays and current expenditures, the plan would impoverish all; and the attempt to give an equal education to both sexes, by such means, would result in bringing male education down to the present level of female education, instead of carrying the latter up to the height of the former. For the present then, if not always, the only practicable way of securing the great end of high female education, is to educate both sexes at the same seats of learning.

"And here I maintain that, with such architectural arrangements as we have devised, and with such social regulations as we contemplate, young men and young women will be brought together under auspices more favorable for the inculcation and growth of those sentiments which adorn and ennoble both sexes, and fit them for the pure and exalted relations of subsequent life, than are now enjoyed in the best circles, either in city or in country.

"In the first place, what I may call architectural guardianship is constantly supplied, in the incommunicable separation of our dormitory buildings for the respective sexes, from each other. To this will be added the guardianship of a code of regulations, assigning time and place for such social meetings or visitations as propriety not merely allows but approves: and all this will be overwatched by the vigilance of a College Faculty, hardly less responsible, and I trust, hardly less heedful of the well-being of their charge than parental solicitude itself.

It is more than desirable that a certain degree of social intercourse should subsist between those who have ceased to be children, but are not yet men and women. Without such intercourse, the manners grow rude and awkward, the sentiments grow coarse and impure. How painfully this is illustrated in the life of sailors, soldiers and pioneers. In education, the problem is, to facilitate this appropriate degree of intercourse while avoiding all dangerous or indecorous familiarity. And where else, better than under the conditions I have named, can all that is desirable be promoted, and all that is perilous be shunned?

That, occasionally, an undesirable intimacy or attachment may spring up here is not impossible. Still, I think we shall possess two antidotes against that epidemic of incongruous matches which now afflicts society both in city and country. Within the circles of fashionable city life, it is well known that young men and young women, beyond the range of cousins or immediate family relations, rarely see each other, except when the every-day

guise is off and some holiday guise is on. On such occasions, the manners and the appearance, not to say the topics of conversation even, are, like the dress that is worn, studiously prepared for the occasion:—so incrusted and rigid with conventionalism, that any specimen of native simplicity or ingenuousness is recognized as a wonder, and is designated by a technical name. The doll-shop is as fit a place for studying character, as the fashionable dinner-party, the assembly, or the ball-room.—The solid attainments of the mind, the enduring attractions of the heart, have there but little scope; and an iron routine holds passion and propensity in abeyance for the hour. Such spectacles, or, at least, such theatres for a kind of public display, afford no opportunity for learning either those natural dispositions or those cultivated adaptations, which constitute indispensible ingredients in the happiness of connubial life. Yet it is here, and often here only, that men, the shrewdest in their worldly dealings, make the most solemn of contracts on the lightest of considerations; and, in selecting a companion for life, employ the senses and passions, as proxies for the understanding and heart.

In sparsely-populated rural districts, the circumstances are very different, but hardly less adverse to the formation of happy marriages. There, the circle of acquaintance is so limited and each sex sees so few of the other sex, that, although the greater freedom of intercourse favors a far more intimate knowledge of character, yet there is no variety or assortment from which a congenial selection can be made. They are like customers at a meagre market, who buy what they do not want, through lack of finding what they need.* Further acquaintance with the world discovers more congenial dispositions, or tastes better suited to each other; but this is after that fatal mistake has been consummated, which never permits rectification.

On the other hand, a well-filled school assembles together a great variety of character; and a class-room, where the sexes recite in presence of each other, daily and for years, affords opportunities for a kind of acquaintance, infinitely superior to any that can ever be enjoyed, at Washington, at watering-places, or other matrimonial bazaars. For the exercise and manifestation of mental capacities and attainments, there is no reception-room like the recitation-room. Here too, there will be daily observation of manners and appearance which either are a habit, or must become habitual, through practice. Dispositions will here be subjected to the severest trials; and unworthy passions, though hidden beneath the last folds of the heart, will be roused to a shameful exposure by excitement, or stifled into extinction by the divine discipline of conscience. If to all this be added social interviews, at appropriate seasons, under guardian watchfulness and through a period of years, whatever errors of opinion may have been formed in the class-room can hardly fail to be rectified by views of other phases of character taken from these different points of observation. And when, in addition to all this, it is known that no precocious attachment that may spring up, can be consummated, until after the college life is completed, without forfeiting all connection with the college itself, and all these salutary arrangements are reinforced and corroborated by the parental counsels of the College Government, I ask whether there be any situation in life where the proprieties and the restraints, which belong to the social intercourse of the sexes, will be or can be better balanced or adjusted than here? I confidently ask, whether there be any situation in life, where the truly sacred, (though often horribly profaned,) principles and instincts which give birth and sanctity to the conjugal relation, will be likely to be better understood and guarded from harm; or will promise, in after-life, a richer amount of that bliss which God reserves as the special reward of a wise and virtuous wedlock?

Besides and beyond all this: I believe that the daily and thrice daily meetings of the sexes, with occasional interviews in social circles, will be mutually advantageous to them. It will work both moral restraint and intellectual excitement. That innate regard which each sex has for the other sex, over and above what it has for the same good qualities in its own,—the difference between friendship and love,—is too precious and too powerful an agency to be thrown away in the education of either. I believe it to be an agency which God meant we should make use of to promote the refinement, the progress and the elevation of them both. I believe it may be made to supersede many of our present coarse and crude instruments of discipline,—the goads and bludgeons of punishment which are now employed to rouse young men from the stupefaction of idleness, or beat them back from the gateways of sin.

And what a state of society does it invincibly argue, among parents, and in the community at large, if young men and young women cannot be brought together to pursue those ennobling studies and to recieve those apt instructions which preeminently fit them for the highest duties of their common life, without mutual peril! And where in reason or in the divine commands, is there either warrant or pretext for the doctrine, that those whom God mingles together in the family, by birth; and whom, through the sacred ordinance of marriage, He designs for a still closer relation in after-life; where, I ask, is there any authority human or divine, for seizing and violently separating these same parties, for four or six or ten of the middle years of their existence?—those very years when they can best prepare themselves, by the elevation of whatever is in them of good and the suppression of whatever is in them of evil, for a future companionship so intimate as to be lost in identity. Such separation is obviously unnatural, and if it be necessary for the preservation of sexual purity, it is time that the whole community should take the alarm and hasten to devise a less monstrous remedy.

In the songs of thanksgiving which rise to heaven from all our colleges and higher schools, shall there be none but male voices in one place, and none but female voices in another?

I have now, my friends, sketched the great necessities of a race like ours, in a world like ours: A Body, grown from its elemental beginning, in health; compacted with strength and vital with activity in every part; impassive to heat and cold, and victorious over the vicissitudes of seasons and zones: not crippled by disease nor stricken down by early death; not shrinking from bravest effort, but panting, like fleetest runner, less for the prize than for the joy of the race; and rejuvenant amid the frosts of age. A Mind, as strong for the immortal as is the body for the mortal life; alike enlightened by the wisdom and beaconed by the errors of the past; through intelligence of the laws of nature, guiding her elemental forces, as it directs the limbs of its own body through the nerves of motion, thus making alliance with the exhaustless forces of nature for its strength and clothing itself with her endless charms for its beauty, and, wherever it goes, carrying a sun in its hand with which to explore the realms of nature, and reveal her yet hidden truths. And then a Moral Nature, presiding like a divinity over the whole, banishing sorrow and pain, gathering in earthly joys and immortal hopes, and transfigured and rapt by the sovereign and sublime aspiration TO KNOW AND DO THE WILL OF GOD.

A curious woman in Brockville, says the Hartford Courant, counted the stitches she took in making a shirt. The number was fourteen thousand, four hundred and thirty five.

MAGNANIMOUS.—Capt. Ericsson has announced the noble intention not to establish a monopoly of his noble invention; but to throw his discovery open to the world.

PERISCOPICS; *or Subjects treated Extemporaneously.* By WILLIAM ELDER, Esq. Published by J. C. Derby, New York. For sale by Geo. H. Whitney.

This book has puzzled the newspaper critics more than any other which has of late appeared. Some of the notices have been very amusing, for they have been of the man, rather than his work; and we have decided that he has only need to publish another book, to know all that is to be said in his obituary. Our notice, coming late, enables us to look at the book, and speak of it as we would, if the author were unknown to us.

First, then, so far as the publishers are concerned, the book is beautifully printed, fine margins, excellent paper, neatly and tastefully bound; and above all, not disfigured with any hideous wood cuts; which we feel like protesting against on every occasion; for though it is possible they may amuse children, they do but corrupt the taste, by their shocking proportions and expression.

The first article, "General Ogle, a character," has been read, commented upon, admired, and criticised, by all who read at all.

The analysis of this character difficult to understand at any period, but more especially so, as his advent was at least half a century too early in the world's history, is unequalled, perhaps, by any other pen painter of men, and is proof of how closely the author has studied the human soul, and how critically he has dissected the inner man. He uses his scalpel as delicately in the dissection, as he paints strongly with the pen in the presentation of the whole man; but he has not, we think, been more successful with the old General, than with the less strongly marked, but beautiful, pure, high-hearted, Elizabeth Barton, the young Irish maiden; or the young Ensign, in the duel.

The Enchanted Beauty, published some years since in Graham, makes one of our childhood's favorite fairy tales, so full of glorious meaning, as to seem a gospel in itself. We will not mar the myth by any extracts, but give it entire, when our columns will permit. Though the book may disappoint some, because there are none of his fine essays in it, it is nevertheless full of gems of thought, short spicy articles, sentences here and there, such as editors read for the purpose of finding to fill out a column, written at a moment's call, and suited exactly to emergencies, such as all editors understand better than any one else.

It will be appreciated by every thinker, for it is full of suggestion; aye, even direction. It will help the young writer, and the old reasoner—for it abounds in sylogisms, nicely packed together, and is in no way wanting in beautiful figures, sparkling wit, and genial humor. In his own language, "His live soul can make nothing dead. It can take no relations to insensate matter."

"And he, indeed, who first arouses in the bondsman the sense and soul of freedom, comes as near as is permitted to man, nearer than the philosopher, nearer even than the poet, to the great creative attribute of God.

"But if the breast be uneducated, the gift may curse the giver, and he who passes at once from the slave to the freeman, may pass as rapidly from the freeman to the ruffian!"

"The eagle can raise but the eaglet to the sun! I abandon thee to thy twilight!

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*"And I am wedding to an honorable house," said Dumbiedikes, "the laird of Liekpelf's youngest daughter,—*she sits next us in the kirk, and that's the way I came to think on't."—The Heart of Mid-Lothian, Vol. 2, Ch. XVIII.*

I HISSED.

"That Woman's Rights Convention at New York was a queer affair; I laughed most immoderately, and hissed too."

"Did you, indeed, and at what, were not the ladies dignified?"

"Well, really, I did not think there were any ladies there."

"Did you know any of those who were taking part in the meeting?"

"No, not one."

"Did you listen to any of the remarks, or arguments, they made, so that you could really know whether there was anything ridiculous in them or not?"

"No, no, I did not, I went for fun, and had it; never laughed so much in my life."

"At what sir? I was there, and certainly felt there was more cause to weep than to laugh."

"Well, really I can't tell at what we did laugh, only it seemed so ridiculous for a parcel of weak old women to get together and hold a Convention, pass resolutions, &c. &c."

"Do you see no necessity for holding such meetings?"

"No, I cannot say that I do."

"Well sir, your argument used at that meeting, I consider one of the most powerful in their favor which could be uttered."

"How so, what argument?"

"Your hiss, sir. Do you not hold free speech to be one of your most sacred rights?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, did not you and your companions trample upon that right, and under circumstances which render it one of the most unmanly of acts? You know the fable of the boys and the frogs. Had you gone into a meeting of your peers, and hissed and broken it up, what would have been the result? By what right can you complain, if the mob trained by you shall hiss when you would, for conscience sake, utter what you feel to be truth."

"The mob will never dare do that, for it is man's inherent right to speak in public, but for woman, it seems so queer."

"The mob may dare to do it according to your own principle, for that is simply 'might makes right.'"

"Well, perhaps it is right for women, but I don't want my wife or sister standing upon a public platform, in a mob cap and bloomers, to be hissed at."

"But sir, you did not hesitate to hiss at the wives and sisters of others, at the widow of your brother, who came there to protest against the injustice and cruelty of those laws that come in the hour of her deepest grief, to force guardians on her children, and take out of her hands the control of property which she had helped to acquire. You could hiss when she held up the mirror of your laws, made by you, professedly to protect her, a protection such as the wolf gives the lamb. Taxed without representation, she is degraded to the position, in the sight of your laws, of an infant, an idiot, a foreigner, a a slave. Ah! worse, more helpless, more hopeless than any or all of these, she bears the attributes of womanhood, and you hiss her when she attempts to protest—Ah!

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart."

"I am confident that you would be indignant were you to see the drunken husband wrenching his wife's hard earnings from her—better, perhaps, it would be, to designate things by the right name, and call her the slave she truly is, and not desecrate the sacred name of wife by using it for one in such a relation."

"Were you appealed to individually, I am confident you would not close the doors of our Colleges; you would not object to woman's voice as it relates to the laws which govern her; why then join the mob to create or keep alive public sentiment against this great work of reform? It is quite as much for man's honor, as for our good, that we ask these changes."

"Well, we did but little harm with our hisses."

"No, perhaps not, but I have one strong objection to the weapon. It belongs rightfully only to two orders of animals, and when used by man degrades him; it is the coward's weapon; and since Boston men and women hissed at the trial of Burns, hissed on the sidewalk, and in the street, at the soldiers and the mob, I have felt that the spirit which animated our fathers had become extinct. If they would not use carnal weapons, neither should they use the language of the world and of beasts."

"Well, it was disgraceful, the way they acted at the time of that trial, and they had no business to hiss when men were obeying the laws of the land."

Such is the substance of a conversation held with one who aspires to be a lawgiver, and who thinks himself a very Solon now.

FLOWERS.

A great many pretty things have been said of pretty women and flowers, but the real uses of both are often overlooked. Flowers and women seem to us the sunshine of the world, and one of the strongest arguments to prove that God is wise and good, is the fact that He neither forgot the one or the other in the multiform work of creation. How the flowers spangle over and beautify the hard, rough earth! Their meek and quiet beauty steals into all hearts, young and old. They are welcome everywhere. Go into the country, and bring home roses, or poppies, as luck will let you, and children in the street will follow you—the nicely dressed child, and the ragged and dirty-faced little one, whose mother has to wash for others, and therefore can't wash him—all throng your path, saying in words, or longing looks, "Please give me a flower."

Flowers never disappoint us, as the women, (heaven bless them!) do sometimes; but *they* would not, if we did not expect too much of them. Of the flowers, we ask only beauty and fragrance. We do not look to them for a future. Enough that they fill the present with an odorous blessing.

We have always a thrill when we see flowers in a window, and we like to see a man who wears a pink or a rose in his button-hole.—There is a pleasant association with the flower, if not with him, for we are certain, fair hands placed it there. Then when we see the plants in the window of a house, be it ever so humble, we are sure there is no scolding there; and if from sad experience, we find that the fair cultivators of the roses *do* scold, we comfort ourselves how much worse they would scold without the flowers.

A pot of roses, a pink, a geranium, heliotrope, how they brighten the home of poverty! How we forget the cheap, ugly chest of drawers, and the thread-bare, poverty-struck carpet, where we see these unfolding their beauty and sweetness in the windows. A well mended frock, and a clean pinafore, are sure to keep them company on a child, who, though poor, may be as pretty as any poetry.

We bespeak flowers. We want our pathway literally strewed with them. They are a necessary of life here. In another and better world, they may be a luxury.—*Exchange paper.*

THE SNOW OF AGE.—We have just stumbled upon the following pretty bit of mosaic, lying amid a multitude of those less attractive:

"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts."

The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scripture represent age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was turning grey, that it looked as if time had lightly plashed his snows upon it in passing.

"It never melts"—no never. Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward—they know not any retrograde movement. The old may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again," but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy schemes of early years, but, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

"It never melts"—the snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessings upon valley and mountain, but soon the sweet Spring follows and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven.

Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain. It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old—if any must weep let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that is before them. Welcome the snow—for it is the emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise to be replaced by a brighter and a better.—*Exchange.*

"Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance."

"Can there ever, indeed, be commune of thought and spirit, except with equals."

JAMIE STURGIS:

The Boy that had a Grandmother.

SHADOW SIXTH, BY NILLA.

It was my fortune, good reader, not to have a Grandmother, she having paid the debt of nature, before I paid my respects to my Parents; but this was not the case with little Jamie Sturgis, for he found his, waiting for him, the very night of his birth, and she it was that decided that he was a shapely, well-formed boy, with a strait nose, and a high forehead just like all the Sturgisses—and as days passed on, it was she that dosed him with all an "old-wives" nostrums, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Jamie's mother, who protested that her child was well enough as he was; but good Mistress Sturgis knew better. "What did her Daughter-in-law, a young thing, a mere child herself, know about babies?" and so in spite of all opposition, little Jamie received from his Grandmother's hand, the usual course of catnip and elderblow, annis and mullen. It was in vain for Jamie to cry or kick; if Dame Sturgis once placed her hand upon the castor-oil bottle, the nauceous dose was made to go down, smoothly if possible, but if not, by the aid of such nose-pinchings and tippings-back, that the poor child must perforce swallow or strangle.

Mary Sturgis, the mother of Jamie, was one of those meek-tempered yielding women, whom everybody love, yet without the mettle or nerve to contend with any one, much less with her husband's mother who had always resided with them; and certainly loved her Daughter-in-law next best, after Jamie's father—I mean, until Jamie was born; upon that event, her Grandchild became first, all her love, and desire to be busy centered upon him. The baby was everything! Everything must succumb to baby's convenience. Mr. Sturgis must tread tip-toe, and silence wrapped like a mantle on all, lest Jamie's nap be broken in upon. The out-door air must be excluded, and the nursery kept as if bottled up, lest baby should catch cold—and never a child could come to see the baby, as children love and will, without the good Dame taking them carefully aside to know whether they had been exposed to the "whooping cough," or any other epidemic; all on account of little Jamie; and as for his mother, she was condemned to a most meager regimen, because, good sooth, the good things of this life, gave him the stomachache: and thus, although Jamie's father was a rich man, and his child might be said to be "lapped in luxury," yet life was no luxury to him under his grandmother's rule; for one sneeze or snuffle doomed him, at once, to a course of mutton-tallow, and all the etcetera's of a sick-babyism.

In despite of his Grandmother's fussiness, little Jamie weathered the first year, got safely through his teeth-cutting, creeping, and learning to walk; but never, as he grew older could he be allowed to do anything as other children did—Grandmother's care never relaxed, her eye never slept. It was—"Jamie, why Jamie, you will catch your death a cold! Come here Jamie and get your overcoat! Only to see the child! his hands are as red as a goose's feet! Why will his mother be so careless?"

Little Jamie never knew the luxury of swimming chips in the mud-puddle, or of rolling up snow-balls on a winter's day: and in the summer, Dame Sturgis decided that he was better off in the house, for the hot sun would give him the headache. He was never allowed to hunt hen's eggs in the barn, or to climb the early apple tree, for the big red apples which hung so fair to the sun: his Grandmother was afraid he might fall; and as to trusting him to play with other children, she said, "Those awful boys would be sure to lead him into some mischief!"

The poor child! Better would it have been for him, had he been born in some out-of-the-way garret, or found on the door-step and brought up at the alms-house, at city cost, than to have been so rolled up in cotton!—There, with hard knocks and less sympathy; fresh air and exercise, he would have had a chance at manhood; but now, what is he, but a delicate, girl-faced boy!

THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PURPOSE.

"I would not be so mean," said George Ward to a boy, who stood by, while he put the candy he had just bought in his pocket.

"You have no right to call me mean," replied Reuben Porter, "because I don't spend my money for candy."

"You never spend it for anything," continued George, tauntingly.

It was true. Reuben did not spend his money. Do you suppose it was because he loved it more than other boys do?

Reuben turned slowly away, meditating upon what had occurred. "I will not care for what he thinks," he at length said to himself; "I have four dollars now, and when I have sold my cabbages, I shall have another dollar, I shall soon have enough," and his heart bounded joyfully, his step recovered its elasticity, and his pace quickened, as the pleasant thought removed the sting which the accusation of meanness had inflicted on his sensitive Spirit.—ENOUGH did not mean the same with Reuben as with grown people. It had a limit. He hastened cheerfully home, or to the place he called home. He had no father or mother there; but, in their stead, kind and loving friends. Mr. Porter had died two years before, leaving a wife and four children without property to sustain them. Reuben was the eldest; and as he was old enough to assist in the labors of a farm, it was thought best that he should leave his mother. Mr. Johnson, a neighbor, took him into his family, where he very soon became a great favorite.

There was one thing about the boy, however, that good Mrs. Johnson regarded as a great fault. It was what she called a "Spirit of hoarding." She said she never gave him an orange or an apple, that he did not carry it to his room, instead of eating it. Perhaps his sisters at home, or dear little brother Benny could tell what became of them.

Mrs. Johnson had noticed, too, in his drawer, a box, which was quite heavy with money.—She did not believe he had bought so much as a fish-hook, since he had been in their family. If he should go on in this way he will grow up to be a miser. Mr. Johnson smiled at his wife's earnestness, and remarked that with such an example of generosity as Reuben had constantly before him, he would not believe the child was in much danger from the fault she feared. "It must be remembered," he said, "that Reuben has his own way to make in life. He must early learn to save, or he will always be poor. There are his mother and sisters, too, who need his aid."

In various ways Reuben added to his store. When the snow came, he made nice broad paths about the house, which so attracted the notice of a neighbor, that she asked if he might be allowed to make paths for her. He rose early that he might have time for his extra work, and was well paid for his efforts. The box grew heavier from week to week. *Reuben had almost enough.*

One day there was a barrel of flour left at Mrs. Porter's. She thought there must be a mistake about it; but the man said he was directed at the store to take it to that house.—Mrs. Porter went immediately to learn about it, and what was her surprise on finding her son had been the purchaser. How could he pay for a whole barrel of flour? "The money," said the merchant, "he brought in a box. It was in small bits, which took me some time to count, but there was enough."

The mother called, with a full heart, at Mrs. Johnson's, and related what had occurred. Reuben wondered why his mother should cry so.—He thought she would be happy. He was sure *he* was. He had been thinking of that barrel of flour, and now he felt more like laughing than crying. Those tears, noble boy, are not tears of sorrow, but of the deepest joy. You are more than repaid for your self-denial. You have persevered in your determination; you have resisted every temptation to deviate from the course which you marked out as right.—You have borne meekly the charge of meanness so galling to your generous spirit, and now you receive your reward. You are happy, and so is your mother, and so is your kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

That night, Mr. Johnson remarked to his wife, as they sat together before the cheerful fire, that he had some idea of keeping the little *miser* and educating him. "A boy who could form such a purpose, and keep it, will in all probability make a useful man." After years proved the correctness of this conclusion. Reuben is now a man of intelligence and wealth. He is one whom the world delights to honor; but among his pleasantest memories, I doubt not, is that of the barrel of flour he bought for his beloved mother.—*Independent.*

ROWLAND HILL.—The late Rev. Rowland Hill was remarkable for his eccentric rebukes from the pulpit. He once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling, "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those much better, who make it an umbrella!" Again after receiving some anonymous letters from some of his congregation, "If you wish me to read your anonymous letters, you must enclose a five pound note in them for some good charity." On another occasion, "I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them."—*Musical World.*

HOME NOTES.

In that poem of "wonder and mystery," The Ancient Mariner," by Colridge, there is a note giving credit to Wordsworth for the last two lines of one stanza. The poet says it was on a delightful walk fron Nether Stowey to Dalveston, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed, and from him came these two lines:

"And thou art long and lank and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand!"

The lines are by no means better than many others, in that strange poem, but the delicacy of the great man in giving due credit is what leads us to refer to it here, that we many excuse ourselves for the want of quotation marks to the beautiful stanza, on Parentage, in our last number. When it was written we could not recall the author, and found, to our regret, that the little marks which would save us the name of plagiarist, were omitted in the type; but, chancing to open Mrs. Norton's "CHILD OF THE ISLANDS," we found the Stanza, and hasten to give due credit to one we admire. While confessing our own faults we are disposed to say something of others, as it is not at all unfrequent that we find whole articles taken from our Una, not only without any credit given her, but without the "——" marks, which would save the honor of the scissors. We have never made any complaint of this, and should not, for ourself, now, but some of our correspondents are not perfectly satisfied, even for the sake of the spread of truth, to have this done, and insist that credit should be given where credit is due.

OUR ART EXHIBITION opened on Monday Evening, the 4th of September, with a collection of paintings which were a delight to all present. The Address, by the President, put several people in excellent humor, and was to us a surprise, from which we have not yet recovered, for he declared himself proud to preside over a Society in which women had their equal rights; and in the glow and excitement occasioned by the success of the experiment, the ladies, toward the close, were called upon to speak, but, as all the gentlemen had been previously invited, and had had time for preparation, they would have stood a poor chance to do themselves any justice had they attempted; for, to say truth we do not believe women have any more brains, or any more natural capabilities of talking than men, therefore, if they are to speak they should have time to think, and seek their inspiration from the great source, viz. knowledge of the subject about which they wish to talk.

Our visits have been, necessarily, so few, that we can give no description of the pictures, only the general impression. To us, it seems a remarkably fine collection, and evinces taste and cultivation beyond what we had even hoped to find, and the establishment of a permanent gallery in connection with the school of design contemplated, will do much to increase this cultivation.

The addresses of Rev. Mr. Hedge and Mr. Calvert, of Newport, were exceedingly fine, and we cannot do better either for the interest of the association, or for our readers, than to give extracts from them. Mr. Hedge says:

"I augur hopefully for the prospects of art in Rhode Island, from the zeal and good will which our first attempt has elicted in this community. Other auspices are not wanting. A favorable omen may be derived from the honored names, ever memorable in the annals of art, with which our little State is permitted to associate herself. Allston, the delicate colorist, whose achievements in that line, a German critic has placed next to those of the Venetian schools,—Allston, the American Titian, the accomplished scholar, whose presence I recall as that of the most finished gentleman whom it has been my privilege to know, imbibed the first influences which formed the future artist from a ten years' residence in this State during the plastic period of early youth. I wish his many-sided genius were more adequately represented in this hall.—Stewart, whose portrait of Washington, in its faithful rendering of the heroic features, has, by multiplied engravings, become the property of the nation. Malbone, whose exquisite finish has rarely been surpassed, and whose delicious cabinet piece, "The Hours," has just been secured to one of the public institutions of this city.

"Tantis ingeniis nullum par elogium."

With these antecedents, I feel that it is good for us to be here this evening, in the name and interest of that pursuit, whose high privilege it is to act as a mediator to all other interests and pursuits, and to furnish a neutral ground for the peaceful encounter of class with class, and mind with mind, holding in solution the social distinctions and sharp discrepances of sect and party which everywhere divide the civil and religious world. This reconciling influence of art is not the least important of its functions.—There is no jealousy and no bitterness in the admiration which art awakens. There is no selfish alloy in the satisfaction with which we contemplate a work of beauty. In that contemplatian we draw nearer to each other. And although it is only for a moment, that moment is a real gain to the cause of human brotherhood. It softens at least where it fails to subdue. If it does not annihilate the rude barriers of social life, it lifts us for the time above them, and enables us to converse freely and to shake hands across the ramparts. Whatever is best in man is common to all men. Every noble sentiment in which we sympathize, every pure enjoyment of which we partake, reveals, this common nature,—the one soul, deeper than all our politics and all our feuds.

Art is of no political school, and yet, in one view, essentially republican. In a higher than the partisan sense, we may say, essentially democratic. Though requiring the patronage of wealth, it has flourished best in republican States, and as a Rhode Islander, I am happy to add, in small States—Athens, Florence, Venice. Though requiring the patronage of wealth, its tendency is to equalize the social discrepancies which wealth creates. It does this symbolically by its choice of subjects and its liberal handling. There is no partiality in its representations, no respect for persons, no predilection of the pomps of life. The artist is one whose vocation has taught him to call no man and no thing common or unclean. The chisel and the brush are the true levellers, rendering equal justice to all. From them the highest and the lowest receive like homage, and are treated with the same loving and dilligent care. Nay, it would even seem that those members of the social body "which we think to be less honorable," upon those the artist bestows "more abundant honor." Thus the most honored of ancient sculptures, among those which represent human subjects, are not the busts of the Cæsars, but the Kneeling Slave of the Tribune, and the Dying Gladiator of the Capitol. And who would not rather prefer for his cabinet the Beggar Boys of Murillo, than court scenes or regal portraits by any hand less cunning than his? The level canvas exhibits the specific worth of each subject independent of all adventitious claims.

If this seems fanciful then I say that, *practically*, art equalizes by placing the noblest of human creations, and the most refined of human enjoyments, within the reach of all. In proportion as a work of art is excellent it seeks publicity. The princes and nobles of Europe are constrained to throw open their galleries to public inspection. It is no legal enactment that forces them to do this, but a higher law of the mind, which forbids the exclusive enjoyment of such treasures, and necessitates the free communication of genius and of beauty. The choice products of the human mind were not designed for private use. They are public property. You may be rich, and hang the walls of your dwelling with costly paintings. I, who am poor, am compelled to forego this gratification. But your property in those treasures is merely formal. You are only the steward of the public in regard to them. If you hide them from the pubic view they are lost to yourself; you can never realize their full value. If I have eyes and a mind to appreciate their merits, I shall find them out. They will become my property, and the property of all who can prize their worth, and rejoice in their beauty.

Mr. President, you have introduced us to a goodly company. It is ill speaking when such spirits as I see represented on these walls are discoursing through their works. Of the old masters I see here, in copies more or less successful, the solemn mind of Michael Angelo, the fair humanity of Guido, the sunny glow of Titian. Of living artists, in their own original productions, the saintly grace of Oberbeck—pure echo of the medieval mind—in close connection with the broad and genial realism of the English school. It is not easy to occupy the floor when such speakers are occupying the walls.

In Newport a new institution is about being founded, a notice of which struck us as rather ludicrous. It seems that a Mr. Fry devised a house and lot to the town, with certain funds in the United States Bank for an Orphan Asylum. The funds for the support of the asylum being lost it is proposed to sell the house and appropriate the funds to the maintainance of a female school, for teaching sewing exclusively, "an important branch, it says, of female education, that is more neglected than any other, at the present time." The proposition seems almost as absurd to us, as one for the teaching of spinning would—sewing machines being already so low in price that two or three families, in *very* moderate circumstances, can

afford to have one, which with one hand o tend, it would do not only their sewing but pay for itself in a short time. We admit that the needle is an excellent sedative in a rainy day, when the brain is weary of books, but not better for women than men, who sit lounging about whittling, and littering the carpet, or smoking and yawning. No! no!! depend upon it, the time for sewing-schools for girls has passed by; better give them a gymnasium, and a dancing-school, so that they may acquire health and graceful carriage. There is no reason why the girl who washes dishes, or makes beds, should not move about it gracefully, why there should not be poetry in all these needful duties of life. Sewing neglected, we wish it were; it is not long since we saw a woman spend four hours on a pair of old cotton stockings, which cost perhaps twenty-five cents to begin with, and were not worth five cents after she had mended them, except for the curious stitches taken, and all the time she was complaining of the pain in her side, and her distressing, nervous headaches. We must own we did wish her husband had not such very tender feet, or else that he would mend his own stockings and let her get a breath of air not poisoned by his Havana. Our women can't walk, can't ride on horseback, and every other man numbers his wives, one, two three, and so on, and yet they sew everlastingly—the click of the steel, and the gold, is the last sound at night and the first in the morning. Heaven forefend. Let us have the needle for amusement, not toil; don't confine it to girls, give the boys a chance; for, after all its not very useful now that its no longer economical, and if its found to be amusing, they, the boys we mean, will like it.

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We are indebted to PHILLIPS & SAMPSON for *Sunny Memoirs of Foreign Lands*, by MRS. STOWE, and are ready to pronounce it a charming book. We do not at all care that Mrs. Stowe did not know that the "holly grew in various parts of our country, or that company breakfasts were given in our cities." Nordo we care that she has not been so nicely accurate about some literary statements, as to make her seem a walking scrap-book, or an encyclopœdia. It matters not to us that she had forgotten, or never knew, who was the author of "Mary's Dream." She has given it to us again. It used to bring tears to our eyes in childhood days; we had only a dim remembrance of it left, but the words bring back the air and all the old associations. All these minor things about which critics are making so much talk, does not detract one iota from the charm of the book to us. A book without faults? why, it would be as stupid as a perfect woman, for whom no one cares a fig.

Mrs. Stowe has made her book specially agreeable by its cheerful, healthy tone. The faith given to Uncle Tom, is her own in Sunny Memoires, earnest, pure, and strong, expressed naturally, without cant or affectation. From her stand point, she has given us her observations and feelings, a stand point which no other American has ever had, or, perhaps, will have. She takes her readers with her wherever it is proper they should go, more than any other writer of travels we have read, and yet it is not a gossipping book, there is too much thought in it for that.

We were with her on the Alps, and entered into the gay, frolicksome mood which went joyously to work to make a summer avalanche by loosening the earth and sending huge rocks down, down over the ice and snow into the gulf below.

The book is full of poetry; in perfect sympathy with nature, she communes with every plant and flower, as with a friend. She sits down by a block of ice and interrogates it, watching the tiny drops percolating through it in streams, almost imperceptable to the eye, but musical to the inner spirit. She says, "I had read of Alpine flowers leaning their cheeks on the snows, and I went to see; when, sure enough, I found not close to it, but in it, a little purple fringed flower, which I have named Suspirium. Thus God's grace shining steadily on the waste places of the human heart, brings up heavenward, sighings and aspirations which pierce through the cold snows of affliction, and tell that there is life beneath."

Here among the Alps, we have seen and felt the freshness and clear light, and love, of her noble heart more than ever before, and we almost wished we had been one of her children, so that we might have received these letters, and have broken the seals with our own fingers, and read the precious manuscript first, before any cold, curious leaden eye of the critic, had looked on them, and found petty faults in them. We feel about books, that we like, as we do about music; we don't want it analyzed; we don't want the keen scalpel of critique dissector applied to it; we like it, that is enough; we never ask why we love, but simply enjoy.

On our table are piles of unopened exchanges, books with leaves uncut, and articles unread. The flowers are fading in their vases, dust is gathering in places where it is not wont to be; the spider weaves her gossamer net silently and undisturbed; footsteps fall softly, shadows come and go, and we mark them only as deepening with the autumn, for we watch by the bedside of our sick one, while his young life is fading away. Gentle friends, distant, and many unknown, we believe in your sympathy, and trust in your love and forbearance. If our Father calls our loved one home, "He will not leave us comfortless," and in time, suffering will pass into memory, and will work, fortifying the soul and strengthening it; for in the divine life all is ideal,—even tears are wiped away, and from the deepest wounds flows only the celestial ichor.

Since our Notes were penned, the Angel of Death has entered our dwelling and borne away our brother; and though we bow our heads in grief and sadness, we can yet say, "Thy will be done."

Below will be found a letter from one of our private correspondents, which we give almost entire. The publishing it will, we are aware, be deemed a violation of all trust, and very like bring us a saucy scolding, but the observations on writing are too just, and the notices of some of our contributors too gratifying to us to be withholden; and furthermore, we wish to punish our friend for not doing what she is so abundantly capable of, viz.: writing every month a letter, or article, which would aid the great work, and prevent the necessity, which there sometimes is, of our writing when we have nothing to say, or selecting when we have but trash to choose from, and little time even to scan that. Our friend is one who must be driven to work, and if some one will but *lash* her for her standing back, we may hear from her again.

My Dear Paulina,

Caring for you, makes me solicitous for your's; and I have for long wished to write you concerning the Una. Pet bantling, of so many friends of your's, I shrink and am afraid to speak of one fault of this favorite—but to you, for you know that I never write for other eyes than your own, to you, I will venture a criticism upon some of your contributors.

"Easy writing, is very hard reading," as my brother once told me: which effectually put a stop upon all scribbling, on my part, then and henceforth; consequently, I am less patient at the crude or diluted thoughts of others.

Goethe wrote, after his glorious success as an author, that had he known when he began, the treasures already laid up in books, he would never have written a line. Beethoven is said to have burned volumes of his early compositions, before any were allowed to see the light Hence, his immortal productions!

These attempts, these efforts, this pruning, yea, this burning—purging as it were by fire, this it is which brings forth the gold seven times purified.

Now, too many articles in the Una, seem to me, to be thrown off for the mere purpose of filling an idle hour, or for the novelty of seeing one's self in print—or perchance, to relieve a puling, discontented temper; neither of which are worthy motives, or in harmony with our cause, for on the very front of this child Una, does she not wear emblazoned, "*out of the great heart of nature SEEK we truth?*"

There are some noble exceptions among your correspondents, who deserve praise as warm, as my strictures have been severe—those who think before they write, who never write, unless they have something to say; thus, the form and fashion are sure to fit the thought—thus, the vitality, the spirit of the writer flows through the pen, imparting vigor, or strength, or sympathy, according to the mood or intuition, to the mind and heart of the reader. * * *

Among others, who add interest to your columns, I would especially commend the author of the letters from Florence, on Art. They

betray a lofty aspiration, a high moral tone, a discriminating mind, and a deep communing with the heart of nature, which is verily refreshing. Such as he deserve to live!

I have read too, with pleasure, the articles of Mrs. Dall. They display both learning and research. The one entitled "*the duties and influence of women*" is most to my taste; for however lauded "the Countess Matilda" may be for her "courage, good faith and steady purpose"—and although she "died possessed of all she had ever sought," still, her aims were low, and the means to obtain them, unscrupulous.

The just and well merited tribute she pays to Elizabeth Peabody, must meet a response in many hearts. * * * * *

There is your own towns-woman, Mrs. Whitman, why do I not see more often, something in the Una from her tuneful pen? Not before this autumn have I met her little volume of poems; and what a sweet, pure, undefiled well-spring that must be, from which they flowed. When I laid aside the book, I kept repeating to myself, "I have lived and loved, let me die!"

* * * * *

Is it true, or is it the agitation consequent on my temerity, that makes me behold you with upraised hands, and your mild eyes wearing a frown, while you say, "presumptuous one, why not bestir yourself, instead of throwing stones at those who would climb?"

From that frown I fly and hide myself again in my obscurity.

Evermore your meddlesome

PATTY.

From the New York Tribune.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN PARIS.

PARIS, Thursday, Aug. 10, 1854.

The Hotel des Invalides embraces what would compose quite a populous American village.—Five thousand officers and soldiers can find there a quiet retreat, where their wounds may be healed and their declining years solaced by their country's care.

You can estimate for yourselves the probable average of men complete which these fragmentary veterans might equal. We see various items in movement as if in natural gravitation toward their fellows, like the bits of the fabled chopped-up monster seeking their original unity. Here is an eye; there an ear; there a lone fore-finger; there an arm without a mate; there a body waiting for its legs, and no legs without a body near it; but curious to remark, every fellow has somehow saved his head, and seems to prize it for the facilities it affords for smoking.

Every stranger visits the marvelous kitchens of the establishment and makes his exclamations at its daily statistics—"4,000 pounds of meats, 20 bushels of carrots, ditto "onions, ditto potatoes, 5,000 eggs." &c. Everybody sees the bullet that killed Turenne, and some have courage to mount to the garrets to see the plans of the fortified towns of Europe. Those who do not miss of it, visit the tomb of Napoleon, for these are the catalogued sights of the Invalides; but all omit one of unique interest which the present generation have almost forgotten.

Lieutenant Madame Brulon entered the Hotel more than fifty years ago and is the only female soldier ever admitted to receive its support. Every champion of woman's capabilities would find in her a column of support—a pedestal on which to rest his principles.

Angelique Marie Joseph Duchemin was born in 1772 from that hot-bed of heroes which four years before had produced the immortal trio, Napoleon, Wellington, Chataubriand. Twenty years later found her upon the most exciting stage which the world has ever known. Louis XVI was beheaded and France a Republic.—Angelique was a wife, a mother, a widow, a citoyenne, a soldier in the war of liberty. She served seven years in the various capacities of private, corporal, corporal-fourrier and sergeant-major. At the age of 27, in the year 1799, she was admitted to the Hotel, not because she was a woman, a widow, a mother, but by her right and merit as a wounded soldier—. There she received her support and the small pay allowed to non-commissioned officers, and in addition to this, for some time, a salary of $80 a year as clerk in the magazine of clothing. At the age of 35 she became the chief of this department with a salary of $650 per ann. By her economy she was enable to establish her daughter and more recently to aid her grand-children and great grand children; and last Sunday, when we went to see her, she offered us bonbons received after the christening of one of a still later generation.

The father of this heroine served 38 consecutive years in the 42d Regiment, now the 57th of the line. He was married at Havre—Angelique was born in the garrison at Dinan in the north of France. The soldier's bivouac was her only youthful home.

At the age of seventeen she was a wife, at eighteen a mother, at twenty a widow. Her husband fell at Ajaccio in Corsica. "Three days after I learned his fate," says Madame Brulon, "I took the uniform of his regiment and demanded permission to avenge his death. Two brothers had fallen in active service; our father had died on the field of battle—my heart, head and hand burned to send destruction to the English and the rebel Corsicans, and my testimonials tell how well I fulfilled my vows."

Then she told us the history of the siege of Calvi. Eleven months they had been blockaded, seventy-five days bombarded, but she brought relief to the garrison of the fort of Gesco; and the cross of the Legion of Honor on her breast, is her country's acknowledgment of her heroic action.

But read her comrades' testimonials:

"We, the undersigned, corporal and soldiers of the detachment of the 42d Regiment in garrison at Calvi, certify and attest that the 5th Prairial the year II (1794) the *citoyenne* Angelique Marie Joseph Duchemin, widow Brulon, corporal-fourrier, performing the functions of sergeant, commanded us in the action at the fort of Gesco; that she fought with us with the courage of a heroine; that the rebel Corsicans and the English having attempted an assault, we were obliged to fight hand to hand; that she received a saber cut in the right arm, and a moment after another from a stylet in the left; that finding we failed of ammunition, though severely wounded, she set out at midnight for Calvi, a mile and a half distant, where, by the courage and zeal of a true republican, she raised and charged with ammunition sixty women, whom she led to us, escorted by four men, which enabled us to repulse the enemy and to preserve the fort; and that in fine, we have only to congratulate our commander. "Signed, etc."

Madam Brulon added, "I did not mind my wounds in each arm, nor did I fear the dark, but set out alone at midnight, evaded the guards, roused sixty starving women and led them to the fort, which we reached at *two o'clock* in the morning. We gave the women each half a pound of rice, which we all considered an excellent bargain."

Still later, at the siege of Calvi, all the cannoniers having been killed, the non-commissioned officers were called upon to fill their places; it was thus, while defending a bastion, in aiming a sixteen-pounder, that she was wounded in the left leg by the bursting of a bomb.

This last wound disabled her for service, and entitled her to a place in the Hotel des Invalides.

October 22, 1822, upon the proposition of General de Latour Maubourg, Governor of the Invalides, she received the grade of 2d Lieutenant, in these terms:

"Madame Brulon, military invalid, having held the rank of sergeant before her entrance to the Hotel, has obtained from the bounties of the King (Louis XVIII.) the honorable rank of 2d Lieutenant, and will be thus recognised hereafter on parade. The Governor hastens to make known, by means of this order, this new favor of His Majesty, accorded to one who has rendered herself so worthy of it by her excellent principles, her good sentiments, and the high consideration which she enjoys at the Hotel. Signed, ——— ———."

During the reign of the first Napoleon she was recommended by the Governor of the Invalides as "one having rendered herself worthy, by qualities considered above her sex, to participate in the recompense created for the brave." But the honor of decorating this remarkable woman was reserved for Napoleon, President of the Republic. Madame Brulon lives now not only the unique military female Invalid, but the unique female member of the Society of the French Legion of Honor. Her nomination was announced in the *Moniteur* of the 19th August, 1851, at the head of a long list of others, without any allusion to her sex, thus:

"Cavalier—Brulon—(Angelique Marie Joseph,) Second Lieutenant—seven years service—seven campaigns—three wounds—several times distinguished, particularly in Corsica, in defending a fort against the English. 5th Prairial—year II, (1794.)"

Madame Brulon, though 83 years of age, retains all the vivacity of youthful expression, and assured us she felt no faculty missing but that to guide well her feet, the right leg having become more refractory than the wounded one.

She wears the uniform of the Invalides, and since her first adoption of military dress, has never left it but once, and that for a moment's amusement to her grand-children, when she assumed female attire. But the children, instead of being amused, burst into tears, and begged grandpa-ma to go back again to her soldier's clothes.

We saw several of her portraits taken at different ages, and were presented with a late lithograph, which is an excellent likeness.

Her hair, once raven, is now white as snow, except some late new-comers which have assumed their youthful hue. Her voice has the tone and vigor of a commander's. Her eye is like the eagle's. Her hand is feminine, which she gestures with masculine energy. Her attitudes, salutations, styles of expression, all combine to make you believe she is really what she seems. Her testimonials prove her to have been always a woman of the severest principles, the purest manners, the most unsullied reputation. Her reply to trifling familiarity was: "I am a woman, but I command men."

She was adored as the divinity of her regiment, and cherished as the palladium of its safety.

Her virtues and her valor stand undimned beside those of the Maid of Orleans. But I must leave her Mon Lieutenant. I feel a blush creeping to my cheeks as she kisses me and holds me in her cordial embrace, so much are we in the habit of believing it is man that walks in coat and pantaloons. My pen must stop, adding only, Long live Madame Brulon!

Au Revoir.

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

A VOLUME on this subject might be made very curious and entertaining, for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste, than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the progress of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavor to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops and other monstrous devices.

Patches were invented in England, in the reign of Edward VI., by a foreign lady, who thus ingeniously covered a wen on her neck.

When the *Spectator* wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duviller, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats, to hide his ill-made legs.

Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet.

Others, on the contrary, adopted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties—as Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions sometimes originated in some temporary event, as after the battle of Steenkirk, where the allies wore large cravats, by which the French frequently seized them (a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV.), cravats were called Steenkirks; and after the battle of Ramilies, whigs received that denomination.

In the year 1735, the men had no hats, but a little *chapeau de bras;* in 1745, they wore a very small hat; in 1755, they wore an enormous one, as may be seen in Jeffrey's curious "Collection of Habits in all Nations" Old Puttenham, in his very rare work, "The art of Poesie," page 239 on the present topic, gives some curious information: "Henry VIII. caused his own head, and all his courtiers', to be polled, and his beard to be polled, and his beard to be cut short; before that time it was thought more decent, both for old men and young, to be all shaven, and weare long haire either rounded or square. Now again at this time (Elizabeth's reign) the young gentlemen of the court have taken up the long haire trayling on their shoulders, and think this more decent; for what respect I would be glad to know."

It is observed by the lively Vigneul de Marville that there are flagrant follies in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of comfits. All the world, the grave and the gay, carried in thor pockets a *comfit-box*, as we do snuff-boxes. They used them even on the most solemn occasions. When the Duke of Guise was shot at Blois, he was found with the comfit-box in his hand.

Fashions, indeed, have been carried to so extravagant a length as to become a public offence, and to have required the interference of government. Short and tight breeches were so much the rage in France, that Charles V. was compelled to banish this disgusting mode by edicts, which may be found in Mezeray. It is curious that the very same fashion was the complaint in the remoter period of Chaucer.

In the reign of Elizabeth of England, the reverse of all this took place: then the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The bucks of the day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled wool-packs, and in a public spectacle they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of these ponderous beaux. To accord with this fantastical taste, the ladies invented large hoop farthingales.—Two lovers could surely never have taken one another by the hand aside. In the preceding reign of Mary, the fashion ran on square toes; insomuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes! Then succeeded picket-pointed shoes.

The nation was again, in the reign of Elizabeth, put under the royal authority. "In that time (says honest John Stowe) he was held the greatest gallant that had the deepest ruff and longest rapier; the offence to the eye of the one, and hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other. This caused her Majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate, to cut the ruffes, and break the rapier points of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers; and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes."

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II. the dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than fifty two new suits of cloth of gold tissue.—Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice.

A buck of the reign of Henry IV. has been made out by the laborious Henry. I shall only observe that they wore then long-pointed shoes to such an immoderate length that they could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. Luxury improved on this ridiculous mode, these chains the English beaux of the fourteenth century had made of gold and silver; but the grotesque fashion did not finish here; for the tops of their shoes were carved in the manner of a church window. The ladies of that period were not less fantastical.

The wild variety of dresses worn in the reign of Henry VIII. is alluded to in a print of a naked Englishman, holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of shoes in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borde, a facetious wit of those days. The print bears the following inscription:

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall were;
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
And now I will were what I cannot tell what.

At a lower period, about the reign of Elizabeth, we are presented with a curious picture of a man of fashion. I make this extract from Puttenham's very scarce work on "The Art of Poesie," page 250: "May it not seeme enough for a courtier to know how to weare a feather and set his cappe aflaut; his *chain en echarpe;* a straight buskin, *a la Inglese;* a loose, *a la Turquesque;* the cap *a la Spaniola;* the breech *a la Francoise;* and by twentie manner of new-fashioned garments, to disguise his body and his face with as many countenances, whereof it seems there be many that make a very arte and studie, who can shew himselfe most fine, I will not say most foolish or ridiculous." So that a beau of those times wore in the same dress a mixture of all the fashions in the world.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

"Hast thou never said, 'Come what may, to Virtue will I cling!' Rejoice, then—resolve is the first success!"

Subscriptions received for the Una.

S. Blackwell, six dollars.
Mrs. F. D. Gage, five dollars.
E. A. Stansbury, George Bate, Mrs. E. C. Fellows, Fowler & Wells, Mrs. Rhoda Calhoun, Aaron Tribna, N. R. Adams, Josiah French, S. L. McGil John B. Appleton, Mrs. E. Fly, R. P. Wiggin, Mrs. R. Smith, $1 each.

WOMAN THE REFORMER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, Dwarfed or Godlike—bond or free." *Tennyson.*

It seems strange that in this age of investigation and social progress, the power of woman to promote or retard improvement should be so seldom adverted to. A multitude of plans are thought of for mitigating evil and diffusing good, but woman is only indirectly named in reference to these plans. If her influence is tacitly admitted, and her aid invoked, it is as an auxiliary, and not a principal. In many benevolent and religious enterprises she assists by her occasional presence on public occasions; by collecting funds for carrying on the operations of many societies; by the ingenuity and industry of her hands, in providing elegant and useful works for sale, in aid of the treasury of benevolence. All this is well. Every woman thus employing her talents and leisure is doing something towards abating the amount of human ignorance and misery. But the mind and principles of women in general are not sufficiently appealed to, as to their duty in actively promoting the public good. They leave to man not only the devising of plans for social advancement, but the comprehending and carrying out of those plans.—Women themselves are in error in this matter.—They misunderstand their position. They live below their privileges. Something more than a mere tacit assent to different reforms is required of them. A direct personal carrying out of various *great principles* is their unquestionable duty. And the world will never be regenerated, till woman understands she must be the regenerator.

It is too much the practice for woman to acquiesce with a kind of unenquiring ease to great public questions, or to wrap herself up in the mantle of indifference, saying, "I leave public reforms to man—my sphere is home." Ah! truly so; but homes are the centres from whence radiate the good and the evil of the world. If woman in that empire of hers, HOME!—held and taught right principles, and carried them out in daily practice, all that philanthropists contend and labour for would be effected. The difficulty, unhappily, is to make woman perceive that great public questions belong as much to her as to man, and equally demand her aid. For example, the PEACE Question; what is more just, decorous, fitting, than that woman should give her decided aid to the diffusion of this principle? Is not the religion of peace as dear to her? Is not the native tenderness of her character such as to incline her to peace? Is not the sweet office of peace-maker, on a large as well as small scale, in harmony with the gentler attributes of woman? When war has devastated the earth who has suffered more than woman by its terrible recoil of misery? All the pæans of triumph were insufficient to overpower the wail of the widow and the orphan. While even in time of peace the exactions of the State to keep up a vast armament has fallen collaterally as heavily on woman as on man, and demands her intelligent investigation, as a wrong that limits the resources of her dependant family, and subtracts from the just gains of honest industry.

Then, woman on this peace question has some amends to make to society. Her smiles and her talents have been enlisted too often on the opposite side. Ladies, who would be the very first to exclaim, in real or affected displeasure, if a woman opened her mouth in public, on any useful or moral question; have stood forward and presented colors to a regiment, not unfrequently accompanying the act with a speech, "soft enough in the vowels," but so cruel in the meaning, that it is charity to suppose when they talked of defending the colors till death, they were guiltless of understanding the import of their words. They have sung war songs, played with gentle hands "the groans of the dying," in that old "Battle of Prague," which used to be such a capital stock piece of bravery and sentimentality in our boarding-schools. And as to their admiration of a red coat! it has been said, that they were so dazzled by its brilliancy, that they seldom waited to discover whether its wearer had either heart or brains.

Then the abolition of capital punishment is as much a woman's as a man's question. Is it nothing to her that society should be brutalized by frightful exhibitions? Nothing to her that a punishment continues in force which does not protect the lives of the community;—for murder stalks fiercely through our land! And which cuts off the criminal from any hope of amendment, or opportunity to atone by his labour for the wrong he has done society. While a certain *eclat* attending his going off this mortal stage, feeds the morbid cravings of vicious minds, and incites the depraved to similar odious deeds.

The very fact so revolting to record, that there are women in the community who go to such spectacles as executions, is a solemn call to every rightminded woman to enter her indignant protest against such scenes.

Then education is pre-eminently a woman's question; to her the interests of the rising race are paramount. The ragged-school, the sabbath-school, the day-school; all means of relative and personal education must be matters of absorbing interest. That two such different words as "*juvenile* depravity" should have come together, and should express a fact, is a frightful anomaly in our enlightened age, a blot on our civilization. "Juvenile!" our heart leaps up at the sweet word; visions of rosy faces, and beaming eyes, and dimpled smiles, and sportive forms, pass before us as we write it. "Depravity!" a thick gloom covers the brightness, all is shade and sorrow! Oh! let woman remember that the evils of the world are perpetuated as much by the supineness of the good as the activity of the wicked; and that the dangerous classes are more often the victims, than the aggressors on society.

Then the *early closing* movement in practical carrying out, depends almost entirely on woman. Who are the frequenters of shops? At least twenty women for one man are the purchasers at all retail shops. A determination by women not to make a purchase after a given hour would soon decide the question of early closing. The shopkeeper does not desire to burn his gas and keep open his shop for mere amusement. Let women resolve to decide the matter for him, and shops would close early; and the hours of toil in other pursuits than those of retail trade would lessen, from the influence of example, and the alteration of the general custom. Then the temperance question belongs also to woman. It is the auxiliary to all the others. Make the world sober, and you strike a death-blow at war, which has ever been fostered by intemprance. Sober young men rarely enlist as licensed men-slayers—rarely want to quarrel—and are inclined to say—

> "Let those who make the quarrels be
> The only ones to fight."

Sober men are not led into the commission of crimes, and are seldom the subjects or witnesses of sanguinary death-punishments.

Sober men understand the value of education—comprehend the bane of ignorance. The clear brain, the sound heart, the active nerve, are his who slakes his temperate thirst at Nature's stream—who prefers God's merciful thought as expressed in water, rather than man's perverted thought as exhibited in wine.

Then, if domestic comfort is dear to woman, a happy home, and the means to keep it so, temperance ranks second only to religion in promoting family enjoyment. Let women, therefore, as they love themselves, their families, their country, and their God, see to it, that by example and precept they come decidedly forward into the ranks of those who meet the practical evil of intemperance by the only practical remedy—total abstinence.

We have spoken plainly, fair and gentle readers! The time has passed—we hope for ever—when women require to be flattered and coaxed like children to perform their duty to society. The age is exigent, and demands earnestness of thought words, and action. No time for picked phrases and compliments. Real esteem and love is shewn when a writer believes a reader loves truth, and in all faithfulness however inadequate the expression, utters it.—*Public Good.*

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers will therefore understand—

1. That their papers will be continued after the expiration of the time for which they have paid unless otherwise ordered.

2. That no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up to the time at which the notice is given, unless we are satisfied that the subscriber is worthless.

3. That when the paper through the fault of a subscriber, has been suffered to overrun the time, the just and most convenient way is to remit one dollar for another year with directions to discontinue at the end of that time.—*Exchange.*

CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

In accordance with a vote passed at the adjournment of the WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October 1853—the fifth Annual National Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of October, and continuing through the two succeeding days.

The subjects which will come under discussion in this Convention, as in the preceding ones, will be the EQUAL RIGHTS of WOMAN, to all the advantages of *Education, Literary, Scientific, and Artistic;* to full equality in all *business avocations and industrial pursuits, commercial and professional;* briefly all the RIGHTS which may pertain to her as a *citizen, religious, civil and political.*

The wide range of subjects for discussion can scarcely fail of awakening the attention of all classes, to our aims and objects; hence we invite all persons, irrespective of sex, to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and thus contribute to the progress of truth and the redemption of humanity.

Signed on behalf of the Central Committee:

PAULINA W. DAVIS, President.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Secretary.

Editors of exchanges are requested to copy this notice, and to call attention to it.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., NOVEMBER, 1854. NO. 11.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

Chapter VII.

"I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits,
With this thy fair outward character."
Twelfth Night.

HENRY WOLCOTT.

May 30th.—Alone in this great city, how my heart yearns for sympathy and nature. Great as is my art, humanity is greater, and I long for kindred souls. I have not been unkindly treated here, yet all voices have spoken hesitatingly, and in hours like this I feel despondent; doubtful even of myself and my calling. But I will not yield to it, I will go out and seek in the beauty of the twilight some cheering influence.

* * * * *

As I walked around the Common, the elms were tossing their long branches gladly to the southwest wind, and the golden light of the sunset streamed through them, and attuned my heart to joy and beauty. As I turned homewards, I was struck by the appearance of two young ladies who passed me. Both were simply dressed, but one, about twenty years of age, was exquisitely beautiful. Her features were regular, her complexion clear and fair, and her soft, brown hair, parted simply, completed the beautiful harmony of coloring and form. She was a model for an artist! Her figure was perfect in its proportions, and her dress was exquisitely neat and graceful in its arrangement, and yet my eye was rivetted still more closely to her companion. She was not regularly handsome, but her deep, earnest black eye, the strong lines, the parted, expressive lips, the arched nostril, gave a glow and animation to her countenance which I would have painted for the Sybil "not yet patient of the God."—Her dress was rther clumsily arranged, but it was free and flowing, and there was a strength and freedom in her step and air, which irresistibly attracted me. Each carried a basket filled with early spring flowers, violets, anemones, May-flower, &c. As they turned to ascend the step, which I also was just climbing, the one whom I have last described dropped her basket, and scattered many of the flowers. It was a fair opportunity to assist her, and I hastened to do so. As I handed her the last bunch of violets, I could not refrain from a remark on the beauty of the flowers. She begged me to keep them, and would have added others, but I accepted these with grateful thanks, and felt a strange fluttering of the heart, as with a kind smile she returned my parting bow and passed on. I followed, and they soon stopped at a house in Mount Vernon street. Come in with me, was evidently the request of the one who had given me the flowers; but her friend refused, and as I passed the door, they had taken a farewell kiss and parted. She walked very rapidly, and soon passed me, but the fates had destined me for a good knight errant this afternoon, for scarcely had she passed me, when stepping hastily off the curb stone, her foot turned and she fell. I hastened to help her to rise, and though she was evidently suffering severe pain, she thanked me, and endeavored to walk. "Shall I not call a carriage?" I said, "if you will wait at this house." "Oh no," she replied, "I have but a short distance to go, I can walk." "At least, will you not take my arm," I said. She would have fallen if she had not, but she repressed all expressions of pain, and we reached the house, which was but a little way. A beautiful child, of nine or ten years, opened the door. "Why Maggy," she began to exclaim, but stopped on seeing a stranger. "Open the door, Kathleen," she said quietly, and I supported her to a chair. The child looked much alarmed. "Do not be frightened," said she, "I have only sprained my ancle; bring me some cologne, Kathleen, and give the gentleman a chair." I would not intrude on her, but having offered to call a physician, which service she declined, I felt obliged to take my departure. I struggled with my remaining diffidence, and asked, "Will you permit me to inquire after your health to-morrow." She smiled, and drawing a little vase towards her—"Excuse me," she said, "for giving you such a business card, but in truth, I have little use for others;" and she handed me a card on which I found in pencil—

"Margaret Ramsay, miniature painter and teacher of drawing."

I had before noticed some crayon sketches, and a fine picture in oils in the room, and was glad to find that there would be a common bond between us. I therefore hastened to give my name and take my leave.

* * * * *

I went again early this forenoon to call upon Miss Ramsay. I was fortunate, for I found her friend with her, and I spent a most rich and happy hour. Miss Ramsay is very quiet, she talks little, but she has a rich and cultivated mind. Miss Willoughby talks with earnest eloquence of every subject that interests her. I admired the pictures in the room, especially one by Miss Ramsay's teacher; and as she described him I longed to exclaim, "Ed io, sone pittore," but I kept my secret a little while, until Miss Willoughby suddenly exclaimed "you are certainly an artist too." "I am trying to be," I replied, "I wish I could find in the city so good a teacher as Miss Ramsay has done." I was of course called upon to give them a specimen of my work, and received a promise that so soon as Miss Ramsay was able to walk, they would visit my room. The little Kathleen sat twining wreaths of the flowers which they had brought her, and formed a beautiful picture; and so bewitching were the whole trio, that I remained longer than I should, and only left at the entrance of a sister to Miss Willoughby.

I must resume the thread of my story, for our young artist was too busy in creating beautiful dream pictures to see all that went on around him. She came constantly to see me, and we had mutual sympathy in our love of Art, and I enjoyed his fresh joyous nature. He and Marian often met at my room, and while I worked they talked and laughed, or he read to us both. His taste was exquisite, and he opened to Marian a new world of imaginative beauty, to which her education had not led her.—Shelly was their favorite. Each loved him, and while his bold speculations and indignant denunciations against evil kindled Marian's heart, he loved the rich outpourings of his imagination. His beauty made his doctrines interesting to him, his doctrines led her to love his piety. Constant and earnest discussions arose. He was a worshipper of the high and the beautiful, and he had a joyous nature, which seemed to soar above the clouds, yet individual sorrows keenly touched his heart; while she could feel no single pang which her intellect did not at once generalise into a form of evil which should be rooted out. He would reform man by painting the loveliness of virtue, she by exposing the horrors of vice; and so while they started from opposite points, they usually met in cordial union, and parted with deeper respect for each other. He came to me as to a sister. I shared all his plans, and we afforded each other the mutual help of our Art.

But I know not why, a strange sadness came over Marian. She often sat long absorbed in thought. She gave up her drawing almost entirely, but gave me no reason for it. She seemed to take little interest in my work.—Once, as Henry was reading to me a description of the Spanish pictures, I observed that Marian was weeping, but she refused to tell me the cause. I was much pained, and could find no solution of the enigma, until Lucile one day spoke of an offer which Hamilton Marshall had received to spend a year in Canada, and which he thought of accepting, and I supposed that she was sad at this separation.

One afternoon I found her in a very bright, happy mood. "Oh Margaret," she said, "how can I thank you enough!"

"I do not understand you," I said.

"Do you not know that the dearest wish of my heart has been to see James restored to virtue and goodness? and do you not see how much your influence is effecting? He speaks of you with the warmest esteem, and he told Hamilton yesterday that you were the only woman in the world who understood him, and could influence him!"

A burning blush suffused my cheek at these words. Many conflicting feelings called it there, but the most painful of all was that he should speak of me to Hamilton Marshall thus.

"You overrate my influence Marian," I said, "it is your work."

"Hamilton is so delighted! Is he not good, Margaret? He forgets all that James has ever said against him, and he thinks that if—but no, he is not good enough." She checked herself, and then said, "How much Hamilton will do for James! One cannot love him, and not be good."

We were interrupted by James and Hamilton, and the remembrance of Marian's half uttered thoughts, brought a fresh blush as James offered me his hand. I felt Hamilton Marshall's keen eye, but I could not look up, and returned their greeting in silence.

"We have come for you," said James, "to go up to Mr. B.'s to tea, he has a night blooming Cereus which will open this evening, and he wished me to ask you. May I have the pleasure of escorting you, Miss Ramsay."

I declined, "I could not yet walk so far."

"Will you not let me drive you thither?" he said, "it is a beautiful evening."

"Do go," said Marian aside, "I shall not enjoy it alone."

I looked up and saw a deep shade on Hamilton's face, and he left the room. A sickening feeling came over me, and I said—"Forgive me dear Marian, but I cannot go, I do not feel well, I will go home."

"You look faint, you cannot walk; does your ancle pain you?" said Marian quickly.

"No, no, but I must go home." I rose to go.

"At least let James go with you, I shall not feel safe to have you go alone."

I hurried from the house, and passed Hamilton in the entry, he said only "Good evening Miss Ramsay."

"Miss Ramsay, has it come to this!" I was indeed obliged to lean on Mr. Willoughby's arm, for I was faint and sick. As I entered the house the servant gave me a message from Kathleen, that one of our intimate friends had called for her to ride, and she thought I should be willing, and had gone. I longed so much for the dear child's soothing influence that the tears sprung to my eyes when I found her gone. Mr. Willoughby followed me into my room.

"You are ill, Miss Ramsay," he said, "will you let me bring you something?" I felt that I must exert myself, and did so. "Oh no," I said, "I shall soon be better, I thank you for your assistance, do not let me keep you from Mr. B——'s."

He drew nearer to me. "Do you think Margaret," he said, "that I can leave you suffering, and be happy?"

"I am not ill, I beg you to go, Marian will be anxious."

"Oh Margaret, will you always drive me from you? What life is there for me away from you?" He knelt before me. "Dear, dear Margaret," he said, "at least tell me I may love you, that you do not hate me. I cannot forget you, cannot cease to love you; you can make me what you will, only let me be near you."

"I will not deceive you Mr. Willoughby," I said, "I do not hate you, I shall rejoice in your good fortune, especially that you should become the good and honored man you might be, but I can never love you."

"Never, Margaret? cannot years of devotion atone for youthful error, are you so unforgiving?"

"I have forgiven all the past, but we cannot be near to each other, I can never love you."

"But if I leave all my old companions, if I go to foreign climes, and return rich and respected, will you not reward my toil with at least a hope of joy?"

"I cannot give you more. For your own sake, for Marian's, I beseech you to return to your duty. I will pray for you daily, will be your friend, your sister, I can never love you."

He rose and walked the room for a moment—he returned and again said—"Margaret, best Margaret, do not cast me from you, I will speak no more of love for many months, until I can prove that I am worthy, but at least let me see you, let me be near you."

"It were kindness to refuse it," I said.

"Do not say so, let me live this time at least. May I come?"

I could not refuse. He threw himself again on his knees, and was pouring forth a profusion of thanks, when the door opened and Marian and Hamilton entered.

"I felt anxious about you, dear Margaret," said Marian, "and persuaded Hamilton to come round this way to see if you were better."

She had evidently seen and misunderstood our confusion, but she was too delicate to speak of it. Yet as she parted from me she threw her arms around me with unusual warmth, and whispered, "God bless you, my own Margaret."

At last alone, my burning heart found relief in tears. Hamilton believes that I love James, at least that I encourage his love, was my most bitter thought. Let it be so, at last I said, it will be easier for me to separate myself from him, and separated I must be. Surely Marian loves him, and who could fail to love her? God bless them both! I grew calm and greeted my returning little one with a quiet smile, and had a welcome for my new friend, who came to speak of his plans, and his hopes and fears, to his new sister.

Henry's presence always refreshed me. His life had been glad and bright, with enough of trial to mature his character; but brought up in the country, he had not the sickening sense of the extreme misery of life which haunts us in the city. I have seen poverty and sickness in the country. I have seen the old paralytic who sat alone all day, unless a wayside passenger dropped in to ask his way, and so from that she had nothing to look forward to but a coffin from the parish, and a grave; but the sun shone

brightly on her, and "the ladies were very kind to her," and I thought her rich and happy in comparison with the filth and wretchedness which I had seen in the city. It is to see young children so familiar with vice that they lisp its language unconsciously; it is to see whole families living in an air so foul that to breathe it is disease, and yet without an effort at improvement, spending every cent in a drunken frolic: it is such things as these that shake one's faith in God and humanity, and poison every joy we feel: and it was such scenes which had impressed their sad colors on Marian's soul. Her faith amid such scenes "burnt dim, like lamps in noisome air," but Henry's was a clear sunshine, which burst through the joy to dispel it. From many wandering themes, our conversation this evening turned to Marian.

"She is unlike all other women I have ever known," said Henry, "her life seems full of great thoughts, great hopes; she seems above all common things, and yet she scorns them not. Margaret," he said, "will she ever be happy in life? could she be happy in marriage?"

"Not in a poor one, or a narrow sphere," I replied; "she will carry into that relation the same great thoughts and hopes. One feeling will not content her, but I think the new affections, the more varied relations, will melt her being into harmony, and inspire her with a power of serene patience, a joyous waiting, which is what she needs."

"It is easy to wait in a circle of loving ones," said Henry.

"Yes," said I, "it is not hard to wait when we think lovingly of God and eternity, when we trust."

"Marian is very sad," he said abruptly.

I said, "yes, I think something must trouble her; she does n't complain of ill health, but she goes out little, and she who was formerly so constantly busy, I now find often sitting listless and inactive. I have been able to see little of her since my lameness has kept me mostly at home, for though she has been often here, I have had my pupils and sitters."

"Margaret," said Henry, "I know not why I cannot keep the thought of my heart from you, you will think me presumptuous, crazy; but have you not seen how deeply I love Marian? It wrings my heart to see her suffer. I did not mean to speak of this until I was something more than a poor artist, until at least I had vindicated my right to the name of artist—but now—Margaret, I have hoped—she seemed so animated, so bright in my presence, she met me so cordially, her eye beamed at my entrance; but now I am in despair; she is kind, but sad and distant. Can you encourage me?"

More, he spoke of his love; it was clear and beautiful. He acknowledged her superiority, but he felt that he could give her warm love, and that love made them equal. I hesitated what to say. I thought of Hamilton Marshall, but I was not sure. I told him my conjectures; he started with surprise. "I thought it but the natural affection of a sister," he said, "Yes, yes, is it strange that she should love him?—Oh Margaret, it was meant in kindness what I thought coldness; she has read my heart, it is a death-blow to my hopes."

"I do not bid you despair," I said, "for I cannot feel sure of this, but at least, I have been true in telling you my thoughts. Yes, too happy should I be in seeing her happy, and either you or Mr. Marshall would make her so if it lie in mortal power."

The following week I left the city for a short time. I had been asked to a country seat in Brookline, to paint some pictures, and had received an invitation to take Kathleen with me. I knew how beautifully nature would minister to her, and though I felt unwilling to leave Marian at this time, yet I consented to go.—Kathleen was in perfect delight; every flower was a new revelation to her, and she sang like a bird from morning till night. Nature, too, poured its healing influence over my soul. I had been sick at heart, and though I now felt as deeply, and loved as truly as before, I was healed; I had strength for my lot, and could look cheerfully forward into life. Every night, as the soft air among the tree tops lulled me to sleep in Kathleen's arms, I said, with you left me, I shall never be alone. Her nature was a flowing essence, musical from its freedom, but sensitive to every impression, and with me she was ever happy, and poured new hope into my life. I found it hard to teach her by common methods, but she took the heart out of the poetry; she knew the language of a flower, but could not understand its class and order, and seemed to go through forms to spirit.

I had been here about three weeks when I received a note from Hamilton Marshall. My heart beat at the sight of his hand, but I was pained at the coldness with which he commenced,

Dear Miss Ramsay,

Marian requests me to write to you, as she is at present unable to do so, and urge you, if possible, to come to her without delay. Her brother James has been thrown from a chaise, and lies dangerously ill, and is most anxious to see you. I presume I need say nothing to urge your coming, as you are always ready at the call of your friends.

Sincerely your friend,
Though in haste,
HAMILTON MARSHALL.

The thought of Marian's suffering drove away the impressions which the formality of the note had made upon me, and I made instant preparation to join her. I found her very much alarmed, and more overcome by grief than I had ever seen her. "Father's death," she said, "was expected, and I could bear it better, but just as I had hoped so much for him, oh! Margaret, it is bitter." I tried to soothe her, to inspire her with hope. "There is no hope of life," she said, "only hope beyond it—dear Margaret, I am not always so weak, but your friendly voice." She burst into tears again.

She left me and went to his room, but soon returned. "James says he must see you, will you come? Hamilton says he has had a nap, and is conscious and quiet."

I went to his bedside, and was shocked indeed at the sight. He had been much bruised, and was now intensely pale from bleeding and suffering; but he was calm. I sat down beside him, and his low, husky voice, sounded solemnly in the darkened room; I could not recognize the bold, passionate being I had last seen.

"Margaret," he said, "I have passed through a terrible struggle. I know that I must die; do you not think that must be a dreadful thing to such as I have been? Oh! Margaret, how they have come about me, the misspent years, the days of sinful pleasure. They are maddening thoughts—they have rushed past me like haunting ghosts; the revenged, the polluted, the deserted have come, and one sweet, holy form came, and turned not her face away, for she knew not how I had wronged her. Margaret I have deceived you, I have deceived him who loved you, but he knows it now, can you forgive me?"

"All, all," I said, "speak not of me, let us speak of your newer, better self; oh! that you might live to prove it."

"No, no," he said, "I cannot live, speak not of it again, to go through that awful struggle Margaret, I must speak of you, you are my better self. You do not believe in me, but I have loved you Margaret; I have insulted, wronged, deceived you, but oh! Margaret, all deeply, passionately, earnestly have I loved you, and I might have—no—I had never been worthy to possess this Heaven." My tears fell fast as he spoke; he was almost exhausted, yet still he said—"God bless you—God bless you; while life lasts come to me, come near me, and eternity—oh! Margaret, shall I be good enough to love you there?"

He was exhausted with the effort he had made. Hamilton came to lead me away, and Marian bent over him to bathe his brow. He took her hand and pressed it to his lips. "Two angels smooth my path to the grave," he said. "Do not cry, Marian, I have loved you, but I have never been good, I shall be nearer to you in Heaven."

I left the room, and Hamilton led me to my own.

"Dear Margaret," he said, "can you forgive me?" He held out his hand—

"Forgive!—It was no time to speak more, he left me, and I sank on my knees for communion with God, not prayer—petition was too poor; I entered into the holy of holies, and found rest and peace.

It was a blessed ministry, beside that dying

bed. Day by day his spirit rose higher; it was through struggle and victory, but hours did the work of years. The seeds had long been sown in the soul; all the false presence of evil influence and circumstances was taken off; the sun of love, the thought of death, ripened them fast for eternity. None were forgotten. The good aunt who watched often beside him was tenderly regarded; words of noble and tender counsel were spoken to the gay Lucille; and Hamilton, Marian and I, felt every moment of his renewed life precious. He talked little; day by day he grew weaker, and at last came the death struggle, and the soul had parted—Yet he who had been lonely in life, (for is not all sin separation?) was blessed in his death, Around him were loving hearts, and peaceful was his departure. He asked to be laid beside his father at Mount Auburn, and that on his grave should be written

"Who therefore shall love most? He to whom much is forgiven." And these words—

"I have sinned and have suffered—I am forgiven on earth. I have hope in Heaven."

The early summer flowers bloomed on the new graves, and in the summer twilights we stood around them to tell of those who lay beneath, with tearful love and forgiveness.

Although it was painful to leave Marian, I was obliged to return almost immediately to Brookline, as I was anxious about Kathleen, whom I had left there, and my work was incompleted. Lucille and her aunt were to join a party of friends for a journey, and we urged Marian to accompany them, for we felt anxious for her health after so much care and trial.—"No," she said, "I don't wish excitement, or travelling, I want rest and quiet."

In the town where Henry Wolcott's mother and sisters lived, Mr. Willoughby had a sister whom Marian had often purposed to visit, and she finally consented to go thither. Henry was full of delight at the prospect of her acquaintance with his family, and promised himself the pleasure of passing a week there during her stay. Hamilton would accompany her thither, so that I left town with a lighter heart on her account. She wept as she embraced me at parting, but her wonted strength of mind had returned, and she was kind and cheerful.

I waited long for a letter from Marian. At length, in answer to repeated letters from me, came a few lines almost illegibly written, which told me that she was experiencing a severe trouble in her eye, which she hoped would pass away.

The next came to me in a strange hand, but she still urged me to write. She could read my letters she said, and hoped soon to write. She said she had consulted a physician before leaving Boston, and was following his prescriptions, and hoped to be better. In her next she added a line to beg me to write nothing that another should not read, for she could not even read. "My new friend, Louisa Wolcott," she said, "is my kind amanuensis; I could not get along without her."

I was very much alarmed, and longed to hasten to her, but it was not practicable, and in reply to a suggestion of it, she said, "Do not come, I receive all care and kindness. There is a fiery trial coming, I must pass through it alone."

Henry had been there and spent a week, but she could not write me much of his visit. He came to see me however, and said Marian made a great effort to be cheerful, and even gay, but that something evidently weighed heavily on her heart.

I must add one paper which I received from her, written in a child's hand, probably by some of Henry's young sisters.

"Last night Louisa read to me the Prometheus of Eschylus, and so powerfully did it impress me, that I have lain awake all night thinking of it. This heroic strength—but tortured, untamed, at war with the ruler of the Universe, with the tyrannical powers—is it not my soul? how it rises up against the tyrannies of fate, custom, of earthly slavery. But I am not strong like the Titan to endure, rather do I rage through the wild like Io, finding no rest. Yet even through all has there been a great thought burning in my heart; I have felt that I suffered not alone, not for myself, but for the highest humanity.

"At morning I sat beneath the pine trees, and heard the wind sighing among them, and I was still. I held deep communion with God, and the Spirit said to me 'I have not made my world in vain, why dost thou rage, why art thou impatient? The eternal balance is nicely adjusted, and might must prevail. I have given thee might and strength, I will give thee greater things, patience, and holy trust.'

"Yes, Margaret, I am learning this mighty truth here in my suffering, here in nature's stillness. It is not indifference, God forbid! there is a mighty work to do, would that the laborers were come; but I will sow my little seed in faith, I will speak my word, and the harvest shall come.

"Margaret would not this be great, to taste a great joy, to see it clear before you, and when the fatal command came, to set down the golden cup, and looking up to God, cheerfully rejoice in his will?"

"Speak of my trial to no one, I cannot yet bear pity," were the closing words of a letter which told me that she could not use her eyes at all, and suffered much.

We were to return to Boston to attend Hamilton's exhibition. Unexpected delays in my work kept me at Brookline until the very evening previous, so that I had but a few moments conversation with Marian. Her eyes had grown rapidly worse, but she evaded my questions until our return from Cambridge. I saw that she leaned on Henry's arm, and often stumbled as she walked up the path, and that he anxiously cared for her at every step, but she appeared bright and cheerful, and said, "Do not think of me, this is Hamilton's day, we must make it bright to him."

My heart throbbed violently as he came forward to utter his thoughts on his great theme, 'The Religion of our Age,' and a new reverence mingled with my love for him as he spoke.

"Our religion," he said, "demanded wholeness. It must take up all the thoughts of the past, the great philosophies of heathen antiquity, the latest inspirations of Divinity, the teachings of the intellect, the heart, the conscience, and harmonize all; and shed its whole light into every corner of man's spirit, into every part of his daily life. It cannot suffer one of these little ones to perish. If in its wide thought, one smallest fragment of truth does not harmonize, it will not stand. If in its teachings of duty the rights of the meanest individual are infringed, it cannot stand. The seal of its testimony is that God is true, its incarnation is goodness, its worship love and beauty."

As with his clear, sweet voice, he uttered in words of fitting power these central truths, he seemed as if he was inspired by the very spirit of his Master, and I felt that I could not be false to these great truths, thus spoken.

WHAT IS A FOP?—The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one fourth walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry, there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is a son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailors' bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair, one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles, but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for devotion to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of material to put five dollars worth of beaver on five cents worth of brain.

FEMALE "MASTERS."—The committee of the Cheltenham School of Art have issued hand-bills, announcing that their pupils may in future become candidates for "masterships"—the same being open to competition among the "female" students!—*London Journal.*

An upright is always easier than a stooping posture, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful.—*Shelton.*

An affection, however misplaced and ill requited, if honestly conceived and deeply felt, rarely fails to advance the self-education of man.

For the Una.

NOTES FROM THE WEST.—NO. 4.

And what shall we say to thee, dear Una? Long, long an absentee from thy pages. If an apology is necessary for this seeming neglect, it must be elicited from the shifting scenes in the tragi-comical drama of what we call life; in the journeyings hither and thither, sometimes pleasant, and again gloomy, according to the circumstances which made them necessary; in the weariness and lassitude of mind and body, which follows long watchings by the sick couch of the best and dearest of earthly friends—the mother; and in the sad loneliness of heart, which supervenes upon the weariness when we look upon the vacant chair and couch—fully realizing that the beaming eye which has ever been as a star, emitting a hopeful ray to cheer us along the sometimes dark and weary way—now looks upon us from the spirit land, unbleared by earthly mists; and that the voice which sung our childhood's lullaby, and, in maturer years, uttered most wholesome counsel, drawn from a long experience in what we call human life—we shall hear no more until we pass the portals of another world, and learn the language of the spirit land. No, no! not wholly silent is the mother's voice. It often floats upon my ear in dreams, still faithful to the instincts of a mother's love. And while conversing of earthly ties and loves, my own heart warms and throbs with loftier aims, with purer purposes, and higher hopes.

O, earth! sometimes bright and beautiful—and again sad and gloomy—as closely as we are bound to thee by sweet and sacred ties, we would not make our dwelling-place forever here. We know there is a better world where sin, and suffering, and death, are not, and can never be.

It is night, dark starless, and gloomy. Gloomy, did I say? In the out-door elemental world, it may, it must be so. But, in the inner world, within the spirit's home, the star of Hope beams bright and clear; while Faith looks upward with an eye undimmed by doubt, and something whispers—"all's well with her,"—as if responding to the spirit's questioning voice.

Then, welcome life! Life with its storms and sunshines, and its ever shifting scenes. And if I sometimes wish to let these burning tear-drops fall upon the earth, which rests upon the mother's bosom, 'tis not a murmuring wish. My heart is strong and brave. And if it sometimes trembles, when following where duty leads, it yields to an infirmity of all earthly natures. The heart can never wholly rest this side of that "dark vale,' which lies between it and its final home.

Welcome, the big rain drops now pattering upon the roof. Like the music of "Auld Lang Syne," or like the murmuring of spirit voices, they lull the tired heart and mind to rest.

Is this a sombre note, dear Una? Then pardon the mood. Next time I will try to write more cheerily. HARRIET N. TORREY.

Canal Dover, Ohio.

P. S.—The "Una" has found its way to my new home. It seems to be almost a stranger in this part of Ohio. But its bearing is so lady-like, and its principles are so elevating, that we trust it will secure a large circle of good and true friends. In advocating woman's rights, I care less, and almost nothing at all, for the opposition of men. They usually speak it out, freely and fully, in words and actions, so that we can easily understand them, and meet them accordingly. But these women—may be I had better let them alone for the present. But we must have a plain, honest talk about matters concerning ourselves, and consequently the rest of the human race, without blarney or circumlocution, before long. So, good bye, most excellent sisters, until the weather changes.

H. N. T.

THE MAN IN THE OMNIBUS.

Jolting down 4th Avenue the other day, (what an excruciating pavement that always is, to be sure!) my eye was arrested by the new and very unique church just building on the corner of 20th street; the material of which is a very white, imported stone, alternating with Philadelphia or Baltimore brick. The white and red stand forth in very sharp contrast.

This is destined to be, I doubt not, a very tasteful and elegant edifice. And yet, as our "cave" moved on, my eye fell upon a butcher's shop, next door, the exposed, inside wall of which, next to the church was most sanguinarily hung with a broad expanse of roast-beef.

Now, how perverse the human mind is; I saw in the beef, a streak of fat and a streak of lean. And, in that elegant church edifice close alongside, what else could my perverted sense see there, also, than—a streak of fat and a streak of lean. A most ridiculous and annoying thing! But I could not help it. The idea was lodged, and every time I pass that charming new church, I see, and cannot help seeing, roast-beef all over it.

I therefore strongly protest against that butcher's shop, next door to the church. Let the church buy that butcher out. I verily should strongly suspect, (if the butcher were not there before the church,) that this mischevious public purveyor, like the livery stable-men, who rent a vacant lot in the most fashionable quarters and begin to keep a stable in order to be bought off by an indignant neighborhood also knew what colors the tasteful J. Wrey Mould was going to employ, and purposely put up his perfidious roast-beef as an extortionary feature in the landscape.—*Musical World.*

"Climates as soft may greet ye, O lovers—skies as serene, and waters as blue and calm.—But *that time*, can it evermore return? Who shall say that the heart does not change with the scene—the place where we first dwelt with the beloved one? every spot *there* has so many memories which the place only can recall. The past that haunts it seems to command such constancy in the future. If a thought less kind, less trustful, enter within us, the sight of a tree under which a vow has been exchanged, a tear has been kissed away, restores us again to the hours of the first divine illusion. But in a home where nothing speaks of the first nuptials, where there is no eloquence of association, no holy burial-places of emotions, whose ghosts are angels! yes, who that has gone through the sad history of affection will tell us that the heart changes not with the scene!"

"Truth can no more be seen by the mind unprepared for it, than the sun can dawn upon the midst of night. Such a mind receives truth only to pollute it, as he who pours water into the muddy well does but disturb the mud."

"It is such happiness to the pure to love—but oh, such more than happiness to believe in the worth of the one beloved."

"To the man who aspires to know, no man who has been the meanest student of knowledge should be unknown."

[For the Una.]

UNREST.

Verily, I am the veriest slave
Vaunting the while of my liberty,
But, Oh! nevermore till I sleep in my grave,
Spirit of UNREST, can I be free.

Oft when the whole wide world lies still,
Thrilled by the sky to soft waking dreams,
My soul seems drinking of peace its fill,
Then, like the lightning thy weird face gleams.

Then of the frailest my soul is type,
Quivering under thy gloomful eye;
Tossed about like a thistle stipe,
Whirled like a leaf through an angry sky.

It creepeth in when I kneel to pray,
It shakes my heart with a fretful fear,
Haunting the hours of the holy day,
Meeting me ever with scoff and jeer.

The hearts where my whole heart at anchor lay,
It comes between us with jealous sigh,
And they have but passed from my eyes away,
That my being is wrung with a restless cry.

And all of pleasure, it knows thy touch,
And all of pain is more dread for thee;
Thy name is legion, thy power is such
That one might crave with the dead to be.

And verily, I am the veriest slave,
I will vaunt no more of my liberty;
For Oh, nevermore till I sleep in my grave,
Spirit of Unrest, can I be free.

Hartford. SALLIE.

For the Una.

LOST.

Lost were the pretty ones wandering,
Pretty babes in the wild hearted wood,
With the birds over head dirges chaunting,
They were gathered by Heaven Spirits good.

Lost, lost in the mad calling waters,
Poor sailor boy, household bewept,
Mother-tears—cloud angels caught her's!
And rained on his face where he slept.

Lost, lost in the dreary old city,
Went an idiot child up and down;
Ah, rich little poor one! God's pity
He saw in each cold angry frown.

Lost, lost, lost woman! so dying,
Anguished and outcast and lone;
Christ hears the penitent's sighing—
Magdalen, HE shall atone!

LOST, Lady! *false love* she voweth,
Bride-robed, her soul hath a stain;
Lady, thy white angel goeth,
Ere will he find thee again! SALLIE.

Hartford.

"Without kings, men must be safe; and without priests, minds must be free."

"The advice of worldly prudence would as often deter from the risks of virtue as from the punishments of vice."

"The thoughts of souls that would aspire as mine, are all prayer."

NEW YORK, Oct. 1854.

My Dear Una,

It is a long time since I sent you a voice out of this Babel, though I perceive you have not been without some one to keep your books posted in relation to the progress of events here.

City life, after all, grows very monotonous, at least in its external aspects. You must go beneath the surface to come at variety. There it is as endless and diversified as the changing faces of a summer cloud. But mere *news* has ceased to be the exclusive property of cities. Almost all that is worth knowing, comes from abroad. We who are here, are as much on the *qui vive* to know what you dwellers in the "rural districts" are at, as you can possibly be about our goings on.—Murders cannot, in the nature of things, keep our hair on end as they used to, when we have nine on the criminal calendar at once, and a new one chronicled in every morning's Tribune. Of course, robberies, manslaughters, arsons and midnight attacks, have long since grown vulgar by mere dint of multitude, and all the more genteel classes of crimes, *a la* Schuyler, have been transferred from the column of crimes to that of "thrilling news" or "astounding developments." And yet, I doubt if ever, in its history, New York had more goodness and nobleness in it than it has on this blessed twenty-fifth of October 1854. Never before had so many true hearts so much hope in them, or a stronger will to work out what they deem the good of the race. Fanatical philanthropy is growing cooler, and the hairbrained are becoming more practical and matter of fact—admitting by their actions that this world is an actuality, which must be met on its own level, if ever it is to be benefitted by reproof or advice.

Never was there a time when the hopes and the visions of those who hate whatever *is*, seemed so likely to find fruition and fulfilment as now. In all the departments of thought and action, the fountains of the great deep are broken up, and a degree of freedom is enjoyed of which its participants once had never dared even to dream. Party ties are frailer even than flax in the fire, and astute as the lawyers of the quaker city are proverbially esteemed, it would really puzzle any of them to put an authentic label on himself in our political contests. All sorts of people are putting up all sorts of tickets on all sorts of issues, and the man who cant find a ticket of his own particular stripe, should at once set his house in order for emigration to the "Foo-foo Islands" or some other similar hypothetical locality. He is past cure, and totally unfit for participation in the strifes of this mundane sphere.

Among them all there is one which is attracting the smiles, not only of its foes, but even of some of those who are relied on to give it a respectable show at the polls. This is the the Ullmann and Scroggs ticket, commonly called the "Know-Nothing." The fundamental idea of this party which rallies around this euphonious pair, is the proscriptive exclusion of all foreign born citizens from every office in the country, and the persecution of the Roman Catholics to the verge of their naked legal rights. In order to estimate what I conceive to be the wicked, intolerant and anti-Christian character of this crusade, we have on l to remember that the foreigners who are here, are, first of all, our brethren—the children of a common Father, to whose just and inpartial eyes no national lines interpose barriers between different classes of his children—that they are here by our invitation—that every one of the great works of improvement of which we so loudly and so justly boast, is moistened with their honest sweat, paid for, Heaven knows, not at all too generously—that they have come, generally, from among governmental and social influences little calculated to render them meek, generous or self-forgetful in a land where for the first time, they feel the liberty of conscious manhood coursing through their veins—and lastly that they and their children after them, come what may, must inevitably stay here and live and die and be buried here, side by side with us and our children, for here they have cast their lot and here is the land of their deliverance, their possessions and their hopes. Does it seem possible for men whom we esteem in all the ordinary relations of life—men of honor and even of generosity in other matters, can think of all these things, and then deliberately join themselves to a clique so narrow, so bigoted, so ineffably mean, and brave all the direful consequences which, the pregnant experience of other countries has shown us, must surely follow a persistence in this effort to exasperate the prejudices of races and religions?

But even this has its ludicrous side. The candidate of this faction for Governor, Mr. Daniel Ullmann, is a pert young lawyer of this city, ranking a good way below the first rank in his profession, with the touch of the swell, a happy faculty of making an off-hand speech, wherein he shall say you nothing in particular, and on the top of all this a professed woman killer, before whose victorious and all conquering fascinations,matrons, widows and maids alike fall prostrate and overpowered. By the constitution of the "order" it is, naturally enough, required that he who bears aloft the banner of proscription, shall have first seen the light of day through an American sky.

But lo! after Mr. Daniel Ullmann has, with infinite labor and delay, been pitched upon as the Coryphocus whose discordant note of bigotry was to give the pitch to the multifarious croak of his "Know Nothing" conferes, all of a sudden somebody arises and announces the solemn fact that the great chief of the *Native Americans*, disturbed with the first faint cry that distended his infant lungs, the balmy airs of—Hindostan! Here is a dilemma! The first thing to be done when the Know Nothings come to victory, must be to *depose their own Governor* for the atrocious crime of being a foreigner. This, with the sweet sounding name of the candidate of the party for Lieutenant Governor, Scroggs! has put the whole nation on the broad grin, and as a natural consequence, I perceive by the telegraphic announcements, that *Ex*-Governor Ullmann has "put out" for the west, where it is shrewdly suggested by the *Evening Pest*, he has gone to institute an inquiry for his birth-place. I venture to suggest that he might as well keep on to San Francisco, and there take ship for Calcutta. His political prospects will not suffer from his absence.

The overwhelming defeat of the Nebraska negro catchers and Slavery extenders, in Ohio, Pennsylvania and Indiana, leaves little room to doubt what will be the voice of New York or of Massachusetts. It is even believed that the low and vulgar demagogue who has the credit of being the leader of this last betrayal of liberty, is to be sorely chastised and shelved in his own State. But we shall see—

This will do about politics.

You and I have often read and talked about the poor creatures who make shirts at a dollar a dozen. I have *found one in real life*—a widow with two small children, actually working her eyes out to make a whole shirt for *eight cents!* She doesn't make shirts for a living *now*, thank God. But she is one of thousands who are daily fainting and dying by the way side, or going down into the chambers to which the grave is a paradise.

While these are perishing for the pittance of food to-day that shall strengthen their arms for further toil to-morow, the splendid new Metropolitan Theatre and the still more magnificent new Opera House in Irving Place have both been opened for the rich and happy. There I have seen and heard the "Queen of the Lyric Stage" and her handsome young husband the "Prince of Tenor." Never have I seen acting till I saw Grisi—never heard I perfect male voice until I listened to the Geuvaro of Mario. If it were not for the great galleries of pictures, and the vast buildings and the associations of thousands of years, that will not come over here, even at the invitation of Barnum himself, why need we go to Europe? why, even Rachel is to be here in a fortnight! Yes, the wild, passionate Jewess is coming over to take us captive with the irresistible charm of her subtle genius. Let her come! We are ready.

It seems a profanation to speak above one's breath of the great agony that has come upon us within these last, sorrowful weeks. Shame is so stifling a sensation, and indignation at selfish, cowardly baseness, does so choke one! "Not one woman saved—not one child!" were the bitter, burning words with which the *Express* headed its stern rebuke of the coward knaves, who fled from honor and duty on the Arctic. Only fifty-nine women on board, with more than three hundred men, and of the hundred or thereabouts saved, "not one woman—not one child!" A few and but a few of the noble and the true returned to tell us of their companions in disaster, but the mass of the rescued were of common clay, the low, the selfish, the ignoble—men whose aggregate of worth to the world, were less than the least of the noblemen of nature, who scorned to purchase life with dishonor, but nobly clung by the deserted, trembling, perishing women, who stood in mute despair on that sinking deck. Let them keep the boon of life! To them it is their all. But there were those in that struggling crowd, to whom the cold waters opened for the first time, bright visions of congenial life. To them death had not the frightful face it wore to mere worldlings—and to many of them the stern message was tempered with sweet consolation. For there were whole families there, no one of whose members lived to mourn the rest, but all went hand in hand, through the eternal gates. The noble but unfortunate

commander, whose nerves were scarcely steady enough to govern the wild confusion of the wreck, but whose soul was too great to permit him to think of himself when those given him in charge were perishing around him, went down with his gallant ship into the waste of waters, and yet lives! Shall we not speak gently and reverently of one whom our Father has so signally saved, with his great sorrows pressing heavily upon him! His passengers, so many of the young, the good and the beautiful, and then his "darling Willie," who was smitten dead in his arms, at the moment when life came glimmering back to him on the night of his despair. Let us have no unseemly adulation, but let us have a kindly silence.

Here let me pause, dear Una. Farther speech I cannot essay, after this sad topic. For days before I heard of it, it lay like a nightmare on my soul, and now its shadow, dark and gloomy, is flung forward on my path, even beyond this present hour. Farewell. ISOLA.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

There he sits, by the glowing grate, with his smoking cap upon the elbow of the chair; his slippered feet upon an embroidered *tabouret*; his white hands just crawling out of the sleeves of his oriental dressing gown; and the morning paper folded over his knee. A couple of sprightly neices are hanging over the back of his chair; one peering for small rents in his apparel, the other pulling out the gray hairs, to which the old bachelor bids a very philosophical "Good Bye," considering how long, how well, and how once so proudly, they have served him.

"Uncle you do need a wife, now that you cannot buy a new coat, a dozen of shirts, every month," says the first comforter. "I wont mend for you; and ma says"—but uncle stops the report by a dozen, or so of kisses; comforter No. 2 begins, Uncle how these gray hairs thicken, and grow pale! I dont believe you can get a wife now, unless you advertise in the papers after this wise,

"A gentleman of unexceptionable character, good family and religious tastes, with the remnant of a fine fortune, about sixty years of age"—"No; no; fifty! fifty! not yet fifty, in wear and tear; in any of the outward insignia of"—"Look at these gray hairs!" and comforter No. 2 holds up a handful for a mattrass. "How was it Uncle?" whispers comforter No. 3, creeping between his knees, and holding up her cherub mouth for a kiss, "why did'nt you get married as papa did?"

And then Uncle begins his old mumbling story, of the hearts he has smashed, and the fancies he has smitten, the long-ago legends of matrimonial conspiracies against his peace and single blessedness; and paternal admonitions to submit himself to all the conservative, strengthening, and hallowing influences of the wedding ring, and its sequences—There is nothing new in the narative; the girls have heard it all before; and they bid him "good morning," and haste away to school.

Has the old bachelor told all? No! Away, away, in the very donjon keep of memory is a tale he never tells. There is the remembrance of her whose wand, of magic beauty, first smote his fancy; and broke through his senses, to his heart. There is his first love! in its highest sense, his last, his *only love*.

Why is he an old bachelor? and why lived she, through all her life, an "old maid?" Neither were of independent fortune; each had been taught to expect, in a connubial partnership, to make up from the other's purse, the deficit in their own; and these twain could not do it for each other. The bachelor loved then with a high and engrossing affection.—Worldly considerations were for the time, set all aside; the old plans were as naught to him, now; and, when he proposed to share his hopes, his aspirations, his toils, and his expected successes with her he so loved, it seemed as a sacrilegious shock to him that money should be the "one thing needful." The parents of his enamorata had answered. She would have waited; but this they would not permit; and so there was a separation. There was rebellion of two young hearts against what? Society, with its selfish laws, and theories, and practices? O, no! It was murmuring against what both called "Fate," and yielded to, as to an inevitable wrong. Had the young bachelor, and the young maid, been educated to consider as the greatest wealth the healthful, well developed powers of mind, and body, that each possessed; had it been as fashionable as it might have been easy, for them to go hand in hand, into the fields of honest toil; she, with her eye for the beautiful, and quick apprehension for the graceful, and artistic; he with his knowledge of the strong, and classical; and his hand to bind, in shining mechanism, the forces of Nature: had it been thus, they could have clasped each other to the heart; and gone forth; not from the paradise of youth to the great desert world beyond but, from the world without, to a world now all their own, where each hand planted, watered, and gathered its own fruit, in its ripeness; and he should receive from her, of that tree of knowledge, which groweth only in such an Eden here; but is promised, also, in the Paradise above.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF WOMEN.

The duties of women have long been preached, their rights are more recently asserted.—Yet logically speaking, the former should first have received the philosopher's attention, for the latter follows sequentially. There can be no responsibilities where there is no individuality; no sin where there is no free will. The duties of man lie enveloped in his rights, as the blossom is folded in the bud; and so it is with woman. Define her rights; and then can more easily be estimated the duties which germinate from thence.

Has she a right to accumulate, to possess, and so to dispense property? Then, and not till then, preach to her of alms, and the sin of mammon worship. Has she a right to preach, to lecture, to improvise in public? Then, and not till then, preach to her of the Pharisee, who prayed at the corner of the streets; and of the sin that hisseth in the idle word. Has she a right to her own person, her own love, to make her own means, and choose her own lover? Then, and not till then, may obedience exacting parents preach to her of uncleanness; and the sin of the seventh commandment.—Has she a right to her own child, the babe that lieth in her bosom, to watch over it, and guide it, even to manhood? Then, and not till then, preach to her of the sin of Eli; and repeat the appropriate proverbs of King Solomon.

But there are many now who have decided upon these, and all kindred rights; and yet forget the duties which are the offspring thereof. As well should the tree forget to bud, to blossom, and to bear its fruit, as the seeker of new rights forget to look for the new duties. Have you discovered how you may go forth, with man, upon the arena of power, and public action? O, then remember, too, the right, the new duty, to be great, and charitable, magnanimous, and noble. Forget now the little things behind you, of the older women-life; and press on to the new and better things before. Forget all strifes and jealousies, and vain gloryings, and small conceits, and great rivalries. Remember that they are unworthy of the man; and much more of the woman, who, if she gains the power and place of man, is henceforth richer, greater, nobler, than the first lord of earth, and oldest heir of heaven. For this "right" cannot come to you fruitless; But whether the fruit be well developed from the bud; or if, neglected, the worm shall revel there, the worm that will not die; whether these woman's rights are to be received from God, with all their train of Christian duties, waiting on His will and word; or whether they are to be striven for, as the archangels fought for newer power and glory, this is the question; and, in its answer, is the issue of life unto life, or death unto death, for those whose battle cry is ringing through the land.

"Thou art unfit for science, for thy whole nature is one fear! Yes, Fear of the worst kind: fear of the world's opinion: fear of individuals, fear of thine own impulses when most generous: fear of thine own powers when thy genius is most bold; fear that virtue is not eternal; fear that God does not live in Heaven to keep watch on earth; fear—the fear of *little* men, and that fear is never known to the great."

BOOK NOTICES.

TWENTY YEARS IN THE PHILIPPINES.—Translated from the French of Paul P. De La Gironieve, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Published by Harper and Brothers, 1854. For sale by Burnham and Brothers, Boston.

An interesting and lively book, containing some descriptions of wonderful events and imminent dangers, together with much information of the natives, their habits, and manner of life.

AUBREY, a new novel by the author of Ravenscliff, and other books. No. 190 of Harpers and Brothers, Library of select novels. For sale by Burnham and Brothers, Boston.

For some purposes of instruction this novel may be read, but we doubt whether they would be of any very great utility.

The deep heart is quiet
It breatheth no more,
Like the tide of the world
On eternities shore—
A calm face smiled o'er me
The billows were still,
And I yielded in silence
I bowed to God's will,
Oh, the deep earnest eyes that looked into my soul
I could not but yield to their silent control.

I was sad, I was restless
I trembled to see
Every one in the world
Doing something but me,
Now alone 'neath the shadows
In quiet I lie
And smile on the life
That goes hurringly by,
Oh, the deep earnest voice whispered peace to my soul
And I could not but yield to its gentle control.

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, NOVEMBER, 1854.

We have been frequently requested to reprint our Report on Education, given at the second Convention held in Worcester.

Hitherto we have been restrained from so doing, by motives of delicacy; we hesitated to give to a part of our readers what they were already familiar with, feeling that however unworthy the thought we had to offer, it might interest more than that which they had already read. But now, while held in bed by lung fever, and forbidden by our medical attendant the use of our pen, and told very gravely, not even to think, (as though that were a matter of the will,) we have marked some passages of said report, and shall allow it to fill our usual place, trusting that ere another month, the *blessed healing water* will have so far invigorated us, that sleep will return to our weary nights, and we shall no longer be under the necessity of smuggling pencil and paper into bed in order to utter a word to those whose interests have been first in our heart of hearts, for the last year or two, and who have been the subject of our night thoughts through all this fever and weariness. But the weak plaints of the sick are not words to be spoken to those who need a cheerful note, a word of encouragement, and we forbear, till we have strength to guide our pen with a firm hand and a strong brave heart.

REPORT ON THE EDUCATION OF FEMALES;

BY MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS.

Given at the Convention in Worcester, Mass., October 16, 1851.

* * * * * *

By Equality, we do not mean either identity or likeness, in general or in particulars, of the two sexes; but, equivalence of dignity, necessity and use; admitting all differences and modifications which shall not affect a just claim to equal liberty in development and action.

In the respective sexes, the faculties having the same general use, character, and name, may differ greatly in force or in acuteness, in some quality of substance or of action, without being thereby divorced from each other in their drift toward the same objects, and without affecting the whole method and movement of either of them, so as to throw it out of harmony with the other. Indeed, Nature seems never to repeat herself, and no individual is equal in fact and form with any other in the universe; and it is quite consonant with this principle of creation that sex should impress still a different *kind* of variety upon all faculties, feelings and vital forces, than those of measure and degree, simply. And if it be so, it should, rather than any other sort of difference, be exempted from the degradation of relative inferiority. The wise and the less wise, the strong and the weak of the same sex, may more justly be ranked and valued against each other; for they are sufficiently alike in texture, quality, and mode of action, to admit of comparison and relative estimate; but the essential difference of sex refuses any logical basis for measurement, as by weight and scale. There is no philosophy in balancing light against heat, love against knowledge, force against agility, or mathematics against imagination, and deriving thence a sort of feudal subordination among the subjects of the sciences of chemistry, mental philosophy, and social and civil government.

The differences which we admit are, on the contrary, reciprocal, and really adjust the sexes to each other, and establish mutuality where otherwise there would be but an aggregation of like to like, without relief to monotony or increase in efficiency. It is only in materialism that addition of similars adds to their value: a fool is no help to a wise man in thinking, nor a coward to a brave one in daring and enduring. In physical life there is this broad provision, that all difference in kind is available, and not *less or more* only is the measure of increase, but all variety is riches. Differences in moral and intellectual things, if regarded as antagonism to the extent of the unlikeness, would render any consistent system of organization impossible.—Thus: Woman, from her conceded superiority in the family affections, would be entitled to exclusive control in the domestic function; her higher and more susceptible religious constitution would give her the monopoly of the *priestly* office; and her eminent moral endowments fit her for the rule of *social life* and *manners*, including all those municipal laws which regulate the relations of men to each other in civil society. So that the professions of Law, Theology, and Medicine, in nearly all its branches, would belong to her by right of special fitness, and men, by the same rule, would be wholly excluded. This principle of distribution would leave—what would it leave to the sole administration of men? Nothing but the ordering of those affairs, and the cultivation of those sciences, for which their ruder strength of muscle, greater bluntness of nerve, and firmer quality of logical reasoning, if they have all these, or either of them, qualify them. In general terms, the cultivation of those physical sciences which direct in the use of mechanical forces, and those coarser competitions and ruder conflicts of men, which foreign commerce and destructive wars require, would fall to the province of the sterner sex.

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When the argument for restraint is rested upon Woman's alleged *incapacities*, we might triumphantly answer, that where an actual and obvious incapability is seen and known among men, their eligibility is not therefore taken away, but that incapacity is found in itself a sufficient bar to great abuses, and a sufficient protection of the interests to be affected; at least, no other is adopted. Certain men, ay, multitudes of them, are unfit for lawyers, physicians, governors, and military officers; yet, the chance and hope are left freely open to all these as well as to the most capable without mischief, and the world gets along as well as it deserves, and as well as it wishes, notwithstanding. Incompetency, in all these cases, (and they are myriads) is not excluded from office, rank, and honorably remunerated service by legal impediments, or the force of custom and opinion, which are quite as rigorous and absolute in their rule. Justice and consistency alike demand that the avenues of hope and life shall be opened as fairly and freely to the excluded sex as to the notoriously incompetent of the other, and there can be no doubt that it may be done in every department of human affairs as safely, to say the least. The common sense of the world will be as able to protect itself in the one case as in the other; and besides, the Providence of Heaven is responsible for the safe working of all the forces which He has provided for the conduct of human life.—If women really cannot practice medicine, law, and theology, well and safely, the sick, the suitors, and the suffering sinners will discover the fact, and there is nothing specially put in danger by the trial except the illiberal opinion which refuses it. But this objection is in itself so weak and unwarranted, that it may be justly set down as merely arrogant and selfish. Medical schools, for instance, are really not closed against women because they *cannot* acquire the knowledge of the profession and practice it successfully, but because they *can* do both, and threaten very seriously to wrest the business from the hands which have so long usurped it. And, surely, there is no likelihood that the "weaker sex" would betray the science into greater confusion and disgrace than the dozen or twenty conflicting systems have done, which now divide and distract the world about their rival merits. No, no, gentlemen; theory and practice are not so well established in medicine as to prove the sole capability of the sex which has appropriated its authority and delivered its oracles for the last few centuries of modern history. The world has lost its respect for the pompous mystery of the craft, and the chaos you have created where we looked for light and certainty, disproves your proud pretension of exclusive fitness in the sex which bears the responsibility. Beards and wigs have gone so nearly into bankruptcy in this business, that they cannot refuse the fresh partners and increased capital that are wanting to repair their failing fortunes!

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This may seem over-bold and direct, and wanting in reverence, if not in sober earnestness; but it may as well be said here as elsewhere, that the best intelligence and integrity of the age, feel the faults we censure, and are almost hopeless of a thorough remedy, while the administration continues in the hands of those who are, by their education, made perpetual successors to the evil inheritance and devoted to its continuance. The democratic method, which is reversing as fast as it can, all the precedents of antiquity in this matter of office and civil and social trusts, is nothing else than a protest against the claim of exclusive qualification by the old incumbents and their legitimate disciples. This rising idea *we* push forward to the full truth which there is in it. To the popular cry, *Admit the People* to the temples of their own religion, to the bench of their own Courts, to the halls of their own Legislatures, to the doctorate of the learned professions, and the throne of their own sovereignty, we add, *Admit the* WHOLE *People*, if ye would be true to your own idea, and worthy of your own liberty.

It is simply a matter of fact, and, therefore, of observation and not of argument, that a woman will reach the justice of a case by such intellect as God has given her, helped by her fine intuitions and nice moral instincts, where the cramp logic of a mere lawyer shall utterly fail to find either a reason or a precedent. In great confidence we venture the assertion, now, that the science of law is destined to find its necessary regeneration at last in that special aptness for moral truth, which is the characteristic of the female mind. Boldly, but warily, we put these points in the conviction, which rests, woman-like, upon its own intrinsic clearness, and trusts itself to its self-evident proofs, that the several mischiefs of the learned professions we so freely criticise, arise out of the ex-

clusion of that refining and correcting element which woman's mind alone can supply, in all the interests and uses which these professions are intended to subserve.

There is another pretence upon which the existing restraints are fastened, like hand-cuffs, upon womanhood, to wit: the indelicacy, indecorum, or impropriety of such greater range and freedom as we claim for her. To this, it is quite sufficient to reply, that the greater delicacy, purity, and sensitiveness of the sex, are the very things, of all others, that can best take care of themselves in such exposure, which, be it observed, is to be in all cases, free and voluntary, and so a matter of taste and choice. And is it too much, or too severe to say, that women must be better fitted to settle all questions which concern their own delicacy, than the admitted obtuseness and coarseness of men, in these respects, supposes them to be? If they really are just what this idea ascribes to them, they are the best guardians of their peculiarity, by the natural rule that makes MICHAEL ANGELO the standard in Statuary, NEWTON in Astronomy, HANDEL in Music, and, in general, the divine right of fitness, by which the highest endowed in any gift or grace, gives the law which governs in its proper province. The officious interference of men, in such matters proves the want of the qualifying modesty, and is simply impertinent, where it is not also arrogant and meanly tyrannical; and our answer to all such assumption is—Open the possibilities of active life to woman freely, and by her own instincts and fitnesses she will find her place, as certainly as the planets and their satelites find their orbits and movements by their own proper attractions and repulsions. Only do not legislate presumptuously and despotically in matters wherein sovereign Nature has already ordained the law, and can guard it well by adequate rewards and penalties, without the help of customs and conventions.

But let it suffice for this whole argument, that we do not claim for woman parallelism, equality, or superiority of constitution, capacity or office, as against men, but we merely claim the freedom of her proper life, whatever that may prove to be, upon fair trial; we claim the privilege and the opportunity for unfolding all her powers, in the conditions and with the helps most favorable for the possibilities of growth, and the full play of all those hopes, incentives, and prospects, whose monopoly has developed man unto her master, and enslaved and degraded her, in the proportion that they have been withheld from her.

Esteeming this position as clear and secure, as it is reasonable and just, we pass now to notice, in very general statement, and in as brief terms, the policy of education, as it exists at present, in reference to the two sexes respectively.

There are in the United States, about one hundred and twenty Literary Colleges, forty-two Theological Seminaries, forty-seven Law Schools, and forty Medical Colleges. Of these two hundred and fifty public institutions of learning, in its higher grades and most valuable directions, not a half dozen admit women to their privileges! They are endowed by both public and private munificence, for Government has taken education into the care of the State, and made its support compulsory as any other duty of citizenship, upon the community. Scarcely a man of distinction in the nation but has received the State's bonus for accepting his education; he has been educated at the expense of the Public Treasury, and afterwards rewarded with honors and offices, both public and private, for the improvement he has made of it.—The graduates of Harvard receives each, the sum of one thousand dollars over and above the amount he pays for the expenses of his tuition. This is the gratuity to graduates in the literary department only; but to the student of law, there is appropriated, besides, the sum of eighty-six dollars; to each medical student, twenty-seven dollars; and the divinity student takes about one thousand dollars.

This is a sample, a liberal one, perhaps, but it presents the case and exhibits the rule. And let it be understood, that no exception is taken to this beneficent appropriation of the funds provided. Would it were ten times more, and proportionately more efficient for all the purposes which liberal education should answer in the world.

But how stands the other side of the account? Oberlin, in Ohio, and the Central College of New York, are the only literary institutions of the higher grade, which admit women to their advantages. Medical colleges are so numerous and so easily established, that we find three or four in Ohio, one or two in New York, and one in Vermont, which raise no question of sex with their pupils.

Below this higher style of schools, and above the common elementary and grammar schools, there are the following establishments for women and girls, and none other, in the Union: A Normal school for young ladies in Massachusetts; two Normal Schools, for both sexes, in the same State; one for both sexes at Albany; and one for young ladies at Philadelphia. If there be another in the nation, it has escaped our search. These are, more or less, supported by public contributions, some of them wholly at the expense of the State or city, in which they are located. And we must add to the account, a School of Design for women, something more than two years old, in Philadelphia, established at first, and sustained alone by Mrs. Sarah Peters, of that city, and now for some months under the able care of the Franklin Institute. In this institution, drawing, designing, wood-engraving, and lithographing are already taught with great success. The pupils number about sixty, and are of a class of women just such as are best fitted to make the experiment with—intelligent, respectable, and earnest in their purpose, and successful, beyond all expectation in their first attempt. The example of this excellent institution has been followed, recently, in Boston, and bids fair to attain equally high results. The provision for the support of these two schools is as yet casual and temporary, but we cannot doubt that they will secure themselves in the public regard, and become as permanent and strong as they are beneficent.—What a contrast in the two sides of this picture! On the one side, millions of money, one entire profession of talented men, and national and individual enthusiasm, all devoted to the development of the masculine mind in all directions which can give it strength and brightness and win for it honor and wealth. On the other side, the late reluctant grace of a pittance, here and there vouchsafed, within the last year or two, to the importunity of appeals that were often scorned, even at the moment they were granted!

Not yet a law school, nor a theological, (for Oberlin does not ordain her pupils, though she instructs them,) nor any number of medical schools of note, have made our sex welcome to their privileges and benefits. And the Literary Colleges are but two, of one hundred and twenty, which admit them to equal favor with their happier brethren.

We present the startling facts to our brethren's faces—we spread them before the world, and ask its justice.

We say that Women are not proved incapable, but that they are kept in ignorance; first, by the denial of systematic education, ample and adequate; and next, by the withdrawal and withholding of all those useful and honorable posts, places, and functions, from them as a sex, which are the proper incentives to the successful pursuit of learning.

We do not go so far as to say that eminent attainment is, in *every* case, impossible, while its due rewards are denied, for there are glorious examples of women, whom the innate and irrepressible impulse of great capacity has sufficed, and who have surprised, while they have rebuked the world, by the energy of their spontaneous self-development; but we do complain, that nothing less than that genius, which can create its own occasions, and erect its own monuments in the very face of besieging foes, may suffice to show a woman great and noble in word and deed. We complain, that a woman must unsex herself, in the world's judgment, if she would give outlet to the highest life within her; that she is shunned and mobbed if she dare do any thing that might be noticed in the newspapers; that she is required to starve either soul or body, or both, rather than endeavor for life and independence in any walk of business or work, however suitable it may be, if it has been hitherto forbidden to her. And we complain that the gallantry, which flatters her as a menial, a toy, and an idiot, should mock, insult, and crush her, so soon as she endeavors to be only a Woman.

It will not be required of us here, to argue the benefits and blessings of appropriate culture of the rational and moral faculties of our common nature. That subject is at rest, with respect to the favored sex, and there can be no difficulty or hesitation about applying the general principle to all the cases which in any way come under it; but we have a suggestion to make, which every way concerns our argument, for the emancipation of Woman.

Hitherto restrained, as a general rule, to the duties and drudgeries of the domestic relations, and cultivated chiefly, when cultivated at all, for the delights of her affectional nature, the heart is disproportionately developed, and she is made a creature of pure feeling and passionate impulse. All aspiration, all heroism, all nobleness, all distinction, tolerated and encouraged in her, is in the direction of the passions and emotions only. Intellectual culture of any kind, which might abate, or steady, or balance feeling, is held unwomanly; and the sex is enslaved by the disproportionate activity of its own distinguishing traits. We demand a due cultivation of intellectual faculties of every kind, and in every department of business that invites; in order, mainly, that she may be delivered from the bondage imposed, through the over-strength of her heart, exaggerated by the weakness of her head.

Madness is a fixed idea. Monomania is the concentration of the whole mental force in the actions of a single faculty. Due distribution of sensibility and of action is the health, as well of the mind as of the body. Symmetry, harmony, and balance, are the conditions of beauty, energy, and integrity. Whatever accidental incapacity women may be charged with; whatever indifference they may exhibit to their own highest well-being, is owing to the monstrous

wrongs of that system, which has warped them into the weakness of feeling, unguarded and undirected by an equally developed understanding.

In the material world the various objects are put to the use in which they best serve the lord of the creation. This is right; for they have their whole existence for his uses. But *human* beings have a destiny of their own to fulfill, and it is a wanton desecration of their nature to cultivate and employ only its strongest points, because these best subserve a master's interests; and, with the same view, to crush out all the rest of the faculties of the immortal soul.

It is true that the gentler sex are loveliest of the two in the offices of affection, and the relations of the family and the home; but the argument of the oppressor is, that she should therefore be limited and restrained to the domestic sphere in all the aims and activities of her life. Would HE like the even application of the principle which would exclude him from the realm and the rule that he claims in the heart, because of his comparative inferiority? This would be equity; but it is not a balance of rights on which the usurpation builds itself. In plain terms, the virtues in which the feminine character is pre-eminent, are esteemed for their *use*, their value as a *commodity*, and a convenience and delight to her owner.

The tempter of mankind is represented as destroying his victims by using their passions to induce their ruin. This is *diabolical* only because of the malignity of its purpose. The abuse, the degradation and ruin of "the sex" is accomplished through the same agencies, but with kindlier intentions. It is, therefore, only *selfish* and *savage*, relieved by the mixture of tenderness which the lower instincts supply.

The peculiarities of her sex, its very excellences which are her charm, are, also, her bane. We demand education, therefore, in every direction that can give efficiency to the intellect, light to the feelings, and harmony and dignity to the whole character, for the sake of that moral and rational liberty which depends upon the integral development of the whole being together.

It would be in the drift of our present reflections, and greatly contribute to the completeness of our argument, to dwell in detail upon the difference in range, thoroughness and value of the branches of education taught to the male and female pupils under the prevailing system.

In the well established colleges for male students, instruction as thorough as the student can receive, is given in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Spanish and French; Mathematics, comprehending Geometry and Algebra, plain and spherical Trigonometry, and analytical Geometry; Ancient and modern History; Rhetoric, Psychology, Logic, Ethics, Political Economy, the Evidences of Religion, Chemistry, Botany, Physics, Mineralogy, Geology, Astronomy, and practice in Composition and Elocution. And after a course which, added to the preparatory term of study, covers seven or eight years, at the age of twenty or twenty-one the graduate commences another term of three or four in the study of his special profession.

The training of the girl—we say girl, for before the maturity of womanhood arrives, she is taken home to domestic duties—in all points of range, value and thoroughness, is so inconsiderable compared to this scheme of masculine education, that it may well account for all the differences in usual attainment, with which she is reproached.

It would be a high service rendered to the cause of female education, to designate the branches which she should study as an average qualification for ultimate use and application; and to indicate the duration of the term, as well as all the other essential conditions of adequate mental cultivation. But it happens that among the other well-grounded charges against the policy which excludes women from their fair share in this great interest, there lies, also, this additional blame, that the science and art of systematic education are by no means so well settled and adjusted, either in principles or details, that we can assume the utility of any known method, and claim it with or without accomodations to the peculiarities of the female mind and functions.

It is confessed that the school-books in use, are not well adapted to the instructions of youth; and teachers differ upon the method of instruction as much as they do in any other matters of opinion, which divide men in judgment and practice.

We cannot be expected here to discuss systems of scholastic training, to analyse particular objects of study, and to indicate a scale and sequences of educational departments, as well as argue their fitness to the minds and offices of women.

The utmost that can be wisely and safely done in the present state of knowledge and experience, is to lay down the great outlines which principles warrant and require, and leave particulars to the discovery of practice and experiment, conducted in the light which right and justice afford. The true system of education for either man or woman, is yet only in expectancy; the proper subjects of study, during pupilage, have not yet been brought regularly within reach; besides, the most available of all attainments, and the best adapted to the individual, are made in the actual business of life. This Committee will not, therefore, undertake to be specific or precise, in the matter, method, apparatus, and specialities of that culture which ought to be provided for women; but must content ourselves with such general considerations as we have found time and space to urge, and submit this, the most important of all our inquiries, to the largest reflection and most earnest action of all its enlightened advocates.

Your Committee is clear in the justice and propriety of demanding for women—

Liberty and opportunity for the development of all their faculties by such methods of systematic education as may be best adapted to the end:

The entire range of studies required for their thorough training in every department of human knowledge:

Equal access with the male sex to all the provisions of public and private munificence for the advance of human learning:

And all unrestrained by any imagined difference of capacity or artificial difference of destiny, which must repress aspiration and paralyze effort; and leaving all accommodations due to expediency as well as to intrinsic necessity; to be determined by actual experiment, as it may result when the truth of nature is sought with honest purposes by the light of free principles.

"The desires of earth chain me to the present, and shut from me the solemn secrets which intellect, purified from the dross of the clay, alone can examine and survey."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The National Convention for the advocacy of the Rights of Women met in annual session in Philadelphia October 18th after the meeting was called to order, and MRS. ERNESTINE L. ROSE was chosen President. She accepted the position, though fearful of inability to discharge the duties satisfactorily, as she was enfeebled by a recent attack of inflammation of the lungs. She stated the objects of the Convention. They had claims to human rights—not the mere rights of woman in contradistinction to the rights of man, for humanity knows no distinction. The sexes are alike in regard to pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, happiness and misery, life and death; woman is alike subject to all that befals man. We claim a right to the elective franchise, for none are safe under any government unless they participate in making it. We have a right to be represented as well as man. We do not wish it to be understood that we war with individual man, but against bad principles. After a few further remarks, the President announced the following officers:

Vice-Presidents—Lucretia Mott of Philadelphia; Frances D. Gage of Missouri; T. W. Higginson of Massachusetts; Martha C. Wright of New York; Thomas Garret of Delaware; Harriet M. T. Cutler of Illinois; Robert Purvis of Pennsylvania.

Secretaries—Joseph A Dugdale, Abbey Kimber and Hannah M. Darlington.

Business Committee—Lucy Stone, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Myra Townsend, Mary P. Wilson, Hannah M. Darlington, Sarah Pugh, Lydia Mott and Mary Grew.

Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, James Mott, Ruth Dugdale and Rebecca Plumly.

On taking the question on adopting the officers, but few voted.

Miss LUCY STONE remarked that every person present, who was friendly to the objects of the meeting, should vote. She considered it the duty of every woman to take a part in the proceedings.

Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT considered that it would not be right to place the name of any person on the list of officers unless the owner of that name be present. She desired to know if Miss Kimber was present.

Miss STONE replied that she was not present, but would be sometime during the session.

Mrs. ROSE, President, remarked that she fully coincided with the views expressed by Miss Stone, and hoped that every lady present would respond so that she could be distinctly heard.

The question was now taken on the adoption of the officers as named, and they were adopted.

The officers now took their station on the stand, and the Business Committee retired to an adjacent room to prepare resolutions and other business that might be considered necessary. During the absence of the Committee, Mr. DUGDALE, Secretary, read a long letter from Mrs. Olive Starr Wait of Illinois, in which she detailed her views on educational, political and religious rights.

The Secretary having finished the reading of the letter,

Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT suggested that if there were any more long letters to be read, that the Secretaries look over them first, and omit every part thereof that they in their wisdom may consider necessary, so that much of the time of the Convention may be saved.

Miss STONE, from the Business Committee, reported a series of resolutions. After reading the first one, a member desired her to read louder!

Miss STONE replied that the ladies present would still continue to keep their bonnets down tight over their ears, and then expect others to find lungs of sufficient power to make them hear.

The resolutions were read as follows:

Resolved, That in perfect confidence that what we desire will one day be accomplished, we commit the cause of woman to God and to Humanity.

Resolved, That we congratulate the true friends

of woman upon the rapid progress which her cause has made during the year past, in spite of the hostility of the bad, and the prejudices of the good.

Resolved, That woman's aspiration is to be the only limit of woman's destiny.

Resolved, That so long as woman is debarred from an equal education, restricted in her employments, denied the right of independent property if married, and denied in all cases the right of controlling the legislation which she is nevertheless bound to obey, so long must the woman's rights agitation be continued.

Resolved, That in demanding the educational rights of woman, we do not deny the natural distinctions of sex, but only wish to develop them fully and harmoniously.

Resolved, That in demanding the industrial rights of woman, we only claim that she should have "a fair day's wages for a "fair day's work," which is, however, impossible while she is restricted to a few ill-paid avocations, and unable (if married) to control her own earnings.

Resolved, That in demanding the political rights of woman, we simply assert the fundamental principle of democracy, that taxation and representation should go together, and that if this principle be denied, all our institutions must fall with it.

Resolved, That our present democracy is an absurdity, since it deprives woman even of the political power which is allowed to her in Europe and abolishes all other aristocracy only to establish a new aristocracy of sex, which includes all men and excludes all women.

Resolved, That it is because we recognize the beauty and sacredness of the family, that we demand for woman an equal position there, instead of her losing, as now, the control of her own property, the custody of her own children, and finally, her own legal existence—under laws which have all been pronounced by jurists "a disgrace to a heathen nation."

Resolved, That we urge it upon the women of every American State—first, to petition the Legislature for universal suffrage and a reform in the rights of property; second, to use their utmost efforts to improve female education; third, to open as rapidly as possible new channels for female industry.

Miss STONE took occasion to deliver a brief address on the subject of the resolutions, and congratulate the assembly on the advancement of the subject of Woman's Rights. Inferior in no respect to man, but made his equal by one Creator, we are of the same organization—we rise and fall together. Miss S., in concluding, enjoined upon the Association to learn to "labor and to wait."

Mrs. TRACY CUTLER of Illinois delivered a speech in favor of the resolutions, and at times was quite eloquent. She gave, also, a glowing account of the progress of the cause in that State.

Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE of Missouri delivered an address replete with eloquence. Her language was vivid and abounded with poetic thought.—The cause of Woman's Rights is progressing rapidly in that State.

Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, from New York, was next introduced to the audience. She detailed the manner in which the cause has progressed in New York State—the cheering prospects of having legislative action in favor of some of the principles now advocated by the friends of Woman's Rights. She had traveled through many counties in this State—was coldly received—was shunned at the dinner table—avoided in the streets—but after lecturing, the prejudice melted away, woman's rights' stock suddenly arose, and the lecturer was looked upon as a woman after all.

Mrs. TRACY CUTLER desired to know whether women could now become members of the National Education Society. On this point she delivered a forcible speech on the aptitude of women to impart instruction, and enjoined it upon every lady present, if she is to fulfill her duties, she must have rights.

Mrs. MOTT made an explanation as to the meeting of the National Association, but could not give a positive answer to the question.

We give the following from the minutes of the Secretary received after the extracts from the Tribune were already in type.

After a long discussion upon the expediency of establishing a National Organ, the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention it is not expedient at present to establish a newspaper as the national organ of the Woman's Rights movement.

Resolved, That it is expedient, to appoint a committee who shall provide for the preparation and publication, in widely circulated journals, of facts, and arguments relative to our cause.

Resolved, That we regard it as the duty of friends of this movement to give their encouragement to the periodicals which have been established by individual energy in its support

Elizabeth C. Stanton, —— ——*, T. W. Higginson, Lucy Stone and Oliver Johnson were chosen to discharge the duties named in the second resolution.

On motion, Wendell Phillips, Elizabeth C. Stanton and Mary C. Higginson, were chosen a Committee to judge of the merits, and award prizes for the best original essays upon the rights of woman.

The sessions of each day commenced at 10 A. M. at 3 and 7 P. M. During the afternoon and evening the spacious Lanson street Hall was literally jammed with an attentive audience, this Convention has made a decidedly favorable impression upon the community, and they who desire the elevation of humanity cannot but rejoice that the claims of women to equality have been so ably and satisfactorily presented to public consideration.

* The blank in the Committee it will be necessary to supply by their own action.

For the Una.

MRS. DAVIS:—Away here, in a quiet little village in western Pennsylvania, we find an attempt being made to have sewing done at city prices, or for about half what women have hitherto received for their work—and less than one-fourth of that which a tailor would charge. Of course, those who live by sewing, cannot live by such prices, and declare they would sooner be "chamber-maids of cattle," for a fair compensation, than sew for such a pittance; and the merchant who proposes it, would soon be ashamed of the attempt, were it not that he succeeds with another class.

There are comfortable farmers' wives, mothers of families, who, as their husbands and sons, perhaps, think, "have every thing that heart can wish," who are glad to sit up nights, and work for these low prices, to obtain a little money of *their own*; something wherewith to supply some of the wants that have ached for years, when their time was all given in labor for *love*, or failing that, for only just such food and clothing as could not be denied them. These will make up the merchants' coats and vests, for almost nothing, glad even of that; and after so many years of helplessness and dependence, who shall blame them, if for a time they forget to consider the injury they are doing to tailoresses and seamstresses. It is one of the commands of vast import, to "Remember those in bonds as bound with them," and I fear we are all liable to forget the trials of our sisters, when they have ceased to be our own. "Lord! keep my memory green."

In looking over advertisements in city papers, there is one singular thing that strikes the eye continually. Board is offered "for a gentleman and lady, or two single gentlemen," in a hundred different places; never once for single ladies. What is the young woman, the elderly maiden, the unsheltered widow to do? If I go to the city of New York, and desire board in a quiet family, all the Tribune's advertisements would fail to assist me. Perhaps there is a good reason for this, but if so, here away in the country, we would like to know it. G.

We would gladly answer the question of our friend G. if we could. But this much we can say, that we have *not one* paper in New York, which looks after the interest of woman; not one to ask the why or wherefore woman is not equally paid for her labor; why all accommodations are advertised for man alone; not one to press her claims "in season and out." An occasional favorable word, a crumb, is all that we have any right to ask, or expect.

THE IMAGE AND SIGN IS NOT THE ESSENCE.

From the German of Krummacher.

When Alexander was at Babylon, he caused a priest to come from every country which he had conquered, and assembled them all together in his palace. Thereupon he sat himself on his throne, and then addressed them. "Tell me, do you acknowledge and venerate a highest invisible being?" Then they all bowed themselves, and answered, "Yes." Then the king questioned further. "By what name do you call him?" Thereupon the priest from India answered,—"We name it Bhamar, which means the great;" the priest from Persia,—"We name it Ormus, which means the original light," the priest from Jordan—"Jehovah Adonar, the Lord, who is, was, and will be." And thus every priest had his own word, wherewith he denominated the highest being. Then the king was angry in his heart, and spake. "You have only one ruler and king, so you shall also henceforth, have but one God. Infinite is his name." Then the priests were very sad, because of the speech of the king, and answered—"Our people call him by this name, which we have known from our youth up, and how now shall we change it?" But the king yet was more angry. Then an old sage, with gray head, a Bramin, who had accompanied him to Babylon stepped forward and spake. "The king, my master, will permit that I may speak to the assembly." Thereupon he turned himself to the priests, and asked—"Does the heavenly constellation of day, the well of earthly light shine also for you?" The priests bowed themselves altogether and answered "Yea." Then the Bramin asked them, one after the other, "How name you the same?" And each named a different word, the proper name among his country and people. Then the Bramin asked the king—"Shall they not henceforth call the constellation of day by the same word?" "Helios is its name." At these words the king was so ashamed and said—"Let them each use his own word—I see well that the image and sign is not the essence."

For the Una.

MOTHERHOOD.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"This Life which I have dared invoke, henceforth, is parallel with mine."—*Mrs. Judson.*

I.

Mother of Souls Immortal! on the taking
The august duties of maternity;
The *Holiest Heart of Love* in thine awaking
Through countless ages of Eternity!
Mysterious influence, that flings around thee
The Actual Glory of the Throne above—
The Universal Heaven of God hath crown'd thee
With *Seraph* wisdom and the Cherub's love!

II.

Mother of Souls Immortal!—thy relation
Is manifold, as Daughter, Sister, Wife,—
But glorious as the *Crown* of Revelation
To woman, in the Motherhood of Life!
For sanctified by a Divine Election
To this high mission of Maternity,
She kneels in reverence to the *new* affection—
This link 'twixt her, and Immortality!

III.

Mother of Souls Immortal! round thee beameth
A halo of the Eternal brightness born,
The Spirit of the young Child Jesus, seemeth
To emanate from that fair baby form:
Henceforth to fill thy changeful *mortal* being
With the *immortal* radiance of its own:
Perchance thine own Angelic passport seeing
In the Maternal love-glance on *it* thrown!

IV.

Mother of Souls Immortal! watch thou ever,
Nor trifle with this solemn trust of Time;
For to *thy* shielding care the Gracious Giver
Confides this bud, to unfold in perfect prime.
A new-fledged dove, it nestles 'neath thy pinion
Fresh from the cloudless airs of Paradise,—
Lent for a time to dwell in thy dominion,
And *thou* must train it for its native skies!

V.

Mother of Souls Immortal! gird fast on thee
The pure proof armor of Maternity:
These high and heaven-born duties take upon thee,
Whose influences must reach Eternity!
For Infinite requirings, 'bove all other,
Dwell in the name that childhood takes on trust;
Yea—holiest tie is that of child and mother,
And long outlives the perishable dust!

September, 1854.

THE RICHEST MAN IN VIRGINIA.

Samuel Hairston, of Pittsylvania, is the gentleman. When I was in his section a year or two ago, he was the owner of between 1,600 and 1,700 slaves, in his own right, having but a little while before taken a *census*. He also has a prospective right to about 1,000 slaves more, which are now owned by his mother in law, Mrs. Ruth Hairston, he having married her only child. He now has the management *of them*, which makes the number of his slaves reach *near three thousand*. They increase at the rate of near 1,000 every year; and he has to purchase a large plantation every year to settle them on. A large number of his plantations are in Henry and Patrick Counties, Virginia. He has large estates in North Carolina. His landed property in Stokes alone, is assessed at 600,000 dollars. His wealth is differently estimated at from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 dollars and I should think it was nearer the latter. You think he has a hard lot; but I assure you Mr. Hairston manages all his matters as easy as most persons would an estate of 10,000 dollars. He has overseers who are compelled to give him a written statement of what is made and spent on each plantation, and his negroes are all clothed and fed from his own domestic manufacture and raising, leaving his Tobacco crop, which is immensely large, as so much *clear gain* every year, beside his increase in negroes, which is a fortune of itself.

"Besides his increase in negroes!!!" Would any plain reader imagine this item to refer to human beings? to creatures with human affections? to souls capable of comprehending the idea of a God? No doubt, these are all well fed, clad, and it may be, instructed—though we doubt the last clause. But, even supposing this to be the case, however genial, plausible, or patriarchal, we may try to regard the scene—however we may divest ourselves of what is called prejudice—behind all, lies the naked fact, the black, undeniable truth, that here are three thousand men, women, and children, exposed to the lash, and no one can dare say, "Why do ye so?" Exposed to the hammer of the auctioneer, with as little ceremony as horses or dogs,—and whose increase is watched with the same kind of interest as that which appertains to our stables.

True, all this is a feature that has come down to us from the days of our fathers—a terrible inheritance, like that of consumption or insanity,—which may be deplored, but to which no blame can attach, so far as the legatee is concerned. He may deplore it in his very heart, and wish his ancestors had withheld such inheritance; he may regret the imbecility or wickedness of the men of other times, but that is all he can do—he may wish that wealth had assumed a less "questionable shape," but he can do nothing less than take it.

The man who has reached this point of moral questioning, has reached a point at which, if he stop, he is as culpable as he who should go into the temple of the Lord, and quench the Divine Shekinah; he is in the very atmosphere of revelation, and if he turns from the "still small voice," he does so at his own peril. Truth is progressive—she has ever an unfolding scroll to the eye willing to read.

The question is often thrown back upon Northerners, "What would you do in our place? Could you set these men free? Would you cast aside your only wealth? Would you reduce yourselves, your wives, and your children to beggary? would you do all this for an abstract truth?" Timely questions are these, and we confess we have seen few men who would *dare* to say yes, to them—those who would dare to utter the affirmative, are the very ones who should not be trusted—for he who knows best the infirmities of humanity, is the one best able to estimate its powers too, and most likely to have a living sense of the justice due, not to the bodies only, but to the souls of men.

Let us avoid vituperation, but search for the best truth as for hid treasure; let us cast our mite of influence, our mite, it may be, of wisdom, into the Lord's treasury, and ere long, the "oppressed must go free." It is not in the nature of things, that a Republic, whose watch-word is Liberty—whose shield is Human Rights—whose great pervading setiment is Emancipation, should long hold such an anomaly in its bosom—its ill features are every year becoming more and more manifest, as the passage of the fugitive slave law amply testifies; a law by which the North is made to subserve the South in a matter utterly repugnant to its principles, feelings, and prejudices, if you will.

E. O. S.

DEAR MRS DAVIS:—Here are items gathered from various sources, and comments upon them, which I present for the consideration of your readers.

"BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—*Second Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of Boston.*—From this report, which by the way, is filled with useful and valuable suggestions concerning the management of schools, we learn that Boston has twenty-three schools, including the public Latin, the English High, the Normal, and the Model Schools. In these twenty-three schools, 10,337 scholars are enrolled, and the average attendance is 9,064.1. To instruct this army of children, the city employs a corps of teachers, consisting of 31 masters, 11 sub-masters, 17 ushers, and 144 female assistants. These teachers are well paid, as they should be. The masters of the Latin and English High Schools have a salary of $2,400 each per annum. The sub-masters of both schools have 1,500 dollars each per annum. The ushers in both schools have 800 dollars each for the first year of service, an annual increase of 100 dollars for each additional year, until the salary amounts to 1200 dollars, at which sum it is fixed.

All the grammar and writing masters have a salary of 1,500 dollars each; all sub-masters in the grammar schools have 1,000 each per annum. All ushers have each 800 dollars. Head assistants—females—have 400 dollars each; and all other assistants—females—250 dollars for the first year, 300 dollars for the second, and 350 dollars for the third and succeeding years."

"The teachers are well paid, as they should be." The male teachers are very *well paid*, when their salaries are compared with those of the female teachers, but from what follows, it appears that they do not consider themselves *well paid* even at their present salaries. It will be seen that the lowest salary paid to a male teacher is twice as much as the highest paid to a female, and that the highest paid a male teacher is six times that of the highest paid a female.

"After the 1st of March next, most of the teachers in the various public schools in Boston are to have their pay increased. The salaries of masters in the Latin and High Schools will remain as at present, 2,400 dollars. Masters of the Grammar Schools are to receive 1,800 dollars per annum, instead of 1,500 dollars, as at present. The salaries of sub-masters of Grammar Schools will be increased from 1,000 dollars to 1,200 dollars—or 1,000 dollars for the first year's service, 1,100 dollars for the second, 1,200 dollars for the third and thereafter. Ushers of the Latin and High Schools will receive 1,500 dollars, instead of 1,200 dollars. The salary of ushers in the Grammar Schools will be increased from 800 dollars to 900 dollars. Head assistants in Grammar Schools (females) will receive 450 dollars per annum, instead of 400 dollars, and the present pay of 350 dollars to female assistants will be changed to 400 dollars. The salary of the master of the Normal School is fixed at 2,400 per annum."

It will be seen from the above, that after the salaries are increased, the difference between the salaries of some of the male and female teachers will also be increased. The salary of masters of Grammar Schools was to that of head assistants (the females who received the highest salary) as 15 to 4, but af-

ter the increase it will be as 4 to 1. The lowest salary paid a male teacher still continues just twice that of the highest paid a female. Now if the difference in the quantity and quality of labor performed by the male and female teachers is proportional to the difference in the salaries, there can be no injustice to the female teachers, but if they are required to peform as much labor as a man, and do it as well, then there is a gross violation of right. I know a lady, a faithful and efficient teacher in an institution for young ladies, who receives 500 dollars per annum, and does as much, and does it as well as a gentleman teaching in the same school, who receives 1,500 dollars. Such instances are not uncommon, and I doubt not similar ones can be found in the Boston schools. *Indeed*, it has so long been customary for women to receive but one half, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, or some smaller portion of what a man would receive for doing the same, that people generally, look upon it as proper and right. In the following memorial the same idea is expressed, in language so plain that it cannot be misunderstood. It may be well to present it entire, as it may be new to some :

"Memorial to the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled :

Whereas, there are now within these United States and Territories, more than *two millions of children and youth* destitute, or nearly so, of proper means of education, requiring, at this moment, 20,000 additional teachers, if we give to each instructor the care of one hundred pupils, quite too many for any common school with only one teacher—therefore we beg leave to call your attention to the following propositions :—

1. That to find 20,000 young men, who would enter on the office of pedagogue, would be utterly impossible, while the great West, the mines of California, and the open oceans, laving China and the East, are inviting them to adventure and activity.

2. That, therefore, young women must become the teachers of Common Schools, or these must be given up.

3. That young women are the *best teachers* has been proved and acknowledged by those men who have made trial of the gentler sex in schools of the most difficult descriptions (see Reports of the "Board of Popular Education," Reports of Common Schools in Massachusetts," etc.), because of the superior tact and moral power natural to the female character.

4. That female teachers are more largely employed, on an average, of five of these to one male teacher, in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and wherever the common school system is in a prosperous condition ; and everywhere these teachers are found faithful and useful.

5. That to make education *universal*, it must be *moderate in expenses*, and women can afford to teach for one half, or even less, the salary which men would ask, because the female teacher has only to sustain herself; she does not look forward to the duty of supporting a family, should she marry ; nor has she ambition to amass a fortune ; nor is she obliged to give from her earnings support to the State or Government.

6. That the young women of our land, who would willingly enter on the office of teacher, are generally in that class which earn their own livelihood ; therefore, these should have special and gratuitous opportunities for preparing them for such duties : thus, the Normal Schools in educating these teachers of common schools, are rendering a great national service.

7. That, though the nation gives them opportunity of education gratuitously, yet these teachers, in their turn, will do the work of educating the children of the nation better than men could do, and at a far *less expense ;* therefore, the whole country is vastly the gainer by this system.

8. That it is not designed to make a class of *celibates*, but that these maiden school teachers will be better prepared to enter the marriage state, after the term of three or four years in their office of instructors, than by any other mode of passing their youth from seventeen or eighteen to twenty-one. That earlier marriages are productive of much of the unhappiness of married women, of many sorrows, sickness, and premature decay and death, there can be no doubt. From the foregoing facts and statements, showing the importance of woman's agency in the instruction of the young, and the pressing need of female teachers in the common schools throughout the land, we venture to suggest that your honored body would make some provision for the suitable education of those young ladies who are willing to become teachers, if the way is opened before them. We respectfully ask the attention of Congress to this subject. While the public domain is parcelled out and granted for internal improvements and plans of national aggrandizement, we would humbly suggest that a small portion be set apart and allotted for the benefit of the daughters of the Republic. Three or four millions of acres of land would be sufficient to found and endow one free Normal School for the education of female teachers, in every State of the Union. These institutions could be modelled and managed in each State to suit the wishes of its inhabitants, and young ladies of every section would be trained as instructors of children in their own vicinity. This would be found of immense advantage in the States where schools have hitherto been neglected. In short, the value of all the physical improvements in our country, will be immeasurably enhanced by this provision for female education ; because, in the influence of intelligent and pure-minded women, lies the moral power, which gives safety and permanence to our institutions, and true glory to our nation."

Here is another item from a medical journal :—

"Quite a new phase in the history of medicine is coming over this democratic country. Females are ambitious to dabble in medicine, as in other matters, with a view to reorganizing society. If they would manage the institutions which are ostensibly their own, no one ought to object ; but, while these pass off under their name, a few of the other sex regulate all the business, pocket all the money, and laugh at their own success. In the mean time, the vanity of the poor dupes is gratified by being told that they are doing a great work —that it is a heavenly calling to be a doctress—and that a revolution will speedily change the social aspect of society, and place them, where by nature, grace, and a diploma, they were designed to figure, with a healing balm for every wound."

Another journal, not of the "old fogy" class, thus replies :

"If this is true, and we cannot dispute it, it is disgraceful to that 'other sex' who thus 'pocket all the money,' and make mere 'stool pigeons' of the females, for whose benefit these Medical Colleges are said to be got up. Large sums of money are expended on the *male* professors in some of these concerns, while the female professors get but little more than the price of knitting, or making shirts. Is this according to the principles of equity ?"

I am not personally acquainted with the management of these female medical colleges, but I happen to know something of the institutions called female colleges, and the rule in regard to them is to get the female teachers at the *lowest possible rate*. A lady, a competent and experienced teacher, was offered a professorship in a female college, with the wish expressed, that she would not ask a high salary, as the institution was without endowment. They were not, however, too poor to pay the male teachers good salaries. And here let me inquire, if men are not out of their *sphere*, when they are teaching in institutions exclusively devoted to females ? It is my opinion they are, and are also intruding upon "woman's sphere" or fraction of a sphere, and that it is the duty of every woman to do all she can to expel the intruders. It is her duty, if she has daughters to educate, to patronise institutions, other things being equal, which are conducted by women, rather than those managed by men entirely, or where men preside, and receive the honor and the profit, and women do the teaching for a pittance. Perhaps the time will come, when men presiding over schools for girls, will be classed with *man-milliners*. If all women would do what they might and ought to do, that time would not be far distant. They would also benefit these men by assisting them back again to their own sphere, for it must be an *awful thing* for a man to stray from his proper sphere ! It cannot fail to make him *unmanly*, and who can endure a *womanish* man ? All womankind should engage in the good work of thus assisting these unfortunates, for some of them are surveyors of "woman's sphere," and have made maps and charts of the same, and it is reasonable to suppose that they went beyond their own sphere only because of their extreme solicitude that woman should not stray from her's ! But irony aside. I do most sincerely wish that every woman, who reads this paper, will reckon it among her *duties*, and esteem it a *pleasure* to do all she possibly can to hasten the time when a woman will receive as much compensation as man would, for doing the same labor, and doing it no better ; and let her remember, that if this work is ever done, women must do much to accomplish it.

"Observe yon tree. Look how it grows up, crooked and distorted. Some wind scattered the germ from which it sprung in the clefts of the rock : choked up and walled round by crags and buildings, by nature and by man, its life has been one struggle for the light : light, which makes to that life the necessity and the principle : you see how it has writhed and twisted ; how, meeting the barrier in one spot, it has labored and worked, stem and branches, towards the clear skies at last. What has preserved it through each disfavor of birth and circumstances ? Why are its leaves as green and fair as the vine behind you, which, with all its arms, can embrace the open sunshine ? My child, because of the very instinct that impelled the struggle : because the labor for the light won to the light itself. So with a gallant heart, through every adverse accident of sorrow and of fate to turn to the sun, to strive for the heaven ; that it is that gives knowledge to the strong and happiness to the weak. When you turn sad and heavy eyes to those quiet boughs : and when you hear the birds sing from them, and see the sunshine come aslant from crag and house-top to be the playfellow of their leaves, learn the lesson that nature teaches you, and strive through darkness to the light."

"My nature is not formed for this life, happy though it seem to others. It is its very want to have ever before it some image loftier than itself !"

"Often have I mused and asked for what I was born ; and my soul answered my heart, and said, 'Thou wert born to worship !'"

"Life, that ever needs forgiveness, has for its first duty to forgive."

HOME NOTES.

Those dottings down of the Editor's, which have formed an interesting feature in the Una, must fall short this month, on account of the illness of Mrs. Davis.

What follows, are the pearls (poorly set) which fall from her lips, while we sit at her bedside.

From the second report of the Convention in Philadelphia, in the Tribune, we regret to learn its decision, that we need no national organ on the subject of Woman's Rights. 'Tis true, that the tone of the editors in relation to this subject, has greatly changed, yet they do little besides noticing the meetings and doings of the Conventions, and full oft with ridicule, while they not unfrequently copy well written articles entire, which treat of the philosophy of the movement.

We proposed to the Convention to choose a committee for publishing a paper, and offered to give the Una to that committee, with its advantages of an established subscription list and exchanges. This they declined. But as we feel that a paper is essential to the progress of the movement—and as we look with expectation for a return of health, we purpose to issue next month a Prospectus for our third year.

Thus, there will be an organ, wherein to publish the Prize Essays, and the thoughts of a large class, who cannot in Convention give them expression.

Then, if the known workers in this reform will come as generously forward and aid us in getting subscribers, and with the pen, as our personal friends have done, we can confidently promise a successful year to the Una.

The loss of the Arctic is one of those events which may not go by without observation.—Many reflections on this terrible disaster, have pressed for utterance, but there is one point whereon we must dwell, in passing,— i. e. the importance of right education for times of peril. Behold the difference between the ignorant sailors, and the master of the steamer; the one actuated by a mere selfish instinct, the other although not big enough for the crisis, was yet, forgetful of self, and gallantly stood at his post. If it be true, that our actions are always the results of our previous habits of philosophic thought, how indispensable is a thorough training of those classes, on whom the lives of the community depend.

Albeit the women and children were most fit to enter the kingdom of Heaven, still it is humiliating to know, that in such an hour, only bone and muscle took the mastery.

We chanced to be in Liverpool when the Ocean Monarch was burned, and are glad to see the case reversed here. For on that occasion, the dastardly Captain jumped overboard at the first alarm, was picked up by a boat and brought to the city, two hours before the sufferers had left the wreck. Meanwhile, one of the sailors, noble fellow, finding that the flames continually set his clothes on fire, thus interrupting his efforts to save the mothers and children that trembled there, boldly tore them from his limbs, and with his naked body braved the heat, until by his single arm he had rescued thirty souls!

We have received through the kindness of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, two volumes, which we most cheerfully acknowledge. "Illustrations of Genius," by Henry Giles, and Mrs. Newton Crossland's "Memorable Women."

The books are printed in fair type, and on good paper. The bindings are simple, and their exterior tasteful; but to their contents we feel bound to draw attention.

If we may take the lecture on the Scarlet Letter, by Hawthorn, as a sample of the rest, we must confess, that with Mr. Giles' conclusions, we cannot agree. It is marvellous, from what different stand-points we view this rare production of its gifted author. We regard it it as one of the foremost works of the age, and as teaching a lesson which the world has not learned.

Mr. Giles betrays the sentiment which we feel; but he allows his conservatism and his theology to check the natural flow of his feelings, and warp his judgment. Verily, he looketh through the eyes of the old Puritans! and seemeth not to have drank deeply of the spirit of him, who "stooping down, with his finger wrote on the ground."

Mrs. Crosland "has sought to compress her materials into a clear, readable shape," and has given passages in the lives of several celebrated women. To those who have read the Memoirs of the Marchesa Ossoli, her record will be found meagre and devoid of interest. This could be tolerated, but save us from the pictures!

RHODE ISLAND ART EXHIBITION.

The Art exhibition which brightened the beautiful month of September among us has closed but not so its influence; that remains a pleasant memory hallowed and sacred, and that it may be kept still a little longer fresh, we give a few extracts from the admirable address of Mr. Calvert, on the evening of the opening, only regretting that they lose some of their fine effect for those who can only read, and not hear them from himself, for his manner impresses one fully with the belief that he feels the truths he speaks, and that the principles from which he acts are permanent, not the mere flashing of a momentary enthusiasm.

Our Association, gentlemen, owes its origin to the wants of industry. The moving power which has been strongest in bringing so many of us together to found an Institution for the encouragement of Art in Rhode Island,—and I may add New England,—is, the desire hereby more thoroughly to inweave the beautiful into cotton and woollen fabrics, into calicoes and de laines; to melt the beautiful into iron and brass and silver and gold, that our manufacturers and artisans may hold their own against the competition of England and France and Germany, whereof in the two latter countries especially, schools of design have long existed, and high artists are employed in furnishing the beautiful to manufacturers.

A low origin this for such a Society, and the fruits will be without flavor. Art will not submit to be so lowered,—will say some travelled dilettante, who with book in hand has looked by rote on the wonders of the Louvre and the Vatican.

But the Creator of the Universe teaches a different lesson from this observer. Not the rare lightning merely but the daily sunlight too, not only the distant star-studded canopy of the earth, but also our near earth itself has he made beautiful. He surrounds us with beauty, he envelopes us in beauty. Beauty is spread out on the familiar grass, glows in the daily flower, waves in the commonest leafy branch. All about us in infinite variety it is lavished by God in sights and sounds and odors. Now, in using the countless and multifarious substances that are put within our reach to be by our ingenuity and contrivance wrought into materials for our protection and comfort and pleasure, it becomes us to,—it is part of his design that we shall,—follow the divine example, so that, in all our handiwork, as in his, there shall be beauty, so much as the nature of each product is susceptible of. That it is the final purpose of Providence that our whole life, inward and outward, shall be beautiful, and be steeped in beauty, we have evidence in the yearnings of the best natures for the perfect, in the delight we take in the most resplendent objects of Art and Nature, in the ennobling thrill we feel on witnessing a beautiful deed.

By culture we can so create and multiply beauty, that all our surroundings shall be beautiful.

Can you not imagine a city of the size of this, or vastly larger, the structure of whose streets and buildings shall be made under the control of the best architectural ideas, being of various stones and marbles, and various in style and color, so that each and every one shall be either light or graceful, or simple, or ornate, or solid, or grand, according to its purpose, and the conception of the builder, and in the midst and on the borders of the city squares and parks planted with trees and flowers and freshened by streams and fountains. And when you recall the agreeable, the elevating sensation you have experienced in front of a perfect piece of architecture (still so rare,) will you not readily concede, that where every edifice should be beautiful, and you never walked or drove out but through streets of palaces and artistic parks, the effect on the whole population of this ever present beauty and grandeur, would be, to refine, to expand, to elevate. When we look at the architectural improvements made within a generation, in London, in Paris, in New York, we may, without being Utopians, hope for this transformation. But the full consummation of such a hope can only be brought about in unison with improvements in all the conditions and relations of life, and the diffusion of such improvements among the masses.

It is to further such diffusion that this Association has been founded. Our purpose is, to meet the growing demand for beauty in all things; to bring into closer co-operation the artisan and the artist; to make universally visible and active the harmony,—I almost might say the identity,—there is between the useful and the beautiful.

Gentlemen, ever in the heart of the practical and useful there is enclosed a seed of beauty; and upon the fructification, growth and expansion of that seed depends—aye, absolutely depends.—the development of the practical. But for the expansion of that seed, we should have neither the plough nor the printing press, neither shoes nor the steam engine. To that we owe silver forks as well as the electric telegraph. In no province of work or human endeavor is improvement made, or improvement possible, but by the action of that noble faculty through which we are uplifted when standing before a masterpiece of Raphael. This ceaseless seeking for a better, this unresting impulse towards the perfect, has brought the English

race, through a thousand years of gradual upward movement, from the narrow Heptarchy, with its rude simplicity of life up to this wide cultivated confederacy of States with its multiform opulence of life, and will yet carry us to a condition as much superior to our present as that is to the times of Alfred.

In the works of the Almighty this principle is so alive that they are radient with beauty; and the degree of the radience of each is often the measure of its usefulness. How beautiful is a field of golden wheat—whereby our bodies live—and the more beautiful the closer it stands and the fuller are its heads. The oak and the pine owe their majestic beauty to that which is the index of their usefulness, the solid magnitude of their trunks. The proportions which give the horse his highest symmetry of form give trim to his fleetness and endurance and strength. And thus too with man, made in the divine image, his works when best, sparkle most with this fire of the beautiful. We profit by history, in proportion as it registers beautiful sayings and doings. We profit one another in every day life, in proportion as our acts, the minor as well as the greater, are vitalized by this divine essence of beauty. To the speeches of Webster, even to the most technical, this essence gives their completeness and their grandeur of proportions; while it is this which illuminates with undying splendor the creations of Alston.

Thus, gentlemen, the aim of our Association is most noble and useful, drawing its nobleness from its high usefulness. May it so prosper, that a generation hence, thousands and tens of thousands shall look back to this the day of its inauguration with praise and thankfulness."

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

FEMALE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH CLERKS.

[The subject of suitable employment for woman to obtain a livelihood by, is exciting the attention of public-spirited men abroad, as well as at home, as will be seen by the following extract from an article in *The Lady's Newspaper*, of the thirtieth ultimo, entitled "Female Clerks of the Electric Telegraph Company:"]—"It is our painful duty, week after week, to receive communications from respectable and well-educated females, soliciting advice respecting the sale of fancy work, or about the means of obtaining such employment as they could avail themselves of, without descending to the drudgery and hard pay of needlework. It is satisfactory to know that several movements are in progress to meet this acknowledged requirement. At the Home and Colonial Schools in Gray's-in-lane, a large number of young females are in course of education for the useful posts of schoolmistresses to the young. Wood engraving has also been resorted to by several young ladies as a means of earning a good and independent income. We might mention several other new markets which have of late years been established for female labor, but will at present refer particularly to the large field which has been opened for the exertions of respectable young women by the Electric Telegraph Company. The first occasion on which the magic wires of the telegraph were entrusted in female hands, was the prorogation of Parliament—this is always a field-day at the electric telegraph stations, owing to the general desire throughout the country to receive the royal speech with the greatest possible dispatch. All the officials are on the *qui vive*, picked hands are appointed to work the instruments communicating with the principal stations, and a spirit of friendly rivalry prevails among the manipulators as to who shall transmit correctly the greatest number of words within a given time. Upwards of one hundred and fifty clerks are generally engaged in forwarding, receiving, and transcribing her Majesty's address—and on the day alluded to, the services of the female clerks, or 'lady telegraphers' now employed at the Electric Telegraph Company's Central Station in Lothbury, were called into requisition. They forwarded the speech with remarkable rapidity—in one or two instances equalling, if not surpassing, the speed and correctness of their more experienced male coadjutors. The departments for young girls, established by the company, with a view of affording a more intellectual scope for female employment, have so far proved most useful and satisfactory; and when we consider the rapid progress of the electric telegraph, we are perhaps not too sanguine in expressing a belief that this will, before many years have elapsed, give employment to several thousands of respectable females. This seems the more probable when we consider that the Electric Telegraph Company was only established in 1846, and that in the course of nine years it has not only passed its wires to the most important parts of our land, but also established the means of communication to many distant parts of the world. The company have now three hundred and thirty stations in full operation, between any of which commercial and private despatches may be transmitted, and answers obtained in a few minutes; and there cannot be a doubt that before long this great means of progress and civilization will be passed to our most remote towns and vilages, and that our large commercial establishments will have the telegraph *laid on*, as we have the gas and water at the present time."—*Home Journal.*

How to do up Shirt Bosoms.—We often hear ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the gloss on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced, and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following recipe:—Take two ozs. fine white gum arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire—and then, having covered it, let it set all night—in the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs, into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A table-spoonful of gum water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing.

Experience.—Experience without theory, is experience not understood; a mere jumble of luck and blunder—a hump-backed beggar, with a wallet of rags and cold victuals on his back—a burly, blind old vagabond, led by a dog, and supported on a crutch, in perpetual repetition of the same journeyings. Bah! your practical people, who disavow their own brains, and sneer at other people's, are only fit for the treadmill. It is the nurse disputing with the physician; it is the carthorse, with the bit in his teeth, settling the route against the driver.—*Periscopics.*

Subscriptions received for the Una.

Mrs. E. D. Southworth, Hollis Amiden, Mary C. Monroe, Huldah Justice, Mrs. C. Potter, Mrs. J. C. Cleveland, Mrs. S. Sinclair, Mary M. Hitt, Mrs. Esther Wattles, Mary Farnsworth, Sarah Owen, Anna Hora, S. R. Stevens, Janet Stone, Joseph R. Oldknow, Anna Burns, one dollar each.

ENGLAND.

Miss Mary Harrison, Mrs. Samuelson, Mrs. Chaffel, one dollar twenty-five cents each.

"I MUSN'T HIT LITTLE HARRY."

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

Now, dear children, come and let us have a little chat. I want to talk to you about love, and about loving one another. You all know what *love* means; for the very least of you can tell how nice it is to be loved, and how uncomfortable you feel when any one is angry with you. Now, I want you always to remember that you should love one another. I will tell you a little story.

I was looking out one fine evening in May, when the trees were just coming out, and looking so bright and green, and I was listening to the birds singing their evening hymn; and I thought how beautiful this earth of ours is, and how beautiful all things are upon it. Don't *you* love May, with its green fields and trees, and its sweet singing birds, the cuckoos, and the blackbirds, and the nightingales, and its pretty flowers, the cowslips and the lilies of the valley, and the May blossom?

As I was standing, and looking and thinking, I saw three little boys at play, and I listened to hear what they were saying. Two of them were brothers, and the other was a little neighbor, and they seemed to be playing at knocking each other with sticks. I don't think *that* a very pretty game, do you? Now, George, the elder of the brothers, was patting his little brother—very gently, so that it did not hurt him, when their little playfellow said "Hit him hard, George, like that," at the same time striking hard on a post. "No," said George, "I musn't hit little Harry!"

I dare say his mother had told him not to hurt his dear little brother, and, like a good boy, he did as he was bid; besides, I expect he loved him too much to do anything that would hurt him.

I should like you to think of this little story, when you feel inclined to be angry with your little brothers and sisters, and schoolfellows: for it is a sad thing to see little children fighting. And when you grow up to be great men and women—and great and good, I hope many of you will some day be—I trust you will still remember that you "musn't hit little Harry."

You have been told, no doubt, that our blessed Saviour, when He was on the earth, was very meek and gentle, and we ought to endeavor to be like him. He said we are to "love our enemies," to be good and kind to others, even if they were not kind to us.

Now, all the people who live on the earth are of one great family. The English and the French—the Russians and the Turks—the Italians and the inhabitants of Africa, who are black and some of whom very naughty men have made slaves, are all brothers and sisters. Is it not, then, a sad thing to see these fighting, and to hear of nations going to war, as they call it, when we know that all the men who do so are acting contrary to the commands of their Saviour?

I hope you will try to do as He has told you, and then you will never fight whilst you are boys, and never be at all likely to become soldiers and fight when you are men.

I think if all mothers had always taught their little children that they must not fight—that they "musn't hit little Harry"—there would not have been so much suffering in this beautiful world, but a great deal more happiness in it.

Isaline.

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

For the Una.

THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE.

A LEGEND OF INDIA.

Mahodoh, earth's sceptre bearing,
Comes the sixth time here below,
That with us a like life sharing,
He may feel both joy and wo.
Here he lives our daily living,
In himself lets all things be;
Would he pardon, be forgiving,
Men he must as mortals, see.
And has he the city as traveller inspected,
His looks to the great and the little directed,
He quits it at night-fall, still onward to flee.

Thus with much made well acquainted,
As he leaves the city's whirl;
He beholds with cheeks bepainted,
An abandoned, beauteous girl.
"Hail thee, maiden!" "Wait you there,
Quickly to you I will come."
"And who art thou?" "Bayadere,
This is Love's and Pleasure's home."
And now she bestirs her, the cymbals smooth sounding,
She dances, in languishing circles soft bounding,
She bends and she waves like full flowers in bloom.

Him caressing, she then sprightly
Draws across the threshold dim.
"Beauteous stranger, 'twill here brightly
Shine, when quick my lamp I trim.
Art thou weary, I'll revive thee,
Soothe thy wayworn member's smart,
What thou will'st that I will give thee,
Quiet pleasure, frolic's art."
And busily now assumed ills she assuages—
The god inly smiles, as with joy he presages
Through vilest corruption a true human heart.

And exacts he slavish duties;
Gladder grows the maiden youth,
And what first were Art's false beauties,
Changed are to Nature's truth.
And thus shooting from the blossom,
By degrees the fruit doth grow;
Is obedience in the bosom,
Love will not have far to go.
But sharply, more sharply still farther to prove her,
Resolves the deep searcher of hearts, now to move her
By ecstacy, terror, and frightfullest wo.

Kisses he her cheek distained,
And she feels love's thrilling fears,
And the maiden is enchained,
And she weeps her first warm tears.
At his feet she sinks down pining,
Not for lust or profit low,
And those agile limbs reclining,
They refuse all service now.
And so o'er the couch's sweet mysteries festal,
A veil such as suits for a coy, loving vestal,
The dark solemn night-hours all silently throw.

Late by sleep, mid smiles enfolden,
Early roused from briefest rest,
Finds she, by her heart upholden,
Dead the much beloved guest.
On him falls she in loud sorrow,
Wakes him not her anguish dire,
And his stiff limbs on the morrow
Are borne to their grave of fire.
She hearkens the Priest and the funeral chantings,
She raves, and she rushes with soul-wrested pantings.
"Who art thou, what drives thee to this solemn pyre?"

Prostrate on the bier she casts her,
Her wild shriek transpierced the crowd.
"O! my husband, my dear master!
I will seek him in his shroud.
Shall it be to ashes wasted,
Of those limbs the graceful power?
Mine he was, so quickly blasted,
Mine, for only one sweet hour."
The Priests, they are singing, "The aged we carry,
Who long on the earth in dull feebleness tarry,
We carry the young, who in death early cower."

To thy Priest's words give thou ear;
As his wife thou hast no right;
Liv'st thou not as Bayadere,
And so canst thou have no plight.
Only shadows bodies follow,
To the silent realm of rest;
Wife her husband, that we hallow,
As both fame's and duty's best.
Let trumpets resound, let be kindled the fuel;
O! take him, ye gods, of young manhood the jewel,
O! take him the youth, through hot flames to the blest!

Thus the choir, unpitying, wringeth
Still more deeply her sore heart,
And with outstretched arms she springeth
In the flames that round him part.
But the god-youth quick upriseth
From the pyre whereon he lay:
With him she whom he so prizeth,
In his arms she floats away.
The Deity joys in a sinner repenting,
The lost one, uplift the Immortals, relenting,
With fiery arms up to heavenly day.

It has been the error of some devout men, in every age, to conceive that religion is so exclusively occupied with the great interests of our eternal being, that the body, which is destined so soon to perish, is hardly an object of its pious care.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

Subscribers will therefore understand—

1. That their papers will be continued after the expiration of the time for which they have paid unless otherwise ordered.

2. That no paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up to the time at which the notice is given, unless we are satisfied that the subscriber is worthless.

3. That when the paper through the fault of a subscriber, has been suffered to overrun the time, the just and most convenient way is to remit one dollar for another year with directions to discontinue at the end of that time.—*Exchange.*

WATER GLASS.—This is the name applied to a preparation, now attracting attention in England, and used for the purpose of covering stone work, to protect it from the effects of weather. It is a soluble, silicated alkali, produced by dissolving gun flints in a solution of caustic alkali, at a temperature of 300 degrees Farenheit. This preparation, being spread over the surface of a stone wall, the alkali is neutralized by the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and the silex being deposited, forms a glassy surface upon the stone. A weak solution of this "water-glass," mixed in ordinary white wash, gives a surface that will neither rub off nor be effected by weather. The cost of the material is so slight that any one can try the experiment, and, if the results be as stated in England, the discovery may prove a highly valuable one, as many of our most beautiful building stones disintegrate when exposed to the weather, so as to be entirely valueless. Such, for exumple, is the fact with regard to much of the brown sand-stone, so extensively employed in New York. Many of the costly fronts in that city, after a few years of exposure, breaking and crumbling, so that they will soon have to be taken down.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL II. PROVIDENCE, R. I., DECEMBER, 1854. NO. 12.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Subscription Price, One Dollar per annum in advance.

☞Persons desiring the paper, can have six copies sent to one address for five dollars.

☞All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
Editor and Proprietor.

SAYLES, MILLER & SIMONS, PRINTERS.

For the Una.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

Chapter VII.

These eyes though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing, have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and speed
Right onward.

We rode home by the glowing light of the July sunset; and alas, I saw that to the eye of my beloved friend, it beamed in vain. Hamilton, an enthusiastic lover of nature, poured forth his delight in poetry and speech; her hand pressed mine convulsively as she listened.

As we went to her room to prepare for tea I could bear this reserve no longer. I threw my arms around her neck, exclaiming, "O, Marian, is it indeed so! Why did you hide it from me. Could I not help you to bear it?"

"You have helped me, Margaret," she said. "Yes, it is so, I am blind. I cannot see your dear face, which I know is beaming kindly on me, and to-night the radiance of the setting sun I could not see. But the bitterness is past, I can bear it."

I could only lay my head, weeping, on her shoulder, it seemed at first too heavy for her to bear; but she rebuked me with gentle love. "I must tell Hamilton to night, she said, and —Henry—Let me reserve my strength for that. Will you not help me? Do not make our supper sad, it is Hamilton's day."

Henry had left to return later in the evening and Marian sat down at the table cheerful and calm. I in vain attempted to imitate her composure, and Hamilton laughed at me, that my first visit to the imposing university had quite overcome me. We sat a little while in the twilight. When the lights were brought in Hamilton rose to move them. "These will hurt your eyes Marian" he said. "No Hamilton, they will not hurt me, let them stay, I cannot see them."

The lamp he held would have fallen had I not taken it.

"Dearest Marian, he said, what can you mean?" "I mean that I am blind; even the bright setting sun I could not see."

"Blind!" He came to her and looked so earnestly in her face. She returned not his look and such an expression of agony came there as I had never seen before.

"Marian," he said, "can you not see me?"

"No Hamilton, only in my heart. I can feel your presence round me, but your face is hid forever." He turned and laid his head upon the table, and we could hear the sobs which rent his bosom. Marian's fortitude failed before it. "Lead me to him," she said, "I did so." She leaned upon his shoulder and said, "Dear Hamilton, you have been my strength in every trial, will you fail me now?"

"God forgive me," he said, "but oh, Marian, I loved you so much, I have been so proud of you, I have looked forward to the day that you should show forth all the greatness and power of your intellect to the world. I am not ambitious for myself; I have been for you—and this withering blight—Oh, Marian, would I could take this cup from you!"

"Do not say so, Hamilton; but why should you grieve so deeply? It is not a little thing, but to the soul it is nothing. If I have a true message to speak, shall it not come with deeper force from the soul baptised into sorrow? Can I not more freely speak and act? I feel that I have new power. The fatal consequence of my own impatience, this teacher comes to read me her sublime lesson, and all that in other hours I have sown in my soul will now bear fruit in my life."

"Let me help you," said he, "let me be your sight, your scribe, your companion, your friend. Oh Marion, how can I relieve you of this burthen."

"Be still as ever my best, my dearest brother," she said. She held a hand of each of us. "Will you call me poor," she said, "with two such friends, who have given me inward sight. I would not lose you, to regain this whole fair universe of outward beauty."

"Come let us sit beside the window," she said, "I can still enjoy the Honeysuckle's breath, and we will talk more sweetly there." Margaret will you repeat for me Milton's great sonnet.

"When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide" and—

I did so and as I closed she said—"What noble truth! Were it not worth a life of darkness to see God thus—Hamilton, shall I ever attain to this?"

Tears fell upon his cheek as he said, "You are not far from the kingdom of God."

Henry joined us and at Marian's request he passed the evening mostly in singing. She was quiet and cheerful and looked forward with a sweet and frank hope. As we parted she said to me. "You will tell Henry all—I could once— but a poor blind girl—no I will put away the cup, I would not be a burden to him."

I did tell him, but he was not surprised. "I have watched her too closely to be deceived. I have seen her struggles, her victory, and my heart has bled for her. Oh Margaret, can I do aught for her? I have given her my whole heart, will it bless her? Now when she needs it so much shall I take from her her support and ask her to share my poverty. Can my love make her happy?"

"What has Earth so great and rich?" I said, "God bless you both!"

I felt that the morrow would decide my fate.

Since the day of James' sickness I had trusted that Hamilton loved me, I had rested in confidence in him yet he had never spoken of it. Now I should know if Marian had loved him, or if as I had more lately thought she had really loved the beautiful and bright young artist. I tried not to think of myself and uttered a solemn vow in my heart that if she indeed loved Hamilton I would not separte him from her. 'Her blasted life shall not have one added pang from me.' She had asked me to stay with her during her Aunt's and Lucile's absence, and as I felt that I could be useful to her I went thither on the following morning.

I came quietly into her room as she stood by the window holding in her hand a bouquet of fresh flowers and lifting her face to the morning air which came pleasantly in, and I stopped to look at her. For the first time I thought her beautiful. A calm light seemed to pervade her whole countenance and the sweetness of the air was diffusing a sensation of grateful pleasure over her; she turned as I spoke. "See my beautiful flowers," she said, "I love them every one. The old poet says the flowers were fair, but had never fragrance till Psyche breathed over them. I can still commune with the soul of the flowers." She then drew me to a table where stood a large vase of Magnolias. "There are my treasures," she said, "Hamilton brought them to me last night, but he made me promise not to keep them in my bed room, so I rose at dawn, soon as I heard the stir in the streets and I groped my way out here, so impatient was I to bathe my spirits in their reviving odor. You have never seen them before?" "No," and I admired the dark polished green of the leaves, and the queen like flower which sat like a crown upon them. I placed one of them in her dark hair, that its fragrance might be ever about her.

"They have been my altar this morning," she said. "I sat in the morning air and thought of all the beauty which I should never see again and my heart rebelled for a moment; but these came wooingly, softly towards me with their gentle breath and seemed to say—"God yet speaks to you through nature."

At evening Henry came to her. There was a quiet reverence in his manner as one who approaches the shrine of the Gods. She was sitting with the flowers he had sent her on a little table beside her. She was unconscious of his approach, for her ear had not yet learned the exquisite nicety which comes from long dependence on its use; and I know that he wiped a tear from his eyes as he paused a moment before approaching her nearer. I left them alone, alone with their fond hearts. She could not speak of outward things, her first thoughts; his first words were, "Marian, Marian, may I come to you in your trouble and darkness? Let me love you. I am poor, I am unworthy of you, I will not ask you to love me if you cannot, but at least let me be your servant, let me be near you to lighten a little the heavy burden."

He had taken her hand and she did not draw it away. She passed the other over the fair, high brow, round which the brown hair clustered so beautifully and said, "Can you the beautiful one, love me?"

"Have you not seen it, have you not felt it? The violets that you gave me a stranger, still lie next my heart, and every hope of my life since has been twined with the thought of you; but could I ask you to share my uncertain fate, could I hope that your lofty spirit could be content with me—But now God has stricken your outward life, there at least I may bless you and I come to lay all mine at your feet."

"And all mine is thine," she said. "Oh Henry, say not that I am blind, I never saw life till now. This is life and joy."

The veil of evening fell over the interchange of the heart's deepest feelings and at night she told me her deep joy. "He has even been to me," she said, "what the flowers were this morning, an incarnation of God's love. I have called God the Beautiful since he has thus shown himself to me in this best gift; and now Margaret, I can go hopefully onward through sorrow and blindness with this light in my heart."

It was the Sabbath evening, and through the beautiful lanes and roads of Dorchester to Milton where the dew had hung its mantle of grace over every leaf, I rode with Hamilton and for the first time he spoke of love. But it was but the reawakening of a long remembered strain. We had for many weeks dwelt too near together in spirit not to know each other. "I would not speak of marriage to you, he said, while Marian was alone—more than a sister, as a daughter even have I loved her and I felt that all my powers were due to her, but now she is not alone and our union will but complete her. Shall we not be a happy little circle?"

"It seems too beautiful and dream like to be real," I said. "Not a year ago poor, deserted, almost alone, and now amid such a circle of loving hearts, such friends, such a heart is mine."

Lightly we talked of the faults of the dead. I knew only that Hamilton was deceived, I cared only that all was now clear and I felt that his bruised spirit would rejoice over the happiness that living he might not have been able to bear.

Chapter VIII.

"The nomination too of Venus may be said to be serious; considered according to her supermundane subsistence, she may be said *to be a lover of joking and of sport*, considered according to her mundane establishment, for to all suitable natures she communicates an exuberant energy, and eminently contains in herself the cause of the gladness and as it were mirth of all mundane concerns, through the illuminations of beauty which she perpetually pours into every part of the universe." *Notes to Taylor's Plate.*

The ancient mythology was certainly verified in our experience during the fortnight that we spent together at the sea shore for pleasure and health. Marian said "Hamilton had nothing of the dignity proper to a young divine," and Henry and I who had never before seen the sea were wild with excitement. He led Marian down to the lowest rocks where she could hear every tinkle of the waters as they dropped among the caverns, and could feel the soft spray on her cheek, so that if she beheld not "God's face upon the waters" she heard "his music in the deep." Kathleen, the happiest of "third persons," lay for hours upon the rocks, drinking in the cool invigorating air with delight, and entranced by the beauty around her. For this period we gave a truce to care, but that past, we spoke of the future. Marian insisted on our having *her* place. Henry must go to Italy, she said, he needs the knowledge to be gained there, and why should we part? I trust Margaret will not sink the artist in the wife."

"Surely not," I said.

"Hide her one talent" said Hamilton roguishly. "No indeed I am to preach and she is to paint, and I fear she will be a formidable rival if we do not work together."

"True," said Marian, "why then should she not have the advantages of better acquaintance with the great masters; let us all go together. Hamilton needs rest before entering on the duties of his ministry which he will make no light work, he shall go to Germany and refresh his soul by sitting in Luther's arm chair, and talking Theology with all the professors with long names, and Margaret shall see her old teacher and—

"Marian treats her plans as a merciless judge does his culprits"—said Hamilton—"always orders then to immediate execution; but you forget friend Hopeful the vulgar considerations of dollars and cents; even Henry and Margaret cannot live on pictures alone; my annuity soon ceases and your fortune is gone when you marry."

"I have thought of it" said Marian, "I will not marry until we return, and moreover a private will, left to my care by my brother James, bequeathes all his property to you and Margaret, for he foresaw your union. Thus," he said, "I will make all the atonement in my power to those whom I have wronged." Is not this all right, we can live as cheaply in Italy as here.

"Not so," said Henry, "I would rather remain in Boston and paint respectable merchants in broadcloths. I claim the promise of this little hand before the winter's snow has touched a single twig."

I felt that Henry was right, that it were happier for both to be married, yet I was unwilling to give up the voyage, for I hoped something

from the the sea voyage and change of air for Marian's sight, of which after a consultation with the best physicians, I did not entirely despair. Shakspeare came to my thoughts and I said, "Good men have often inspirations at their death." I believe the secret instructions will not be found very rigorous, and even if they be so, why will you not share our portion? are we not all one family? marry in faith, trust me the event will justify it.

The joyful preparations for the weddings and the voyage were commenced, and my heart turned to my good Aunt Biddy, my oldest friend. Hamilton and I wrote her a most urgent invitation to our wedding, with her two boys also, Marian adding that she should depend on their being her guests. The answer was characteristic, and shall be preserved.—Good Aunt Biddy was no pen-woman and her scribe had evidently amused herself with taking down her words literally.

AUNT BIDDY'S LETTER.

"Och, my own dear Margaret,—

That I loved as well every bit as my own childer, to think of her being such a great leddy and marrying a minister, but then to be laving the counthry. And isn't it there the Pope lives? child dear—the Lord bless him. But sure and your man is not a priest at all, and ye're not a Catholic, sorres for the mother's daughter of ye, but I belave ye'll go straight into heaven any way, for ye could witch the heart out of every body here on earth, and sure it's Peter's self will let you in or ever he gets a blink o' your eye, and the pet Kathleen, och darlint I wish I might see her; and if I war'ent furder nor a hundred mile of you I'd come to your weddin, but sure my old bones is a'most killed wi' jolting over the mountains here—and I'd be dead entirely, before I get to ye, and then I'd repent I ever started. Sure Pat and Johnny sends a power o' love and they're getting good wages, and are right steady boys. Pat's to be married this day's sax weeks, to as a nice a girl as you'll see any day—and Johnny's 'keepin company,' that's the way they talk out here. Margaret dear, sure it's a shame to hear them murder the king' English all along o' want of early schooling. She's a smart girl, but as she's a writing this letter for me, may be she wont like to say much about it—though you're a bit of a rogue and you're jilting Jenny—yer know yer are. Don't be after long laughing at the ould woman now but tell Margaret dear that we're all well only the chills and ager that shakes the life out o' one, and when she comes back over the wather, she must come out and see her ould foster mother, and to tell the quare folks, the Germans, she calls 'em, that my boys often talk of the little Bertha and they send their love to 'em all, and sure Margaret dear sometimes I feel's lonesome like, and wish I was back in the ould rooms with the smoky chimney and you a cooking the praties, and Kathleen a singing, faith I do. But the Lord be praised, I'm doing well and there isn't two better boys nor mine in the whole country, so don't forget your old Aunt and the Lord bless you and your husband and may he be gude to ye, and may you live to see your children's children as good to you as mine has been to me. Give my love to Miss Marian Willoughby and Mr. Walcott and tell 'em I'd be plased to see 'em in my log cabin though it is'nt so handsome like as I could wish, but we have all things convenient and nice, and sure none o' them as has been so good to yees shall ever want while I've a pratie or a shilling.

So may the Saint's and the Holy Virgin keep you and bring ye safe back again to your loving old Aunt

BIDDY MCFARLAND."

Poor Aunt Biddy, she lived to see her son's married and doing well, but a severe attack of fever and ague finished her humble and useful life, before the orphans for whom she had done so much returned to see her again.

Shall I linger over my story? Grant me a little time longer. I leave the details of the simple weddings to the fancy, and need only mention that on opening Mr. Willoughby's instructions, we found that he had only used a stratagem to try the worth of his daughter's choice, for he secured his fortune to his daughter, if Hamilton Marshall approved her marriage, otherwise he was to act as trustee. "For though he's an abolitionist he's an honest fellow and I can trust him," he said. A little package—enclosed was directed to Mrs. Marian—with these few words "Be as good a wife as you have been a faithful daughter and your husband will be thrice blessed." The package contained her mother's wedding ring.

Henry sued humbly for Hamilton's approval, which after some merry bantering was fully granted.

Whether matrimony is contagious, I cannot say, but Lucile refused our invitation to accompany us, and informed Marian that she was shortly about to place herself under military protection. Aunt Jerusha, who had been most busily happy, although somewhat scandalised at the plainness of her neice's trouseau, anticipated this gay wedding with much delight.

Italy, the painter's, poet's home, how did our longing eyes greet the first sight of thy fair shores; and with what earnest reverence did we tread thy sacred spots. It was a touching sight to see the blind bride leaning on the arm of her young and beautiful husband, as we visited spots glorious by every association, and looked on scenes the fairest that earth can afford. Often we checked the utterance of our admiration, lest it should give her pain, but she rebuked us severely if she perceived it. "You deprive me of the enjoyment that is left to me," she said, "Did you not promise to be my eyes?" Yet at times she felt the trial severely, and sometimes as we stood before the works of Michael Angelo, and Raphael of Leonardo and of Titian, she would grasp my hand with such force of expression as sent a thrill of agony to my heart, yet she bore it meekly and no word of impatience ever escaped her. But the glorious music of the South we enjoyed in common, and when in the Sistine Chapel we heard the deep wailings of the miserere, it seemed as if the stricken soul rose upwards on the strain. She loved to wander with Kathleen through the vast churches; she said the inspiration of the scene flowed freely through her.

I will not stay to tell how we passed from city to city finding rich treasures in each, but thus the winter passed happily away. True to his future mission, Hamilton studied humanity in every form. The religious and moral aspects of the people, and their political state was a subject of deep interest to him, and he could trace in every department of life, the progress of those great principles of truth and freedom which are to change the face of the world.

Early in the summer we went together to the Vaterland as I had learned to call it, to beloved Germany. We sailed down the Rhine, and every castle, every village seemed familiar to me from the descriptions of my dear Bertha, and the pictures I had studied so often. On a lovely June afternoon we arrived at the little village of Andernach near which I had learned was the abode of my master. Mine host of the inn knew the good painter and his wife's family well, and directed us to their villa which was on the river, about a mile from the village. I was two impatient to do full justice to our host's good dinner, and leaving our friends I walked thither with Hamilton and Kathleen. We reached there about sunset. A little group were gathered under a vine wreathed arbor in the garden, eating their evening meal; leaving Hamilton in the porch, I went with Kathleen through the garden towards the group. A venerable white headed man seemed to form the centre of the company, to whom Bertha renewed in health and beauty paid the fondest attentions, while my master still grave and quiet but with a less care worn face, talked earnestly with the brother whom I had seen in America. Little Bertha sat in her grandfather's lap, eating cherries from his plate. The cheerful pleasure of the scene inspired us with as pirit of fun, and beckoning to Kathleen we slipped behind some large bushes, and began to sing an old familiar air, which Bertha had liked. She started in amazement.

"Was ist? was ist?" I heard her say.—"What amazes you?" asked her brother.

"That tune! It is American—who can it be?" she looked around in vain.

"You are America mad," said her brother, and have taught the very birds to sing Yankee Doodle."

I began to sing it at once—when all fairly aroused left the table—when Bertha caught a glimpse of my dress. I sprang out and threw my arms around her neck. "It is, it is my Margaret, my angel too," she said. The tears sprang to the eyes of my good master as he welcomed us, and the little Bertha who seemed to have a dim remembrance of her play-mate, had already drawn Kathleen towards her and given her cherries from the old man's plate.

"You must stay with us," said Bertha when the tumult of welcome had subsided, "the great chamber is ready for you." "Yes, but I have left a friend in the porch, whom you will have to love too or I cannot stay."

"Your husband?"

I nodded assent. "Is he good enough for you?" said my master. "I think so; but you must judge for yourselves."

"Not Mr."—began Bertha. I shook my head and as she was about to say more, said "Do not speak of that now, dear Bertha." Hamilton's kindly face, his gentle manner and his good German won him immediate favor, and we sat down again around the replenished board to exchange memories of the olden time, and prospects of the future. They were deeply touched by Marian's state, and Bertha and her brother at once insisted on going to the inn for them.

"You must stay with us all summer, and see the beautiful Rhineland, wont you Margaret?"

I could not promise for so long, but for the present we were of their family. I found that Bertha's father had built the house for her on his own estate, so that all could be often together. Mr. Gottlieb was deeply loved and respected, and all lovers of art stopped to see his works as they passed down the Rhine. I was impatient to see his pictures, but he would not indulge me to night.

I could not be so patient, I was too much excited to sleep, and at day break I stole down to his painting room. How many old associations rose up before me. I was again a little child timidly asking instruction. Many of his works were sold and distributed, but on his easel stood an unfinished picture of Paul preaching, which was enough to justify my reverence for him, since after seeing the master pieces of the world, I was deeply impressed by the spiritual power triumphing over the feeble flesh which was visible in this work. He came upon me unexpectedly, "You little Yankee rogue," he said in English, but he was gratified by my almost childish delight in his work, and we had a long earnest conversation. He questioned me of my progress, and when I brought him my latest works and heard his old "Sehr goot, sehr goot," I was as much gratified as when he first praised the sketch of the willow tree. Kathleen and her little friend found some embarrassment in renewing their acquaintance, for Bertha knew no English, and Kathleen's German was scanty, but dolls, flowers, birds, songs, and pictures served for conversation at first, and Kathleen rapidly caught the language. We remained several weeks with our friends, enjoying the simple German home life. Henry and I painted every morning under the tuition of this able teacher, and in our rambles gathered a rich store of sketches, while Bertha's brother, carried Hamilton into all parts of the neighboring country, opening to him many sources of valuable information.—He predicted troubled times in Germany before long. "When they come," we said, "remember your American home, perhaps we may then be able to return a part of your kindness." Nor was Marian idle. She had visited the schools, had become intimately acquainted with the people, and formed a "thee and thou" friendship with our good Bertha who could not sufficiently express her love and pity for her third friend. Her brother having examined her case with much attention, persuaded us to consult a celebrated occulist at Frankfort, whose skill was extraordinary. He assured us that the case was not desperate and prescribed a course of treatment to be pursued for some months at the end of which time he hoped an operation might be successfully performed. Mr. Gottlieb and Bertha joined us in travelling for a few weeks, while we visited the most interesting spots in Germany, and as autumn approached we felt that we must leave this charming country and people which had so warmly welcomed us. Hamilton was impatient to be at his work, and my cup had been filled so full with pleasure, that I longed for the quiet of my own home to express my thoughts in my art. Unwilling however to separate Marian from her physician, Henry wished to remain longer, and they resolved to spend the winter at Rome, and return to Frankfort in the spring.

The separation was painful, but it was necessary, and we parted with tears indeed but in hope and gratitude, and my heart leaped gladly up as our ship entered the islanded bay, and I saw the State House rising to my view.

Can you feel what it is in a time of falsity to be a brave true man, to dare nobly the slanders of the world, and to declare the truth in earnest love? What is it to speak words of wisdom to enlighten the mind, of truth to convince the consciences, of love to warm the hearts of men? To be a minister of comfort to the bodies, of hope to the souls of the poor, to preach deliverance to the captive, and glad tidings of great joy to all men, then can you appreciate the work which began in his humble country parish. My husband was doing for all who came within his influence. Others may speak his eulogy, and measure his achievements, I may only tell how in his home he realized the bright hopes which filled my heart when I united my fate to his. Serenely happy in each other, happy in the blossoms of love which come year by year into the household, we met the outward trials of life with unshrinking hearts, and every year thanked God more fervently for his blessings.

A beautiful spirit abode with us for a time but she is gone home. Like the bright star which has cheered the wanderer through the winter night, and fades when the sun rises brightly, fades from his eye but not from his prayerful heart, such was she to me. I could not have borne those dark days of trial and suffering without her, but keen as was the pang of separation from the child of my earliest love, I felt that she had but "departed to that deity, in whose service she had ever been engaged." She is still an abiding joy in our hearts and the little first learn of heaven and God from the angel being of Kathleen.

"Once more" Marian wrote to me, "the blue sky dawns on my sight, once more I look upon the face that I love. I cannot tell you the unutterable feeling of that moment. It was not joy, it was too intense, it was like the pang of a new birth. Now again I rejoice, in earth, and sea, and sky, and face of man and woman! I am impatient to return to you. I come, I come, is all that I can say.

Margaret, God has been with me in these hours of darkness and sorrow. He has taught me marvellous things, and they shall be spoken not in words only but in the enduring marble of a life which eternity cannot destroy.

Translated from the French for the N. Y. Tribune.

CIRCASSIANS AND THE SALE OF BEAUTIFUL SLAVE GIRLS.

TREBIZOND, Thursday, May 25, 1854.

A few days ago there arrived at the quarantine of Trebizond about two hundred Circassians with a live cargo of great variety, but which they found some difficulty in disposing of by reason of the pecuniary straits in which purchasers are just now placed. The traders, who are steady friends of Shamyl, the Mahomet of the Caucasus, and the bitter and determined enemies of Nicholas, whom in their figurative language they call the vulture of the snows, had for sale forty packages of human flesh. They were made up of a dozen children of from four to eight years old, and of thirty females ranging between 15 and 30. The quarantine doctor requested me to accompany him on his visit to this strange spectacle. The Superintendent of the Lazaretto made the merchants and their wares stand in a line, so that we had an opportunity of making a thorough examination of the parties. The Circassians were all very fine men, large, tall and strong. Their figure was as exquisitely beautiful as that of a woman; their limbs were plump and muscular; their hands and feet were small; their complexion was swarthy—produced by exposure to the mountain air—but their countenances, notwithstanding, bore the impress of gentleness and manly courage; their chests were full and rounded, and their step as proud as that of a monarch upon the stage. Their costume was very picturesque. It consisted of a great coat ornamented with lambskin, and which fitted closely; of trousers cut after the Turkish fashion, and made of light-colored cloth; of a cap of gray felt with a band of lambskin, the wool of which was long and curled. They wore red slippers without stockings. and a cloak of lambskin or of felt, with which they wrapped themselves with the utmost dignity. After having visited the merchants we approached the individuals they had for sale as near as the guards would permit us. The little Circassians and the females were ranged before the doors of the cells, and from their anxious air seemed to inquire whether we were about to purchase them. The children were beautiful both in form and in countenance. Yet the latter did not exhibit that infantile grace which is so observable in Europeans. They had an expression of gravity not unmixed with care which almost made us regard them as little men who had already experienced the trials and difficulties of life. Young as they were, they seemed as if they

had already passed through the term of their existence. Their look was that of deep reflection, their gait was slow and staid, their stare was piercing and inquisitive, their mouth pinched and serious. All these peculiarities filled us with as much surprise as sorrow, for they forced on us the conviction that this anxious air or precocious intellect sprang from fear of the future or from regret at being separated from those mountain scenes around which they had so far passed their youth. They were clad in tattered clothes of no particular cut or color, and wore no covering on their heads or feet. Their food was the same as that of their parents, and of the coarsest and least substantial kind. It consisted of millet cakes and spring water, and notwithstanding this innutritious fare they all had blooming cheeks and the appearance of health and strength. We next proceeded to make a close inspection of the females. They were, with the exception of two young girls, all considerably advanced in years and destined to become servants or bath tenders. Their faces which had a faded air, produced undoubtedly more by fatigue and hardship than by age, bore an expression of profound sadness and of vague inquietude. Their looks seemed to interrogate us as to our intentions respecting them. One would suppose that they wished to fathom our characters in order to foresee their own destiny, and when they saw that our visit was one merely of curiosity, they cast their eyes upon the ground and waited until they should be allowed to withdraw. One of these females was exceedingly beautiful. She might be fifteen or sixteen years old; the look she gave us was that of a proud and haughty soul, but in her manner there was nothing of that pensive agitation which we had remarked in her companions and even in the little children. Her large, open and lustrous eyes were expressive of a mind that was at once both bold and calm. She no doubt imagined that her beauty would be her protection, and that even her future master could not help but feel its influence. It would indeed be difficult to give anything like an adequate description of this woman. But I have seen portraits which have a strong resemblance to her; they were, however, the works of great masters which I then believed to have been the creations of their fancy and not the representations of any human being. A great master however does not deal merely in the fanciful, he delineates what he sees or what he recollects that he has seen. What I admired in this young woman was not so much her exquisite proportions, her grace and her charming countenance, as her noble and queenly attitude. Her mein was something like that of Cleopatra; had she a diadem on her head one could have taken her for one of those queens we read of in ancient history, or had she on an oaken chaplet, she might have passed for a priestess among the Druids. This lovely mountain maid, who had passed her life amid the snows of the Caucasus, and whose lot it may be to become one day the wife of a Sultan, wore a sorry garment of coarse blue cloth, which was faded and much stained. It was made after the Turkish fashion, open in front, and exhibited to view an under-garment very much soiled, but embroidered with silk of many colors. This garment showed so well the graceful development of the bust that you would have almost sworn that it was pasted to her. It is quite clear that there must be some superior seamstresses in the Caucasus. She wore a white muslin veil, cast back, which was stained and torn, but so attached as to envelope her like a vestal when she pleased. When we had contemplated this specimen of beauty, so rare in any country, we proceeded to inspect the men who were the fathers or uncles of females and children for sale. The greater part of the Circassians speak and understand the language of the Turks, and it was in this language that the doctor interrogated them, and received their answers. I shall merely give the translation of my guide;

"What is the price of this child?" said he to one of the Circassians.

"Three thousand piastres," replied the other. [A sum equal to about 600 francs.]

"And what do you ask for the girl?" said the Doctor, pointing to the individual just described.

"Twenty-five thousand piastres, neither more nor less," and seeing that the Doctor was saying something to me in a whisper, he added; "That is not too dear, for her entire person is as free from defects as her face. When the quarantine is over you may make yourself sure on that head. It is only a year ago since I sold her sister, who is not in any way her superior, and yet she brought me thirty-two thousand piastres. But as we are at present in greater want of money than we usually are, we shall lower the price to get away the sooner."

"And why have you more want of money now than last year?"

"Because we want to buy muskets, and powder and balls."

"What! And is it for the purpose of buying arms and ammunition that you are going to sell your children."

The idea that these men would engage in such a traffic for the purpose of enabling them to struggle against the Russians made me reflect gravely for a moment. I looked at the Doctor of the quarantine to see if he shared my emotion, but he had been so accustomed to these scenes that the present one made little or no impression on him, and he now confined his attention to whether there were any individuals among the lot who required his professional services. But in what light was I to regard these people? Could I admire those men who carried their patriotism and love of liberty to such a pitch as to sell their children? Admiration no doubt I felt, but not without a sentiment of deep sorrow. Unfortunately, however, on reflection I came to learn that it was not since the war began that these men have engaged in this detestable traffic, and that it was not merely for the purpose of buying arms with a noble and heroic intention that they were in the habit of selling their daughters, their sisters, their sons and their brothers, but that it has been practiced by them from time immemorial for the purpose of satisfying the commonest wants. I felt a thrill of horror run through me when I looked at those obdurate and heartless men, smoking and laughing and coolly talking about the fate of their own flesh and blood. I wished to leave the odious scene, but the doctor begged of me to stop and not condemn these men before I heard them in justification of their conduct. He took aside a hale old man, the quick flashes of whose eye denoted birth, intelligence and communicativeness. The latter, being interrogated by the doctor, said that it was from a sentiment of tenderest affection for their children that he and his countrymen were addicted to this traffic.

"It is no trifling sacrifice that we make," said he, in thus separating ourselves from our dear children; but we are consoled by the thought that this separation will be useful to them. In the mountainous regions where we live our daughters are subjected to the greatest hardships. We have neither bread nor clothing to give them. But once that they are sold, they become ladies—they enter the harems of the Turks, they lead a quiet and easy life, they feel no want of clothing in winter, and they have always bread to eat. And those who chance to get into the harems of the great people have not only clothes and bread at their command, but also luxury, grandeur and power. They amuse themselves in baths of amber. They have head-dresses of pearls. They have perfumes and music, and everything that the tenderness and love of their masters can procure for them.—By their side our sons who have been received by the Turks may become officers in the army, captains, cadis, pashas and viziers. They then bless their parents who have had the courage and good sense to emancipate them from a life of hardships, of struggles, and of cruel labors. And then, when we rear them with the intention of selling them, they know that no happiness awaits them in their own country, and therefore they leave it without regret. The Russians who wish to enslave us under the pretext that we follow an inhuman trade, are not better than we are. The great Prince (Shamyl,) who knows them well, who has lived in their cities, and studied their manners and their laws, has often told us of the horrible deeds committed among them. We sell our children, because the soil of our country is unfruitful, because we cannot afford them any other life than that of constant labor and of misery that cannot be removed. Yet we have gentle manners, we love each other, and we oblige and assist each other. Among us you will not find the *knout*, neither will you see prisoners nor executioners. The wishes of our old men are always attentively listened to and respected. And the stranger who risks his person in our mountains is always sure of protection and assistance."

The doctor continued his conversation with the old Circassian for a few minutes longer. He spoke to him about Shamyl, who is a king, a prophet, a very god throughout all the Caucasses. Shamyl is a hero even in the eyes of Europeans. But besides this he is a prophet among the Circassians.

"Shamyl is inspired by God," added the old man. "He often retires to the recesses of a cavern, where he remains for five or six days at a time to hear the counsels which an angel comes to give him. He is a lion in battle. The Russians are not able to bear the glare of his countenance, and when they hear the thunder of his voice they turn their backs and flee. We have slain many of these fellows, and this is the reason why the Vulture of the snows (Nicholas) is now levying a bloody war against us. But wait a while; the muskets that we are going to buy will do our business better than the lances. Before long, depend on it, no Russian will dare show his face in our mountains. The great Prince has predicted that, and what he predicts always turns out true."

We left the quarantine, and I carried away with me a lively impression of all that I had heard and seen. Here there is a young people full of hope and overflowing with vitality, for it not only has not exhausted its own vigor, but it is constantly giving out to a neighboring nation the best portions of it. Here is a people on the borders of Europe, and within fourteen days journey of the highest civilization. Well, this people, so masculine, so vigorous, so energetic, so sober, so intelligent, and which, up to the present time, has been hardly known to the world, has been cast into utter barbarism by the ignorance and apathy of Europe. We trust that out of the struggle which has now commenced between Europe and Russia some good will come to these poor countries.—Circassia, Georgia, and Abasia still sell their children. This deplorable state of things will, no doubt, cease among our allies from the very contact of the French and British fleets and armies with them. Nor shall this be the first time that the diffusion of civilization shall depend on war, just as the fertilization of the soil is sometimes the effect of the most terrific storm.

DE VALOIS.

Were it in man's power by choosing the best, to attain the best in any particular kind, we would not blame the young poet if he always chose the drama. But by the same law of fairy, which ordains that wishes shall be granted unavailingly to the wisher, no form of art will succeed with him to whom it is the object of deliberate choice. It must grow from his nature in a certain position, as it first did from the general mind in a certain position, and be no garment taken from the shining store to be worn at a banquet, but a real body, gradually woven and assimilated from earth and sky, which environed the poet in his youthful years.

"The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun."

THE WORKS OF MISS HOSMER.

Among the objects of interest which have attracted the attention of Bostonians, for a few weeks past, are two busts in marble, recently received from Rome. This attention has been directed towards them, not only by the fact that they are the productions of one who was born, and who grew to womanhood *here*, but by the finer fact, that they are eminently worthy of admiration —of deep and long continued study—that they in no wise disappoint any interest they may claim irrespectively of their origin, as works of art; a judgment to which after all, the works of every artist must be subjected.

A "Medusa," and a "Daphne." Will it not be a new era in art, when those ancient myths of female beauty, power and suffering, which for two thousand years have been interpreted by men, are re-interpreted by the more sympathetic and refined power of true female genius?

I say the *true* genius of woman: the earnest, undeflected operation of which shall be a revelation upon the earth.

The genius of man, is great, but it is not for woman to assume, nor are its manifestations *her* manifestations. Her's is of a more celestial quality, and where it has not been absorbed by the immediate world about her, and assimilated by her men-children, to be exhibited in them, as *their* strength, to a wondering world, it has flashed across that world intense as lightning, and as brief. Lightning-like, it has flashed forth to destroy, or to purify by fearful processes the world's atmosphere. These phenomena are among the most unaccountable to be found among the records of the world's mysteries.

There was genius in Zenobia, the "Queen of the East," in Beatrice Cenci, in Joan of Arc, and in Madam Roland. They appeared, as from the bosom of thunder-clouds, struck the blow, and vanished.

But where are the *builders?* Where our poems, and symphonies, our temples, pictures, and statues, sprung from the diviner life of woman? Do not say that we have been overborne by the power of men; the province of genius and talent is to rise *through* that; each great name was *won* amid the warfare of contending influences—to accomplish is to overcome resistances.

This then, is the new life; to interpret according to the female *perceptive* power, the true and beautiful of the past, and to reveal according to her *conceptive* power, the beauty and truth of the present. We may say and prove that there is no sex in soul, nor in the creative nature—I care nothing about *that*;—I know that those subtle refinements of thought and feeling, that exquisite emotional nature, characteristic of woman, must by the laws of affinity, find more in all life past and present, into which these elements have entered, than the power of man can in anywise recognize.

Therefore I welcome these productions of the chisel of Miss Hosmer, as the first fair fruits of a new dispensation. We are justified in so doing, by the evidence we have of the artist's complete understanding of the womanly characteristics of the two subjects—by the perfect freedom with which the features are modeled—by the exquisite delicacy of the finishing touches; and we hope ere long to see a woman's rendering of the majesty of Zenobia, the pure beauty of Beatrice, and the divine enthusiasm of Joan of Arc. A.

Boston, Nov. 1, 1854.

NEWBURYPORT, Nov. 13, 1854.

MRS. DAVIS,—Last Friday evening the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave an *admirable* lecture before the Newburyport Lyceum. The subject, "Patriotism." I have not taken my pen to speak of the beauties of the lecture, but to refer to a few remarks that he made toward the close, upon Woman's Rights. He said, "he had heard some of the best of female speakers, and he felt that women could talk in the domestic circle, but that they were not fitted for public speakers. And had he a mother, wife, or daughter, that were gifted to speak, he would not hinder, but he prayed that mother, wife, or daughter, of his, might never be thus gifted." What a prayer. As if the Almighty would bestow talents if he had not a work for the possessor to perform. I feel that that prayer was not the aspiration of his inner life, but was earth-born, and if heard by the Great Father, would bring leanness into his soul. Had some of Mr. Beecher's ancestors been prophetic, and seen that some gifted female would send out to the world words from her that would move the hearts of nations, the prayer might have gone out, from the mistaken one, let not that writer be my mother, wife, or any of my descendants, and had it been answered, the Beecher family, would have lost one of its highest honors.

Perhaps *some man* may yet have the honor of mother, wife, or daughter, who will do as glorious a work, by her voice, as Mr. Beecher's sister has, by her heaven-inspired pen.

Mr. Beecher spoke well for woman's right, to many places of profitable employment, that are now cleared to them. He advocated their right to the ballot box, and drew beautiful pictures of the wife, *meekly* leaning upon the husband's arm as she went to the polls, and the mother upon the son's, as the son went, perhaps for the first time, to cast his vote.

I trust, when women are free enough to vote, they will not be mere machines, but will speak as well as act, and whoever thinks otherwise must have forgotten, I think, the flexibility of woman's tongue.

With much esteem, I am yours respectfully,

JANE KNAPP.

MRS. CLARK.

We have recently received a letter from Mrs. N. E. Clark, M. D., graduate of Cleaveland Medical College, who is now in Paris pursuing her studies. She says, "I am in a fair way to accomplish all I desire in the way of my profession. I can hardly be said to have commenced yet, my ear is not sufficiently educated to the French language, but it will be soon. I have attended the celebrated Desmarrès Clinique upon the eye. He treats me very respectfully, and has a seat for me just behind him, where I can see all the operations. I have also met here a celebrated physician of London, who invited me to visit his hospital on my return. Jubert, the principal physician of the Hotel Dieu, has invited me there, to commence the first of November. I have seen him perform some operations with the red hot iron. Next Sunday I am to be presented to a friend of his, Dr. Campbell, of La Maternita. I am not in haste to rush on until I can understand thoroughly. Dr. Ricard will introduce me to the Hospital for Children, and to the female wards of other hospitals."

NURSES FOR THE WOUNDED.

SIR,—You published yesterday an imposing list of medicines and hospital necessaries sent, or about to be sent, to the army in the East. In the whole medical department, however, amounting in all to only two hundred and five persons for the entire army, there is not a single nurse. Now, nurses are as much wanted in hospitals as surgeons and apothecaries. The carrying out of the medical directions is necessarily entrusted to them; and the recovery of the patients depends as much on efficient nursing as on intelligent prescriptions. This is now the great want in the eastern hospitals; and this is the want which we hope will be supplied by private devotedness, as well as by government appointment. In a few days the first detachment of nurses will embark, followed shortly by a second, under the superintendence of a lady who has long made the tending of the sick her voluntary profession. They are all women carefully chosen for practical efficiency and sterling qualities; women who understand their work, and will do it well. Soon, then, the want of female aid will be no longer felt by our troops, nor will the French, whose admirable Sisters of Charity have formed such a striking contrast to our own nurseless hospitals, supply the only devoted women of the allied nations. It would, indeed, be sad if the religion of patriotism could not do what the religion of a creed has done, or if English benevolence were not capable of the deeds of catholic zeal.

This is a province peculiarly fitted for woman. The care of the sick, like the care of the young, devolves on woman by right of natural fitness; and we are glad and proud to know that gentlewomen of education and of social standing have taken on themselves the place of hospital nurses for the wounded soldiers. It is a noble position for a woman—one that she may well be proud to undertake. And let none be deterred from the like office by the pseudo-modest who would stultify a woman's mind, paralyze her life, and mutilate her noblest deeds by that fatal formula, "It is not woman's work." Human life belongs to woman as well as to man. *The rush and tumult of political conflict is evidently not her sphere at all;** but those things proper to one class of women are proper to all. Nature never made ladies who should be too fine to work or to help; and though it would be a waste for an intellectual woman to perform such merely mechanical labors which an uninstructed child might do as well and better than herself, yet all offices for humanity belong to all classes alike. The consequence of our present system of caste in human duties is bad. The want of the softening influence of our educated women over the lower orders helps to brutalise the latter more than any other one cause. For instance, in a hospital educated women would be of infinitely more service than that coarser race usually found there. If they would nerve themselves to do their work efficiently they would know how to comfort, soothe, and calm better than any one else; they would check many a blasphemy and stifle many a wild oath; their superiority of mind would have boundless influence over the sufferers, and many a sick bed would become the means of moral improvement if noble-minded women would but shed their own nobleness around it. Hospital work is woman's work. Let no one persuade her it is not.

And it is also woman's work to devote herself, body and mind, to her country. To give her a place in the heroic deeds, and to allow her the privilege of alleviating the sorrows of her land, is to ennoble her beyond all that we can conceive. Let her, too, feel that she may suffer, and suffer grandly, for the national good; that she may work with her father and her brother for the national cause, and lay her offering, the offering of her life and best energies, on the national altar. Let her act as well as feel in these stirring times: she has the right to demand this of society. And in this instance of voluntary nurses to the East, she is about to exact her demand. Ladies have been found—ladies of education, of intelligence, of no-

bleness and power—who will devote themselves to the public good, and carry out to the military hospitals in the East all the love, and energy, and helpfulness which the Sœurs de Charité have exhibited. Ladies have been found to whom physical exertion, and most surely physical sufferings, are light before the fulfilment of a duty, and whose heroism will win them a place in the history of the times, and gain them the honor and renown of all men. We are proud of our countrywomen, and we bid them continue their grand design nobly, as they have begun it; devoted as the nursing nuns without their superstitious vows; patriotism and the idea of duty being alone sufficient motives for the sacrifices and self-immolation that too certainly will be needed. Yours, A. Z.

Liverpool News.

*Settled beyond all question. Women may be nurses for the allied armies, but, may they go out as physicians and surgeons, also?

To FREDERICK U. TRACY, *Treasurer, and the Assessors, and other authorities of the City of Boston, and the citizens generally, and the Legislature particularly:—*

Harriet K. Hunt, Physician, a native and permanent resident of the City of Boston, upon the payment of her taxes in 1852, formally protested against the injustice and inequality of levying taxes upon a part of the citizens, who are not accorded the right of representation. Her protest affirmed the fact, that all persons in Massachusetts, twenty-one years of age, and upwards;—including even drunkards, felons, lunatics, or idiots, who may be independent of pauperism or guardianship, are, if *Males*, qualified, by the payment of a State or County tax, to vote at municipal elections;—no standard of morality, justice, or principle, being regarded;—the payment of said tax, and male sex, being the only required qualifications. Her protest also alluded to the character of your alien laws, and naturalization privileges; and pointed out the positive wrong existing in connection with the present system of public School Education; which, while utterly ignoring the need of a High School for Girls in Boston,—utterly ignoring the need of a College for Woman in Massachusetts,—yet suffers taxation to be as unceremoniously levied and demanded on a large body of *female* citizens, as though that body were appropriately recognized in law. Her protest also set forth, that, while it is broadly and distinctly admitted that "governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the *consent* of the governed"—this proscribed class of tax payers have never, either publicly or privately, consented to the government which, year after year, levies and collects its taxes on their property; this year with increased rates of valuation and per centage.

The following year, 1853, on the payment of her annual taxes, the act was accompanied by another Protest;—in which, after the recapitulation of the foregoing facts, notice was taken of the decision of the Constitutional Convention of that year, with regard to the proposed erasure from your laws, of the word "male," in immediate reference to your unequal and sexual system of Public School Education; and allusion was made to the inefficiency of your School Committee, as well as to the injustice of slighting the petition of 2700 citizens for equal advantages of education,—education for Mind, and not Sex.

And now, in the year 1854, this, her third Protest, is laid before your body. Shall it be set aside with the others?—or will your magnanimity be equal to the duty of laying it before the Legislature, so peculiarly organized this year, as it were pledged to investigate reforms? These are questions which await your determination. Your sense of justice is again appealed to. The noble spirit of our forefathers held "these truths to be self-evident;—That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Nature and political justice, and the axioms of English and American law, alike determine that rights and burdens should be harmonious—taxation and representation coextensive. Their affirmations have now risen to the dignity of political principle. They are accepted as the fundamental basis of all just government. Ours are but logical conclusions from these the established premises of all Republics. We affirm that while women are liable to punishment for acts which the laws call criminal, or while they are taxed in their labor or property, for the support of Government, they have a self-evident and indisputable right, to a direct voice in the enactment of those laws, and the formation of that Government.

Yet, while increased taxation, both as regards valuation, and per centage, is accepted by men who vote for those who impose such taxes,—women are compelled not only to pay *what* you dictate, but *when* you say,—and the *right* to determine to what purposes their money shall be applied, is declared by your usages to be beyond their province. Are School Committees to be chosen from each ward? Men vote for such, and, although girls are included in Public School education, women are denied a recognition on those Committees! The revised City Charter was submitted (in November, 1854,) to the citizens for their ratification or rejection, and the question arose—who are citizens? why, males—why, foreigners—poll—taxes—the intemperate—the vicious—the ignorant—anybody and everybody, who has had the wit to elude pauperism or guardianship, if they are only *males!* And yet, this City Charter women are to live under, obey, be taxed to support, and no pauper establishment, or guardianship, is thought necessary for them, though the law tacitly ranks them in the condition of those who live under both. How inconsistent is all this—how at variance with the Declaration of Independence, the principles of Republicanism, the theories and practices of judicious government, with all that is wholesome, reasonable and just.

When party factions, political intrigues, and the selfish cabals of scheming politicians, are stricken down and abolished, and the people come back to first principles, they will realize the enormity of depriving one half the citizens of Boston, of rights secured to them in the parchments of a republic. *We are strongly in the right*, and we bide our time. Protests will yet fall and thicken around you; but whether one or many, the demand is still for justice; for privileges which shall insure a free and willing payment of taxes, for a representation through *native* citizenship, in those laws by which we are bound.

Your remonstrant in paying her taxes for 1854, for the third time utters her protest against the present usages of Boston, which deprive citizens of the rights nobly sustained by our ancestors, and precisely identical with those on which rests the basis of American Liberty.

This is respectfully submitted,

HARRIET K. HUNT.

No. 32 Green Street,
Boston, Nov. 15th, 1854.

A DIRGE.

In the severest pain there is the tenderest sympathy, and in that trial which rends the heart deepest, burning as with fire, is oftentimes the promœthean heat of a love divine, instructing us, in ineffaceable lessons, of the wisdom and excellence of resignation and trust, writing as with the very pen of inspiration on the chamber-walls of our affections, the mutations of earth, the immortality of heaven. How else do we live, when the loved ones flee away leaving us chilled, sad and alone, weary with waiting, and tired even of hoping, the mute stern witnesses of our own short-sightedness and effeminacy. We may not, for we cannot cling to the mortal. Affection of the dust may be pledged and repledged, but it is driven away like the burning sands of the desert. The false must perish but the real shall endure forever. In the depths of our souls the seed shall be cherished to bloom anew when the spring-time of hope warms them into life, where frosts come no more, nor the wasting winds of autumn to fade and scatter affection's flowers.

True affection is perpetual as the soul whence it springs, and will ever keep the faithful wet with the dews of its undying waters.

Know this truth, then, thou that sufferest,—every want of the soul has its answer, and we escape its fulfilment because of our perverseness.

Faint and meteroric indeed are the visions that flit across our thought in moments of trust, of the real joys that shall be ours forever, when the will is resigned and the heart confiding. Love is the everlasting source of all things, and they are happy who are in unison with its storms and sunshine, its summer dews, and wintry frosts. W.

"Man is doubtless *one* by some subtle nexus that we cannot perceive, extending from the newborn infant to the superannuated dotard; but as regards many affections and passions incident to his nature at different stages, he is not one; the unity of man in this respect is co-extensive only with the particular stage to which the passion belongs. Some passions, as that of sexual love, are celestial by one half their origin, and animal by the other half. These will not survive their own appropriate stage.

De Quincy.

De Quincy says "I swore early in life never to utter a falsehood, and above all, a sychophantic falsehood; and, in the false homage of the modern press towards women, there is horrible sycophancy. It is as hollow, most of it, and is as fleeting as is the love that lurks in *uxoriousness.*"

"This desertion, in the delirium of blind and unreasoning superstition, was yet the constant fate that attends those who place mind *beyond* the earth, and yet treasure the heart *within* it. Ignorance everlastingly shall recoil from knowledge."

The Una.

PROVIDENCE, DECEMBER, 1854.

TO OUR READERS.

Last month, when our amanuensis sat by our bed-side and received our suggestions for a few brief notes, we hoped then, to be able to present to our readers in this number the thoughts on reform which have been long dwelling with us, gathering strength from day to day, with the varied observation we have had opportunity to make; but sad are we to say, in the little time we may guide our pen, that for a season we shall work no more.

No pecuniary consideration which our private income would have enabled us to sustain, no amount of labor which our head and hands could accomplish, would have induced us to resign our self imposed duty; we love labor for its own sake, and would far rather "wear out than rust out," but our strength is not equal to the editing, and publishing, and to many of our subscribers it will be a matter of surprise to learn that all the labor of our paper has, with the exception of the type setting and pressing, been done by our sister and self; and that now we only relinquish it because we have not been able to obtain such a publisher as we need.

So far as has been in our power we have fulfilled all the promises given in our salutatory introduction; and if our editorial life has not been one of unmingled pleasure, it has most certainly been far brighter, far more genial and joyous, than we had reason to anticipate from all the sad experiences we had heard, and all the warnings and croakings of those who had grown weary of service. We have been brought into pleasant relations with hundreds whose faces we have never seen; we have received from them sympathy confidence and kind commendations. Our little sheet has made its way into every State in the Union, even to the far away Territories, and has winged its way across the ocean, bearing a ray of hope to those whose position is far less hopeful than our own. It has made its way into the hands of those who would never have heard a lecture, or gone to a convention or read a tract. It has been a voice to many who could not have uttered their thoughts through any other channel—and we have abundant evidence, that it has been a source of consolation looked for every month with anxious expectation to those who are "in solitary places."

Two of our contributors have recently gone abroad promising their observations on whatever might be of interest to our readers; our correspondent from Florence has already given interest to the few last numbers by his letters on art, which were they continued could not fail to be lastingly useful to the readers of them. We had also an offer of a series of articles on history—and on the philosophy of reform—with a story of "woman's wrongs" by a writer of ability; thus the prospect of materials of interest were richer than that of any preceding year. We speak of these unrealized hopes for our pet child with deep heart breaking sadness. We cannot bring ourselves to announce the death of our Una, for she has been to us a perpetual joy. At her birth all gentle and good spirits were invited, but as in the Fairy tale it seems, there was one for whom no cover was laid, and in her malignity she bids her sleep till the true knight shall arise who will dare and overcome all obstacles to waken her into life again. We have come to feel mortifying as is the truth that woman's freedom must be first proclaimed by man, that her own hand will never "strike the blow," or her own heart pulsate to freedom's note till her oppressor himself awakens her from the dreamless sleep of her present life. We have striven in vain to convince women that they needed an organ which could give to the future a correct history of this revolution, and which would be a true and just exponent of our views and principles of action. The idea is false that political papers do not and will not misrepresent this movement, no other class of reformers have ever been so unwise. The Temperance people with a work far less delicate and subtle in its character, far less likely to be misunderstood, have their papers in every part of the country. The anti-slavery people, with a work aiming only at the enfranchisement of three millions of human beings, have their organs, and feel that without them they can do but little, while this work, which aims not alone at the elevation of woman in this country, but throughout the whole world, and at the regeneration and harmonizing of the whole human family, is left with no other medium of communication than the chance notices of political or other papers. Some of the notices of the late Convention have dyed our cheek with the blush of shame, that men can be found (wielding such a power as that of the press) so degraded, whose hearts and minds seem to have gone down to such depths of pollution and falseness, that they delight alone in images of corruption. We cannot sully the pages of our paper by republishing these articles, but as an illustration of the manner in which even the most respectable journals often sneer at "woman's rights," we clip the following from the New York Tribune, with the simple remark that, although we have never felt that the editors of that paper had any just comprehension of the magnitude and holiness of this work, still, we had reason to expect better things of them than this:

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A few mornings since, as we were passing down Pearl-street, we saw approaching us a good-hearted looking chap, but evidently having partaken too freely from the rum cask. We were just thinking whether or not we should expostulate with him, when up came his loving spouse, with a handful of black mud, which she not only dashed in his face and eyes, but rubbed it in, and, without a word, walked away, seeming to feel relieved of a duty discharged. The poor fellow received it with a calmness beautiful to look upon, undoubtedly recognizing the hand, as he passed on, not even looking to see from whom it came, or uttering a murmuring word.

Before laying aside our pen we cannot forbear speaking of the present aspect of the cause, and of what we consider its greatest needs.

The first want is that of unity and harmony of action. By this we do not mean that there are feuds or dissensions, but there is no well-digested plan of working for the one great object. Those women who have, with little aid and sympathy, gone forth and opened to their sisters, trades and professions whereby they may acquire pecuniary independence, and stand side by side with their brothers in all but their political freedom, feel, and justly too, that they have achieved a noble work for humanity; while, on the other hand, there is a claim (not so easily) established or proven to on-lookers, that all the change in public sentiment within the last few years has been wrought out by the talking and resolving in conventions, lecturing, &c. Neither the one instrumentality or the other can be spared. The woman who pursues steadily her profession or trade, working out her independence, preaches. She who, in the sanctity of home, writes a *good book*, preaches to her thousands a sermon which will live long after her heart has ceased to pulsate; she, who edits a journal, has her daily, weekly or monthly audience, and her mark is unmistakably made whether she ever speaks of "woman's rights," or otherwise. The artist, in her studio, toiling patiently with her chisel, seeing in the rough marble forms of beauty, is the holiest reformer of them all, for she is creating. The pallette, brush, the coarse canvass, and the marble, are a world in which she dwells with the pure and the holy, and her pictures, or statue, will preach when words shall be forgotten.

The Convention, held in Rochester, a year since, called for a specific purpose, which purpose was carried out, in giving to all who would work, something to do, has really effected more than any other held since the one of 1850. Their petitions prepared there, with their Committee, were respectfully received by the legislature, heard, and hope held out for future success, if their hearts fail not in praying for the right; but we must confess, after carefully reading the proceedings of the late Convention, we begin to fear that these great annual gatherings will become like an annual fast, or prayer meeting, a form from which all spontaniety has died away.

We find no method of practical working marked out in the proceedings; the nearest approach to it is a proposition to raise funds for prize tales and essays, which, when presented

to the Committee they have no means of publishing and putting in circulation. We have seen too much of the waste of funds in the printing of voluminous reports and tracts, to be in favor of that mode. Had we the franking privilege it would answer to print and send out documents in any form we pleased, but as we have not, we must "e'en do as we can." Not many months since we went to a book-store, where fifty of the Reports of the second Convention, held at Worcester, were sent for sale. After inquiry it any had been disposed of, or if any remained on hand, a search was made, and forty-six of the fifty found, and we know that in several other places these Reports have shared a like fate. People do not care to pay a quarter as much for a pamphlet, as a good periodical would cost them, which would give a variety of reading for the year.

A good almanac, with considerable reading matter, printed in editions so large that it could be made cheap, placed in every public place for sale, would go, without the labor of personal distribution, where no other reading could find its way—every one must have an almanac, and it is the only literature of thousands. This mode would be far less ephemeral than that of publishing in daily papers. Give prizes to women whose inventive genius has or may be brought into exercise for the benefit of labor. We could name some whose inventions have proved of the utmost importance, but who, from want of means, and knowledge of the wire-pulling, which would give them the reward justly their due; they have been compelled to let their inventions go into the hands of men while they remained in obscurity. National Conventions should have great practical objects, and we might go on specifying many more if it were needful. but it is said, "A word to the wise is sufficient."

We cannot close our last gossip with our readers without expressing to our friends, both known and unknown, our grateful acknowledgments for their aid in extending our circulation, their assistance with thought, and pen, their gentle forbearance with our want of experience and ability, their confidence and trust in our judgment. To many of our contemporaries of the press we are grateful for the kindly notices our paper has received, their generous forbearance of severe criticism, and we cheerfully express the hope that life, health and prosperity, may be theirs through coming years, till they shall cease to labor here, because bidden to a higher service where labor is rest, peace and joy, forevermore. *Farewell.*

SCULPTURE. PAUL AKERS.

Whether sculpture was first established according to definite rules in Egypt or elsewhere, is a question in which those curious in traceing the history of art from its first inklings in the human mind have been industrious and exact, and the books give all the data.

But to one who first contemplates with any degree of appreciation the works of a great artist in marble or on the canvas, the historical interest whether of the work or workman is among inferior points of attraction.

Many theories have been proposed to explain the wide difference in the condition of the arts since their revival and the period when they flourished in ancient Greece.

In the various attempts to solve the question both sides have mostly been determined by preconceived views of the influence of religion and civil government. The state of religion must always have an influence upon man, as also the condition of civil affairs, but art is herself creative, and it can hardly be said that her ability to modify and reform the public mind is secondary to any other power.

Art is a minister of great influence, and one may maintain, we think, successfully against all comers, that whosoever looks upon the great works of art to admire and appreciate them, does so to his infinite well being, not only in the matter of taste, but of sound morality and religious experience.

Sometimes it is said that sculpture is inferior in power to poetry. But should not this criticism be confined to the first general effect of sculpture upon the masses, rather than to its intrinsic qualities. A poem loses nothing by being multiplied a million of times, whereas the copy of a marble Statue is always less than the original, and not infrequently subsequent imitations are complete caricatures of the original. Sculpture, is limited in general effect, in this wise, very much, but not diminished in its absolute qualities; in truth, morally speaking, there is probably a positive influence gained, in this very reserve of art. Taste and judgment are more severe in their requirements of art than of literature. There is not the margin for discordance in sculpture that there is in writing. Perfection is demanded of the artist, and he must awaken and continue in activity a love for the absolute. A knowledge of physical anatomy though not the most imperative of acquirements is nevertheless indispensable to the sculptor; and in all matters pertaining to moulding and shaping, constant reference must be made to the laws of man's physical organization, as much so as is made by the craftsman in his more humble work, to line and level.

But the labor of embodying the individual in marble, is not complete when the rules of shape and size have been observed, though a good likeness is attained and every line and feature be in accordance with the original, unless there is suggested to the mind the impalpable undefinable presence of intelligence, a something superior to shape and size, the work s a dull cold rendering that chills the heart at the very moment it increases pleasure to the sense of conformation.

A work of art to be classed as great, must hold the actual subjective to the imaginative. Herein is the divine mission, the ideal presenting the real in harmony with the spiritual laws. This can be conceived and executed only by him who is in affinity therewith. The power of giving expression, more than a partial transient expression, is vouchsafed to but few; they must be intuitive primarily; possessed of a gift to seize at a glance the whole form, face and features, and divine from the combination character and capability.

As an abstract work of art, without the influence of association as a likeness of a friend, or of an eminent person contemporary with the representation, it must depend entirely upon faithfulness to the absolute principles of beauty, and such a work must portray either some great passional, intellectual, moral or religious power which must be sought in nature and life.

In sculpture simplicity is its fundamental law, and completeness its crown.

The works of Mr. Akers are of that class we call life like. His style is in strong contrast with modern and in accordance with antique sculpture, especially so in simplicity, accompanied with breadth and repose so essential, and without which art violates its best laws.

Mr. Akers has the faculty of receiving a full and exact impression of his subject at first, and tenaciously retaining the same, which combined with a wonderful rapidity in moulding gives to his work the vivifying effect as it were of a continuous heat. He seizes on the general character of the individual and his labor is entirely free of that servile copying of details which renders mere excresencies as individual peculiarities. Somewhat unconsciously to himself he has become grounded in the philosophy of the beautiful, and although his study and reflection on the subject have been considerable, his original endowments are more than any study can be.

He is if we may be allowed the expression intuitived to his profession. In many respects of character and mind he is like Cheney the Crayon artist whose likenesses are held in such high and deserved admiration both in Boston and New York. Good judges say of Mr. Akers that he is patient and faithfully scrupulous to correctness in the details of his work. Those busts of his which we have seen, and they include several different characters (the learned lawyer, judge McLean, the philanthropic Gerritt Smith, the practicable member of Congress, and the literary Lady) are not only remarkable for being very correct and life like likenesses, but having that most wonderful as it is the most rare result, the immaterial or spiritual expression of character.

LACHESIS.

LETTER FROM MISS WAIT, OF ILLINOIS,

TO THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION OF 1854,

Read at Morning Session, October 18th.

I have been requested, since I could not attend your Convention, to write expressive of my views as to the wants of woman; and to suggest any plan that might appear to me as designed to meet those wants.

As introductory to my remarks, which will be confined to what I consider woman's primary need, it is necessary I state my belief that the possession of a soul endows woman with the same right with which such possession endows man, and enforces upon her the like duty. And, I believe the duty and right of any soul existence, to be that of freely developing its particular individual capacity to grasp excellence, and enjoy happiness.

I believe, also, that it is woman's right and duty, as it is man's, to *exercise* such capacity as rapidly as ascertained, and according to the dictates of her own judgment, and conscience, and in the full knowledge of herself, as one responsible alike to God who has endowed her with ability to influence for good, who has placed her truest happiness in the exercise of this ability, and to her fellow beings, for whose benefit, no less than her own, she was thus endowed.

If my position be the correct one—if it is woman's first right and duty to develope her powers to the full exercise of their capacity, then, her first need appears at once to be: *an adequate provision for the harmonious development of all her varied powers, and capabilities.*

Thus far, unless I mistake the foundation of the Woman's Rights movement, my adopted *principles* coincide with those of the leading minds in this Convention. But, in the matter of *measures*, in that of the first step to be taken towards the full supplying of this need, I am forced by my convictions to differ from many of the most intelligent among your noble ranks.

But, believing that those foremost minds who have here assembled, are not bigoted in their adherence to their first choice as to measures—believing that they are willing to hear evidence from a differing mind on this subject, whenever honestly presented, and willing to carefully weigh such evidence, even though it should lead to the *re-examination of the practical benefit the much urged right of suffrage could possibly confer upon woman now*, respectfully submit my views to your consideration.

It is very true woman has a right to be represented in government as certainly as man; but let me direct your attention to the fact, that, notwithstanding their exercise of the envied right of suffrage, the interests of the majority of men are very far from being represented in our government. The mass are so ignorant of their rights, so negligent in investigating the character and conduct of their agents, that they are easily made the tools of selfish men, and readily carried away by some mere catchword, or party claptrap, while the most of their miscalled servants, from the county officer, who defrauds the county treasury before their eyes, to the honorable senator to Congress, who belies the dearest principles of his constituents, and unblushingly disgraces the name of free State; all these make the term "representative government" a pitiful mockery.

Our farmers and mechanics, instead of voting for men who can sympathize with them, and understand their wants, permit themselves to be *mis*-represented by those whose habits and associations *divorce* them from the people, and who serve the popular good only, as it lies in the path of their selfish aggrandizement.

In their application to the masses, every candid observer knows these statements to be too true. It is also a fact, that it is property, and he who controls property, who is here in these United States, most fully represented. And, the reason the interests of the great producing class are overlooked—that the condition of twenty-one thousand insane persons, who now, as reported to Congress, "lodge in dungeons and pens, not less loathsome, or more comfortable than the pig-sty," are overlooked, the reason that the right of the married woman to the child she bears, and the money she earns are overlooked, is, because the representatives in legislatures, and Congress assembled, are pre-occupied in the paramount business of legislating for the benefit of wealth, and place, and those things most excellent in the eyes of our real sovereign—the banking, trading, manufacturing, railroad-making spirit of monopoliziug selfishness.

I know that it is even because of this very misrepresentation of human interests in our government that your Conventions hitherto have decided to urge woman's right of suffrage. But, are the majority of women better qualified than the majority of our present voters to elect representatives of *human* interests rather than of property interests?

Are the mass of our women better informed, less liable to be swayed by selfish demagogues, more conversant with the real condition of public affairs and the acts of public functionaries than the mass of our men?

Were all women as intelligent and philanthropic, as those who join in humanitarian and reformatory movements appear to be, then, we might hope far some good as resultant on their voting. But looking at woman as she is in the aggregate, and judging from man's experiment how little ignorance and negligence in masses are advantaged by being nominally "the sovereign people," I cannot but think that the first step to be taken by the intelligent among the sex in behalf of their sisters, (for surely it is to benefit not themselves merely, but all women they would strive,) is something other than pressing the necessity that woman's right to vote be a legal fact.

True, the insisting upon this right of suffrage as a primary step has man's example as precedent; but woman should not aim to be a mere copyist, especially, when established paths do not prove true ones;—and this right under consideration, does, as I have shown, whenever it precedes educational preparation, eminently fail to lead to the securing of the true interests of those who exercise it.

I therefore turn from it to state that it seems to me woman's present need, identical with man's present need, is *to be more truly educated!*

A popular government must ever be a misnomer, until the masses cease to be so lamentably ignorant. Our present system of education, from first to last, fails to afford provision for the harmonious development of the individual,—fails alike to profitably nourish the intellect, and to guide correctly the moral sense. It inculcates that spirit so predominant in society of selfishness, dissimulation and pride. And so long as such a spirit continues to lead in the world, all interests, really human, will be disgregarded.

Believing, as before implied, that a reform so vital as that you hope to effect must begin with education, I hasten to propose to you the labor of endeavoring to introduce into your several States, Industrial Universities for the people, endowed by government appropriations, and individual subscriptions, wherein both sexes shall be gathered for the purpose of being instructed—not merely in books, but in the knowledge of these living and ill read volumes themselves; where they shall be taught more physiology than grammar, more activity of vital thought than proficiency in dead languages; and where they shall be incited to seek to know and obey God's laws, and not taught to rest in the knowledge of *man's interpretation* of those laws, and to yield blind obedience to such interpretation, whether true or false.

Universities such as these I suggest should have extensive grounds, numerous buildings, and every facility to advance the improvement, comfort and happiness of the pupils.

No non-working student shall be received; but labor should be honored, as the grand producer of every material good to the race most surely deserves. It should be rendered agreeable, not regarded as a task; and the idea should be inculcated that idle people and mere pleasure seekers, unless mentally or physically incapacitated from being useful, are, really, legitimate objects of reformatory discipline.

The love of the beautiful in art and nature, should be encouraged, because as truly necessary to the development of the individual as the knowledge of things strictly useful.

The fullest opportunities should be afforded all pupils, of either sex, to prosecute within these Universities any of the various branches of labor to which their taste and capacity may direct them, and prove them fitted for.

There should be a market provided for the product of the pupil's labor, the value of which, so far as it exceeds the cost of board and instruction, should accrue to himself.

Stores should be established in connection with these institutions, where goods can be afforded the pupils at cost.

Our present system of education, like the mammon-governed world, teaches the practical inculcation of that gross falsity, *the antagonism of human interests*. The morality taught within these Universities, should lead to the inculcation of that pure truth: the *real interests of man and man, and of man and woman are the same*,—and all acts of the individual for self ends only, is an injury to his own as much as to the common good. This is Christ's doctrine of Love; and is founded on the fact of the constitutional unity, and fraternity of the race.

Also, all this material mechanism of our bodies, with their apparatus of sense, being secondary to the preservation, development, and perpetuation of soul-life, the pupils should be taught that all in-

dulgence in the animal for the mere sake of pleasing sense, is destructive of individual happiness and usefulness; and be led to practice from attraction and choice, those christian virtues, temperance in both eating and drinking, and purity in both thought and deed.

Finally, by the exposition of a true religious faith, which neither fetters reason nor denies the revelations of an inner life, there should be insured to the souls of the pupils, that most precious of all blessings to the creature man, viz: an implicit reliance on the care, love, overruling power, and beneficent wisdom of our Father in Heaven.

I believe that such Universities established in each state for the reception of the youth of both sexes, and of those individuals designing to become teachers, would be proved practically beneficial and regenerating to every portion of our present social fabric; they would *include* all reforms, and all propositions for ameliorating the condition of mankind—and that, because designed as practical schools of a truer life on earth—as the nurseries of a fuller humanity.

They would prove truly elevating to our sex, because, in the first place, the system pursued in them would test woman's ability to follow any calling she might choose as freely as men.

Such system would also suggest reform in the present household routine of time—wasting and profitless female labor, principally directed now to the supply of physical wants and the gratifications of sense. It would inspire women with the moral strength and courage she needs, in order to pursue any avocation, with the view of making it a life resource; and not as something to be abandoned as soon as she marries.

Governments will doubtless legislate more liberally in behalf of woman, when her business pursuits have acquired the dignity of perseverance; when, no longer a mere parasite, she proves capable of maintaining herself, and contributing her share to the maintenance of her children, which children she need no longer bear to partners uncongenial, because she need no longer wed to obtain home and support, but be free to marry from soul attraction alone.

Such Universities would not merely teach *individuals* how to think, and live and act, but would also teach society at large to develope, "mould" minds, to honor labor, not money, to regard soul, not sex, and to lovingly reform, not retributively punish.

With this condensed view of the educational system I propose to your consideration, of which, should any desire farther, they will write to my address, I will respectfully present a simple suggestion, and then close.

As the Woman Elevation Movement is so new, even to its agitators, and, as to decide in regard to measures with only a partial knowledge of facts, is injurious to any cause, however worthy the principles involved in it, I propose that at each sitting of the Convention there shall be appointed one or more individuals to open the next ensuing Convention with a series of lectures, able and instructive, upon some of the many important topics connected with this movement.

However surely founded on true principles a set of propositions may be, and, however wise such propositions, they will not merit attention unless suited to the present wants of those for whom they are constructed. And, as to this letter here presented, I fully hope and *believe* that if it is calculated to be the medium of such truth as it suited to present needs, Providence will cause it to carry conviction to many minds; but, if not thus calculated, I am sure I am the last individual to desire it should influence one.

With these sentiments, I subscribe myself, yours in behalf of the real interests of all beings irrespective of sex or condition.

OLIVE STARR WAIT.

Greeneville, Bond Co., Ill.

MRS. CHAPIN, THE ARTIST.

In another column will be found a notice of two busts, by Miss Hosmer, written by one who is familiar with the finest art in this country and in Europe, and from whose pen we expected, in season for the present number, an article on the works of our esteemed townswoman, Mrs. Chapin. What Miss Hosmer *may* achieve in the way of true womanly art, that is, art evolved from the depths and refinement of womanly genius, *has* already been accomplished by our talented artist in our midst; and, although she has not yet attempted to give us her idea, in color-language, of the heroines, and mythrological characters of older times, still, higher and better, if less ambitious, than that, she has cast abroad in our own circles precious renderings of the beautiful and excellent therein. We feel, too, when we look upon a work from her pencil, and recognise the exquisite delineation of that phase of character which love itself would choose to preserve; when we mark the graceful flow of lines, the complete harmony, the subtle transitions and sweet blending of the colors, and over all the rare dignity that is born of perfect taste, that we have already enjoyed the "fair fruits of the new dispensation."

"We should hold life like a trained falcon upon the hand ready to let it soar into ether, and again ready when necessary to recall it to earth."

The four resolutions following were offered the last day of the Convention held in Philadelphia, and not received in season to be published with the others:—

Resolved, That while remembering and gladly acknowledging the exceptional cases, which exist to the contrary, we feel it a duty to declare, in regard to the sacred cause which has brought us together, that the most determined opposition which it is called to encounter, is from the clergy generally, whose teachings of the Bible are intensely inimical to the equality of woman with man.

Resolved, That whatever any book may teach, the rights of no human being are dependant upon or modified thereby, but are absolute, essential, equal and inalienable, in the person of every member of the human family, without regard to sex, complexion, or clime.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention are due, and are hereby conveyed, to Mrs. E. L. Rose, of New York, for the courtesy, impartiality, and dignity, with which she has presided over its proceedings.

Resolved, That in the crowded and intelligent audiences which have attended the sessions of this Convention, in the earnest attention given to its proceedings, from the commencement to the close, in the fair reports of the Press of the city, and in the spirit of harmony and fraternity which has prevailed amongst its members, we see evidence of the rapid progress of our cause, and find incitement to renewed and more earnet efforts in its behalf.

We trust we may be pardoned for occupying a column of our last number, with the following notice of our departed brother, cut from the Providence Post, and contributed by one who knew him well. If it seems egotistical for us to publish it, we can only say grief is wont to be so; and our suffering has not yet passed into memory:

GEORGE PALMER KELLOGG, whose death we chronicled a few weeks ago, at the early age of twenty-three years, was young only in years, and in that freshness of feeling, which, when well preserved, keeps young even the old man. Is there a more sure test of general correctness of conduct, in the middle age, and in the more advanced, than the quiet possession of a cheerful heart?

Mr. Kellogg was endowed with a nature generously impulsive, and full of kindly feelings. His death casts a gloom over his immediate family and the few friends who had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance, like the withdrawing of sunlight from the play ground of children.

In intellectual culture he was a scholar of respectable attainments; in matters of thought he was mature, grave and earnest far beyond his years.

He had uncommon opportunities after leaving college by foreign travel and in subsequent business engagements, to obtain a knowledge of the world, and he improved them.

In morals, it was not so much with him the outward restraint of law as the internal love of the most excellent, that made him upright and honest. He was averse to an unworthy act from an innate sense of the correct, which by election and experience deepened into a controlling principle of life and conduct. He was serious in duty without severity.

The characteristics of his mind were comprehensiveness and simplicity. His taste and judgment in regard to the fine arts were of that precise, discriminating, and appreciative character that made his opinion worth consulting even by those who might well sit in judgment.

It is difficult to speak of one like him without seeming to overstep the bounds of a just discrimination, and without also expressing a feeling of sorrow at his death which we only feel in an inferior degree.

His genial, companionable, cultivated society is no longer palpable to our senses, and a feeling of sadness seems inevitable in the most pleasant hours; when his past history mingles with what we believe to be his present happiness. But sadness and weariness have harmonies in the full utterance of the universal voice; symphonies that blend with all other emotions in the stillness of contrition, and joy of innocence. The winds sigh through the ripening harvest fields of autumn as though they even were tired of having played and reveled all summer with the blades and tassels of the growing grain. Winter has its dirges, and summer its long days.

There are streams that grow sad in reflecting their own summer time, and as they flow on into deeper and steadier waters, they seem to lament their descent; yet their strongest life is onward; these laments and murmurings are but the natural expressions of human affection for its own, a repining more of melody than of disquietude.

Though separation may for a time intervene between our mortal sight and the object of our affections, there can be no death in love, for love is immortal.

"With the Spanish poets a child has often nine fathers, that is, a comedy has nine authors."

FLORENCE, August 10, 1854.

DEAR PAULINA,

The ideas which I endeavored to express to you in my last letter, in relation to the early Christian art, were suggested by a certain picture, painted by the Fra Angelico, of whom mention was made, as representing that art in its purity, which picture is hung upon the wall opposite our corridor window, chosen to illumine my page this lovely summer morning. I have reserved this painting to be the last object in this long outer hall, of which to write, although it is one of the first in point of locality, and must be passed by all who visit the galleries, and for this reason. Few love it.—Yonder painter, he with the Titian-like head, who copies Titian, and is even now making a reduced copy of the wonderful Venus, and what is truly rare, who *can* do it, and he alone of all the multitude of artists who throng the galleries of Italy, *he* smiled a smile of gentle pity when I spoke to him of the Angels by Fra Angelico.

He thought I loved *art*, that I had a soul that recognized the fine, subtle mystery, the marvelous significance of *color*. He thought I was one the few privileged, blessed ones, permitted to ascend to the higher circle, the celestial plane. "The holy city! Not in *form* shall lie its glory—not in form, but in the purity, in the inconceivable magnificence of *color*.—Oh, it was a prophecy,—an inspiration—the voice of God, revealing to us, through the medium of one of the most exquisite organizations the world has ever known, that prophet of Patmos, the nature of angelic worlds, and lo! above all, the gates of pearl, the golden streets, the walls of precious stones, filling the heavens with colors too gorgeous for mortal vision. Ah, see! for *us*, the pearly lights, the gold, and the carnations! See the inward gleaming blue of human eyes, like the light of gems! Mark the broad splendor of yonder drapery, and note the exquisite *quality* of all the hues," and he gazed steadfastly, with half averted head upon the matchless work of the Venetian, unmindful of the surrounding throng, and forgetful of him whose love of the unskilled Angelico, had suggested his "rapture." I felt that it was true, this estimate of the effect of light. Color was to me a perpetual joy, at all times, everywhere; I felt its full significance, it was to my eye, what music was to my ear; I believed, and still believe that no single influence acting upon the spirit through the senses, has the power that hues and tones have. So sensitive had I become to their influence that the great stained window back of the altar in Santa Maria Novella was within me, a power identical with that of a most glorious anthem, or the pealing of bells. Flowers reached the same chord which vibrated beneath the touch of a bird-note, and I believe that the poetical association of the rose-tone, and the nightingale-tone had its foundation in the profoundest depths of the human soul. Here also, I recall a fancy it may seem, but one which fills me with happiness, and one moreover that the developed soul will find a large truth, I doubt not. Let one who is susceptible to the influence of light, and color, gaze into the depths of summer sky at night, when the whole dome above him is filled with voilet-hued light, and gemmed over with stars infinitely varied in their tints, yet all toned to the finest harmony, and he will experience two sensations, equally rapturous, one of which he will trace to the immeasurable beauty of colors acting upon him, and the other beyond *that*, as the stars are beyond the violet sky, he will recognize, or imagine perhaps to be the effect of sweet sounds, inaudible to sense, yet, nevertheless received, and answered to, by the finer spirit within, and through which he comprehends the significance of the prophet's words, "The stars sang together."

How then, in view of this feeling for color, could I love a work of art, wherein, when I saw as an artist, I found no truth of coloring, indeed, found all the precious principles of light and shade, of tone and time, neglected, nay, violated.

In order to answer this question which daily arose, especially after my interview mith my Titian-like friend, I have waited, for, notwithstanding my questions, and the sneers of my fellow students, through all, direct and deep, kept on my love for the saints and young angels of the artist monk of Fiesole; and I am now convinced, that the power exerted by these creations of his hand over those who revere truth, as well as love the symbols of truth, in spite of such enormous defects, as false drawing, and false coloring, proves that in some other respect they must conform most exquisitely to the laws, the deep vital principles of art. The color of yonder angel's face, the one with the golden trumpet, does not present itself *as* color; I see only the ineffable glory of the countenance. It comes as beauty and purity immaterialized, and my soul entertains it as a guest whose footsteps shook not the threshold of sense.

The rich golds and carnations, made richer by the water-hues of the Lagunes, which Titian and Giorgione gathered from the gleaming arms and cheeks of Venetian maids, would find no place upon *that* form, *those* features, for color is related to emotion, to passion, and that by fixed laws, just as difficult to comprehend as is the emotional nature of man. The coloring of the Venus of the Tribune would be more false, were it transfered to this angel's head, than these feeble tints from the palette of the monk. Were it thus, I should no longer be unconscious of the art employed; the exquisite flesh-tints would assert themselves, *as* such, and the unrivalled spiritual beauty of the painting would be marred. With the Venus it is otherwise. *There* the tones harmonize completely with the best thought, the highest ideal of the subject. The colors spread upon the canvass in such rich profusion, upon drapery, jewels and flowers, are as so many sweet sounds brought into perfect accord with the principal note, strengthening and confirming *that* in its expression of the splendid theme; hence through this truly wonderful harmony, the painting justly takes its place at the head of the department of color in art. But with these faces of saints, such harmony is beyond the domain of pigmints, and can only be achieved in the clear regions of an undefiled imagination.

I am now content to sit for an hour each morning, near this morning-glory of art. I feel stronger and clearer for the day. The hour, is like a season of earnest communion with ones-self with one's interior life, like the singing of morning songs.

I come to the galleries early, the floors have been swept, the window shades arranged with reference to the eastern light, the "Custodes" walk leisurely along the silent corridor, and at intervals, footsteps upon the stone stairs announce the arrival of artists, who are engaged in copying—a strange company of "seekers," gathered from the far corners of the earth. The youth yonder with the fine cold face, who pauses in his slow walk, as he finds himself opposite the Venus de Medici, is a Greek and an Athenian, the lady near him is a Russian, and he who hurries past is an American; the old man with the snow white hair, and the pale placid face is a copyist in miniature, a native of Florence, who has spent his whole life in the galleries, copying the same pictures from early boyhood; this is all the world he is conscious of, these cities, countries, and seas, are the only ones over which he has traveled, these forms his only companions, among whom are his friends, true and tried. Father, mother, brothers, and sisters were shadows, and *they* vanished long ago; throngs of phantoms have filled the rooms, have been grouped, seeming like pictures, and have disappeared. *His* companions are not thus fleeting. He sits apart his soul calmed and blessed in the assurance of the immutability of all he loves, they gaze upon him alone, and that smile of ineffable sweetness, is the same holy blessing now, as when it beamed upon him in his youth, from the lips of the saintly maiden above him. He never passes this old picture of Fra Angelico's, without feeling its beauty, and his expression of peace, "peace which passeth all understanding," is beyond description. I touch him lightly upon the arm, he steps back and we stand together by the window; the sympathy of the simple hearted old man is very pleasant to me. The morning light illumines the gold back ground of the picture and glances back from the gilded wings, and burnished instruments of the heavenly choir. The large

Madonna in the centre, although serene and beautiful, was too large for the pencil of the artist, whose hand had been educated in the school of the missal illuminators, but surrounding that, is a margin, where are painted the band of angels. We looked upon those unspeakably lovely faces in silence, as I always do, and thought of him who refused all worldly honors, for the love of an art, through which alone, he could make known his views of the after-life, and of the blissful state of the redeemed and sanctified in the mansions prepared for them—the humble cloistered worker, to whom that "Art was henceforth a hymn of praise." No embroidered robes for *him*, no mitre, no crown.

"He never began a picture without prayer," a fact which reveals to us another fact; he was earnest, and reverent, and, smile as we may at the simplicity of the monk who could not "sketch in" a picture without prayer, *without* those qualities of earnestness and reverence, indicated by such a proceeding, no artist ever can achieve the immortal. The only entrance to Michael Angelo's studio, was through his chapel.

But my morning hour has passed, the old man steals silently away to his picture, and the visitors begin to crowd the halls and coridors. You will pardon me for lingering thus, far back, beyond what we look upon as the summer of Art, when such men as Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and Raphael walked these streets, for although love detained me, and beauty rewarded my devotion, another power aside from that would have held me to a brief communion with those evangelists of art, a power, which without love would have been duty, inasmuch as the great masters *cannot* be understood without some knowledge of those who were *their* masters. To one that knows nothing of Perugino, nor of Massacio, Raphael is an unaccountable phenomenon, but *they* explain *him*, as Massacio is himself explained, by Ghiberti, and his wonderful bronze gates. It is better that these divine men should be viewed in the light of the truth *they* saw and profited by. Better that we should see that the footsteps which bore them to that heavenly height, were made upon the earth, along which the humblest pilgrim may tread. Nor were they ashamed to own their indebtedness to those who had walked before them. "Behold my master!" said the stern old sculptor of the 'Day' and 'Night,' as he pointed to the colossal fragment of Hercules in the Vatican.

"I thank God that I have seen Michael Angelo!" said the divine Raphael.

Is it a wonder that these men became God-like?

But the studio calls me from the gallery, and the pen must be exchanged for the pencil.

ADIO.

LIVERPOOL, October 2, 1854.

To the Editress of the Una:

The Brittish association for the encouragement of Science have had undisputed possession of the Town of Liverpool during the last few days, and have just completed their sittings. This association was formed about twenty-five years ago for the purpose of reporting the progress of science, and by discussion and experiments to further its advancement, the leading members are the elite of the men of science of the day. They meet annually in autumn at one of the towns or cities of Great Britain or Ireland, and the honor of entertaining them is much coveted. These meetings are highly interesting and important, and are frequented by many foreigners of scientific distinction.

The building more especially appropriated to their use was a new one of great magnificence called St. George's Hall; it has taken about fourteen years in its construction, and is the property of the corporation of Liverpool. Its cost up to this period is about £250,000,—but as it is yet unfinished, and many embellishments have to be added, the ultimate cost will no doubt exceed £300,000 or $1,500,000. The design was by Mr. Elmes, a young architect of great talent, who died about four years ago in the West Indies, whither he had vainly gone to seek relief from disease, brought on by over anxiety in the execution of this his great work. The position of the building is an elevation in the centre of the town, with ample space around it to shew its proportions, the style is corinthian, the shape oblong, supported by columns of great size and elegant proportions. In the centre is the great public hall, which will contain 4000 persons; the roof is circular, made on a new principle with hollow bricks, and is pannelled and embellished with medallions of the most ornamental and expensive character, the floor is of Staffordshire tiles of an elegant pattern, around the hall supporting the superstructure, are ranged polished columns of Aberdeen red granite, 40 feet high, white, green, yellow and other shades of marble are also used in the hall with great taste and beautiful effect.—The gates are of brass, of unique solid and elaborate character; the gaseliers 10 in number are of bright bronze of a new and exquisite design, and cost 500 guineas each; the flood of light produced is almost equal to that of day. An organ, one of the largest in Europe, is in course of construction in this hall, but notwithstanding its highly ornamental character and great cost, (£8000,) public opinion is in favor of its being removed as it is considered to detract from the appearance of the building—the ventilation has been under the management of Dr. Reid, the ventilator of the new houses of Parliament, and no expense has been spared to render it effective; the bellows of the organ are blown by a small steam engine which is also used for the purposes of ventilation. Out of the great Hall, and at the opposite ends, are entrances to courts of Justice where the assizes are held for the county of Lancaster; there is also a large concert room; around the building are a number of convenient rooms for various purposes, and below are cells for prisoners awaiting their trial during the period of the assizes.

It was fully expected that the Queen and her Royal consort would have inaugurated the opening in person, but circumstances prevented it, greatly to the disappointment of the people of Liverpool, and more especially to the Mayor, who expected to be Knighted, as is customary on such an occasion. The building was opened by the Mayor, corporation, and officers, with great ceremony, and the most distinguished musicians of the day, English, Italian, and German, and a chorus of 400 persons, gave effect to it in a brilliant musical performance.

Three days afterwards the British association were put in possession of the building, which they occupied in their transactions seven days; the various rooms were appropriated as sectional meetings during the day, the evenings were devoted to soirees, lectures, and general meetings; amongst the subjects discussed were "The decimal question as applied to money weights and measures," "the causes and effects of strikes on the condition of the working classes," "the causes and correctives of the variation of the compass in Iron ships," "on the relation between apes and human beings," "on improvements in ship building," "on the law of storms," "on the effect of the increased production of gold on the currency and prices of commodities," &c. Ladies were admitted to all the meetings the same as gentlemen on being enrolled as members, and they composed at least half of the audiences at the various meetings.

Among the leading men present, were the Earl of Harrowby, President, the Archbishop Wheateley, of Dublin, the Earl of Derby, Lord Malabide, the Dean of Ely, the Abbe Maizno, Sir Charles Lyell, Sir R. C. Marchison, Sir John Ross, Sir W. Hamilton. Professors Sedgwick, Phillips, Whewell, Graham, Forbes, Owen, Ramsay, Balfour, Thompson, Shiveley, and Wilson. Colonels Chesney, Sykes, Sabine, and Pollock. Admiral Beechey, Dr. Scoresley, Dr. Reid, Mons. Dove, Herr Dyboscq, Dr. Rojet, Mr. Seymour, M. P., Mr. T. Thornley, M. P., Mr. Schiolfield, M. P., Mr. Heyworth, M. P., Mr. Brown, M. P., Mr. M. Milnes, M. P., Mr. Fairbain, Mr. Nasmyth, Mr. Scott Russell, and many other distinguished men. At the various sections papers were read, and discussions took place in Chemistry, Ethnology, Statistics, Geography, Astronomy, Mechanics, Geology, Botany, and the kindred sciences. At one of the evening meetings, a number of beautiful photographs of the moon were projected by means of the electric light on a white sheet, and the full moon was perfectly exhibited, magnified to a disc of 50 feet diameter.

Previous to the dispersion of the members, and on the last day, excursions were arranged into the neighboring districts. A large number of members visited St. Helens, where the glass manufacture is extensively carried on, and a still larger party visited the salt mining district in the neighborhood of Northwich. In the latter party, although some inconvenience and difficulty was experienced, they were well recompensed. The salt district in England is almost confined to a portion of the County of Cheshire, although this strata extends itself into a small part of Staffordshire and Worcestershire. The rock salt exists in beds of a reddish color, from ten feet thick and upwards; below this exists a subterranean lake of brine of great extent, which is pumped up into pans, and the salt is produced by evaporation. The rock salt is used by being broken and dissolved, and in the same manner boiled and converted into white salt. Coal is obtained in the neighborhood, so that the process is carried on at a small expense. The inland carriage from Northwich to Liverpool is about two shillings sixpence per ton, and it is said that fishery salt can be sold in Liverpool to realize a profit to the maker at eight shillings per ton.

The salt mines in the neighborhood of Northwich are very numerous, but the most extensive and interesting is one belonging to T. Lyon, Esq., about two miles from that town, the shaft into the mine is about three hundred and forty feet deep, and a bucket capable of holding four or five persons, attached to a flat rope, is used for the descent. The proprietor is very courteous to strangers properly introduced, and on important occasions he very liberally illuminates the mine for their convenience; an offer of this kind was made to the British Association, which they gladly accepted, and about three hundred of the members left Liverpool by a special railway train for the purpose. This mine was discovered in the year 1670, and has been extensively worked from that period up to the present time; the extent of underground excavations is about sixty acres, and the height of the roof from the floor is about twenty-five feet; the salt rock has a dark appearance, and lies in a vast bed, the limits of which have not been ascertained; the roof is tooled flat, and the rock is detached sideways and downwards by

blasting; pillars of the salt about twelve yards square are left at intervals of about thirty yards from each other, to support the roof. This wide expanse between the columns, with a superincumbent weight of three hundred and forty feet of solid material, appears very remarkable; wide streets are formed by these columns, to which names are given, as Regent street, &c. On this occasion about three thousand candles, which although highly effective, only served to make darkness visible, were lighted, and attached to the walls in festoons and other devices, the festoons giving the appearance of streets of interminable length; the occasional gleam of red and blue lights, and the heavy stillness that prevailed, the cold, dank atmosphere, and the black openings that appeared in every direction, left you in doubt whether you had wandered into an Egyptian tomb, or had entered those regions which all would wish to avoid; the occasional blasting of the rock added very much to the effect, as the vast spaces caused the sound to reverberate, and to resemble the deepest thunder.

The miners work eight hours, and earn from three shillings to three shillings sixpence per day. The grain of the salt is dependent on the rapidity of evaporation, the coarse grain for fishery purposes being evaporated slowly, whilst the fine salt for table use is crystalized rapidly, put into moulds, and afterwards stored. Salt is chemically the muriate of soda, and the natural form of the crystal is a cube, and in crystalizing it separates itself from all other matter.

We ascended to the surface, and returned without accident, after passing a vote of thanks to the proprietor of the mine for the treat he had afforded us. The meeting of the Association next year is fixed at Glasgow, and the Duke of Argyle has been elected President.

THE NEWS BOY.

A book just issued by J. C. Derby & Co., New York. In the small space left us in this number, we fear we may fail of doing justice to this new book. It has merits, and faults, it is clear and comprehensive in its philosophy, broad in its philanthropy, simple and loving in its theology. Several of the characters are finely drawn, presenting all the human, the divine, and the demoniac in them. Some are not altogether new or original. Aunt Becky follows closely in the footsteps of her illustrious prototype Miss Ophelia, even in the parallel of setting "things to rights."

It is a difficult task for a writer to portray truly the characteristics of a class far removed by conventionalisms, every habit of thought and action unlike, even the dialect new and strange. It is quite evident the author has studied closely the manners of those she describes, (she we say, for the womanly sympathies are so true, that we are sure its author must be a woman, notwithstanding we see it is claimed for a man by some of the critics,) every peculiar word has been carefully garnered, and these will be to many a source of amusement, although we must be allowed to say we doubt the propriety of so free an interlarding of language which we would not wish our children to acquire the habit of using. To our taste, vulgarity and profanity are offensive, whether in a book or in the street. A witticism which savors of the one or the other loses all its zest for us; hence, we could never enter with enthusiasm into the abounding admiration for Dickens, and others of that class of writers, although we fully appreciate their humanitary aims. Condensation would greatly have improved the book before us, both in the style of composition, and in the printing. There is evidence of versatility of talent—passages full of strength, beauty, and poetical tenderness; an outspoken condemnation of the vices of upper tendom that startles and surprises. Here is a passage from the quaint, strong, good hearted Bob, that warms the heart.

"Mothers is always good in their heart, but for the wrong done to 'em somewhere; the woman may be bad, but the mother is good. I've seen 'em go to bed on the ground, without a mouthful to eat, and yet the children had bread. I've done it many 's the time for my children, and mothers 'll do more than I've done. I thinks, Sir, woman is better nor we; they have always soft kind of feelin's in their hearts when men don't, and they pray Sir; I've heard 'em pray, because of the sin, till I could n't stand it."

Again another, that shows the evils, the sins, the deep, dark corruption of society.

"Society is a stagnant, pestilential pool, thinly coated with reeds and tall, rank weeds, upon which man treads warily. He does n't like to sink his foot within lest he expose his own rottenness and that of his neighbor, and so all tread softly, knowing that while he hides his neighbor's weak spot he covers his own also. At some time, however, one less cautious than the rest, exposes his part of the pool, and then there is a hue and cry. Then respectability is up in arms; then men denounce, and condemn, and tell of the good of society, and the necessity of an example to deter others from a like exposure. Then editors publish the fall from Dan to Beersheba, airing their dull pens with virtuous maxims, and wise old saws and warnings. In their sudden religion they talk of the Bible, and the church, and the rising generation. Oh! this paper piety, this tongucy virtue, is a thing to make the fiends laugh, for it sets every sinner, man and woman, black and white, to multiplying guards and cautions, so that the pool may be better bridged, and they with their secret vices and smoothly-covered sins may pass over it with an easy, decorous footing. Then the profligate oils his tongue and gives forth psalms, and straightens his cravat, and rents his pew; then the defaulter multiplies his checks and balances, and keeps a sharp look out, so that only suspicion looks him in the face, but not fact; then the false husband looks well to his night-key, and grows munificent to the wife, wheedles her with shows, and tickles her with finery; then the treacherous wife walks haughtily, and studies conventionalities, and lolls in her carriage, and scatters her malaria, but does not violate the *rules*. Ah! society is a nicely-adjusted balance, and it is very well that the holder of the scales is blind of sight."

The tender pity, and the gentle care, of the sisters of charity, who go about like ministering angels, in the sinks of polution in our cities, is beautifully pictured; take the following extract:

"Sister Agnace watched all night with the dead, and as hour after hour she knelt in the dim room, still and nearly as pale as the dead, her hands meekly crossed upon her bosom, and her lips in prayer, the cold light of the stars trembled upon her head, and left a star upon her brow; and another gleamed upon the brows of the children, and you would have said that Sam was as beautiful as Mary, for now the holy love that had so leavened his heart came out and showed itself upon his face, where was no longer the look of care and suffering which had marked it in life.

"As the night wore on, Bob, who had sat for hours with his face buried between his knees, laid his head upon the side of the bed and slept, and the good Sister laid her hand gently upon his brow, and felt how damp and cold it was; then she arose from her knees and bathed it gently, and once as she parted the hair, a tear fell upon it. I do not know but I have thought the tear of that Sister of Charity might have been the baptism of Bob. It glistened there in the pale gray light as the morning came, and when the sun looked in it was still there, and he softly carried it to heaven, where it became a gem to be set in the immortal coronal of the good Sister. Perhaps an angel descended to see from whence it came, for it was the first pitying tear that had ever fallen upon the child's head, it was the first prayer that had ever entered heaven in his behalf; and now that tear and that prayer had made an entrance for him there, and Bob was no longer a stranger in celestial spheres."

We have often thought that orders of women among other sects, (who should seek in the highways and by ways for the lost lambs of Christ's fold,) might be formed, and with their higher light and clearer knowledge, do vastly more for the world than by any other mode of action.

MRS. MACREADY'S READINGS.

Mrs. Macready's dramatic readings, at Westminster Hall, on the fourth and fifth of November, and her reading of Sacred Poems, at the same place on the following Sunday evening, have elicited the warmest encomiums from her audiences, and will not soon be forgotton by those who had the pleasure of hearing her.

Although little more than a year has passed since this lady made her first appearance on the Philadelphia stage, she has already produced a marked impression on the public mind, and is, as we believe, destined to achieve great triumphs in her art. Her readings are not simply *readings* but true dramatic representations. Her faults are those of inexperience and a lavish expenditure of power, never those of poverty or insufficiency. She enters into every new impersonation with an enthusiasm and abandonment indicative of conscious genius and of a sincere devotion to her beautiful art. Her transitions in the dialogue are truly wonderful. They are effected without apparent effort, and are so prompt, graceful and successful, as often to produce a more complete illusion than a regular dramatic performance. In versatility and passion, she resembles Fanny Kemble, while in the compass and quality of her clear, rich voice, she not only excels all her theatrical contemporaries, but, as we believe, all her immediate predecessors. Although tragedy is undoubtedly her *forte*, her comic readings were given with great naiveté and piquancy, and told with great effect on her audience. A writer in the Daily Tribune, one of our best dramatic critics, says:—"The scene between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle was faultless in expression, attitude and gesture. We have never seen it so effectively represented. At each several readings, Mrs. Macready has exhibited some new and unlooked for excellence. We believe that her noblest powers and gifts are yet in reserve, and that study and experience will ere long, more fully develope the rich resources of her genius."

THE KEY OF THE COFFIN.—"Oh! fairest and dearest of children, closely art thou imprisoned in thy deep, dark dwelling. The key of thy lone chamber shall remain eternally in my hand, and none shall invade thy rest. The weeping mother turned her eyes to the eternally shining stars and she heard the voice of her child, 'Mother, throw away the key, I am here! I am not beneath the earth.'"

"Oh heritor of love and grief, in common with thy race, it must be thine to suffer, to struggle, and to err. But mild be thy human trials, and strong be thy spirit, to love and to believe!"

NOTICE.

Our Post Office address will be, during the winter, Washington, D. C., and letters addressed to Thomas Davis will reach us without delay.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Since the farewell to our readers was in type, we have commenced negociations with a lady of well known ability, hoping to place the Una in her hands, so that its re-appearance shall not be delayed beyond two or three weeks. Should we be successful in carrying out our plans, and hopes, the Una will be far more worthy of patronage than heretofore, and we trust that every subscriber who receives a number will feel bound at once to send not only his own subscription, but to forward the names of one or more beside, and also donations of money. For, the more liberally a paper is supported, the better it will be made. The best writers need bread, and most of them make it by their brains. Thus far the Una has never asked anything but to have its subscription list enlarged and promptly paid. Should it go on with a new editor it will need help in various ways, but especially from the purses of some of its friends. The articles, still in our hands, will be sent to the new editor, if we obtain one.

We feel that in pressing the claim of a woman's paper; one through which she shall be able to speak clearly and truthfully, of all her needs, that we fail of earnestness, simply for the reason that we put restraint upon our pen, because we feel more deeply than others do how very essential it is to progress. It is not the same if we can write for widely-circulated journals and periodicals; our articles are mixed up with others of an opposite and lower character, and it only proves that women can write, which few dispute, just as conventions prove that she can talk, but something more than all this is needed. A practical building-up, a power to create, lives which will enlarge, broaden and deepen with the actual experience of life.

A NEW LECTURER.

In the Nantucket Inquirer we find a glowing notice of a lecture recently given in that city, by Miss Anna Gardner, on "woman's wrongs."—That it was well written, was full of earnest thought and feeling, we would dare vouch; and that now she has found courage to voice them, her eloquence must increase their force. We know she is eloquent, for nature made her to be so, and we cannot but suggest to Lyceums that Miss Gardner might interest their audiences quite as much or more than those lecturers who have, year after year, had handsome compensation for lecturing to them to add to their already large salaries. Miss Gardner's case is an exception to scripture rule, for she has received honor in her own city, and among her own kindred.

"Mars, saturn, and the moon, disturb our earth in its course, but that world within, very properly called the heart, should never be shaken in its course, or turned aside, except by Pallas, the beneficent Ceres, or the celestial Venus." *J. P. Richter.*

Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

SPANISH IDLENESS.

Every one, in Spain, employs his time most conscientiously in doing nothing. Gallantry, cigarettes, the manufacture of quatrains and octaves, and especially card playing, are found sufficient to fill up a man's existence very agreeably. A workman who has gained a few reals leaves work, throws his fine embroidered jacket over his shoulder, takes a guitar, and goes and dances or makes love to the *mosas* of his acquaintance until he has not a single *cuarto* left; he then returns to his employment. An Andalusian can live splendidly for three or four sous a day. For this sum he can have the whitest bread, an enormous slice of water melon, and a glass of anniseed; while his lodgings cost him nothing more than the trouble of spreading his cloak upon the ground, under the portico, or the arch of some bridge.

"Farewell to life!" murmured the glorious dreamer. "Sweet, O life, hast thou been to me. How fathomless the joys; how rapturously has my soul bounded forth upon the upward paths! To him who forever renews his youth in the clear fount of nature, how exquisite is the mere happiness *to be!* Farewell, ye lamps of heaven, and ye million tribes, the populace of air. Not a mote in the beam, not an herb on the mountain, not a pebble on the shore, not a seed far-blown into the wilderness, but contributed to the love that sought in all the true principle of life, the Beautiful, the Joyous, the immortal!—To others, a land, a city, a hearth, has been a home: *my* home, wherever the intellect could pierce, or the spirit could breathe the air."

THE UNCONSCIOUS.—The earth brings forth and displays the delicate flower in the presence of the sun—but conceals within her breast the hard knotty roots. The light of the sun is reflected by the moon—but upon the earth we are only conscious of its borrowed and tender beams. The stars diffuse their refreshing dews upon the nights of summer, but withdraws ere it has been exhaled by the burning sun; and thou—thou, the unconscious! has borne to me flowers, sunshine and dew, and art unconscious of thy gift, although refreshing the world, also, with thy blessings. Oh, fly, fly to her, thou whom she loves, and tell her, that through her alone, thou art happy! and will she not believe thee, show her other mortals."

THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY IN MISSOURI.—We have a lady friend who has lately returned from a visit to St. Louis, and she has been giving us, verbally, some of her experience there. A gentleman, a relation and a rattle-brained fellow, who owned several slaves, was consulting her about the decorations of a new house, and in one of the niches in a hall he proposed to have a painting of the Goddess of Liberty. Our friend agreed with him that it would be very fine, and they discussed the particulars about the choice of an artist, the color of drapery, &c. until the matter was satisfactorily arranged, when turning to an opposite niche, she pointed to it and exclaimed, "and there put a painting of Old Isaac, (a slave of his,) with chains on his hands. The two will correspond exactly!"

He turned as if to give her a good shaking, when she increased the distance between them as he petulantly exclaimed, "get out of this, you little d—l you," and she never heard a word more about the Goddess of Liberty.—*Journal and Visitor.*

"TREASURES."

Only rude and hasty sketches,
Only bits of off-hand rhyme,
Only withered meadow retches,
Rosemary and broken thyme.
Cupless acorn, mossy pebble,
Pressed and scentless summer flowers,
Ah! my heart! can these awaken
To my eyes warm tearful showers?
Dear old places of our going,
Dear old days that flew so fast,
Dear young noble face there glowing,
Dear love trusted to the last.
These are treasures past *your* knowing,
Records of the golden past.
Shaded lane, where sun-rays quiver,
By the brook, through tangled paths,
On the margent of the river,
Through the new mown meadow swaths,
Sunny, dusty, roadside glowing,
'Mid wood walks in summer noon,
Twilight walks, where kine are lowing,
Down to hark the mill-wheel's tunes;
Or a field, we start the plover,
Seeking tassels of the broom,
Mountain climbing in October,
For the wild-witch hazel bloom.
All these places stand like pictures,
Painted by some angel hand,
Or, as I care-free in heaven,
Saw my own loved mortal land.
From the shaded lane, one brought me
This white violet in the spring,
By the brook, again he sought me,
Heard *this* rose his whispering;
This the sketch from river's margin,
Wrought by hand that led me there,
Here the rhyme that sung the praises,
Of *this* wild retch in my hair,
Lilies *there* were pulled in moonlight,
Flecked with dew and mill-wheel spume,
And *this* cardinal, bright as noon-light,
Still for me the dull leaves bloom;
There, vine-tendril once did fetter
Wrists, in mock obedience;
This Alp flower was from *this* letter,
Read in mid-wood's stillest haunts.
Oh! pressed flowers—I know your sweetness,
Glad thoughts folded in the leaves,
I am Ruth, the gleaner, standing,
Now 'mid golden harvest sheaves.—SALLIE.
Hartford, Ct.

ILLUSIONS OF THE PAST.—Beautiful and attractive are even the dreams of the past.—They enlighten the world, that the errors of common men have darkened. Thus is the sun in heaven—dark beneath its clouds, but splendor illumines its clouds. They impart its light and warmth to the cold worlds beneath. Without its clouds, the sun is but a ball of earth.—*Walt and Valt.*

TO THE NEAREST SUN.—"Suns beyond suns repose in the remotest blue of heaven; their foreign beams have been on the wing for thousands of years to reach our little earth, and yet we see them not. Oh! thou beneficent; thou art so near to us that the infant scarcely lifts his feeble eye to thee, but thou, sun of suns, beams upon it with thy lovely light."

The authorship of the following beautiful lines is not known. They are said to be copied from "a late English magazine." They must have been written by one who possesses "the power and the faculty divine."—*Exchange.*

PHILIP, MY KING.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities;
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand,
With Love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther to command,
Till thou shall find thy Queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

On the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love crowned, and there
Sittest all glorified. Rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
Aye, there the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant and make men bow
As to one God-throned amid his peers.
My son! than thy brethren, higher, fairer,
Let me behold them in future years:
Yet thy head needeth a circle tiara,
Philip, my King!

A wreath not of gold, but of palm, one day,
Philip, my King!
Thou too must tread, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown; but go on glorious
Martyr, yet monarch, till angels shout
As thou sittest at the feet of God, victorious—
Philip, my King!

Much has been well written and much ill spoken to prove that minds of great native energy will help themselves, that the best attainments are made from inward impulse, and that outward discipline is likely to impair both grace and strength. Here is some truth—more error. Native energy *will* effect wonders unaided by school or college. The best attainments *are* made from inward impulse, but it does not follow that outward discipline of any liberality will impair grace or strength; and it is impossible for any mind fully and harmoniously to ascertain its own wants, without being made to resound from some strong outward pressure. Crabbe helped himself, and formed his peculiar faculties to great perfection; but Coleridge was well tasked—and not without much hard work could Southy become as "erudite as natural."

The flower of Byron's genius expanded with little care of the gardener; but the greatest observer, the deepest thinker, and as the greatest artist, necessarily the warmest admirer of Nature of our time (we refer to Goethe,) grew into grace and strength beneath the rules and systems of a disciplinarian father. Genius *will* live and thrive without training, but it does not the less reward the watering-pot and pruning-knife. Let the mind take its own course, and it is apt to fix too exclusively on a pursuit or set of pursuits to which it will devote itself till there is not strength for others, till the mind stands in the relation to a well balanced mind, that the body of the blacksmith does to that of the gladiator.

We are not in favor of a stiff, artificial balance of character, of learning by the hour, and dividing the attention by rule and line, but the young should be so variously called out and disciplined, that they may be sure that it is a genuine vocation, and not an accidental bias which decides the course on reaching maturity.

Margaret Fuller.

FAME.

"Far better than the trump of Fame,
Is the voice of one we love."

We hear a great deal of this now. It is embodied in some of the most exquisite poetry of our language. Poetry written both by man and woman; poetry of the olden time, and of this latter day. It would seem as though, by common consent, that the twain were in conflict. Let us analyze, and see if it be so.

What is Fame? It is the peal of triumph; the the cry of victory; the song of praise; the verdict of "Well Done; thou good and faithful worker!" It is this cry, caught up, and echoed from afar, by man after man, by people after people, by generation after generation. It is the voice of the loved one, swallowed up, and thundered back by the great voice of humanity, as the drop is gathered into the ocean floods, or gloweth marshalled in the base of Niagara. But, to the heart rightly attuned to love's sweet melody, the voice of the loved one is never lost, amid the reverberations of that far swelling choir. It playeth on a note, unheard amid the mounting echoes, but its tender modulations sink into our ear where the stranger meddleth not.

Neither the man, nor the woman who has this gift to thrill, to elevate, to strengthen, or to purify the great common heart, can bury up this talent in the napkin of a morbid humility, and remain sinless. Nor hath God so ordained it, that the sweet tenderness of life, the bliss of loving should shrink backward to the level of those who cannot strive for noble action, for high and mighty purpose; or who may not try to move this world by the lever of a powerful will; else were he himself, the unlovely; and the fountain of all love drained and empty.

O, it is worse than folly; this mock disdain of the world's great cheer of approbation; for, in this, veneration for the great and good, is humanity's greatest, safest, purest and best.

Was not "the old man eloquent" most eloquent when he said he said he would leave with the world, words they will not "willingly let die?"

Woman may strive for this; if she so strive that it can come, and wreathe her brow. For, not strength alone, is wanting; not power; nor courage; nor genius; nor noble will. But that alone will teach, and fill, the world's great loving heart, that springeth from a great heart, which love for all mankind has filled.

Let us look about us; and see! In that one avenue to Fame, that woman treadeth now, with man, whose wreath is greenest; and ever filling with new buds, and blossoms? It is that of her, whose great heart not forgetful of her peers, took within it the sorrows of the loftiest, and made of the black man's tears a vase, which the heavens have filled with diamond light. Who cometh after her? The wreath is blossoming upon *his* brow, and gathering greenness, even amid the wintry snows, who took the infant beggar's cry, and sent it forth, from his own heart to the great city's listening ear; and now the winds are wafting it over the distant hills, and the mountains echo it back, across the valleys.

Woman *has* conquered Fame with ignoble weapons, now that the worthier implements are coming to her grasp, how shall she help but bind him to her car? It was no unworthy conceit of an unworthy woman, when she would make a feast that all coming time should marvel at, to drink in acid her beauteous pearl. That gem of Cleopatra's shall live in the world's memory, though long ago her diamond's light was lost. The Russian Empress, who built a palace that the next south wind might melt away, did nevertheless construct an edifice, for all future time, as durable as the pyramid, and a surer monument to her name; for it will never be forgotten. There are Catherines, and Cleopatra's, in genius, in prodigal resource, and royal will, now living or soon to come, who shall build for all the world to admire, or prepare the cup, which choicest pearls shall sweeten; and, while the voice of praise shall sweep adown the ages yet to follow, the song of love shall steal into their listening ears; and this sweetest gala shall not be lost amid the *Hallelujah Chorus.*

H. F.

A LADY FREEMASON.—The Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female ever initiated into the ancient mysteries of Freemasonry.—How she obtained this honor we shall lay before our readers. Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and intimate friends assisting, and it is said that never were the Masonic duties more rigidly performed than by them. Previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge-room. This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; among other things the wall was considerably reduced in one part. The young lady having heard the voices of the Freemasons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all to this mystery, so long and so secretly locked up from human view, she had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and witness the ceremony through the two first steps. Curiosity satisfied, fear at once took possession of her mind. There was no mode of escape except through the room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized; and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way; and, with light but trembling steps glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly tyler, with his long sword unsheathed. A shriek, that pierced through the apartment, alarmed the members of the lodge, who all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, in the first paroxysm of their rage, her death was resolved on, but from the supplications of her young brother, her life was saved on condition of her going through the whole of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed.

This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry. The lady was cousin to Gen. Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes. Miss St. Leger married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of New Market. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, she walked at the head of the Freemasons with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage-box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. Her portrait is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland.—*Exchange.*

"See, for those who would unite the lofty with the lowly, the inevitable curse: thy very nature uncomprehended, thy sacrifices unguessed. The lowly one views but in the lofty a necromancer or a fiend."