THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

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THE UNA,

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OUR SALUTATORY.

Almost unexpectedly to ourself a way has been opened to continue the publication of the UNA. Relieved of a portion of the severe labor that has overtaxed us both mentally and physically, we hail it with joy, and send our New Year's greeting to our friends with as firm a faith in their good will as at the first.

That our paper is needed, we have the most convincing evidence, for we find no other that at all times, presents the wants of the class of which it is the advocate. In looking over the large political papers, and those devoted to other special reforms, we sometimes find an article from the pen of some well known advocate of equal rights, placed in an out-of-the-way corner, in small type, unleaded, so that one must be looking for it, or it would be very likely to escape observation; and this we are told is all that we need to carry forward our work; but such is not our opinion, nor that of any who have ever labored for a great or good cause.

Were the temperance or the anti-slavery papers to cease their existence, and depend alone upon the political papers for the promulgation of their sentiments, all agitation in relation to these subjects would very soon be swallowed up in that vast maelstrom.

That the Una has not been liberally sustained by women, does not prove it the less needed. Slaves know no want of freedom till the soul begins its development through the light of truth. The axiom "that who would be free, himself must strike the blow," is not more true, than that love of pure freedom may have so far gone out from nations, as well as individuals, that they can be only roused to desire it by outward influences.

The woman who is to unfetter the minds of American women, who is to rouse them fully to a sense of their true necessities, who is to strike the chord that will vibrate through all time and space, has not yet arisen; her soul is still to be developed through the accumulation of light; the work of consecration may be even now going on, and to such a one the aid which every thought may give cannot be estimated by dollars and cents.

In our past labors we have not pressed our claims to patronage, nor at any time asked pecuniary aid; we needed no salary, and did not desire to make money for ourself. It was enough for us that we could work in a cause so dear to us. The constant expressions of grateful and affectionate regard coming to us from our subscribers, were reward sufficient for every hour of toil, for every anxiety and timid apprehension.

But our paper is now to be placed on a different basis, with a publisher who will devote to it his best energies, but with no capital to invest; prompt payment will therefore be essential, and contributions of money most acceptable. We present it to you, gentle readers, and ask you to coöperate with us. We trust not to lose one of the many whose names have become familiar, and from whom we have had assurances that our youngling was most welcome. We know the times are hard, and that even a little gold dollar looks much larger this year than last, but is there not some trifle which can be dispensed with, some amusement which will last but an evening, that may be omitted, and the amount remitted to S. C. HEWITT, 15 Franklin st., Boston, for the UNA, which will come to you regularly every month, furnishing you with reading for many an hour of quiet.

Our contributors will be increased in number. The story by Lizzie Linn, "Marriage the Only Resource," will be found quite worth the price of the paper for one year.

We promise greater variety the coming year; and as our cares and physical labors are lightened, so our efforts for the interest of our readers will be increased.

We shall not make our paper any more strongly partisan than it has been. We shall not put a wire edge upon the sword of truth by denunciatory and vituperative language toward our oppressors. We prefer the keen blade "which divides asunder even the soul and spirit."

Wherein we have erred in the past, we shall seek to amend and make our work more perfect in the future. *Au revoir.*

[For The Una.]

MARRIAGE THE ONLY RESOURCE.

BY LIZZIE LINN.

"Lo, thy mantling chalice of life
Is foaming with sorrow, temptation and strife."

"Oh dear! what a stupid life this is!" exclaimed Netta with a yawn. "Let me take Northwood and bury myself in that awhile, that I may become unconscious of this dull tedious existence, in which the days seem as weeks, and the weeks as months. No aim, no object in view, nothing to work for. If I had somethnig to suffer for, it would be a relief. Truthful enough is that old adage—'It is better to wear out, than to rust out.' What do I care for this needle-work? spending my time and trying my eyes to make a wreath of flowers, and not one in a hundred will have taste enough to appreciate it. I was never made for such work; my mind is even now dwindling to the size of my stitches," and with this remark, Netta hurled her embroidery to the opposite wall.

"And pray what *were* you made for, Miss Jannette Sumner?" inquired Uncle Ralph, who stood at the door and heard her soliloquy.

"Oh Uncle! did you hear what I said?" asked Netta, throwing her arms around his

so stultify their consciences as to declare they have all the rights they want. Have you who make this declaration, ever read the barbarous laws in reference to woman, to mothers, to wives and daughters, which disgrace our Statute Books? laws which are not surpassed in cruelty and injustice by any slaveholding code in the United States—laws which strike at the root of the glorious doctrine for which our fathers fought and bled and died, "no taxation without representation"—laws which deny a right most sacredly observed by many of the monarchies of Europe, "the right of trial by a jury of one's own Peers"—laws which trample on the holiest and most unselfish of all human affections, a mother's love for her child, and with ruthless cruelty snap asunder the tenderest ties,—laws which enable the father, be he a man or a minor, to tear the infant from the mother's arms, and send it if he choose to the Feegee Islands; yea, to will the guardianship of the *unborn* child to whomsoever he may please, whether to the Sultan of Turkey or the Imam of Muscat—laws by which our sons and daughters may be bound to service to cancel their father's debts of honor, in the meanest rum-holes and brothels in the vast metropolis — laws which violate all that is most pure and sacred in the marriage relation by giving to the cruel, beastly drunkard the rights of a man, a husband and father,—laws which place the life-long earnings of the wife at the disposal of the husband, be his character what it may,—laws which leave us at the mercy of the rumseller and the drunkard, against whom we have no protection for our lives, our children or our homes, — laws by which we are made the watch-dogs to keep a million and a half of our sisters in the foulest bondage the sun ever shone upon,—which forbid us to give food and shelter to the panting fugitive from the land of slavery.

If, in view of laws like these, there be women in this State so lost to self-respect, to all that is virtuous, noble and true, as to refuse to raise their voices and protest against such degrading tyranny, we can only say of that system which has thus robbed womanhood of all its glory and greatness, what the immortal Channing did of Slavery. "If," said he, "it be true that the slaves are contented and happy—if there is a system that can blot out all love of freedom from the soul of man, destroy every trace of his Divinity, make him happy in a condition so low and benighted and hopeless, I ask for no stronger argument against such a slavery as ours." No! never believe it; woman falsifies herself and blasphemes her God, when in view of her present social, legal and political position, she declares she has all the rights she wants. If a few drops of Saxon blood gave our Frederic Douglass such a clear perception of his humanity, his inalienable rights, as to enable him, with the slaveholder's Bible, the slaveholder's constitution, a southern public sentiment and education, all laid heavy on his shoulders, to stand upright and walk forth in search of freedom, with as much ease as did Sampson of old with the massive gates of the city, shall we, the daughters of our Hancocks and Adamses, we in whose veins flows the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers, shall we never try the strength of these withes of law and gospel with which in our blindness we have been bound hand and foot? Yes, the time has come.

"The slumber is broken, the sleeper is risen,
The day of the Goth and the Vandal is o'er,
And old Earth feels the tread of Freedom once more."

Fail not, Women of the Empire State, to swell our Petitions. Let no religious scruples hold you back. Take no heed to man's interpretation of Paul's injunctions to women. To any thinking mind, there is no difficulty in explaining those passages of the Apostle as applicable to the times in which they were written, as having no reference whatever to the women of the nineteenth century.

"Honor the King," heroes of '76. Those leaden tea chests of Boston Harbor cry out "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." When the men of 1854, with their Priests and Rabbis, shall rebuke the disobedience of their forefathers,— when they shall cease to set at defiance the British lion and the Apostle Paul in their national Policy, then it will be time enough for us to bow down to man's interpretation of law touching our social relations, and acknowledge that God gave us powers and rights, merely that we might show forth our faith in Him, by being helpless and dumb.

The writings of Paul, like our State Constitutions, are susceptible of various interpretations. But when the human soul is roused with holy indignation against injustice and oppression, it stops not to translate human parchments, but follows out the law of its inner being, written by the finger of God in the first hour of its Creation.

Our petitions will be sent to every county in the State, and we hope that they will find at least ten righteous women to circulate them. But should there be any county so benighted, that a petition cannot be circulated throughout its length and breadth, giving every man and woman an opportunity to sign their names, then we pray, not that "God will send down fire and brimstone" upon it, but that the "Napoleons" of this movement, will flood it with Women's Rights Tracts and Missionaries.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.
Cha'n N. Y. Woman's Rights Con.
Seneca Falls, Dec. 11, 1854.

N. B.—All orders for forms of Petitions and Woman's Rights Tracts, and all communications relating to the movement in this State, should be addressed to our General Agent, Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y. Let the Petitions be returned as soon as possible, to Lydia Mott, Albany, N. Y., as we wish to present them early in the session, and thereby give our Legislature due time for the consideration of this important question.

The following article of Mrs. E. O. Smith upon petitions, it will be observed, is rather late in appearance; but as the argument is clear and the points noticed are as worthy of attention this year as last, we do not hesitate to print it entire, for we think the necessity of State action cannot be too strongly urged; line upon line and petition upon petition, until our legislators shall yield because of our importunity, must be our mode of action.

WOMAN'S PETITIONS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Already have Petitions been presented to the Legislatures of three different States of the Union, praying that Women may be accepted as Citizens in a country to which they owe their birth; whose population claims them numerically; and whose wealth they help to augment by their industry, cultivation or enterprise. Last winter such Petition was presented to the Massachusetts Convention, which had met for the purpose of revising the State Constitution. We replied elsewhere to this subject, and we now reprint the article for the sake of bringing the matter fully before the readers of the Sibyl.

The Massachusetts Convention did not deign to notice the prayer of these *two thousand* Women, who claimed the privilege of being heard by men who assert, *that we are represented through them.*

They decided that it is inexpedient to act upon said petition. This is no cause for discouragement to those who have the subject at heart. Two thousand signers are quite as many if not more, than we supposed would be procured. The believers in the rights of women to entire equality with man, in every department involving the question of human justice, are entirely in the minority. The majority believe that their wives and mothers are household chattels; believe that they were expressly created for no other purposes than those of maternity in their highest aspect; in their next for the purposes of passion, with the long retinue of unhallowed sensualities, debasements and pollutions which follow in the train of evil indulgence. With others, women are sewers on of buttons, darners of stockings, makers of puddings, appendages to wash days, bakings and brewings; echoes and adjectives to man forever and ever. They are compounds of tears, hysterics, frettings, scoldings, complainings; made up of craftiness and imbecilities, to be wheedled and coaxed and coerced, like unmanageable children. *The idea of a true, noble womanhood is yet to be created.* It does not live in the public mind.

Now, in answer to the petition of these two thousand women, the committee reply that all just governments exist by the consent of the governed. An old truism. We reply, women have given no such consent, and therefore are not bound to allegiance. But our sapient legislators say, "since there are two hundred thousand women of Massachusetts twenty-one years of age, and only two thousand who sign this petition, therefore it is fair to suppose that the larger part of the women of the State have consented to the present form of government," etc. Now this is assuredly a wilful and unworthy perversion of the truth. These women are simply ignorant, simply supine. *They have neither affirmed nor denied.* They have not thought at all upon the subject. But there are two thousand women in Massachusetts who *think and*

act, to say nothing of the thousands of intelligent men there, who believe in the same doctrines. Now here is a little army in one State alone, and that a conservative one, while through the Middle and Western States are thousands thinking in the same direction. Here is the leaven which must leaven the whole lump. Here is the "wise minority," which will hereafter become the overwhelming majority of the country. Were there but ten advocates, we should not despair — five, one, would be the palladium of human good; for if a great truth be but lodged in one pure mind, that nucleus will attract to itself, like the drifting spar upon the ocean, all the floating hopes and aspirations of man. Thus did the self-reliant Jesus assert the God within him, and the whole earth admits his claims; and thus do the holders of any truth, if true to their trust, find the human heart and brain sending forth tendrils to grasp it, until men are amazed to find the whole world with them.

That would be no new doctrine if all men believed it — no opposition is felt for an old faith till it has become corrupted by error. But in its infancy, men asserted, labored for it, died for it. The fiery stake was quenched with the blood of its advocates; the prisons were filled with sufferers in its behalf; men in power persecuted the handful of men to caves and deserts, but the time came when the seed thus sown by the blood of martyrs shook the whole earth as Lebanon trembles under her cedars.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers."

Human malice may be let loose upon her followers, the honored and powerful of the day may combine to crush, to ridicule it, but it *will prevail nevertheless*. We do not expect to see our predictions verified in our day. We do not expect to enter into the harvest and reap the fruits of our toil, but the time will come. The young, the hopeful of both sexes, give us a God-speed. Girls and boys, read, listen, and believe, and the times to come will realize all we claim; and then will be the era of a new and better aspect of society. Woman will cease to be the Hagar of the household; she will not be the bond-slave of her master, dependent upon him for the scrap of bread and the flagon of water, but she will earn these by the Angel of Labor, and she will be the honored and honorable friend and companion of man, not only on the sweet altar of home, not only with the child at her knee, but in the legislative hall, at the desk, at the bar, in the pulpit, as her *capacity* shall qualify her for all places involving human trust and benevolence. Then will the mother be nobly honored in her child; then will she lean upon his arm as his best friend and counsellor. Then will the hearth-stone be re-baptized with holy water, and be saved from the horrors of misery and pollution which now threaten to overwhelm it. Children will be the blessings and the joys of a household, because the mother will be noble and freed from disabilities. Justice, whose even balance has been lost to the world, will re-adjust her scales, aided by men and women also; for now the beam is pressed by one hand alone, because man uses the other to keep women in bondage. Women must be acknowledged as citizens, if men would be sure of their own liberties, and sure of the better advancement of the race. She should have no disabilities in which he does not partake — she is his inmost life, the response to his deepest aspiration, and to her the world must look for its regeneration. Take the bonds of the law from her life, leave her to the freedom which man claims for himself, and he will arise to a better destiny. Give the pure in mind, the earnest of thought in our sex, space for expression, and the few who now by their ignorance, conceit and wickedness, are drawing down odium upon themselves and creating prejudice in the minds of earnest seekers after truth, will sink in their native insignificance. Much of error has become mixed up with this great question of human rights, but the error is extraneous and temporary, and it shall be our great aim in our department to separate the wheat from the chaff.

This winter the women of the State of New York petitioned in a similar way, as also those of Ohio. The action of the Ohio Legislature is too late for the columns of the Sibyl, and we must defer it to another number.

The Select Committee of the New York Assembly to whom was referred the Woman's Rights Petitions, have treated the Petitioners with a good degree of respect, and make the following Report, which we shall give with comments of our own.

Report of the Select Committee of the Assembly.

IN ASSEMBLY — Monday, March 27, 1854.

The select committee to whom was referred the various petitions requesting "the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York to appoint a joint committee to revise the Statutes of New York, and to propose such amendments as will fully establish the legal equality of women with men," report: —

That they have examined the said petition, and have heard and considered the suggestions of persons who have appeared before them on behalf of the petitioners. Your committee are well aware that the matters submitted to them have been and still are the subject of ridicule and jest; but they are also aware that ridicule and jest never yet effectually put down either truth or error; and that the development of our times and the progression of our age are such, that many thoughts which to-day are laughed at as wild vagaries, are to-morrow recorded as developed principles or embodied in experimental facts.

A higher power than that from which emanates legislative enactments has given forth the mandate that man and woman shall not be equal; that there shall be inequalities, by which each in their own appropriate sphere shall have precedence to the other; and each shall be superior or inferior as they well or ill act the part assigned them. Both alike are the subjects of government, equally entitled to its protection; and civil power in its enactments must recognize this inequality. We cannot obliterate it if we would, and legal inequalities must follow.

"Your Committee are well aware that the matters submitted to them, etc." Now the Committee forget the dignity of their position in making the above allusion. They were not sent to the Halls of Legislation to carry these out-door jests, and low popular prejudices, but to adopt such measures as the growth, well-being and enlightenment of the public mind should demand at their hands. If they fail to treat the humblest woman who carries her petition to the halls of the Assembly with the same deference they would treat the most influential male Citizen of the Republic, they are false to their trust. If we are met with ridicule or contempt or absolute silence when we, like our brothers, enter our honest, respectful prayers, then we are not represented by those who profess to represent us; and it is time that the public not only acknowledge such to be the case, but act upon it. Say, ye Legislators, say at once to us plainly, "You are not, and shall not be heard," but do not pretend that our interests *are* represented through you.

Secondly. "A higher power, etc." Now this is honest, this is plain spoken. But what pity it is that it is not reason, logic, scripture; nothing but blank assertion. Why, ten to one, wives of half the members at Albany are superior to the very men who gravely report these platitudes. Ten to one, each several wife could bring an argument founded upon the commonest interpretation of the Bible to prove the contrary of this point blank assertion, that "*we are not one and equal with men.*"

"Both alike are the subjects of government." Yes, with this difference. *Men have created government as it is. Women are subjects*, not framers thereof. The one is the law-maker, the other the thrall; the one enacts, the other obeys. The one rules, the other submits; the one has justice if he *wills* to protect himself by wise laws, the other has justice *when she can get it*. She gets it through a round-a-about legislation of which she is heartily weary, and now she is steadily, solemnly, in the face of God and man, determined to assert her own right to be heard in her own cause.

The education of woman has not been the result of "Statutes," but of civilization and Christianity; and her elevation, great as it has been, has only corresponded with that of man under the same influences. She owes no more to these causes than he does. The true elevation of the sexes will always correspond.

But elevation, instead of destroying, shows more palpably those inherent inequalities and makes more apparent the harmony and happiness which the Creator designed to accomplish by them.

Your committee will not attempt to prescribe, or rather they will not attempt to define the province and peculiar sphere which a power that we cannot overrule has prescribed for the different sexes; every well regulated home and household in the land affords an example illustrative of what is woman's proper sphere, as also that of man. Government has its miniature as well as its foundation in the homes of our country; and as in governments there must be some recognized head to control and direct, so must there also be a controlling and directing power in every smaller association; there must be some one to act and to be acted with as the embodiment of the persons associated. In the formation of governments, the manner in which the common interest shall be embodied and represented is a matter of conventional arrangement; but in the family an influence more potent than that of contracts and conventionalities, and which everywhere underlies humanity, has indicated that the husband shall fill the necessity which exists for a head. Dissension and distraction quickly arise when this necessity is not answered. The harmony of life, the real interest of both husband and wife, and of all dependent upon them, require it. In obedience to that requirement and necessity, the husband is the head — the representative of the family.

Not so fast, good men and legislators. The *husband* is not always the male of the establishment. The word means the bond of the household, from the Saxon Hus, a house, and Band, that which binds or holds the household together, *not that which rules it*. Now the woman is as often the band of the house as the man. But in a true household, there is no need of this principle of rule. We admit this evil spirit is too dominant in the family as elsewhere, but it is not the sentiment of the household. Much in the above passage conveys little or no meaning to a mind capable of thought or judgment.

It was strongly urged upon your committee that woman, inasmuch as her property was liable to taxation, should be entitled to representation. The member of this House who considers himself the representative only of those whose ballots were cast for him, or even of all the voters in his district, has, in the opinion of your committee, quite too limited an idea of his position on this floor. In their opinion he is the representative of the inhabitants of his district, whether they be voters or not, whether they be men or women, old or young; and he who does not alike watch over the interests of all, fails in his duty and is false to his trust.

Your committee cannot regard marriage as a *mere contract*, but as something above and beyond — something more binding than records, more solemn than specialities; and the person who reasons as to the relations of husband and wife, as upon an ordinary contract, in their opinion, commits a fatal error in the outset; and your committee cannot recomend any action based upon such a theory.

"Your committee cannot regard marriage, etc." Now this is all school-boy talk for Buncum. No right-minded person regards marriage as a *mere contract*, and yet in a legislative point of view it is nothing more. Our lawgivers are not appointed to sentimentalize for us, but to make equitable laws by which contracts such as individual citizens choose to enter into may be held sacred. We ask that the contingencies of marriage may not be more oppressive to the woman than to the man, and to have our wise Legislators condescend to ease a little the pressure of the legal foot upon the neck of women. A little less circumlocution had pleased us better, but mercy, good judge give us mercy at any cost. There is something very quaint and innocent in the paragraph, "There are many other rules of law applicable to the relation of husband and wife, *which in occasional cases bear hard upon the one or the other*." This is a tender admission, just as though a man would bear for any length of time a law that pressed heavily upon himself. But it would not do to admit the fact in one case and not in the other.

As society progresses new wants are felt, new facts and combinations are presented which constantly call for more or less of addition to the body of our laws, and often for innovations upon customs so old that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary thereof." The marriage relation, in common with everything else, has felt the effects of this progress, and from time to time been the subject of legislative action. And, while your committee report adversely to the prayer of the petitions referred to them, they believe that the time has come when certain alterations and amendments are, by common consent, admitted as proper and necessary.

Your committee recommend that the assent of the mother, if she be living, be made necessary to the validity of any disposition which the father may make of her child, by the way of the appointment of guardian or of apprenticeship. The consent of the wife is now necessary to a deed of real estate, in order to bar her contingent interest therein; and there are certainly far more powerful reasons why her consent should be necessary to the conveyance or transfer of her own offspring to the care, teaching and control of another.

When the husband from any cause neglects to provide for the support and education of his family, the wife should have the right to collect and receive her own earnings and the earnings of her minor children, and apply them to the support and education of the family free from the control of the husband, or any person claiming the same through him.

There are many other rules of law applicable to the relation of husband and wife, which in occasional cases bear hard upon the one or the other, but your committee do not deem it wise that a new arrangement of our laws of domestic relations should be attempted to obviate such cases; they always have and always will arise out of every subject of legal regulation.

There is much of wisdom (which may well be applied to this, and many other subjects) in the quaint remark of an eminent English lawyer, philosopher, and statesman, that "it were well that men in their innovations would follow the example of time, which innovateth greatly but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived. It is good also in States not to try experiments except the necessity be urgent and the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change; and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation.

In conclusion your committee recommend that the prayer of the petitioners be denied; and they ask leave to introduce a bill corresponding with the suggestions hereinbefore contained.

JAMES L. ANGLE, GEO. W. THORN,
JAMES M. MUNROE, D. L. BOARDMAN,
ALEX. P. SHARP, HALSEY GLEASON.

THE MISANTHROPES OF NATURE.—I cannot love evergreens — they are the misanthropes of nature. To them the spring brings no promise, the autumn no decline; they are cut off from the sweetest of all ties with their kind — sympathy. They have no hopes in common, but stand apart very emblems for the fortunate and worldly man, whose harsh temper has been unsoftened by participation in general suffering, existing alone in his unshared and sullen prosperity. I will have no evergreens in my garden; when the inevitable winter comes, every beloved plant and favorite tree shall droop together — no solitary fir left to triumph over the companionship of decay.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—An English paper, descanting relative to the various qualities of connubial bliss, states that in the city of London the official record for the last year stands thus: Runaway wives, 1,132; runaway husbands, 2,348; married persons legally divorced, 4,175; living in open warfare, 17,345; living in private misunderstanding, 13,279; mutually indifferent, 55,340; regarded as happy, 3,175; nearly happy, 127; perfectly happy, 13.

UNITY IN VARIETY.—Nature has not chosen to put the best wine in one jar. It is placed in many vessels. We must search through a city to find all the faculties that constitute a man. A French writer has said that it takes one thousand seven hundred, or one thousand eight hundred men to make a complete man. The sea educates one class, the mountain one, Europe one, and America another, the whole constituting the symmetry of the race.—*Emerson.*

THE HABIT OF RIDICULE. If there be one habit more than another the dry-rot of all that is high and generous in youth, it is the habit of ridicule. The lip ever ready with the sneer, the eye ever on the watch for the ludicrous, must always dwell upon the external; and most of what is good and great lies below the surface.

THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

The Old Year was running out its last sands; the matrons were preparing their sumptuous and elegant tables, and the misses trying on their newest brocades and most bewitching smiles in anticipation of troops of calls; Young America was insinuating his feet into the tightest boots and his neck into the stiffest collars and the most distressing of cravats preliminary to the same happy day; the grocer was complying with the very tardiest requisitions for fruits, spices, &c., while the fancy baker and confectioner, exhausted by the extent and variety of their orders, hardly knew how to answer the latest drafts upon their generous stores; the viol had uttered its initial squeak, premonitory of the ball wherewith the gay and reckless were eager to "dance the Old Year out and the New one in," when a wail of wo issued from the poor tenement No. 396 Water street, jarring on the general ear in strange contrast with the loud hilarity everywhere setting in. In that tenement, Alarm and Benevolence rushed, to see what was the matter; out of it they came white and sad, awed and appalled—and no wonder.

For there upon a wretched pallet, in a room made ghastly by want and wretchedness, lay the body of a man who had ceased to struggle with, almost to suffer from, "the stings and arrows "of outrageous fortune," and who had ended his mortal career by what the penny-a-liners call the "rash act" of self-destruction. John Murphy, born an Englishman, bred a bookbinder, brought hither his wife and five children last August, expecting to support them by diligent labor in his calling. So he did, after the best fashion he could, until the 1st of November, when the increasing severity of the pressure compelled his employers to discharge him. That was no fault of theirs—they could not pay him wages unless some one wanted bookbinding of them; their work inevitably fell off; they had no choice but to discharge their workmen. So John Murphy went home to his poor family, and tried, and tried, from day to day, from place to place, to find work elsewhere—anywhere—but in vain. The same influence that had deprived him of employment still prevailed to keep him out of it. Meantime article after article of their scanty and shabby furniture went its miserable way to the pawnshop, until nothing more could be pawned; then the children grew hungry and cried for bread which could not be procured; then the father was urged to apply for alms, which he could not easily do—for the Alms House has no place for hale, sturdy, muscular men, and the Ward Relief Associations had hardly yet been organized; at length the wife and mother, driven to the last dire extremity by the cries of her famishing children, went in quest of the Relief Committee-man of her district, but did not find him, and returned to her desolate home hungry and empty handed, to find her husband bleeding from a self-inflicted gash across the throat, and on his knees praying out his last breath. In a little while his youngest child, which had tasted no food for two days, also breathed its last, leaving the widow and four helpless babes to the charity of strangers. The oldest and youngest of that family have been buried at the City's expense, as the five remaining must be supported by charity for months, if not for years; all because there was nowhere within the reach of the head of that family work whereby he might earn their bread. Alms he loathed; he wanted work, but work was not to be had; so he died by suicide, and his youngest child by starvation, leaving the residue of the family to be supported by other labor than his.

Is this good social economy? Put the question of human brotherhood entirely out of sight, and consider the matter simply in the light of profit and loss. Would it not have been politic to give that man, not the alms he loathed, but the work he craved, even at a trifling loss, rather than leave him thus to die and throw his family upon the community for maintenance?

We have no sort of sympathy with Jacobinic ravings in the park or elsewhere, against the Rich or the Banks, or the speculators, in view of the distresses of the poor. We despise all incendiary harangues against Soup, or any other mitigation of the prevailing distress. If poor Murphy's babes had had a sufficiency of good, nourishing soup, he would probably have still lived to be useful and respected as a binder of books. Let us have no flour riots or other bad devices for increasing the antagonism, already too marked and ominous, between wealth and want. We are profoundly grateful to those who in such times give the needy soup; we wish there were more of them and it; and we maintain from actual experience that the rich are not generally penurious and hard-hearted. Individuals among them are callous to others' sufferings; so there are among the portionless, and quite as many in proportion; but the rich as a class are generous; and if they were assured that a contribution of one million dollars would banish suffering for food from our city for this single year, they would make up the money in a day. But they know, as we all do, that in the distribution of alms, the larger share is clutched by the most noisy rather than the most needy, and that the distribution in the shape of alms, of every dollar now on deposit in our City Banks, would not tend to eradicate want, but rather, in the long run, to diffuse and aggravate it. It is hopelessness, not heartlessness, that makes so many callous to the appeals of suffering. They feel—too deeply, perhaps, and at the wrong time—that alms-giving is at best but a small plaster for a wide and deep ulcer—and this is true, but not conclusive, for if somebody had fed John Murphy's children for a month or two, he would have lived to feed them himself thereafter. Better still—far better—had there existed a social providence prepared and competent to say, "John Murphy, come here and work for the State, the City, at half wages, until you can again find work for yourself at full wages—work at something you can do tolerably well, if not at that which you can do best,"—then he would have struggled through this hard winter undebased by eating bread he had not earned, and prepared to do a man's work and discharge a man's duty thenceforward. All his work thus done would have been so much clear gain to the community, and his children would never have become a public burden. And what is true in his case is measurably true in thousands of others.

——"But this is Fourierism"—

Hold on, there, Mr. Caviller! Fourierism is dead. There are as many as fifty D. D.s, editors and other pillars of social order, who have its dry hide hung up among the special trophies of their valor and dexterity. Mr. James Parton, in a recent biography of some note, asserts that it was killed by Lt. Gov. Raymond in a discussion several years ago. Dr. Potts and Dr. Hawks have each in his turn shut both eyes and let drive at it with (as they suppose) deadly effect. The Hon. James Brooks and Senator Erastus Have recently paraded the streets with a chip on the shoulder of each, begging Fourierism to rise from the grave and knock it off; but the obstinate ghost would not stir to oblige them. There are lots of people anxiously awaiting opportunity for a shy at said ghost, in behalf of Commercial Christianity and cotton conservatism, yet it does not make its appearance. It may as well be ruled out for contumacy and left in its shroud.

But the problem which Fourier, and St. Simon, and Robert Owen, and so many others from Plato's day to our own, have left (we will say) unsolved, is nevertheless a problem, and all the more demands a solution because of their failure. As cities expand, and life becomes more and more artificial, and human relations more complicated, the necessity for a practical solution becomes every day more urgent. To give the needy work instead of alms—to let him live on the proceeds of his own labor rather than yours or mine—to bridge across the gulf which separates warehouses full of unbought garments from ragged thousands who would gladly buy and wear them if they could only sell their sole commodity. Labor—to let the seamstresses starving in their narrow garrets have more garments to make in place of these, giving the factories a market for more cloth and the groceries more (or better) customers for food—all by setting to work the unwillingly idle artisans and laborers whom each winter sees torpid and shivering in our cities and villages—eating up the little they have saved in better times, and begging or borrowing to eke out the season of frost—this is an achievement not overtasking human facilities in our present state of development, and which the next age shall see fully accomplished. Blind Ananias and bitter Saul may deal out maledictions for a time, yet they too shall be convinced and converted. They must be, for the progress of Humanity requires the enfranchisement and security of labor; they shall be, for in spite of the sufferings and sorrows of the present, there are still "above the clouds a heaven, and beyond the priest a God."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The history of a minute — why, it would give a bird's-eye view of every possible variety in human existence. Wonderful the many events that are happening together — life and death; joy and sorrow; the great and the mean; the common and the rare; good and evil, are all in the record of that brief segment of time.

O Poverty! thou art ,indeed, omnipotent. Thou grindest us into desperation; thou confoundest all our boasted and most deeply-rooted principles; thou fillest us to the very brim with malice and revenge, and renderest us capable of acts of unknown horror! May I never be visited by thee in the fulness of thy powers.—*Caleb Williams.*

The Una.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1855.

Mrs. PAULINA W. DAVIS, Mrs. CAROLINE M. DALL, } Editors.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.

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" F. D. Gage,
" E. Cheney,
" Peter,
" Elizabeth C. Stanton,
Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody,
Lizzie Linn.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1854.

At an early hour this morning sleep was effectually banished from many a pillow, not by the sweet sound of children's voices, "wishing Merry Christmas," but by the anomalous one of heavy guns booming in the distance, followed by smaller ones in the immediate vicinity, while crackers and torpedoes are flashing beneath our very windows, driving away all remembrance that the day is commemorative of the birth of the Prince of Peace.

News from the seat of war is too frequent; the vivid descriptions of the siege of Sevastopol, of the bloody fields of Alma and Inkerman are too fresh for us to need these harsh voices to remind us that thousands have perished since the anniversary of fifty-three, that hearts and homes have been desolated, that widows and orphans have fearfully multiplied in this barbarous war. The heart almost loses its faith and trust, and faints appalled at the little progress Christianity has made; and the question arises, Will the reign of Peace ever come? will the Lion and the Lamb ever lie down together, and a little Child lead them? Alas! not while human glory consists in human butchery—and how much has woman to do with all this? Perhaps directly very little, but indirectly much, for she crowns the victor with laurels, and rewards him with her smiles of warmest welcome. The insignia of his office bears an irresistible charm; a brisk, confident display of his gaudy trappings makes a direct appeal to the traitor within the citadel, and the conquest is easy beyond belief; no wounds, no scars even of the heart are left, no sufferings to dwell upon in after years; a *coup d'œil*, and the work is complete.

Trained from earliest childhood to hero worship by music, painting, sculpture, poetry and history, both profane and sacred, it should be no matter of wonder that with the military chieftain are associated all our ideas of the brave and chivalric. There are few so organized that in childhood at least their spirits have not been deeply stirred, and the blood made to leap in the veins, by the story of David and Goliah; and whose hearts have not quivered with fear in reading of the slaughter of the Canaanites, when even the sun stood still, that Joshua might destroy the enemies of the Lord, and then swelled with emotion unutterable in reading the songs of triumph with which the Old Testament abounds. Who could refrain from "weeping with Alexander, that there were no more worlds to conquer?" And what woman has not gloried in the spirit of Cleopatra, when she led her hosts to battle? and in Zenobia, even though unfortunate, still unsubdued, she looked the war queen even in her manacles? The revolutions of every century have had their most profound interest—in some of them the body politic, grown plethoric, suggested this mode of treatment as the readiest and surest for the depletion of its vices; but as a vacuum is never found in nature, the disease is not removed, scarcely changed in form, and here as elsewhere the higher are made to suffer for the lower; the pure, the gentle, the loving are the sacrifice for the cold, cruel ambition of tyrants. But there is one result to be hoped for from all this waste of human life. The demand for laborers, and the necessity for self support among women, and the still more urgent demand for the helpless, the aged and young, will compel them to enter upon business avocations heretofore closed to them.

Woman's latent powers of energy and steady persistence will be developed by this need of her application to useful pursuits. An aim, a holy purpose in life will relieve her from the charge of being a trifler. In England alone, there are half a million of unmarried women. Let these women acquire property by their own industry and intelligence, and they will not long shrink from demanding a recognition of their right to be represented in government. A petition, a remonstrance from property holders, makes an impression that no amount of talking upon abstract principles ever does. The remonstrances of Dr. H. K. Hunt, Dr. M. B. Jackson, and others, in relation to taxation without representation, has produced an effect deeper and more-wide spread than perhaps any other action since the subject of woman's rights has been agitated in this country. Resistance, even to imprisonment and death, might hasten the period of woman's enfranchisement; but perhaps it is scarcely yet time to find one capable of this entire self-abnegation for a great truth. The leaven has not lain sufficiently long buried to produce the desired effect; there must yet be a period of introversion, that opinions and feelings may become chrystalized. Circumstances, observation and reflection are requisite to consolidate principle and to make the workers in any great cause impersonal. That enthusiasm which flows outward from a life of purity and devotion to principle is needed far more than any other moving power in the present crisis.

The Maid of Orleans sought her inspiration in the deep forests of Lorraine; in communion with the Infinite she was fitted to perform a work, such as no other human agency could at that time have achieved. In that deep solitude, she heard angelic voices, and had angelic visions; they pointed her to duty, they whispered to her not of rest, of ease, or personal glory, but of duty, the duty of delivering France. For five years she listened to these whisperings, and then she went forth to her work. Fully prepared, with no expectation of return, she knew that neither a throne nor rest was for her.

But it was not our intention to write a homily on war, nor on women's duties, but simply to speak of the strange celebration of Christmas, so unlike any other we have ever witnessed, and pass on to other matters; not that there is much of interest going forward—quite the reverse; very little gayety and very brief discussions.

In the Senate and House, we observe that the members approach each other with a half shy look, profoundly wise and courteous to a degree that indicates a remembrance of the hard battle so recently fought. The old question is touched rather gingerly—as though each felt that a word or look might hasten the explosion that is evidently expected. It seems like the calm, the intense stillness which sometimes precedes a thunder-storm; so deep and solemn is it, that even the outer fashionable world are overwhelmed by it; no parties, no visiting; all the manœuverers and diplomatizers are at a stand still. The match-makers are depressed, and look for all the world as though they had suddenly become converted to Millerism. Nothing to do, no fortunes to be made this winter, calculating mammas may yield to fate at once. Every body talks of hard times, and some men are presuming enough to lay the sin at woman's door; her extravagance and folly are the cause of it all. Precisely the same old excuse that Adam gave in the garden. We have not one apology to make for woman's meanness, frivolity or extravagance; but we never bear patiently any accusations coming from men who prefer that she should be simply his appendage; robbed of all rights that she may be gracefully dependent and loveable, he should be chary of any complaints about her. When looking at the endless variety of little pursuits that women resort to, at the indefatigable industry with which they pursue them, the ingenuity and invention manifest in them, we wonder that man can be so blind to his own interests; for what might he not gain by all this added power?

Persons having claims against government form no uninteresting study. Nor is it a

trifling work to prosecute such claims. At one moment the face must be all wreathed in smiles, and soft, flattering words glide like oil from the tongue; the next it assumes a tearful, sad, heart-broken expression, and the tale of neglect and wrong is told with equal volubility and ease.

One season a shabby mourning suit is donned, and the next the gay dress. This season we note the black dress and anxious face among those who looked most hopeful last year. The descendants of the revolution, to the third and fourth generation, with those of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, are all equally urgent in their demands, and constantly remind us of the Court of Chancery of England.

The Supreme Court affords some hours of interest. The solemn-looking judges in their long black robes, ranged on one side in high, stiff, straight-backed chairs, produce a feeling of awe, which however soon wears away, for the consciousness quickly returns that they are but men who make as many mistakes as others. We listened a few days since to an argument by Mr. Pedegrew of South Carolina. We were told by a Southerner that he was the greatest living lawyer. For two or three days curiosity was kept on the *qui vive* by the constant puffing of Mr. P. The hour came at last when we were to be gratified. The first feeling on looking at his low forehead and decidedly comical face, was, If that is a great man, education, not nature, must have the credit of it; and the impression was a correct one, for he possessed not one of the graces of oratory: a poor voice with a nasal twang, such as is usually ascribed to down-easters, with great hesitation of utterance, marked the whole course of what was only a tolerably good argument. But a point was illustrated.— Mr. Stevens of Georgia said not long since, "We stand together, and we can rule for that reason." And it is so; they uphold and sustain each other every where, while men from the North are divided upon the most trifling questions.

The statue of the Dying Gladiator, a copy from the original in Rome by Gott, is attracting some attention, and is of deeper interest to us than any other at this time. It is said to be a very perfect copy of that world-renowned work of art. We know not if it be so, but certainly this is very beautiful. And while we sat gazing upon it, we found ourself wondering what were the thoughts and feelings at that moment when the struggle was so nearly over?— Was it of wife and children far away? or was the veil withdrawn, and a glimpse of that other sphere given? The brow is low and the features are not refined, but that calm look of repose must be the result of some pure feeling, some holy love treasured in his heart. The head droops, and as you gaze the trickling blood grows purple, the muscles relax and the breath grows cold — the scene around is shut out; he is alone, alone with God, far beyond the shout of that strange multitude, wiser than all for the beautiful unseen is with him.

Byron has made this statue immortal; but alas! not its author. He who conceived it, and in bright hope of living fame wrought it out, is lost forever. It dates so far back as to render it even doubtful whether it be a Gladiator, or a Greek herald, or a Spartan shield-bearer. The original of this statue was at an early period in the villa Ludovizi, and was purchased by Clement XII and taken to Rome, where the right arm was restored by Michael Angelo. Antiquarians have been diligent in search of the author, but all, equally unsuccessful.

We close abruptly that we may listen to an argument in the Supreme Court by lawyers from home — an attraction in itself, but we must own only part of it, for we find that we have a decided taste for the close legal reasoning of the law. *Au revoir.*

[For the Una.]

FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND.

We learn from the Liverpool Northern Daily Times, that "Miss Blackwell, a graduate of Cleveland College, Ohio, has been refused permission to visit the *female wards* of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh;" and that "the medical gentlemen practising in the Institution manifested great readiness in vindicating their craft from the assumptions of the *fair sex*," though "permission to visit the Infirmary is at all times readily granted to *gentlemen* who have graduated at English or foreign Universities, who may on visiting the city desire it."

The London Examiner of October 28, 1854, gives the following account of a lady who with about thirty others went to the Levant a short time since, for the purpose of taking care of our sick and wounded soldiers there.

WHO IS MISS NIGHTINGALE?

Many ask this question, and it has not yet been adequately answered. We reply, then, Miss Nightingale is Miss Nightingale, or rather Miss Florence Nightingale, the youngest daughter and presumptive co-heiress of her father William Shore Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and the Lea Hurst, Derbyshire. She is, moreover, a young lady of singular endowments, both natural and acquired. In a knowledge of the ancient languages, and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general art, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, and she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English. She has visited and studied the various nations of Europe, and has ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract. Young, (about the age of our Queen), graceful, feminine, rich, and popular, she holds a singularly gentle and persuasive influence over all with whom she comes in contact. Her friends and acquaintance are of all classes and persuasions, but her happiest place is at home, in the centre of a very large band of accomplished relatives, and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents.

Why then should a being so highly blessed with all that should render life bright, innocent, and to a considerable extent useful, forego such palpable and heartfelt attractions? Why quit all this to become—a nurse?

From her infancy she had a yearning affection for her kind—a sympathy with the weak, the oppressed, the destitute, the suffering, and the desolate. The schools and the poor around Lea Hurst and Embley first saw and felt her as a visitor, teacher, consoler, expounder. Then she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh, and the Continent. Three years ago, when all Europe had a holiday on and after the Great Exhibition, when the highlands of Scotland, the lakes of Switzerland, and all the bright spots of the continent were filled with parties of pleasure, Miss Nightingale was within the walls of one of the German houses or hospitals for the care and reformation of the lost and infirm. For three long months she was in daily and nightly attendance, accumulating experience in all the duties and labors of female ministration. She then returned to be once more the delight of her own happy home. But the strong tendency of her mind to look beyond its own circle for the relief of those who nominally having all, practically have but too frequently none, to help them, prevailed; and therefore, when the hospital established in London for sick governesses was about to fail for want of proper management, she stepped forward and consented to be placed at its head. Derbyshire and Hampshire were exchanged for the establishment in Harley street, to which she devoted all her time and fortune. While her friends missed her at assemblies, lectures, concerts, exhibitions, and all the entertainments for taste and intellect with which London in its season abounds, she whose powers could best appreciate these, was sitting beside the bed and soothing the last complaints of some poor dying, homeless, querulous governess. The homelessness might not improbably, indeed, result from that very querulousness; but this is too frequently fomented, if not created, by the

hard unreflecting folly which regards fellow-creatures entrusted with forming the minds and dispositions of its children as ingenious disagreeable machines, needing like the steam engine sustenance and covering, but like it quite beyond or beneath all sympathy, passions, or affections. Miss Nightingale thought otherwise; and found pleasure in tending those poor destitute governesses in their infirmities, their sorrows, their deaths, or their recoveries. She was seldom seen out of the walls of the institution, and the few friends whom she admitted found her in the midst of nurses, letters, prescriptions, accounts, and interruptions.

Meanwhile a cry of distress and for additional comforts beyond those of mere hospital treatment came home from the East, from our wounded brethren in arms. There instantly arose an enthusiastic desire to answer it. But inexperienced zeal could perform little, and a bevy of ill-organized nurses might do more harm than good. There was a fear lest a noble impulse should fail for the want of a head, a hand and a heart to direct it. It was then that a field was opened for the wider exercise of Miss Nightingale's sympathies, experience, and powers of command and control. But at what cost? At the risk of her own life—at the pang of separation from all her friends and family, and at the certainty of encountering hardship, dangers, toils, and the constantly renewing scene of human suffering amidst all the worst horrors of war. There are few who would not recoil from such realities, but Miss Nightingale shrank not, and at once accepted the request that was made her to form and control the entire nursing establishment for our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors in the Levant. While we write, this deliberate, sensitive, and highly endowed young lady is already at her post, rendering the holiest of woman's charities to the sick, the dying, and the convalescent. There is a heroism in dashing up the heights of Alma in defiance of death and all mortal opposition, and let all praise and honor be, as they are, bestowed upon it; but there is a quiet forecasting heroism and largeness of heart in this lady's resolute accumulation of the powers of consolation, and her devoted application of them, which rank as high, and are at least as pure. A sage few will no doubt condemn, sneer at, or pity an enthusiasm which to them seems eccentric or at best misplaced; but to the true heart of the country it will speak home, and be there felt, that there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who at this moment stands on so high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale.

It seems strange that it should be considered more unfeminine for Miss Blackwell to visit sick women in the Infirmary of Edinburgh, than for Miss Nightingale to go to a foreign land, and live among the horrors of war, for the purpose of attending to sick men.

Not that we condemn Miss Nightingale, far from it, — we think that she has acted nobly — not only in all she incurs for the good of others, — but in daring to do what she thinks right. Still we would ask why one woman is placed above "England's proudest and purest daughters," for constituting herself a nurse to men, amidst scenes the most trying to female delicacy and purity; while another is condemned as unwomanly, and denied access to the commonest sources of information, because she is endeavoring to gain a practical knowledge of the diseases of her own sex, in order to qualify herself the more efficiently to alleviate them?

If the question of sphere is to be raised, whenever a woman has the energy and courage to act according to the dictates of her own judgment and conscience, the occupation of Miss Blackwell seems more peculiarly the business of woman, than the one chosen by Miss Nightingale. But then Miss B. has the presumption to aspire to a thorough knowledge of her work. To obtain this, she has been guilty of seeking information from sources from which man has thought fit to exclude her, and by so doing, has committed an offence against the sovereignty of his sex, and a trespass on his intellectual preserves, and must expect, (in a well-regulated country like this,) to be punished for her contempt of authority, as well as for her poaching. Miss Nightingale, on the contrary, highly endowed and accomplished as she is, has gone on her philanthropic mission, seemingly as free from presumptuous sins, as unsuspected of any felonious attempt on the Tree of Knowledge.

That women like Miss N. and those who accompany her, will effect much good, there is not the least doubt; but when we hear so much of the insufficiency of our medical staff in the East, and are assured that numbers of our sick and wounded soldiers have perished for want of surgical aid, we do say most emphatically that the usefulness of this heroic band would be infinitely increased by possessing that knowledge, for which Miss Blackwell has been so thwarted and censured for endeavoring to obtain.

Would a woman make a less efficient nurse if she knew what medicines to prescribe for her patients? or, would the fact of her being able to set a broken leg incapacitate her from nursing a man that had one? Assuredly not; neither would the performance of that operation be half so revolting to female delicacy and propriety, as many of the offices that devolve upon the nurse. But delicacy and propriety have little to do with the occupations of women; the one thing required, is, that they should be subordinate. The savage will not permit his wife to draw the bow, but obliges her to perform the subordinate, though more laborious office of carrying home and cooking his game. The civilized man acts on the same principle. In England (calling itself the most enlightened nation in the world) woman works in the fields, the factories, or becomes a beast of burden. Provided her position be *subordinate*, she is never accused of going out of her sphere, however laborious or degrading her occupation. It is only when she seeks to cultivate her powers, with the view of applying them to honorable and profitable employment, that she brings upon herself this reproach.

That woman was not intended by her Creator to occupy a subordinate position, is abundantly proved by the evils that result from it. Man degenerates in proportion as he deprives her of liberty.

The senses and faculties being common to both sexes, necessarily require the same conditions for their development. If a state of freedom is essential to the production of elevated characters in one sex, it must be equally so in the other. It is shown in the fact, that the noblest women, as well as the noblest men, are those who boldly follow their own intuition of what is right — whether it be to preach the gospel to the depraved, like Mrs. Fry and Sarah Martin, — to assist and guide the emigrant, like Mrs. Chisholm — or to succor the wounded and soothe the dying soldier, like Miss Nightingale. In these instances — as in every noble character — the mind being in harmony with that of its Creator, becomes a law unto itself; which, whether it lead to success or sacrifice, produces the highest happiness to the individual, and the greatest amount of good to humanity.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

My Dear Una:—

The hasty sketches of a rapid traveller having no extraordinary facilties for acquaintance with the people, may not be very valuable to your readers; still some thoughts on the subject of woman have thus been brought to my mind, and I have learned some facts in regard to her condition which may not be wholly uninteresting. At first sight the condition of woman in Europe as compared with America presents many anomalies. You see young girls guarded with a jealous care entirely unknown in America, not allowed to walk in the streets unattended by an adult relative or a servant. It is not considered respectable in Paris, for a single lady to board in the same house with a single gentleman, and it is entirely contrary to etiquette to introduce young persons of opposite sex to each other if they accidentally meet. Even grave and earnest men pay a complimentary deference to ladies, which seems to us out of place and very amus-

ing. On the other hand we find women occupying positions and exercising many functions in Europe, especially in France and Switzerland, which are generally with us considered exclusively masculine. I have seen women digging, hoeing, mowing and reaping in the fields, carrying trunks like porters, harnessed into carts, sometimes alone, sometimes in company with a man, to draw water about the streets, acting as guides over the glaciers, and in short performing every species of manual labor. Many of the hotels are conducted by women in their own name and by their own management, and in Paris they often take an active part in business, even on a wholesale scale. On a little closer inspection the explanation of this discrepancy appears. The two phases of woman's condition, that of barbarism when she is the drudge, and that of chivalry when she is the idolized doll of man, are still represented in European society; but it is to the rich, the fashionable, the privileged classes, that the questionable advantages of chivalry are confined, while the hard will belongs to the women of the lower ranks. The spirit of progress and freedom has helped them, however, and many of them have risen to a high position, and their intellectual talents have been found to be as profitable a help to man in city life, as their physical strength is in country labors. In America, however, where the democratic idea prevails, the chivalric idea is not confined to a few, but runs through all classes; and an American gentleman feels bound to treat the poorest woman with a certain courtesy and deference. It is considered a misfortune and wrong that woman should partake in severe manual labor, whether rich or poor. From this it results that while a woman in New England may earn her living in certain ways without losing caste in fashionable society more than in any other country, there is yet none where so few channels are open to her industry.

We believe the repugnance which is felt to the servile occupation of cultivated men or women, is a prophecy of that good time, when by the improvements in machinery, all the work of the world will be accomplished without any human creature being forced to a toil so severe and continuous as to interfere with his intellectual development and physical beauty. In the mean time the fact that women can and do perform this work, is a cogent answer to many of the objections urged against her escape from her present confined sphere of life. We are told of the physical weakness of woman. That she has not on an average the size and strength of man, we are willing to admit; but to what calling is her want of strength a practical objection, if she can work in the fields like a man, and draw carts in the streets like a horse? We think some of the Swiss women we have seen, might almost be physically fitted for members of Congress, and fight with Kentucky Senators, or engage in a scuffle with honorable members from Illinois and Mississippi. Still in our country, woman has taken some steps in advance even of liberal France. Her vocation as a physician, thanks to the labors of a few noble women not unknown to your readers, is now recognized by even many of the conservative portion of the community; by almost all, I believe, except the faculty and a few who have the feeling which we once heard a lady naively express: "What will become of all these young Doctors," she said, "if women turn phyicians?" In Paris a woman has more facilities for the study of medicine than any where in the world, of which our own countrywoman, Dr. Blackwell, has so nobly availed herself, and of which Dr. Clark is at present enjoying the advantages; and yet no French woman has embraced the profession of physician. There is however a well educated and legally authorized body of midwives, and it is probably to this specially, which so naturally engages the interest of woman, that the medical talent of the women of France is directed.

On the whole there seems to me much to hope for the cause of woman in France. The French believe in ideas, and they have a love of freedom which as yet has manifested itself in irregular flashes, but which will at last work out their salvation. They have recognized the ideas of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, once in their political organization, and although that organization failed, yet a good idea that once gets spoken always triumphs at last. There is much of democracy in their social life and manners, and where freedom and democracy come for man, we are sure that emancipation for woman must follow in their train. I will endeavor in a few weeks to give you a few facts in regard to the artistic development of woman in France, but must close at present.

Yours truly,

E.

La Presse, a Parisian journal, publishes the memoirs of Geo. Sand. The work opens with a very interesting account of her grandmother, who was an illegitimate daughter of Marechal Saxe, and continues to give full details of the early life of her father, and the romantic history of his marriage to her mother. In anticipation of the appearance of the whole work, which will doubtless find a publisher in America, I translate, for the satisfaction of your readers' curiosity, the following description of her person, which is vivid, and doubtless correct. Certainly it is not sufficiently flattering to induce us to suspect her veracity.

"The 5th of July, 1804, I came into the world. * * * I had a strong constitution, and during my infancy gave promise of being very beautiful, a promise which I have not kept. It was perhaps my own fault, for at the age when beauty blossoms, I was already passing the days and nights in reading and writing. Being the child of two beings of perfect beauty, I ought not to have degenerated; and my poor mother, who esteemed beauty more than any thing else, often made me naive reproaches. As for myself, I could never force myself to take care of my person. Much as I loved extreme neatness, yet the pains to preserve delicacy have always seemed to me insupportable. To refrain from labor in order to keep the eyes bright; not to run in the sun, when this beautiful God's sun irresistibly attracts you; not to walk in good large wooden shoes, for fear of deforming the instep; to wear gloves, that is to say, to renounce the strength and skill of the hands; to condemn one's self to eternal awkwardness, to eternal debility; never to fatigue one's self when every thing commands us not to spare ourselves; in fine, to live under a glass in order not to be sun-burnt nor chapped nor faded before old age, — this is what I could never do. My grandmother enforced the demands of my mother, and the chapter of hats and gloves made the despair of my infancy.—But although I was not willingly rebellious, I could not be restrained. I had only a moment of freshness, and never of beauty. My features were however well formed, but I never thought of giving them the least expression. A habit of a reverie, contracted almost from the cradle, for which I could not account even to myself, gave me very early a stupid look; I speak it plainly, because all my life, in childhood, in the intimacy of my family, I have been told the same, and it must be true.

After all, with hair, eyes, teeth, and no deformity, I was neither homely nor beautiful in my youth, which I consider from my point of sight as a serious advantage, for ugliness inspires prejudices in one sense, beauty in another. Too much is expected from a brilliant exterior. And a repulsive one is too much distrusted. * * * * * Here is the description on my passport: Black eyes, black hair, ordinary forehead, pale complexion, nose well formed, chin round, mouth of middling size; height, four feet ten inches. Peculiar marks, none.

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7 Rue de Choiseul, Paris,
Nov. 23d, 1854.

Dearest Paulina: —

My first hasty note has already informed you of my arrival in Paris, after a safe and pleasant journey by sea and land. Indeed, our voyage was a most delightful one, as we had only one day of actual storm, and that to me was not

unwelcome as a future aid to imagination in painting the grandeur of a "storm at sea" — not much fog and a good deal of sunshine; a pleasant company, and a passage of only ten and a half days, every moment of which I enjoyed; upon deck in all weathers, and quite undisturbed by that annoying companion to most voyagers, sea-sickness, which you all so liberally predicted for me.

It was impossible for me to "get up" the feeling of impatience that everybody else was nourishing for the last few days, although I tried to be in the fashion. In fact, ten days of real leisure and freedom from care was a strange luxury to me; and then the kind Providence whose guidance and guardance I accept in the minute things, as in the great events of life, is ever visiting upon me some unexpected blessings. Instead of the solitude and dreariness that seemed to await me when I bade adieu to the little crowd of dear friends who had come to say the last kindly word on board the steamer, and the last familiar face had grown dim in the distance, I found in strangers, friends and kindness and sympathy where I had looked for only coldness.

We did not linger in England, much as its soft, humid atmosphere promised for the speedy removal of the thick, brown coat that Neptune's breath had put upon our cheeks, and the clear bright complexions, and fine round figures of the women we saw, suggested the probability that we should be physically improved by a sojourn there. The damp air and equable temperature of England seem peculiarly favorable to the beauty and physical development of its daughters. I do not think our different modes of life sufficiently explain the great disparity between them and the women of our country, although I look forward to a time when the better observance of the simple rules of health among the latter shall transcend circumstances.

The day and a half spent in London was anything but an idle one, and the panoramic view of the city, with the thousand objects of interest that crowd upon the sight, gave me an idea of what is in store for me on my homeward route, not to mention anticipated professional pleasures.

Leaving London at 11, A. M., via Folkestone and Bologne, two hours' ride upon the Channel transported us from sombre, austere England, to cheerful, sunny, *la belle* France, — a change as marked as you can well imagine, and if the traveller had no other means of knowing when he arrives in France, the sense of vision alone would unerringly inform him. We arrived at Paris at 11, P. M., were detained some twenty minutes by the Custom House examination (that nuisance which all travellers feel called upon to denounce), and reached our hotel about half an hour before midnight. Yet even at this hour the streets were thronged with people, the cafés brilliantly illuminated, persons sitting about the doors enjoying their glacés, iced wines, etc., and altogether the city presented a gala-day appearance. Every night while the warm weather continued, the same brilliant spectacle was exhibited; and it seemed like affectation when persons talked of Paris "being deserted, everybody had gone out of town;" but the last few weeks prove that it was not *filled* at that time. The first few weeks were spent in learning Paris — no small lesson, by the way — and accustoming myself to the French language.

In ten days after my arrival here, my brother joined me, fresh from his Alpine tour, and rejoicing in the accomplishment of his cherished desire to ascend Mont Blanc. You who know us both, may imagine how great was our happiness, thus to meet in a strange land, afar from all friends, after such a long separation, and that since then we have been almost inseparable, united as we are in our professional interests and pursuits. This union has been invaluable to me in the accomplishment of the object of my visit to Europe, and his kind watchfulness over my interests, personal and professional, goes far in smoothing the rough path.

My first introduction to any of the Faculty here, was an accidental meeting, at the bedside of an American lady, with the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Jobert. He received me very pleasantly, and said that in November after his lectures commenced, I could visit his Hospital with a good deal of profit. This is Hotel Dieu, one of the largest Hospitals here. I first attended the cliniques of Dr. Desmarres, one of the two celebrated oculists here,—a very interesting and instructive course, — giving a very extended range for observation of ocular diseases. I am indebted to him for much kindness.

For the last five weeks I have followed the Hospital visits. These are made at eight o'clock, A. M., which for Paris is a very early hour; and we have about two miles to go to reach any of the Hospitals, and to some a much greater distance. The Hospitals are generally near the outskirts, in different parts of the city, and distances are enormous here; if you are near one place, you are a great way off from some other where you have to go. There are about twenty different Hospitals in Paris, most of them large and well filled, offering to the industrious student (for one must work hard to accomplish much here) an immense field and very great facilities for the observation of diseases of all kinds. The Hôpital des Enfants Malades has been a very interesting and instructive one to me. Here are 626 beds; and 4000 children, from two to fifteen years of age, are annually received and treated for all the maladies to which children are subject. The principal physician, Dr. Blache, is well adapted to the responsible and trying position, for his high reputation and well-earned medical authority upon diseases of children, are scarcely more to be admired than the kind, agreeable and worthy man. Dr. Roger, his colleague, is also an able and agreeable man.

I have seen Dr. Guersaut, the principal surgeon, perform some very skilful and ingenious operations. He too is a man by whom I esteem it an honor to be called "nôtre confrère." Besides the regular visits, we are taking a private course upon diseases of children; the principal Interne, M. Vidal, is a most competent instructor. To this Hospital are attached a garden and gymnasium, where children of both wards, sufficiently well, are encouraged to exercise.

The finest Gymnase I have ever seen is at the Institut Orthopédique, for the treatment of deformities of the bones in young ladies and children. This is a large, nicely arranged building, in a fine healthy situation, between Champs Elysées and Champ-de-Mars, with which are connected an extensive garden with shady walks and places for amusements, and a gymnase with all sorts of ingenious arrangements for calling into exercise the muscles of all the different parts of the body and limbs; the whole arranged with the nicest reference to health, physical and moral, of the patients, is under the direction of Dr. Bouvier, than whom and his amiable lady, and the interesting Mademoiselle whom he introduced as having the charge of the young ladies, I know of none to whom I should more freely submit a sister with any such deformity.

I have been at the Lourcine a few times; a Hospital where women only are treated, and students and medical men are not allowed access, unless by special permission from the Director General, for one or two visits. By favor I have been allowed a little more. Dr. Cullévier is the surgeon, and himself and Internes are very obliging, gentlemanly persons.

At Hôspital Beaujen I find very great opportunities for some classes of diseases, and Dr. Huguier, the surgeon, freely offers me such instruction, of which I shall soon largely avail myself; but just at present I have quite enough in other directions. I have never seen such a collection of rare and interesting cases as was presented at Dr. Huguier's clinique the only time I have been there.

From Dr. Paul Dubois, of world-wide renown, I have received very great kindness, and at his clinique seen many instructive and some remarkable cases. I am privileged to go there at any and all hours, and see all the cases that I choose, an opportunity invaluable to me. Dr. Campbell, chef de clinique d'ac-

couchment, has done me many favors, both in the way of personal instruction and by introductions and kindly words. I have always, before going to a Hospital, sought an introduction to the principal physician, and seen him first in his own house. These introductions have always been from some physician, and generally voluntary, so that I have, without exception, been kindly received, and in some instances cordially. And I can well say of the medical men of Paris, so far at least as I have means of knowing, they are in all respects worthy the proud rank they hold.

There, Dear P., I have complied with your request, and given you the sum of my professional life here, the details to be reserved till we meet. You see I am in a fair way, with industry and perseverance, to accomplish the object for which I left my friends, home, and practice. It is not always easy to effect a great object, but with energy, untiring perseverance, a heart cheerfully sacrificing, and a determination not to turn all the world to her point at once, but to make the best possible avail in a quiet way of what is offered,—never forgetting the true dignity of her sex,—I believe a woman may accomplish any mission, or achieve almost any purpose she desires. I had intended to give you some social incidents, but it is time to send to the mail, and I must defer those.

Please send the Una to me sometimes. I doubt if it would be allowed to enter France, but I wish you would attempt it; it might fall on good soil if I never saw it. Kindly remembrances from

Yours truly,
N. E. Clark, M. D.

PATIENCE.

All precious things are slow of growth.
Beloved girls,
Be patient like the moaning sea
That waiteth ever patiently,
Till tears are pearls.
Believe me, there is not a star,
Nor e'en a flower,
But teachest this blessed truth,
Comfort and hope for sorrowing youth,
And silent power.
Be patient, therefore—watch and pray;
The gems of earth,
Like those which burn o'er yonder skies,
And human hearts are silently
Prepared for birth. —*J. Neal.*

Excitement leads to enthusiasm, that moral intoxication, whose effects seem incredible to the sober, while the influence which produces the extravagance, appears more extraordinary than the act itself.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.

Those wishing specimen numbers of the Una, with a view of subscribing, can have them *free of cost*, by addressing this office, *post paid.*

RUTH HALL.

A domestic tale of Fanny Fern's, by Mason & Brothers, New York. The publishers have not obliged us to notice this book, for we purchased it and paid for it out of our own purse, but we should think our heart selfish enough if we could not afford to speak a kindly word for the book that chained us to our room all the bright New Year's day, when others were out making calls. The tale is an "o'er true one;" if not of Fanny's own life, it is that of many another, who has suffered, endured and conquered destiny.

It is not dramatic, it has no intricate or exciting plot, it is simply a well told story of a woman's life, a little more varied than some, and vastly less than many others.

The characters are most graphically drawn; a few touches and they stand before the reader, real living embodiments; like Ritchte's sketches, the outline gives the figure and expression, and all the imagination need supply is suggested.

She exposes hypocrisy fearlessly, and in sympathy with the poor victim, the bosom swells with indignation and just scorn; it melts the heart with its touching pathos, and the eyes overflow with tears; smiles follow these like April sunshine. It uplifts the heart with its grateful, loving trust in the Giver of all good. Ruth's religion was formless, but not faithless, not Godless; she saw and felt the divine Presence in all nature. Her instincts separated the true and the false, and like the alchemist, transmuted them into pure gold for her future use. Each chapter is a little book in itself, and perhaps we cannot do better than give one short one.

"Time for papa to come," said little Daisy, seating herself on the low door-step; "the sun has crept way round to the big apple tree;" and Daisy shook back her hair, and settling her little elbows on her knees, sat with her chin in her palms, dreamingly watching the shifting clouds. A butterfly alights on a blade of grass near her; Daisy springs up, her long hair floating like a veil about her shoulders, and her tiny feet scarce bending the clover blossoms, and tip-toes carefully along in pursuit.

He's gone, Daisy, but never mind; like many other coveted treasures, he would lose his brilliancy if caught. Daisy has found something else; she closes her hands over it, and returns to her old watch-post on the door-step. She seats herself again, and loosing her tiny hold, out creeps a great bushy caterpillar. Daisy places him carefully on the back of her little blue-veined hand, and he commences his travels up the polished arm to the little round shoulders. When he reaches the lace sleeve, Daisy's laugh rings out like a robin's carol; then she puts him back, to retravel the same smooth road again.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy," said Ruth, stepping up behind her, "what an *ugly* playfellow; put him down, darling, I cannot bear to see him on your arm."

"Why, *God* made him," said little Daisy, with sweet upturned eyes of wonder.

"True, darling," said Ruth, in a hushed whisper, kissing the child's brow with a strange feeling of awe.

"Keep him, Daisy, dear, if you like."

What could be purer or sweeter than this simple, touching sentence, "Why, God made him."

The letters toward the close of the book rather deteriorate than add to its interest, but even in these and in the change among Ruth's relations, there are strikingly natural touches.

Social Re-organization.—We have no space, nor is this the place, to enforce at length what we conceive to be the true Christian view of human life and destiny; but we may hint, we trust without offence, that a scientific organization of society—the establishment of a true universal church among men, is the only issue out of the anarchy, the vice, the indigence, and the ignorance, which characterize the present condition of the world. Those erratic thinkers, the Socialists, have dimly discerned this, but they have done so mostly in the way of sentiment, and not science. The great desiderata now, are a perfect science of politics, and a perfect science of political economy, to ordain just relations among men, and surround them with abundance. And when these ends are achieved, but not till then, individuals will be enabled to live a life which shall be eminently noble and divine. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness," says the Scripture, "and all other things will be added thereunto."—*Putnam's Monthly.*

☞ "Those erratic thinkers" are just the ones, nevertheless,—at least the social re-organization part of them,—whose comprehensive and stirring thoughts will by and by induce a life which is "eminently noble and divine."

Evil Reports.— The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I laid down for myself in relation to such matters. 1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to be to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Life of Simeon, by Carus.*

His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel; for all the world in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable; and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers, and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AN IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN AT LAKE SIMCOE, CANADA, July 23, 1854.

I have seen thee, dear Lake Simcoe,
When the bloom upon the trees
Fell like the soft snow shower
Before the morning breeze;
When the fragrance of the apple
Floated all along the air,
And the peach flushed like the day-break
O'er the branches brown and bare;

When the breath of early Eden
Soothed every aching sense,
And the tender love of Nature
Was the sad heart's recompense.
I have seen thee in the Autumn,
When a grand Cathedral stood,
With its ancient stained windows,
All in that primal wood.

When the sun shone on the mosses,
And in gorgeous purple light,
All the sumac and the oak trees
Were blent with beeches bright;
I have seen thee when the pine trees
Greenly backed the huge bouquet,
Fit for mighty hands to gather,
On the hill-side and the lea.

Yet I never saw thee fairer
Than on this showery day,
When the mists of coming rain-clouds
Above thy beauty lay,
Shading off the bold lines distant,
Hiding every feature rough,
Lending fairy-like enchantment
To the branches gnarled and tough.

When the rain-drops crushed the ripple,
As they pattered on thy breast,
Making pearls to deck the Naiads,
From the water that they prest;
Than when the glowing sunset
Broke through the dripping trees,
And a lazy crowd of Indians
Lounged round us at their ease.

With their birch canoes all ready
To launch when we were gone,
With the pappoose tied behind them,
And their gay stained garments on;
When their musical, soft language
Broke on the misty air,
Like the bleat of lambs, or birdlings
Claiming God's Almighty care;

While no word we knew broke from them,
— Till at last a mighty oath,
Without meaning to the speaker,
Dropt from one untutored mouth;
Dropt, and seemed to steal the sweetness
From the pine-tree's spicy breath —
Dropt, and seemed to veil thy beauty
With the chilling mists of death.

Then before the clouded Heaven
All our weary souls fell low,
And besought Thee to forgive us
Who had taught thy children so;
Forgive us that we never
Thy better gifts impart;
But quick on boat and railroad,
Follow on with wicked art; —

Give to them the burning water,
All our love of greed and gold;
And forget to teach Thy presence
Where the horded ferns unfold;
Forget to show Thee, Holy,
So their dim eyes may discern
The deep answer of Thy nature
To their spirits as they yearn.

No wonder should thy thunder
Follow all our way upon —
If no better purpose move us,
Ere the simple race begone.

C. H. D.

CASSANDRA.

We are only able to announce an able and interesting article, entitled as above, from MRS. DALL, the same being received too late for this number.

H.

INDEPENDENCE.—We despise the man who acts but the looking-glass of fortune, frowns when she frowns, and smiles when she smiles. Give us the temper that can enjoy the sunshine and brave the storm; take all the good the world affords, and show a bold heart to resist the evil.

OUR FUTURE ISSUES.

This number of the UNA has been necessarily delayed, in making the new arrangements. It will hereafter appear as early as the 15th of each month.

POINTED EXTRACT.— In one of Rev. E. H. Chapin's sermons is the following passage.— "Many a man there is, clothed in respectability and proud of his honor, whose central idea in life is interest and ease — the conception that other men are mere tools to be used as will best serve him; that God has endowed him with sinew and brain merely to scramble and get; and so in the midst of this grand universe, which is a perpetual circulation of benefits, he lives, like a sponge on a rock, to absorb, and bloat and die. Thousands in this great city are living so, who never look out of their narrow circle of self-interest; whose decalogue is arithmetic, whose Bible is their ledger; who have so contracted and hardened and stamped their nature, that in any spiritual estimate they would pass for only so many bags of dollars."

Love not life for itself, but for the good it may be to others.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Mr. Beecher lectured before the "Mercantile Library Association" in Boston, a few evenings since, and incidentally took strong ground in favor of the Rights of Women. He did not believe in *Women's speaking in public;* but argued in his own right powerful way, that Woman should not be obstructed in her right to *vote.* It would make the men more moral, polite and manly.— We have not the least doubt of it. The influence of Woman is every where refining and elevating. Man scarcely dreams yet, of what a savior he has in Woman. H.

MRS. STANTON.

Among several other very valuable contributions, we have the pleasure of announcing an interesting article from Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stanton, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., for our second issue. H.

REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

This female preacher is about to settle in New York city. We lately heard her deliver a temperance lecture in Massachusetts, which exhibited a breadth of mind, an extent of culture and a warmth of heart, of which almost any *man* might be proud.—*New Era.*

THE COUNTY CONVENTIONS IN N. Y.

We have just received a line from Miss Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, N. Y., in which she speaks very encouragingly of the Women's Conventions in that region. Two or three conventions a week are now being held, and have already been held in seven counties. H.

THE NEW ERA.

Devoted to the New Dispensation, or the Inauguration of the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth, through the aid of Spiritual Intercourse. Published weekly at $1.50 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. The UNA and the ERA will be sent to one address, one year, for $2.00 in advance. Address, POST PAID, "New Era," 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

MANY FRIENDS.

We send this number of the UNA to many old friends of ours, who have not heretofore taken it, hoping that when they observe the objects to which it is devoted, and the character of the paper, they will lend us their names and their aid.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

We have received the first number of a paper bearing the above name. It is a fair, handsome sheet, seven columns in width, edited by Miss Anna E. M. Dowell, Philadelphia. Price $2.00 a year. It claims to be an independent paper, its design not to press woman's right to "legal suffrage," but to present her wrongs and plead for their redress. It states that it is owned by a joint stock company of women, that it is printed and all the work done by women. If this be so, we most heartily and earnestly bid it God speed, for the grand need of woman now is work, work, that she may eat honest bread.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, whose lectures on History are so well and widely known, will commence a series of articles on that most important branch of study in our next number; and we bespeak for them a careful perusal, for we believe that to woman, no subject can be more useful or interesting.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNA.

It is but justice to ourself and to all concerned, that we should say here, that having been solicited by several friends of Reform, in the direction of the Rights of Women, etc., to become the responsible publisher of the *Una*, we have at last consented to act in that capacity, and now produce this, the *initial* number, for the new and third year of its existence.

The Una will be issued in its present form, for at least one year longer, when, if its circulation should warrant the same, its form may be changed, as also the times of its issue, from a monthly to a semi-monthly or weekly, as may be deemed most desirable and best calculated to advance its ideas and influence, and thereby meet the increasing needs of its readers. In the meantime, and in order to give the publication such a stability and sterling worth as all its friends might desire; in order to help create the pecuniary ability to justly reward all literary and other effort in its behalf, and thus make it the worthy expoinent of its great ideas and its world-wide principles, it is but reasonable to expect that every friend of the Una will give it his or her individual support, and also use what personal influence may be possessed, for its further extension and patronage.

The subscription price of the paper is so moderate, when compared with the amount and the character of its matter, that the publication comes at once within the means of all who would, for the time, be likely to be interested in matters of this nature. Under these circumstances, it is believed that the present list may be much increased, and the influence of this journal become much more extensive for the good it seeks.—The Publisher.

EXCHANGES.

All exchanges should be addressed to "The Una," 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass. And those journals that notice our paper editorially, will confer a great favor upon the Movement it represents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A very limited number only of choice advertisements, will be admitted into the Una; and the friends of the Paper may do the enterprise some little service, in the way of support, by aid in this direction. We should prefer to advertise choice and valuable books, music, musical instruments, etc.

CANVASSERS FOR THE UNA.

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[For The UNA.]

MARRIAGE THE ONLY RESOURCE.

BY LIZZIE LINN.

CHAPTER II.

"How burns the blush of shame upon her cheek —
How bends to earth in grief her haughty brow."

Miss Sumner announced her engagement to the family. Her brother John raved like a madman. Mrs. Sumner thought she was disgracing the name. "And is it for this," said she, "that we have given you every advantage that education and wealth and position can bestow? I should not have given my consent to your support here year after year, had I supposed you would form an alliance so much beneath us all."

Wealth, although generally omnipotent, was not so with the Sumners. They loved it well enough, but they valued genius, talent and family honor more. They thought Charles Jerold had nothing but the windfall, hence their opposition. "Who was his father or his grandfather? Did any body ever hear of *them?*" inquired John in his wrath. "Milkmen or cobblers, I dare say. Women are such confounded fools."

"Then it is wholly unnecessary," responded his wife. "If we were poor, and Netta was obliged to work, that would alter the case. But we supply her with all that heart can ask. She is perfectly independent, and without a single care. Now, what a return for this indulgence!"

Uncle Ralph happened to be present on this occasion, and exchanged meaning glances with Netta. She heard much of this kind of talk with well feigned stoicism, and whenever she spoke evinced an unalterable determination to abide by her engagement.

The old man was full of fear and trembling for the future. He had no objection to Charles Jerold; but Netta's desperate condition, the sudden betrothal, the strong suspicion that her affections were not interested, filled him with sorrowful forebodings. But why should he try to dissuade her from her purpose? What inducements could he offer? Not any. He therefore wisely concluded to keep silent.

To avoid the disgrace of an elopement, the Sumners made a wedding. A majority of the town, thought the match was all very well; but there were a few who said, "women have strange fancies," while others less amiable declared, that she was marrying not him, but his money.

One peep now at Netta. She is looking at her bridal *trousseau.* A slight smile curls her lip, her eye gleams with intense brightness. It is not the smile of joy; it is not the light of hope. Her burning cheek, and her wildly throbbing heart, betoken a fearful strife within. With her clasped hands, she covers her eyes, as if to shut out a hateful vision; then she presses them upon her heart, as if to still its beating. "No retreat now," were the only words that escaped her.

"What a peerless bride!" thought Charles, before they descended to the drawing room. "How faultless in form! how graceful! what a fascinating elegance! And she is mine! Oh, bliss supreme! One hundred thousand is nothing compared with this treasure.

"But I wonder how she ever happened to love me," mused he, as he surveyed his inferior person again in the mirror. Love you! Poor simple-hearted brother!

The solemnization, the congratulations, the bridal gifts, the journey, the honeymoon, the settlement, we pass over. A delightful villa was that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jerold. Every walk, trellis and arbor was beautified by the skill of an artist. Every plant and tree and shrub occupied an appropriate position, and added effect to the view. The promise of the external, was fully answered by the matchless and bewildering splendor of the internal. Mrs. Jerold's highly cultivated taste was exercised in adorning the dwelling. Choice paintings lent their charm, and rare sculpture delighted the eye. The elaborately carved furniture, the soft rich carpets, the heavy sweep of damask drapery, and of cloud-like lace, vases of exquisite workmanship, treasures from the sea, and gems from oriental land, added to the interest and beauty and elegance of their apartments.

And yet, it was not home to Charles. Something was wanting, he knew not what. It was not the home he had longed for — the home he had enjoyed in imagination. He was delighted with Netta's taste and skill. More orderly the house could not be; the rooms were cheerful, the table very pleasant, and the food to his taste. He had nothing to complain of; he did not see that aught could be done to add to their comfort or happiness. And yet he was not satisfied. "I thought Netta's reserve would wear off," he sometimes said to himself, "but it don't. I took it for timidity; but it 's not that. I wonder if she has always been thus toward every one."

Mrs. Jerold became exceedingly gay. She plunged into all the fashionable dissipation of the city. Hitherto, her circle had been very select. She was an exclusive. The Sumners had never mixed in promiscuous assemblies; they were too good for that. But she was now becoming more democratic.

"Perfectly intoxicated with pleasure!" muttered uncle Ralph, "just what might be expected too. Should n't wonder if she should neglect her home-duties, and pursue the giddy phantom to her own destruction. Wonder how much she would have cared for parties, had she married Ned Williams."

Mr. Jerold was not very fond of society. He sought happiness at his own fireside, rather

than at theatres, concerts, operas, or parties. He often went, however, to these places, but mostly to gratify his wife. When he absented himself from a press of business, she went without him; generally with some of their particular friends. The accomplished Mrs. Jerold never suffered for the want of attention; and among her admirers were the most distinguished and aristocratic of the elite. The voice of scandal was sometimes busy; but I presume there was no special affinity between her and Mr. Martin, or between her and Mr. Reed. It is true, she had made one false step — she sold herself for one hundred thousand; and when one's integrity is at a discount, her conduct will not always bear the closest scrutiny. Still I do not believe she did aught worthy of censure, or incompatible with her matrimonial relations.

One evening Mr. Jerold returned from business sometime before her arrival. While waiting, he fell into a fit of musing. "I am sorry Netta is so gay. And she never was before her marriage. What has possessed her? I would n't keep her at home, because I can't go; but I should n't think — well, no matter, I should n't want to go without her. From boyhood, even, I have longed for a home of my own, and for home-joys."

Mrs. Jerold at length entered, and bid him a kind good evening. She threw off her hood and wrapper, and Charles thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. Her dress of green velvet, was exquisitely trimmed, and her jewels and complexion well harmonized with the color. Her white arms and neck, her faultless bust, her auburn tresses, abundant and free, the indescribable beauty of her face, and the high-bred patrician air, stamped her at once as a superior being — superior to all other women that he had ever seen. That evening she had shone with remarkable brilliancy. She had riveted the attention of a distinguished stranger, and the excitement of conquest yet animated her. She looked unusually happy. Charles drew his chair close to hers, and commenced caressing her. A slight frown at once gathered upon her brow, unknown to herself, but observed by him.

How easily we deceive ourselves. Netta intended to treat her husband with much kindness and consideration. She was attentive to his wants — generally regardful of his feelings. *She* thought she was acting her part very successfully.

"This is better — this is better," thought she, as she raised her purse, that Mr. Jerold had one day filled with eagles, "than the crushing sense of dependence upon a brother. Now, my every wish is anticipated." She walked back and forth, evidently admiring her magnificent boudoir. She paused before a mirror, and surveyed with satisfaction, her own elegant attire. "Charles is very, very kind, and I do admire his goodness of heart; but I do n't love him, and never did. He do n't know it, though, and it is all just as well so far as he is concerned." But there came an after thought, "How is it with me? Is all this splendor worth the price I have paid for it? I say again, I must subdue this fastidiousness. Experiences similar to mine, are every day occurrences. No use in being squeamish." Then she took up her guitar and attempted to drown her reflections in a song.

Thus passed the life of Netta Jerold, dependent still, and still unsatisfied, still unhappy. She tried to flatter herself that she had bettered her condition; but when she seriously considered her present situation, she turned from the subject with disgust.

Charles Jerold, although Netta had once jestingly said that he was half fool, was very far from it. It is true, he could not converse very learnedly upon the fine arts; he was not a Byron or a Burke, a Wellington or a Newton. He had never devoted himself to the conventionalities of society; and doubtless occasions might arise in which he would feel somewhat at a loss. He thought no less of a man because he did not eat peas with a fork, or because he did not use his napkin and finger glass, as if he had always been used to them. He was a plain common sense business man; a man of integrity and honor, and fully capable of maintaining a commanding position in the commercial world. He was very good, and worthy a better fate. His devotion to his wife, and the means he furnished for gratifying her taste, called out a sense of gratitude on her part, but as yet no stronger emotion.

The question sometimes occurred to herself, "Why do I not love him? A truer heart never beat in human bos m! and am I so lost that I cannot appreciate that which is good and true? Am I so devoted to fashion, am I so crazed, so mad for glory and greatness, that I value not that which is more rare and more to be prized?"

The fact was just as Netta had stated it in the beginning. Charles Jerold was not a man to her taste. She was an ambitious woman — she belonged to a proud race. She demanded great gifts, or brilliant achievements in a husband. He ought to have been greatly her superior — an object for idolatry — one worthy of worship, if it be meet to worship that which is human. She was naturally a noble woman; she had all the elements of a true character, though much of that which was good was still in embryo. All the pride and ambition of her soul had been developed and cherished under the influence of her brother and his family. Had the better part of her nature received the same cultivation, she would have been a model of womanly love and sympathy.

Charles Jerold admired his wife, and was often proud to call her his; but he had sagacity enough to perceive that he was by no means the object of her affections. He awoke not, however, fully to a consciousness of this for some three or four years; but when once fastened upon him, it became a ponderous weight. He was exceedingly miserable. He saw that his dreams of domestic happiness were never to be realized. The wants of his nature were not met. He desired what all desire, a harmonious union. When his means allowed, he entered upon this new relation, to which he had been so strongly attracted, and expected that his wife would be to him all that he could ask. He felt that he had been injured—that he had been deeply wronged, and he would seek Netta and tell her so. There was no use in trying to deceive themselves any longer, by such a sad mockery of marriage. He resolved to do this again and again, before its accomplishment. Weeks, months, yes, a whole year passed while he was yet hesitating — undecided what to do.

One day, after some unusual token of indifference, he summoned courage to introduce the subject. He found his wife in a luxurious *fauteuil*, reading a German romance. He stood before her, pale and trembling, though she heeded it not; for there was no quick eye of love to detect his condition. His unhappiness had been visible for a long time, but she had not seen it. He sat down beside her and took her hand in his. "Put aside your book," said he, "for I have a serious matter to talk of. I find that marriage has not increased our happiness. Your heart is not mine; whether you have given it to another is best known to yourself. When I come home at night, worn down with care and labor, there is more of warmth and of welcome in my mother's cold picture on the wall, than you have ever shown. In the way of wealth and elegant appointments, I have given you all that heart could desire; and had you but returned my affection, I could have loved you to idolatry. But my love has come back to me with painful certainty. It is withering and dying. I am unutterably wretched. Do n't let us try any longer to deceive ourselves, or to deceive each other. Do n't let us pretend to a union when we are as far asunder as the poles. Separation would be infinitely better than a life like this."

Netta became deathly pale. This was wholly unexpected; it was like a fatal dash upon a rock in a smooth sea. She shrunk away from her husband, while a sense of her own unworthiness and hypocrisy fastened upon her like a thousand vipers. She half fainted; she was wild with despair. At

length there escaped from her lips incoherent and broken sentences, — "separation—cast me off — cold world — sneers — charity."

"No, Netta, now look up and hear me."

She gazed at him, as if the fate of a whole world hung upon the words he should utter.

"I could not throw off my obligations as easily as you do yours. I have promised to support you; and that you shall have so long as these hands can earn it." At that word support, a bitter smile played upon her face; she bit her lip and looked imploringly heavenward. "You married for money," continued he, "and you shall receive all that in your heart you ever bargained for. *I* have been deceived. *I* have been disappointed; but you are not, and shall not be. You married for a home. You have this. My fortune is ample; use as much of it as you please. Oh! I would give it all for the half even of one true heart! Go and array yourself in all the trappings and gewgaws of wealth at my expense, if your conscience will let you do it; and I dare say it will in future, as it has done in time past. Make yourself attractive to the world; bestow your sweet smiles and words upon whom you please, but claim no regard, no respect from me. The best and the purest affection I could bring, you have cast from you as worthless rubbish. You have forfeited all right to my confidence, you have blotted out all hope of happiness. You perjured yourself at the marriage altar; and every day since, you have acted out a falsehood. What is life worth when we carry about a sad, aching heart? What is home, with no love in it? False, cruel woman! You have mingled for me a cup, as loathsome and as bitter as could have been mingled by a demon."

"Stop! stop, Charles! You know not what you say. I am not what you deem me. You know nothing of my situation — of the strength of the temptation to which I yielded."

"And I do n't want to know anything about it. There are no circumstances that can extenuate the crime. Nothing can exculpate a woman who plays the hypocrite as you have done — who marries for money! Oh shameless, wicked woman!"

This was uttered in a tone of reproach, she had never before heard; but he immediately left her presence and there was no opportunity to reply.

Netta's hour of humiliation and trial had come. Her former state of dependence was naught compared with this. To be thus reviled by Charles Jerold, whom she had stooped to marry, whom she had once regarded as hardly worthy to unloose the latchet of her shoes,—this was too much. And yet she knew she deserved it all — she was worthy the severest reprimand. She felt his superiority. His stern integrity of character, his contempt for marriages of convenience, his faithful, loving nature, contrasted strikingly with her own dishonorable conduct.

For the Literary Club, Jan. 6, 1855.

CONFUCIUS AND HIS TEACHINGS.

This world betrays divine handiwork like a secret which it cannot keep. Each shape assumed by natural growths, each color in which they come arrayed, every tone in winds, in running waters, or in the voice of living things, testifies of the *eye*, beneath whose scrutiny creation is evolved in fitness and comeliness; of the *taste*, which originates visions of beauty; of the *ear*, which echoes to ideal harmonies. Day by day, year after year, from age to age, in all times and in all places the revelation is renewed.

But man's mental history, and the phenomena of human life, bring us a clearer scripture and a richer prophecy. The fact is illumined here and there among the centuries, by men who stood forth the witnesses of polar truths, denoting like stars the position of the heavens. Nations and generations becoming their juries and pronouncing in favor of the truth they told, so pronouncing because they could not otherwise; for the Urim and the Thummim planted in man's heart by the Lord who made him, will shed whatever dims their lustre, and will gleam and sparkle when the truth is seen, yielding, it may be, an unwilling recognition to that which they would fain ignore.

Twenty-three hundred years ago, if our chronology be true, some 500 years before the birth of Christ, Koong-foo-tse lived in one of the Chinese states. The Jesuits render his name in Latin form Confucius. The various kindred kingdoms then existing within the present Chinese territory, were not merged into one empire till after his death. His native state, Loo, is embraced in what is now the province of Shantong, south-east of Pekin and the Great Wall, and bordering on the Yellow sea. Confucius is said to have been born of an illustrious family. Legends tell that his mother prayed to the hill Ne for a son, and at his birth two dragons encircled the house, and music was heard in the air. Confucius was his mother's only son. His father held a high office, but dying when he was a little child, left the young philosopher to learn what virtues poverty can teach. This compelled him to apply himself to horsemanship, archery and other arts, in which he attained much skill. As a child, he was modest, grave and courteous, fond of imitating the ceremonies of worship, and of an inquisitive and wakeful mind. He manifested great love of study, and a proclivity towards philosophical inquiry. Later in life he sought continually to actualize his theories of moral and political science. To make benevolent men and orderly citizens was his paramount and constant aim. He married at 19, but after the birth of one son he divorced his wife, the Jesuits say, in order that he might devote himself more wholly to his schemes. His son died before him, but his grandson became one of his most illustrious disciples, and from him has sprung a very numerous family, which constitutes the only permanent nobility of China, vested in all ages with special political privileges by virtue of their descent. Confucius, in middle life, seems to have filled successively various posts of trust requiring judgment and activity, still prosecuting his inquiries, and travelling at times from province to province, instructing the common people every where in his maxims of morality, and visiting the Courts of Kings to inculcate his political theories. He urged self-control and benevolence as the cardinal virtues, and filial reverence as the crowning social excellence. He sought to model the government of the state on patriarchal principles, and to extend the filial tie between the subject and the prince. At the age of 55 he attained the post of prime minister in his native province. Under his counsels the welfare and happiness of the people are said to have been much promoted. His prince becoming corrupted and enfeebled by licentious indulgence, Confucius, disgusted and despondent, abandoned his office and his native state, and sought among neighboring princes for an opportunity of practising his governmental theories, but in vain. He then devoted himself, sometimes amid deep poverty, to the perfection of his theories, and the production of the four books composed by him, as well as to the revision of the five books esteemed as sacred before his time. Of these five books, four purport to contain the deeds and sayings of very ancient princes. Amid fable and extravagance, they convey many admirable sentiments and moral precepts. The fifth of these sacred books of the ancients is the Li-ki, or manual of ceremonies and duties, compiled from older books by Confucius. With its precepts the Chinese moralist conforms his automaton practice. The four books original with Confucius and his disciple Mengtse or Mencius, are regarded as only less sacred than the five more ancient ones. They treat more directly and exclusively of morals. The first was designed particularly for the conduct of men in authority. Here is a sample of its spirit:

"Amongst those in the midst of whom you live, there are some above you, others inferior to you, and others that are your equals. There are some that preceded you, others that are to be your successors; you have them on your right hand and on your left. Consider that all these men have the same passions with you, and that what you desire they should do

or not do unto you, they desire you should do or not do unto them. What you therefore, hate and blame in your superiors, be sure not to practise towards your inferiors; and what you hate and blame in your inferiors, practise not to your superiors. What displeases you in your predecessors, eschew to give an example to those that shall come after, and, as in case you should give them such an example, you would desire that they should not follow it, so you should not follow the bad example of them that have preceded you. In fine, what you blame in those which are on your right hand, practise not to those which are on your left; and what you reprehend in those upon your left hand, be sure not to practise towards those that are on your right. Behold after what manner we ought to measure and regulate all our actions."

The second book, called the "Infallible Medium," urges discretion and self-control, thus:

"It is not a very easy thing to acquire that medium which I so much commend. Alas, there is nothing so difficult; it is an affair which requires great pains and industry. You will find men capable of governing happily the kingdoms of the earth. You will see some that have magnanimity enough to refuse the most considerable dignities and advantages. There will be some also that will have courage enough to walk on naked swords. But you will find few that are capable of keeping a just mean. To arrive hereat, art, labor, courage and virtue are required."

"A perfect man ought always to be busied in conquering himself. He must suit himself to the manners and tempers of others, but he ought always to be master of his own heart and actions. He must not suffer himself to be corrupted by the conversation or examples of loose and effeminate persons. He must never obey till he has first examined what is commanded him. He must never imitate others without judgment. In the midst of so many mad and blind persons who go at random, he must walk aright, and not incline to any party: this is the true valor. If one be in a kingdom where virtue and laws are contemned, and in the confusion and disorder which there prevail, he be depressed with poverty, afflicted, reduced even to the loss of life, but yet in the midst of so many miseries he remain constant, preserve all the innocency of his manners, and never change his opinion, Ah, how great and illustrious is this valor! I require and expect, from you, my dear disciples, a valor of the nature above mentioned!"

"Take heed how you act when you are alone. Although you should be retired into the most solitary and private place of your house, you ought to do nothing whereof you would be ashamed if you were in company or in public."

The third book records the discourses of several persons that reason and philosophize together:

"What think you of a poor man," says a disciple, "who being able to diminish his poverty through flattery, refuses to accept this offer, and courageously maintains that none but cowards and low-spirited men flatter? What think you of a rich man, who notwithstanding his riches is not proud?" "I say," replied Confucius, "that they are both praiseworthy, but that they are not to be considered as if they were arrived at the highest degree of virtue. He that is poor ought to be *cheerful* and *content* in the midst of this indigence. He that is rich ought to be good to *all*. He that is of an abject spirit does good only to certain persons; certain passions, certain particular friendships cause him to act; his friendship is interested. He disperses his wealth only with a prospect of reaping more than he sows; he seeks only his own interest; but the love of the perfect man is a universal love—a love whose object is all mankind." "A soldier of Ci," said they to him, "lost his buckler, and having a long time sought after it in vain, he at last comforts himself with this reflection: 'a soldier has lost his buckler, but a soldier of *our camp* has found it; he will use it.'" "It had been much better spoken," replied Confucius, "if he had said, 'a man has lost his buckler, but *a man* will find it.'"

Again:

"He that has sinned against Heaven, should address himself only to Heaven; for to whom can he address himself to obtain the pardon of his crimes, seeing that there is not any deity above Heaven."

Among the maxims of Confucius take the following:

"The way that leads to virtue is long, but it is thy duty to finish this long race. Allege not for thine excuse that thou hast not strength enough, that difficulties discourage thee, and that thou shalt be at last forced to stop in the midst of the course. Thou knowest nothing—*begin to run*, it is a sign thou hast not as yet begun; thou shouldst not use this language."

"It is not enough to know virtue, it is necessary to *love* it; but it is not sufficient to love it, it is necessary to *possess* it."

"Do nothing that is unhandsome, although thou shouldst have art enough to make thine action approved. Thou mayst easily deceive the eyes of man; but thou canst never deceive Heaven; its eyes are too penetrating and clear."

"Wouldst thou learn to die well? Learn first to *live* well!"

"To sin and not to repent, is properly to sin."

"The wise man must learn to know the heart of man; to the end that taking every one according to his own inclination he may not labor in vain, when he shall discourse to him of virtue. All men ought not to be instructed after the same way; there are divers paths that lead to virtue; the wise man should be ignorant of none of them."

"Combat night and day against thy vices; and if by thy cares and vigilance thou gainest the victory over thyself, courageously attack the vices of others—but attack them not before this be done; there is nothing more ridiculous than to complain of others' defects, when we have the very same."

"He that applies himself to virtue has three enemies to combat which he must subdue; *incontinence*, when he is as yet in the vigor of his age, and the blood boils in his veins; *contests and disputes*, when he has arrived at a mature age; and *covetousness*, when he is old."

"Silence is absolutely necessary to the wise man. Great speeches, pieces of eloquence, elaborate discourses, ought to be a language unknown to him; his actions ought to be his language. As for me, I would never speak more. Heaven speaks; but what language does it use to speak to man? That there is a sovereign principle from which all things depend, a sovereign principle which makes them to *act* and *move*. Its motion is its language: it reduces the seasons to their times, it agitates nature, it makes it produce. This silence is eloquent."

"The natural light is only a perpetual conformity of our souls with the laws of Heaven. Men never can lose this light. It is true that the heart of man being inconstant and wavering, it is sometimes covered by so many clouds that it seems wholly extinguished. The wise man experiences it himself, for he may fall into small errors and commit light offences, yet the wise man cannot be virtuous while he is in this state; it would be a contradiction to say it."

"The wise man seeks the cause of his defects in *himself*; but the fool avoiding himself, seeks it in all others besides himself."

"Heaven shortens not the life of man; it is man that does it by his own crimes. Thou mayest avoid the calamities that come from Heaven; but thou canst never escape those which thou drawest upon thyself by thy crimes."

These are but a few extracts from the noble sayings of Confucius, whose disinterested life appears to have been consistent with a system akin to New Testament morality. The nation which furnished but a little company of followers to the living sage, has reared countless temples to his memory. The local dignitaries of his time refused his dearest wish—to reduce to experiment his theory of paternal government; but his sentiments, treasured and transmitted through twenty centuries, form this day the acknowledged standard of 360,000,000 of men. Now springs before us this surprising problem. With a record of such morality, illustrated by such a life, why are the myriads of Chinamen what they are? As a rule, though kind and sociable, they are said to be mean, crafty, regardless of truth except from motives of policy, cowardly, addicted to licentiousness and intemperance. In their religion the puerile ceremonies and worthless forms are sacredly adhered to, enforced by government, and rigidly maintained. But the principles of purest character and of perpetual worth are not embodied in the people's life. Indeed, multitudes of the Chinese, while acknowledging as supremely binding the *morality* of Confucius, accept the religious *worship* of the Buddha or of Yaou.

In a few sayings of Confucius there are allusions to a higher power, but of the nature of the Creator he declines to express an opinion. A disciple asked, "How must we serve spiritual beings?" He replied, "Not being able to serve men, how can you serve spirits?" He

inquired about the dead. "Not knowing the state of the living," said the sage, "how can you know the state of the dead?" His maxim was "respect the gods, but keep them at a distance." The strong instincts of his God-given nature bound the *philosopher* to his morality. But to *most* it became a dreary path of prescription and dry self-negation, without belief in the real presence or trust in the actual providence of Deity. He no where definitely teaches the doctrine of a future life. The strength of that conviction is wanting to sustain him who wrestles with circumstance and impulse. His system needs that splendid hope, to allure to virtue and give majesty to life. There was truth for the intellect, duty for the conscience, but for the yearning heart —starvation.

Yet the old man battled bravely to the end, for all he knew of truth. In old age and poverty he confirmed his disciples, and recorded for posterity all he could of those beliefs and thoughts which had stirred his earnest soul and shaped his unselfish life. His last work was a history of his own times, expressing his opinion of the conduct of various rulers fearlessly and strongly. In his seventy-third year, the legend runs, his followers found a unicorn in the woods, which he regarded as indicative of his death. Wiping away his tears, he exclaimed "My teaching is ended," and so died.

Beneath fable and canonization, we detect in many immortal sayings, the sincere and energetic life of a great man. We welcome the concurring testimony of many ages to the power of primal truth. We welcome in all kindreds, tongues and peoples, the certain indications of a world-wide brotherhood. The Mongol Koong-foo-tse, the Persian Zoroaster, the Hebrew Moses, and Socrates the Greek, meet as men, in all the essentials of manhood, with Cicero of old Rome and the Arabian Mohammed, with the German Charlemagne, the English Cromwell and the African hero of St. Domingo, Toussaint L'Ouverture, illustrious among that great fraternity. The mind, the conscience and the heart of man, in Jew and Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, unite to recognize in what is true and just and good, the authoritative seal of God.

The book of Esdras says:

"As for the Truth, it endureth and is always strong—it liveth and conquereth forevermore."

LETTER FROM A LADY IN FLORENCE.

[AN EXTRACT.]

Villa Jeddes, Bellosguardo,
August 30, 1854.

When I arrived at Florence, in the summer of 1853, the crops had all failed, and famine stared the poor Tuscans in the face. During the past winter, so high was the price of bread, that laborers not unfrequently dropped in the streets from exhaustion, unable even to procure this first necessity of life. The hearts of the Italian peasantry are gladdened by this year's prospects; a fine wheat harvest has been gathered, the fig is ripening to perfection, and the olive tree is breaking with its welcome load of fruit. The grape has, it is true, again failed, and many even fear that the vine will die out from this old country; but with an abundance of bread and oil, the farmer can live.

If I was struck in France by the ugly and forbidding countenances of the *masses*, I am equally charmed here with the grace and beauty of the peasantry, who, notwithstanding their simple food — the most prosperous of them rarely indulging in meat, except on *festa* days—are not only handsome in the usual acceptation of the word, but have the appearance of fine health. Their figures are good, complexions fresh and clear, eyes and hair, particularly the latter, always beautiful. On *festa* days you will meet parties of men in their jaunty peasant jackets, escorting troops of beautiful women, with tightly fitting basques, showing, to the greatest advantage, their fine figures, leghorn hats coquettishly placed on the back of the head, and with necklaces and ear-rings of pearls, cameos, and garnets, that many a fashionist might covet; for these jewels are their *saving banks;* they add pearl to pearl, and cameo to cameo, from their earnings, until it becomes an easy matter for their beaux to calculate their fortunes, or form a just estimate of their industry and thrift.

I have made myself acquainted, for miles around our villa, with all the roads, lanes, villas, and cottages of the country, and notwithstanding all that we hear of Austrians, and political oppression, the peasantry seem to be contented, and, much to my astonishment, industrious, thrifty, and *cleanly;* assuredly not the characteristics usually ascribed to the Italians.

You may understand that bandits and cut-throats are personages of the past, when I tell you that only last evening, at the hour when witches ride broomsticks, fairies hold high revel, and "spirits are abroad," we returned home to our villa *on foot*, from Florence, where, at the Casa Delbello, the residence of our ex-chargé to Turin, Mr. Kinney, we had been passing the evening. Americans may justly feel a pride in being represented abroad by such a person as Mr. Kinney. Irreproachable in his domestic relations, true to himself and to his country, Mr. Kinney yet possesses that high intelligence and fine breeding which command for him the respect of foreigners, and confirm his countrymen in the impression that with him the dignity of the United States is safe.

Our young American artiste, Elise Hensler, has been passing a few weeks with us, and has made our old villa ring with the enchanting music of the great composers, and those exquisite little German melodies, that so touch the heart; her only rival in song has been a nightingale, who, at night, perches himself on a tree near our drawing-room window, as if he would share with her the applause of friends and peasants; for, whilst the first come to us from Florence, the latter, from all the neighboring cottages, collect in the garden, or around the windows, to listen, and listen appreciatingly. Even the nightingale pauses in his song, and friends and peasants listen, with almost breathless attention, as she gives with such melodious notes, such precision and feeling, the divine music of the Casta Diva. I mean much when I tell you that this young girl is yet unspoiled, and bears modestly her budding honors. Could you see her romping through the green walks of the *podere*, "over the hills and far away," with a troop of little Americans and some peasant children, who have attached themselves to the party, a pet dog, and a colored nurse, who has followed us from Virginia—could you *hear* them, in the abandon of enjoyment, shouting, singing, screaming, until the peasants pause to look and laugh at the young *forestiere*, and a grave, dignified Swiss governess, who brings up the rear, in vain calls out "*tenez mes enfants, vous faites trop de bruit;*" or could you see her in the evening, seated at the piano, with that same little group of "young America" gathered about her, and witness her good natured compliance with their oft-reiterated request of "another song, Miss Hensler," you could scarcely realize that it was the highly gifted young "prima donna," who, at the age of eighteen, is mistress of four languages, and with a voice and musical talent of the highest order, engaged to appear at one of the first opera houses of Europe.

Our country life has been rendered doubly healthful and agreeable by several distant excursions in Tuscany. An afternoon drive of a few hours brought us to Pratolino, one of the most famous of the numerous country seats of the Duke. The villa, built by Francesco di Medici, for his fair, wicked mistress, Bianca Capello, whose charms, as well as the beauties of Pratolino, have been sung by Tasso, has been pulled down, and a plain, modern house occupies its place; but the water-works, and the colossal statue of the Apennines, remain, monuments of the extravagance of the Medici.

The whole drive, like all other roads within ten miles of Florence, was lined by villas, vineyards, and olive groves. Among the former, we passed, near Fiesole, the villa Borghese, recently purchased by Mario and Grisi, as their retreat, after they have surfeited themselves with the applause, and lined their pockets with the gold, of Europe and America. It is on a grand scale, and in fine order, having been recently owned and occupied by an Englishman of fortune.—*Globe.*

NOVEL MARRIAGE.—The other day the sedate clerk of our court was surprised by a marriage in his presence, of a couple who walked into his office. It was in this wise:—He was sitting at his desk, busily engaged in writing, when a gentleman from the country, about fifty years of age, and a lady not far behind in this respect, entered the office; and, after the usual salutations, the man asked him a few questions about the *law on contracts*, and wished to know what marriage was considered, legally. The clerk informed him that it was esteemed a civil contract, when the old gentleman pulled out a paper, read over a short agreement made by the parties before him, to live together their natural lives, and to have and to hold, as the laws goes, all things in common for their mutual benefit; asked the clerk to record it, paying over his fee, fifty cents, and both deliberately and quietly walked off, leaving the clerk in utter astonishment, and pretty well confounded by what he had never seen before—a marriage without a parson, judge, or squire.—*Fort Smith Herald.*

IMPROMPTU LINES,

On a friend's asking me for Poetry on a Snow-storm.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

"It is too cold." So spake the Poet's tongue,
For all around, the forest dazzling hung
With pendent jewels; and a snow-dropped veil
Shrouded the landscape,—hill-side, bank and dale.

"It is too cold;" oh! I would have my thought
With summer gladness, flowers and beauty wrought.
The wild bird's note should thrill thro' all my song
And fragrant zephyrs seem to sweep along.

It is too cold for Poesy.—The storm
Hath hung a winding sheet around each form;
The winds thro' rustling tree-tops sadly moan,
And Echo from the plains, gives back the groan.

It is too cold for Poesy. See, the rill
Is bound with icy fetters; from the hill,
Sweeps the deep snow-drift; not a living thing
Betokens life, on nimble foot or wing.

So hath it sometimes been with us in life,
When o'er our plain hath swept the frost of strife,
Binding each twig of joy in its cold pall,
Leaving no bud of hope exempt from thrall.

"It is too cold."—So have we often said,
When the thick storm-cloud gathered over head
Of trial and misfortune; dropping slow
Upon our loves, and chilling all below.

"It is too cold."—So doth the heart oft sigh;
As fashion's world so selfishly rolls by,
In all its jewelled pride and icy glare,
We sigh for genial warmth.—It is not there.

The spring's sweet freshness, summer's ripening grain,—
The autumn fruit—the corn upon the plain,
Are like the bounding heart and spirit bold,—
All bound in icy forms.—It is too cold.

"It is too cold." So do we often cry,
As guilt or crime in madness rushes by,—
Crushing the beautiful beneath their power,
Hiding the face of right in that dark hour.

"It is too cold."—So do we often feel,
When proud oppression, with its iron heel,
Strides a stern Despot o'er our favor'd land,—
Chilling all hearts with cruel tyrant's hand.

"It seems too cold."—But love and truth are strong.
Oh! let them sweep like summer winds along.—
Pour down the sunshine. Set the chained rills free,
Of human love and human sympathy.

We know these frosts and snows will not remain,—
That spring with flowers and birds will come again;
And where the wintry winds now sadly sigh,
Birds, leaves and fruits, make hearts beat joyfully.

The brook will rush with gladness down the vale,
Rippling its thankfulness to hill and dale;
And all the earth awake from its cold rest,
To woo the sunshine to its longing breast.

So shall our strifes and sorrows pass away;
So all our idle fashions yield their sway—
Guilt and oppression from their thrones be hurled,
And love and truth in triumph rule the world.

"Hope on, hope ever."—As the coldest day
Will have its end, e'en so must pass away
Life's wrongs and errors. On, then, and behold!
There 'll come a time, when 'twill not be "too cold."

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 12, 1855.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.

In quiet woodland's still recess,
Groweth a tiny flower;
Of regal purple is her dress,
Light as a fairy's her caress—
The fleeting zephyr's dower.

Her calyx is a censer bright,
Swung by the passing wind;
Only her fragrance marks her place
'Mid the anemone's embrace,
Or woodbine's wreath behind.

The aged watchmen of the skies,
The ever youthful stars,
With none the less of glory rise,
Though sleep hath closed all human eyes,
In the still midnight drear.

And on the quiet evening air,
Amid the arches dim,
Of moonlit boughs and tendrils fair,
Beyond the reach of mortal ear,
Sings the nightingale her hymn.

And far beneath the restless wave,
The coral brightly gleams;
And brilliant shells their beauty save,
In deep content and silence grave,
Unknown to mortal dreams.

Why cannot man, Earth's fairest flower,
More deathless than the star,
Attain the same ennobling power,
Each selfish thought to triumph o'er—
Be as the angels are?

S. C. B.

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

We have not been in the habit of publishing letters commendatory of our work; but with the opening of this volume, it may not perhaps be deemed an unpardonable offence against good taste, if we fall into the fashion of our contemporaries, and give our readers, occasionally, a line of what is to us as the manna in the wilderness. We do it for a purpose which will be seen from the tenor of the letters:

CEDAR RAPIDS, Jan. 1855.

HIGHLY VALUED FRIEND: If you will excuse the informality of a half sheet, I will address a few lines to you in grateful acknowledgment of your favor of Dec. 29, and express my heart-felt satisfaction at its intelligence, that the "Una shall be revived." Indeed, we cannot spare so important an officer in our ranks; she must be supported—if not by subscribers, we must do so by *subscription*. There is quite a considerable army of such women as will take hold upon this suggestion, and aid, with purse and pen, the circulation, as well as resuscitation of our two valuable papers, which, if they did not lead off in the sacred cause of woman's elevation, certainly did take their stand at the very head of all others. These, the "Una," and "Genius of Liberty," must be supported. Argument is not what we want. It never has and never can reach prejudice. But we want and must have facts which bear upon their face, not fiction, but undying truth. We want women who *are themselves* elevated—elevated beyond the idle educational circumstances of the day—of that lofty moral integrity which disdains the frivolity and perishable importance of fashionable life. We want mothers who are in themselves noble, *independent enough to resist* the temptations which surround their youthful daughters, so as to confirm their best impulses, instead of teaching them by example, the necessity of acquiescing in the claims of that humbug, fashion. Such were the mothers of the *Reformation*, and such were they of the Revolution. Such were the Portias, and Volumnias and Cornelias of the Roman commonwealth. These are to be formed (or reformed) only by the same educational circumstances, i. e., by a proper cultivation of mind, added to a thorough moral and religious one. How is this to be effected? Why, by precisely the same means used to elevate man, of whom woman is a part. Home, with its pleasures and its loves, depends for subsistence upon a wise mother. Now those amongst us who are capable of drawing the attention of the sex to this important duty—aiding in the elevation of the human race in any and every way—are under a great responsibility. Such I claim to be you and your contributors: the Genius of Liberty and hers; and I shall feel myself bound to do all I can to forward their objects, and sustain their efforts, and keep their noble conductors above every difficulty. I will myself subscribe handsomely if you find you can bring this subject before our most active ladies, and get others to follow me. I have frequently written for our papers, but never twice by the same signature, as I am extremely unwilling to let my name be known. I am earnest in all I do or attempt to do. If I fail, it is not for want of patience and energy.

I will send you a piece soon, and if you find it worthy a place in your paper, you are quite welcome to its use, and any which may follow from my poor pen. I enclose you meantime two dollars, as I wish to have more than one copy, that I may send the other to those who, though willing, cannot afford even one dollar for a subscription.

You are now in a first rate position to make your paper highly interesting, and I hope your health will enable you to do so.

I did not intend to write one half of all I have said—pray excuse me.

Most truly your admirer,
and faithfully yours.

Jan. 28th.

MY DEAR MRS. DAVIS:—The UNA has again appeared, like an old and pleasant friend. We cannot part with it—it must live and

truth must prevail. If I had money, it should know no want, for I would sustain it alone for gratuitous circulation; but, alas, I earn every dollar with my own hands, and the body must be fed and clothed. Are there not rich women who claim to be women's rights women? If so, why do they not seize upon the press as their engine through which to make public sentiment? * * * *

Yours with esteem.

Jan. 15th.

MRS. DAVIS:—*Dear Madam:*—I am truly thankful that you are to publish another volume of the Una. I hope it may be a *permanent* paper. I read a number of public journals, but no one affords me so much pleasure and profit as your humble UNA. I have read it from the first number, and have taken great interest in it, and will endeavor to get subscribers for you.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 22, 1855.

MRS. P. W. DAVIS:—*Dear Madam:*—Yours of the 4th reached me two weeks ago. Thank you for its kind expressions. Any interest I have felt for the UNA and the cause it advocates, has been fairly won by the merits of the paper and the goodness of the cause, and deserves no gratitude. I would gladly aid you by contributions, as you desire, but that business incessantly occupies my time. As an earnest of good wishes, however, I enclose a little poem and a short essay on Confucius. I doubt whether either be suited for the Una, especially the essay, which is too long to print entire, yet would suffer by division.

We think otherwise, and sincerely thank our friend for both the essay and the poem.

In the January number of the Una, our English correspondent alluded to the injustice which Dr. Emily Blackwell met with in Edinburgh.

It is due however to that fine old city, as well as to the physician herself, to add certain facts in relation to the course of study pursued there by her, which has been successful to a degree that surpassed her most sanguine hopes.

Dr. Emily Blackwell went to Edinburgh, not to attend the Hospital, but to see if possible, the extensive private practice of Dr. Simpson, which, she was informed by the London physicians, would be more valuable to her than any hospital in Europe. Dr. Simpson stands at the head of the obstetricians of Great Britain, and his reputation and practice in female diseases are immense. His large establishment is daily thronged with patients of every rank and almost every country, and to this wide field of observation Dr. Emily Blackwell was at once welcomed, with the warmest and most liberal open-heartedness. She took up her residence in the Lying-In Hospital, closely watching its practice at night and in leisure hours, while each day was spent in the Doctor's consulting rooms, often in company with the most distinguished physicians from abroad. For eight months she remained in a position which she felt to be invaluable, assisting in the in-door and out-door practice, familiarizing herself in daily experience with the most varied forms of disease and their most successful methods of treatment, recording important observations on many obscure medical points, and drawing from the large library at her command a store of information for future use.

Her work there is now done, and she proceeds to London, to avail herself of the opportunities offered her for thorough study in that city of noble medical foundations, before she investigates the brilliant but often unreliable practice of the French schools.

It is therefore with feelings of sincere gratitude that Dr. Emily Blackwell leaves the capital of true-hearted Scotland, and with the earnest hope that she may find elsewhere the same admirable facilities in the pursuit of her chosen profession.

PRIDE OF DESCENT.

Dr. Young, in one of his satires, if we remember, says:

"They who on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce a debt, instead of a discharge."

But it is, nevertheless, pleasant to refer to whatever may have occurred in the history of one's ancestors, which is worth remembering. It is customary to be very facetious on American pride of family; as if we Yankees could not boast of whatever may be boast-worthy, as well as others. To hear some of the would-be-witty talk, one would imagine that this is the only country in which, to borrow words of Saxe, the Vermont punster:

"Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end,
By some plebian vocation."

Recent speeches and publications in England exhibit the same bearings on genealogical trees. The fact is, that while we are trying to grow aristocratic, republicanism in feeling is getting to be all the fashion in Europe, and those who would form upon foreign models, must change the style of their pretensions, and labor to show that, like Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, in Dickens's last book, they never had any ancestors at all!

As specimens of the Bounderby spirit in England, take the following:—Mr. Macready, in a recent speech before a literary institution, narrated an anecdote of Lord Tenterden. His lordship was visiting Canterbury. Near the western part of the Cathedral stood a stall or shed then occupied. Lord Tenterden was accompanied by his son, whose attention he called to this shed. "Charles," said his lordship, "you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny. That is the proudest reflection of my life. While you live, never forget that, my dear Charles." This was intended as a lesson, no doubt, that whatever real value a man possesses, he makes for himself.

Some person, curious in heraldry, has been examining the pedigree of the House of Peers, and finds that, with the exception of a few families, whose ancestors came over with the robber clan of William the Conquerer, the founders of the British Peerage were principally men in the middle ranks of life; lawyers, merchants, and respectable tradesmen.—Mercers, wool staplers, gold jewellers, cotton spinners, pen makers, barbers, portrait painters, bankers, surgeons, and men of many other honest but plebian vocations, figure among the founders of the noble families of Great Britain. The writer above referred to has instanced these facts as a rebuke to people who "speak of the House of Lords as a body of men almost wholly unconnected with the commercial and professional interests of the Kingdom."—The last century—and particularly the last half of it—is rich in example of men who were not "born great," but "achieved greatness," while not a few have had it "thrust upon them" by accident or caprice of fortune.

In truth, the peer of new creation has the first right to be proud of his honor, (if he *deserves* it)—his son's claim is less—and that of the next generation less still; and so on, in a ratio inverse to the common computation. Lord Tenterden might be very proud that his father was a barber—his son little less, and the next generation less still; while the fourth or fifth, we doubt not, will forget the fact entirely. If it is an honor to be the architect of one's own fortune, the nearer in descent you are to the architect, the greater the honor. We cannot understand how succeeding generations pile accretions of respectability upon a title, except when a man in each distinguishes himself in arts or arms, and deserves well of his country on his own account. Those who wear honored names, must first, however, live up to the honor of their names, and pay the family debt, which Dr. Young speaks of, before they can do anything on their own account. If they don't do that, they are ignoble, title to the contrary, and blood notwithstanding:

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards,
Alas! Not all the blood of all the Howards!"

HUSBANDS, OBEY YOUR WIVES.—It was not a dream which made the wife of Julius Caesar so anxious that he should not go to the Senate chamber on the fatal Ides of March; and had he complied with her entreaties, he might have escaped the dagger of Brutus. Disaster followed disaster in the career of Napoleon, from the time he ceased to feel the balance-wheel of Josephine's influence on his impetuous spirit. Our own Washington, when important questions were submitted to him, often has said that he should like to carry the subject to his bed-chamber before he had formed his decision; and those who knew the clear judgment and elevated purpose of Mrs. Washington, thought all the better of him for wishing to make her a confidential counsellor. Indeed, the great majority of men who have acquired for themselves a good and great name, were not only married men, but happily married—both paired and matched.

It would be well for husbands and wives to confer and advise with each other on all questions of importance—questions where each are equally interested, as in property, business transactions, etc. The one should not involve the other, without consent.

The Una.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1855.

MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS, } EDITORS.
MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL, }

THE RE-ORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY.

In our first prospectus, we spoke of the "solidarity of the race;" and immediately the question arose, "What do you mean to teach by this phrase?" Do you mean by it "that of one blood are all the nations of the earth?" or do you mean to take up with the theory that the earth is a vast, sensitive, living being, and that all its productions, both animal and vegetable, are so allied to it, that the least wrong done to one is felt by all, even to the very heart of our old and common mother? Aye, even that theory, absurd as it may seem to many, is not without its interest. We look into the face of a noble animal, and the returning gaze, calm and steady, makes us feel that there is a bond of sympathy between him and the higher order of beings, as well as all below him, that will cause an injury done him to be felt farther than we wot of.

We look out upon the swaying branches of the lofty forest trees, whose anatomy is so clearly defined against the blue sky, and listen to their moanings in the wintry blast; and they seem to us living, sentient, suffering human beings, standing in enchantment, waiting their release. We remember that they weep when a twig is broken, and bleed when wounded, and that their heart is ever warm,—warmer than the outer atmosphere. The summer comes, we sit in their shadow, and their thousand musical tongues whisper of peace, of harmony and love; and then they are indeed human beings, reconciled to the thrall of vegetable life, breathing the dewy air through their myriad lungs, and thrilling, with a full joycusness, even to their heart's centre. Thus are we, in dream-land, in sympathy and harmony with Nature and with God.

Again, we have spoken of the re-organization of society; and women who have been long pleading for the right to their own children, who have, with most commendable zeal, labored "in season and out," for the overthrow of chattel slavery, are starting back in alarm, and asking us what we mean by the re-organization of society? Do we mean to advocate Fourierism?

We are not over fond of *isms* or *ites*, and are not wont to pin our faith on any man's sleeve; nor have we any fear of examining any or all subjects, and testing them by the standard of truth. And if Fourier's teachings are in accordance with those of Christ and his apostles, then we answer, even so we shall advocate them; and we know of no better way to decide the question than to compare the great leading doctrines of the two.

As a platform to sustain special reformations, the church has always talked of the human brotherhood. It has taught the doctrine as a foundation. Fourier talks of the "oneness of the race," and the human brotherhood as the grand superstructure; and thus we appeal to the principle to justify our several relations and duties, for we feel that society can be harmonized without violation in its varied parts. The eye which can sweep the heavens and the earth at a single glance, taking in with equal exactness and ease a mountain, a sea, and the starry heavens, directing the hand to perform its varied functions, dwells securely in the same frame, if it has its tower, its observatory, its defences, and is exempt from collision with the offensive nails, hair and skin. These are all nourished by the same blood, and partake a common destiny. All that is necessary to all, must be common to all; and all that is peculiar to each, must be cherished and secured to it. It is the abuse of a broad despotism, which has made any of the members ever think of entire equality and fitness in all things. If society were justly organized, none could complain; each and all would hold by all their instincts, natural, moral and spiritual, to the conditions which best secure its health and happiness.

St. Paul speaks of the Church as one man —one *new* man. Let this fount of thought but open to the world, and the whole philosophy of society radiates from it as from a sun-centre. Swedenborg saw "Heaven in the form of a man." Fourier, with his far-reaching vision, saw society throughout, organized upon this fundamental principle, every member interlinked, for all purposes and in all activities, with every other member.

The great Apostle said, "If any member of the body suffer, all the members suffer with it." Fourier says, "the race are one; and if one suffer, all shall suffer — each in proportion to his susceptibility, and value, its goodness and greatness." A dislocated limb cannot work effectually; it wounds and is wounded by every motion. It is collision, instead of convenient and graceful action; war instead of harmony. The inert body grows fat at the expense of the limbs; the limbs suffer from the privation, and each loses the capacity for service, and so at last pays the penalty for its iniquity, by the suffering of the more highly organized parts. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint," when any part is diseased; organization is again the want. Disease, says Doctor Rush, is a broken balance of the circulation, and of the sensibilities — a complete disorganization of the functions.

The brain is the seat of sensibility, and is that which suffers. The heart, roused in fever, is the sympathy of the circulation with local disease. The nerves and blood repel disease. The highest organized portions of the body, are the agents for its restoration, as well as the directors of its actions and the supporters of its powers, and they must suffer in repairing, if the disease is remediable; if not, they must die for the hand or foot which they cannot recover.

Now, then, for the circulation which is deranged, we will place the word money for blood; and for sensibility, political and moral power, and see whether society is healthfully organized, and whether there be no cause of complaint by the weak hands and feet, against the despotism of the head. We shall say nothing of that general condition of society which makes its criminals of both sexes, and then punishes them with an unsparing hand; for at this time, we have only to do with the wrong and injustice done to Woman. It is expected of her, that she shall bear and train noble sons for the State, and the head wonders that she cannot; the world suffers from her weakness, but madly, wilfully refuses to acknowledge that moral disease, and false, unnatural relations exist; that there is friction and war, where there should be only harmony.

At this very moment society is fevered; its pulse throbs. Thousands of dollars are collected for poor women out of employ; temporary charities are opening on every hand, but they will no more relieve or cure the disease, than have Magdalen asylums and kindred institutions. These are not what we need, or what we want. We want associative, attractive and incorporated labor. We want for woman, as for man, aims, purposes, and objects in life. We ask for her, that she shall be recognized by law, as fully human. She is now only so far so, as to be punishable for crime; but she is not protected, not suffered to have any aspirations for the coveted political honors, for which man will well-nigh barter his soul, to say nothing of his domestic and social life. She can nowhere, if married, control her own earnings; and if unmarried, she is taxed to support a government in which she is not represented. She has not the control of the children she has borne in anguish and sorrow; she cannot take them from the father, who may never have provided for them, one comfortable meal, or a shelter from the storms of life. Look at the Revised Statutes of New

York, which 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 last will and deed, duly executed, dispose of the custody or tuition of such child, during its minority, or for any less time, to any person or persons in possession or remainder." 2 R. S., p. 150, §1. By this statute, the child is recognized as wholly belonging to the father. The mother's very existence is ignored; and this is the revised statute of the empire State! This is our boasted civilization and freedom, more rigorous by far than the laws of Austria! for there, the wife may control her own earnings, and the mother is the natural protector of her children. But with us, if a father who has money, in making his will does not dispose of his children along with his personal property, behold the tenderness of the law which here steps in; and while the heart of the bereaved wife and mother is breaking, in its desolation, it appoints guardians, and not unfrequently takes the children away to other homes.

Do not the very few wrongs to which we have alluded, call for the radical, thorough reorganization of society?

In our brief diagnosis have we not clearly shown, that there is a broken balance between the sexes, that must be restored, not by temporary benefits, not by mere privileges, but by justice — simple, pure justice, done to woman? While woman is an appendage, a creature of privileges, she will be frivolous, exacting, and perhaps mean. A large, noble, perfect soul, it is impossible to develop under such influences; and it is equally impossible for man to be what God commands, perfect, if a moral plague spot is upon him. We leave this subject for abler pens than ours, or at least for another time. P. W. D.

REGRETS.

The Saturday Visitor regrets that the Una has ceased to exist. We are grateful for the kind and complimentary expressions of the Visitor, but consider the regrets somewhat premature, as we distinctly announced that it was simply suspended till our health was so far restored, that we could wield our pen again and find a publisher who had the courage to act the part of the true knight in awakening our sleeper. We have been so far successful in the latter, that its appearance was delayed only about three weeks, and being relieved of one half of the duties which in our enthusiasm we believed ourselves equal to, we did with full confidence issue our first number, believing it to be permanent, and even more acceptable than heretofore.

We pass over the preliminary remarks of Mrs. S., to the following paragraph:—

"People do not want a whole meal of one dish without sauce, or a whole paper on one subject. If a paper could have been sustained, devoted to the woman question and nothing else, Mrs. Davis and her co-workers were the people to do it; and when they get old enough they will conclude it is better to reach the public ear through papers already established and devoted to any number of things, than to get up an auditory of their own."

Until we met with this paragraph we were not aware that the Una possessed the merit of being exclusively devoted to one interest, or that it offered but one dish. We had supposed that we furnished quite a variety of sauce for the one leading article, although we were aware that our condiments were not of the most pungent character, but our experience has been that a reaction is apt to follow strong stimulants; hence our aim has been to cultivate a taste for more natural and healthful food, for truths told in a calm and unimpassioned manner. The Una has never claimed to be exclusively devoted to the *interest* of woman; its motto is, "the elevation of woman," and we believe Mrs. Swisshelm agrees fully with us, that what tends to the uprising and elevation of woman is also man's best and truest interest.

Mrs. S. wishes this failure may teach a lesson to several thousand reformers, "which is, that a paper devoted to one reform cannot live." Had the Una failed, it would have taught no such thing; for though it did not number its readers by "several" thousands, it has had that spontaneous patronage that has plainly indicated its need. Mrs. S. is also mistaken in her statement that most of the lady lecturers acted as its agents. Not above three of them have ever so acted; our subscribers have come to us singly from nearly every State in the Union, from England, Ireland and Scotland.

We have strong objections to monopolies, for we have always found, that though the weaker party might have several privileges granted them, still they were held by a very insecure tenure; hence we have doubted the propriety of trusting interests dear and sacred to us even to the Tribune. We would prefer a smaller audience who were looking for the fresh warm thoughts of our contributors, and waiting to take them in with a loving welcome, to seeing them crowded into out-of-the-way corners of political papers, buried under the rubbish of congressional doings, or forgotten in the hurry of rehearsing the horrors of war.

Man has always monopolized all business avocations, and to us it is a matter of surprise and pain, to find that among women who are quite urgent for woman's enlarged sphere of activity, there should be a moment's hesitancy in relation to taking possession of the most powerful engine for the change of public sentiment. Mrs. Swisshelm has ably advocated the doctrine of equality in this respect. Had she never at any time written one sentence which could be construed into advocacy of the abstract theory of woman's rights, she has given eight years' practical demonstration of woman's ability to conduct a large business; to stand side by side with man in this position; and this is precisely what we need to impress the injustice with which women are treated more forcibly upon the public mind. Men govern, sway and control; men say women may print or edit, or they may not, as suits their interests. Women lecturers draw larger houses than most men; curiosity has not yet been fully gratified, and they are made available in Lyceums, in various reform, and even political movements. Their contributions are desirable to papers and therefore they need no other channel of communication with the world or with one another; but do they not see that these are simply the privileges that women in the less restricted circles boast of, when they say, "Oh! we have all the rights we want."

We seek not to array one class or sex against the other. We deprecate antagonisms, and even competition; not more, however, for woman than for man; but in the transition state through which woman must pass from the drudge, the frivolous toy, up to the ideal woman, we see not how she is to escape this evil; she must e'en pass through the fiery furnace, and we can only pray that she may come forth unscathed, with not even the smell of fire upon her garments.

So strong is our faith in the upward tending of the spirit of the age, that we have no fears that the ordeal to which she must be subjected will be too great for her spirit to encounter. Her rights are divinely chartered, and womanhood cannot be defrauded of them even by her own mistakes and failures — they will only be delayed, not withheld. P. W. D.

——"No cure!
No help for women sobbing out of sight
Because men made the laws!"

CASA GUIDI WINDOWS.

Quite as much to our own surprise as to that of any of our readers, we found ourselves announced in the last number of this periodical as one of its Editors. The *Editorial Charge* remains where it has always been, in the hands of Mrs. Davis. That of publishing has passed by her arrangement into those of another, and our own duty consists in ransacking the records of the past, and supplying biographical matter to these pages. How valuable our sketches may be, our readers must judge; that they are faithful, we shall hold ourselves ready to offer abundant proof.

Without reading the past clearly, it is impossible to go to the root of present evils.

Many a reform fails for want of accurate knowledge based on this, of what is needed to be done. Not only a firm purpose, a clear insight, a brave soul, and a true moderation are needed to effect the desired change in the social and political position of woman, but a positive knowledge of all that relates to her past condition. Her history is yet to be written. The materials of it have floated for centuries on the waves of Time, and to gather the far-scattered but significant waifs is the task we propose to ourselves, a much more important aid to the reform than may be at first imagined.

We stand as the representative of no body of reformers, are connected with no formidable organization, are responsible for no opinions but our own, and hold no one else responsible for them.

We desire the widest civil and religious liberty, for all the children of God. We hold sacred all institutions consecrated by conformity to His impartial laws. We honor the manliness of man and the womanliness of woman, and have no desire to see the one infringe upon the other, or the other upon the one. We desire for all *human* beings, the exercise of *human* rights, and would trouble the pool of feminine thought, only to impart a health-giving power to its waters.

We wish to educate woman, that she may understand herself, her responsibilities, her relation to the world in which she lives, and her duty to the generations which shall succeed her. That she may make her labor more valuable, her duty more acceptable, her obedience to God more entire.

We wish to raise the rate of compensation for female labor, that girls may be able to grow up by the fruits of honorable industry; that mothers may not be tempted to sell themselves to feed their offspring; that innocent children of a loving Heavenly Father, may inherit in the world into which they are born, something other than a life of all but inevitable crime.

We wish to open to women all fields of labor, of which they may show themselves either capable or desirous, feeling confident that they will neither desire nor be fit for any wider sphere, than was intended from the beginning by their Creator, and making all reasonable allowances for such eccentricities as might be the first natural result of entire freedom. In doing this we hope to elevate and purify the idea of Marriage, so that it may be no longer regarded as an occupation or a contract, spoken of with disrespect, and entered upon with irreligious haste.

We desire also to see the property of woman protected in the same manner as that of man. We desire this as much for the sake of husbands and children as for that of wives and mothers; and men see the reasonableness of the demand, whenever commercial reverses leave them for a time dependent upon others.

These changes, as an individual independent of all parties and organizations, we intend to advocate, and thus far a crowd of intelligent, refined, nay, aristocratic persons will accompany us.

Philanthropists, Christian men and women who visit the alleys and courts of large cities, know all that is hidden under the sentences that we have written, and will think and speak accordingly.

But there is still another right upon which all these changes depend. Underlying all, it is of superior importance to any one of these claims. We mean the right of suffrage. And here we receive the parting bow of our aristocratic friends, and feel a transient breeze while the door is gently opened to permit their departure.

"Go to the ballot box! as if any decent woman would ever do that!"

It is of no use to tell these objectors that women vote in England when they happen to hold shares in the East India Company; that there too, the most noble of them share the excitement of rural elections, and nobody is shocked. These are peculiar cases; the country would certainly go to ruin, the families would certainly be broken up in which women voted.

Was there ever such a country, and how did it fare? Let us see.

"Toronto, Canada, Jan. 13, 1855.

"H. was a candidate in our ward for the office of School Trustee and has been elected. I went in the afternoon to the polls to find out how they stood, and while I was there, saw a *woman vote!* She was a widow, very respectable, indeed ladylike in her appearance; as she came forward a passage was instantly cleared for her although the room was crowded with men of the lowest voting class, carters and the like. There was no jesting, no rude remark of any kind. The only difference between her reception and that of any other voter, was, that she was treated with more deference. She gave her vote and passed out without so much as a comment from any one. I thought this somewhat a triumph for the cause of equal rights!"

The above is an extract from a letter lately received from a cultivated man in Canada. One such fact is worth a dozen arguments. Women are neither better educated, better paid, nor better protected in Upper Canada, than in the United States, but they have a portion of that power, which, fitly used, will make them all of these. There are no more disagreeable polls in the United States, than those in the city of Toronto, yet there women vote equally with men, for the election of School Trustees, upon what we call a "property qualification." That they have not wholly reformed the polls, is owing to the smallness of their numbers. Their influence is exerted for moments only. If they can vote there, upon one question, they can as properly vote on all. If they can vote *modestly there*, they can vote modestly *here*. If it is pleaded, that custom and use create a difference, then let us make it a custom here, let us get used to it as soon as possible. Their presence would purify the polls as nothing else can do. If a few are thus respected, the many would crown an election with more than Roman dignity.

A few years ago, women were never invited to public dinners in New England. We know how their presence at such places has aided the Temperance Reform, since Plymouth had the Puritan hardihood to break through this custom. But it is suggested, if we suppose that all this is true—women do not *want* to vote; why confer on them a power they would never use?

The right of suffrage has a two-fold meaning. It expresses power, and it expresses the respect in which that power is held. Men will not respect women as they should, until they confer upon them this right, or what amounts to the same thing, they will not confer it on her until they respect her more than they do now. They will not educate her, pay her, protect her property, until she is herself a power in the Commonwealth.

Free governments profess to confer this right upon all human beings, with the exception of idiots, minors, and slaves. This means, of course, that men are to represent women; but we know that this is not the fact—that it never could be a fact, except in an entirely perfected social state, amid entirely perfected family relations. How far, alas! we still are from any such! Let us claim, then, that women are neither idiots, minors, nor slaves.

We can never tell whether any class of persons will use a power till we give them the opportunity. We think it true, however, that on ordinary questions, many women would never care to vote. If they do not possess the right as a power, let it be their own fault. Let them at all events possess it as a sign. Crises may yet arise, when they would willingly use this "two-edged sword" and save the nation by feminine insight. We desire nothing which shall unsex woman, only a freedom which may exalt and intensify the feminine in her.

Our reform is unlike most others, for it must begin and continue in the heart of the family. The first step will be taken, when fathers, brothers and husbands respect the independence and natural gifts of mothers, sisters and wives. From their hands we shall at first perhaps, receive as a gift, what we claim as a

right. We shall receive it sooner or later, in proportion as we show ourselves worthy of it, as we become sincere, economical, disinterested, and ambitious of loftier honor. When we are in earnest, they will give it to us. They feel that we are not now.

Recent letters from Miss Nightingale state that she spends eight hours a day upon her knees, dressing the wounds of the common soldiers. At the date of her last letter she had never heard a profane or unseemly word from the rough men she tended. On the very day she wrote, she had taken from the hand of a dying soldier, a prayer-book saturated with his blood. On its first page was a prayer, written before he went into battle, and sent now, through his noble, high-born nurse, to his far-distant peasant mother. Can you doubt that the gentle tread of Florence Nightingale has consecrated the bloody soil of the Crimea? Has she not descended like an angel of peace into the midst of those raging hosts?

While we love and honor her, let us so live as to produce on other fields a like result. Hovering over the Battle of Life, binding up its wounded, and burying its dead, let us carry into it a purity and gentle power, that shall uplift and refine all its contending legions.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

W. Newton, *February*, 1855.

CASSANDRA FEDELE.

BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

"Let her make herself her own,
To give or keep, to live, and learn and be,
All that not harms distinctive womanhood."
—TENNYSON.

A recent critic has remarked in the columns of the Una that the Life of the Countess Matilda was hardly worthy of our consideration, because, if she succeeded in all she undertook, she undertook only what was unworthy of a noble woman. This remark could not have proceeded from a discriminating critic, hardly from a reflective one, for what nobler object could any woman of that era propose to herself than the radical reform of the only Christian church—or the consolidadation of the only power which could be expected to check the most degrading social abuses? We do not allude to the subject, however, because we think it necessary to defend the Countess Matilda. We have no sympathy with her peculiar aims; but the world, we are sure, and history, will rate them as they deserve, among the noblest of the century in which she lived. We wish, on the contrary, to have it distinctly understood, that in the Biographical Essays furnished to these columns, We are far from proposing to write the lives of noble women only, or to select those with whose objects and achievements we have the most entire sympathy. Historians are not privileged to reject names because they sully their pages. The life of Cæsar Borgia is as important a contribution to a just estimate of the life of the race, as that of Constantine, or Philip the Good. The Life of Woman has yet to be written, and we should do small justice to her sphere, her achievements or her hopes, if we held up to men's eyes, only the names of the pure and the high-hearted, the lives of those prominent for philanthropy or virtue. In seeking, as we do at this moment, a wider field, a broader opening for her, we shall not put out of sight or meanly ignore such beacons, fog-lights, if you will, as Lucretia Borgia, Isotta Nogarola, or Lady Hamilton.

The subject of our present essay, is mentioned by Lady Morgan, in close connexion with a woman of very different character. She speaks of the accomplished scholar, Politian, as finding learning no protection against love; he was twice "bit." "And liked that dangerous thing—a female wit." His first love was Alessandra Scala, and with a vanity that we shall be expected to pardon in a man, he strove to secure immortality for her Greek verses, by printing them with *his own works*. His next muse was Cassandra Fedele, a Venetian girl, who seems to have been much too pretty for a pedant, and was perhaps "*only* a woman of genius, for he talks of the playful and infantine graces of her style." She was, besides, an Improvisatrice, and this talent, Lady Morgan thinks, might "sit well upon a young and handsome woman." As these flippant remarks constitute the only allusion to Cassandra, with which we are acquainted, in recent literature, we may be excused, perhaps, for remarking;—first, that there is not the smallest reason to believe that Politian was ever in love with the young girl whose charms he sung; and, second, that it is a little amusing to find a woman of genius ranked below a pedant, from whom Lady Morgan herself shrinks as if totally forgetful of the sweet young face of Lady Jane Grey, whose beauty was not more remarkable than that traditional learning which we have been accustomed to consider something far more important than "a playful or infantine grace of style."

Cassandra Fedele was born in Venice, probably in 1465, though conflicting traditions have rendered the date a little uncertain, and it may have been nine years earlier. She belonged to a noble family of Milan, attached to the Visconti, and driven out with them from that city. In her earliest years, she showed such a disposition to learn, that her father caused her to be instructed in Greek and Latin letters, philosophy, history, eloquence and theology. Poetry and music she pursued as a relaxation. She was still a child when she attracted general admiration, and learned men distinguished travellers as well as skilful casuists, loved to gather about her to hear her pleasant talk. Perhaps Politian was one of those, for she dedicated one of her early epistles to him, and in reply he did his best to transmit her honors to posterity.

He expresses his astonishment that she can write so well. He compares her to the muses and to all the women of antiquity, whom talents or learning had rendered famous. Until this time, the chief object of his admiration had been Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, a man so remarkable for erudition and resplendent genius, that in the age of Lorenzo dei Medeci, he was called "The Pœnix."

He now ventured to transfer to Cassandra, this public homage. The gifts and acquirements of the woman to whom a man of Politian's standing, would dare to pay such a compliment, in a published work, must have been of no ordinary kind. He commences this epistle by quoting Virgil,

"O Decus Italiæ virgo;"

and continues, "Thou writest, oh Cassandra! letters full of ingenious subtilty; no less attractive, on account of a certain girlish and virginal simplicity, than worthy of consideration from their prudence and good sense. I have read also an Oration of thine, learned and eloquent, full of talent, dignity and music. Thou possessest also, the art of the Improvisatrice in which so many orators are deficient, and I am told, that thou art so skilled in philosophy and dialectics as to untie the Gordian knot when all other hands have failed. Girl as thou art, thou dost not fear to contend with men, defending or combating the questions proposed to thee; thy womanliness detracting nothing from thy courage, thy courage nothing from thy modesty, thy modesty nothing from thy wit." L. III. c. 17.

After proving her so abundantly well able to provide for herself, it is rather mortifying that he should conclude, like more modern eulogists, by earnestly wishing her—a good husband!

Beside a wide correspondence with the scholars of her time, Cassandra held near personal relations to several cotemporary sovereigns. She was greatly esteemed by Leo X, Lewis XII of France, and Ferdinand of Arragon. Isabella of Castile earnestly strove to attract her to her court, and a person of some distinction in those days, John Aurelius Augurello, a Latin Poet of Rimini, urged her to accept the invitation. Cassandra was inclined to do so, but the republic of Venice, anxious to preserve its greatest ornament, refused to permit her departure. She was chiefly remarkable at this time, for her eloquence, and owed her reputation in a great measure to Latin Orations, publicly delivered on different occasions.

One of these was pronounced at Padua, in 1487, when a relation of her own, a canon, received the degree of Doctor of Laws. At Padua, also, she must have studied, for Battista Fregoso praises her purity of character, and speaks of the skill with which she disputed in public there. He adds, that she published a book entitled, "Alle ordine delle scienze," and this is a valuable fact, because it shows that she did not despise, as has been slanderously asserted, the literature of her native tongue.—In allusion to a similar matter, Tiraboschi wisely says, "It is hardly likely, that she who excelled in all other studies, should have neglected this."

Two other discourses, one upon the birth of Christ, and another, in praise of belles-lettres, —*De litterarum laudibus*,—were delivered by her at Venice, in the presence of the Doge, the Senate, and an immense literary assembly, convened expressly to hear her.

The men of the Venetian Republic must have had liberal ideas in regard to feminine culture, and that which Cassandra had received could hardly have impaired her natural attractions, as Lady Morgan so delicately hints, for she was sought in marriage by many persons.

Her father conferred her hand upon Giammaria Mapelli, a Venetian physician, destined by the republic to exercise his profession at Retimo, in the isle of Candia.

Thither Cassandra followed him. In returning many years after, they were exposed to a terrible tempest, and besides losing nearly all they possessed, were for many hours beset by the perils of death.

In 1521, Mapelli died, and having no children to inherit either her beauty or her learning, Cassandra devoted herself to study and benevolent cares.

Tommasini and Niceron,—the latter a biographer who lived near her own time, and carefully authenticated his statements,—say that she was chosen Superior of the Hospitallers of St. Dominick, at Venice, over which she presided for twelve years, dying at the age of one hundred and two. An entry in the register of the Convent, states that she was interred on the 26th of March, 1558, and if the above story is true, must have been born, at least as early as 1456.

A collection of her letters and discourses, with a sketch of her life, was published at Padua, by Phillippo Tommasini, in 1636, nearly a century after her death. This contains all that remains to us of her works.

There is a story in existence with regard to Politian, which would materially affect the value of his testimony as to the purity of Cassandra's character. It asserts, that he was himself consumed by an infamous passion, and died its ignoble victim; it is sometimes said, dashing his brains out against the wall of his chamber.

It is proper therefore to state in this connection, that this story is believed to be without foundation, and that his death is attributed by the best authorities, Pierius Valerianus for example, to grief for the death of his friend, Lorenzo the Magnificent, in 1492, followed as it was by many misfortunes to his noble house, on the entrance of Charles VIII into Italy, in 1494.

W. Newton, Mass.
Jan. 15, 1855.

THE PLACE OF HISTORY IN THE EDUCATION OF REPUBLICAN MEN AND WOMEN.

My Dear Mrs. Davis: — I shall be very glad to give you a series of articles, unfolding some of the Lessons of Divine Providence which seem to me to lie "an open secret" upon the page of Universal History. It is a subject especially adapted to your paper, I think; for history — nothing less — seems to me to be the proper discipline for the intellect of a republican woman. For the mind to pass from the observation of the workings of human individualities upon each other, in the small sphere of one's own family and neighborhood, to the interworking of the same with that Divine Providence, which unfolds the ineffable Individuality of the Person of persons, and the omnipotence of His will for good, in the long run,— this is a noble intellectual discipline, preparatory to the practical life of women. For what is expected of woman, even according to the programme laid down by those who, on the ground of her being an "adorable angel," deny her the functions of human reason? Nothing less than to act with divine wisdom, as well as love, among the individualities around her.* And I myself, also, have always maintained, and never yet have heard it disproved, (generally it is granted at once), that of women a great deal broader wisdom is actually required than of men. If a man is a good lawyer, a good physician, a good engineer, or whatever, his destiny is supposed to be worthily fulfilled, and he may be a fool in every other capacity. He not only incurs no censure for his deficiencies, but it is said, by way of excuse for them, that he is eminent in such or such a department. But no deficiency or mistake of judgment, in theory or practice, is forgiven to a woman. She must not only be a good housekeeper, and have the graceful tact of society, perfect taste, and ready sympathies, but an unerring judgment, at once to know all the bearings of the case in hand, and to act with perfect success with reference to the same,— else she is not fit to live! In short, practical wisdom is required of her, and this in the most difficult and delicate social combinations; and should she fail any where, if she has any scientific attainment, or artistic faculty, instead of its standing her instead, as an excuse, it is censured as an aggravation and offence. The choice of a boy's sphere of life, is much more often influenced by the mother than the father; and yet what knowledge of the social nature, on the one hand, and of all public affairs on the other, does such a decision require! A mistake in judgment of character, with respect to the moral bearings of a particular position, or association, or a want of appreciation of the interaction of these with general laws, may peril, or even ruin the happiness or the virtue of a whole life-time. What sacrifices of individual talent, for whose activity the world is suffering, are daily made by disposing of young men and women, to pursuits for which they are not adapted? And how women are called into judgment for the influences they exert on their husbands, brothers, and children, with respect to their spheres of manual activity.

Undoubtedly it is true, that women do have this influence, and cannot but have it; and therefore it seems to me, that they should be educated to exert it wisely. And I think that history is the proper study to unfold the intellect of woman, into all those exercises which shall fit her for these duties. As Emerson has said, we can judge our own characteristics, and those of others when they are displayed on the page of history, without personal pique. The same passions that play around us in our own neighborhood, have determined national events. There is in our own circle of acquaintance, the ancient Greek, and Roman, and every other nationality; and here too we may see the Washington and Benedict Arnold, the Julius Cæsar and Cæsar Borgia, *in little*. To learn by inference, from the phenomena of these miniatures, the moral results of their characteristics, and the relation of their various activities to the Eternal Laws, would take our whole lifetime; and we need this knowledge with which to begin our life-work. But God has already pronounced judgment on all these characters; and it is recorded by the iron finger of time, on the pages of history. Let woman then spend her apprentice season of life in studying largely these records. I am not inclined to exclude her from any special department of knowledge, for which the Creator has endowed her with talent or sympathy, for I conceive that the intimation of His will, given in her special natural gift, should always be reverently observed. But in the vast majority of cases, whether of women or men, nature does not give any very decided bent; and they

* See Henry James's article on Woman.

are susceptible of cultivation in any direction to which their attention may be turned — a general fact on which the general course of education is or should be founded. And if there is any one thing in which all Americans ought to be educated, it is social and political science, which are one in their highest principles. For wo to the politician who violates in public life, those principles which make private life virtuous and happy; and wo to the private social action which cannot bear to be generalized on the political plane; for any such will surely make its authors harsh, narrow, or contemptible. Social and political science are both needed, to make a true and enduring national life. The action and reaction of Polygamy and Despotism in Asia, are a general illustration of this statement. Many wives destroy the *family*, make the Asiatic father a tyrant, and the Asiatic mother a deceiving slave, for women in such a state of things, must be made jealous and envious of each other, by maternal instinct, no less than by personal passion; and to keep order in so mutually repulsive a family, the man must resort to force, and become a gloomy tyrant. But all the inevitable exaggerations of personality, and the strife for precedence among the children of the different mothers, and the tyranny exercised at home by the father, prevent the development of the Idea of Freedom, and the fact of a Commonwealth. Had American youth of both sexes been thoroughly instructed in history during the last fifty years, is it at all probable, that in the face of the historical fact of the contrast of society in Europe and Asia, Mormonism could have been developed amongst us? Would any woman who knows how to reason from historical effects to causes, have been liable to become a victim to that strange fanaticism which has reduced thousands of American women in Utah, to the same frightful degradation and absolute slavery, as that under which the colored women of our Southern States groan?

There are those who are maintaining that the United States Government should specially legislate against the polygamy of Utah; while others see clearly that it is not the legitimate function of our political Federation, to intrude into the private moral sphere. What is the source of this apparent contradiction of duties? The root of the difficulty, is the fact that people are not sufficiently instructed in the social science which history teaches, to be worthy of a government which is acknowledged to be the better the less it governs. Let women learn to make society what it should be, for they inevitably give it its character, whether they act reasonably or unreasonably; and governments will not be tempted to illegitimately extend their prerogatives, by intruding into private life, even on the pretext of making it purer.

When I speak so strongly of the adaptation of History to discipline the minds of women, I do not mean to intimate that it is less necessary for *men*, of course. It is the most important of studies for all republicans. It is not necessary for every man to be an astronomer, chemist, linguist; but it is inevitable for every man to be a citizen, and of a country which every voter contributes to govern, of a country whose future is affected by every vote. History has always been taught to those who were expected to manage states; and every American has in some degree, the functions of a statesman, and should have something of a statesman's education. It is the first time in the ages, when the mass of a people have had a voice in public affairs, and therefore the first time when it has been obviously necessary that the mass of the people should know those universal principles of policy that may peril or preserve the liberty and welfare of a nation within itself and with relation to other nations. To such a momentous change of human positions, a change which apprentices men and women to some political science should correspond.

It is by the light of these ideas that a very earnest effort has been made in some quarters to introduce Bem's method of teaching the outlines of history into the Public Education; for the low place that History takes in the public education is owing not merely to the want of the above considerations, but to the want of an effective method of impressing the outlines of this rich and vast science, upon the minds of youth, during the short period of school education. But Bem's charts supply this *desideratum*, as has been acknowledged, wherever, either in Europe or America, his plan has been faithfully carried out; and as the manual used with them is necessarily confined to merely explaining the dates, and referring the pupil to the sources of information for details, when he shall leave school and review his studies, it is desirable for the teacher to give, at the time of the recitation of the dates and of the outlines of history of which the dates are the landmarks, some general ideas that may serve as a key to their moral and spiritual significance or interpretation.

I have been often urged to write out some of the views that I am impelled to present whenever I teach a class this significant symbol; which presents to the intuition of sight, after a few minutes' explanation of the principle, all historical events they learn in their exact chronology and synchronism; and which also may be perfectly learned by heart in a much shorter time than a geographical atlas can. And now that you give me the offer of your columns for the purpose, I will gladly send you an article every month. E. P. P.

RUTH HALL.

"Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by the blow;
Some kicked, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather."

By this same instinct some women know a true man from the creature that struts in whiskers, broadcloth and pantaloons as his representatives.

If by any unfortunate blunder in society she awakes to the consciousness that her legal protectors are her tyrants, in spite of all the beautiful things that have been written and said on conjugal, filial and fraternal devotion, her honest indignation will ever and anon boil up and burst forth in defiance of all ties of blood and kindred. In the name of womanhood, I thank Fanny Fern for this deeply interesting life experience. To me the tale of sorrow is beautifully and truthfully told. It matters not whether the selfish male monsters so graphically sketched in "Miss Hall," that compound of ignorance, formality and cant, are all of her own family,—enough that plenty of just such people live. This is some woman's experience. If it is her own life, so much the better. Heaven has witnessed these petty tyrannies in the isolated household long enough. When woman does at length divest herself of all false notions of justice and delicacy, and gives to the world a full revelation of her sufferings and miseries,—the histories of all other kinds of injustice and oppression will sink into utter insignificance, before the living pictures she shall hold up to the unwilling vision of domestic tyrants.

"Justice like lightning ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear."

Hardship and struggle always crush the weak and insignificant, but call forth and develop the true and noble soul. The great lesson taught in Ruth Hall is that God has given to woman sufficient brain and muscle to work out her own destiny unaided and alone. Her case, like ten thousand others, goes to prove the common notion that God made woman to depend on man, a romance, and not a fact of every-day life. Fanny Fern has been severely criticised for drawing her sketches from familiar scenes and faces. If her pictures are not pleasing ones, it seems to me the censure more justly belongs to the living subjects, than the artist who has too faithfully drawn the sketch. That she is truthful, is seen from the fact that the public readily pronounced her work an autobiography. Authors generally claim the privilege of writing about what they have seen and felt. Men have given us all their experience, from Moses down to the last village newspaper; and how much that is palatable have they said of woman? And now that woman has seized the brush, and brought forth on the canvas a few specimens of dwarfed

and meagre manhood, lo! what a furor of love and reverence has seized our world of editors and critics! You who have ridiculed your mothers, wives and sisters since you first began to put pen to paper, talk not of "filial irreverence." This is but a beginning, gentlemen. If you do not wish us to paint you wolves, get you into lambs' clothing as quickly as possible. It is our right, our duty, to condemn what is false and cruel wherever we find it. A Christian charity should make me as merciful towards my enemy as my bosom friend; and righteousness would rebuke sin in either.

If there is anything galling in suffering and poverty, it is to be deserted by those who in sunny hours have shared our happiness and plenty. If all tyrannical parents, husbands and brothers knew that the fantastic tricks they play at the hearthstone, would in time be judged by a discerning public, no one can estimate the restraining influence of such a fear. Woman owes it to herself, to her sex, to the race, no longer to consent to and defend the refinements of degradation to which Christian woman is subject in the nineteenth century. We were sorry to see so severe a review of Ruth Hall, in an anti-slavery paper, as appeared in the "Anti-Slavery Standard." It was unworthy a place there, in columns that profess so much sympathy for humanity. The heart, if you have one, does sometimes hold the head in abeyance. Read "Ruth Hall," as you would read the life of "Solomon Northrup," a Frederick Douglass,—as you would listen to the poor slaves in our anti-slavery meetings. The story of cruel wrongs, suffered for weary days and years, finds sympathy in every breast. What is grammar, or rhetoric, rules of speech, or modes of thought, when a human soul pours forth his tale of wo to his fellow man! Among the "good old books" you read, cold critic of the Standard, have you one on Nature? The next *mulatto slave* that comes North, and gets upon a platform, to tell of the cruelty and injustice of his *father and brethren*, hiss him down,—read him the laws of the Mohammedans and Christians on "filial irreverence;" "tell him his speech has no literary merit,"—"that he had better turn his attention to something else than oratory." Because a villain for his own pleasure, has conferred on me the boon of existence, by what law, other than the Christian one—"Love your enemies"—am I bound to love and reverence him who has made my life a curse and a weariness, and who possesses in himself none of the Godlike qualities which command my veneration? We love our Heavenly Father, because he is just and good, and not because he is God. The blessed name of father does not belong to every man who merely begets a child. It takes love and kindness and sympathy to make a man my father. The law of affinity goes deeper than blood. What is it to me whether the man who robs me of my God-given rights, is a father, a brother, a husband, or a Southern slave-holder? Is my loss less, because the blow is struck at the hearthstone? It is my privilege, in either case, to throw myself on the great heart of Humanity, and to plead my cause wherever I can find a court to listen. Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God. If the son is not taught at home, that there is a limit to his rights, he will never learn it elsewhere.

If woman had done her duty to her sires and sons, think you it would have taken them nearly one hundred years, after giving to the world a declaration of rights that made every king in Europe tremble beneath his crown, to see that a woman has a right to the property she inherits, and to the wages she earns with her own hands?

Pray, do not let the teaching come from anti-slavery men, that there are spots on this green earth, where tyranny may vent itself unknown and unrebuked. What are the strokes, the paddle or the lash, to the refined insults, with which man seeks to please or punish woman?

"Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains?—The despotism of vice—
The weakness, the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants."

E. C. S.

An Inquiry.

"By the way, we should like to inquire of Miss Anthony, what she meant by the assertion, made in so many words, that all graduates of Harvard University receive a gratuity, or 'bonus,' as she expressed it, of $1,000, at the conclusion of their Academic course; the graduates in medicine $25, the graduates in law $86, and those in theology $1000 additional to this? *We* never heard of any such advantages being attached to a course at Harvard, and if it be true, we wonder why the classes of the institution are not more fully attended."

We will make a clear statement for the benefit of our friends in Buffalo, who seem quite roused by Miss Anthony's statements in reference to the expenditures at Harvard College for the education of young men; and if after reading this extract from the report of the Treasurer, they do not see that every student does receive beneficially and availably the full amount stated as a gratuitous contribution by the public, over and above all he himself pays toward his tuition, we shall be obliged to give them statistics from other colleges. Miss Anthony's mistake (if it was hers), we are certain was but a slip of the tongue. She has read the report with too much care, to suppose the bonus was paid over to the student on leaving college; and we suspect this is just a quibble to make her appear ridiculous or ignorant of what she was stating. The fact is not a pleasant one to look steadily in the face; the difference of expenditure in educational advantages for young men and women is rather startling. Fathers don't like to see it, and women who are taxed to support these institutions begin to feel them burdensome to them; and are asking why they should be taxed to educate men for the professions that rightfully belong to them:

EXTRACTS from "Report to the Corporation of Brown University, on changes in the system of Collegiate Education. Read March 28, 1850," and signed by the *President*, F. Wayland, Chairman of the "committee to whom the consideration of some changes in the system of Education in the University was referred." Published at Providence, by George H. Whitney, 1850.

At page 25, the report says:

"Of the Colleges of New England, there is but one which publishes its Treasurer's annual report. From the report of this institution for the last year, we may learn something of the liberality with which education is supported among us, and also the cost to the public, at which the present collegiate system is sustained.

"The amount of the funds, according to the report of the Treasurer of Harvard College, appropriated to the education of undergraduates, or to the academic department, is $467,162.17. The interest of this sum, together with the fees for tuition, furnishes the means for supporting the institution. This interest, at six per cent., is $28,029.72,—that is, the college pays out for education, this amount *more* than it receives for tuition. If we divide this sum by the average number of graduates for the last few years, fifty-seven, it will give $491.01, which is the portion *received* by each graduate. In other words, the public or private munificence of the friends of this noble institution, *grant a bonus* of $491, to every student who takes his regular degree. This sum is, on an average, given to all, whether they pay their bills or not; those who are aided receive an additional share, by which the receipt of the others is somewhat diminished. But this is only a portion of the amount invested in education. The lands, buildings, library, apparatus, museums, and other means of instruction for the benefit of the student, would probably amount to as large a sum as the fund above mentioned. If we add these together, we shall see that every graduate of this institution, in addition to all that he pays for his own education, COSTS THE PUBLIC NEARLY $1000."

(A foot note at page 27 reads thus:)

"By a similar comparison of the funds of the Law, Divinity, and Medical schools, with the present number of the senior class in each, it will appear that each law student receives from the fund, toward the payment of his education, $86; each medical student, $27; and each divinity student, $1,680. This last is larger for the present year, in consequence of the small number of the senior class. The

cost of theological education in our endowed seminaries, is probably about $1000, besides whatever the student pays himself. This is the premium paid *by the public* on this branch of professional education.

PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS!

During the last two years this paper has been in the hands of a lady, who as Editor and Proprietor, felt great delicacy in pressing its pecuniary claims. Her own ample means and self-sacrificing spirit made it possible for her to forestall the efforts of her subscribers.

This is no longer the case. The paper is now in the hands of a publisher, whose sole resource for meeting the expenses of the UNA is in the paper itself. If the payments are not made strictly in advance, it will be impossible for him to sustain the paper. We believe the subscribers to the UNA to consist of persons interested deeply in the cause it advocates; and if this is truly the case, it will not be necessary to state this fact again.

It is indispensable to the existence of the paper that its circulation should be much increased. It never had fairer prospects of literary support than now; and if its present Editors had apprehended any indifference to its fate among those who are called its friends, they surely would never have undertaken their charge.

The first number was issued hastily, and at a late hour, which is probably the reason why the subscriptions have not come in better. Let every one who subscribed for the UNA last year make up her mind to procure for it at least two additional subscribers, forwarding their subscriptions *promptly* with her own.

We have no hesitation in making this appeal, for we make it for the *Publisher*, and the cause the paper represents, *not* for ourselves. We cannot make it as gracefully as Mrs. Davis would have done, for if we sacrificed *time*, we have not sacrificed *money* to the work. But we make it in full confidence that in the present hour of financial distress, its importance will be realized, and our suggestions adopted.

The first number of the UNA was sent to many who have not hitherto subscribed to it. In such a case common honesty demands that the paper should be immediately returned to the Publisher, if not wanted; or if otherwise, that the subscriptions should be immediately forwarded.

The immediate return of the rejected papers is the only thing that can save a publisher in times like these from a ruinous outlay.

The subscription to the UNA within the United States is..... .....$1.00.
Out of the United States..... 1.25.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

W. Newton, Mass., *Feb.*, 1855.

REQUEST TO POSTMASTERS.—Postmasters will confer a special favor on their customers, on us, and all other publishers, if they will stamp the name of their post-office PLAINLY on all letters, so that when correspondents fail, as they often do, to insert *in their letters* the name of the town and State, we may find out where they come from by the stamp of the postmaster. The present mode of stamping letters, and the carelessness of many writers often leave us in the dark.

MR. LINDENMULLER gives a free dinner to the poor of New York every day, consisting of a plate of rich soup, and a piece of meat and bread. Mr. Lindenmuller is a Prussian, last from a prison in Berlin, where he was confined for an expression of principles and opinions dangerous to the government. He has acquired the means of feeding the poor by the sale of larger beer. Mr. L. says water is free, and though he will feed the poor, he will not the dirty.

ILLNESS OF THE PUBLISHER.

The present number of the Una has been slightly delayed in consequence of a severe illness of the Publisher, for the last few days. It is the intention to have the paper fairly on its way to subscribers as early as the 15th of every month.

THE EDITOR AT PROVIDENCE.

After the first of March Mrs. Davis should be addressed at Providence, R. I., instead of Washton, D. C.

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[For The Una.]

MARRIAGE THE ONLY RESOURCE.

BY LIZZIE LINN.

CHAPTER III.

"I am lonely, very lonely; my heart is throbbing fast,
And tears are gathering in my eyes for follies that are past."

"Oh! doubt no more!
Till life be o'er;
She loves—she will love him yet!"

The day following that event which closes the last chapter, by direction of Mr. Jerold, his wardrobe and writing desk, and indeed everything especially belonging t o himself were removed by a servant to another part of the dwelling. A suite of rooms were fitted up for his use, while Mrs. Jerold was left in the undisturbed possession of her own. Absolute separation occurred. Like two families, they lived apart, met at a common table, and exchanged the usual civilities, and when company was present, often passed some time together in the parlor. No further outbreaks took place—no crimination or reproach on his part, no attempt at palliation or reconciliation on hers. Entire quiet reigned; but it was like the quiet of death. I will not attempt to portray the desolation, the gloom, the chilling atmosphere of their home. Every ray of light and hope awakened by their marriage, had gone out in darkness.

But few men would have felt as deeply as did Charles Jerold. But few are so well fitted for domestic life. Amid all the tricks and chicanery of the business world he had preserved inviolate, the dignity, purity and truthfulness of his social nature. His heart was ever warm and ever true.

Mrs. Jerold preserved a calm exterior, but lines of deep suffering were soon written upon her face. She continually quarrelled with her fate. "I was *driven* to it," she would say, "Heaven knows that I was not mercenary. Heaven knows that I shrunk aghast at the first thought of marrying one I did not love. But what could I do? I was poor—a beggar, and the eternal frown of a sister-in-law rested upon me. Oh! had it not been for that state of *dependence*, I should not have come to this. But there was nothing I *could* do, and even if there had been, society would have placed her ban upon me for doing it. Oh God! save other women from a like fate!"

The unhappy woman withdrew almost entirely from society, and brooded over her sorrows alone. The pride of her nature was subdued—her haughty spirit was broken down. She was as meek and as humble as a child. Calm, quiet resignation to a most unhappy lot was unmistakable.

A long weary year of suffering ensued, and to that was added another, and still another. Time, however, wrought changes in the character of Mrs. Jerold; she evidently tried to cultivate that truthfulness and love of right that was yet alive in her soul. She earnestly desired to become worthy the confidence she had abused. She began to value, almost to covet the affection she had ruthlessly cast from her. She would gladly have made an effort to dispel the gloom that she had thrown around the life of him she had wedded; and she sometimes resolved to throw herself on her knees before him, and beg forgiveness, and express her deep sense of gratitude for his kindness, and speak of the tender regard she began to feel. When she saw his downcast look, his pale, sad, sorrowful face, she reproached herself more sharply than he had ever done. When he filled her purse, which he had always done the first Monday of every month since their marriage, and which he was now scrupulously careful to do, she felt more deeply humbled than she would have been by the worst form of poverty and destitution. To be thus supplied, to thus live on the bounty of one who had deserted her, was humilating beyond conception.

Added to the abundant supply of means with which he furnished her, were much consideration, and many kindnesses from which she would gladly have escaped, for they were like living coals upon her naked heart. Ornaments unique and expensive he often purchased; the Christmas present was never forgotten, and more than once was she obliged to leave the breakfast table and retire to her room to weep over the beautiful gift. An effort was made to keep up their villa in its former style. Much care was bestowed upon their extensive grounds, and things new and rare were often added to the interior.

The gardener always looked to Mrs. Jerold for his orders, and so did all the servants. John, however, the head man among them, and a sort of confidential servant of Mr. Jerold, had the entire care of his rooms, and ever carried the duplicate key in his pocket. This annoyed Netta not a little, for she knew it was done by order of Mr. Jerold. In his absence, she would gladly have looked after his comfort, and made his rooms more tidy and pleasant than John could make them. But they were to her forbidden ground. Since the separation, Charles had never, under any pretext whatever, even entered Netta's private parlor. If he had any request to make, or any thing special to communicate, which was not spoken of at table, she was sent for to meet him in the drawing-room.

Mr. Jerold's business relations drew many gentlemen to his house, and besides these, they both had warm friends who frequently visited them. Such was Netta's tact in entertaining company, and diverting attention from herself and husband, that one seldom mistrusted that there was aught amiss between

them. Some of her sagacious lady friends, however, had some slight suspicion of the estrangement. Neither ever asked for sympathy, not that even of their nearest friends. They had too much prudence and pride and self-respect to tell the gossiping world their great secret, or expose the total wreck of their hopes. Even John was bribed to secrecy, in regard to their separation, and through him the other servants. Uncle Ralph knew all about it, though no communications were made to him. He did not visit them often, but he read intuitively their whole life, and many times was his pillow bedewed with tears for Netta's unhappy fate. That they no longer participated in the gayeties of the city, that they no more made fashionable parties, created some surprise; but the death of John Sumner, which took place about the time of their first alienation, was the ostensible reason. It was thought that Mrs. Jerold was unable to rally after her deep affliction; and yet several years had elapsed, and it seemed to both as if the misery of ages had been crowded into those years.

During this time, Netta had dwelt so much upon the virtues of her husband, she had such unmistakable evidences of his goodness, that her woman's heart was at length wholly won—she was attracted to him as she had never been attracted to any other person. She had lived long enough to see that the gifts she demanded in a husband, were far less satisfying than the joy that springs from the exercise of virtuous affections. She had learned to cherish as holy things, those which are good and true and beautiful and pure, while she had become deaf to the trumpet tones of fame and glory, and blind to the glitter and glare of a false world. She had passed through the refiner's fire, and the dross which so tarnished her character in early womanhood had been burned up, and the pure gold shone brightly.

Although his intercourse with her was limited, yet Charles had noticed this change. He did not, however, dream of the love that had been awakened for him. Since their separation, he had never entertained the thought that she could love him. His fate, he believed to be fixed, and with a martyr's courage he bravely submitted to it.

Netta thought Charles was totally estranged from her—the alienation she thought so great that any effort to win him back would be wholly fruitless. His attention to her wants, she supposed originated from a sense of obligation. He had married her, and he felt bound to maintain her, and in a style corresponding with her taste and her former situation. She little knew what was in his heart.

She was sometimes unable to fathom his motives. He one day bought and sent home a very fine painting. It was a domestic scene—the good man's welcome after a short absence. The little wife and rosy children were nearly wild with delight. There was a world of affection in her laughing eyes. It was so life-like you could almost hear her speak, you could almost hear the beat of her great, loving heart. Whether this was purchased to show the contrast with their own life, and make it seem the darker, or whether it was the exquisite execution of the work, she did not know. She could scarcely take her eyes from the picture; there was so much of joy, so much of heaven in it, that she instinctively bowed in reverence before the spirit of the scene. "That," she exclaimed, "is paradise. But to me it is paradise lost! Lost, lost to me are all social joys! The gates of Eden are forever barred against me! I am a wanderer on the cold, rocky, barren wastes of life! Oh, God! why was I ever born? Why *should* I live to endure this daily crucifixion? If suffering could atone for sin, I have endured enough to cancel the indiscretions of a lifetime."

And thus time passed, Mr. Jerold still maintaining his unbending dignity, his entire seclusion, his torturing kindness; Mrs. Jerold, with a true womanly heart, longing for reconciliation, cherishing a love of which she dare not speak—a love which was engrossing and consuming her life. She seriously meditated entering a convent, and devoting herself to works of charity; and sometimes she resolved to gather up what jewels she could dispose of, and start, under cover of night, for a foreign land. There she would become a teacher, a governess, a servant, any thing rather than stay where she was. The splendor in which she lived was a mere mockery of her wo. Her orders to her servants were all mechanical.—She took no interest in her home, or any thing which she did to make it orderly or attractive. What she did, was done because Mr. Jerold expected her to do it. It is true, she appreciated the works of art, and the profusion of every thing beautiful around her. She was not indifferent to the sweet flowers that bloomed in her pathway, to the rare exotics so skilfully cultured under her direction; but the whole scene needed the hallowing influences of love, and peace, and joy. Without these all was worthless, all was unsatisfactory. Like the false woman who becomes revolting when she lays aside her artificial beauty, so was the inner life in this delightful spot, unseemly, and something from which we turn with aversion.

Netta, in her idle hours, would often imagine the history of the artists whose productions ornamented the room. "That," she would say, in speaking of a particular one, "must have been painted by a starving genius. I wonder if he did n't waste away under the effects of want. I wonder how often he wept at sight of the attenuated figures of his suffering wife and hungry children. I wonder if the work was purchased at half price by some old ignorant nabob, who had no appreciation of the art. I fancy that the very fibres of his heart and brain were laid upon the canvas; were thrown into the market, and a few pieces of silver grudgingly given in exchange. I wonder if he and his wife loved each other.—Oh, yes; genius, though capricious, is often doatingly fond and very true. Their love sanctified the dry crust, the poverty, the rags. Joyfully, joyfully would I now accept such a destiny."

But for a sudden illness of Mr. Jerold, I know not how long this separation would have continued. He one morning sent his regrets, begging to be excused from breakfast in consequence of indisposition. Netta fondly expected to meet him at dinner, but he came not. At tea he was also absent. "Is Mr. Jerold still unwell, John?" asked Netta the next morning.

"Yes, madam, but he thinks he will be able to come to dinner." He came not, however, and Netta ate her dinner again alone. She was exceedingly anxious to see him, to go to his apartment and take care of him; but from an unobserved corner she learned that John never left the room without locking the door and taking the key.

"Is this a freak of John's?" thought she. "Does he do this to annoy and distress me?—No. John would not dare to do such a thing. It must be done by the explicit order of Mr. Jerold. Now what shall I do? Shall I let him lie there uncared for and alone? let him die when he has become so dear to me—when I would give all the world to save him?"

Let us enter Mr. Jerold's sick room, reader. Every thing is disorderly, as it necessarily must be. A pile of soiled linen occupies one corner; cups and spoons, plates and bottles, crowd the table; books and papers are scattered in terrible confusion upon every article of furniture; cobwebs drape the walls and windows; the bed is untidy; indeed, great discomfort manifests itself. Mr. Jerold lies on his couch, pale, haggard and suffering. Business had unduly taxed his system, and this, added to the wasting grief within, had prostrated him. He is alone and talks to himself.

"This is a feeble pulse for me. Well, let it become more and more feeble, what do I care? Why should I try to prolong this wretched life? John wants a doctor for me, but I don't, and won't have one. Netta shall not see me either. A woman who has shown so little regard for me in life, shall make no show of grief over my death-bed. And yet—and yet, would n't I like to have her come to me?—No, *no*, NO!" cried the agitated man. "Foolish heart, cease your eternal clatter! I thought

I had smothered the last spark of affection.—Oh, how weak I am. How rapidly I have failed since yesterday. I believe I *shall* die.—I must send for a lawyer and make my will.—Yes, my will; and the bulk of my property I'll leave to Netta. She married for an establishment, and that she has, and shall have forever. And I will place it beyond the power of man to rob her of this home, and of the means for maintaining her present style."

It is said that motives are always mixed, and I am inclined to think that this consideration for Netta was alloyed with a strong species of revenge. I will judge him not, however.

Netta felt after a few days that she could live no longer in suspense. She *must* see Charles; she must learn whether he really was ill; she must unburthen her heart, or she should die. It was early in the evening when she arrested John in the hall, and inquired for Mr. Jerold.

"He is a little more comfortable now," replied the servant. "He put on his dressing gown and is lying in his easy chair; I believe he is asleep, though he's had no sleep for many nights."

"Give me the key, John, I want to see him." John with averted eye and downcast look remained silent.

"Give me the key; did you hear me?" demanded Mrs. Jerold.

"My orders are very strict, madam."

"Don't talk to me about orders; give me the key;" and thereupon it was relinquished.

Netta waited a little that the slumber into which he had fallen might become more profound. She would be there when he awoke, and then she could talk with him better.—Very quietly did she enter, and very softly did she steal to his side. Her consternation was great when she beheld his woe-begone aspect. A dim light, shaded by a screen, made the pallor of his face doubly appalling. She laid her finger upon his pulse. "Oh, he is dying—dying," thought she; and I have killed him. Dear, *dear* Charles," she uttered audibly.

"Dear Charles?" muttered the dozing man; "pleasant dream," and without opening his eyes, he turned his face deeper into the pillow and slept again.

Netta waited anxiously for his awakening. As she sat by his side she was busy with thought and reflection. Her whole life came up in review before her. Her childhood, in which pride and love of place and fame were principally nurtured, her dependent situation against which she struggled, her false education in regard to labor, the great temptation to which she had yielded, the bridal, the repugnance to her new position, the whirl of fashionable dissipation, the separation, the long years of estrangement and suffering, then the change in her inner life—the growth of that which is good and divine, and the awakening of a new and tender passion, which had become a source of misery because of the coldness and apparent indifference of its object. Into the future she would not have dared to look, had she had the power. She feared it would be equally full of sorrow with the past, and yet hope had sometimes whispered something better. After clouds and storms the sky becomes clear.

"Yes, Netta shall have it," escaped from the lips of the sleeper, "if she—if she had only loved me."

"She *does*, Charles, she does love you," replied Netta.

"*Love me?*" repeated he, with his eyes wide open.

"Yes, Charles, and have come to tell you so. Here on my bended knees before you, and in the presence of the Great Searcher of hearts, let me declare that you are dearer to me than life itself. God has made me a better and a more truthful woman than I once was. Your kindness has filled me with gratitude, your goodness has won my affections; and if ever man was beloved by woman, you are that man. I don't dare to hope for your favor; I have forfeited all right to your confidence, as you once told me; and now cast me from you, do what you please, but let my heart once utter itself."

"Cast you from me!" exclaimed he, rising with almost supernatural strength, and drawing her into his arms. Now, reader, let us turn aside, for it is not meet that we should witness that long, tender, affectionate embrace. It would ill become us to gaze upon Netta, as with girlish fondness, she smoothed back his (red) hair, pressed her cheek to his, and twined her arms around his neck, and returned so lovingly the salute of that (great fish-like) mouth.

Proper medical aid, with Netta's good nursing and a joyful heart, soon restored Mr. Jerold to health. He was not only restored to health, but to every thing that made life delightful. No young lovers in the first flush of virtuous passion, were ever happier than they. Their home which, in despite of its beauty and its ornament, had seemed gloomy and desolate, was immediately transformed into one of the most enchanting spots that was to be found upon earth. A heavenly radiance seemed to encircle the dwelling, and to pervade every apartment. But enough.

Five years have passed since the re-union, and their sky is yet cloudless. One more peep, reader, and I have done. The private parlor is brilliantly lighted. Netta is sewing and a little Netta is at play beside her. The father is tossing a little Charlie toward the ceiling. Netta would not think of having him called by any other name, and Mr. Jerold was equally decided in regard to the name of the daughter.

"I have been planning for the children, Charles," observed the mother.

"Well, what are your plans?"

"Charlie, I hope, has inherited the business talent of his father. He will be educated, of course, and trained to some occupation which will secure pecuniary independence; and in the education and training of Netta, we must also have the same object in view."

"That is looking a great way ahead," observed Charles, "and besides, don't you think I have enough for us all?"

"No matter if you are as rich as Crœsus.—My daughter must not rely upon that, for riches take wings, &c. Neither shall she become the victim of circumstances, but she shall be taught to *make* circumstances to suit herself. She shall never be driven to the terrible necessity of marrying for a home; for marriages of convenience do not often end like ours; and even if they should, those long, long years of estrangement!" An involuntary shudder shook her frame, and Mr. Jerold became more thoughtful. He called little Netta to him, and gazed upon her earnestly, as if he would read her destiny. "Sweet little daughter," said he, "Heaven save *you* from suffering! Now go and say to mother, Let the past be forgotten; let us enjoy the present."

Running to her mother, and looking very wise, as if she knew all about it, she repeated: "Let the pas be gotten, let us joy the present." Then clapping her little hands, she ran back again, and hid her face in her father's bosom.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

The following extract from Miss Brown's letter, addressed to the Tribune, on the resignation of her pastoral charge, may serve to place her in a true light before our readers, and also hint at another truth of very great importance, viz.: that every woman, who steps at all out of the sphere assigned her, needs physical strength far beyond that of man, for she is expected to do *all* a man's and woman's duties, too. The hours that he may give to entire rest and relaxation, must be passed by her in what men call busy idleness. Her salary or accumulations are small; but she must in no wise be untidy or untasteful in her dress. Family and household duties must not be neglected: not even a social neglect is tolerated from a public woman. The hours in which she should be at rest or out in the open air, communing with nature, are given, by these women, to what is termed woman's life, to the needle and scissors, planning to cut her garment according to her cloth. Her health fails, and so the hue and

cry, Woman never was made for public positions. Well, perhaps not; and we very much doubt whether man was made for the life he has taken possession of by virtue of his will:

EXTRACT.

An amount of opposition aud misrepresentation of every variety may be expected—sufficient to call for the fullest exercise of Christian patience and philantbropic magnanimity. If all misstatements are not explained and corrected, people will insist that there must be something wrong about it, particularly since it was published in "our paper"; and yet, every such falsehood partakes of the true Protean character. If you cut it wholly to pieces, every piece will spring up an entire new hydra; each, after this physiological multiplication, more active and vigorous than the original.

South Butler is a little village noted for its variety of religious views and denominations, and for its independent canvassing of all mooted opinions. As a retired spot for an inexperienced preacher to do good and get good, to think carefully and speak freely, it has fully met my expectations. If it was sometimes like casting bread upon troubled waters, my heart never faltered on this account. Judged by the size of the congregation, my labors were a marked and continued success. Judged by the cordial support of those who sympathized in my views and position, there is every reason to be gratefully satisfied. Judged by the amount of criticism from opposers, both at home and abroad, it should be looked upon as an emphatic event.

E.g. A village woman runs away from her husband and children in company with a paramour. A correspondent, writing of this fact to the "Baptist Register," and ignorant, it would seem, that there was any man in the case, gives the entire incident the thorough baptism of "Woman's Rights." The editor of "The Baptist Register," taking his cue from this, kindly calls the attention of his readers to the circumstance, and admonishes them that the delinquent woman has escaped from the vicinity of Antoinette Brown's ministrations! leaving them to draw their own inferences. This watchman has, from the first, been faithful to the duty of crying aloud and sparing not. In this case he was of course ignorant of the fact that the woman in question had never heard me preach or lecture but once, and that I had never spoken to her personally but once, and then only to utter a single How d'ye do, ma'am? and moreover that she was a member of the *South Butler Baptist Church*, and that the man was actually a *Baptist Divinity Student*.

The literary character of our retired village has taken a decided rise. Though there are probably no authors who have attained quite to the dignity of "penny-a-liners," the gratuitous contributions to the public journals indicate a very general and growing state of benevolent and philanthropic sentiment. One preacher (a Disciple) writes a succession of letters and pamphlets, in which at one time he informs the public that, so far from my having an audience inconceivably large for the size of our church, as has been reported in the Tribune, a person who attended once told him that I had only twenty-five hearers. At another time, he places me in a "fix," theological, it is presumed, but that finally resolves itself into the grave question of which of us could be most accurate in calling over our English and Greek A B C's.

Finally, a Methodist Clergyman comes up, all the way from the great city of New York, to dedicate the new Methodist "model" gem of a church; and informs the readers of the "Christian Advocate" that he "writes from a place of no little celebrity in the ecclesiastical world, the parish of the Rev. Antoinette Brown!" He adds, "Antoinette has resigned her charge, I believe, and retired to private life with her friends near Rochester." "She seems not to have succeeded very well as a pastor." Not the slightest allusion is made to the sole cause of my resigning; but the inference is almost drawn for us, that "she has failed in preaching and given up in discouragement." That such a statement should be made in a newspaper is not surprising, but that it should have appeared over the real signature of any clergyman, is one of the things for which I am unable to account. Let me say here, in honor and justice, to both the Methodist ministers who have been resident at Butler, that they have always acted as Christian gentlemen and brothers; both soliciting an exchange of pulpits, taking part with me at meetings, funerals, and one of them on a communion occasion, precisely as they would have done toward any other pastor of a neighboring church.

But instances enough have been given to illustrate the present attitude of things. Candid and earnest opposition is to be expected, while honest and conscientious men really believe that the Bible excludes woman from the office of the ministry. Such opponents are to be honored and respected—if possible, met with argument and example. It is cheering to be able to say that there are many indications of a growing sentiment in favor of as various methods of explaining the teachings of St. Paul upon the position of woman, as there are of interpreting the nature of Jewish Slavery.

It is to be expected, too, while human nature is unchanged, that some religious journalists will be very likely to be pointed, personal and cutting to "Rev. Ladies." They often speak to a point, while mere secular writers are simply aiming at a lavish display of pleasantry and witticism. "The N. Y. Herald," for instance, can afford to be affable and complimentary in comparison with some more weighty periodicals. It has no temptation to be otherwise than chivalrous, and in earnest to take the lead in anything like cheerful matrimonial gossiping, and can afford to do a good deal in that line gratuitously. Whether its applications are false or true, need be of little import in such a connection, since there is no particular reason for a great deal of discrimination. Again: when a regular contributor of the "N. Y. Independent" sees fit to show from the Bible and Matthew Henry, that sending a woman, "presuming to intrude herself into the office of the Christian Ministry," as a delegate to a public convention, is altogether an infidel movement, of course the "Independent" is not to be considered as endorsing the opinions of its correspondent. If it sees fit, it has the right, and perhaps it is the duty, to exclude any reply; since it might be wrong to aid in giving any publicity to erroneous opinions.

Permit me now to close, with the entirely personal statement, that I have *not* retired into private life for any considerable length of time. The lesson that it is impossible for me to perform an amount of labor sufficient for three men, has been well learned, and it is hoped to no permanent disadvantage. I am now able to preach and lecture occasionally, and hope in a few months to resume the regular duties of the stated preacher, with a constitution strong enough to give the promise of many years yet—enough to fill up the scriptural measure of human life; and if, by reason of strength, I should attain to fourscore years, there is a good half century to be devoted to the one leading purpose of my life—the preaching of what appears to me to be the Gospel of Truth. It may be well enough for the public to suspend its judgment of failure or success for a few years longer.

As to the oft-raised question of orthodoxy, it is enough to say that, if, as somebody says, "orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is everybody's else doxy," then I am emphatically orthodox; but if it is a term denoting the popular religion of the day, which has proved itself to be a respecter of persons—it matters not if it be in regard to color, sex or condition, —then I am declaratively heterodox, and shall hereafter assume to be an eclectic in Theology.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

HENRIETTA, Nov. 20, 1854.

OSSIAN.

[Translated from Krumacher.]

Ossian, Fingal's son, the blind singer of Morven, sat, near the close of day, at the entrance of his rock-built porch. Malvina, Toskar's blooming daughter, stood near the silent old man.

"Has the sun already finished his course," asked he, "and is the sunset blush upon the western heaven?"

"He is at this moment sinking below the horizon," Malvina answered with a sigh.

"Why dost thou sigh, Malvina?" asked the blind old man.

"Ah, my father," answered the maiden, "because thou canst see no sunrise and no sunset!"

"Alas!" added the old man, smiling, "and not even the friendly countenance of Malvina, my daughter. But, Malvina, do I not hear the sound of thy sweet voice mingling with the tones of my harp, and the spirits hovering over its strings?"

"How canst thou, my father, perceive the sounds of invisible spirits?" asked Malvina.

"Only to him, Malvina," spake the old man, "for whom the outward world has no longer life and joy are the low spirit-voices from the higher life perceptible. Thou seest, Malvina, his eye is already closed before death comes. To him the earth is veiled in the darkness of night. As to the shrouded earth the glittering stars alone are visible, so to his longing spirit do these heavenly strains descend, and they move the strings of his harp. Reach me the harp, Malvina."

Malvina silently gave Ossian his harp, and the blind old man drew melody from its strings.

[From the National Era.]

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup.

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ancles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

'A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyer smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

J. G. W.

LESSONS ON GOD'S PROVIDENCE AS IT MAY BE TRACED IN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY.

The first thing that strikes the eye in Bem's ancient chart, after the student has mastered the mode of computing time upon it, is the symbol of the fact, that in the twenty-fifth century before Christ, there existed, in some degree of individuality, eight great nations — China, India, Persia, Nineveh, Babylon, Arabia, Egypt and Ethiopia.

This century is not the beginning of the human race, but the previous time, of which there is no contemporary reliable record accessible out of the first ten chapters of Genesis, is too much a matter of mere antiquarian research to come into a popular course of study. Nevertheless, it may be worth while to devote some pages to a few observations upon it, seeing that it can hardly be estimated as less than one-third of the whole period of the existence of man upon earth, and that no subsequent revolutions of human condition are so great as it is intimated that those were which occurred before Abraham was born.

For, though we do not know the exact dates of the expulsion from Paradise, the Deluge, the building and destruction of Babel, yet we are certain such events transpired, because their consequences and monuments remain proving that there is unquestionable truth in what the Bible states as historical facts, viz.: that the human race was created sovereign of nature, (Genesis, 1: 28,) and with a knowledge of it; (2: 19,) that this sovereignty was lost by man's yielding to the impulses of his sensibility to finite aims, instead of his measuring, judging, and antagonizing these with his spiritual powers of intellect and will; (3,) and that these facts explain the anomalous attitude in which man is found, superior in physical versatility to all other creatures, yet alone earning his bread in the sweat of his brow; suffering in the social relation, yet desiring it inevitably; feeling excluded from Paradise, yet endowed with an immortal hope of ultimate victory in the struggle for reinstatement in his sovereignty, that gives to human history the aspect of progress towards redemption.

Whether the history of Adam and Eve is, as Herder* and the bulk of the Christian world believe, the outward history of two individuals, or, as the followers of Swedenborg and some others interpret it, as a symbolic account of the inward history and outward fortune of the first generation of men, who, by the immense intellectual endowment that a yet uninjured organization and a free social field gave them, were tempted to worship the imaginations of their own hearts instead of an infinite God, the main

*See Spirit of Hebrew Poetry, translated by President Marsh.

fact, as well as the religious and moral lesson, is the same. And this fact is nothing less than that instead of making nature the stepping-stone of their power, men made it the stumbling-block of their weakness. The fact has been repeated, with little variation, in the experience of every mortal man, save one, since human history began, and with similar consequences, destroying the harmony of the soul with God and within itself, and introducing discord into the social sphere. To this age of history there is found a counterpart in one page of the biography of Jesus of Nazareth. On the mount of temptation, in the wilderness of the world, we again see the unfallen man endowed with "the spirit without measure," and learn that it may be a living fact on earth for the gift of sovereignty to be received in such a spirit, and met with such ideas, that in man shall dwell "the fulness of the Godhead bodily." For Jesus, when hungry for the material, acted on the truth that human life was more spiritual than material, and that the gifts of power were the measure of duty to be performed, and not of claims to be made. Alas! what earthly power has ever acted on this idea? Let all the sacerdotal governments of antiquity and established churches of modern times answer. Which of them all has not yielded to every temptation which Jesus resisted? making it their supreme end to feed themselves by exercising all their superiorities of power, to display these powers in amazing rather than benefiting others, and finally, taking possession of the kingdoms of this world, even by Satanic methods.

The next event noticed in Genesis is human strife and murder, beginning between brothers and ending with the universal reign of violence and corruption, bounded by a great physical catastrophe, stated as penal, which leaves but a small remnant to renew the experiment of human society.

But the loss of earthly Paradise, and the Deluge, which were events not less than fifteen hundred years apart, did not preclude another repetition of man's fall. The same causes produce the same effects on the political as upon the social and individual planes of life. The building of Babel may receive an interpretation no less momentous than that of being a symbolical representation of the building up of the great Pagan nationalities, which grew out of the worship of nature, and were illustrated by the arts and sciences bequeathed by still older generations. We cannot forbear quoting the original words of this remarkable epitome of a thousand years of history:

"And the whole earth was of one language and of one speech. And it came to pass that men journeyed *from the East*, and found a plain in the land of Shinar, and dwelt there. And they said, Go to, let us make brick and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, Go to, let us build a city and a tower whose top may reach up to Heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."

Behold the whole drift of society in those ages when the Pagan sacerdotal systems grew up, stated in the light, or rather in the shadow of their presiding idea, "*to make a name for themselves.*" The idea was purely selfish, and not at all spiritual. It was taking the glory of all the kingdoms of this world by means that were inimical to the soul's partaking of the divine nature. The catastrophe is no less natural than it is *penal*. In the magnificent Hebrew imagery it is stated thus: "And the Lord God came down to see the city and the tower that the children of men had builded, and the Lord said, Behold, the people is one, and they have all one language, and this they begin to do; and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do. Go to, let us go down and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech. So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth," &c. It was a corollary of the eternal nature of spirit, that the worship of nature should break up the unity of the human race. It gives no unity to the human imagination, no harmony to social action. The Paganisms of antiquity left the true path of man's spiritual movement, and thereby scattered the tribes to various objects: the sun, the moon, the earth, had each their characteristic worshippers, and then these split into smaller divisions, till at last the sovereign form bowed down to the leek and rat, and inanimate Fetichi, which had their several priests.

The rites of the worship of unspiritual objects were of course the indulgence and excitement of material excesses; hence the temples of the worship of nature became at last the sinks of corruption, and their festival's the gala days of the passions. (See Herodotus' account of Babylon in "Clio.")

The monuments of Ethiopia and Egypt, India and Persia, Babylon and Nineveh, confirm the symbolized significance of Babel. The most manly thing that is represented on them is the display of some men's despotic power over others; and this, we must infer, from Jesus' answer to the third temptation, is not truly manly, but *devilish*. No one can examine the monuments, however, and not acknowledge that there was no lack of art and science as far back as the twenty-fifth century before Christ. Heeren tells of a date to be seen on one of the Theban monuments which was in the twenty-eighth century. And that society was constructed with insight into human nature to a certain extent, and consummate art, is evident from the fact that even to this day the Chinese and Indian structures of society exist — a death-in-life.

But the reckless principle on which this third experiment of society was made, resulted in the loss of the one language inherited from the man or race before whom the Lord is said to have brought every living thing to receive its true name, which implies knowledge of its nature. And how should not expression have corresponded, point by point, with impression, when human nature was yet uncorrupt and wide awake? The first language must necessarily have been a precise and complete echo of nature, symbolizing between men their various spiritual consciousness; and all subsequently known dialects are fragments of it, more or less completely developed, until their superficial differences render them mutually unintelligible. Taking this view it becomes no longer mysterious that the oldest languages known are the richest in expressions of thought as well as of things.

But not only do these Biblical representations of the elder ages carry within themselves the internal evidence of being an inspired epitome of ages of history, reduced or sublimed into their spiritual significance —

> "Deep love lying under
> These pictures of Time,
> That fade in the light
> Of their meaning sublime—"

but there is external evidence of their historical truth to be gathered from those traditions of the earliest ages that are preserved in the mythologies of the Pagan nations themselves.

This shall be the subject of another Lesson.

I HAVE ALL THE RIGHTS I WANT.

Any woman that makes such an assertion proves herself either deplorably ignorant, selfish, or false. Take the most fortunately situated woman you know, and although in society, if the "woman question" comes up, with a toss of her head she 'll declare she has all the rights she wants, yet if you are with her a few days, you will hear her groan and sigh over woman's lot. When the tax-gatherer comes round, she says it is too bad for a woman to pay taxes when she has no voice in the government. I have heard women, who will rail at woman's rights by the hour, wish they could vote for the Maine law. I give you an extract from a letter that I have just received from one of these very women; she is one of the upper ten in New York city: "I fear," says she, "our Mayor mocks us with promises of clean streets. If there is no improvement soon I shall go over to your faith and advocate a woman's right to be street inspector. I do wish I could occupy that post for one year. I know I could keep the streets clean with at least one-half the cost that the men now require from the city treasury." "Oh!" said this same woman, "how I groan when my bill comes in from Stewart's; when

my husband hands it to me and says, Is it right? with one of his reproving looks. Oh! how I wish I had the power to pay it myself; that I had been educated to self-support and independence. It is most humiliating and galling to a proud spirit to be a dependent forever on the bounty of some one, father, husband, brother or son."

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave,
By nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
Ere planted in my mind?"

This class of women actually suffer for the want of something to do. They feel a terrible void, which some new and splendid furniture, magnificent finery, or grand ball may fill for a time, but back comes the yearning. They think they have all the rights they want; that greater wealth would satisfy their cravings; but the trouble is, their lives are objectless, their sympathies are shrivelled by being forever confined to themselves and children. They go the senseless round of life, thinking and acting according to the most approved methods, and the soul dies in such trammels.

The woman may say she has all the rights she wants, just as the slave declares himself satisfied in slavery, and we know what the declaration means in both cases. It is made for effect, and varies according to the latitude in which it is uttered. But suppose some women are so fortunately situated as never to find themselves in antagonism with society; shall they wrap themselves up in a cloak of self-complacency, and feel no sympathy for the thousands of women who have felt the iron teeth of law and custom? Must they feel in person all the wrongs of the race before their sympathies can be reached? On this principle they may scorn the present movements of charity in our great cities to feed and clothe the hungry and naked, and with sublime composure declare that they are neither hungry nor cold. Then, selfish woman, thank God that you are not, and show your thankfulness by helping those who are. You may be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; you may be magnificently lodged in your palace-home, with your children by your side, and a strong arm to protect you; but remember there are noble women who have come down from the pleasant mountains where you now dwell, to wander friendless and alone in the valley of sorrow and humiliation. The next turn of fortune's wheel may bring you there too. Remember the mothers who by our laws are deprived of their children, widows of their homes and all means of support; think of laws that permit innocent young girls, of education and refinement, to be shut up for days and nights, as witnesses of some heinous crime, in the Tombs of New York city, kept there till the day of trial, in the most disgusting companionship. Think of the thousands of women in all our great cities who are literally starving to death. Have you nothing to do with this problem of civilization that works so adversely to your sex? Is all this nothing to you?

The noble soul is ever alive to the wrongs of humanity; his own flesh need not quiver beneath fire and sword, and slavery's lash, to make him feel the sacredness of human life and liberty. He need not be himself persecuted and vilified for opinion's sake to have his soul fired with the love of justice, mercy and truth. You who call yourselves Christian women, who in your holy temples meekly bow your heads at the mention of the name of Jesus, learn the humanity of the gospel of Christ. Like Him identify yourself with the race. "Remember those that are in bonds as bound with them."

E. C. S.

CONDIMENT.

We have sometimes been told that we were not spicy enough for the prevailing taste; in order to gratify this we cut the following from the *Woman's Advocate*. There is in it so much truth, that we are not in the least disposed to quarrel with our new friend, even if she does not so plainly see the use of resolutions as we or others do. We are not as sanguine as many, that the great work is to be done by talking; we believe fully that women, women holding position, must enter into trades and professions; that they must themselves "go up and take possession of the goodly land," and having by their own strength and steady power attained their objects, and become property holders in their own right, the elective franchise will come as a necessity. One law after another which is oppressive will be ameliorated, and as man is lifted out of his slavery to his passions and prejudices he will become just and true to woman.

It has been aptly said that "money was the God of this nation; that the trinity worshipped here is Silver, Gold and Copper." If women will bear any part of the rule in a legitimate and honorable way, they must have it, and that too by their own industry. But we trust that our young friend will not in her zeal fall into the error she condemns in others, and measure all on her Procustean bed, and grow bitter if she meets oppostion to her pet measures; nor yet fear or falter if truth to her own convictions compels her to utter what may be disagreeable to the world. Those who work for a great object must have that light within which shall brighten their path when all the outer is dark and dreary; living in the ideal future, full of faith and trust in the Infinite, they can thus alone "possess their souls in patience."

"IT TAKES NO POSITION."

So say some of the friends of woman's elevation. Indeed! Does the "ADVOCATE" take no position? Let these croakers come to our office, where they will find us all in a "position" to do something. They will find nimble fingers giving position to the types; they will, very likely, see one with the pen, giving position to thoughts and words, which are her thoughts and words, if they are not ultra, in any sense. She does not attempt to suit "ultras" or "conservatives." We are making an effort to illustrate some facts which need to be before the world; and we intend to keep our "position," or fail in the attempt.

Is it possible, we have asked ourselves, is it possible that there exists among us, a class of women who are constantly blowing "bubbles that rise and break on vain philosophy's all babbling stream," and never giving the friendly smile to their hard-working and more practical sisters? Is it no position to plead for the dumb, who have no other organ of communication with the world? Is it no position to *work* at an honorable employment against a powerful combination of men, who are determined to crush our attempts? Is it no position to demand our right to life and the means wherewith to gain an honorable subsistence? Is it no position to face a world of prejudice, in fighting our way to these employments? Is it no position to do, in practice, just what these ultra sisters say ought to be done? Is there no "stand," no "position" in all this? And, finally, is there no position in the following quotation, from our first number?

"If to plead for the right of our sisters to labor, and to receive equal pay, for the same amount of work, with her brothers; if to demand her admission into some of the vocations now monopolized by those whose 'appropriate sphere' is in more manly employments; if to advocate our own rights to live, and to use the means which an All-Wise Providence has placed within our reach, to enable us to obtain a living; if these are 'women's rights,' then are we obnoxious to the charge in its fullest sense."

If there be no position in all this, we shall be most happy to see a more practical movement, as soon as anybody has the courage and the means to start it. Let them try.

Know, then, most transcendental sisters, that *we* respectfully differ with you. Why, bless your grumbling Ishmaelitish souls, our blackened hands give more evidence of a position that will tell on the public mind, than all the windy resolutions ever passed by all the mutual admiration societies in the land. Seriously, we feel considerable contempt for these croakers—a kind of genii that infested Dr. Franklin in his early undertaking.—We also feel a regret that such people insist on spending so much time and money on unprofitable *talk*. We regret still more, that they have set up a standard—an iron bedstead, upon which they try all attempts at reform, and unless it comes precisely to that length, it must surely be opposed by them, as taking "no position." By the way, did it ever occur to such persons, that *talking* of abstract questions of right, however true, is no "position?" It is only talking of one. Those who *act* assume the positions, and no others.

The Una.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1855.

MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS, } EDITORS.
MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL, }

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" F. D. GAGE,
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" PETER,
" ELIZABETH C. STANTON,
MISS ELIZABETH P. PEABODY,
LIZZIE LINN.

MISS MURRAY.

The Honorable Miss Murray, sister of a Scotch duke, and maid of honor to Queen Victoria, has been staying for some days past in New York. Miss Murray is a lady of fine person, robust health, and uncommon energy of character—aged about 35 years. She has visited several of the public institutions, and been entertained by many citizens at their own houses, where her frank and cordial manners, her singular intelligence and great kindness of heart, have secured her many friends. Miss Murray, we understand, has keenly enjoyed her extended tour in this country. She appears, however, to have been struck with amazement at the extravagant expenditure, the *helplessness*, and the ill health of that unfortunate class of beings, the fashionable women of our cities.

The above description of Miss Murray, by our contemporary, serves to show the strong tendency there is among us republicans to look upon all who have come near royalty through a false medium. The titles they bear, or perhaps the ocean itself, acts like a vast prism, and the fashions and opinions of foreign aristocracy, viewed through this varied and gorgeous light, assume altogether another character, and our plebeian blood making a low congé, accepts all the absurdities they may have imparted. If a titled man or woman comes among us, speedily they are presented by the press as beautiful, no matter how plain they may be; if *gauche* they are graceful, and aped accordingly, and their little sayings all properly and duly reported.

We were struck with this on reading the above; for Miss Murray is, as she herself states, 60 at her next birth-day; very plain in person and manners—but with such a degree of intelligence and good-nature as to render her rather agreeable.

She was severe in her strictures upon the indolence, extravagance, and feebleness of our countrywomen, but as we saw but little difference in her costume and those by whom she was surrounded, with this exception, that some of the little delicate nicenesses of the toilet belonged decidedly to our women, we allowed them to pass for what they were worth; for we hold to precept and example going together.

Her account of the systematic division of time by the Queen, and of the amount of labor performed by her was interesting, inasmuch as it proved the very great capacity of woman, not only to be a good wife, a sterling mother, but a noble ruler. Her mornings are all devoted to State business; every paper or bill requiring her signature is read with the greatest care, and if not perfectly comprehended, the minister or some member of the Queen's Council is sent for to explain it, so that no mistakes shall occur through her ignorance or indolence.

The afternoons are devoted to her children. She reads with them in various languages, sings, plays, and draws,—an accomplishment of which she is very fond.

She allows but one quarter of an hour to her toilet. If her hair-dresser fails to execute his office properly in the ten minutes allotted to him, the Queen says, You have had your time and must retire. All this may be highly colored, or it may be true, but if Victoria gives but fifteen minutes of her own time to her person, we remember that she consumes hours of that of others who are in attendance, doing what a true woman would choose to do for herself. This formed no part of the calculation with Miss Murray while she was animadverting upon the waste of time among our ladies, and comparing it with that which the Queen spends at the toilet. Her horror of the Woman's Rights movement is great (but not unparalleled). "Why," said she, "I have all the rights I want; I can do just what I please now; I have been a political woman all my life. I have carried every measure I have ever attempted by my personal influence, whereas, if I had set up for speech-making, (and I have rather a gift that way,) I should have failed, for men would have looked upon me as their rival. No, no, depend upon it, we must keep in the back-ground, and then we can carry our points. Why, sometimes I have been twenty years accomplishing an object, as for instance, my plan for vagrant children, but I succeeded at last, by going to every member of Parliament personally." The same old story of coaxipg and wheedling men into a measure.

It reminded us of an almost forgotten lesson on *managing* a husband. "My dear," said a good lady, "you are soon to be married; let me give you some advice. Never express an opinion in opposition to your husband's. Wait and learn what he thinks on every important question.

"Let your every outward action be governed by his will. If he tells you to hang your dish cloth in the parlor, do it without a word of dissatisfaction; smile sweetly if your own spirit is ready to boil over, but watch your opportunity, and when he is gone just put it where it will best suit your own convenience. Tears are sometimes useful, but be sparing of them. When he has been unreasonable, wear an appearance of injured innocence, of resignation; humid eyes, a quivering lip and gentle tones will bring him to terms; and ten to one but he will go down on his knees and abuse himself for his brutality to such an angel." How much or how little we have followed the advice, is our own secret. Certainly we treasured the words and pondered them in our heart, for we desired to live in peace and be honorable too, and moreover we wished to think a little for ourselves, and have our own way sometimes, and this *managing* seemed irreconcilable with our youthful ideas of truth and honor, and in our more mature womanhood we have not found the way to reconcile them.

A claim based on strict justice ought not to be gained by wheedling; we must labor on, presenting pure and earnest argument, till men are sufficiently developed to acquiesce because it is right. A point gained in opposition to the will, is not a gain in the ultimate; the reaction will be only the stronger.

But to return to Miss Murray, who was introduced to us a warm-hearted philanthrophist, the friend of the poor, the degraded, the outcast, wherever found. She was enthusiastic about education; heading the list at our National Educational Convention with ten dollars' donation. She was astonished that Congress could remain in session while this Convention was in progress. She assured us that if it had been held within ten miles of London, not a man of eminence would have been absent; but mark, when Miss Minor's school for the education of colored girls, the poorest of the poor, the irretrievably poor, was presented to her as an object of interest, we find her saying, "No, I have not the least interest in it. *I am*, not an abolitionist." She was quite sure the colored population of Canada were better off in slavery, and that they almost universally wished themselves back. She forgot that there were no obstacles in the way of their return. She considered the Duchess of Sutherland's letter to American women very ill judged; in fact, the English nation had made a mistake in emancipating their West India slaves; and it would be better, she thought, to have the African slave-trade revived; if brought here they would be Christianized, but with her principles it must be done without the first rudiments even of education. These opinions were frankly expressed, and surprised us not a little, for in our simplicity we had thought that the abstract principle of opposition to chattel slavery pervaded even the Court of St. James, and that they gloried in the suppression of the slave-trade and the still more

noble act of Emancipation. Miss Murray's position puzzles us not a little. If her principles are individual on this subject, she is certainly brave in their avowal. If she is here, as is suspected, on a secret political mission, it is not at all surprising that she should scout woman's rights and hold herself aloof from abolitionists; but we find it none the less hard to forgive her for catering to Southern prejudice, and shall not be in the least surprised to see her sneered at by them, as a recreant English woman, precisely as are the dough-faces of the North who are bought and sold like sheep in the market.

Her position at Court has given her vastly greater political influence than the large majority of her countrymen can boast; it is not therefore wonderful that personally she feels no wants pressing upon her; her unwomanly sympathies are natural, for she is in man's position, and must necessarily feel with him.—She regards those who are helpless and starving just as he does, objects of charity, to be fed and clothed, but not fitted, or capable of being fitted, for any higher condition. "It is the strong," she says, "who can make their own circumstances who *should* rule; women must be in general governed, not self-governed even here."

Previous to this interview we had not supposed that any knowledge of the woman's movement had penetrated the dark regions of the Court; but they are talking of it even there. "My Lady C. asks if they, the ladies of the Court, do not think the professions should be open to women. The Hon. Miss M. inquires what profession she would choose; would she be a naval officer, a military commander? At this point she catches a twinkle of Victoria's eye, and laughs aloud, for which she craves pardon, and the Queen says 'Lady C. has some strange fancies in her head.'"

While listening to this puerile Court gossip we could not but think of the following sentiment from the recent work of John Garth Wilkinson, and thank God that there was a purer atmosphere without where great spirits could breathe.

"Events, however, thicken in this direction before my ink is dry. Doctor Blackwell is already but one of a band of which Florence Nightingale is the English chief, and some of the best woman's blood in this country is speeding to the field of war, to do woman's work as it has not been done before since the days of Jeanne d' Arc. I will not trust myself to think or to feel, while the Lord thus calls up his chosen into their long empty places, lest the brain should be drowned in the too great hour. Only I will say, it rejoices me, that medicine (call it nursing if you please, but it will not stop there), is the thing which has unchained the feet of woman, and cast away her Chinese shoes; and, as in sensual Judea of old, the light of this burning chastity springs forth in the land of the Harem. For the rest, let me watch with reverent amaze, as Providence uncloses these doors, and shows me the aisles of hero women within, and the interminable human whiteness of the future."

It is but just to say that Miss Murray was apparently interested in Miss Nightingale's mission, simply however as an expedition of nurses. She sees nothing farther in it, while Doctor Wilkinson looks far down through the vista of time, and beholds woman through the profession of medicine freeing herself from bondage bitterer than that of chattel slavery, inasmuch as the natures are more developed and come nearer to the demand made by the Infinite for completeness.

P. W. D.

THE NEW CATHOLIC GODDESS.

Under this caption, some of the secular journals have announced the recent decree of the Pope concerning the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. We are not theological or metaphysical enough to settle the entire force and effect of the papal decision upon the subject, but it is not in terms, at least, perhaps not even in practical results, quite equivalent to the introduction of a fourth person into the Godhead; or, in other words, it does not change the triune into a quartet divinity. The precise words of the rescript, edict, or authoritative proclamation are—"We declare, pronounce, and define that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first instant of conception, by a singular privilege and grace of the Omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, *was preserved immaculate from all stain of original sin*, has been revealed by God, and, therefore, should firmly and constantly be believed by all the faithful."

This is what the apostolic letter of Pope Pius IX itself styles, "the promulgation of the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mother of God." Literally and strictly construed, it amounts to no more than asserting a *singular* exemption of the Virgin Mother from the taint of original sin. It puts her only, and merely, so far as it goes, upon a level of purity and holiness and innocency with our common mother, Eve, who though born or created sinless, was nevertheless capable of sinning, as the event proved, and was therefore very far short of an absolute divine nature.

When, about a year ago, this proposition of the Catholic Council was announced, we looked for something more than this. We thought it would be something more than a new metaphysical patch on an old metaphysical garment, which had hardly texture enough to hold the stitches. We looked for the revelation of some fact that would stretch the faith of Christendom up to a higher measure or a broader compass; or, for some article of faith which would present the object of all adoration in some new aspect to the apprehension of "the faithful," that it might prove some change or enlargement of Christian opinion as to the essence of the Divine nature or mode of its existence and manifestation. But there is nothing of all this given to us, after all the preliminaries which promised so much; and to those who doubt the doctrine of "original sin," or deny it, it is just nothing at all.

"Original sin," say the standards, "standeth not on the following of Adam, (as the Pelagians do vainly talk,) but it is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man, that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit; and therefore in every person born into this world, it deserveth God's wrath and damnation."

There is something reverent and beautiful, and for this reason acceptable, both in the idea of an immaculate Mother, and in her perpetual virginity, as held by the Romish church. As a matter of feeling it is orthodox doctrine to every devout heart. What else or less can any one think of, as qualifying the Mother of Jesus? An ecclesiastical endorsement is scarcely wanted for the assurance of such a sentiment. And when the Church was making an effort for perfecting its standard of faith, why might it not as well have declared a divine paternity for Mary herself, and left her human nature, like that of her son, to derive its descent from David through her maternal parent? That would have installed the feminine element in the divine regency with very palpable significance and effect.

It affords matter for curious speculation when we reflect that Judaism, which tolerated polygamy, and degraded womanhood generally into a hopeless inferiority, is almost the only very ancient faith which refused the feminine element any place or recognition in its divinity. Mahommedanism, also, which incorporated the dogmas and traditions of the Israelites, very closely and fully, acknowledges no goddesses, and allows a plurality of wives. But Catholic Christianity, which claims sources of revelation and authority independent of the Scriptures, is trying to get away from the exclusive masculinity of the divine nature. Moses as a strict Unitarian could do nothing for the representation of the sexes in the Creator, although he declares that "in the day that God created man, in the *likeness* of God made he him: *male* and *female* created he them." Now Judaism and Christianity might be puzzled to answer where the likeness of woman

is to be found in their doctrine of the divine personality. Protestantism would have nothing at all to say, but Catholicism is evidently endeavoring to present her answer. And as she gets along, we may expect by and by to hear at least that Mary's generation was certainly miraculous, something farther than mere exemption from the general human taint of Adam's sin and fall.

The natural religions of the earth, have, without exception, enthroned womanhood in their elysiums. Jupiter and Juno were twin brother and sister, and Osiris and Isis were in like manner co-equal and co-eternal. This shows the judgment, and attests the faith of the most polished of ancient nations — the Greek and the Egyptian—in the likeness and image of God, in both sexes of his human creatures.

Monogamy, or marriage of one man with one woman, obtained in perhaps all those regions of the globe which have accepted Christianity. It is a matter of constitution, or climate, or something else, indigenous in all the North and West of the Old Continent; and the precepts of Christ are unequivocally in accordance with the policy and morals of the question. To this extent equality of the sexes is determined by the Christian faith. One woman is the equivalent of one man in the conjugal relation, but her sex is not honored in the religious doctrines, and her liberties are not secured in the secular order which Christendom has as yet instituted.

Catholic piety is liberal in its reverence for Mary—she is, according to their rendering of the mysteries, "Mother of God, Queen of Heaven, all pure, all perfect, the type and model of purity and inocence, more beautiful than beauty, more gracious than grace, more holy than holiness, and alone holy, and who, God alone excepted, is superior to all, and by nature fairer, more beautiful and more holy than the cherubim and seraphim; she whom all the tongues of heaven and earth do not suffice to extol—she is exalted above all the choirs of angels and orders of saints, standing at the right hand of the only begotten Son Jesus Christ our Lord, intercedes most powerfully, and obtains what she asks, and cannot be frustrated—who, bearing toward us a *maternal* affection, and taking up the business of our salvation, is solicitous for the whole human race, and appointed by God the Queen of heaven and earth."

The Pope's apostolic letter says, "It was right that, as the Only Begotten had a Father in Heaven, whom the seraphim extol three times holy, so he should have a Mother on the earth, who never should want the splendor of holiness." That is given as the reason of the thing, and the immaculate conception of the Virgin is furthermore stated to be had by revelation—not through the written Scriptures, certainly, and, of course, it must be by inspiration of the Church or the Pope. This ready recourse for doctrinal instruction will be convenient again when it is needed; and it is hence probable that the dogmas of the church will be kept up to the demands of reason and human needs, as they shall get utterance and demonstration in the progress of events.

We mean not to reproach either the Catholic or Protestant churches with the historical enlargements and modifications of their creeds in the past, not to be disrespectful or doubtful of their certainty and consistency, when we look for new revelations from the one and new constructions of the text from the other. There is nothing clearer to us than that the positive statements of the New Testament must open to constantly larger and deeper apprehension of their meaning and bearing, as we become more enlightened and conformable to their spirit, and thereby, more capable of comprehending them. In proportion as men have grown more like Christ, they have better understood his words, and many, very many changes must yet take place before all their excellence of doctrine and beneficence of use shall be felt and found.

The doctrine of the *unity* of the Divine nature was very positively inculcated by Moses. Judaism never accepted a plural personality; the Apostles of Christ modified this doctrine, at least in form, if not in essentials, and as even their idea of it was no where explicitly and formally stated, may there not be room for such other apprehensions of the revealed word, as the progress of religious and moral enlightenment is competent to confer?

Astronomy had some trouble with the Pentateuch, but the word and the works have been reconciled; Geology has been in like manner embarrassed,but science is fast becoming liberated, and the book stands unaffected —only its expositors have been obliged to retract. Political science had its conflicts, also, with the *apparent* prescriptions of the apostles. Implicit obedience to kings, to governors, and all others in authority, was supposed to be founded in the text, but it was not so; the Puritans cut the knot with their swords, and the commentators now see how easily they might have untied it, if they had known how. And now there still remains the question of the manner and agencies of the heavenly administration in the affairs of earth. The *Angelic ministry*, so clear on every page of both the Old and New Testament, is asking acceptance in accordance with the ideas of the age, and the wants of the heart. It will receive due consideration, and womanhood will in some way be reinstated in the functions which were superseded during the dark and barbarous ages, just now passed, or passing, and a better day has in promise higher, more beautiful, and more beneficent truths for the uses of the world. *Washington.*

RUTH HALL.

"If thou wert false, more need there is for me
Still to be true."—J. R. Lowell.

In the February number of this paper appeared an article with this caption, signed E. C. S. It was written by one of the most able and earnest advocates of our cause. It glowed with moral indignation, and we welcomed it to our columns for the fearlessness which it spoke. Would to God that all women could be roused to speak with similar fearlessness; then, indeed, there would be some chance of the emancipation for which we plead. Beautiful as the article is in this respect, it is but half an utterance on a most important subject, and being such, we do not wish to be considered as endorsing all the deductions that naturally flow from it.

Noble and frank as our friend E. C. S. is, she will be the last to misunderstand the considerations which lead us to make the following observations.

Ruth Hall addresses itself to a double public. The first consists of those readers in the city of Boston and its vicinity who have known its authoress and her family connections on all sides for years.

These persons assert that she has written a slanderous autobiography; not because they recognize as true portraits the pictures she has drawn, but because personal peculiarities, household localities, and a few well-known circumstances have been introduced so as to make it impossible to doubt for whom they were intended, whether the other outlines were true or not. To this the authoress replies that the work is a work of fiction—but *this* public do not believe her; not so much on account of the book, as because they have no respect for the woman herself. They think they know her well, and that the very kindest thing that can be said of her is, that "she was imprudent and heartless, perhaps no worse." They deny her right to judge of, or portray character, especially where her own experience is concerned. The second is that broad public, scattered throughout the land, who judge her book without any knowledge of the persons or circumstances concerned — simply as a work of art.

By competent judges it has been pronounced, like the "Newsboy" and a dozen other similar books, a very slovenly performance. Not deficient in certain beautiful touches, not wanting in that keen appreciation and brilliant ease which proclaimed her a Willis before she acknowledged her name, but by no means the result of one harmonious and vivid conception, by no means the work of a ripe and well-trained woman.

Let us turn now to the criticism of our friend E. C. S. It is certainly true, that "authors claim the privilege of writing about what they have seen and felt," but no author has a right to record his individual experience in the glow of "honest" or dishonest "indignation." He must outlive the experience and its peculiar irritations before he has a right to hold it up for the benefit of his fellow-men. He must stand upon his own Mount of Suffering serenely before he can gild it with a divine light. Few of us can do this in our lifetime. Lady Bulwer could not. Fanny Fern could not. We doubt whether any *man* ever tried. If he did he would be greeted with the same reprobation. It is not because she is a *woman*, but because she is a human being, that Fanny Fern has been so severely censured. Could she have made her experience available to all human beings, by idealizing it beyond the possibility of recognition, she would have stood excused.

Are there no unworthy women true originals of the portraits men have drawn, who need also to be bidden to get them into "lambs' clothing speedily?"

That "Ruth Hall" was severely criticised by the Standard should, we think, have suggested to E. C. S. that it was possible she might not understand the whole field covered by the book. The editors of that paper are fearless men, but if they know Fanny Fern they cannot help judging the book through her.

It is true, we think, that it takes love, and kindness, and sympathy, to give a man the right to the blessed name of father; but if the child owes the father who is wanting in these no respect, she owes him—her silence. It is the only apology she can make for him, and if she knows anything of human nature, she cannot but know that holding him up to public scorn in his old age will never touch his heart, never lead him to the God whom he has outraged. Resistance may be a duty, but not that which consists in warlike defence — only that which abides in noble self-restraint. When Fanny Fern offers us Ruth Hall as a true narrative, and proves it, we will read it as we would the story of a fugitive; until then we can only judge it as a fiction, and denounce it for want of "literary merit."

The woman who ever loved a husband will shrink, to her dying day, from holding those near to him up to public ridicule. Father and brother may have failed in their duty, but while God lives He still demands of her that she fail not as child and sister.

We should be sorry to aid in educating a generation of Fanny Ferns. Every house door, it has been said, closes upon a tragedy. If these tragedies are to be brought upon the boards because women are aroused to a sense of their injuries, every one can see that it must involve domestic misery and check the so much longed for emancipation. But, thank God, there are not many such! Weak, wilful and wayward as both men and women are, the chief of them have enough to do in schooling their own hearts. The public will soon be weary of Ruth Hall and Mr. Wykoff.

What, then, do we think of Fanny Fern and her works? We think sadly, many things. We were sorry at the immense popularity of the Fern Leaves. It seemed to us to show a great depravity in the public taste. They showed talent, but no genius. Full of smart "manly" wit and the sarcasm of a soured soul, they seemed, while they pointed out the lack of nobleness and generosity in the world, to show their author quite incapable of either. "You will always find in this world," says an old proverb, "what you bring into it." Poor Fanny! was it so with you? Many are they among your sisters who could say, "We, too, have suffered; we, too, have been unjustly censured; nevertheless, we have found what we brought — goodness upon the earth."

Little Fern Leaves we put out of our little ones' reach. We would not have them *taught* to take bitter views of men and things, to question the motives of their fellow-men.

And what of Ruth Hall?

We have not read this book with the care that a proper review demands. Having candidly acknowledged this, we shall be forgiven, we suppose, for stating our first impressions.

Neither Fanny Fern nor her far more gifted brother are capable of leading consistent lives, more especially under such uncongenial guidance as tended their youth. Led away sometimes by impulse, at other times by principle, without deep convictions of any kind, they bewildered all their friends. But in the hearts of both was a feeling drawing them towards God, and rebuking their lower selves. They could not but be improved, therefore, by life's discipline in proportion as they yielded more and more to poetic sensibilities. Thus it happened that the Fanny Fern of 1850 was a very different creature from the Fanny Fern of 1840.

When she sat down to write "Ruth Hall" she fancied that she had creative power enough to write a novel. So perhaps she had, but it was not ripe and ready for use, and she fell back, perhaps unconsciously, upon facts. There was not in her any longer the evil spirit which had roused the demons about her, and made commonplace people behave like imps of Tartarus; but her acute observation had aided years of suffering, while the latter daguerreotyped upon her soul the features of her family connections. She drew them as she remembered them—but the book became no autobiography. It was rather the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. She gives us not the wayward, insolent, irritating and giddy Ruth who drove those about her to frenzy without, perhaps, committing any real sin, but in her place she gives us her ideal self, conceived at a later period of existence, and incapable of comprehending the unrenewed Ruth,

"A creature of another mood,"

from the heroine of her pages.

In saying this we ascribe to her no wilful untruthfulness, but we indicate how unfit any woman is to write her own life when it has been a succession of passionate struggles against circumstances.

Let no one think us indifferent to her sufferings; we feel for them deeply; but Heaven shield the cause from making a reformer, conscious or unconscious, out of a Fanny Fern.

C. H. D.

West Newton, March 1, 1855.

For the Una.

MARIA GAETANA AGNESI.

BY CAROLINE HEALEY DALL.

"No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you: We are used to that."

Tennyson's *Princess*.

In an early number of this journal a short notice of Maria Agnesi was communicated by an unknown hand. Later, when the account of the women of Bologna was furnished from our own pen, she was not mentioned; partly, because if she held a professorship in the University, she was not properly a Bolognese, having been born in Milan: and partly because of the great difficulty of finding any account to be relied on, of one, chiefly known to mathematical students.

The latter difficulty having been conquered as far as possible, we shall proceed to give some account of her life, and still further to relate the history of the great mathematical work by which she first became known to the English public; a history extremely interesting to all those who desire to excel in abstract science, or who desire to see the powers of the sex impartially developed.

Maria Gaetana Agnesi was born at Milan on the 16th of March, 1718. She appears to have been one of a large family, and the oldest daughter of Don Pedro di Agnesi, who was Professor of Mathematicks in the University of Bologna. In her ninth year she spoke the Latin language perfectly, a circumstance established not merely by the gossip of the time, but by the fact, that she delivered an oration, maintaining that the study of this language was advantageous to women, *printed* at Milan in 1727. In her eleventh year she spoke Greek as fluently as Italian, and proceeded to devote herself to the Hebrew, French, German, and Spanish tongues, until she was familiarly termed "The Walking Polyglot."

She finally devoted herself to geometry and speculative philosophy. Her father fostered her love of learning, by assembling at his house the most distinguished persons of the time, before whom she proposed and defended philosophical theses. It was at this time she was seen by the President de Brosses, who gives in his letters on Italy, the most minute account of her which remains to us.

Monsieur de Brosses was the President of the Parliament of Dijon, and a member of the Royal Academy of Belles Lettres at Paris. He went into Italy in 1740, when Maria Agnesi was twenty-two years of age. At a Conversatione, to which he was invited, he found about thirty persons, from different parts of Europe, sitting in a circle. La Signorina and her little sister were seated under a canopy. She was hardly handsome, but had a fine complexion, with an air of great simplicity, softness, and feminine delicacy. The sister here alluded to, was Maria Teresa Agnesi, somewhat younger than Gaetana, who was afterward considered a musician of much genius, and who composed, beside several cantatas, three operas, Sophonisba, Ciro in Armenia, and Nitocri, which she dedicated to the Empress of Germany. "I had imagined," says Monsieur de Brosses, "when I went to this party, that it was only to converse with this lady in the usual way, although on abstruse subjects; but Count Belloni, who introduced me, addressed the lady in Latin, as formally as if he were declaiming at College. She answered him with readiness and ability, and they then began to discuss, still in Latin, the origin of fountains, and the causes of that tide-like ebb and flow which has been observed in some of them. She spoke like an angel, and I never heard the subject better treated. Count Belloni then desired me to take his place, and converse with her on any subject connected with mathematics or natural philosophy. The proposal alarmed me, for in the course of years, my Latin had grown somewhat rusty. However, I made all needful excuses, and we entered, first, into an inquiry concerning the manner in which the soul receives impressions from material objects, and in which they are communicated through the senses to the brain, which is the common *sensorium*, and afterward, into another, concerning the propagation of light and the prismatic colors. *Loppin* then discoursed with her on *transparent* bodies and *curvilinear figures*, of which last subject I did not understand a word. Loppin spoke in French, but the Lady begged permission to answer him in Latin, saying that it would be difficult for her to recall the technical names she should have occasion to make use of, in the French tongue.

"She spoke wonderfully well on all these subjects, although it was impossible she should have been specially prepared. She is much attached to Newton's Philosophy, and it is marvellous to find her so familiar with such abstruse matters. However much I may have been surprised at the extent and depth of her knowledge, I was still more amazed at her Latin. She spoke with such purity and ease, that I cannot recollect any modern book, written in so classical a style. After she had replied to Loppin, the conversation became general, every one speaking to her in his own tongue, and she answering in the same, for her knowledge of languages is prodigious. She told me she was sorry that the conversation at this visit had taken the formal turn of an Academical Disquisition, declaring that she very much disliked speaking on such subjects in large companies, where for one who was entertained, there would be twenty tired to death, and that such subjects should only be spoken of between two or three, who had similar tastes. This showed the same good sense that had appeared in her Discourses. I was sorry to hear that she had determined to take the veil, not from want of fortune, for she is rich, but from a religious tone of mind."

"After the conversation was over, her little sister played on the harpsichord, with the skill of a Rameau, not only some of Rameau's pieces, but also some of her own composition, accompanying the instrument with her voice."

About this time Maria Agnesi grew weary of these public discussions. At the age of nineteen, in 1738, she had published her "Propositiones Philosophicæ," in which she defended one hundred and ninety-one theses. She now wrote a treatise on Conic Sections, and in 1748 published her celebrated work, "Instituzioni Analitiche ad uso della Giovenù Italiana." The first volume contains the elements of Algebra, with the application of Algebra to Geometry; the second contains an excellent treatise on the Differential and Integral Calculus. This book is considered the best introduction to Euler. In 1750, her father became ill, and she received permission from Benedict XIV to fill his Professor's Chair. This she did for several years, probably until his death; for it appears to have been only his affectionate entreaties that prevailed over her earnest wish to enter a convent. M. de Brosses alludes to this wish, in 1740, but it was some years later than 1750, when she was called to the Mathematical Chair in the University of Bologna, that she joined the austere order of the Blue Nuns; she died at Milan, January 9th, in 1799, at the age of eighty-one.

The reputation of Maria Agnesi rests upon her "Analytical Institutes," which were published as we have seen, in Italian, in 1748. Whoever suspects her of superficiality, had better turn to its pages. One glance would be enough to give many a modern lady the headache; but there is a touching simplicity and beauty in her preface and dedication, which we think even a "large company," to use her own considerate words, able to appreciate. The study of this branch of Mathematics, she says, needs no encomiums of hers, and she excuses herself for writing upon it, by saying that it is almost impossible to obtain thorough instruction in Italy, and all persons are not rich enough to travel abroad in search of masters. But for Ramiro Rampinelli, Professor of Mathematics at Pavia, she thinks she should have been herself unable to master the subject. She adds that many important steps in science require this new Digest, and goes on to say:

"Late discoveries have obliged me to follow a new arrangement of the several parts, and whoever has attempted anything of this kind, must be convinced how difficult it is to hit upon such a method as shall have a sufficient degree of perspicuity and simplicity, omitting every thing superfluous, yet retaining all that is useful and necessary; such, in short, as shall proceed in that natural order in which is found the closest connection, the strongest conviction, and the easiest instruction. This order I have always had in view, but whether I have been so happy as to attain it, must be left to the judgment of the reader."

She proceeds to say that it has never been her intention to court applause, for she is quite satisfied with having indulged herself in a real and "innocent pleasure." We modern women may look back upon her "innocent pleasure," from our embroidery frames and crotchet needles, with very much the same feeling that modern men contemplate the combats of the Titans, or the labors of Hercules. She shows her conscientiousness by thanking a friend, Count Riccati, for a new speculation to be found in her second volume. In that day it was so customary to write a scientific work in the Latin tongue, that she seems to think some excuse necessary for her not doing it. Her first intention was to prepare the work for the instruction of one of her younger brothers, and when she determined to publish it, she felt a natural disinclination to translate it into Latin, which she confesses would have been a mere "drudgery."

She desires then to lay no claim to elegance of style, but will feel fully satisfied if she has expressed herself in a plain, but *lucid* manner.

The work is dedicated to the Empress Maria Theresa, in language of elegant but dignified compliment, in pleasant contrast to the unworthy adulation so common to the period.

She has gained courage to offer it, because the Empress is like herself, a woman, and because women should especially strive to render illustrious the reign of a woman, and this is the very best that she can do.

"And if the Volume of Music," she continues, "which my sister has had the honor of presenting to your majesty, has been so for-

tunate as to stir your voice to melody, let this be so happy as to stimulate your sagacity and penetration."

Montucla, in his French History of Mathematics, had spoken in the highest terms of Agnesi, and of her book, urging some French lady to translate it. Subsequently to this, in 1775, it was translated by D'Antelmey, with additions by Bossut, and published at Paris.

A note to a Spanish work, "El Teatro Critico," published in 1774, contains some facts with regard to her, but as we know some of the statements to be false, we do not quote the others. A eulogy was written after her death by Frisi, and translated into French by Boulard—but it does not appear to be accessible. Maria's book was not only *written*, it was USED; and the high value attributed to it by the teachers of the Continent, attracted the attention of the Rev. John Colson, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University. That he was well qualified to judge of its merits, we must infer from the fact that he had translated the "Fluxions" of Sir Isaac Newton, and accompanied them by a commentary in 1736. His enthusiasm was so stimulated by the remarks of continental professors, and by the reading of the second volume already translated into the French, that at an advanced age he began to study Italian, solely for the purpose of translating the Institutes into English. Probably no woman's work ever received a higher compliment than this. Mrs. Somerville might have studied French in order to translate La Place, and we should have felt that the occurrence was only natural and proper. But that a mathematical professor in one the largest and oldest universities in the world, should have studied Italian in order to translate a work written by a woman, and that at an advanced age, is a fact in which we have a right to take some pleasant pride. Maria Agnesi had sent a copy of her work to the Royal Society. Mr. Colson as a Fellow of that Society, especially interested in Mathematics, thought it would be only polite to acknowledge the gift by drawing up a paper to be read before the President, giving some account of the work. But the more he examined it, the more convinced he felt that such a work deserved to be translated into English, and however unequal he felt to the task, he determined to undertake it. He undertook it, he says, chiefly to stimulate the ambition of English ladies not to be outdone *by any foreign ladies whatever!* What one woman could write, surely other women ought to be able to read and understand. They take infinite pains, he tells them, to be expert at whist, or quadrille; the same care would make the reading of this book a mere game, and the study of Analytics would give them great advantages in all games of chance, so that they should not be imposed upon by sharpers. Then suddenly recollecting that this view of the case was a little beneath his professional gown, he continues:

"But that improvement of their minds and understandings which would naturally arise from this study, is of much greater importance. They will be inured to think clearly, closely and justly; to reason and argue consequentially; to investigate and pursue truths which are certain and demonstrative, and to strengthen and improve their rational faculties."

For having desired this, he has a claim upon our thanks. It is not a little singular that by all competent judges, Maria is praised for the unusual *perspicuity* with which she has treated her subject.

Having translated this book, Mr. Colson undertook to publish it by subscription, and prepared a simple abstract of it, which should induce ladies to look into it. But the latter undertaking he never finished. He died before it was fully completed, passing into those regions of infinite light and power, for which no sublimer preparation could be found, than the pursuit of his favorite studies.

His manuscript lay unpublished for many years, and was finally given to the world by the generous liberality of a brother mathematician, Baron Maseres, under the revision of the Rev. John Hellins, of Potter's Bury, in the year 1801.

Maseres was a descendant of the French refugees, a sound lawyer, an excellent mathematician, and a fellow of Cambridge university. He was born in the year 1731—and after entering the bar, received the appointment of Attorney General of Quebec. On his return to England, he made himself remarkable by his liberal encouragement of mathematical learning, and the publication in 1759 of a treatise denying the existence of negative quantities. He was raised to the dignity of cursitor baron of the Exchequer, and it was in no moment of youthful or gallant enthusaism, that he offered to bear the whole expense of printing Mr. Colson's manuscript. He must have been at the time of its publication nearly seventy years old. He died at Reigate in 1824, at the age of ninety-three.

It will be seen from the above sketch that we know very little of Maria Agnesi. Yet from these few facts, we can draw many fair deductions with regard to her character. We are forcibly struck, in the first place, with the pride which the Italians feel in their learned women. In England and America, women are not only obliged to excuse themselves for possessing any unusual amount of learning, but their *friends* in turn must apologize for the love they bear such women. "Yes," you will hear them saying, "we love her in spite of her learning. You cannot guess ho lovely she is in her family, how kind she is to the poor, in spite of all her acquirements."

In spite of! And so the woman who can read the second volume of our Institutes, hides her head, and asks for no sympathy in her "innocent pleasure."

In Bologna, we hear nothing of all that; fathers, brothers and lovers, do their utmost to encourage and sustain the love of learning in women, and at the present day, people of the middle class will tell you pleasant traditions of Bassi, Baltiferri and Agnesi.

Maria possessed true dignity and modesty. Her learning was a sound and solid thing, that she was not obliged to batter thin, and spread over a wide surface. It could stand wear, bear questioning, and shine all the more for the friction of a discussion. She felt so secure in the possession of it, that she had no hesitation in telling her French friend, that technical terms were more familiar to her in Latin than French, and the weight of it did not prevent her from feeling, with feminine tact and sensitiveness, that the subjects of which she had been speaking could not interest all her audience.

She was affectionate and gentle, rather than ambitious or wilful; for although she had felt herself to be called by God in her earliest childhood, she did not press this call against her father's wish, although she proved her sincerity in obeying it as soon as his influence was withdrawn; greatly to the regret of the University and the learned circles of the time.

She was free from envy, or meanness of any kind, for she introduced the striking and more generally attractive gifts of her young sister, to her own circle of friends, and did not fail to remind the Empress herself of Teresa's gifts.

It was not for her sister alone that she felt this motherly care; it was, she tells us, for a young brother's sake, that she first wrote her "Institutes," till feeling doubtless the strength of her power, as she proceeded, she was encouraged to give them to the public.

It may strike some readers disagreeably that she is represented as "sitting beneath a canopy." Until quite a late period, it was the custom for Italian women, who were the heads of families, to receive visitors in that way, and they are frequently represented so in pictures. The custom may have originated in other causes than the desire to keep up the idea of rank. Like the curtains of a bed, the drapery first used may have been a protection against draughts. It varied in arrangement before it went out of fashion. That Maria Agnesi received her friends in this way, suggests to us that she had grown up motherless; and that she associated her young sister with her, in doing the honors of her father's house, shows a delicate and modest feeling of her public position.

W. NEWTON, MASS., February 9, 1855.

[From the National Era.]

THE RESTORED.

BY CAROLINE BRIGGS MASON.

Oh, revere her! She has come
Back, like a new gift, from the tomb.
Press her sweet hands close and closer;
Even now what dreams engross her!
Dreams of skies, than these more blue,
Opened almost to her view;
Visions of those gates of gold,
That one moment did unfold
To her gaze, then backward rolled.

Oh, revere her! She has seen
Glimpses of that glorious sheen,
Round the city fair and bright,
Opened ne'er to mortal sight
With her hands clasped as in prayer —
Those white hands, so pale and thin —
I could see her gazing in
On the glory of the air,
Floating visibly round her there.

Oh, revere her! God has given
Earth an angel from His heaven!
Henceforth she to us must be
Like some God-sent embassy;
Henceforth her sweet face will shine
Like a visage half divine;
And her child-voice, heard in prayer,
Meantime shall allure us there,
Where she wandered unaware!

OUR MARY AND THE SAILOR.

A damsel who'd been wooed and won
By a gallant sailor bold,
Went to a church, (the Mariner's,)
To hear the gospel told.

The minister, a dear old man,
With hair all silver'd o'er,
Told of the dangers of the deep,
And miseries a score!

Poor Mary listened till the tears
Ran o'er her downy cheek,
As she heard about the perils
Which her William had to seek.

And then the old man asked—
"Is there *one* here who cares
For the good-hearted sailor,
Or thinks of how he fares?"

Up rose a pretty little girl,
With cheeks that shamed the rose,
And in a modest voice replied,
"Yes, sir, our Mary does."

SUSANNE.

THE TRINITY OF LOVE.

"Poetry, Philosophy, Religion, are united in the Spirit of Love. By that spirit, expanded and elevated, Intellect and Imagination create within themselves conceptions and emotions of the sublime and beautiful, the spiritual and the everlasting. Poetry is the produce of Love in its delight—Philosophy, of Love in its wonder—Religion, of Love in its gratitude; and thus, in all higher moods, the three are one. Love broods on the wonders of its own delight; and Poetry is solemnized into Philosophy—is sanctified into Religion. Then sings the Philosophical Pious Poet, his hymns and odes to Nature and Nature's God, and the tongues of men are as angels.

PROF. WILSON.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE BLOOMERS.—The *New York Tribune* says:

DRY GOODS RISING.—Don't be alarmed, ladies—not in price—they are rising in fashion, not quality, texture, or fineness, or value of the fabric, but in fashion, style, form, they are coming up. It is no longer *ton*, to trail a quarter of a yard of rich silk along the pavement through the mud at the heels of a lady—forgive the word—what *lady* ever was guilty of such a dirty fashion?

The skirts are shortened from three to four inches; the draggle tail of a foolish fashion has been cut off, and we hope it will be as unlike the hydra's head as one extremity is unlike the other.

Dry goods have risen and fashions are up; ergo, morals are improving; for we hold it to be a self-evident fact that no moral woman ever wasted wealth at the rate of three dollars a yard in a muddy trail at the bottom of her silk dress; though many innocent ones—innocent of every thing but slavery to fashion—have consented, for the sake of being in the fashion, to draw a trail of sin behind them, for somebody else to follow, or perhaps, to step on.

But the thing is up, and you may mark it down in the calendar of past follies of the age, that wherever you see such a trail following a a woman, she does not follow the fashion. It is a worn-out fashion following her.

If the "hard times" have really had the effect to change the absurd fashion referred to, there is certainly great cause for congratulation. Health, freedom, and gracefulness of carriage could not accomplish what has been brought about by severe pressure in the money market. Lady Augusta Murray, maid of honor to Queen Victoria, says dress among American ladies is carried to a most vulgar extreme. Why, said she, "I called two days ago on Mrs. I——, at eleven o'clock; but she could not see me. And what do you think was the reason? She was in the hands of her hair-dresser. I have been in court all my life, and never but once, even for a coronation, had my hair dressed by any other than my own hands; and then it was to be powdered and I could not manage the puff.

"The Queen pays two hundred a year, to have her hair dressed in order to save time, as she never allows but a quarter of an hour to her toilet. If Monsieur makes a mistake, and says it is not becoming, the Queen says, 'It can't be helped, you have had your time.' And while the process is going on, she writes, reads, or gives orders for the day." A good lesson to women of a republic.

That activity which can accomplish all things, and without which nothing can be accomplished, becomes turbulent, and may become dangerous when it has neither object nor employment.—*Mirabeau.*

Look not mournfully into the past; it returns no more; wisely improve the present, and go forth into the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow.*

THE SNOW OF AGE.

"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 represents 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 retrogade movement. The old man 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 secret of the 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 carrying him further and further away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

"It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blossoms upon the 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 increased 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, and 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 are 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.

THE CELESTIAL POEM.

The order of the universe is as a celestial poem, whose beauty is from all eternity, and must not be marred by human interpolations. Things proceed as they were ordered, in their nice and well adjusted and perect harmony—so that, as the hand of the skilful artist gathers music from the harp-strings, history gathers it from the well-tuned chords of time. Not that this harmony can be heard while events are passing. Philosophy comes after events, and gives the reason of them, and describes the nature of their results. The great mind of collective man may one day arrive at self-consciousness, so as to interpret the present, and foretell the future; but as yet the sum of present actions, though we ourselves take part in them, seems shapeless and unintelligible. But all is one whole —men, systems, nations, the race, all march in accord with the Divine will, and when any part of the destiny of humanity is fulfilled, we see the ways of Providence vindicated.

The old man was toiling through the burden and heat of the day, in cultivating his field

with his own hand, and depositing the promising seeds into the fruitful lap of the yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him, under the shade of a huge linden tree, a vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon, replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious, and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to this hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," resumed the spirit. "Go again to the ant, and learn from that insect to rest in the winter of your life, and to enjoy what you have gathered up."—*German Allegory.*

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THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

TALES OF COMMON LIFE.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

"Bring me my baby, Edward. Let me kiss my darling once more. Oh, that I could take him with me to the spirit world. Oh, Edward! oh, children! do not weep so. You make death terrible; not to me, oh, not to me, in itself, but only as it comes in terror to you. What will you do without me?" So spoke the dying mother, with quivering lip, and voice all husky with Death's last fearful agonies.

Strong and beautiful had been Agnes Tivott, till the heavy cares of wife, mother, and working woman, wore out, shred by shred, the healthful, energetic constitution. She had been a wife but eight years; yet at twenty-seven, when the blush should still have been upon her cheek in all its freshness, she lay dying; calling, in tremulous and gasping tones, for her unnamed babe, that she might press her cold lips to its velvet cheek, and fold it to her icy breast once more, ere death paralyzed her arms, or stilled forever the throbbing of her loving heart. Well might she say, Oh, that I could take him with me! Death was not terrible to her, for herself. But when she looked at the weeping group around her bed, it made her shudder. Annette, her eldest, not quite seven, yet the oldest of the five, wept bitterly. Precocious and womanly beyond her years, she had learned, as too many children are compelled to in the homes of the poor, deep lessons, better fitted for mature years, than for childhood's golden hairs and bounding footsteps.

She had been set to rock the cradle, when she should have been rocked herself and nursed kindly on her mother's bosom. But her little baby brother had crowded her from her place, ere the swallows had twittered their loves over her crib by the door, two summers. Oh, this excessive maternity; how it destroys the mothers of our land. Agnes, often without help, taught her to sit at "bubby's" feet, and sing her "by-by," while she, with busy hand, performed the labor of the household, including husband, self, two apprentice boys, and the two babies. Every hour was full, every avenue of thought engrossed. Even the night, with its stillness and repose, seldom brought the needful rest to the mechanic's wife. Then came the third to nestle in her heart; and then the fourth. Day by day, the young wife's strength was failing. Year by year the bright hopes of her girlhood withered. Edward was not unkind; he had not ceased to love. He was full of sympathy; never fretted at her; but yet, all unconsciously to himself, he laid upon her heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne. He felt sad when he saw her so weary. He was almost angry that "his poor man's blessings," as he called his little ones, increased so fast. He must work harder and faster, and tarry longer at the bench; "or how could he *support* them." And she, seeing his manly efforts, forgot self, children, the best good of all, and toiled and strove, till nature, worn out by these violations, gave way. And the beautiful, good, loving, and true young mother faded away, like a regal flower cut down ere its time.

Little Annette wept, oh, how bitterly, for her mother had talked to her often, young as she was, of this dark day, which she knew must come. So many weary hours had the little one lingered by the cradle, or sung her lullaby, while mother worked, or laid her weary head on her pillow, to rest from toils she had no strength to bear, that when, with the great hot tears on her cheeks, her mother said — "Annette, be good to the baby when I am gone — love it, and take care of it for mother's sake," the child realized what it was for a mother to die. Edward bent in stern, silent agony over the young mother and her helpless child; and viewed, with tearless, burning eyes, that parting scene. The other children wept because sister, aunty, and all wept, and yet they scarce knew why.

One long kiss to each — one long, earnest gaze, turned slowly from one to the other — one struggle — and all was over. The mother, worn out before her time, had gone to rest, leaving her great work for other hands to do. Agnes, beautiful Agnes Tivott was dead, and her five little children had no mother.

We cannot tell a tale of fashionable romance, and it may startle our readers to know, that as soon as the form of Agnes was laid at rest in the old church-yard, Edward went back to his shop and his toil. He was not a poor man, for he had health and strength, and with these, no man is poor. He had bought him a house. His steady habits made him friends, and they had trusted him; and he was in debt for his small, plain, comfortable house. There was no way to pay the debt — no way to feed the children — no way to pay the nurse for caring for the babe — no way to pay the hired girl who agreed to stay as housekeeper, but to work. His home was his. No one thought of disturbing him, now the days of grief were upon him; and he went to his bench with his mourning weeds upon him. Did he not love Agnes? Yes, as his own life; but he was too busy to see how she suffered — too much engrossed to think to note her paling cheek. She would do so much, and make every thing go off so well; his dinner was so much better, when she cooked it, than when left to the girl; his shirts looked so much better when she ironed them, that he forgot that she was mortal, or could or would faint or die, and thus exacted too much.

But now she was gone, he began to realize her worth. Like the air and the sunshine which came to him, ever to bless and make him comfortable, had come, day by day, her little acts of kindness and love; and, like the air and the sunshine, unappreciated till withdrawn. He had to wait for his dinner. Then he remembered how punctual she was. He found his children uncared for and unhappy. Then came the remembrance of her self-sacrificing patience and love. He found his bills doubled, and remembered her economy and care. He was desponding; there was no one to cheer. He was sick; there was no one to manage, to nurse and comfort. In his long, lonely hours, he had time to think of all the years of her steady toil; and brighter and more hallowed grew her memory for every retrospection.

He got well, worked on, worked hard, but his earnings would not buy food and clothes, pay nurses, hired girls and other helps. He wondered how Agnes had done all this work, and yet had her babe at her breast; work that it took two or three all the time now to do, and yet it was not done well.

At length his nurse gave up her charge. "She could not stand it to take care of the baby while it was teething." Edward remembered Agnes had taken care of two or three at a time that made more trouble. Then the hired girl went off in a huff, just as hired girls had done before, but there was a hand and heart ready always to meet such an emergency. The children were neglected and abused. The house was a place of desolation and discomfort, and his debts grew heavy. "What shall I do?" said Edward Tivott to his neighbor.

"Well, that is a pretty question," said Esquire Jones, with a hearty hoh! ho! ha! "What shall you do? why, get another wife, and the sooner you're about it, the better."

Edward was a little shocked at first, for Agnes had not yet been one year gone. But the more he thought, the more he made up his mind that to marry was the only remedy. And before the year expired, a new bride, young, blooming and beautiful as the first, folded his sweet boy in her arms, and agreed to be *mother* to them all. Agnes had brought to her husband a nice outfit from home, blankets, towels and table linen of her own spinning and weaving, quilts of her own homely work, carpets consecrated in every line and thread, with the buoyant hopes that inspired her as she spun, colored, and wove. They were all there untouched, to remind the new wife of the thrift of the old one, and to make her task easier in the time to come. The nice bedstead, bureau, clock, and china ware in the corner cupboard, were all the gift of Agnes' father; who, though not forehanded, had done all he could for his favorite child. Her wardrobe, which was ample for her condition, remained the property of Edward, and all passed, without reserve, into the care and keeping of the new mistress of the house. The mother of Agnes suggested that some of the things her daughter had worked so hard for, should be saved for the children. But Edward, in the flush of his new joy, spared all interference, and his devotion to his second love became the jest of the village. But it should not. He had been careless of the first, not from intentional coldness and neglect, but for want of thought; bitter indeed had been his retribution, and deep his resolves to look more closely into the wants and wishes of the second.

A year or two brought a "change over the spirit of his dreams." A new family were gathering around him, and the new wife declared, "that he must put out some of the children. She could not do any more than take care of her own;" and to the neighbors she boldly asserted, "it wan't possible for any one to love other people's children as their own; for her part she was not going to try. One family was enough at a time." So the children of Agnes were scattered. The law gave the father all; but did he save it for the children? were they better for its partial dealing? the labor of his wife; the goods she brought him; the children she bore him, all were his without limit or restriction, when she passed away; and yet, he who had supported her and the children, found it impossible with all, to support himself, when she no longer gave her all to him.

Who could blame the young step-mother for feeling that one family at a time was enough? No one. But who will not see that a man with five children should have known better than to have sought out a young girl for a second wife, and that young girls should not consent to take upon themselves burdens that they do not know how to bear?

The first mother was sacrificed on the domestic altar. Must the second follow her fate? But our object is not to find fault with all errors now, but to show, in a true and common tale, the wrongs done daily to woman as the mother, and through her to her children.

[To be continued.]

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BY ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY.

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In this lesson I promised to speak of the Pagan symbols of that old world History, that declining civilization, which was the first fruits of man's converse with external nature; or of the first concurrence of the Creator and the created, manifested in human individuality, and on the social plane.

I must do this in a succinct manner, although I think I could, if required, justify my statement of general facts by antiquarian lore, if not my general inferences as to the meaning, by reasoning on the metaphysics of the facts.

It is not only in the history of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Noah and Babel, that we have the tradition of the first condition and advances of man on earth, with the catastrophes of their first experiments; but in the Persian, Egyptian, Indian, Grecian, Italian, and other mythologies.

And here let me say a word upon mythology. There is a very common error with respect to the meaning of this word, that corrupts the meaning of all its derivatives; so that, in the common colloquy, a false statement has come to be called mythical! But the word myth, which has the same radicals as *mood*, *mind*, and is identical with the German *much*, even in sound, does not mean fiction, but a statement with an inner meaning. A fact of natural history, or a fact of human history becomes *mythical*, when its inner meaning overflows its borders, as it were; when, as I have suggested before, in the words of the poet Emerson, the mere form *fades, in the light of its meaning sublime;* being stated for the very purpose of suggesting this inner meaning. The parables of Christ are fictions, used as myths, that is, used to suggest moral and spiritual truth. History is a great myth, used by Divine Providence to be the exponent of Divine Laws, operating on the human plane, where God and nature meet in man for adjustment to each other. Whole cycles of history can be epitomized, and in all ages are epitomized, in statements which are more or less expressive of their divine purpose. Any statement expressive of the divine drift, is a perfect myth; so the material Creation is mythical, and when Æsop gathers up the wisdom that may be derived from watching the action of animal characteristics, in their natural play, he called his fanciful narratives *myths*. Myths are symbolic statements. A form sculptured or painted, or a group of forms, or a ceremony, is *symbolic*, when it rolls into itself the idea which its form

naturally suggests to the imagination; and a narrative is *mythical* when it does the same. A state of society, in which symbol and myth form a large part of the intercourse of minds, is not a low, but a high state of society; and the very fact that the traditions of the earliest civilization have come down to us in mythological and symbolic form, is a proof of the high state of man at that time, when his comparatively unspoiled and healthy physical nature, gave the universe to his senses undistorted, and the yet unparalyzed and unexhausted energies of his healthy imagination kept the arts in ratio with science. The stupendous grandeur and beauty of early art, the indications found in the oldest monuments of the grandest generalizations of science, and especially the fact that the oldest languages are the richest in expressions for everything, not only in the world of matter, but of *mind*, are so many irrefragable proofs of a condition of humanity, when the sciences of nature, and the arts that flow from them, were developed very highly; although it may doubtless be true that the moral and spiritual development now is wholly in advance of what it was then; giving promise of our more permanently keeping the heights of nature, which we are regaining, with the immortal advantage derived from the experience of the disaster of their loss.

The foundation myth of the Persians was also put at the head of their history of the world. According to the Fargards of Zoroaster, the kingdom of "the good principle" was first established on earth, north-east of Persia; and it is described as Paradise is, as a state of perfect happiness and justice, into which the evil spirit Ahriman entered, and therefore Ormuzd and his people left it, to be devastated by the Serpent of Winter, and took up their abode, successively, in the sixteen provinces of Persia; from each of which Ahriman drove them, by introducing evils, moral, intellectual, or physical. At last, Jemschid, the first man, was established at Persepolis, and taught agriculture and the moral law, and lived a thousand years, like Adam. The grotesque overlaying of the original identical fact, intimated in the history of Genesis, proves, that the people who preserved it, had deviated farther from the simplicity and beauty of nature, than those who related the story of Adam and Eve. And though there is an obscure intimation of a final victory of Ormuzd over Ahriman, yet the equal power of the two principles intimates a less approximation of those who made this myth, to the fountain of eternal truth, than the Hebrew. The Hebrew statement, in short, has all the advantage in internal evidence of being the pure inspiration of God. Still, the fact of the Persian myth corresponding, in so singular a manner, in form, with the Hebrew, intimates an outward historical fact, as the basis of both.

At the basis of Egyptian mythology, lies a still entirely different, but in general drift, identical myth. Before the kingdom of Menes, there was on earth, according to the Egyptians, a divine kingdom, ruled by Osiris; but out of the depths of the earth, came the monster Typhoeus, who tore him limb from limb, and overthrew his kingdom, and buried the various members of his dissevered body, in secret places, all over the world. Isis, his wife, goes mourning up and down, seeking these buried remains, and when all shall be found, and laid together, Osiris will spring into existence again, the sovereign Lord of Earth. Here is the human soul, falling under the power of natural evil, but to be restored at last, and recreate the Paradise that was lost so childishly. First, there is sovereignty of the intellectual or masculine element of humanity; then this lapses under nature; and in the Egyptian tradition, as in the Hebrew, the feminine or passive principle, nature, as Isis, becomes the efficient means of restoration—being inspired with a desire unto her husband,—i. e., an aspiration towards the sovereignty of the divine man. The mourning Isis and the suffering Eve are wonderful coincidences.

In the story of Prometheus in elder Greece, which, tracing his pedigree to Japetus, and by the locality of the Caucasian rock, seems to intimate the descent of the human race from Central Asia, Hesiod gives us another form of the same tradition, still more beautiful and rich than the last.

Here the one Adam of the Hebrew becomes Epimetheus and Prometheus. Prometheus warns Epimetheus from receiving anything from the hands of Jupiter, who represents the earthly wisdom and power in a still more attractive form than the serpent; and who, not without the use of the very fire which Prometheus had brought to earth, has the "all-gifted" woman brought forth to tempt human constancy; and forgetting his divine brother's warning, Epimetheus "received" her. But she brought with her a box, and as soon as she is received, she lifts the lid. Out of the box fly all the diseases and other ills that afflict humanity. Flaxmann has embodied all this story in his simple severe lines, with the finest apprehension of the meaning. And in this Greek myth, the woman, who is made the author of the world's wo, becomes, like Eve, the conserver of the immortal Hope, which saves the race from despair. Pandora drops the lid of the box upon Hope, and keeps that treasure to soften the wo and inspire faith in a final blessing.

The "all-gifted" nature, which is the stumbling block of humanity when passively and stupidly "received," is the very means by which it is to be finally blessed, when the true relations shall be restored between the active and passive principles; Spirit becoming genial master, and Nature all-loving helpmeet.

But the story of Prometheus develops another point of the Hebrew statement. The divine Titan is nailed to the rock of suffering for thirty thousand years; and a vulture preys upon the immortal liver. But he has within him the prophetic certainty of a final triumph, which he will not reveal to Jupiter. A kindred myth tells us that *labor* was the solution of the problem. Hercules, (the son of Jupiter and the beautiful Alcmena,) having conquered all the scourges of the earth, sails round the rock of Caucasus in a golden cup, as his final labor, and frees Prometheus.

As I must not make this lesson too long, I must refer you to Hesiod's "works and days," to read for yourselves the description of the four ages of man, beginning with the golden age. Hesiod lived and wrote four or five hundred years before Herodotus, and the myths he collected were of unknown antiquity, their very contradictions showing an almost infinity of sources. I meant, too, to have spoken of the Saturnian age of Italy, as well as of a multitude of other myths, through which the mind, trained in mythological expression, can discern all the general facts of which we have the venerable relation in the chapters of Genesis, that precede the life of Abraham, where we come to unquestionable biography, and where I shall begin next time. But before I dismiss this subject of mythology, let me recommend to you to study K. O. Müller's Scientific Introduction to Mythology, where you will find the finest hints upon the resolution of the myths of all nations.

"What art thou to the All-Directing and Omniscient? Canst thou yet imagine, that thy presence on earth can give to the hearts thou lovest the shelter which the humblest take from the wings of the Presence that lives in Heaven? Fear not thou for their future. Whether thou live or die, their future is the care of the Most High! In the dungeon and on the scaffold looks everlastingly the eye of Him, tenderer than thou to love, wiser than thou to guide, mightier than thou to save!"

"It is quiet, happy noon: the sunlight, broken by the tall roofs in the narrow street, comes yet through the open casement, the impartial play-fellow of the air, gleesome alike in temple and prison, in hall and hovel: as golden and blithe whether it laugh over the first hour of life, or quiver in its gay delight on the terror and agony of the last!"

"Wherever the soul can wander, the Eternal Soul of all things protects it still!"

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH—SARAH ROGERS—MRS. MILNER GIBSON.

The living links that unite us to the poets of the first half of the present century, are fast disappearing from among us. This week has added another to the many that have gone. Dorothy Wordsworth, the only sister of William Wordsworth, died at Rydal Mount, in Westmoreland, on the 25th of January, in her eighty-fourth year. She was born on Christmas day, 1771, and from girlhood (though not from childhood,) was the constant and chosen associate of her illustrious brother. Wordsworth was as fond of his sister as Charles Lamb was of his sister, and we know how touchingly Elia has exhibited his fondness for Mary Lamb. Mary Lamb lived single; so did Dorothy Wordsworth. Both had poetic tastes and sensibilities, both were fond of poetry, and both suggested subjects to their respective brothers, which have had a beneficial effect upon our literature. The contrast between the temper of Wordsworth and his sister, is represented by the poet himself:

> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly;
> A very hunter did *I* rush
> Upon the prey;
> But *she*, God love her! feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings.

He loved her in earnest truth, and has rejoiced in verse that

> The blessing of his later years
> Was with him when a boy;

while he has characterized the nature of her influence upon him in four remarkable lines:

> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy.

She delighted in Chaucer and in Spenser; caught, on many occasions, the raptured ear and eye of Coleridge with the point and spirit of her poetic criticisms, and was found by Southey to be the cheerful, well-informed companion of many a country walk and winter fireside. In 1836, she became, as Wordsworth himself has told us, "a confirmed invalid;" yet such was the natural strength of her constitution, that she survived for eighteen years. Her fine memory she retained, we believe, to the last.

Though Dorothy Wordsworth was not gifted like her brother, with what her brother calls "the accomplishment of verse," yet she had all the genius and faculty divine of a true poet, looking on nature with a poet's eye. How exquisitely earnest and truthful is her description of daffodils, as seen in Spring. "We saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. As we went along there were more and yet more; and at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw there was a long belt of them along the shore. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about them. Some rested their heads on these stones as on a pillow; the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, they looked so gay and glancing." What the sister saw and told in prose, Wordsworth saw through his sister's eyes and has told in verse:

> I wandered lonely as a cloud
> That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
> When all at once I saw a crowd,
> A host of golden daffodils;
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
>
> Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle on the milky-way,
> They stretched in never-ending line
> Along the margin of a bay;
> Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
> Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
>
> The waves beside them danced; but they
> Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
> A Poet could not but be gay
> In such a jocund company.
> I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
> What wealth the show to me had brought.
>
> For oft, when on my couch I lie
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> *They flash upon that inward eye,*
> *Which is the bliss of solitude:*
> And then my heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils.

Of this poem Wordsworth himself has told us that the two best lines in it are by his sister. These lines we have printed in italics. Surely there is now a chance of our seeing Miss Wordsworth's Diary entire. If she reported conversations as she described the face of nature, her Diary must be a treat. One of her sayings is well known—"When a child I could not have pulled a strawberry blossom." There is the sense of womanhood in this.

Since this was written we observe that the only sister of another poet has just been removed from among us, at an age only one year younger than Miss Wordsworth. On the 29th of last month, died, at Brighton, Miss Sarah Rogers, the only sister of the poet of "The Pleasures of Memory," who, happily, still survives among us. Miss Rogers had all her brother's taste for art and literature. Her house in Hanover Terrace was elegantly filled with choice examples of art from Giotto to Stothard, bought as much by her own good sense as by her brother's example and assistance. Some of her best pictures she is understood to have left to the National Gallery.

Mrs. Milner Gibson is honorably known to all literary men in London, of any distinction. She loves their company, and is, by her conversational powers, fit to associate with the most intellectual and refined. What author is there, then, who does not wish her well, or who will not rejoice in any accession of fortune to one who uses what she has with equal sense and liberality? One of the choicest properties in Suffolk—Hardwick House, near Bury St. Edmunds—has just descended somewhat unexpectedly to her. It was her father's, and she was an only child, and yet there was a chance—nay, more than a chance—of the property passing away from her to the second wife of her father. Few believed otherwise. But old Sir Thomas Cullum, whatever he may have hinted he would do, has done what he ought to have done, and that choice Elizabethan mansion, so sweetly situated on a rising knoll among woods, is now the property of Mrs. Milner Gibson, with the attendant advantages, so it is said, of twelve thousand a year.—*London Illustrated News.*

THE LAST INCARNATION.

FOURTH LEGEND.

THE APPRENTICE CARPENTER.

At that time, Jesus said: "In order to render the condition of the children better, it is first necessary to teach their fathers and their mothers.

"When men shall be associated in their labor, the heaviest burdens will not weigh upon the weakest, and when all shall work, there will be rest for all. Then the rich will no longer torture their own children in order to fit them for unjust domination, and the poor will not be compelled to bend their youngest sons to the sorrows of servitude. For selfish passions will no longer stifle nature, and men will understand that labor is a duty and should never be a punishment. For there is no one to whom Providence has not given more fitness for one function than for another; and labor ought to be distributed according to the inclinations, and divided according to the strength of each.

"As to education, it ought to be common to all, like the light of the sun, for all desire it, and feel the need of it. And when it shall no longer be falsified in its direction and barbarous in its methods, it will be a reward and a happiness for all children."

Jesus said this as he passed near a harbor where the carpenters were at work building a vessel. Some were squaring a large tree, which was to be placed at the keel, and others were smoothing and adjusting planks of equal size, to form the sides of the hull. And all worked according to a plan and upon precise measures, in order that the work of one should conform to that of another, and that the whole should be harmoniously composed of all the parts.

Jesus, under the figure of a youth, approached the foreman, who had the superintendence of the work, and asked him if he could not give him occupation among his workmen.

The foreman looked at him disdainfully, and said to him: "What use could you be to us? You are not strong enough?"

Jesus then noticed ten stout men who could not succeed in lifting an enormous piece of timber, because they distributed their forces badly, and did not act together. All the strongest were on one side, and on the other all the weakest; so that the piece of timber, when raised on one side, threatened to fall on the other, and to crush a part of the workmen.

Jesus approached and said to them: "Brothers, let me help you."

And they began to laugh, leaving their hard labor in order to wipe the sweat from their brows.

But Jesus spoke to them with so much gen-

tleness that they allowed themselves to be advised by him: he distributed the greatest strength where the weight was most heavy, assigned to each his post, indicating to him the motion he was to make; he himself then placed his white and delicate hand under the enormous mass and gave the signal. And the mass of timber was raised without effort, and as if by a miracle.

Then turning towards the foreman, he said to him: "You see that in association no one is weak; for he who can do the least with his hands, can sometimes do the most by his advice. It is the co-operation of small efforts that determines the greatest movements; and in order that a small force may become a power, it is only necessary to put it in its true place, so that it may act in harmony with all the other forces."

Then the workmen said to him: "You are very young; and we see that you are already passed master in our trade."

Jesus said to them: "I am an apprentice carpenter; but I speak to you in the name of supreme wisdom, which is master in all the arts and in all the sciences. When Noah caused to be built the ark, which was to preserve the seeds of a new world, he consulted that supreme wisdom, and by it directed the co-operation of his workmen in the construction of that wonderful vessel.

"But the workmen who had labored in the building of the ark did not enter it, and perished in the deluge, because they obeyed the man, and did not penetrate the divine thought. Let it not be so with you, for I tell you in truth, that you are called to the building of a new ark. Be, therefore, intelligent workmen; and be careful to provide a place for yourselves and for your children in the great social vessel, in order that you may not perish when the great storm shall come."

The workmen said to him: "Of what storm do you speak?"

Jesus answered them: "When the wind blows, it must raise, or it must carry away, or it must overturn everything that opposes its passage. If it is thrown back upon the waters, it will upturn the mass of the waters; and if it descends in a whirlwind upon the earth, it will uproot the trees.

"The spirit of God, the spirit of intelligence and of love, is like an impetuous wind, which blows from the east even to the west. It drives before it the clouds of error, shakes the rocks of pride which resist it, and uproots the old beliefs. And those who have thought they could usurp the kingdom of heaven, try to repel it and to drive it back upon the suffering multitudes, as upon the surface of the waters. This is why you must hasten to erect the edifice of salvation, in order that the rising of the waters may not carry you away."

Then the workmen understood his words; and some became pensive, others looked at him with astonishment, while others murmured within themselves, saying: "This young boy is sent here to make us talk:" and they mistrusted him.

But Jesus, taking an axe, began to work with them; and everything that he did was of an admirable precision.

Then he said to them: "If any one requests you to labor for the salvation of your brothers, and does not at the same time put his hand to the work, distrust that man. True love for the people is proved less by words than by deeds. And how will they believe that a man feels for their sufferings, unless he suffers with them? Listen to the advice of those who give you examples, and do not allow yourselves to be enervated and discouraged in the present by thoughts of the future: the future will be the son of the present, and to-morrow will gather what you sow to-day.

"But take care that envy, or foolish pride, or other bad passions, do not make you despise the advice of those who love you. Recollect what happened to the people who allowed Jesus to be crucified. Know that the spirit of Jesus is always upon the earth, and that often, when you least expect him, he approaches you. Do not say, what right has such a one to teach us? It is as if you said, what right has he to love us?

"Receive truth, from love for the truth itself, and be not jealous of him who devotes himself to tell it to you. Listen not to those who seek to depreciate his words, by accusing his person, for the weaknesses of man belong to man, but the word of truth belongs to God. And you must know that it is so much the more divine, because it uses the voice of a more imperfect being, in order that you may not attach yourself to the man who speaks, but only to the truth which he tells you."

The men of the people, on hearing these words, were seized with respect; and, looking upon him who spoke to them, it seemed to them that they had already seen him before. Each of them found in him some resemblance to those whom he had loved, and whose affection had rendered his life less bitter. To some, it was the remembrance of a mother; to others, it was the image of a son, or of a brother, who was no longer in this world; all felt their hearts moved, and courage and hope were reawakened in their souls.

Jesus worked with them until their dinner-hour, and as they rested themselves to eat, he remarked that some had more, the others less; and he said to them: "Do you know how the Christ formerly multiplied the loaves to satisfy the people in the desert?" They answered him: "No; and we do not believe in that miracle, because it appears to us impossible."

Jesus said to them: "Put together in common all that you have brought for your dinner, in order that each may have the advantage of what belongs to all; and you will see that your provisions will be multiplied, for the bread of fraternal communion will be the bond of association, and the seed of future prosperity. And each of you will feel that he ought not to be a burden to the others, and you will be like the earth which receives the grain that is given to it, to render it back a hundred fold." Then, having blessed the bread, he broke it, and distributed it among them; and he did the same with the other provisions; and he said to them: "Learn what humanity can do by the labor of its hands."

Then each offered from his share to his brethren, and no one wished to receive more than he could give in return; seeing which, Jesus said to them: "The kingdom of God is not far from you." And he left them.

"Will you come back?" cried the workmen. "Yes," replied he; "if you do as I have told you, you will soon see me again in the midst of you."

And he left them in their astonishment, not daring to communicate their thoughts to each other; and several said: "If he were not so young, we should think the Christ had again come among us." Because they did not reflect that the spirit of the Christ is immortal, and cannot grow old.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

This was my dream! — seeking, forever seeking,
Mine *other* half, to make the whole entire —
The one true love, the true soul-language speaking,
To which pure natures only can inspire;
Acting on each with subtle influence,
Through the full harmony of soul and sense!

The one grand type, kept sacred now and ever —
Both seekers after the essential good;
The central point of mutual high endeavor,
When each concenters in his noblest mood,
All God-like qualities,—and generous deeds,
Each knowing what the *other* chiefly needs!

Oh! not alone a beautiful delusion,
This *unity* of love—the two made *one*;—
The living stream made clear in its transfusion,
Through the veined heart, which keepeth the true tone
Of love Divine, and thence inviolate
A rapturous bliss — a beauty Infinite.

Oh! heavenly pure, this doctrine of the love
Which Plato's lore hath made so beautiful;
And harmonizing tenderly with all
The tones within, strong, deep, and dutiful;
With no discordant element to curse
A destiny, which man, *not* God, makes worse!

Soul of our souls! thou Heavenly Refiner,
O! purify from dross the gold within,
And from the altar of the true Shekinah,
May we the angels' purest worship win.
Acting on each with subtlest influence,
Through the full harmony of soul and sense!

April, 1855.

PHILOSOPHY OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY L. A. HINE.

Progress in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, demands the liberation of Woman from the legal disabilities which the Constitution and laws of a Republic impose upon her. Previous centuries have also heard the demands of progress for the emancipation of various classes. When Athens was in her glory, four thousand freemen boasted of their forty thousand *white* slaves. In Rome, the father and husband held an absolute authority over his wife and children, even to the life, which was at his mercy. In the rise of modern nations the great body of the people were Serfs, bought and sold with the land held in immense tracts by the Feudal chiefs, as the serfs of Russia are now bought and sold—the number of the serfs on an estate, at a certain price per head, giving the value of the estate.

Age after age has witnessed the liberation of some of these enslaved classes, until now it is regarded as abnormal every where, from Jeddo all round the earth, to hold a white man in slavery. White women are yet subject to traffic in some civilized (?) countries. Every attempt that has been made for the enlargement of the "area of freedom," has been opposed in the same spirit now manifested by the opponents of Woman's Rights.

There are no classes now in Republican (?) governments deemed legitimate subjects of legal restriction, except negroes, women and culprits. As to the negroes, anti-slavery has been the agitation for a quarter of a century. As to culprits, it is expected that Free Schools will soon liberate them all. And as to the women, it is but a few years since public attention was first called to the injustice of legal restrictions upon the liberty of one half of humanity—restrictions originating in the caprice of the other half.

Without arguing the question, does it not look like the very paragon of modesty for the race to arrogate absolute power and unite in restraining the liberty of woman—and that too, without even asking her consent? Our government is said to be based on the consent of the governed, but woman was not consulted—she is therefore no party to the great contract, and consequently, the government has, in a moral point of view, no claim upon her fealty or respect for the laws. The least that could be expected to maintain a claim upon her obedience, is, that every husband inquire of his wife each year before casting his vote, whether she chooses to remain, in the eye of the law, in her present condition. If she says "no," he is morally bound to vote against those laws which restrict her liberty more than his own. It may be said that though she may answer "no," he may be unwilling to remove them, and they must remain? He has no discretion in the matter. Men, without any right, made the laws in question, and as he says the government is based on consent, when his wife says "repeal the restrictions," he is bound to free himself from the guilt of her bondage. Is not this true?

But seriously. The reader's attention is called to a proposition. In a free government, there should be no laws restricting individual liberty, except those which have for their object the preservation of order. Social harmony is the only rightful foundation for such legislation. The reader readily admits the truth of this proposition. He cannot deny it. Let us now look back at the minor promise. Laws restricting the liberty of one sex more than the other, are not necessary for the preservation of order. Cannot the conservative reader admit this proposition, also? If not, what will he say? Simply an assertion—which cannot be proved—that, for the protection of society, it is necessary to restrain woman more than man.

Let us argue. Upon what are penal statutes based? Upon the disposition of some persons to do wrong. Restrictive laws are designed to operate only upon the offending. All admit that there is no necessity of attempting to restrain any but the wrong-doers. For certainly if order is disturbed, some offenders are guilty of it, and they should be punished. It would be abominable to punish a peaceable, orderly citizen, and let the real offenders escape. Does woman violate the laws of social order? Sometimes. Men restrain and punish her by the same laws that inflict penalties upon men for the same offences. Is not this correct? Certainly, you say. But hold! You have asserted that to preserve order it is necessary to restrain woman more than man! What are you now compelled to insist upon in order to be consistent and just? You are forced to contend that woman is more inclined to crime and general social disorder than man! This you declare in order to be consistent;—but how you blush!

Are you not forced to say what you know to be false? Have you not, yourself, a thousand times admitted and extolled the superior virtue of woman? Have not philosophers, preachers, and all the orators, pronounced the most flattering encomiums upon the female character? Have not poets often invoked the Muses to suitably inspire them in attempting to sing the praise of woman? If you insist upon her deeper depravity, you stand alone in the wide, wide world. If you consult the jail, penitentiary and the gallows, you see the fact that not one in twenty, who are imprisoned and hung, is a woman. You are therefore compelled to yield the argument.

As, then, the minor premise is true, the conclusion follows that all restrictive laws, making distinctions between the sexes, should be repealed, as uncalled for and unjust. You may still say, that if the women were to vote, there would be endless confusion at the polls. Then let those who make the disturbance be punished. You might as well forbid the franchise to all decent men at once, and give politics over to the "scoundrelly class," entirely.

But it is often said that political rights are out of the sphere of woman. How do they know this? The franchise has never been offered her? If they are out of her sphere, what is the use of your restrictive laws, forbidding her to do that which she is not inclined to perform? If none were inclined to crime, there would be no use for criminal law. Repeal these laws, and it could soon be determined whether politics are within woman's sphere or not. If they are unnatural to her, she will not vote—if they are not unnatural, it is certainly wrong to forbid her the ballot-box.

A common argument against us is that Nature has made decided distinctions between the sexes, therefore the laws should make them. There are decided distinctions too between man and man—therefore the laws should not recognize their political equality. One of these natural differences is said to consist in the comparative size of the male and female head, man's being about an inch the largest! Very well. Why then is not man contented to let his big head prevail by its own force, and not cowardly ask the aid of law in maintaining his authority over woman? What fools the enemies of truth always make of themselves.

Another brief proposition. Whatever is right to be done, every individual, male and female, that has ability and desires to do it, has a right to do it. Who can dispute this proposition? Is it not self-evident? Does not freedom require its admission in practice, as well as theory? It is right to vote. Woman has the requisite ability for voting, and therefore if she desires to vote, she should enjoy the privilege. But the only reply to this is that not one in ten of the women would vote if they had the privilege. Very well—grant it. As a democrat, who would forbid even the one in ten doing what is right, and which they have the ability and desire to perform? Let the enemy of Woman's Rights, who claims to be a democrat, stand forth. It is also said that the women have children to care for, and have not time to attend the polls. Plenty of time for visiting, journeying, attending church, lectures, concerts, theatres and balls—but two hours cannot be afforded for voting. Any thing but that, Benzoin. The enemy retreats from the field, for he dreads any further exposure of his folly and stupidity. He is determined to think more and say less for the future. A wise resolution.

THE WEST, '55.

A WESTERN WIFE.

DEAR FRIEND:—The first No. of the *Una* has been received; and it does seem that the women of the nation ought to have at least one organ of their own, under their own control. Men have, in so many instances, proved themselves undeserving the confidence placed in them, in legislation, in property, in power, &c., that I should think the women would make sure of the *press*, now it is within their reach, and wield it for the reclamation of their own rights.

With regard to woman's abilities in the relations of business, financiering, calculating, power of execution, wife, mother, &c., I have finally concluded to send you a few extracts from the letters of my wife, during necessary absence last year; but the terms of admission to your valuable columns, are "brevity and comprehension"—I'll try and come in under the first.

Under date of August 1st, my wife writes: "I went to town yesterday with four bushels wheat and three of corn, for our own use, and sixteen of corn to sell, with three bushels sweet potatoes, and some butter, with which I got the material for the children's good warm winter clothing."

Here 's her opinion of *spring wheat:* "I am entirely out with spring wheat. We only had 8 bushels to the acre. I took it to the mill, but could only get 30 lbs. flour per bushel in exchange for it; and they would not grind it at that. It has cost us more than 50 cents a bushel, besides our own labor. I think it would be better economy to raise corn and buy wheat."

In answer to the question, Do you have the ague? she says: "No! nor we don't *mean* to."

One of Solomon's marks of a good wife was, "She considereth a field and buyeth it,"—i. e., if it was *best* to buy it, I suppose.

She says, September 6th: "I offered Mr. —— 225 dollars for his house and lot, (and he wait until I sell the corn.) But I would prefer putting that under fence on the Mosaic. I was over there the other day,* and find I can get it "broken" for the crop. I have written to know how many posts and boards it will take to fence it."——"I have hired a hand until after harvest next year. There are three acres of timber here, to clear off yet, and the fences are all to be repaired, and the boards and posts to be hauled, over on the prairie, before the time for spring crops arrives."

Some good motherly conservative will say, "But she must neglect her family duty, certainly."

My oldest daughter (6 years) writes to me at this time, as follows: "We say lessons and write, and bathe every day. I don't love to say lessons very well, but mother says I must, and that father wants me to; so I do. We are learning the multiplication table, and to knit, and we help mother wash dishes."

August 3d, she writes: "Mother *can* drive the wagon. She took us to father W——'s and got peach buds; then to A. T——'s and got pear buds; then to mill; then to J. W——'s and got apple buds; then to H——'s and got peach buds; then to J——'s and got us a bushel of *ripe apples:* then to the Post Office and got your letter." (This has a circuit of about twelve miles.)

Once the two oldest daughters were left at a neighbor's, until their mother went to town and back. At dinner, they were seated at the table, and helped to such food as the others were. The oldest looked at her plate very closely for a little while, and then moved it away—then carefully moved her sister's plate from her, and said to the woman: "We do n't want that— we don't know what that is." (It was some preparation of flesh or butter, or something of the kind.) So the plates were removed, and a nice (?) piece of bread and butter was spread and handed to each of them. The oldest looked at it carefully for a time, and then handed it back, and took the piece from the other and handed back that, and said, "*We want clean bread!*"

I ought to say, that as we are vegetarians entirely, they have never eaten butter, meat, or anything of the kind; this shows firmness of purpose, and somewhat of a mother's influence, and is worthy of imitation by older children.

August 19th, she writes again: "We had fine times at uncle H——'s. Mother and us went alone over the river in the wagon. The water was almost over colty's back, and come up to the seats in the wagon. We were afraid, a little, but mother was not, and she told us to hold our feet up." (I choose to retain the wording as nearly as possible.)

The river here spoken of, is a half mile wide or more, and is very seldom fordable at this season of the year. It is crossed by horse-ferry boats.

Do you think I should exaggerate, if I should subscribe myself a happy husband, and in favor of Woman's Rights?

JNO. O. WATTLES.

* A distance of 25 miles.

A FOOLISH LECTURER.

Rev. Lyman Whiting has made himself appear very ridiculous by refusing, after having engaged to do so, to lecture before the Andover Lyceum, because Rev. Antoinette L. Brown lectured there the week previous! His place was supplied by Rev. Elijah Kellogg, of Boston, who, upon being told of Mr. Whiting's refusal to lecture because a woman had preceded him, very naturally asked, What is that to him?"—*Portland Transcript.*

[From the Crisis.]

TO MY WIFE, WHEN ABSENT FROM HOME.

Sweet wife of my bosom, though wand'ring afar,
Borne on by the steam-wafted vessel or car,
How charming soever the prospects may be,
My thoughts are at home with my children and thee.

There, joyful I see, when the table is spread,
Eight bright ones beside it,—my wife at its head;
And then, from the FATHER of all, they implore
His blessing of love and of life evermore.

Well pleased may the angels throng bright at thy side,
Whilst years of enjoyment delightfully glide;—
Ere called from the scenes of terrestrial love,
Those angels shall welcome thee sainted above.

Though mem'ry looks backward to life's early scenes,
And sees thee a girl in the charms of thy teens,
Yet still on thy cheek as enchantingly glows
The white of the Lily—the red of the Rose.

Nor less does thy spirit, in beauty and prime,
Survive the encroachments of sorrow and time;
For bright is thy REASON—and warm is thy HEART,
And Virtue hath made thee the angel thou art.

SOLYMAN BROWN.

LAKE GEORGE.

Not in the bannered castle—
Beside the gilded throne—
On fields where knightly ranks have strode—
In feudal halls—alone—
The spirit of the stately mien,
Whose presence flings a spell,
Fadeless, on all around her,
In empire loves to dwell.

Gay piles and moss-grown cloisters
Call up the shadows vast,
That linger in their dim domain—
Dreams of the visoned past!
As sweep the gorgeous pageants by
We watch the pictured train,
And sigh that aught so glorious
Should be so brief and vain.

But here a spell yet deeper
Breathes from the woods, the sky;
Proudlier these rocks and waters speak
Of hoar antiquity.
Here nature built her ancient realm,
While yet the world was young;
Her monuments of grandeur
Unshaken stand, and strong.

Here shines the sun of freedom
Forever o'er the deep,
Where freedom's heroes, by the shore,
In peaceful glory sleep.
And deeds of high and proud emprize
In every breeze are told—
The everlasting tribute
To hearts that now are cold.

Farewell then, scenes so lovely!
If sunset gild your rest,
Or the pale starlight gleam upon
The water's silvery breast—
Or morning on these glad green isles
In trembling splendor glows—
A holier spell than beauty
Hallows your pure repose!

The Una.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1855.

MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS, } EDITORS.
MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL, }

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1855.

Among the various public institutions with which the Federal City abounds, there is perhaps no one of more profound interest, than that of the Coast Survey Office; and possibly none which attracts less of the popular attention. To those who have any appreciation of science, a visit there will afford the highest enjoyment. The perfection to which the instruments used have been brought, and the various discoveries, astonish almost as much as do the hidden and beautiful workings of nature. The power of mind over matter, the fixed principles upon which every thing is made to act, and the perfect uniformity of these laws with those which govern the universe, are but another evidence of the great primary design of harmony.

Our attention was early called to this institution from there being two ladies engaged in a department of it, paid by government at the same rate as men who perform the same labor. We were desirous of knowing whether the work done here was of so peculiar a character, that only two women among all the vast number who are seeking professions could be found fitted to perform it; and an invitation from Captain Benham to visit the office was therefore most gratefully accepted, and to him we owe many obligations for a vast amount of information most delightfully communicated, for we must confess that had we gone alone and looked at all the wonderful inventions, we should have been very little the wiser for the expenditure of time; but with Captain Benham's lucid explanations, "light was brought out of darkness, order out of confusion," and with a good glass to the eye, drawings which appeared at first a mere blur were made beautiful from the perfection of their execution. Maps were shown us on which every farm with its boundaries, every cluster of trees, every river and brook, every curve in the coast, and every mountain and slight elevation were shown, with their relative height, by the lines in the drawings. These maps were pen-drawings of the most exquisite perfection, requiring at least seven years' labor to complete one, and at an expense of ten thousand dollars. The question arose, Why are not women, with their smaller hands and flexibility of muscles; their keen, quick sight, and allowed imitativeness, better fitted for this work than men? If they cannot go out with the theodolite and make the observations, can they not execute this work equally well? The experiment of computing and other work in this office has not failed; and it seems now that all that is needed are occupants for the goodly land. Let women fit themselves for the various divisions of labor, such as computing, drawing, engraving, electrotyping, printing, publishing, instrument making, librarians, &c. &c. In all these departments there must certainly be niches for them to fill with credit and profit to themselves, and good to the world.

We had not the faintest conception of the amount of labor required and performed in the surveys, nor of the perfect knowledge attained of the topography of the earth's surface by the system of triangulation. The work of a season sometimes covers an area of but forty square miles. From a single point in this area the primary angles are not less than forty-five, while the secondary will fall very little within two hundred, and the observations are over two thousand. With such accurate and minute knowledge, it ceases to be wonderful that calculations based upon it are infallible.

From these observations on the coast, the proper positions for light-houses, beacons, &c., are determined upon. Point Judith in New England is a central or pivotal station from whence an almost infinite number of triangular lines start for the survey of the Atlantic Coast, as far north as Maine, and south to Delaware.

It may seem like a positive impertinence to turn aside from the description of surveys to give the tradition of this noted point, but an impertinence is sometimes acceptable; and we are informed that this point, which is becoming one of so much importance to topographical and hydrographical observations, is one of peculiar interest to "the women folk." "A lady of high rank in the Colonies' early history, it is said, but of shrewish disposition, met with an adventure at this place. Having set forth with her amiable spouse in quest of a new home, she found occasion to scold furiously while on shipboard (and doubtless there was an occasion), whereupon the vessel hove to and put Mistress Judith and her other half on shore; and it is further stated that even now, in the dread hour when spirits wake, her voice is heard above the loudest winds; and few who have rounded this stormy point will doubt the tale; thus Mistress Judith attained an immortal name, and it is fitting that it should be rehearsed by us; if, however, we had the time, we would prove that she was no shrew after all, but that she simply insisted upon right, and men who had the might set her ashore on those barren rocks to starve.

The instruments which most interested us were the self-registering tide gauge, the deep ocean thermometer, and a little instrument for copying medallions either of basso or alto. When wound up and properly adjusted to its work, it wrought on with unwearying diligence, copying a head of Washington, following every curved line and variation with an exactness and precision that seemed almost to indicate that there were concealed hands, and eyes, and a brain to direct them at work before us; while the machine in its principle is so simple that a little child can comprehend it. Mr. Saxton, the inventor, stood by and watched the work of his brain-child with a most loving interest. He is also the inventor of the self-registering tide gauge, which like this, seems endowed with reason, for it goes on hour after hour, recording the rise and fall of the tides, doing the work of several men, regulated by one, more perfectly than it would be possible for them; for man must rest, eat, sleep, and sometimes may fall into abstractions, and thus his watchfulness be interrupted.

This instrument is simply a float rising and falling with the tide, and so connected with a recording pencil as to cause it to pass transversely across the record sheet whenever the float moves. A clockwork moves this sheet under the pencil, and pricks into it the hours, half-hours and quarters. Two movements are provided for, the uniform and the transverse, and these are proportioned to the positive movement, while allowance can be made for the winds.

The deep ocean thermometer, like the tide gauge, records its observations taken where living man could never penetrate. This, together with a little instrument on the suction principle for bringing up the soils from the deep sea, and thus measuring its relative depth, is also Mr. Saxton's invention; nor were these all the offspring of his fertile brain: a little instrument for measuring the speed of a ship at its launching, and the most perfect scales, weights and measures were his. The accuracy of the scales may be judged when it is known that the ten thousandth part of an ounce will move them.

The beautiful art of electrotyping is brought to a very high state of perfection in this institution, higher, perhaps, than anywhere else, certainly higher than we have ever met with or read of, and by this process so much expense is saved in re-engraving, and maps and charts, &c., are so rapidly multiplied through it, that every individual may supply himself with the most valuable at a trifling expense. Last year over seven thousand copies were distributed by Congress to various literary institutions and individuals.

While passing through the various rooms, examining with intense interest all these wonderful inventions, a feeling of deep sadness, almost of bitter jealousy, came over us, that among them all there was no work of woman; but the recollection that she has always been excluded from a knowledge of the principles of mechanics, which are essential to invention, at once explains why she is not found here. Phrenology proves her brain to be large in the region of constructiveness and calculation, with such other organs as in combined action make an inventor, and facts prove this ability hers, though exercised only on trifles of dress and her household arrangements. Some of the best improvements in cooking stoves, ranges, washing machines, bedsteads, &c., have been suggested by women. The deep sea telescope was invented by a woman; and a lady with whom we have recently become acquainted has invented a self-corking bottling machine. The bottle, when plunged to the bottom of a mineral spring, fills, adjusts its cork, and comes to the surface in perfect order. The gases as they rise become disengaged, and hence it will be readily seen how far superior this mode of corking the bottle at the bottom of the spring must be to that of the old one, which throws the water from near the surface in form of spray into the bottle. It has also another advantage, that of rapidity of execution, filling five bottles in the time allowed for three by the steam process.

She has also invented a water meter, said to be of superior merit; and by her knowledge of chemicals has made such improvements in iron as to astonish old manufacturers. Nor does her handicraft end here: she has received for three stove patterns, five thousand dollars, and her brain, still active in invention, is aiming at other and higher attainments; nor is she one whit the less a delicate, refined gentlewoman, that she can talk of mechanics, of all kinds of farming implements, and of manufacturing with intelligence; nor are her household duties less skilfully performed, that she understands chemistry and can tell why certain combinations will produce certain results.

While speaking of inventions we may notice that of the atmospheric telegraph, of which we had read, but had no clear idea until we visited Mr. Richardson's, now on exhibition in the Capitol, and which has so far arrested the attention of politicians, that a special committee was appointed in June last to examine into its merits, and to report accordingly. This committee recommended that an appropriation be made by Congress, and the telegraph be established on the regular mail route between Washington and Baltimore, so that should it prove successful it shall form a part of the future work. The plan is very easily comprehended, when seen. It consists of a horizontal tube of one inch in diameter; one small air pump is placed in the centre, communicating with either end, and exhausts at pleasure the air from left to right, or right to left. A piston, or plunger, about three inches long, fitting the tube, followed by pieces of leather to represent mail bags, is inserted at one end of the tube, a few strokes of the pump produce a partial vacuum, the cut-off is reversed, and the plunger set free; relieved from the resistance of the air, propelled by the atmospheric pressure, and quick as thought it is at the other extremity. Mr. R. supposes that the mail may be carried at about the rate of six hundred and thirty five miles the hour.

We desire to see and converse with a friend, and presto, we are there; it is no longer a spirit communion, but real, tangible, actual, for this telegraph is not designed for conveying parcels alone, but is to be an immense tube, eight or ten feet in diameter, with fine cars to convey travellers.

"I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes,"

says the fairy,—and lo, it is done.

Our letter has already extended itself much farther than we had designed, but we cannot close without adverting again to Miss Minor's school, which has interested us this year more than previously, if possible.

From a private letter of Miss M.'s, which we have been permitted to read, we learn that her feelings were first aroused to this work by the vehement efforts of the votaries of slavery to prove that the negro is not a man, but a lower order of the animal creation. She thought most justly, that before a question of this magnitude should be considered as settled, there should be one institution in the very midst of slavery, where they could have the advantages of complete development. In her own simple, impressive language, "this truth became to her a *living thought* that would not return to her void." She therefore left home and friends in the North, and with only funds to pay her travelling expenses, started for this city, trusting in God. On her way she met Rev. H. W. Beecher, who, hearing her story, accepted the inspiration, saying, "It is a great thought, and must not fail!" He secured her donations sufficient to furnish her school-room. After three weeks' patient search, she obtained a small place, and commenced with six scholars. This was in December, 1851. The number soon increased to fifteen. The prospect seeming to warrant further effort, a larger room was obtained in a distant part of the city; here the number of pupils soon increased to forty-five. Mobs were threatened, because a white woman dared to teach colored girls, but Miss M. is never weak, never disheartened, never yields to womanish fear.

From the donations already made by the friends, a lot of land has been purchased, with a small house upon it,—what is now needed is a large and convenient building, with some additions to the school furniture, &c. This would enable Miss M. to carry out her earnest thought; and we cannot refrain from presenting the subject to our readers, for we know that some, at least, feel it "more blessed to give than to receive." We have visited the school often, and have as often been delighted with the quiet dignity, not only of the teacher, but the perfect propriety in the manners of the pupils. Self-government is far better understood among them, than any school we have ever visited among white girls. And Miss M.'s testimony is, that after twenty years' teaching, both at the North and South, she has never had any school where such marked improvement has been made. While at the South teaching, she was first awakened to a full consciousness of the complete workings of the slave system, and its fearful reaction upon the white population. There she was told, that when the North educated their colored population, then, and not till then, would they believe in their sincerity; upon this hint Miss M. has acted, in the establishment of her school—and well may the colored people look to it as a bright hope for their future. Nor is it without its bearings upon, and interest for, the cause of woman. The condition of women and slaves are not without a parallel, and she may not hope for emancipation until the grosser form of chattel slavery shall have passed away, and the higher spiritual nature of man is developed in accordance with the divine design in the creation.

The winter in Washington draws to a close. The legislat ve scenes of excitement are to be numbered with others of the past, but the results are for the future; and more than ever are we satisfied that over legislation is the great evil under which our nation groans. If Congress would adjourn on the fourth of March, fifty-five, to meet no more till eighteen sixty, we believe that the condition of the country would be the better for the interval, provided the politicians were set to plough and till the land, and not left to prowl among the people.

Our eyes turn longingly to the repose of home, from whence we shall hereafter speak with our friends, and trust to hear from them as in the past.

P. W. D.

NOT WORDS, BUT DEEDS.

LUCY STONE (unsolicited) has sent nearly one hundred new subscribers to THE UNA, with the full pay in advance.

MARIE CUNITZ.

Nearly a hundred years before the birth of Maria Agnesi, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, at Schweidnitz in Silesia, Marie Cunitz was born. Her name occurs naturally in connection with that of ~~Maria~~, because it was to a similar class of subjects that she devoted herself. In her early years, she was distinguished for her proficiency in the languages, both ancient and modern; in history, medicine and mathematics. She finally devoted herself to astrology and astronomy, the first of these being considered at that period, as worthy to engross a noble mind as the last. About the year 1630, she married, after the death of her father, a Silesian gentleman, named Lœwen, who had been her principal instructor in astronomy. He seems to have been very proud of her, and they continued their studies together. Previous to their marriage, both had made use of the Danish tables of Longomontanus, but they soon perceived that these tables did not correspond with the results of their own observations. Four years before, John Kepler had published his famous Rodolphine tables at Ulm. They were so called in honor of his friend, the reigning Emperor Rodolph, and formed the foundation of all astronomical calculations for more than a century. Marie and her husband found these tables more exact, but their use was cumbersome. They were obliged to employ logarithms, which must in their turn be corrected. They then resolved to give up the use of the Danish tables, and devote some time to making those of Kepler more simple and convenient. This work was already begun, when the thirty years' war forced them to quit Schweidnitz, and take refuge in Poland. Mademoiselle Cunitz, as she was still called in spite of her marriage, was kindly received by the nuns of a convent, and in this quiet home her mathematical labors were completed. In 1650, "Urania Propitia, sive Tabulæ Astronomicæ," &c., was printed at Oels in Silesia, and in 1651, it was reprinted at Frankfort. It was dedicated to the Emperor Ferdinand III, by her husband Lœwen, and prefaced by introductions in Latin and German. He takes pride in telling the reader that the work is entirely by his wife, his duty having been only to prepare it for the press. On her side, she quotes the results of her husband's astronomical labors, and promises to bring forward others. She frequently criticises the tables of Lansberg, whom she reproaches with a want of candor in asserting that they were conformed to the observations of all time.

Wolf, in his Elements of Mathematics, speaks with praise of these tables. Lord Brougham, after remarking that this work is only an attempt to simplify Kepler's methods, and avoid the use of logarithms, says that it is more remarkable from the fact that the writer was a woman, than from any particular merit. This is perhaps true, but we have been surprised throughout our late researches, to discover how often it falls to the lot of women to simplify and make useful the results of abstruse labor on the part of men. Women have, when equally well educated and intelligent, a better mental perspective than men, and a clearer perception of relations. Goethe recognizes this when he says in his Torquato Tasso,

"T is *order* woman seeketh; freedom, man."

From the same cause, it happens that several intelligent women have been heard to say, that they would like to rewrite the Cosmos of Humboldt.

Presumptuous as such a remark might seem to a thoughtless hearer, it meant merely, that possessed of Humboldt's wide observations, pleasant facts, and wise deductions, they could arrange them so that they would be more generally attractive, while their individual and collective value, would be proportionately increased. We well remember, when a schoolgirl, to have seen a distinguished mathematician solve a difficult question for his puzzled class, by dashing three abbreviated equations across the college black-board. The unfortunate students might as well have been treated to three lines of Arabic. They stood in blank dismay before the sprawling lines, and then one, more venturesome than the rest, suggested in a low voice that a certain "Miss Mary," in the neighborhood might be able to supply the missing members. A shout of indignation welcomed this hint of the presumptive Bachelor of Arts. "A woman! no indeed!" But the recitation hour drew fearfully near, and one lad, who had been working hard to help himself, and felt a right to be above false shame, exclaimed, as he tossed his cap in air, "Hurrah for 'Miss Mary!'" and without a word started in search of her.

His companions followed—more for the sake of the fun than in the hope of relief.

Miss Mary, a timid, quiet-looking girl of eighteen, was teaching half a dozen little girls to read, when she looked up at her darkened casements, and found her larkspurs and lads'-love in immediate danger, from the newly arrived deputation. In some consternation she went to the door, when he who had cried "Hurrah for Miss Mary," somewhat uncivilly pushed a slate before her face, saying, "We want to know how the Professor gets those."

The color came and went, for Mary, although well used to this lack of courtesy, could never cease to feel it. She did not ask to see the question; she detected instantly the relation between the three equations, and drawing a folded porcelain slate from her pocket, she wrote out clearly *thirty-six* equations, in their natural succession, and handed them back to the astonished boy.

"There," said she, "you will understand those; if you do n't, one of you can come back. Now shut the garden gate, and do n't crush my lavender." "Thank you, Miss Mary," said the boy, as his quick eye glanced down the slate, "you 're something better than a genius!"

That day the Professor was in high good humor, and when he inquired the cause of a bonfire which the boys built in the neighborhood of Miss Mary's lavender, that night, in honor of what they called her "shining light," he remarked substantially, that her wonderful performance on the slate "was nothing more than an attempt to simplify his method, and only remarkable because a woman did it."

That may have been, Herr Professor; but it was what was necessary, and what you could not or would not do; so if we had been in your place, we should have refused to take the credit of the next examination.

This little excursion from our subject is only a commentary on Lord Brougham's criticism on the "Urania Propitia."

Whatever were its merits, it went through two editions at a time when Kepler's genius was rousing a new interest in the subject of astronomy, and continued to be spoken of favorably by those who had occasion to use it. Marie's biographers give her credit for wonderful general culture, but this is her only published work.

The celebrated controversialist, Gisbert Voët, mentions Marie in a volume of his "Politica Ecclesiastica," published in 1669, as still alive. Lalande says that she died at Pitschen, in Silesia, on the 22d of August, 1664, which was probably the fact.

Voët began to publish his great work in 1663. The sentence was very likely written while she was living, and printed after her death. Desvignolles has given the most minute account of her, and one which very unfortunately we have been unable to procure. It is in the third volume of the "Bibliothèque Germanique." A recent writer observes that although her book has been little regarded of late, yet many distinguished writers have made use of her suggestions without acknowledgment. From such experience as we have had, we think this very likely to be true. Perhaps it is not more true of the works of women than of men. All knowledge belongs to all men—and day by day they seize it as their rightful possession, their legitimate inheritance. Less and less do they feel their obligations to the individual whose labor or whose insight has brought it within their grasp. And for the individual, if he reads the signs of God's providence truly, he will be willing to work like the great Master, without recognition. He will

Insert in Maria County

Note 1.

Women are also more patient, thorough, and observant of small facts than men. It is said that before Maria Mitchell used a telescope, certain observations in relation to the positions of the heavenly bodies, were made only once in four hours. A common process of arithmetical division, decided where the star must stand at the close of the first, second, and third hour. But ~~when~~ Miss Mitchell chose to direct her glass to the sky, not only every hour, but every half hour, and she found that the actual positions did not correspond in the least to those which had been assumed. In such ways "small service" women, may yet do the best part, and the worthiest of the world's work.

Motto

" 'Tis order woman seeketh."

Göethe

feel that in serving all, he best serves himself. He will know in his own heart, that the gifts which permit the labor or develop the insight are beyond his own power, and come from the Infinite Source of all, as the light from the sun or the growth to the plant. He gave them, he will remember, that he might work for his brothers, and, satisfied to have been so commissioned from On High, he will not pause to grieve because his agency is not recognized below.

Could we but realize the blessedness of being so commissioned, none of us need strive in vain. The Heavenly Work will be taken up, just where the earthly has been dropped, and the forces of the soul will not depend upon the forces of the intellect alone, but on the use of those forces by the soul herself, and the sanctifying of them to everlasting ends. Men may possess themselves of what we have acquired, without one grateful thought; but the strength born of acquiring, no human wit can wile away from us; the joy of clear perception and keen insight belongs only to the worker, never to an indolent receiver. The latter gains only what he works for, and must use what the worker has gained, before he can even give him thanks for it.

C. H. D.

West Newton, March, 1855.

GOOD CHEER!

"Where moral order reigneth, women reign."
Goethe.

There are single moments in life, so full of exquisite joy, so overflowing with unselfish thankfulness, that they compensate us for years of bitter anguish—for months of prolonged suffering. Such a moment was ours on the 20th of March, when we received letters from Canada, giving an earnest account of Lucy Stone's visit to the city of Toronto, a city very dear to us, associated with the memory of tender and patient friends, who bore with us and for us, during four happy years,—with some of the deepest experiences of our life,—with the summer fragrance of a precious home. Early in the winter we heard from Lucy Stone, that she was going to Hamilton, and we wrote to our Toronto friends, urging them to invite her to lecture before them. No one dared to risk her coming on her own responsibility, and a resolution to invite her, offered by one of our friends connected with a large organization, was numerously and indignantly voted down. She went to Hamilton, however, about the 7th of March, and we have from a Hamilton correspondent the following account:

"This very prominent advocate of Woman's Rights has given two lectures in the Mechanics' Hall, and she has had on both occasions unusually large audiences. Nobody expected that Miss Lucy, or indeed any other woman, could so bravely and eloquently appear before a large number of people and speak uninterruptedly for two hours in promulgating this rather strange and modern reformation; but notwithstanding the unpopularity of her doctrine, she has won golden opinions from the Hamiltonians, owing more perhaps to her rather attractive and prepossessing mode of address than to any impressions of the plausibility of her mission. Last night her subject was 'The right of woman to vote,' which subject she dwelt on in her peculiar, earnest and engaging manner, and concluded by advising her converts here to at once form themselves into a committee, draft resolutions, and draw up a petition to the Legislature, have it signed by every woman, and as many men as possible; stating fully and plainly the right every woman has to participate in framing the laws by which she is governed, and to persevere thus in forcing their cause on the attention of Parliament, until, like the poor widow, they would finally come off triumphant."

At the same time we received from a friend in Toronto, a glowing letter, from which we make the following copious extracts:

"Toronto, March 13, 1855.

"Lucy Stone is in Toronto, and is to lecture to-night at St. Lawrence Hall, upon 'The Educational and Industrial Disabilities of Women!' I called upon her yesterday afternoon, using your name as a password, and was delighted with her. She achieved a great success in Hamilton, although the Institute that first proposed to her, left her in the lurch, and she had to lecture on her own responsibility. Some of her friends in Hamilton, insisted upon her coming to Toronto, and invited her to deliver a third lecture in Hamilton, on her return.

"I took tickets to distribute, and hope there will be a good attendance to-night, but I fear. Our people do not care for lectures. It was stormy all night, and looks threatening this morning. I am so thankful Miss Stone is the first to speak publicly on this subject here. There was a prospect of another lecturer, who might have injured the cause by creating a disagreeable impression."

"Toronto, March 14, 1855.

"Yesterday was the stormiest day we have had this winter. The wind blew fearfully, and the snow was driven into every crevice. So it continued until midnight. We were all anxious. I knew that the storm was severe enough to keep many men at home, and consequently I despaired of seeing any woman. I went down to the hall half an hour before the lecture began, and found more than one hundred persons of both sexes already present! People kept crowding in, and at eight o'clock there were more than three hundred in the room. Punctually to the minute the lecture began. Miss Stone was listened to with breathless attention, and rapturously applauded. I was enchanted with the manner, the quiet grace with which she spoke. The noble words of truth and justice which she uttered, flowed forth in such flute-like tones, that the most bigoted conservative could not dissent for a moment.

"She is to lecture to-night on 'The Political and Legal Disabilities of Woman,' and I hope for a crowded house. W— sold the tickets at the foot of the stairs, and a friend of his collected them at the door! I should have done this, despite of the rebellion of proud flesh and blood, if he had not offered. As it was, I wanted to hear the lecture. I walked up the aisle with her. She did not ask me to do it, but I thought she might prefer it, as there were people standing in the way. W— and I went to the hotel with her, after the lecture, and on counting up, found that we had cleared about fifty dollars; very well, certainly, for the stormiest night we have had this winter. We staid till after eleven o'clock and then had to tear ourselves away.

"I sent Dr. W— (naming a distinguished professor) two complimentary tickets, and would you beileve it? he and Mrs. W— were at the lecture. (It must be understood that they do not keep a carriage, and were obliged to come three miles in the driving storm already alluded to.) "They seemed very much pleased, and in coming out Mrs. W—— spoke to Lucy. I introduced them both, and they promised to call on her this morning."

"March 15.

"Lucy Stone went away this morning, having won golden opinions from all who heard her. Never was a lecturer better received in Toronto, and never was there one who deserved it so well. Her sweet, pure nature melted away prejudice which had defied every other influence. God bless her, for she has done a noble work here, and I think we all feel better for having heard her."

"On Tuesday night she lectured on 'The Political and Legal Disabilities of Woman' to the largest audience ever collected in Toronto, except Jenny Lind's, and hers was no larger. Every seat in Hall and Gallery was filled, and a large number had to stand the whole time. The whole audience listened with breathless attention, and that they might not lose a word, hissed down every attempt to applaud until the conclusion of the lecture. The wit and humor she displayed were inimitable. Flash after flash of wit danced like the gleam of a rapier before your eyes, and the keen thrust always marked a point won. After the lecture she sold all the Tracts which she had brought, and there was such a demand for more, that we engaged a bookseller to act as agent for a fresh supply to be sent from Boston."

"Last night she lectured on 'The Bible Position of Woman,' and I trembled for her and the cause on account of the bigotry of our people. But she got through nobly. A better, a more satisfactory exposition I never heard. The most ultra Orthodox could not, I think, object to it. I hope yet to see a Woman's Rights Association in Toronto."

"W— has acted very nobly throughout. He has borne most of the burden, and without the support of his unfailing faith and courage, I could have done nothing. He is indeed a noble, manly man."

"I took Miss Stone, yesterday, to see Paul Kane's pictures, with which she was highly delighted, and Paul was almost as much so with her. She has a deep love of the beautiful in nature and in art, and like yourself, she could not be reconciled to the thought that such exquisite creations should be shut up in that dusty room, when so many human souls might be refreshed and gladdened by the sight of them. W— and I saw her off this morning, on her way to Syracuse."

"We have received the February number

of the Una, and the Editorial was much liked. Lucy Stone spoke of the paper, last night, and asked the audience to subscribe. Mr. P. has consented to act as Agent. If we had copies of the paper on hand, we might sell many at once. "Woman's Rights" is the most popular subject of conversation in Toronto. It is curious to see how many people are interested, whom you would not have thought of. Mrs. ———, whom I have not *seen* for years, bought some tickets, and came afterwards to tell me, how she had gone the second night, and would have gone for a week had the lectures continued. The strongest opponent of W's resolution to invite her here, went the second night, and would have gone the third, but that he was engaged to wait for a guest who did not come, which, with the loss of the lecture, was rather too much for his temper. Mrs. ——— (naming the head of one of the most aristocratic families) and some of her friends went every night.

"At the close of the lecture last night, Lucy Stone made an appeal to the women who were present, to speak and act for the truth. It was a noble appeal, which for eloquence we have never heard equalled. All present were deeply moved."

We trust that our readers have enjoyed our voluminous extracts. But they cannot enjoy them as we do. When we began our humble labors in Toronto, we little thought that such an audience could be collected there in less than three years, for Lucy Stone. We know well what it must have cost a gentleman in Toronto to sell tickets at the foot of the stairs, or to collect them at the door. We know, too, what a proud self-conquest it was for our still younger and more sensitive friend, to walk up the aisle with the yet untried advocate of this most unpopular reform, scourged by his native reserve and pride on the one hand, and the hundreds of questioning eyes on the other. We thank them all. Heartily we thank the friends who extended to her a warm personal greeting, and we sympathize with those whom illness deprived of the pleasure.

We build no foolish hopes on this excitement, for we know that

"—— Love so made, may be *unmade* so."

But an English people is reliable, and will act up to its convictions, whenever they are formed; therefore, it cannot fail to bear fitting fruit.

With John Gilpin we cannot help exclaiming:—

"And when she next doth ride abroad,
May we be there to see!"

In one of Russell Lowell's fine lectures on Poetry this winter, he generously said, that the true poet was not alone he who could create forms of beauty, but he who, in sweet kinship to mother Nature, received into his soul, and reverently interpreted all her lesson.

"Who grew in beauty with the flowers."

The remark is typical of every sort of genius Among the choicest gifts of God, next to that of doing a great work ourselves, should we prize the generous power of appreciating its accomplishment by another. God bless Lucy Stone, and give us more like her, to stir with Divine Life the souls of men. God bless her Toronto friends, and keep them true to the consciousness she has aroused.

C. H. Dall.

W. Newton, Mass, March 21, 1855.

From our English correspondence, we extract the following:—

"I have heard Mr. Channing preach several times, and liked his sermons exceedingly,—much better than anything I heard from him in America. He seems to me, to be clearer and more decided in his views. He is very much liked, though some may fear that he is inclined to go too far, but then they would listen to things from a Channing, that they would not from any one else, the *name* is so venerated in England. You wish to know how the "Woman's Rights cause" is progressing here. As a distinct cause, it cannot be said to exist. More liberal opinions on that subject, are gradually gaining ground, but you can have no idea, unless you lived here, how difficult it is to effect any change in this country; but you cannot wonder at it, when everything is in the hands of a few aristocratic families. If ever we required a vigorous government, it is now; yet this charmed circle cannot be broken, though it gives us nothing but old age and imbecility. One prime minister of seventy goes out, another prime minister of seventy comes in. Lord Raglan is seventy. The head of his Commissariat is seventy. The head of the Transport Service is seventy. Is it surprising that with such persons at the head of affairs, we have had so much mismanagement?"

Connect these remarks with what we have said of the cause in Toronto. We trust our English friends have received their papers before this.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The literary world seems to be rousing from its torpor, electrified, perhaps, by feminine vitality. Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, are each about to present us with a volume of Poems. Miss Jewsbury has a novel ready for publication. The Harpers have just got out Miss Agnes Strickland's "Life of Mary Stuart." We commend this book to our readers, because it will contain a great deal of entirely fresh material, furnished from Russia and Denmark. We expect it to clear the fame of a vilely slandered woman. The Appletons are about to bring out "Grace Lee," by the author of "Nathalie;" the "Castle Builders," by Charlotte Yonge, the author of the "Heir of Redcliffe," is already out; a new original American novel is to come; and Miss Warner's long promised story of "My Brother's Keeper," Mrs. Child's "History of Religious Sects," will soon be published by Francis & Co. These books will of course be unexceptionable.

C. H. D.

W. Newton, March 22, 1855.

Miss Ellen Grover delivered her first lecture before the Watertown Lyceum, on Wednesday, March 20. She is a young graduate of the West Newton Normal School. Her lecture endured the severe test of an hour and a quarter's length, and we have heard it suggested that it should be repeated.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE BEGGAR.

BY H. F. M. BROWN.

I've been thinking that a sunbeam must be a a smile of Heaven; for I have been basking, as poets say, for the past hour, in the softest rays that ever wandered from the skies — the first I have seen in many days. And I've been watching the rays, as they coquetted with the glistening boughs, and danced, fairy-like, over icy pavements and slated roofs, making love to everything in their way.

"Have you no other mission," I questioned, "than just coming out from behind the curtained sky, gilding a little hour, and then leaving a legion of lovers in darkness?"

No response came from the sunbeam, but on it went, smiling and dancing, as gayly as if no soul doubted its sincerity. I concluded it was only acting upon the principle of the sovereignty of the individual; so I thought to watch the thing of light, to see if there was aught of good in its individualism.

The heaven-smile, all unbidden, perhaps, glanced in at an opposite window, and a poor consumptive folded about her a faded cashmere, and moved into its wake. That frail creature on eternity's threshold, was strengthened and gladdened by the smile, and I wondered if she was not hoping it had a prototype in the land of her destination.

Then back to my window came the messenger of light, and looked into a cage, whose occupants had folded their wings, to await the spring-time.

The little musicians caught inspiration, or an echo, from sun-land, and started straightway for their orchestra, and *such* music! one seldom hears, save from Canary kingdom.

A half-famished, woe-begone looking child rested in the sunbeam's track, her basket half filled with crumbs from the rich man's table. Catching from the sun a smile, and a note from the canary, she, that sweet-voiced human warbler, made the air ring with melody. Her brow relaxed its rigidity, her eye, large and dark, sent forth a volume of love-light; indeed, her whole soul seemed baptized at the altar of Inspiration.

While Julie, the beautiful beggar, was singing with the birds, and beating time with her half naked feet upon the icy pavement, a tall, cadaverous-looking dollar-ocrat passed along, paused a moment, started again, and again paused,—for a gush of melody had power even to thaw and to charm that heart of ice and oak.

His stereotyped visage, and his determined eye, would warrant an anchorite in swearing that that was the first ray of sunshine that had ever passed the portals leading to his heart. But who knows that that angel-child did not awaken in his soul the memory of the sunny past, pleasant memories of life's spring-time, when his spirit was as hopeful and sinless as hers? The spirit of the times, it may be, had bolted and guarded every avenue to his soul, so that the music and the softening sunlight could not gain admission. But Julie's mother was the miser's early friend, the angel guide of his young life; and so, like a love-vision in the land of Pleasant Memories, came the child to him. She was the angel that rolled away the stone from the sepulchre of the soul. Julie was the impersonation of her mother, and the miser remembered how he loved, and wooed and won the heart of the fair poverty child. He remembered, too, that as no other being loved, she had loved him; how, when another being with hers was blended, when another claimed his love and his protection, she was forsaken, as a creature who would contaminate the circle in which she had been destined to move.

The miser walked slowly back to Julie, whispered in her ear words of hope, and dropped into her hand a bit of yellow coin. With a light step, and a glad smile, she hastened to make joyful an invalid mother's heart.

That sunbeam was a missionary, sent to open the door to the captive spirit and to feed the starving outcast. And I mistake human nature, if the miser's soul is again led captive by the ipse dixit of the heartless fashion-followers. In the call of humanity, to the pleadings of his *own* dear darling child, he will never again be deaf.

EMMA is from the German, and signifies a nurse; Caroline, noble-minded; George, from the Greek, a farmer; Martha, from Hebrew, bitterness; the beautiful and common Mary, is Hebrew, and means a drop of salt water, a tear; Sophia, from Greek, wisdom; Susan, from Hebrew, a lily; Thomas, from Hebrew, a twin; Robert, from German, famous in council. (Cleveland, O.)

CORRECTION. A misprint, or a badly constructed sentence, in the March number, gave the impression that Baron Maseres returned to England before 1759. He published his treatise on Negative Quantities in 1759, and became remarkable, as a patron of mathematical learning, *after* his return, which was in 1773. C. H. D.

COLUMBUS, Feb. 22, 1855.

DEAR UNA :—

Permit me to say to your readers that the women of Ohio are not asleep on the great question of women's elevation. The work goes cheerily, steadily, and not altogether silently on; and although we may seem to have been slumbering, it is only to gather strength for renewed action. Silent influences are at work; and although we may sometimes give way to despondency, we feel sure that our highest hopes for woman's position will in time be realized. We find women now in many occupations in which she was not permitted to engage a year or two since. In the healing art especially is she beginning to find her fitting place, and to revel in the glorious privilege of developing the latent faculties of her soul. And this is the step forward to which I wish particularly to call the attention of your readers.

Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, and Mrs. C. M. Severance, of Cleveland, have been visiting some of the northern counties of this State (within a few weeks past) lecturing and organizing auxiliaries to the Ohio Female Medical Loan Fund Association.

This Association was organized in Oct., 1852, at Cleveland, for the purpose of aiding in the education of women for physicians, by advancing the necessary funds to those of certified capacity, health and character who wish for and need such aid, the money to be returned without interest (in accordance with a written pledge required of each) whenever she shall become well established in practice.

The annual meeting at Cleveland, on the first Tuesday in October will be attended by delegates from the auxiliaries, and with the annual address and report of the secretary it is hoped will be a meeting of interest and profit. The fee for honorary membership for either men or women is five dollars, and the meeting of the Board for deciding on the applications for aid falls just before the annual meeting. Mrs. James S. Brown of Cleveland is President; Mrs. D. R. Tilden, Recording Secretary; Mrs. C. M. Severance, Corresponding Secretary.

The annual address for the last year was delivered by Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, at Chatham Hall, Feb 5th, to a large, intelligent, and highly interested audience, at which many new members were enrolled. Besides the names of several honorary members, a liberal donation was made through the Seneca County Auxiliary Association, by William H. Gibson, a highly esteemed citizen of Tiffin, in the shape of a scholarship in the Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati.

As the result of the efforts of Dr. Hunt and Mrs. Severance, thus far, we learn that auxiliaries have been formed in each county visited; viz., Lorain, Lake Portage, Columbiana, Seneca and Franklin, embracing amongst their officers and members, the most earnest and able women, and including among the friends of the movement, some of the best men of the profession.

It is urged that these auxiliaries should be made Physiological centres, from which may radiate Hygienic truths for the benefit of mothers and women of the respective counties. For this purpose they are to hold four meetings each year in the county town, at which there will be lectures, discussions, and reading original and selected essays upon the great topics of the physical and mental training of children, and of the health of the individual; and at which time the quarterly instalments of twenty-five cents will be paid in.

We earnestly hope the friends of women's elevation in other States will look at this movement, and either adopt or imitate it as they may think best; and we most heartily sympathize with Dr. Hunt in the hope that she may be able to awaken public interest to the importance of the movement (in which she is engaged) in her own State—enlightened Massachusetts.

Some of the Medical Colleges being open to women in Ohio, induced her to commence her labors here.

REBECCA A. S. JANNEY.

THE OLD SCULPTOR AND HIS PUPIL.

Can we wonder Donatello's eyes were dim with blissful tears,
When, a thing of perfect beauty, stood the dream of earlier years,
Crowning all his wildest longings—stifling e'en his lightest fears?

Waking wild ideal yearnings, weary years the dream had lain,
Gath'ring ever strength and beauty in the artist's haunted brain,
Till excess of wondrous sweetness made it almost seem like pain.

And, at last, its fit expression in some outward type it sought—
Beauty thrilling all the pulses, lonely days and nights he wrought,
And full well the Inner Vision had the pallid marble caught.

Calm it stood—a statued image of the young impassioned saint,
On whose mortal beauty lingered not the shade of mortal taint—
To whose mortal eyes heaven's vision seemed no longer dim and faint.

And the passing shadows flitting lightly o'er the earnest face,
On each youthful, godlike feature, left a strangely living trace,
Till it seemed St. George was standing in the passive marble's place.

Yet, methinks o'er something nobler might those wayward shadows glide,
On a beauty, higher, rarer, well contented might they bide,
When another, rapt, before it, stood by Donatello's side.

He was one among his pupils, scarce to manhood-summer grown—
All his flowers in Fame's bright chaplet were, as yet, but buds unblown;
Yet the master felt their blooming would be brighter than his own.

For there seemed around his forehead, and within his eye to glow,
Visions far more deep and wondrous than e'er sculptor's hand might know;
All too grand for outward semblance were thy visions, Angelo!

And behind the noblest figure, born beneath thy potent hand,
Still, in wondrous, mocking beauty, shall a something nobler stand:
Shadowy, as the forms upspringing 'neath some dread magician's wand.

Then upon that lofty forehead, Care's rude fingers had not wrought—
Not as yet his iron sternness had those proud, dark features caught;—
Dreaming boy was he who stood there, rapt in deep and silent thought—

"Nay—what think'st thou?" said the master; "seems it not almost divine?"
In his eye the glow of genius seemed with clearer light to shine,
As he answered, "Only one thing does it lack—this work of thine."

"One thing lacks it!"—did not matchless stand that form of youthful grace?
Could more firm and high endeavor leave round lips of marble trace?
Could more pure and saint-like passion light that pale and upturned face?—

Ne'er a fault could he discover there, to mar its perfect claim,
Though anew he searched and pondered often as again there came,
Grown each year a heavier burden, tales of Buonarotti's fame.

And, in sooth, a heavy burden it had grown to be that day,
When he knelt beside the pallet where the pale old sculptor lay—
Waiting patiently the moment death should bear his soul away.

Patient—yet, within his sprit seemed some vexing thought to bide,
For amid his dying murmurs—"What lacks it?" faint he sighed.
"Only speech!" said Buonarotti. With a smile the old man died.

"Only speech!" O mighty spirit! who through time didst nobly send,
Thoughts whose grandeur lower natures rather guess than comprehend—
With what earthly mould or being e'er may perfect utterance blend!

All our loftiest thoughts and visions seem, for want of language, lost;
Longingly we read the story of the tongues of flame which crossed
Lips of fervid Galileans on the day of Pentecost.

All the Holy Spirit tells us we may never hope to teach,
Little of the heart's affection lips or eyes can ever reach;
More than Donatello's statue do our stammering tongues need speech. *Putnam.*

Flora Mc Ivor, is welcome to our columns.

Omnium Gatherum is received, but not the letter containing money from the same source.

A. H. M. will hear from us.

"YOUR PAPER DID NOT COME, SIR."

We recommend a careful perusal of the following plain statement, both to postmasters and subscribers. It is from a paper called *The Advance*, published at Hernando, Mississippi:

"The uncertain arrival, or uncertain delivery of papers, at country Post Offices, is often the ground of complaint against publishers and editors. Many of the offices are poorly supplied with the conveniences of taking care of papers, no matter with what certainty they arrive. The papers are jumbled into a few little pigeon holes, or piled upon a desk, box, or barrel, to await the call of subscribers, in the midst of boots, hats, bridles, horse collars, and other coarse wares, which may be called for during the day by customers. Country Postmasters, in most cases, being engaged in some mercantile business, many newspapers find their way into some obscure corner, where they are hid for a time from human eyes, as completely as if buried in a mountain cave.—In the meantime the man comes for his paper, and as it can't be found, of course it did n't come. The indignant subscriber consequently abuses the rascally editor, and, perhaps, calls for pen, ink and paper, to write a letter of complaint about not sending his paper punctually, when if the said paper was endowed with speech, it would cry out, "Here I am, squeezed to death behind this box, or under this barrel." We have seen just such things, at many country Post Offices elsewhere, as well as in this county. These remarks have no reference to any particular office, but are meant for all where they will apply."

CANVASSERS FOR THE UNA.

We want at least from fifty to a hundred active, honest and efficient agents, to enter the field immediately, and to canvass it thoroughly in behalf of the Una. *Women* interested in the great, vital and far-reaching objects of the Paper, and who are deeply inspired with the subjects upon which it treats, will be preferred to *men*, though we do not object to an equal number of both sexes, in a work like this. But whether one sex or the other, or both feel disposed to engage in the work, we desire, most of all, those who have a deep and earnest *faith* in the principles and success of the Movement which the UNA represents; for these, other things being equal, will be *successful* agents in extending its circulation and advancing its truths and influence. Liberal commissions will be allowed. Address S. C. Hewitt, 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass.

Another work by James John Garth Wilkinson, is announced, *War, Cholera, and the Ministry of Health*. Those who have read his former works, will need but the announcement to make them eager for the perusal of this; and those who have not, should at once supply their libraries with THE HUMAN BODY AND ITS CONNEXION WITH MAN. It is one of the very few books which deserve, from their richness and surpassing beauty and truthfulness, to live.

SPIRIDION!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONSUELO."

THE UNA will soon give its readers a translation of the above work by MRS. DALL. Such a translation has long been wanted. The book is one of the purest and and most interesting ever published by MADAME SAND. It lays down the broadest foundations for an elevated and refining Spiritual Philosophy, and clearly shows the present condition of the Roman Catholic Church in France. It is a work in every way calculated to excite an interest at the present time.

This matter is mentioned *now*, that the subscription list of THE UNA may be fully matured in good season for that work, so that accurate calculations may be made in season respecting the extent of the monthly edition to be published, and thereby obviating all danger of disappointment, on the part of the public, in obtaining the work.

Agents for this journal will therefore see the necessity of *immediate* attention to this feature of THE UNA, among its other and varied attractions, and lend their most earnest endeavors in its behalf *in season*. And they who are not now subscribers, but who may wish to become such mainly to possess themselves of this intensely interesting work, need not wait for agents, but may avail themselves of the post-office, direct, and immediately, having their subscriptions begin *now*, or when the *Spiridion* begins. The precise time of commencing cannot yet be announced, but will be in due season. In the meantime, may it not be justly expected, that all the true friends of THE UNA will *act* upon this hint, availing themselves of a rare opportunity of widely extending their favorite journal, and putting it upon a *permanent basis*, for the accomplishment of untold good.

Those papers and periodicals which give the substance of this announcement in their editorial columns, *including the terms and address of The Una*, and sending a marked copy to the address below, will not only have the high satisfaction of aiding a worthy and eminently useful movement, but will be entitled to this paper till the SPIRIDION is concluded.

ADDRESS, S. C. HEWETT,
15 FRANKLIN STREET,
Boston, Mass.

THE LAST INCARNATION.

The article thus entitled, in this number, as many of our readers may be aware, is from a very interesting book of significant Legends, by A. CONSTANT. It was translated a few years since by FRANCIS G. SHAW, and is for sale in this city by Ticknor & Reed, corner of Washington and School Streets.

BILLS AND RECEIPTS.

Those indebted for the UNA, will find their bills in the present number. And as the terms are, IN ADVANCE, and as each dollar due is needed NOW, it is hoped no one will delay a day longer in making the remittance. *Receipts* are also sent in this number, to all who have paid to April 10th, inclusive.

THE great movement for the Elevation of Woman, is steadily and surely advancing. But it should ever be borne in mind, that in order to be saved, Woman must do the work for herself.

CIRCULAR TO AGENTS.

Many persons, now subscribers to the UNA, will find in this number a Circular addressed as above. Some such may not be so situated as to be able to attend to a matter of this nature, and others may. As we have no means of knowing the particular circumstances of those we address, we trust the former will excuse us for the liberty we take in addressing the Circular to them, while, at the same time, they will be cheerfully disposed to aid this journal by passing the document in question to such person as will be likely to attend to the matter.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL. III. BOSTON, MASS., MAY, 1855. NO. 5.

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All comunications for the paper should be addressed to the editor,

MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS, Providence, R. I.

PARMELE & MOORE, Printers, 16 Devonshire Street, Boston.

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

TALES OF COMMON LIFE.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

"Well, she's gone at last,"—said old nurse Bailey, as she lifted herself heavily and wearily step by step up the little flight of stairs, before Mrs. Rudd's door.

"Gone at last; gone at last. I knew it would be so; all them children left for some body else to take care of—and you ought to see how they all take on. One would think that Edward Tivott had never thought before in all his life that poor Agnes could die. He might a know'd that flesh and blood could n't stand it to do as she had to do for years. So many childre, so much work and so little rest or sleep; poor thing, poor thing, she'll have a long rest now, I 'm thinking."

"But nurse," said good Mrs. Rudd, "don't you think it is better so, than that the father should have gone and left the mother to struggle alone, with such a burden? Oh it 's a terrible thing to be left a widow," and a cold chill passed over the frame of the speaker, and her dreamy eye, swimming with tears, told of hard and bitter memories tugging at her heart-strings.

"Well, I just do n't," said the old lady, who had numbered her threescore years—"I know better; I've seen enough of them things, and hearn enough too in my time. And I know better; I know it 's a terrible thing to be a widder. Terrible for a widder to be all tore up, root and branch, as a body might say, when death enters the household; but for all that, leave a mother to get along alone with the childre—she 'll work and turn and twist and get on some how, and rear them up and make men and women on 'em, when men folks wont seem to be able to get along at all: it's nature. I can't see, for the soul of me, what Tivott 's a-going to do; I believe it helped to carry Agnes off, thinking about it. Many a time I found her a crying, and I used to tell her, to comfort her like, she must n't fret. The Lord would take care on 'em — they would always find somebody to look after them. 'Oh! I know that,' she used to say, 'but nurse, it wont be *a mother*, and to go and leave them now—now when they all need me so much—I can hardly tell which the most—my poor wee babe, or dear little Annette—who will have to bear such heavy burthens when I am gone. Edward do n't think, Mother Bailey; he is too busy with his shop, his politics and such things, to think of these little matters, as men call them. He do n't know what women and children need;' and then the big tears would roll down her cheeks. It was enough to make one's heart ache; it did mine, many a time, to see how she clung to her children. And between you and I, Mrs. Rudd, I do believe, if she'd had half a chance, she might have lived and stayed with them. But Ned wanted to get along, and thought hired girls cost too much. And so she worked night and day. I do n't say she had to. But then, you know, a wife likes to please a husband, and not be thought a burden. It's all wrong, it's all wrong, Mrs. Rudd. It's all wrong, and folks will learn better some day. There aint a farmer in the country that expects his cow to raise the stock, furnish cheese and butter and plough the field too."

"Why, mother Bailey, how can you talk so? it is impious to compare those 'born in the image of God' to his meaner creatures"—said Mrs. Rudd, shocked at the old lady's plain speech.

"I did n't compare them, not I—I only meant to say, that a brute would not bear what is too often put upon a delicate, tender woman!"

"But the men aint to blame for all these things," responded Mrs. Rudd.

"May be not, may be not. But I take it, while man is the head of the house, and is made leader in the team, that his wife will have to keep up and help draw the whole load, and carry her own burthens too, if he never stops to think of her wants and weaknesses. But that 's neither here nor there; I came over for Mr. Tivott, to ask you if you thought your sister Redmond would n't take the baby a few days; till he could look round for a nurse."

"I think she would," said Mrs. Rudd thoughtfully. "I will go and see."

"Well, I wish you would, for I must go back. Tivott is nigh about distracted, and the children topsy turvy. I tell you I have been a nurse thirty years—and many a sad sight I've seen in my day. But the worst and saddest of all, is to see little ones without a mother." And with a long-drawn sigh the old woman hobbled down the steps, muttering, "It's all wrong, all wrong."

"All wrong—all wrong;" murmured Mrs. Rudd, as she tied on her bonnet. "Else why am I a widow? Why, why has the black mourning veil hung over my face for ten years? It was a reckless ambition that killed my husband. A poisonous drug that made Willie a cripple. A close school-room and tight garments, that laid my darling Mary, my first-born, in the grave. My own ignorance, my own want of vigor, strength and energy, that made my three babes dwindle and die, like plants without root. Oh! yes, all is wrong; all is wrong—or young mothers would not so often die; young fathers leave their wives alone to struggle; and young children pass away before their time. It is all wrong."

While Mrs. Rudd and her sister are settling the details about the baby, we will tell the tale of

each. They were the daughters of a speculator, who though not rich, had yet enough to make life easy and comfortable, and when they married, to give each of them a few thousand dollars, which set their husbands up in business. Mr. Rudd followed his father-in-law's business; was ambitious to gain wealth, speculated largely, recklessly; spent days and nights without sleep or rest, overtasking mind and body; mortgaged his property, strained his credit, was called immensely rich in his village, lived high, drank, or stimulated, to be able to do more than others; had the apoplexy; lived two years a helpless idiot, and died irrecoverably insolvent. And his wife, with three children remaining out of seven, and one a hopeless cripple, from effects of calomel, lived in a small house that his creditors had kindly allowed her, and worked for her children and self as best she could. Mr. Rudd had been dead five years, yet with all her troubles and a series of misfortunes in the way of sickness and death, she had so far kept the even tenor of her way—sent the children to school, and still gathered them home at nightfall, and made them feel the blessings of home and mother.

Mrs. Redmond married a young farmer, poor in worldly goods, but grandly rich in physical strength and energy. His wife gave him a devoted heart and three thousand dollars, with which he purchased a farm near the village, and erected a comfortable house. A kinder heart, a more generous and noble nature could not often be found. Lizzie, his wife, was his idol. So witty, musical and joyous was he, that his society was sought for, and he was always importuned, when he came to the village, to stay in the evening, and usually a party of friends met to enjoy his social mood.

But why trace the fate of the victim of intemperance, step by step, from the highest point of manliness and happiness, to the lowest depth of woe? Health, happiness were sacrificed, and the home which her money had purchased would soon have followed, had not the demon that lingers in the glass worked with too strong a hand. Delirium tremens ended his career while their sixth child was yet unborn.

"Now you see the use in the law that gives a wife one third of her husband's estate," said the pompous Peter Reed, the justice. "If it were n't for that, Mrs. Redmond would not have a cent. It beats all how Redmond has spent that property."

"Yes, I see," replied his wife, "the use of giving a wife one third of what should be all her own. A pretty living Lizzie Redmond will get, from one third of the pitiful remnant that is left."

In a few days, the homestead was sacked by the officers of the law, all the choice relics of former wealth were sold. His watch, which she had given him, once her father's; costly furniture made valuable by time, heir-looms of the family, the old clock that ticked on the mantel in her father's time, the great looking-glass that had been her grandmother's, all went. All this was necessary to satisfy creditors, and she could not afford to keep them. It was not enough, that sorrow and shame had been for years pressing their iron into her soul, but now in this last hour of anguish, must she be hunted from her home, and take her place on one corner of the farm, in a small dwelling, which she had chosen as her third. She asked, imploringly, to be left with the control of the whole (for she was ignorant of law.) Said she had kept her husband's books, and the farm had been mostly carried on under her direction for years. She was sure if they would leave it to her, she would pay the creditors, and redeem it all, and preserve it for the children. But she was answered, The law will not allow it. The husband and wife are called one in law, and while he lived, though he rolled in the gutter while she managed the farm, the law disturbed her not; and poor Lizzie found that the beastly carcass of a drunkard, while the breath of life animated it, was yet a protection against the law. They were one while he lived. When he died, she was the representative of one third of his dead dignity, *during her natural life.* True, the mercies of law allowed her to live "one year rent free" in her own house. But the tavern keeper, into whose hands it was soon to fall, offered her more rent for her year's privilege than she felt she dared to use in a house. So she bade farewell to her bridal home, looked wistfully at the ripening fruit, hanging from the trees her own hands had planted, plucked a bright bouquet from the borders she had so often trimmed, wept long and bitterly once more in the shadowy moonlight on the old door-stone, beneath the woodbine she had trained—and then, gathering up her one table, six chairs, six plates, six knives and forks, six cups and saucers, one sugar bowl and creamer, her twelve spoons and her husband's clothes, &c., she departed, and took up her abode in the log cabin, with two rooms below and a loft—laying by the rent of the big house for a time of need—she and her five children. And there in that lowly dwelling, six months after its father's awful death, was born the last representative of Charley Redmond, the once admired manly man. And there in that lowly place, she agreed to add one more to her household, that she might gain one dollar more a week, to add to the comforts of her home.

Years rolled on. We have seen how Edward Tivott was forced, as he thought, with all the liberty given to him at the death of his wife, to get a new housekeeper; how, instead of preserving the mother's goods and chattels for her children, they all passed into the hands of strangers; and how, with property and every appliance that law or society could give him, he failed to do justice to the children of his first marriage. We wish not to portray extremes. He was as good an economist and as industrious a man as the commonality. His second wife was a good woman, with hands and heart full of her *own* cares and her own blessings. Did the partial law of the land make justice and right in this case? Did it add one iota to the children's rights, through their father? He was the owner both before and after his wife's death. He had a house in which to instal a new wife, a name to give her to make her position respectable; and the world bade him ask her hand and win her to him, as a solace and help and companion through life.

Now let us turn to Lizzie Redmond—an earnest, cheerful-hearted woman, beautiful, loving and hopeful. Hadthe law left her undisturbed, she could, as she asserted, have secured the home, by effort and care; she could have been saved the crushing bitterness of a widow's settlement; she could have escaped the cold, angry feelings, which come to every thinking woman's heart, when these wrongs fall upon her own spirit; thus marring the harmony of her life, and unfitting her for a mother's duty. But the law made by man for *woman's good* oppressed and humbled her; want drove her; and labor and toil to live clouded more darkly all the days of suffering and sorrow. She had no pleasant home, into which she could ask a companion, who might assist her and alleviate her cares, or cheer her desponding heart. Even if she had, would society permit her, without cold words of scandal and sneer, to have asked any one to come to her aid?

Thus trammelled, thus broken, thus oppressed, what became of her and her children? Strong in herself, strong in holy duty, strong in a mother's love, she rose above all her oppressive surroundings; directed the efforts of her children, taught them by the fireside, made their little hands help earn their bread, and in a year or two she rented back her house and farm; managed it judiciously, boarded strangers from the village, and after ten years of activity and earnestness, bought back the whole with her labor, and that of her three sons. And again was the interest united, and the mother and her six children gathered round the household hearth, and blessed God, that strong and willing hands, and firm and true hearts, could rise above the tyrannies of the law. All this had been accomplished with womanly dignity and self-

respect. Her sons, having no higher authority to look to, obeyed and reverenced their noble mother. And she, free to carry out her own plans, grew strong for her work. Her mind expanded with her daily experience, and grave men asked Mrs. Redmond's advice, and repeated her sayings.

Like Solomon's virtuous woman "she strengthened her arms; she considered a field and bought it. She made fine linen, and delivered her labor to the merchants. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Her children grew up and called her blessed. She possessed the fruit of her hands, and her own works praised her in the gates."

The farm, that was once in the outskirts of the village, is now in the city, and worth its hundred thousand. Her taxes are counted by hundreds. Her sons and daughters are rich through her. Yet this noble woman is allowed no voice in our free land! Not even to decide who shall be the teacher in her district, (where her property almost sustains the public school) who shall teach her grandchildren. She owns her houses, but the renters control her interests; and she has not one particle of positive political power over that for which she has so faithfully labored. Edward Tivott, though he had never been able to get out of debt, or to keep his own children together; who let them grow up themselves, and by thus forgeting his duty, gave to the world three almost worthless men, and two frivolous, untrained women, sits in the councils of the city, and rules, as it were, the destinies of this being, so far his superior in all that makes life grand and great. His second wife boasts she has "rights enough, for her husband *lets* her do just as she pleases."

Every widow left alone, would not be a Lizzie Redmond. Every second wife is not a Mrs. Tivott. But the law makes no distinction. Therefore, it should be a law of equality, a law of justice and of right. Such a law would not oppress the good and true, nor sustain the claims of the weak and false. Will class legislation, one-sided justice, oppression and wrong, ever harmonize humanity?

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is giving Concerts for the sufferers in Holland; the proceeds of the first amounted to four hundred pounds. Jenny is the mother of two children. Wonder if it has ever been thought improper for her to leave them to pour forth her songs to delight the multitude.

In every mind, and in every system, there is the fruitful germ of truth even amid the abundance of error.

[For the Una.]

FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND.

"Out of sight, out of mind" is the common adage, but in our present mood we utterly ignore the proverb, and adopt for our motto, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder;" for certainly the Una never occupied so warm a place in our affections, as during her temporary suspension. Most cordially do we welcome her again to England, and heartily wish her success.

In the midst of the disgraces and disasters brought upon us by the selfishness and imbecility of our rulers, it is pleasant to be reminded that humanity has not exhausted itself on the subject of government; that the resources of one half of the race have yet to be brought to bear upon it. If anything besides the simple justice of the case, were necessary to prove the right of woman to be associated equally with man, in the formation of an institution that controls both, it is the great want of success that has attended the efforts of man in that department.

A modern writer declares "History to be little else than a record of the failures of governments;" and Macaulay, no mean authority, on this subject, says that in England "We see the barbarism of the thirteenth century, and the highest civilization of the nineteenth century, side by side; and we see that the barbarism belongs to the government, and the civilization to the people."

This statement is fearfully realized by the management of the present war. Forty thousand of our noblest and bravest countrymen have been made to perish miserably—not by their enemies, but through the barbarism and incapacity of their own government.—They died, martyrs to a corrupt and vicious system, which makes rank and wealth the stepping stones to high offices, instead of merit.

Thanks to a *free press*, and the efforts of such men as Mr. Stafford and Mr. Sidney Osbourne, we have now ample evidence that our soldiers fell sick by thousands, because they had scarcely anything to cover them, and little or nothing to eat.

Starvation in the camp, was succeeded by starvation in the hospital, where they lay, covered with vermin, amidst the stench of festering wounds and animal pollution of every kind, till death released them from their sufferings; they were then carted in heaps to their graves, and buried by men little more alive than themselves. And all this time, food, clothing, and comforts of every kind were rotting in the transport ships, and on the shore of Balaklava; the markets of Constantinople within sight, and our ambassador residing there, who was furnished with an unlimited amount of money to purchase every thing required by the troops.

The sufferings of these brave men are past; but can we look at the mourners in every part of our land, whose homes have been rendered desolate, or broken up forever, and say that women have nothing to do with government.

"Knowledge, by suffering entereth." This war has shown us that wisdom is not hereditary, and has shaken our faith in *Lords*. Whether we humble the power of Russia or not, it will, with all its horrors, be a great blessing to England, if it teaches the people how to govern themselves. It seems incredible that an intelligent people should submit to a government so cumbrous, so expensive, so deficient in practical wisdom, and so indifferent to the well-being of the people, as ours. But the fact is, that few Englishmen trouble themselves about it. They leave the aristocracy to manage these things for them. They do not recognize the fact that *all duty*, whether public or private, is *imperative*, and can neither be evaded nor delegated with impunity. A man scrupulously alive to his private duties, feels himself at liberty to ignore his duties as a citizen without considering himself in the least degree culpable; nay, many men make a merit of abjuring politics when they marry, because they interfere with domestic duties, and take them from their wives. Thus the exclusion of women from political and civil rights, is not only an injustice to herself, but it has a most injurious effect on the exercise of those rights by men.

The body politic, lowered in tone, and weakened by the loss of so many members, becomes inert and incapable of resisting disease; the head is affected, and bad government is the natural consequence. When abuses become unbearable, woman is appealed to; she is told that she is the guardian of public morals, and in that capacity she is expected to do anything and every thing that is required of her. But that she may not go out of her *sphere*, the the word *politics* is discarded, every thing of that nature suddenly assumes a moral or religious aspect.

The slavery in our colonies was considered a political institution, till the women were called upon to assist in abolishing it; *then* it became a question of morality and religion.

When the women were enlisted in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn-laws, they were told it was a moral question, and therefore the peculiar business of woman.

It is doubtless the business of woman, (as of man,) to do all she can for the repeal of bad laws. But, if she is as richly endowed, morally and religiously as she has credit for, her place as "guardians of the public morals," should be in the Legislature, to prevent the enactment of bad laws, and the sin and misery produced by their operation. The occupation assigned her at present, of

sweeping away abuses, caused by man's bungling legislation, better entitles her to the name of his political scavenger.

JUST AND EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

HEARING BEFORE THE ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE.

Reported for the Albany Register.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 17, 1855.

The Select Committee of the Assembly, to which was referred the petition for Woman's Rights, consisting of Messrs. RICKERSON, WELLS, RIDER, BAKER, STANTON, LOURIE, J. BENNET and AITKEN, granted a hearing to the petitioners, who were represented by the REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Miss SARAH B. ANTHONY, and Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE, in the Assembly Chamber, Saturday evening.

Mr. RICKERSON, the Chairman of the Select Committee, first introduced to the meeting the REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, who opened by saying that it was probably understood that they claimed equal rights with men, and, to retain those rights, they demanded the right of suffrage. She said, ever, in the history of the world, had woman been denied her rights—been the subordinate in all governments. Man was first created physically the stronger, which accounts for his always ruling. Woman's maternity and her children had kept her under that rule. She did not believe woman would ever equal man physically, but could not concede from this any necessity for a deprivation of her rights. She alluded to the first condition, in remote ages, of *owned* and *owner*, and the causes that led to the change to *protector* and *protected*. This theory, she claimed, must be considered that of the *oneness* of the male and female. And she only desired that either should represent that one—that both should be upon the same footing.

Man, said she, cannot represent woman, unless they are essentially alike; and, if they are alike, she can as well represent him as he represent her. Why, she asked, if they were alike, could not man, for a while, be relieved of the burden and responsibility of making the laws? And, if it was a privilege, should not they share that privilege?

But she denied that man and woman were sufficiently alike to be represented one by the other.

The laws look upon woman as a subordinate, and, under them, man has rights that she does not possess. She would not institute a comparison between man and woman. As well, said she, may you ask, "Which is the largest—a Railroad or a Steamboat? "Which is the longest—a day in June, or a Boa Constrictor?" &c. Men and women would not bear a comparison; they were essentially unlike.

There were rights common to humanity; these, woman could not, unrepresented, secure or enjoy. An unrepresented party in any Government is always a dependent. To prove this, she cited the condition of Ireland and Scotland contrasted. The one idea of the law is, that woman is to own nothing—to have but a support. She does not get the common right to own property, because unrepresented.

She then referred to woman as a criminal, and asked if she could have justice done her while she was not tried by her peers. No man was a peer of woman. Women never had been jurymen. Either, said she, take back the principle that man has a right to trial by his peers, or grant woman the same; or, at least, let each be tried by a jury of the race—men and women together. Man could not, from his different position, understand the temptations to which woman might be exposed.

Man can labor and be honored. Not so woman. She pictured faithfully the temptations to woman to commit sins in order to retain her social position, that might exist, and claimed that man was incapable of appreciating perfectly all these things. Of our laws she said they contained not one womanly element.

They were hence incapable of judging matters of difference between the two. In differences between a married pair, woman is compelled to come before the masculine court, and there lay bare her feminine soul, and before a court that cannot understand her nature. She will rather suffer in silence than thus reveal herself. Since the matrimonial relations exist between man and woman, let man and woman make the laws regulating that union, and regulating divorce. The justice of this was to her very apparent, and she could not but feel that it would be granted.

Miss B. then proceeded to discuss the injustice of property-taxation without representation, and claimed that woman's *moral* nature, too, must submit to be taxed by certain laws, in which it was unrepresented. In the license-laws she is taxed morally, and not represented. Governments are said to derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. If that was true, we had not in our Government just powers, for the consent of the governed was not granted.

What good reason, she asked, could be urged to granting woman at once her right of suffrage? Suppose her rights were now granted her, they could not be retained unless she was represented in the Government and at the ballot-box.

A few years ago this subject was ridiculed; now it was attracting serious attention, and the very first principles of right give to woman the right of suffrage in common with man. No matter, she said, whether woman claimed the right, and desired to exercise it or not, it was hers by right, by reason of her humanity. Suppose but one woman demands her rights, must she wait till all the rest demand the same? But, she said, there were hundreds of thousands in the State who desired the right of suffrage. The objections urged to this were, first, that woman did not desire political privileges.

If you have perfect faith, said she, that it is inconsistent with her nature to vote, don't show your want of confidence in her nature by declaring she *shall not vote*. Permit her to determine whether she desires it or not. Do not cast contempt into her face and that of her God, by attempting to legislate as to her nature. Woman ought not to be tempted to enter the political field, by telling her she shall not. Let her prove whether she have the right talent or not—whether she is adapted to public life or not.

Let this question be determined by trial once, and it will be forever settled.

Another objection urged was, that public life is coarse and gross, she did not like to say, a *low life*, but people talked as if it was. If this were indeed so, she thought woman ought to be permitted to seek to improve, to refine the character of the political world. She thought it the very argument for giving woman access to the ballot-box, that it was a coarse and low field that needed improving. She did not claim that woman was more holy than man, but that the effect of the one upon the other was beneficial, restraining and harmonizing. It was this effect that was wanted everywhere, even perhaps in so grave a hall as this.

The womanly presence she would extend everywhere that human effort is put forth.

She alluded to the remarks of an ex-Senator of the danger of our democracy going back to a monarchy, and claimed that it could only be diminished by enlarging our democracy; either woman must be made free as man is, or we shall go back to monarchy. We may have another monarchy, and then out of it a greater republic, where all the people shall try the experiment of self-government. Come it must. The application of equal rights to woman is seen; let them then be granted, and throw down all restraints. The State that first grants her equality will be blessed. At least give her a reason *why* she should not govern and represent herself. *Wherever man can go and be true to his manhood, woman can go and be true to her womanhood.* Woman has a place in public life, though a hedge of public opinion is planted round it, and iron bars molten in the furnace of law, are put round her; yet, when her spirit rouses within her, and she feels that she has a mission to perform, these barriers will fall down before her.

If women were worthy to act in Government, they would soon be permitted to act in it; but make her worthy by giving her the motive. She felt sure of ultimate results, and only asked for help now, that the world might be better now. Woman asks justice, and that justice will be esteemed by her a favor. She feels that she has a mission to perform; and if you see the justice of her claims, that they are in accordance with the law of God, "what ye would men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" give her this, give her justice.

Mrs. ERNESTINE L. ROSE followed, alluding first to the fundamental principle of our Revolutionary fathers, that "all men are created equal," and said, that under that principle, all that woman asked had been granted already. She only asked in fact what is granted in theory—the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Will any one say woman is not included in that glorious Declaration? That principle required no sex, for it was based upon humanity and mind, and they know no sex. Happiness and misery, life and death, recognize no sex. In all the essentials of human life, woman is like man. Where the dividing line begins or ends, we need not seek to know. Her claims are based above these, and she claims nothing she ought not to possess, and she ought to take no less, for principle knows no compromise.

She repeated the idea, that without the right to the elective franchise, woman was not secure in the possession of any of her rights; and replied to the objections urged to it. She thought it time that woman helped man in securing peace and quiet at the ballot-box.

It was urged that woman, with political rights, would neglect her family. She replied that she would know better her duties to her family, and would the better discharge them. It was asked why, when woman was represented by her father, brother, and son, she should seek to represent herself. The question was worthy of consideration, but she claimed that even if not wronged by their representation,

self-representation would be her right. But facts were stubborn things, and she could cite facts to show her position.

The statute-books say "he" and "his," and in but few instances "she" and "hers."

It is said, "husband and wife are one;" aye, said she, but that *one* is the *husband*. She wished they were truly one; if so, there would be far less reason for the claims she urged. When woman marries, in almost every sense she dies legally. If she commits crime in the presence of her husband, *he* is held responsible. The laws make no distinction between man and man, but between man and woman. She is on our statute-books classed with infants and idiots.

The distinction should be between good men and bad men, between right and wrong, not between the sexes.

Mrs. R. noticed, in detail, the laws of our land, dwelling upon the property features of existing laws respecting women. She alluded to the legal right possessed by the husband to take the earnings of his wife, and spend them for liquor. The husband has entire control over her, and all business must be transacted in his name, let his character be ever so bad. She desired that woman be allowed to control her own earnings when the husband did not provide. It was just, at least, that the laws pertaining to copartnership be applied to husbands and wives. The right of the husband to bind out the children without the consent of the mother, was a base injustice to woman.

She claimed equal rights for the mother in this particular, and urged the passage of a law upon these subjects, now before the Legislature.

Woman was a piece of property, belonging to father, guardian, or husband, transferred from one to the other—her feelings lacerated, from the cradle to the grave. And oppressions inflicted upon woman must fall back upon man. Her place was to lay the foundation for the after character of her child, and upon that child would be visited the effects of the mother's position and treatment. Human rights, human freedom was necessary to the ennobling of any human being. The claim of woman is not for herself alone; it is for society at large.

Mrs. R. denied that to man alone belonged the head, and to woman the heart, claiming that both head and heart were necessary for a human being, and that that figure of speech ought not to be the basis of our laws.

Woman never had the chance to prove what she might be. Insult is added to oppression when man says her capacity is unequal to his. It is yet to be seen, under a more favorable state of things, what her capacity is.

When woman has her full rights in forming and executing laws, her rights to property and her offspring, then will there be a union of the intellect and the sentiment in man and woman, and her real capacity can be truly estimated.

She protested against the injustice of the laws that give the wife only the use of one-third of the property at the death of the husband, but upon her death gives him all. And also against the implication, from that law, that the mother had not a heart for her children's wants as the father had.

She did not desire much legislation; we had too much already; but only that laws be just and equal. Right always rewards itself, and wrong punishes itself.

After the close of her remarks, members of the committee, and individuals in the audience, sent up quite a number of questions respecting the effect of granting to woman the elective franchise, which Mrs. ROSE answered, in a characteristic manner, and greatly to the entertainment of the audience.

In answer to the question whether, by entering public life, woman would not be degraded instead of man elevated—Miss BROWN remarked that when equals and unequals meet, the higher is brought down; but when they meet as equals, there is no such thing as evil resulting.

She said there were yet no type-men and no type-women; she hoped not to elevate man to the standard of woman, but greatly above the present position of either sex. The influence of the sexes upon each other is always good when they meet as equals.

After continuing this exercise until 11 o'clock, the large company in attendance dispersed.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH
vs.
REV. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

"A great deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious,—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this we confess appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we every day meet with. every body, we suppose, must perceive; but there is none, surely, which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them up to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action.

"There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon." Here is the opinion of the Rev. Sydney Smith, the distinguished English Essayist and Divine. To speak of a natural mental difference in the sexes, was an absurdity to him fifty years ago. To speak of their identity, is an absurdity to the Rev. Antoinette Brown in 1855. In her recent speech at Albany before a legislative committee, she said she would institute no comparison between men and women. "As well," she said, "you may ask which is the largest, a railroad or a steamboat; which the longest, a boa constrictor or a day in June." Now I beg leave to differ entirely with Antoinette Brown. I think boys and girls, men and women, can be compared. As moral and intellectual beings, does not all history prove them the same? There is no end to speculations or theories on any subject, and there is no way of combating visions or shadows. But of those things of which the evidences of our senses attest, we may reason and judge. Well, then, to let pass that indescribable something, in which it is said that all men and women differ, and to come down to what we see, and hear, and feel, what have we?

Man eats and drinks and sleeps, and so does woman. He runs and walks, laughs and cries, feels joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, and so does woman. He loves, hates, is angry, sorry, impatient, unreasonable, tyrannical, and so is woman. He is religious, penitent, prayerful, dependent, and so is woman. He is courageous, bold, self-reliant, enduring, and so is woman. He is ambitious, loves glory, fame, power, and so does woman. He loves to think, reason, write, speak, debate, declaim, and so does woman. In fact what has man ever done, that woman has not done also?—what does he like, that she does not like too? Are not our hopes and fears for time and eternity the same? What virtue or vice, what aspiration or appetite has ever crowned or clouded the glory of manhood, that we have not seen in woman too, its beauty or its blight. The physical differences we see between some men and women, produced by different employments, may be seen also between man and man. Contrast the farmer with the man who has led a sedentary, scholastic life. Contrast those women who have been developed by labor or accident, with some of your puny metropolitans who have never seen the sun rise or set. Theory may say that if man and woman from the beginning were educated precisely alike, man would still be the larger, the stronger. When the experiment is fully made, it will be time enough to admit the assumption. But suppose we admit that man is physically larger than woman, what do you gain by the admission? Among men the athletic, the muscular, the brawny, are by no means the great men in the best sense of that word, neither are they the strongest physically. The sight of a small man whipping a large one is not uncommon. The force of will has much more to do with strength than the size of the frame, the impelling organs of the brain than the size of the arm and chest. By far the greater proportion of distinguished men, of generals, statesmen, and philosophers, have been small men of fine nervous organization and exquisite sensibilities. Look at Napoleon, Lord Nelson, Guizot, Hamilton, Burr, Adams, Channing, Emerson and Seward. So, should we grant man the superiority of the ox, we should but prove him an inferior order of being. Much stress is laid on the phrenological difference. All that phrenology proves is that

the organs that are the most exercised are the most developed. If sex alone shapes the head, then there can be no exception to the rule. But if you can produce a female that a phrenologist, blinded, cannot tell the sex, then the rule falls through, and you show that education and not sex made the difference. There is nothing more common than to hear a phrenologist say to a woman who has a large, well-developed brain, You have a man's head; and to a man whose brain is small, with large philoprogenitiveness and a perceptive intellect, You have a woman's head.

Men and women are not so unlike in person either, but by skilful dressing the one may pass for the other. George Sand, the assumed name of the distingushed Madame Dudevant, has travelled incognito in man's attire through many countries and observed society in all its phases in Parisian life. There are many instances of men escaping from prison in woman's attire, undiscovered, and of women disguised as soldiers fighting in the hottest of the battle, side by side with those they loved. In children's plays, boys and girls are constantly seen wrestling, running, climbing, comparing their strength and swiftness. I never heard it hinted in the play-ground or the school-room, that boys and girls were not legitimate subjects of comparison. When a girl, I have gone many a time from our Academy gate to the belfry, snowball in hand, to punish a boy for washing my face. The girls in my native village not only tried strength with boys in the play-ground, but we measured lances with them, in the sciences, languages, and mathematics. In studying Algebra and Geometry, in reading Virgil or the Greek Testament, I never found out the difference in the male and female mind. In those days there was no feminine way of extracting the cube root of x, y, z; no masculine way of going through all the moods and tenses of the verbs Amo and Tupto. We have had so much sentimental talk in all our woman's conventions, by the friends of the cause, about the male and female element, and by outsiders, on woman's sphere, her mission, her peculiar duties, &c., that I should like to have all this mysterious twaddle thoroughly explored; all these nice shades of differences fully revealed. It is not enough to assert that there always has been, is, and always will be a difference. The question is, What is it?

E. C. S.

The road is long, but the way is clear. Thought is a rapid traveller. There are intellectual railroads and moral telegraphs in progress. There is progress even in retrogression. The course of thought is like that of the heavenly spheres, an onward spiral, an advancing revolution, but there is neither pause nor repetition.

[For the Una.]

A LIFE CHANGE.

BY MRS. E. JESSUP EAMES.

The deepn'ing shadows of a winter's night
Fell grey and heavy through a lonely chamber;
The fading fire sent out a fitful light,
And fiercely blew the breezes of November:—
The while a young girl sat and read the story
Of Hercules—that Demi-god of glory.

And long she linger'd o'er the mythic tale—
The "seven labors" her high heart enchanted;
A deep-ey'd, slender girl was she, and pale
By the resistless force of Genius haunted!
Yet feeble, friendless, poor, and soul-dejected,—
The Immortal Spirit pined till *now* neglected!

Through the dim shadows of that silent room
The *Inner Life-flame* rose up faintly burning—
The struggling light pierced through the imperfect gloom,
And in that moment came the *point of turning!*
Her *destiny* at once had come upon her—
She questioned not,—but took its duties on her!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Flame up no more! the fires of youth are out!
And from its ashes, Phœnix-like, arises
The stronger life! Away with fear and doubt,
The *Will* and *Must* at length have made a crisis! —
Now—forthwith steps the self-dependent woman
Bearing the light that is her footstep to illumine!

Henceforth she reads the Law to her own mind,
And follows it with fix'd, concenter'd vision;
Faith, Courage, Hope, Duty, and Truth combined,
To cheer her in this Heaven-appointed mission;
With calm, clear, introverted gaze, she seeing
The one determined purpose of her being!

Thus standing on the Battle-Field of Life,
She knows what is appointed her to suffer;
She hears the call that summons to the strife,
And quails not when the rocky road grows rougher:—
But her clear eyes look out from the material
Up to the starry height of God's ethereal!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The classic legend found its parallel
In her changed life! not wholly world-forsaken
The power and spirit that of eld did dwell
In him of Tyrinthus:—and she has taken
Hope, Faith and Courage, to work out the power
To *do* and *be* through every changeful hour!

Meanwhile beneath the *mind's* superior will
Her *Heart* beat true to its most loyal nature;
Tender and loving, it could melt, and thrill
In pity for the sufferings of God's creature:
True to the lowliest, as the loftiest duty,
She gave to each its own harmonious beauty!

And though the first experiences of life
The fairer portion of her youth had wasted,
Its hard injustice, falsehood, wrong and strife,
Prematurely her heart's green verdure blasted;
Still kept she pure her *Faith* in *Human Nature*,
And recognized the *best* in every creature!

And with a consciousness of innate strength
(Prophetic of her sex's best endeavor
That all their earnest efforts must at length
Leave the world better;) did she pray that ever
In *Woman's* holy cause, her Sisters might
Be faithful laborers for the True and Right!

La Maternité, Paris, March 20th.

Dear P:—When I received your letter requesting me to write you some of my daily life, I intended to comply very soon, and in fact have made several attempts; but the days that commence at 5 1-2 A. M., and terminate at 11 o'clock P. M., are not long enough to accomplish half I wish.

At present my range of vision is quite circumscribed, being shut up within the walls of a large Hospital, without leave of absence, and only one hour in the day to see friends, and that in the public reception room. And to all intents and purposes, Paris is a thousand miles off; but the observations within are almost unlimited, and the experience certainly invaluable to me.

Thus you see my proposed trip to Italy was exchanged for a passage in practical life. I did not suppose until a short time before I entered that it would be possible to come here for so limited a time; but my kind friend Dr. Dubois aided me in making arrangements by which I can stay a longer or shorter time, as circumstances may decide. So I at once turned my thoughts from Italy, not without a struggle I confess, but happy in a decision that should give me, in place of pleasure and general acquisitions, a special and practical experience that shall be of use to others also. It is now nearly two months that I have lived here in the best employment of the fullest opportunities that a Hospital of some 300 or more beds of women and children can offer, every day of which time has been precious. I am considered an exception to the strict rules, and so am much privileged, both for practice and observation. I have not time, nor am I sure it would interest you to enter into particulars of Hospital life. Suffice it that I am most happy in all its relations; the immense field it affords for professional acquirements; the intimate acquaintance with habits, professional and private, of another nation, and then the poor class of patients I see, though often very saddening, is also very interesting, and I have withal such a full heart-life that my soul is constantly outpouring in gratitude for the richness and beauty of life. Aside from the professional interest, every day has something to make me grateful for it; something to enrich my inner self. This evening I have watched the approach of the messenger that came to bear away a gentle one from this world. When we made the visit at five o'clock this afternoon I lingered an instant, for it always seemed to give her pleasure when I put my hand softly upon her head; and she said, "Vouley vous rester avec moi?" I told her yes if she wished it, but she seemed not satisfied till I told her I would stay all the night if she wished it. It was a holy delight to stand beside her and watch

the play of those delicately carved features, sharpened by the lingering disease, consumption, and the varying light of her brilliant eye turned inquiringly toward me.

Twilight stole softly on and the evening star dropped its first rays through the uncurtained window upon her pillow. I felt that her sins were forgiven and the angels attended her. Just then the priest came in, put the cross upon her lips, and said his prayers over her; she heeded not his mummery. I thought, she has gone, and whispered "au revoir, ma chire femme"—but she opened her eyes and said, "Stay with me"—when I told her that she was going away from me, she said "Non," with her face all brightness looking into mine, then like an infant hushed to sleep on its mother's bosom she passed away; not a shadow rested upon her countenance as I closed the dimmed eyes and turned her head upon the pillow and left her alone with the angels. Sometimes it is to press the gift of this life upon an infant who refuses to accept it, sometimes to witness the grief of the bereft mother,—ever something to call out earnest thought. But I must tell you of M'me Charrier, who for some twenty years has been chief in this hospital, a little smart, bright-eyed, fair-complexioned woman of about fifty-six years, full of intelligence, wit, humor and sarcasm, who besides the responsibility and labor of the Hospital, has also a large practice in the city.

In her one sees combined the physician, quiet and efficient, the fond mother, and tender, sympathizing woman. I see her turn away with an unconscious exclamation, when she sees pain unnecessarily inflicted upon another, and in the same hour, perhaps, I see her endeavoring to alleviate suffering by the severest operations, which she performs with great skill; and I cannot discover that she fails in any feminine quality, nor that long practice has "*hardened*" her. It is a satisfaction to know such a woman after such a life of usefulness. At 6 o'clock every morning she makes a visit through the Hospital, at 7 gives a lecture to the élèves, of whom there are seventy-three, nice respectable girls who intend to support themselves as sage-femme after they receive the diploma.

There is much I would like to tell you if time did not fail, but all must be reserved until I see you, which may be ere very long, as I have decided to return with my brother; before that time I may take a little excursion into Germany with him. Excuse this abruptness, and believe me ever yours. N. E. C.

The great fundamental truth of all past creeds and systems is the idea of spiritual regeneration, and of eternal justice.

TO ALL WHO WILL READ IT. Not many days ago, there were in our City Jail forty women, who had been arrested and confined there for real or supposed crime. Some of them were undoubtedly notorious offenders—some of them had probably been detected in outrages against good order and decency—and some, perhaps many of them, had been arrested on mere suspicion.

That such receptacles are necessary to the preservation of order and comfort in society as it is now constituted, we are not disposed to deny. At the same time, it is an encouraging sign that the spirit of Christianity is working in our community; that, in the system of these institutions, the purpose seems to be to *reform*, rather than to punish the offender. Gladly do we bear testimony to that enlightened spirit of humanity, which is striving to alleviate the curse of crime, by making this herding together of human beings less contagious to the morals of society. Still much remains to be done, particularly for the reformation of vicious *women*.

Is it generally known that our common City Jail, in which so many hundred women of every grade of depravity are confined every year to await their trial, is *wholly* under the superintendence of men? Such is the fact. Yet, to *woman* alone will woman's sins be confessed. Man she instinctively distrusts, just in proportion as he has helped to degrade her.

We have been told of an exemplary missionary, to whom a woman confined in our City Jail once said—"If I only had a *woman* to speak to!" that he took his own innocent daughter to hear the fearful confession. The anecdote, while it does honor to his sagacity, illustrates but too forcibly the truth, that there is a reserve between the sexes, which makes it idle to hope for the reformation of profligate women in our Jail, so long as men, and not women, have the superintendence of them there. And if this is true of the worst criminals, how much more is due to those unfortunate women, who, by ignorance or deception, have been betrayed into their first crime; in whom self-respect—the only thing that supports most women through the trials of poverty and sorrow—has not yet been destroyed, and who, by a timely word of affectionate sympathy, even in a den of vice, may be aroused to put on their womanly virtue once more. To such, when the ponderous gates of the Jail now shut upon them, what hope is left? Innocent or vicious, when they enter, 'tis all the same to them, they must come out degraded. Nothing there *human* invites them to goodness; no ties of sex bind their affections to virtue. The worst gain nothing by association with the best; the best lose every thing by association with the worst. To such, would not even Paul himself, preach without eloquence?

Now does it not seem an act of common humanity, shall we not say of common justice, because of *delicacy*, to place in our City Jail, as superintendents of the female department, *women* of large experience and invincible charity, who may tempt forth that sorrow which leadeth to repentance, which now is repelled and stifled by an antipathy not to be reasoned against?

Our city abounds in high minded and honorable men. Already the School of Reform for girls, is rapidly enlisting the sympathies of those who are ever ready to befriend the needy.

We have no doubt that there is quite as much chivalry, and far more principle, in the respect paid by men to women here, than in the ages of romance, technically so called. For with this respect, deepened as it is, in almost every man's experience, by the love of mother, sister, wife and daughter, is blended the exalted teaching of Him, who dared to say even to the woman taken in adultery, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." Blessed words, instinct with divine compassion, cast like a veil of sanctity over the most degraded form of womanhood!

To the chivalry, to the Christianity of our citizens, we appeal in confidence that we shall be heard. If no Mrs. Fry arises in our city, surely suitable, intelligent women may be found, and proper recompense given to them—women whose blessed privilege it may be to check the vicious contamination of desperate offenders, to arouse the consciences and soften the hearts of many; while to us will remain the satisfaction of knowing that we have not, under pretence of keeping the peace, introduced any woman wilfully to a school of vice.

HOWARD.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Rickerson, from the Select Committee, consisting of Messrs. Aitken, Lourie, Rider, Masters, Baker, Stanton, Wells and J. Bennett, to whom was referred the petitions of the women of the State of New York, for the rights of suffrage, reported that the Committee have had the same under consideration and unanimously report adversely to the prayers of the petitioners.

Mr. Rickerson, from the same Committee, to whom was referred the petition "for the just and equal rights of woman," reports that the Committee have given the object of the petition that examination which time and circumstances would allow, and report favorably thereupon, as embraced in the following bills, which they ask leave to introduce:

An act to amend Chapter 2d, Title 5th of Part 2d of the Revised Statutes, entitled "Of title to real property by 'descent.'"

SECTION 1, Chapter 2, Title 5 of Part 2 of the Revised Statutes is hereby amended by adding thereto the following sections:

Sec. 30. If the intestate be a married man, living and having lived with his wife during marriage, or if the intestate be a married woman, living and having lived with her husband during marriage, and shall die without lawful descendants, born or to be born of such marriage, or of a prior marriage, the inheritance shall descend to the surviving husband or wife, as the case may be, during his or her natural life, whether the inheritance came to the intestate on the part of the father or mother, or otherwise.

SEC. 2. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this Act are hereby repealed.

"The end of our bridled word and ungoverned folly must be calamity."

The Una.

BOSTON, MAY, 1855.

EDITORS,
MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
MRS. CAROLINE HEALY DALL.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.
MRS. E. OAKES SMITH,
" F. D. GAGE,
" E. CHENEY,
" PETER,
" ELIZABETH C. STANTON,
MISS ELIZABETH P. PEABODY,
LIZZIE LINN.

HOME, April 20th.

Please furnish copy, says our publisher.

Yes sir, we wish we were made of copy, like "the man who was made of money," and had nothing to do but put our hand into our bosom and draw forth page after page, filled with "thoughts that breathed, and words that burned;" but we are not, nor have we a mint of money, otherwise you should feel no anxiety as to where printer's pay is to come from; and since the call was made for copy, we have had to put our house in order, and call together our household after our long absence.

Now we, the women's rights women, have been accused by Eliza Cook, in her widely circulated Journal and in several other smaller papers and periodicals, of having less regard for our homes and domestic duties than we should have; in other words, we are represented as slatternly housekeepers, careless wives and mothers, and neglectful of hospitality, "given to loud talking and much gadding abroad."

We once made a slight defence of our co-workers, and from the delicacy of the subject would prefer saying nothing farther about it, were it not that we find some fresh attacks. The subject is delicate, not because the little band who bear the stigmatized name could not well endure the severest tests of critical housemongers; but because personalities are not agreeable. It is delightful to speak in terms of general praise, but we are not sure that our friends would like equally well to see their names and virtues all told. We are in no way certain that Mrs S., who writes with so much vigor, and is so eloquent, and who expects to be judged as an intellect, and who is giving that, without stint or measure, to the public, would be happy in having her private life and the sanctity of her home relations all revealed, to have her system, order and perfection of household arrangements descanted upon; nor do we know that Mrs. M., who is everywhere spoken of as the most charming of hostesses, the most admirable of domestic managers, feels this part of her life to be for the public; and as we recall one after another of the live women who are working for humanity, we cannot find one who has not a pure, beautiful, private life set apart, with which the coarse, curious, outside world has no business. To that, with pen and voice she may give the fruit of her intellect, but the outflow of her heart-life is for the innermost circle, and on that it acts like the balmy south wind and summer's sun. Circle after circle forms round her, and widening reaches far outward into time. And what is needed is a multiplication of these little eddies in the pool; thousands are needed where there are scarcely tens, in order to lift up those frivolous women, who think only of dress, or rather who vegetate through life and never think at all, are forever hurried to death in their busy idleness, altering dresses that seemed faultless in style, making one bow longer, and another shorter, one flounce fuller, and another more scanty, doing up laces, and paying morning visits that they have not a shadow of interest in, glad when they find their *very dear friends* out and can leave a card. Ah! this woman dust lies deep over earth. What a blessing it would be if poverty, holy poverty, stern teacher, were to compel them to labor, compel them to find out the object of their creation. They never feel that they are alive. Their blood never leaps exultingly in answer to a great thought; they sleep, their souls are under enchantment, their minds locked up, and we "*Ora et labora.*"

But to return to the housekeeping; we cannot write, Mr. Publisher, till, in New England parlance, we have put everything to rights. Poets we know make their pictures on the brain, and then while they paint it matters little to them what are their outward surroundings. Montgomery wrote some of his finest poems in a room from whence he looked only on the old broken back walls of brick houses. He had drunk his inspiration in the fields and woods, where the sun lightly and softly glanced in and out, where the quiet little brooks kept time with the rustling leaves, and the notes of the birds rose high above the minor key, and woke in him the song that lives; but unfortunately we are not so organized; we cannot fancy our house clean and orderly, our table spread with wholesome food, the mending done, the linen assorted and the supplies properly arranged. We must see all these things attended to, or ghosts of neglected duties haunt us, and your wants sink into insignificance; but when all is quietly settled we are sometimes disposed to talk very gravely about housekeeping, although we must own that we do not believe that woman's emancipation will ever be achieved or political economy make much advanee, while she is compelled to go through the belittleing details of the isolated household, and while every family of five is supported at an expense that should maintain five times that number in positions of far higher enjoyment than any single family can give. The same amount of fire which cooks their dinner, which warms their house, and the work which does their washing, with proper machinery would do it for five times that number.

The strict economy of heat and labor, to say nothing of other points, would be a most rapid increase of national wealth, while one class, whose bones and muscles are of equal value, would not be crushed with ever wearying, wearing, kitchen work, and another with the eternal stitching of the family. We are perfectly aware that we are broaching a subject from which some of our friends shrink aghast, and ask in terror, "What is to become of the privacy of the family if we all go into community?" Not so fast, friends; we are not advocating the community system, where all is common property, for that has somehow become stigmatized as the worst form of infidelity, although it was introduced by the apostles, and nothing was withheld from the general fund, "for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." Acts 4 : 34, 35. The joint stock association, where every one's capital is guaranteed to him, where labor is honorable, and paid for in proportion to its worth, where persons can choose an employment that is attractive to them, and associates in labor with whom they have affinities, is much better adapted to the selfish Christianity of the present, than that old fashioned community system that the Bible talks about. It suits every way, for it is a great saving of labor, a very great economy, and every body is struggling for wealth and freedom from care.

And then again we are not large enough or good enough to love every body. Love is elective. We have recently heard a new explanation of the "commandment to love thy neighbor as thyself." It is love those with whom you have affinities; these are thy neighbors, all others are nigh dwellers, and we need not love them in association any more than now, when we gather our very special particular household, those of our own blood around the hearth stone, closing the doors on the poor Irish girl in the underground kitchen, alone in her darkness of mind and weariness of body, it may be too in sickness of heart, for the loved ones far away for whom she is toiling and sacrificing. The most perfect and beautiful instances of self-abnegation we have ever known have been among this class of persons; and when we have seen them stinting and scrimping their young lives of all pleasures, that they might bring out some sister or cousin, and then when they came, have seen the gushing, warm, outflowing love, have heard the sweet, tender, endearing names they give, and

the soft cooing voices in which they talk, we have been ashamed of our own cold-heartedness. They are disliked because misunderstood; their hearts open, they utter their feelings, and it is called blarney. They are repulsed, and the next impulse, no more sincere than the first, is to do some desperate deed. The heart, when thrown back upon itself, is far more bitter in its action than any power of the intellect can be. We talk of violent, bad people, as being heartless and without feeling. They are persons of profound feeling, but who have been perverted and ruined by being misunderstood. Look at Mirabeau: he had one of the most generous, noble and loving of human hearts, but the whole purpose of his creation was defeated by the persecutions of his father, who seems to have grudged him an existence, simply for the reason that he had an ill-shapen and ugly body.

We find among the piles of exchanges that have accumulated in our absence, one new one worthy of notice. It is "THE CONTRA COSTA," a weekly published in Oakland, California, by Mrs. S. M. Clarke. The leading editorials of the numbers we have received are on popular education, and are ably written.

The following extract from number two marks the character of the paper. We find nothing else to give us a clew to our contemporary's opinions, but are very well satisfied when a woman *takes a position*, if she does not claim all that we do in the outset, we are well assured that she will grow into it ultimately.

As our Government, in its liberal policy, recognizes man as an independent, self-governing, moral agent, which presupposes a harmoniously developed nature the result of a perfect education, we are at liberty to start with the following proposition:

The principles of our Democratic Republic, being based upon the equality and general intelligence of the people, their unity of action and their power of self-government therefore require that our Popular System of Instruction should directly promote these objects—should be a complete system of Education, adequate to the entire educational want of the individual and of the nation.

Our present school system does not compass this object; it meets neither the individual, nor the national want, and sense is inadequate to render man what our government presupposes him to be, an independent, self-governing, moral being. We do not undervalue the present school system, nor the untiring efforts of noble hearted men who have labored in the cause of Popular Education in the Eastern States and in this country; and we would not displace it to make room for a new order of things, but as we claim for our brother and sister man,* and for our nation, a system of instruction that shall meet the entire individual and national want, we would have the present school system enlarged and improved to effect this object.

* "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

In one number we find an able article from Mrs. E. W. Farnham against Mormonism.

Copy still rings in our ears. Well, we have as a *dernier* resort opened our long-neglected editorial drawer, and there find articles from a few valued friends, with scraps and letters received when we were not permitted to read; but as we draw them forth we find them just as fresh and warm now as when they were written, and we bless God for all human sympathies, all holy affections, all truthful natures that we have been brought in *rapport* with in our labor for Una. ED.

GATHERINGS.

"The bereft are not swift to lay to their hearts consolation. They are not eager to look through the long dark corridors of solitude and silence for the ray beyond that streams, the token of a better land, the surety of a spiritual union. In the present consciousness is the sore bereavement. It is the present, the tangible loss that overwhelms. It is the sense of it that rebukes and repels as impertinent the voices that essay consolation."

"We show what manner of faith is in *us* by our works. The spirit that is in us, remember that! works its way outward, and takes its place according to its power and virtue, either in a marble pillar or statue, a house or a painting or a book, in a battle or a law, or a murder or a martyrdom, or in eating or drinking." "The just live by faith."

Written fiction may be bad, but living "social fiction" is infinitely worse.—*Getting Along.*

Unhappiness comes only when a good life is united to a worthless one—a living to a dead one—a wakened to a sleeping one. When one is quickened to fly into heaven, while the wings of his mate trail heavily in the dust.

Total forgetfulness of self will alone develop that which is most desirable in ourselves, either as artist or man; and by that humility and forgetfulness will many a feeble man leave a deeper mark on his time than the egotist of mightier power.—*Crayon.*

Art is not meant to amuse in its high forms, —it is meant to elevate, to instruct, to raise the minds of us poor mortals above "the things of flesh and sense"—to give us hours of pure spirit life.—*Dwight's Journal.*

Better to dream with the studious than to sneer with the ignorant. Best of all to feel strongly the divine instincts of life, for it is given to the heart and to the poet to discover many things which to the brain and to the philosopher are forever hidden. It is only when passions and intellect, imagination and reason are united in their strength, that the thoughts are brought forth which outlast the empires in which they were first promulgated,—aye, the very languages in which they were originally uttered.

Most men remember obligations, but not often to be grateful for them. The proud are made *sour* by the remembrance, and the vain *silent.*—*W. G. Simms.*

The passions are like those demons with which Afrasahiab sailed down the Orus. Our only safety consists in keeping them asleep. If they wake, we are lost.—*Goethe.*

Vanity may be likened to the smooth-skinned and velvet-footed mouse, nibbling about forever in expectation of a crumb; while self-esteem is too apt to take the likeness of the huge butcher's dog, who carries off your steaks, and growls at you as he goes. —*W. G. Simms.*

In our next number we shall commence a tale of thrilling interest, contributed by a Southern lady, who sees things as they are.

MRS. C. I. H. NICHOLS, former editor of the Windham County Democrat, recently dedicated a meeting house in Kansas. Her pulpit was a barrel, with other arrangements in proper keeping with the building, etc.

All the other great Reform Movements of the age, are awaiting the growth of that which has in view the Elevation of Woman, that the great Drama of Reformation may have a finely balanced and unitary denouement.

The Universe is constructed on the principle of Universal Duality, which embraces both the Female and the Male principles. Science has already demonstrated this law in the Animal and Vegetable kingdoms; it will by and by discover the same in Mineral nature, also, for Love and Wisdom are omnipresent: they are also the elements of Woman and of Man.

PROGRESS is a Universal Law. No creature, no element, no thing, is beyond its control. Each globe, each system, the whole universe of worlds, as well as each kingdom of nature, each race of men and each individual man and woman, are ever wending their way onward and upward in an ever-perfecting spiral ascent. There may, indeed, be incidental indications to the contrary; but these are only some of the episodes of Nature, by which the Divine Drama of the Universe gains greater variety, greater contrast of elements, laws, principles—in their infinite analysis—and thereby, greater Unity. For,

"All Nature's *difference*
Keeps all Nature's peace."

Robert Schumann, the great artist, said of his wife, "Others make poetry, she is a poem."

Tyranny is the most fertile source of pain with which science is acquainted.

LECTURERS.

From our first number to the present time we have been scrupulously careful of giving extravagant notices of our friends who are lecturing; we may have erred by our chariness of praise, our fear of falling into the mutual admiration pit of destruction, but if so our motives have been good, we wished no disappointment, and know that where tastes vary so widely there is always danger in awakening too high expectations.

We are led to make these remarks because we wish to speak of two lecturers to whom we have recently listened with very great interest.

The Providence Physiological Society has for five years sustained a regular course of lectures commencing in October and continuing until midsummer. These lectures have frequently for a season been kept up by their own members, and one of those to which we are disposed to refer was given by Mrs. Eaton, and was of so high an order as to command the most unqualified approbation of all present. The subject, the five external senses, was presented in the clearest and most comprehensive manner, and admirably illustrated by drawings of her own.

It was Mrs. Eaton's first appearance as a lecturer, but we trust it will not be her last, for she is certainly most admirably adapted to the work; but we believe she has no intention of making it a profession.

The other lecture was given by Mrs. Mary Ann W. Johnson, who commenced her professional life four years since, by a course given to this society.

Mrs. Johnson is a clear, forcible, earnest and very agreeable speaker; her knowledge of the subjects she teaches is thorough and systematically arranged, and her experience in various directions justly entitles her to the unwavering confidence of her own sex. For many years Mrs. J's. life has been given to good works; and though much of it has been spent in active service, she is another demonstration of the ability of woman to be a public worker, and a gentlewoman also, for in all respects Mrs. J. is a thoroughly refined and delicate lady; the very fact that she can treat of all subjects connected with the human organization without offence to the most fastidious, is proof positive that she was designed for her work; and it is a pleasure to us to take this opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the importance of the subject, and to urge upon them to avail themselves of Mrs. Johnson's lectures as early as possible. Her post office address is 138 Nassau St., N. Y., where invitations may be extended to her, and ladies will find it no great tax on their time or purses to get up classes and send for her. In doing so, they may be assured they will receive fourfold in their own lives.

P. W. D.

NEW YORK IS GOVERNED.

In the Democratic Review we find a lengthy article with the above heading. From this it appears that the new Mayor, Fernando Wood, has set about his duties like an earnest, energetic man, who has both head and heart for his work.

In his message, a bold and able document, he follows a high precedent, and announces, that he shall construe the Charter as he understands it; and that even where the power it grants is doubtful, he shall not hesitate to exercise that power for the public good. This sounds a little autocratic, but there may be more in the idea of kings, and of absolute power in the hands of the highly gifted than we are willing to acknowledge. If the people cannot govern themselves, they must be governed; if it cannot be done by love, it must be by force; and so we accept the Mayor's message as an earnest of better days in New York, and shall expect, if we go there to hold another Convention, that we shall be protected in our rights to free speech, even though we should wear bloomers and mob caps.

The first act of the Mayor towards suppressing crime is to order all drinking houses closed on the Sabbath, and to see this order enforced; and in six weeks the number is reduced from two thousand and three hundred, to twenty, and the arrests fall off from one hundred and fifty, to thirty.

This promises well; "the outside of the cup and platter will be speedily cleansed from all uncleanness," if his faith and zeal faint not.

The next step of the Mayor is to "suppress" (mark the word, it does not even suggest the idea of seeking to cure a horrible evil,) immorality by arresting all licentious women found in the street or in Broadway after nightfall. Indeed, any woman who appears there alone, is liable to be taken up and lodged in prison. The worn, toiling seamstress who may desire to catch a breath of air and a moment's exercise, steps forth, and is seized upon. A mother may be driven out after dark to procure food for her babes, her ragged garb and woe-worn countenance are no protection against the well-organized, efficient police.

She must not appear in the street alone, she must have a protector, against what? Verily, the law. The drunken husband who beats and abuses her at home is a shield to her in the open air under the starry heavens. Hood says:

> "Alas! for the rarity
> Of Christian charity
> Under the sun."

Alas! say we, not for Christian charity alone, but for even-handed justice, with her steadfast, piercing eye. Man sets up a false, blind image to balance the scales, after the pure virgin fled in disgust from earth to heaven, and in her name he dares to act partially and to judge unjustly. We find it hard to believe that it has not occurred to the worthy Mayor that thousands of licentious men are prowling the streets at all hours of day and night, seeking their prey, rendering it *really* unsafe for women of any age, class or condition to go out alone. Are men weaker than they, that they need this special act for their protection? Does the Mayor believe that these women are the aggressors? Has he yet to learn that there is an innate principle in womanhood, that prevents her, in this sin above all others, from taking the lead? She may fight, swear, steal, even murder, independently of man's influence, but she never rushes into licentiousness voluntarily. There, she is lured through the holiest feelings of her nature, or driven by direst necessity. Law, public opinion, monopolies of trade, and all lucrative business avocations compelling her to remain the idle appendage of man, forever and in all circumstances controlled by his sovereign will and pleasure, will keep the number of this class of women up to its full average. If the Mayor would accomplish what he seems to desire, let him look into the philosophy of this, and not suppose that he is working a mighty reform, because through fear he is driving these helpless, hopeless women into the dark back streets, into damp cellars and filthy garrets reeking with the effluvia of pestilence. Let him remember that we are all members of one body, all interlinked for special and holy purposes, and that if one suffers, all suffer. By stern and partial laws he may drive them to starvation, to other and more desperate crimes, but he will not lure them back to virtue and to God.

Twenty-three women were arrested April 1st and taken to prison; brought before Judge Roosevelt, and discharged on the morning of the 3d, when a large crowd of spectators gathered to look upon them, to jibe, and jeer, and insult them in their anguish; for who will say that they do not feel, and keenly too, when incidents like the following occur? One young girl shrank back from the gaze of the crowd, and refused to go out; another woman took the veil from her own face and covered the crimsoned cheeks of the poor unfortunate, and then led her away. A gentle, maternal act, worthy to be recorded and remembered by all womanhood.

Were the voice of our Blessed Master to be heard issuing a new command in relation to them, methinks it would vary little from that given in the 8th chap. of John, 7th verse: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

A surging wave from that fathomless, shore-

less ocean on which they are launched, bears here and there one back to our very arms, and

> With uplifted face
> They ask a place
> For their tears.

But in our immaculate, spotless society, virtue, we dare not shield or shelter them. We may not take coals in our hands, lest we be defiled by them. No; we will gather our robes about us and pass by on the other side, to where the seducer sits, and on him who has made our sister vile and unholy, we will lavish our smiles and graces; with him we may waltz and polk, and flirt at all times, for by all the laws of society we are bound not to know that he is a sinner, or, if compelled to know it, we are with due propriety to feign ignorance. This we are told we must do to save our brothers. And then we must build asylums and get up societies for the victims, for erring women, where they can be kept out of harm's way, where they can do coarse sewing, having hard work and poor fare, that they too may be saved. Again the question arises, "And who hath made you to differ?" The poet of our Fairy Queen, in whose spirit we would have our Una always appear, speaks for the sinner thus:—

> And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
> In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace
> That may compassion of their evils move?
> There is;—else much more wretched were the cace
> Of men than beasts: But O! the exceeding grace
> Of Highest God that loves his creatures so
> And all his workes with mercy doth embrace
> That blessed angels he sends to and fro
> To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!
>
> How do they, their silver bowers leave
> To come to succour us that succour want!
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
> The yielding skyes like flying pursuivant
> Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant!
> They for us fight and watch and duly ward
> And their bright squadrons round us plant:
> And all for love and nothing for *reward*.
> O, why should God to men have such regard!

A JOURNEY THROUGH CANADA

TO THE SAULT SAINTE MARIE.

> "Fly this plague-stricken spot! the hot, foul air,
> Is rank with pestilence. The crowded marts,
> And public ways, once populous with life,
> Are still and noisome as a church-yard vault!"
>
> SUSANNA MOODIE.

To the American, Canada is a land of romance, and the details of its every-day life nothing but a myth. Accustomed to form his only idea of it, from a hurried summer tour to Montreal and Quebec, he is utterly ignorant of the wide domain that stretches from the Ottawa to Lake Erie, from Ontario to the Georgian Bay. In Quebec, he has seen one of the most magnificent fortified towns in the world, with narrow streets, high stone houses, and lofty flights of steps, connecting the lower town with the upper, singularly like those he may have traversed—for your American is no stayer at home,—on the back of some patient mule, in the Maltese city of La Valetta. He has passed in and out of the five fortified gates, with their narrow sentineled accommodation for foot-passengers, reminding him again, perhaps, of that narrow portal in the Holy City, whose very name, the Needle's Eye, forms an important commentary on a well-known passage of Scripture. He has stood above the Falls of Montmorenci, and driven along the road to Beauport, marking the exquisite neatness of the French peasant women, who came out, clad in a costume two hundred years old, to chatter their patois as he rambled along. Then, later in the day, standing upon a Durham Terrace, he may have followed the windings of the river with his eye, stretching out on the one hand, as if to embrace a continent, while on the other it plunges into fathomless depths of ocean, through the broadening bay. He has seen the wide plains spread away, dotted by the few French villages, and cultivated seigniories, which are the only signs of civilization. He has dreamed, it may be, of the unlucky Censitaires, compelled to bring all their grain to the inconvenient old stone mill, whose wings were then flapping in the rising power of the evening breeze; of the haughty Seigneur entering the village chapel every Sunday, only to maintain his right to the first dip in the holy water, and the first wafer from the priest's hand; or pouncing down upon his tenants in the middle of the week, only to secure his unchecked lordly tithes upon every transfer of land or produce. The Coutume d'Orleans, which he once saw on some foreign lawyer's desk, may have been vividly recalled by the sight of a deed, executed at Marly, and signed by Louis XIV. Then as he wondered how he should fancy wide domains like these, or broad clergy-reserves, planted just where the most convenient public highway should be broken, or fencing in the very spot where a thriving town would naturally rise, the golden glory of the sun, setting over the St. Charles, may have poured full into his eyes, and forced him to shake off the revery. Then gazing far down the bay, he may have seen fleets worthy of his own Atlantic cities, whitening its waves and kindling in the crimson light—while far off to the North were the mighty hills that skirt the Saguenay, and divide the white man's territory from the mighty hunting-ground of the trapper; while to the South stretched winding rivers and fertile vales, crowned by distant, gently rising hills, and in the far West, the sun had touched broad slopes and headlands, and lighted with many-colored hues, the arch of heaven, which seemed higher and broader here, than he ever saw it before. While he tried to shake off the memory of far-gone feudal days, the low, sweet vesper chant may have stolen on his ear, and from the tennis court hard by, the pupils of the Jesuit college, under the cloistral charge of men born beneath Alpine hills, breathing an atmosphere unventilated for the last two hundred years,—have filed away to evening prayers.

At Montreal, he may have seen the broad Ottawa emptying its discolored waves into the great St. Lawrence, as farther to the Westward the wide Missouri mingles with the Mississippi. He may have seen in some district devastated by fire, the old wall of some French military bake-house, bearing the date of 1641 wrought into its hoary plaster, or visited the hospitals for the sick, where foreign women of gentle birth were tending the most loathsome of the crippled poor. He may have seen upon the mountains, a priest's farm, with its pretty rounded towers, looking like a Norman chateau of the twelfth century, lifted bodily from the Old World, and set down, red roof and all, under the clear sky of the New. He may have trodden with a half-envious feeling, the magnificent quays, so superior to the finest wharves of Boston or New York,—have climbed the lofty belfry of the Cathedral, to gaze bewildered far down the magnificent rapids, or over the verdant priestly seigniories to distant mountain tops; but, believe me, unless he is interested in the lumber trade or the wheat-crop, he will have seen little of the Upper Province, and can tell you nothing of the Bay of Quinté, of Belleville, (that lovely little town at the mouth of the Trent, which Mrs. Moodie has immortalized,) of Kingston, Cobourg, Hamilton or Toronto,—far less, indeed, of the wide rural districts, reaching far inland, and full of inexhaustible, boundless wealth, across which mighty railroads are now stretching, and throughout which a vigorous population are slowly developing a national character. In his mind, Canada is a land filled with snow and furs, and Gentevese priests, where the sleighing never ceases, and half feudal cities fortify the borders of an immense territory, almost wholly given up to the Indian and the Hudson's Bay Company, the unreclaimed forest, and the uncaught mink. It did not strike me very strangely, then, after I had lived three years in the city of Toronto, to receive letters from college-bred men, demurely inquiring where Hamilton was. Hamilton! our Queen City of the West, containing thirty thousand inhabitants or more, and within two hours' journey of Niagara!—Nor to be assailed, on occasional visits to the United States, by inquiries as to how many months in the year I could do without a fire, and whether there were any schools in our town; our *town*, when we had two universities, one college and a

chancellor's robe, exactly like Prince Albert's, which cost, if I remember right, four hundred pounds sterling!

It did not astonish me, but it made me think, whenever I saw it, that an American Atlas did the same injustice to this noble country, that a European Atlas always does to the United States; and I determined before I returned to the latter country, to strike into the interior, in various directions, and learn something of the land that had been my home so long, and which the mighty St. Lawrence, broad inland seas, and waving forests, might soon have won me, American as I was, to call with proud emphasis, *my own*. I resolved to go to Cobourg, and pay a visit to my friend, the author of "Roughing it," in the very midst of the fine lumber region at the head of the Bay of Quintè, to seek out the little Indian church which boasts a golden communion service, the personal gift of Queen Anne; to penetrate, if I might, through the tangled wilds, to the mighty Sault itself.

About the time that this latter purpose began to take a tangible shape, on a hot Sabbath morning of the past year, I wandered out to a shaded slope, overlooking our pleasant city with its calm and beautiful bay, as well as the valley of the sluggish stream they call the Don;—a spot very precious to me, because it was lifted up nearer to Heaven's own light than the broad streets of the flat town;—because it led wildly up and down,—over pebbly brooks, along the ancient benches of the Lake, into secluded amphitheatres, and across soaring ledges, that dwellers in a level land might be pardoned for dignifying with a still loftier name. Don't fancy, gentle reader, that benches is Canadian for beaches:—no! it is a good old English word, and signifies the pebbly levels once occupied by the margins of the great inland seas, cut down as they retreated, into terraces with perpendicular fronts, and covered, for the most part, with tall pines, tangled underbrush, spreading ferns, trickling waterfalls, and half petrified ~~lava~~ concretions of the mosses and lichens of by-gone years.

Here, on many a spring morning, I had gathered the Plymouth May-flower, with its worn-out rusty leaves, and sweet prophetic blooms. Here I had culled the liverwort, and violets of purple, yellow and white, the lily of the valley, and the three-starred Solomon's seal. Here I had gathered the fairy-like Paucifolia, the marvellous spires of the pink vetch, the orchis and the lobelia. Here,—I may as well confess it,—I had shed bright tears over a mossy patch of crimson fruit, shining wintergreen, and twining bearberry, among which I saw, just as I had seen them years before, in a New England dell,—the twin blossoms of the Swedish Linnæa. Here I had found the starry nidus of the beautiful goldthread for the first time, had waked the tiny red lizard that we call the salamander, hunted the glorious dragon-flies of crimson and green, gold and blue, or pursued magnificent beetles that, pinned into a mahogany case, and labelled from Eastern Ind., might have been thought worthy of most learned criticism. Here, too, the inhabitants of Toronto, those of them at least who thought kindly of the Church Ritual, were permitted to bury their dead, and here, perched upon a monumental stone cut from a strange fossil, that had entombed long ages since, whole thousands of lower lives, I had made loving acquaintance with two of the most magnificent harbingers of the better life, the "Camberwell Beauty" and the "Emperor Moth."

Here, on this summer morning, I strayed listlessly, for it was too late for flowers, and I thought pleasantly of my coming journey to the Sault, one of those points which I now knew to be pregnant with the future destinies of two mighty nations, but which I had dreamed of from a child, fancying only, how amid smiling Indian villages, and pleasant fruitful shores, the blue waters of Lake Superior leaped down into the inky bosom of the great Huron. All at once, I stumbled, and recovering myself with an effort, I paused and looked around as if to interpret this sudden breaking of the thread. I found that I had wandered far from my usual path, had invaded a sanctuary of the dead, of whose existence I had had,—familiar though I was with the place,—no previous knowledge. I stood among what I may fitly call a "congregation" of graves. They stretched out far beyond me, on every side in parallel rows. They seemed to have been hastily made at first, and afterwards "put to rights," in a rectangular sort of fashion, very different from the reverential way in which we usually treat the last resting-places of the departed. I did not count them, but they might have been counted by hundreds, and nothing seemed to have guided their arrangement, unless it were the age and size of the deceased. There were no stones or other memorials to recall the names of those who lay there, but a slip of shingle, bearing a number, was thrust into the turf at the head of every grave. I paused a moment over a long range of little graves, where I felt that the cherished babes of many families must be lying ungenially side by side. I rubbed my eyes to see if I were in a dream, ejaculating half unconsciously, while my gaze wandered once more from side to side, "What in the world can they be?" I certainly did not expect an answer, but a voice at my very elbow, said, "They are the graves of those who died of cholera in 1847." I turned quickly, and saw a dark-browed, squint-eyed little man, clad in dingy brown, whose sinister aspect accorded well with the hateful augury of the sight before me. Slowly I retraced my steps. Cool woods, limpid waters, bright berries and green mosses, had lost their charm for me that day, and when I reached a neighboring height, I paused once more, to take breath, above the landscape, which I had seen bathed in golden sunlight, a short half hour before. A sort of fog, of a coppery hue, hung over the distant city, and I said quietly to myself, "Surely that atmosphere forbodes a pestilence."

It was the same the next day, and then in a few hours, I heard the cry: "The cholera is among us." It was a long while before I realized how very awful a pestilence could be, and when I did, it roused no astonishment, for it seemed to me as if the city government had sent it a special invitation to abide in those narrow lanes, that they kept reeking with stagnant water and filthy odors, over which in this hour of fright, they could only scatter a little superficial lime. Into such places, my walks often led me. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the next two months, to tell how I seemed to lead a sort of charmed life among the dying and the dead;—how I walked in and out of houses that I had never entered before, side by side with the Death-Angel;—how I watched by the pillow of the outcast and the stranger, while dear and cherished friends were mowed down, in those unconscious hours, at my side;—how the planks of the pavement grew white under the lurid sky;—how the cholera sheds seemed to stand bleaching on the garrison plain;—how the hospital-cart was ever backing up, now on this side, now on that, to take in new pauper patients;—how the aristocracy deserted the city, that they could not save, and goods hung fading in the windows, because there were none to buy;—how hearses stood before the undertaker's shops, in rows, to be summoned like cabs when they were wanted, and how their white or black plumes hung discolored and brown from constant use, while the vehicles themselves grew old and rusty under this unwonted demand;—how loving hearts laid their dear ones down without waiting to wrap the linen round them, and some who should have gone honored to the grave, went down to it unattended and alone. All this I will not tell, nor how, when I went once more to that "congregation" of graves, it was to point out to infant children, clad in mourning robes, the place where a dear mother lay;—yet, it may not be wholly useless to remark that during this whole period, I observed a strange absence of positive electricity in the atmosphere; flowers, cut from the garden or the greenhouse, lasted but a few hours; vegetables could not be safely kept over one night; potato plants looked as if they had been blighted by

a burning breath; fever and ague attacked those whom the cholera spared, and those who escaped both, suffered from a frightful want of vital energy. There were those who kept their rooms all summer, in a state of terrible exhaustion, unable to eat, or speak, or move. Others were stricken down by it, in the midst of apparent health, and found themselves without any disease that could be named, faint as dying men. For such, immediate removal was the only remedy. Frequent thunder showers, from which at first we hoped for relief, instead of doing any good, seemed to rob the air of what little vitality it had left, and when at last a favorable change was announced, it came after a storm of such terrible intensity, that the firmament, filled with inky vapor, seemed cleft far into the eternal deeps, and chain lightning linked its remotest corners by an ever-varying, but incessant play. In the western cities, we were told, men arrayed for burial revived during this storm, and its violence certainly swept the pestilence clean out of our own streets; and plants, fruit, animals and men, all who had suffered from its prolonged stay, began to take breath from that very hour. It was not so, however, with those who had been nursing the sick. With the pressing necessity, vanished the spasmodic power. For weeks, I had given up all thought of the Sault. I could not have set out thither, leaving all I loved exposed to that pestilential air. Now, drooping like a wilted plant, I was glad to have the talk of it revived, though the probability of meeting the Equinoctial Gale upon those gusty lakes, might have damped my courage at any other time.

[To be continued.]

Faith is the most potent activity of spirit; therefore the most influential upon other spirits and the most sympathetic of universal volitions. There is no real faith save in essential truth. Even in the most abject superstitions, it is the nobler element that pervades the falsehood which rivets the contemplation of the unsuspecting votary.—*Infinite Republic.*

Faith is properly the one thing needful; how with it martyrs otherwise weak can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross! and, without it, wordlings puke up this sick existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury! to such it will be clear that for a pure moral nature the loss of his religious belief was the loss of every thing.

Prayer is the fervent consciousness of the impulse towards perfection in the future. It is the spirit appealing to the sympathetic love of other spirits, and is of a mysterious potency not to be despised or disregarded by a philosopher. But the sons of knowledge hope, while the children of ignorance adore and tremble.

VULGAR AND COWARDLY!

The following resolution was adopted by the House of Representatives of the Illinois Legislature:—"*Resolved*, That a fine of $100 be hereafter imposed on any lady who shall lecture in public, in any part of the State, without first putting on gentlemen's apparel."

We cut the above from a Toronto paper, not having seen it elsewhere. What would be thought of a convention of women, who should defend themselves against man-milliners and counter-clerks in a similar way? Such a fine could be easily collected, we opine, from an intelligent audience, and if the *resolution* becomes a *law*, we trust no other notice will be taken of it.

LUCY STONE IN TORONTO AGAIN.

In a previous paper, we stated that Lucy Stone delivered a lecture, in this city, on the Bible Position of Women. It was criticised by some students, deeply interested in the cause, and in such a manner, that we think it necessary to call attention to the subject in these columns.

In commenting upon the 14th chapter of Corinthians, verse 35th—"It is a shame for women to *speak* in the church"—Miss Stone insisted that the word translated *speak* was in the original Greek, *laleo*, to prattle, chatter, talk nonsense, and so on. Now there were some students present, who, more familiar with the original, felt that if that proved anything, it proved too much, since in the 18th and 19th verses of the same chapter, we find it used *soberly*—where St. Paul says, "I thank my God, I *speak* with tongues more than ye all," and, "I had rather *speak* five words with my understanding than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue."

If our Toronto friends had known Miss Stone better, they would have acquitted her of any intention to make the worse appear the better reason. They would have seen that gratified by finding an interpretation, that made the whole matter clear to herself, she had not pursued her readings with critical care. Had she encountered this difficulty, she is not the person to hide it.

Unwilling to trust to our own opinion, on a subject which to believers in the *letter* of the Scripture, is of infinite importance, we addressed a note to a friend interested in our cause, in whose common sense and critical knowledge, we have entire confidence. From him we received the following reply:

WORCESTER, April 11, 1855.

MY DEAR MRS. DALL:—There is, I believe, no doubt, that in classical Greek, the word *laleo* bears in general the idea of chat, talk, which Miss Stone gave it. This idea appears in its derivation the la-la-la-la of baby-talk. Phavorinus, one of the early Greek lexicographers, accordingly defines it "to utter words without rule or system." And there is a Greek proverb—"He who is best *lalein* is worst *legein*," which we should translate, "He who is best at *chattering* is worst at *speaking*." *Laleo* seems to have been used for unprepared discourse.

But while this is the leading idea of the word in classical Greek, it is not always so used. The case is much like our use of *talk*—usually for familiar converse, but not always. And in those changes of the Greek language, induced by various causes, which make the difference between the New Testament Greek and classical Greek, the distinction between *laleo* and *lego*, had certainly fallen out and ceased to be. No distinction can be traced in the New Testament use of the two words. Take Matthew IX, 18–19, XII, 34, XII, 46, as instances, where it is clear nothing slight is implied by *laleo*. So Luke XXIV, 32–36. Matthew XII, 34–36, &c.—is a distinct instance of the use of the word in both a good and a bad sense.

But though this is so, the whole familiar usage of Greek literature sustains Miss Stone's mistake; and nothing is more natural than that she should have fallen into it. If you had sent the text separate to a Greek professor, who did not know where it came from, and asked him for a translation, he would have said, "It is a shame for women to be talking," (perhaps "to be chattering") "in the church." The general use of *laleo* for dignified discourse is peculiar to the New Testament. Nor is it always so used there—see Matthew XII, 36. The question is not a new one. It is carefully discussed in the Lexicons.

Truly and always yours,

——.

We have thought it best to defend Miss Stone on critical grounds, but we wish that she and others like her, would but see the fallacy of depending on such rotten reeds. If any candid reader will take up the 14th chapter of Corinthians, and read it from beginning to end, or better still, the whole epistle, he will see what condition the Corinthian church had fallen into, without the aid of John Locke.

The sacred love of Christ and his Apostles, meant no more to them, than the Bacchanalian mysteries, and when Canephoræ became communicants, they turned the Lord's Supper into a disorderly and licentious revel. It is evident, that Paul wished to rebuke a disorderly condition of things, in which both sexes took part, and what he says to women should be qualified by what goes before; i. e., "And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church."

Certainly Paul was not here rebuking a

lofty-minded, inspired prophetess. We must remember also the previous character of Corinthian women, and then we shall understand why they above all women, needed to keep silence. To say in Athens, "That girl comes from Corinth," was to throw a saffron mantle over her at once.

Yet once more—and more truly. Suppose Paul truly and earnestly disapproved of all women speaking in public. Does that prove that we are not to speak now? In his day woman was a domestic slave, and only by the Cross of Calvary had given glorious promise of what she would become. He had enough to do with the men of his time, and was not specially inspired to control the lives of future generations. In the time of the Revolution, there were divines, doubtless, who vituperated the American colonies, for resisting the Stamp Act, on the ground that Christ had once said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Ah! thus might all human oppression be justified by the letter, apart from the spirit of the Scripture, while the Christ we so libel, looks down from heaven with sorrowful eyes.

We also echo Paul's words, to all weak, offending, chattering sisters. Let *such* "women keep silence in the churches"—that the work of reform may go surely on, that men may respect women, instead of idolizing them, justify instead of petting them; and if not, then let those of us who disapprove their chattering, and feel pained by their presumption,

"Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!"

C. H. DALL.

West Newton, April, 1855.

It is with no ordinary emotion, that we record the death of Mrs. Nicoll, late Charlotte Brontii, the authoress of Jane Eyre, Shirley, and Villette. She was the most eminent of modern novelists, and led the way to true and noble things. She did not deal with the conventional nature of the drawing-room, like Thackeray, but with the terrible depths of the human heart itself. We shall have no more books like hers. Next month we shall give a more extended notice of her.

C. H. D.

We understand that it is proposed to hold a second New England Woman's Rights Convention in Boston, on Friday, June 1. Due notice will be hereafter given.

UNA No. 2, current vol. we regret to say, is all exhausted. This will explain why those sending for back numbers, have not, of late, received that number.

A few copies of Una, Vol. 2, are for sale at this office; also, one or two copies of Vol. 1.

SPIRIDION!!!

THE PUBLISHER now announces that SPIRIDION will begin with the *July number* of the UNA. The work is already translated and in waiting for these columns. The manuscript has been read by several highly competent literary persons, who pronounce it a work of the highest order and of the most thrilling interest.

It is also announced that the UNA ONLY will contain this work, as the *copyright is secured*. All therefore who may wish to posses themselves of it *must become subscribers to the Una*. And if such wish to make themselves *perfectly sure* of each consecutive number of *Spiridion*, they must become subscribers in *good season*, (the sooner the surer,) for thereby only the Publisher will be enabled to make accurate calculations as to the number of copies which will be required.

The July number begins with the *second half* of the present volume, and consequently forms a regular and favorable period for beginning one's subscription. But all who desire, can have all the back numbers of the present volume, with the exception of the Feb. No., or they may begin with any number they please, with that exception.

It will also be seen, by reference to an item in another place, that our June number also commences a tale of very great interest. It is therefore confidently expected, that these new attractions of our UNA, in addition to the more ordinary, but not less important ones, will give a new and healthy impetus to the circulation of this journal, and greatly aid in its permanence and usefulness.

Every true friend of the movement which the Una represents, is desired to aid that movement *now*, in one of the best and most efficient ways—THE CIRCULATION OF THE UNA. Let each subscriber get *one more subscriber*, and the list is doubled. It will then do at least double the good, and have twice the strength of permanent continuance. And to get *one* subscriber only, *is a very easy matter*, especially to those who *really love the cause of Woman*, as we have a just right to suppose *all* our present subscribers do. No one need say, "I have not the *right sort of talent* for such work;" or, "I have not the *time* for it;" or, my *feelings* will not allow me to do it." The true question for every one to ask himself, or herself, is, "DO I LOVE THE GREAT AND GOOD CAUSE, which has in view the highest Elevation and permanent welfare of Woman? Having settled that question, no less worthy consideration, will, for a moment, stand in the way of practical and efficient *action*, even a little out of the ordinary avocations of those concerned.

Friends of Woman!—Friends of Man!—Friends of all that is pure, noble, and refining!—our appeal is to you.—Will you do a little work—only a little—and sacrifice a little ease, (if need be,) or do anything else that is needful and useful, and which you easily *can* do, to extend the cause you love, and which gets the very highest proof of your love, in what you DO for its welfare? We await your response.

TO THOSE ONLY WHO NEED IT.

We publish the following, that those who are not informed in the premises, may readily see what is proper and necessary to be done when they have once put themselves into that peculiar relation and condition, denominated a "Subscriber" to the newspapers.—And we may further say, that although the great mass of those whose names are on our books, seem disposed to do exact justice, in respect to the particulars named below, yet there are a very few who are either thoughtless or worse in these matters:—

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 periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former directions, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facia evidence of intentional fraud.

PAY IN ADVANCE.

In our last, bills were sent to those who were indebted to the UNA, for one or more years; and to these, many very cheerfully and readily responded. Many others, however, did not respond—not, (as we suppose), in the majority of instances, because they were unwilling to send us what was due and very much *needed*, but because the *sum was small*, perhaps; and because they were in a hurry about something else, and waited for a "more convenient season," etc., etc. Now, such will not take it amiss that we give them this gentle *hint* of our needs, and express our desire for a somewhat more ready response to this, our second appeal.—Those indebted, need not wait for *agents*, but inclose the sum themselves (always at *our risk*, when registered by the

Post-Master), in a well-sealed envelope, and carefully directed to S. C. HEWITT,
15 FRANKLIN ST.,
BOSTON, MASS.

PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

Again this Religious Body sends fraternal salutations to the friends of Truth, Purity and Progress, in every part of the land, without distinction of sex, sect, party or color, earnestly inviting their presence at its THIRD ANNUAL CONVOCATION, to be held in the new meeting house at LONGWOOD, situated between the villages of Kennett Square and Hamorton, Chester County, Pa., commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. on FIRST DAY, the 20th of Fifth month, 1855, and continuing as long as the business claiming attention may require.

The chief characteristic of the Progressive Friends, by which they are distinguished from nearly every other Religious Society, is seen in the fact, that they prescribe no system of theological belief as a test of membership, but invite to equal co-operation all who regard mankind as one Brotherhood, and who acknowledge the duty of showing their faith in God, not by assenting to the lifeless propositions of a man-made creed, but by lives of personal purity and a hearty devotion to the welfare of their fellow-men. Slavery, Intemperance, War, Capital Punishment, the denial of the Equal Rights of Woman, Oppression in all its forms, Ignorance, Superstition, Priestcraft, and Ecclesiastical Domination —these, and such as these, are the evils and sins, which they feel constrained to assail by every rightful and legitimate weapon; while they seek to promote every virtue that can adorn humanity, and to foster those immutable principles of justice, mercy and love, which alone can secure the peace, progress and happiness of all the children of God. To all whose hearts incline them to engage in a work so transcendently important and sublime, we say, come and aid us by your sympathies, aspirations and counsels, and by the consecration thereto of your noblest powers.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE,
MARTHA CHAMBERS,
SIDNEY PEIRCE CURTIS,
THOMAS CURTIS,
WILLIAM BARNARD,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
THOMAS HAMBLETON,
HANNAH M. DARLINGTON,
Committee of Arrangements.

Communications intended for the meeting, whether from individuals or associations, should be addressed to either or both of the Clerks, viz; JOSEPH A. DUGDALE and SIDNEY PEIRCE CURTIS, Hamorton, Chester County, Pa.

Friends in the vicinity will be hospitable to strangers to the extent of their ability.

A DEDICATORY MEETING will be held on the day previous to the Yearly Meeting the 19th of 5th month, (May) at 10 o'clock A. M. Theodore Parker, of Boston, and Professor Harvey, of Philadelphia, have given assurances that they will be present and address the meeting.

DEDICATORY MEETING.

A commodious building having been erected during the past year, one mile west of Hamorton and two miles east of Kennett Square, in Chester county, Pa., for the use of Progressive Friends, and for Moral, Scientific and Literary purposes,

The undersigned hereby give notice, that the doors thereof will be opened for the first time, on SEVENTH DAY, the 19th of 5th month (May) 1855, the day immediately preceding that fixed for the convocation of the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends. Theodore Parker, of Boston, has been invited to deliver an address appropriate to the occasion, and has returned the following:

BOSTON, 15th March, 1855.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—It will give me great pleasure to be with you on the 19th of May, and make an address as you wish, if it be possible. That will depend on the issue of my trial next month (April.) If I am sent to jail *I cannot* come; if not, *I will.*

Truly Yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

Professor Harvey, of Philadelphia, has been invited and given assurances that he will address the meeting.

All those interested in the cause of Truth and Human Progress, are cordially invited to attend.

By order of the Board of Trustees,
JOSEPH A. DUGDALE,
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HANNAH M. DARLINGTON,
HANNAH PENNOCK,
JOSIAH WILSON,
Committee of Arrangements.

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We want at least from fifty to a hundred active, honest and efficient agents, to enter the field immediately, and to canvass it thoroughly in behalf of the Una. *Women* interested in the great, vital and far-reaching objects of the Paper, and who are deeply inspired with the subjects upon which it treats, will be preferred to *men*, though we do not object to an equal number of both sexes, in a work like this. But whether one sex or the other, or both feel disposed to engage in the work, we desire, most of all, those who have a deep and earnest *faith* in the principles and success of the Movement which the UNA represents; for these, other things being equal, will be *successful* agents in extending its circulation and advancing its truths and influence. Liberal commissions will be allowed. Address S. C. Hewitt, 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass.

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A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL. III. BOSTON, MASS., JUNE, 1855. NO. 6.

THE UNA,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT BOSTON, MASS.

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"And why, darling, will this be the last morning?" said the mother, in that rich brogue which bespoke her a daughter of Green Erin.

"Because, mamma, I shall not go to school any more."

"Oh! yes, my darling, you will. I thought you loved your teacher and schoolmates too well to stay at home; and beside that, you will lose your place at the head of the class, which I know you would not like to lose;" and the mother smoothed back the glossy hair from the broad forehead of the child as she spoke.

"Indeed, mamma, I do love my teacher and my schoolmates, but I know I never shall go to school any more. It seems as if I was going to some great place, I think of so many pretty things, and see such beautiful forms; but I cannot tell you how they look, they are so beautiful, and such sweet music seems floating in the air; listen, listen, mamma, I hear it now: it is so sweet it must be angels singing;" and the little girl clasped her hands upon her bosom and raised her head as if to catch the slightest whisper. How beautiful she was, sweet child of that far off and long oppressed country; her large hazel eyes were bright from emotion, her dark auburn hair was thrown back from her polished forehead, and fell in loose curls over her neck and shoulders, disclosing between the curls the pure whiteness of her complexion; her cheeks and lips were pale from excitement. The mother gazed with astonishment and awe at her child; a feeling of fear, a presentiment of some danger, she knew not what, crossed her mind. Clasping her child in her arms, she pressed her closely to her bosom; the tears trickled down her cheeks as she exclaimed, "My child! my child! do not talk thus, do not look so strange; do not, you will break my heart." The little girl nestled close to her mother's bosom, and lay for awhile encircled by those fond arms, which were ever ready to shield and protect her from all harm.

At length the mother released her from her embrace, and gently chiding her for indulging in such fancies, she tied on the little sunbonnet, and kissing her pouting lips, bade her go directly to school.

"I will, mamma, when I have gathered poor sick Ellen some flowers; so good-bye, and do not feel lonesome until I come back;" and with her satchel on her arm and singing gayly, the little girl tripped quickly down the path that led to the gate. The mother watched her until she passed through the gate, then heaving a deep sigh, and murmuring a blessing on her child, she turned to her household duties, and soon forgot the conversation and the uneasiness it had occasioned in her mind.

The house stood upon a little island at the mouth of a small river, which empties its waters into lake Michigan, at the flourishing little city of K——. The island contained perhaps ten or fifteen acres of land; several beautiful residences, with their tasty yards and gardens, and a few houses, smaller and of a more humble appearance, with the lighthouse on the beach next to the lake, were all that decked its green bosom; although it stood in the midst of that noisy, bustling town, it had a retired and secluded aspect, with no other stir than the rich man returning to his luxuriant mansion, or the poor man to his plain but as dearly loved home.

The little Kitty, for so the child was called, tripped lightly along the gravelly walk which led to the river, now and then starting off through the grassy mead which bordered the pathway, to gather some wild flowers, or pluck some bright red clover heads which reared themselves above the rest. The little girl reached the river, which was very narrow at that place; a small foot-bridge, composed of planks without any railing, was here built across it. The little Kitty seated herself upon the bridge, and arranged the flowers she had gathered, into two bunches. "This" she said as she tied one of them with a string, "is for poor sick Ellen Murphy; she has been sick so long, and loves flowers so well, and looks so pale and gentle, she will never gather any more flowers, I fear, for the doctor says she has the consumption, and my mamma says, when the frost comes in the fall and kills the leaves and they fall to the ground, then she will die; poor Ellen, how I pity her, and yet she is so happy and so willing to die—well, I should not like to die, and leave all that I love, and be buried in the dark, cold ground; and yet mamma says it is just our bodies that stay in the ground, and our spirits go to God; how strange it is. I wish I was as good as Ellen, then I should not fear to die and go to God, who makes all things that are good and beautiful. And this bunch," she said, as she arranged another, "I will give to dear Miss Maitland, for I love her almost as well as I do my mamma." Just then the sound of music came floating over the waters of the lake. Two noble looking steamboats were starting from the pier; each boat had a band of music on board; they backed out from the pier, formed a large circle, passed each other with both bands in full play, the one boat wending its way up the lake to the busy city of Chicago, the other down the lake to Buffalo.

So absorbed was the little girl in witnessing the grand scene before her, that unconsciously she raised her hands and clasped them together; in so doing, the flowers dropped into the stream. "Oh my flowers! my pretty flowers," she exclaimed, as she saw them floating down the stream and lodge against some drift wood; "how shall I get my flowers?" For a few moments she hesitated, but with the quick ingenuity of youth she decided on the mode of obtaining them. She tripped down the bank of the river to where the flowers were lodged, and boldly ventured on the small decayed wood which had drifted in a bend of the river. Carefully she stepped from one stick to another, until she came within reach of the flowers; she stretched out her hand and grasped them, but the frail and treacherous bridge gave way on which she stood, and she was precipitated headlong into the middle of the stream. The current was swift, and it carried her several feet down the river before she rose to the surface of the water. When she did rise, she grasped some bushes, and screamed loudly for assistance. A little girl, playing near by, heard the screams, and ran to the place from whence they proceeded. She saw the drowning girl, and exclaimed, "Oh! Kitty, Kitty, is that you?"

"Yes," said the struggling child, "run quickly to my mother and tell her I am drowning."

The girl stopped not for the second bidding, but started off as swiftly as she could to bear the tidings to the mother. The strength of the current and the weight of the little girl proved too much for the frail branch to which she clung; it broke, and again she sunk; but before the waters closed over her, the murmured words of "mother, mother," broke from her white, quivering lips, and the gentle breeze wafted them toward the place where that fond mother was as yet unconscious of the situation of her child. A second time she rose, but no scream or word was audible, and a third and last time she sunk to rise no more.

By the time the mother reached the river all traces of her child were lost. The alarm was given to the inhabitants of the place, and in a few hours the body was found, but all signs of life were extinct.

They laid her on her little bed, clothed in the snow-white habiliments of the grave. Save the stillness and icy coldness, one would have thought while gazing upon her, that she slept, and almost expect to see the still red and pouting lips part in a smile; the long dark eyelashes rested as lightly on cheeks that still retained the flush of youth and health, as if they were closed in the innocent, careless sleep of childhood; the wet, heavy curls of hair, lay in massy waves around her marble brow and shoulders. How still and beautiful! And is this certainly Death? Surely thou canst not be the stern, cruel destroyer, we deemed thee heretofore; thine must be a work of mercy, for thou freest the imprisoned spirit from a body that is subject to disease and decay, and sendest it rejoicing in its freedom.

The sun shone mildly on the scene as they bore the little girl to her narrow resting-place in the quiet burial ground. The music of the tiny songsters of the air; the rustling of the leaves, stirred by the gentle west wind; the low cadence of the waves as they laved the pebbly shore, were a fitting requiem for the departed one.

Dear little Kitty, farewell! thou hast now winged thy way to the bright spirit-land; thou wast gentle and loving on this earth, and thou hast been taken away before sorrow or the stern realities of this life hadst caused thee one sigh. Again, farewell, sweet child! we deemed thee here as lovely as angels are; what wilt thou now be, since thou hast laid aside thy mortal body, and hast entered the blissful abodes of Paradise, and hast tuned thy harp in the choir of angels?

FLORA MACIVOR.

LEOLINE.

CHAPTER I.

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

KING LEAR.

Hers was a singular beauty. It betokened a spirit high, proud and passionate, a mind more active and daring than deep or reflective. Her features were symmetrical, as though chiselled from marble; her eyes, black as night at times glowed with deep emotion, at times reposed passive and still, with a strange far-away mournfulness in them. We were at the same school for about five years. Some things she learned readily and rapidly, others she either could not, or would not learn at all. Music was her delight. Drawing she liked by fits and starts. Dancing was her joy. Mathematics and philosophy, moral or physical, were her utter abhorrence. She was averse to any thing like abstruse reasoning. I suppose, phrenologically speaking, she had no causality, and that her reflective organs were not so well developed as her imaginative and perceptive. There was one talent, *acting*, in which she far excelled any girl in school. Our teachers were Catholics, as were the greater part of the pupils. We had instruction in that religion, and conformed to its rites and usages. But the matron, Mother Lucy, as we called her, was a cheerful, lively soul, and ever willing to promote innocent amusements, and our favorite diversion was, on *fête* days and holidays, to get up plays and tableaux. At such times my friend Leoline was indispensable; she was the moving and master spirit. She arranged the scenery, got up the costumes, and herself took the most difficult and prominent parts. I was very young then, and had never seen acting of any sort; I could only judge of the talents of our amateur performers by the strength of the effect they produced on me. Our audience, composed only of teachers and scholars, and occasionally our priest, were frequently electrified by the power with which Leoline threw her soul into the character she personated, and often drew tears from our young eyes, (though *that* was not hard to do.)

There was a mystery about her; none knew who she was, nor whence she came. Relative of no degree, ever visited or wrote to her. She had been at L—— since her fourth year. She was now in her eighteenth. She had been brought to the matron by a gentleman, who said she was an orphan and his ward: he desired she might have every advantage the school afforded: her bills were to be settled yearly by a certain commercial house in New Orleans; a liberal allowance of pocket money was forwarded for her from the same house. As the girl grew up she naturally desired to know something of her parentage; she endeavored vainly to penetrate the obscurity that surrounded her. Once, unknown to any one, she had written a letter of inquiry to the house in New Orleans. The answer came after a long time; it was highly unsatisfactory, and very short; merely stating that they were agents for an agent, and knew nothing whatever of the circumstances.

There was an indescribable air about this girl, that did not seem American. The features had a foreign cut. Was she French, or Spanish, or Italian? Some thought the one, some the other. The midnight masses of her hair, the straight and delicate nose, with its flexible nostril expanding and dilating with excitement, the slightly oblique and intensely dark eyes, the full and crimson lips, all were undeniably beautiful, yet strange and foreign in their aspect.

Somehow the teachers, the pupils, and Leoline herself, grew into the habit of thinking that she was rich, that she had come of some wealthy and proud family, who would come forward yet and claim her. Perhaps the liberal supply of money, the prompt payment of the bills, and her own queenly bearing originated such a belief.

L—— was a small village on Lake Ponchartrain, a beautiful place, green with forest foliage, with the luxuriant plants and flowers of that warm and sunny clime. From our chamber windows we looked out on the bosom of the lake, we watched the white sails floating by, we were fanned by the winds that wafted them on. Within a few miles of us was a small

watering place, often resorted to during the hot months, by the planters from the coast and the interior of the State. Here they had the benefit of the lake breezes and the lake baths. Leoline was permitted to pass some time with a young friend (who had left school and married a year previous) at this place, and here made her debut in society. She entered into its gayeties with a freshness, a zest rarely equalled; its excitements were delightful to her. Troops of admirers followed her steps. She received their homage as a queen would; graciously and smilingly, *but as her due.* She was not annoyed with any of that diffidence that usually embarrasses a young girl on her first entrance into the arena of fashionable life; to be stared at, talked of, criticised, torn to pieces by some, flattered extravagantly by others, were mere matters of moonshine to her self-reliant, self-satisfied nature. She was fully conscious of her strength, of her powers to please and fascinate; she knew her beauty was unrivalled; her pride was of an imperious cast; she felt born to rule those around her. True the women asked "Who she was? Of what family did she come? Duland? they knew no such people in the State." But while her own sex talked and questioned, the other sex contented themselves to admire and adore in happy ignorance of every thing concerning her but her radiant beauty. Leoline's was no shrinking, sensitive nature; the petty slights and inuendoes of her own sex she heeded not. She appeared utterly insensible to their cold shyness. Young as she was, she had already schemed and planned for the future. She said to herself "All this will be changed when I have wealth at my command." Among the young gentlemen who honored her with their attentions, was one whose admiration, it began to be evident, was no light matter of gallantry. Arthur Beaumonaire was the heir of a house which boasted to have descended from a noble family of France, a family that had fled from the terrible reign of Robespierre. This young man was twenty-one years of age, and was fully impressed with his numerous advantageous points. One of the most prominent of these was his "good blood." Another was his being heir at law and by adoption of an unmarried uncle, the owner of several hundred slaves, one or two sugar plantations, and valuable real estate in New Orleans. His third and very highly prized "advantageous point" was his beauty. These three gifts of fortune could hardly fail to ruin any youth.

Arthur had "commenced life" at sixteen; at that ripe age he was initiated into all the pleasures, amusements and vices of city life, of *New Orleans* city life. At twenty-one there was nothing more for him to learn. He was now rusticating to recruit his wasted energies. During the first period of his acquaintance with Leoline Duland, he sought her only as a refuge from *ennui.* He had known many handsome women, had been surfeited with them; they were all, in his opinion, too willing to fall into his arms—matrimonially. They knew he would be immensely rich, they saw he was handsome and agreeable; what more do women ask in a husband? This willingness had disgusted him, even while it pleased his insatiate vanity. Leoline with quick instinct read his character, and determined to bring him subject to her will. As *he* grew more devoted, *she* grew more careless and indifferent. Never before had he met his equal in the art of winning and coquetting; never before had any woman to whom it pleased him to render his gallantries, received them so much as a thing of course, as a matter of small moment. She possessed, but in a superior degree, those attributes he most prized in himself, viz: beauty of person, impulsive passions and regal pride. He acknowledged to himself he had never before seen a woman worthy to be the bride of a Beaumonaire, to reign in the Beaumonaire house. The moment this opinion took possession of him, he began to doubt his success in gaining so great a prize; he became feverish and restless. When could a Beaumonaire brook delay where his will or passions were in question? He became so absorbed by this desire, so devoured by this impatient love, he forgot his own pride, he bowed himself to hers. To Leoline the subjugation of this arrogant spirit was a proud triumph. She led him captive before the world, she made exhibition of her power over him. She promised to marry him, for she loved him as it was her nature to love, with more ardent passion, than tender affection. His high position in the fashionable world, his great wealth and his personal beauty took captive her senses, more than they touched her heart. But there are some hearts incapable of that deep and undying feeling, which only is worthy of that beautiful name—*Love.* Leoline is no ideal character. The reader will perceive we speak of her the plain, unvarnished truth; we invest her with no high and elevated attributes. Nevertheless, worldly as was her nature, she was more touched by the power of the passion she had awakened in her lover's heart, than she was willing to admit, willing for *him* to perceive. Leoline's stay with her friend was not long. She returned to L——, to prepare for the last school examination she expected to go through. Her lover had written to his uncle for his consent to the marriage, but he was very doubtful of getting it, as the family pride would revolt at receiving an unknown penniless girl.

Leoline was sanguine of the future; she felt like a queen about to be enthroned. The shade of sadness that had so often rested on her brow, was now gone; she no longer felt alone in the world. True, she had always indulged a vague dream that her parents would some time or other come forward and claim her, and she had dwelt on their imaginary grandeur and power, until she almost believed in the vagary; yet despite fancy's pleasant pictures, the cold reality too often forced itself upon her, and she felt she was indeed alone on earth, neglected and deserted, perhaps forgotten. She was now a woman, in a few days would conclude her school life forever, and yet no message, no visit, no letter, from friend or relative. Would it be always thus? Whither should she go? What was to become of her? And if the remittances should cease—— These queries had often of late clouded her spirit: *now* they no longer did; she felt sure of Arthur Beaumonaire's love, and through it, of wealth and distinction.

CHAPTER II.

It was twilight, twilight in that soft southern clime; there is no hour more beautiful. Leoline sat at her window alone, dreaming fair visions of the fair future. No scene could be more lovely than the one before her vision. The setting sun's last red gleams fell aslant on the dark bosom of the lake, which rough and stormy all day, had now sunk to a still repose, as a wearied child sinks to slumber. Each moment the scene became more sombre, the red gleams faded, the sun disappeared entirely, the shadows of the tall forest trees, hung with the funeral moss, that mournful parasite of southern trees, grew deeper and darker, until the young girl's eyes only gazed out into night. With a sigh she turned her head, and started to see a figure silently standing before her. "Who is it?" asked the girl, thinking it one of her classmates.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," answered a strange voice, "I wish to see Miss Leoline Duland; is she here?"

"She is here," answered Leoline; lighting a lamp with a lucifer match. "She is here, I am she, have you business with me?"

The woman looked at her earnestly for some time, and then said thoughtfully, "Yes, very important business." She took off her bonnet and shawl, and sat down: she appeared in no hurry to speak. Leoline observed her attentively, and now perceived she was a colored person; although as fair as the majority of people, there was something in her hair which spoke unmistakably of her African descent.

"If you have business, with me, you will please name it," said Leoline, becoming impatient under the scrutinizing eyes of her visitor.

"Yes, I have business, and you shall know it full soon. Do you know who are your parents?"

"No;" cried the girl, her heart in her mouth. "Speak! Do *you* know them?"

"Aye: I know them well;" and a strange

smile passed over her lips, a smile the girl did not like, nevertheless a wild joy shot through her soul: she was at last, at *last* to be taken home, at last to see her mother, to love and embrace her; she dashed the tears from her eyes. "O! tell me, do they live? Does my mother live? Can I see her, can I go to her?"

"They both live. Mother and father both live. Do you so much wish to see them?"

"Do I wish it? O! I have so longed to see them. In all these dreary years there have been none to love me, to love me as a mother would. There has been no breast on which my head could rest. O my mother! Take me to her, I implore you!"

The woman from a sudden impulse clasped her in her arms. Leoline, astonished, withdrew quickly, saying, "I am not in the habit of such familiarity with people of your color." Again she saw the disagreeable smile on the stranger's lips. There was a pause of some moments and then she said,

"You wish to know about your parents; listen, you shall know everything.

"Twenty years ago, the man to whom I belonged died insolvent, and I, with many others, was put into the trader's yard in New Orleans, and sold to the highest bidder. I was bought by a young man very wealthy and very proud. You have heard of him before to-night; his name was John Beaumonaire. But rich and proud as he was, he was not ashamed to stoop to me. I was then sixteen and very handsome, not far behind you in beauty, scornful as you look at the idea. He was not married; he treated me just as though I were his wife. I had maids to attend me, a carriage when I chose to ride out, and plenty of money, and as many silks and satins as any lady in the land. After a while *you* were born, and he was very fond of you, for you were a beauty from the first. We were very happy, for I loved him then; I never thought I could come to —— but no matter. His relatives hated me; they said I put on airs, because I would not demean myself as a slave to *them*. Why should I? besides, they were afraid he would leave his property to me and my children; so they told lies on me, made him think I was not faithful to him, and that you were not his child, and —— but what is the matter? are you sick?"

In truth, a dark gleam of her hideous meaning shot athwart the heart of the proud girl, like the arrow of death. Her soul grew sick and faint. By an effort she conquered this weakness. Looking steadily at the horrid phantom, she resolved to abjure it: she said,

"Go on, madam, I listen, I am well, you say I was born, who—who was my mother?"

"Have I not told you? I am your mother, and John Beaumonaire is your father."

"It is false! false! false!!" cried the girl, starting up with rage flashing in her eyes. "Begone from my presence! you shall not stay to insult me with so hateful a lie! *you* my mother! *you*, with your swarthy brow, your too evident descent from the degraded blacks! Begone!" But the woman went not. "Look at me. Few are whiter than I am. It is too absurd, too palpable a fabrication; I have not one thing about me betokening a relationship to you or your race."

"Yes, but you have. You do not believe me? I can prove it. Do you see this?" and she bared her left arm; midway between the elbow and shoulder was a mark peculiar and distinct. Leoline's was well known by the whole school. The woman continued: "*You* have the fellow to this; it is our family mark; my mother had it, I have it, you have it. If you are still incredulous, here is something you cannot refuse. *This* (giving her a letter) is the answer to your lover's letter, asking permission to your union. Arthur Beaumonaire is your father's nephew and adopted son."

The letter was short. We give it.

"My Dear Arthur:—Are you mad? What the devil are you doing in that part of the world, that out-of-the-way hole? What evil demon led you there? Leave it at once. The girl, Leoline Duland, is the child of a slave woman, Maria, whom I sold many years ago. This child was so pretty and white, I thought to educate her for a teacher and send her up to the d———d abolitionists. Do n't make yourself a fool about a negro girl. Yours, &c.

John Beaumonaire."

Leoline read it through; her lips and cheeks became bloodless, her head fell back on the window: this time she had fainted.

The woman busied herself to restore animation. She chafed her temples with cologne, she warmed her hands between her own. When consciousness returned the unhappy girl shuddered as she found her head resting on her *mother's* bosom. She covered her face to shut out the sight. After a few moments' silent reflection, new hope of the falsity of the hateful story sprung up in her heart; she said,

"I see through this; I am not deluded. It is a scheme of *his*—of Arthur Beaumonaire's relatives to ruin me in his eyes. It is false, I know it to be impossible; *I* the descendant of slaves! Neither Arthur nor myself are so easily gulled."

"No: your supposition is plausible, but wrong. Listen to me, and you will see if I can wish to deceive you. I acknowledge that letter was written to prevent your marriage. It would be agony to the haughty heart of John Beaumonaire, to see his nephew, the heir to his name and estate, wedded to a slave's child, even though that child be his own. When was a white man known to have parental love or care for his colored child? For the very reason that this match would hurt *him*, do *I* most earnestly wish it. I as much desire to torture John Beaumonaire, as I desire to elevate my child, to give her the position and wealth she should have as his daughter. Since the day he tore you from my breast and sent me back to the traders of New Orleans, I have been waiting, waiting, waiting, for a chance to work him ill. The one black thought, the one fierce hope of revenge, has never for a single moment slumbered in my breast. I have toiled, I have hoarded my earnings to buy my freedom. Think you it was *freedom* I most wanted? I only wanted the freedom of action, to return to him, to wait and watch my chance. After long years, I gained my freedom; I at once went to his plantation—I inquired for you—none knew anything of you—some of the old servants said he had sent you off by the overseer—the overseer was dead. I did not appear before him. I did not ask *him* about you. I knew it was useless. I waited and watched for fate to favor me. His body servant was my friend; from him I learned everything that occurred, and through him *that* letter fell into my hands. And so, after fifteen long and dreary years, I heard tidings of my child. O! Leoline, you despise, you scorn me! I forgive you, for you know not a mother's heart! In the joy of that moment I forgot my bitter feelings. I only remembered there was something to live for, something to love. Will my child always despise her mother?"

She wiped the tears from her eyes as she spoke, her voice softened to tenderness, but there was no response in Leoline's heart. Southerners, those born and raised amid the influences of slavery, will well comprehend the girl's unconquerable repugnance to a relationship to such a parent.

The woman went on after a short pause. "If you will take my advice, you will yet be mistress in your father's house, as you should be by right of blood, if not by law. This letter destroyed, Arthur will suspect nothing; you must hasten your union, marry forthwith. There will be no difficulty in this. I know the race; passionate and impulsive, they stop not to reflect. Let him trust to gain his uncle's consent after the ceremony. Once publicly his wife, your father, to save appearances, will hush up the matter, and thus you will gain your natural rights, and avenge your mother's wrongs."

"And you—what will you do?"

"Me! ha! ha! I will glory in your honors and in *his* hidden gnawings of pride. I will force him to do justice by me, force him, out of his immense possessions, to give me a portion to maintain me, as *I*, the mother of his child, should be maintained. He shall do it, or I will publish his shame to the world

I will make him the talk and byword of his aristocratic neighbors. I will cover him with dishonor. O, it will humble him! His posterity—*his* inheritors, bearing the proud name of Beaumonaire, tainted with OUR black and most despised blood! Yes, I will humble him, for he sold me—me, the mother of his child—sold me to a tyrant. I had to work—to feed—to herd with the coarsest slaves of my new master's plantation. I hate him, the cause of my troubles—the curse of my life! I hate him to the death! And there are enough to hate him, both white and black; the poor and the lowly, he trod beneath his feet as worms. He was no ordinary man: in his passions he was terrible, in his pride indomitable. He had no conscience to guide him, no tender pity to restrain. And yet he possessed the power to win love and tenderness for himself, while he only felt animal propensities. He thought a man privileged to any and all licentiousness; woman alone, and only high, aristocratic white woman, could or should be ruled by virtue. All others were but born for his passions and pleasures."

"O, God! and is it so!" cried the wretched girl, throwing her arms wildly and despairingly upward. "Do I owe my life to so foul a source? In my veins is there no drop of purity? Dark—dark—dark. Back from the beginning, it has gathered corruption as it flowed on to me. The first African blood, though deep black, would have been more pure, more honorable. But to spring from a race of libertines and harlots—O! it is too much—it is more than I can bear! She leaned her head on the table, but no sob came to her relief.

"Your father was a libertine, I grant, but I never was a harlot."

"Were you married to him?"

"Married with a ceremony? No, I was not. The laws of our State will not permit a legal marriage between whites and slaves. But while I lived with him I was true to him."

"And so you were his mistress—his harlot—and your mother was some white man's mistress—your grandmother, and her mother, and her grandmother, perhaps, else how came you so white? the dark taint is nearly extinct in you."

"Yes, you are right. For several generations our maternal ancestors have been the slaves and mistresses of white men. But who do you blame? not us; *we* were rising—*we* were proud to see our children so white and handsome; but on your father's side—our paternal ancestry—we have a right to hate them. They were rich and great; they gave us life, recklessly, as you throw seed to the wind, heeding not its after fate—whether it be good or whether it be bad."

"They called immortal beings into existence, in obedience to low and transitory passions. They had no love for mother or for child. And after we came into the world, they ever affected to believe we were not of their begetting. They left us—*us* their children, with their proud blood in our veins, their free spirit in our hearts, left us in a manacled and degraded position, subject to the whims and caprices of our masters, open to all the temptations and allurements of vice spread for our unwary feet. O! curses on them—curses on them for their selfish and wicked ways!"

Leoline covered her ears with her hands, to shut out the wretched story.

The woman went on speaking.

"Your father thinks he is doing great things for you; he has sent you to school here, to be educated, that you may go North and teach a school—whether you wear out your life with labor, or sell yourself to some white man's lust, is matter of indifference to him. See how he values you—you, his own blood! He would see you dead before he would consent to your union with his nephew—to your entering his house its acknowledged mistress. Yes; to prevent this marriage, to save his house from such contamination, he is capable of selling you as he did your mother, to the traders of New Orleans."

"Sell me, to a trader! *me!*" exclaimed the girl starting up fiercely, her lips livid, her eyes burning with rage. "Let him try it! Let him try it! He had best beware" (she added in a lower tone, but hoarse with passion) "he had best beware. A woman made reckless by wrongs, is without compassion. In my heart slumber devils it would not be safe to awaken. I feel—O great God, save me from *that!* Already is departing from me all the softness of my sex, and in my breast pants a spirit fearless and relentless as the untamed tigress."

"If you will hasten your marriage, there will be no danger of his selling you; he will hush up everything to save scandal."

"So be it. Leave me now, your advice shall be followed. Leave me—leave me."

The woman obeyed, and as the door closed on her, again the same despairing gesture, the upward tossing of the white arms, and the same bitter cry broke from Leoline's lips.

"Descended from a race of harlots and libertines! O God, it is too much—too much!"

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.—Among the most startling wonders in connection with electricity is the announcement that Mr. Bonnnelli, of Turin, has invented a new electric telegraph, by which trains in motion on a railway are enabled to communicate with each other at all rates of velocity, and at the same time with the telegraphic stations on the line, while the latter are at the same time able to communicate with the train. It is added, that M. Bonnelli is in possession of a system of telegraphing communication by which wires are entirely dispensed with.

MEMPHIS.

M. Mariette is pursuing his excavations at Memphis, doing for that long buried city what Layard did for Nineveh. The site was scarcely, if at all known before he began his labors, and he has now disinterred the famous temple of Serapis—the Serapium so often alluded to with regrets for its destruction. He has also found the tomb of Apis, which in extent and multiplicity of vaults, chambers and passages, is said to resemble a subterranean town. The style of architecture shows the buildings to have been erected at the time when Greek and Egyptian art came into combination. Numbers of oxen representatives of Apis, have come to light, covered with inscriptions, from which important revelations are hoped. Most of the statues and monoliths have been sent to the museum at Paris.—*Chambers' Journal.*

From the Ohio Farmer.

WOMAN—THE POET.

BY MRS. FRANCES DANA GAGE.

"The greatest Female Poet," said a gentleman friend to me, "has fallen below our mediocre men."

Tell me not, proud man, that woman
Never yet hath wrought her name
With the golden threads of genius,
Topmost, on the scrolls of Fame!

That the strongest, loftiest effort
Of the greatest woman's soul,
Has but half-way climbed the mountain,
Has but mid-way reached the goal:—

There, beside the weaker brothers,
In the shadows cold and high,
She has thrown her withering laurels,
And hath laid her down to die;

While above her in the sunbeams,
Homer, Milton, Shakspeare bask,
And with mocking voices ever,
Tell her of her hopeless task.

O! there is a glorious poem,
In each earnest woman's heart.
Struggling for a mighty utt'rance,
Struggling to become a part

Of the never-ending drama,
Acting on Life's fitful stage,
Hourly, daily, monthly, yearly,
Love and hope on every page.

Think ye not because she's plodding,
Plodding duty's daily round,
That no glowing lines of beauty
In her tablets may be found.

When she giveth meat in season,
To her household, morn, noon, night,
When she giveth ease to suff'ring,
Or to darkness bringeth light;—

While she plieth broom and duster,
Needle, scissors, here and there,
Leaves she not a glow, a gladness—
Do not all things grow more fair?

Mark, proud man, the patient mother,
Bending o'er the cradle low;
List ye to her stirring heart-songs,
Improvised in love-tones low.

She is writing, ever writing,
Poems earnest, true, and strong,
On that fair, unsullied life-page,
Nestled snowy downs among.

She is writing, ever writing,
Love all holy holds her pen;
Will her lofty aspirations
E'er be reached by mortal men?

Can the creature she is forming
Soar beyond her earnest thought,
Or produce one trace of beauty
Which her soul hath not inwrought?

She is writing, ever writing;
Busy day, or quiet night,
Finds her pen still poised and ready,
Some great poet-thought to write.

Here a line of love and beauty,
There a touch sublimely true,
Now a stanza breathing beauty,
Ever marking something new,

Till at last, her work completed,
Like a regal flower unfurled,
Every petal fresh and glorious,
Burst her Poem on the world.

Burst to live and glow forever,
Shedding fragrance o'er the soul,
Gathering power, and strength, and wisdom,
While the eternal years shall roll.

Burst to live and glow forever,
Live above the earth-chained clod,
Drawing all things human onward,
Upward to the throne of God.

Oh! what living, breathing Poems
Now are echoing through the land,
Written from the heart of woman,
While God held her trembling hand.

What was Homer, Milton, Shakspeare,
All who've ever neared fame's goal,
But the inspired, the living Poems
Of a loving mother's soul?

Man may form the grand Ideal,
And lay down the glorious plan;
But the woman's work is real—
'Tis the mother makes the man.*

St. Louis, January 12th, 1855.

* "Men are what mothers make them."—R W. Emerson.

LESSONS ON GOD'S PROVIDENCE, AS IT MAY BE TRACED IN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY.

NO. III.

I might multiply the traditions of antiquity, which indicate by various mythical forms, the historical basis of the first statements of Genesis. In all nations there is attached to the mountainous regions, some story of the ark. If the Chaldean story of Berosus, who lived in the third century before Christ, may be reasonably supposed to have been derived directly from the Hebrews, who have in great numbers remained east of the Tigris since the sixth century before Christ, (when they were carried there by Nebuchadnezzar), it is hardly reasonable to deduce directly from them, the Hindoo story found by Sir Wm. Jones. This is so purely Indian in its form, that it is much more reasonable to suppose it their version of the identical event which the Hebrews relate so much more simply. The Indian Bhagavat says, that all the earth, except the Seven Rishis of the Karnat, became corrupt; and as their king Satyavarta was bathing in the Critimala, the god Vishnu appeared, and predicted the deluge, and proposed to him to make an ark, and to go in with the Rishis and their wives; and then Vishnu allowed the ark to be tied to his horn, a great sea serpent serving as cable. Satyavarta's sons were named Tharma, Charma and Jyapeti. This ark rested on a mountain in India; and then follows Satyavarta's drunkenness, Charma's filial impiety, and the father's curse. Nor can the Hebrew Scriptures have suggested, through any channel, similar stories found by Humboldt among different tribes of the American natives. In Mexico it was said that God destroyed all the earth's inhabitants on account of their wickedness, except one man and woman. This story was painted; also there was another painting with a serpent figuring in it, recalling the conjecture of some persons, that the origin of evil was first illustrated by a picture, whose description originated the form of the third chapter of Genesis. Another tribe has the story of one Tezpi, which is nearly that of Noah; but Tezpi takes seeds into the ark as well as animals, and sends out a humming bird instead of a dove. The Guancas, Chiquito, the people of Terra Firma, the Brazilians, the Cubans, all have stories of six persons saved. The Cubans add the story of the drunkenness of the patriarch. The Brazilians say the corruption was caused by the quarrel of two brothers, and that the brothers and their wives, alone of all the earth, survived; having climbed mountains. The Arctic Indians and the Choctaws tell the same story as that of Noah, but in them the muskrat figures for the dove. The South Sea Islanders say, their islands were broken off, when the Great Spirit, angry at men's violence, dragged the earth through the sea as a punishment. The Chinese say, Fohi came from the west in an ark which rested on a Chinese mountain, in a great flood. The Egyptians told Plato that the gods once overwhelmed the earth with a deluge; but some shepherds were saved on the top of a mountain. Indeed, some will have it, that Typhœus, who devoured Osiris, was the deluge. The Greeks have different traditions, which were originally independent, notwithstanding Hesiod's attempt to arrange them into one story. Uranus hiding his sons, whom it is said he hated, "in the abyss," and Earth's arming Saturn with a scythe which deprived him of creative powers, and ended his reign, express the same facts with the story of the fall, though robbed of their moral meaning. Saturn's devouring his children may refer to the deluge obscurely. But Deucalion, with his wife Tyrrha, going into an ark, and its resting on Mt. Parnassus, and his going out and making a sacrifice, especially as all this is described by Ovid, is a remarkable coincidence, as proving an identical fact. Lucian says the people, destroyed by the flood, were bad. Plutarch says, Deucalion sent out a dove to see if the earth was dry. The discrepancies of the story, such as the additional story of the armed men that sprung up from the stones Tyrrha and Deucalion threw, are in favor of our argument. This last story has the same meaning as the story of Babel; and may refer to the fact of the dispersion and its cause. As I said last time, the building of Babel was, I made no doubt, the building up of that system of Paganism, of which Brahminism is a still existing representation. And *the dispersion* was the war which raged for centuries between Buddhism and Brahminism; the immediate first triumph of Buddhism, producing the emigration of the Sun tribes all over the world; and the subsequent triumph of the Brahmins driving the Buddhists into Europe, and originating the Greek and Roman civilizations, a fact with which their mythology is rife. Although the change of language from Sanscrit into Greek and Latin, and the ages of war that attended the early settlements, completely blinded the Greeks and Romans of the historic ages, and threw all their primitive history into the poetry of Olympus, it is customary for critics to get into a great rage with the *Greeks*, especially, *for covering up* these naked facts with their poetry; just as they do with the Romancers of the middle ages, who certainly have confounded chronology no less by their Prince Arthur with his Knights, and Charlemagne with his Paladins, &c., &c. But I have the faith to believe that, in both cases, the maligned spirit of poetry was the angel of Divine Providence, preserving in the myths the greater and more important truths of which the original events were the exponents, and making them an influence experienced. But I will speak of the early history of Europe and Asia at another time. I wish now to turn attention on the single people in Antiquity, who preserved, in their whole national existence, notwithstanding the occasional backslidings, the spiritual idea of God. A book has lately appeared, written by a Calvinistic Baptist, called "The Gospel in Moses," which has in it at least this valuable idea, that beneath the letter of history there is an eternal meaning; and that the word of God was in the beginning, and shines in the darkness always, though the darkness comprehendeth it not. This work evinces however in its details the same very want of comprehension; for the author, though apparently alive with the truth, is unable to show forth its glory, because tethered to the letter. As John Müller says, (though I would guard you, as I guard myself, against taking so great a Rhetorician for a constant guide), "Moses did not conceal truths under the mys-

tery of certain numbers, of magic squares, and symbolical lines: he perhaps reflected that the connection and interpretation of such expressions would be too difficult, too arbitrary, and that such a style would be too dry and abstract for his sensuous people. As little was he inclined to the use of hieroglyphics, which issues in idolatry. He ordained a great system of allegorical *activities* which should have an immediate use in the present life, and symbolize spiritual life besides."

The book of Job is very ancient, and seems to have preceded Moses's *personal* existence at all events. Herder and Eichhorn think it came from Edom, and that perhaps it was not brought into the Hebrew canon until David conquered Edom. It makes no mention of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but it proves, if it was Idumeac, that the children of Esau preserved for a time at least the spiritual religion, which was revealed to primitive man. It also indicates that idolatry was beginning in the worship of the stars: See chap. XXXI., verses 26, 27, 28. Possibly it is older than Abraham. It seems to have come from a people of less practical and more philosophical turn than the Hebrews, though the contrast of its magnificent yet sublimely simple imagery, with the gorgeousness of *Indian* poetry, seems to me a very striking consequence of the healthy intellectual effect of Rational, by which I mean spiritual Religion. When man believes that God is identical in nature with the spirit within, whose highest state is Reason and Love, it gives self respect, and consequently self government; in other words, puts man above nature, and makes him look upon it as his instrument in all respects. Its individualities become his means of expressing his thoughts, as in its wholeness it was originally and is still God's means of expressing his omniscience. On man's tongue it is echoed, and the echo is human speech, the everlasting *miracle*. But in the case of the Orientals generally there is lacking good taste, the 'modest *not too much*;' the mind is lost in the bewilderment of words, indicating a fall of the mind below that condition of it which created the words in the first place. And not only this uncommanded language, but the uncommanded nature dazzles and carries them *off the poise*. The Indian Bhagvut Geeta is full of thoughts that "*wander* through eternity." But compare that poem with the book of Job. It is like comparing "the Archangel ruined" with Him of whom it is said "far off his coming shone!"

But the book of Job stands the single record of the mind of a people, whose dangerous tendencies of thought were indicated, probably, by the speeches of his friends; and it is probable the people were a victim of those tendencies.

Abraham represents perhaps many of his day and generation—(that he was not the only worshipper of the Most High God the case of Melchisidek proves), who did not lapse *under* nature, but preserved themselves on its throne, and *worshipped* the Supernatural. What is of historical importance, in the case of Abraham, is, that his religion became the creative element of the most persistent nationality that the world has yet seen manifested, on the social and political plane; a nationality too, that created free political forms; and preserved them more than a thousand years, though they were a small people in the midst of Asiatic despotism warring against their life by outward assaults, and by the subtle influence of example; a nationality, which in its darker hours, ever recovered itself, and in its darkest hour produced CHRIST JESUS of Nazareth;—the Alpha and Omega of Christendom; a nationality whose *caput mortuum* exhibits a people full of moral and intellectual life, united by principle and in idea, and existing as a nation without a country;—while the sites of so many of the neighbors of its old territory, though they are the finest climates, and the most advantageous localities in the world, bear no trace of the nations that once inhabited them, and are melancholy witnesses before God and men, that it is not material advantages, but *principles* that make the strength of nations.

MARRIAGE OF LUCY STONE UNDER PROTEST.

It was my privilege to celebrate May-Day by officiating at a wedding, in a farm-house among the hills of West Brookfield. The bridegroom was a man of tried worth, a leader in the Western Anti-Slavery movement; and the bride was one whose fair fame is known throughout the nation — one whose rare intellectual qualities are excelled by the private beauty of her heart and life.

I never perform the marriage ceremony without a renewed sense of the iniquity of our present system of laws, in respect to marriage;— a system by which "man and wife are one, and that one is the husband." It was with my hearty concurrence, therefore, that the following protest was read and signed, as a part of the nuptial ceremony, and I send it to you, that others may be induced to do likewise.

PROTEST.

While we acknowledge our mutual affection by publicly assuming the sacred relationship of husband and wife, yet in justice to ourselves and a great principle, we deem it a duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of, nor promise of voluntary obedience to, such of the present laws of marriage, as refuse to recognize the wife as an independent rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honorable man would exercise, and which no man should possess.

We protest especially against the laws which give to the husband —

1. The custody of his wife's person.
2. The exclusive control and guardianship of their children.
3. The sole ownership of her personal, and use of her real estate, unless previously settled upon her, or placed in the hands of trustees, as in the case of minors, lunatics and idiots.
4. The absolute right to the product of her industry.
5. Also against laws which give to the widower so much larger and more permanent an interest in the property of his deceased wife than they give to the widow in that of the deceased husband.
6. Finally, against the whole system by which "the legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage," so that in most States she neither has a legal part in the choice of her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue or be sued in her own name, nor inherit property.

We believe that personal independence and equal human rights can never be forfeited except for crime; that marriage should be an equal and permanent partnership, and so recognized by law; that until it is so recognized, married partners should provide against the radical injustice of present laws, by every means in their power.

We believe that where domestic difficulties arise, no appeal should be made to legal tribunals under existing laws, but that all difficulties should be submitted to the equitable adjustment of arbitrators mutually chosen.

Thus reverencing law, we enter our protest against rules and customs which are unworthy of the name, since they violate justice, the essence of Law.

(Signed,) HENRY B. BLACKWELL.
LUCY STONE.

Worcester Spy.

To the above the *Liberator* appends the following:

☞ We are very sorry (as will be a host of others) to lose LUCY STONE, and certainly no less glad to gain LUCY BLACKWELL. Our most fervant benediction upon the heads of the parties thus united!

SPIRIDION.

It is highly important that all subscriptions for the *Una*, on account of SPIRIDION, (advertised in former numbers) should be received on or before the *first of July*. Agents and others bear this in mind.

The Una.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1855.

EDITORS,
MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
MRS. CAROLINE HEALY DALL.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.
MRS. E. OAKES SMITH,
" F. D. GAGE,
" E. CHENEY,
" PETER,
" ELIZABETH C. STANTON,
MISS ELIZABETH P. PEABODY,
LIZZIE LINN.

KNOW NOTHINGS.

Debow in his compendium of the United States Census estimates the entire population at the end of the year 1854 at twenty-six and a half millions. Calculating from the data there afforded we estimate the Colored Free and Slave population at the same date at four millions; and the foreign born inhabitants at three millions; of all these numbers about one half are females, and very nearly one half of the whole number, and of the numbers of each class respectively, are under the age of twenty-one years. The free colored population we put at half a million. The ratio of the colored to the total free population is therefore about 15 per cent.; that of the foreigners about 12 per cent. By this estimate it appears that the existing laws founded upon caste, and those proposed by the Know Nothings to be founded upon birthplace, together would effect the exclusion of twenty-seven per cent. of the whole people from *representation* in the government, and from all the political rights of citizenship; amounting in numbers to seven millions of people, politically disfranchised.

Of the remaining nineteen and a half millions, technically called citizens, nine and three quarter millions are excluded by their sex from the ballot-box, the jury box, and from all posts and places in the civil administration. Sixteen and three quarters millions of the inhabitants of the freest government on earth deprived of the right of self-government, is the statement of the whole account as it is proposed to be settled between the professions and the practice of this great people.

The political census would then stand thus. Free people, nine and three fourth millions, Slaves, sixteen and three fourths millions. Thus stands our republican balance sheet with the world that has trusted and credited us so largely; and we propose now to pay about thirty-eight cents on the dollar, and independently ask an indefinite extension of our credit on these terms hereafter! If our political account were laid before the great Chancellor, Conscience, would we not be pronounced fraudulently insolvent, and be ordered to go into bankruptcy forthwith?

Now, on what ground or grounds, is the doctrine of despotism which rules the proposed policy based? Is it upon principle, or policy? or both? and what are they? "Americans should rule America." But who are Americans? The native party answers, Men not women, white men born on the soil." Here there is a most questionable limitation of the title to its subjects; native born white women are ethnologically Americans, and so are native born black men and women; hence the definition is good for nothing. It falls as short of the truth as it would to say that four and four make only five.

But if it were admitted that only natives of the soil are Americans, the Know Nothings have yet to prove their proposition; for it is not at all apparent that this government was founded by or for such natives only! or that they can rightfully claim all its civil functions, powers and advantages for themselves. The Declaration of Independence says that "to secure these rights (the inalienable rights of men) governments are instituted among men deriving *their just powers from the consent of the governed.*" The Constitution of the Federal Government begins with these words, "We the *people*," not we the native born Americans, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America. Thomas Jefferson declares the fundamental principles of the Government to be "Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; for having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a *political intolerance* as despotic, as wicked and capable of bitter and bloody persecutions, &c "—The Constitution, XXXI.

James Madison declared the pledges of the government to be among others, "To avoid the slightest interference with the rights of conscience or the functions of religion so wisely exempted from civil jurisdiction." XXIII.

The Know Nothing battle-cry seems to us to need two things sadly; first, to extend the meaning of the word Americans so as to cover and include all natives of the soil, male and female, white and black, or else, drop the word and lose thereby all the piquancy which is the whole force of their pet phrase:—The other thing needed, and which would be as much needed after the first required rectification, is to produce the logic of the proposition; that is, show why *Americans*, and not the people of America, should rule it. The quotations which we have made, look them in the face; and they must look these documents out of countenance before they can avoid their force. While the matter stands thus we take leave to say that there is no political principle in their creed of exclusion.

That there is no moral principle in it needs no argument; for it is a direct infraction of the golden rule; it denies the right that every man has to govern himself, wherever he has a right to be. A man's birthplace is an accident; but his rights and duties are inherent in his nature; and all his interest and necessities go with him wherever he goes. A man's country is that region of the earth in which he locates with the purpose of remaining, the theatre of his life; where his earthly property is placed, there is the place where his human rights must have freedom and force, or they might have as well been withheld from him in his creation. This is at least *prima facie* truth of the subject, and we have seen nothing from its opponents that can avoid its force. We therefore find no principle, no right on which Know Nothingism in its opposition to citizenship of foreign immigrants can rest.

Let us turn then to the policy, which in the absence of principle, might offer some excuse or necessity for it.

Is a clean majority of the people of nineteen and a half millions to three, in such a strait that it must violate the natural rights of the minority for its protection?

The danger is not so great as that which would justify one man in taking the life of another for his own preservation. If nineteen men and a little boy were out in the ocean on a plank which could carry three other men besides in safety to the shore, it would be sheer murder with malice aforethought to drive them off; and it would be all the less required if one or two of the three could work a paddle as well as half a dozen of those who were in the majority. So the policy of defence against the danger of numbers gives no help here. Our political principles condemn the policy, and no political necessity authorizes it.

We need scarcely say that religious *principles* afford nativeism no countenance; the spirit of Christianity has not run quite so low as to deny the brotherhood of men, nor to exclude any child of Adam from its charities. "In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek," nor is there any such distinction, even in the creeds of the sects.

But there is a sectarianism or ecclesiastical policy in the movement; and how does it look? In the first place it is a protestant policy, or rather a policy of Protestants of that party in religion which asserts the right of private judgment and liberty of conscience, and holds that man is responsible to God alone for his faith; a party that claims to hate nothing but oppression and persecution, employing the penalties of privation against freedom in religious belief!!

There ought to be some pressing necessity, such as can suspend the operation of principles to warrant such a spirit as this. What is it? "These foreigners are Catholics, the slaves of Rome." Now only two-thirds of the foreigners from Great Britain and Ireland, according to the census of 1850, were from Ireland, and one sixth of these Irishmen were Protestants probably. So England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales just about balance each other in the matter of Catholic and Protestant immigrants to the United States. The immigrants from France, Prusia, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Belgium, must in like manner divide their number of 653 thousand pretty evenly across the line of creed; and Norway, Holland, Sweden, Denmark and Prussia, with their thirty thousand, must go near to balance the mischief of the thirty-nine thousand from Spain, Italy, West Indies, Portugal, Mexico and South America. The difference of numbers, if anything against the Protestant party, is at most very inconsiderable, and this, according to their own estimate, must be well balanced by difference of quality in favor of their own sects.

The time has been when the reformed religion was willing to give any odds, and fight the battle of freedom with none the less assurance of victory. But here there is no disparity of forces against it, in this quarter against which it is endeavoring so unwarrantably to defend itself. The foreign Protestants bring the old feud in all its energy with them; they can be relied upon for voting, preaching and praying against Catholicism, and it would be bold to say that Rome hates heretics more intensely than the heretics of Europe hate her. Thus is seems to us there is not even a well conisdered sectarian policy in nativeism; and there is certainly no necessity for it that can for a moment make it endurable in the light of Protestant principles of universal toleration. Moreover nativeism does not propose otherwise to prohibit or hinder foreign immigration than by refusing citizenship to the immigrants during their natural lifetime. Suppose the policy to be once adopted, what would be its effect? We answer, if it hindered any foreigners from coming to this country, it would be only those who could choose their place of residence, and had the self-respecting manliness to surrender all other advantages of this country, rather than purchase them at such sacrifice. The operation would be to exclude the men of means, and of principle, and admit, if not the paupers of purse, those of soul, who either cannot or do not care to choose their future home in reference to its political liberties. So far as a repeal of the naturalization laws would affect the influx of foreigners, it would be the coming of all the better sort, and leave the door open to the worse. And if the withholding of the franchise excludes nobody, then it would but intensify the sectarian sentiment of all those against whose liberties of conscience it was aimed, and give them a better witness of the spirituality of their religion than any logical reasoning can afford to any form of Christian faith. It would give it the attestation of persecution, it would give it the mark of Christ's religion, that is called cross bearing, thereby strengthening the zeal of the devotees and winning the sympathy of loving observers. When Protestantism lays down the original weapon, and takes up those of the papacy in the days of Luther, the victory will desert their standard, and defeat will go with the form of force which was then defeated, but against the party which has universally exchanged its own proper arms of offence and defence, for those of the oppressor. Protestantism, it seems to us, must be smitten with judicial blindness before it can consent to this folly, and it must besides grow wicked before it can be weak. It was once the religion of freedom and progress; is it about to countermarch upon its own steps, and become the propogandist of bondage? Our ecclesiastics have had long practice of the wrong in consenting to the enslavement of the African race and of women; but there were wrongs existing which it required heroism to oppose. The war upon Catholicism now threatened through political agencies is so much as a sign of their conditions, as it proves an actively malignant spirit, seeking new occasions for creating mischief out of nothing. Are the reformed churches really afraid of a counter-revolution? When they have lost the courage of their faith, they have lost all of Protestantism but its opinions; they have kept nothing of its power. It is no longer a church, but a sect. In its better days it had a different spirit, for then it proclaimed, that as children of the same Father, as breturen on the level of an equal human nature, on the height of a copartnership in the same immortal heritage—it held every rational creature free and equal before the civil laws, as in the purpose of the Creator. It did not hold this noble human nature of ours so cheaply in its respect, or so feebly with its faith, as to fear that any form of creed however false, or any agencies of despotism however strange, could utterly enslave the free instincts of the reason, or the rich impulses of the heart. It did not believe that any doctrine could unman a man. It laughed at the handcuffs of a hierarchy riveted with whatever force upon the mind, as at chains upon the Hellespont, or fetters on the sea. It had the insight of faith, and saw how the current flowed under them, how the waves tossed them in their wild play, how the ocean's arms wore bonds as ornaments of its broken power. Has Samson been shorn of his locks, and lost his eyes, that he thus displays his strength for the sport of his enemies? and has he grown so blind as to bury himself under the ruin which he would pull down upon their heads?

The melancholy spectacle of this wicked folly teaches the lesson that the men who but consent to existing wrongs after they are well exposed, and which challange at their hands a remedy such as the time demands, will grow worse and worse, and weaker and weaker, untill they become themselves an evil and the ready instruments of evil. When Protestantism turns persecutor of Catholicism, using the same weapons of offence which for three centuries it denounced, it will be ready to receive upon its own head the anathemas which it denounced against the tyranny of Rome. "Its curses will come home to roost."

The Christian world is called now to cross the Jordan—to take a step forward in the Emancipation of the masses; if it refuses, if it continues to refuse, this generation will be ordered back to waste its carcass in the wilderness. When a people refuse the overtures of Providence, and decline their appointed duties, they are rejected; their light becomes darkness, and they are abandoned to its service.

The emancipation of the slave, the emancipation of woman, have been fairly presented to this people, and we wait to see whether they will enlist in the army of enfranchisement or desert to the hosts of bondage. An abandonment of principle in any direction is the sign of delinquency in every other, and the natural result of disobedience to its requirements in any form that has been presented.

The man that can find reasons and the disposition to manacle a Catholic or a foreigner, will never help to break the bonds of a negro or a woman; and if he could, he would not be fit for the service, nor could we willingly accept his aid. There is no fellowship between light and darkness—Christ hath no concord with Belial. ***

There was a meeting of a few friends of the Cause of Woman at No. 365 Washington St. on Friday, June 1st. The special object of the meeting was to consider the practicability of opening rooms at some convenient and central point in this city, as a centre of influence in this cause, and where suffering and persecuted Woman can communicate with kindred minds, and receive that sympathy and aid she so deeply craves. The result of the meeting was the appointment of a committee for the selection of rooms for the purpose specified, after which the meeting adjourned to meet again at the same place, on Friday, June 15th, at three o'clock P. M., to hear the report of the Committee, and for transacting such other business as may come before it.

A JOURNEY THROUGH CANADA

TO THE SAULTE SAINT MARIE.

[Continued.]

We were to go by Lake Simcoe to the Georgian Bay. Two routes were practicable. To take the steamboat across Lake Simcoe, through the narrows to Orillia, and then a stage-coach over sixteen miles of corduroy road, to Coldwater on Sturgeon Bay, was the first. The second carried us by railroad as far as Barrie on Lake Simcoe, and then by stage-coach over thirty-six miles of government road to Penetanguishine on the Georgian Bay. It was finally decided that thirty-six miles of government road offered a pleasanter prospect than sixteen of corduroy;—our first step, then, was to go to Barrie. It was not the first time I had been there. One of the Main streets of the city of Toronto stretches out for thirty-two miles, as far as Bell Ewart on the southern extremity of the Lake. The first time I went, I had followed this road, spent the night at a little French inn at Barrie, taken the steamer back as far as Holland Landing, and then driven in a private carriage, straight on, through a double line of cherry and apple orchards, heavy with fragrant bloom, to the home from which I started. This was before the time of the railroad, and I well remember, how the first whistle on the Barrie road thrilled through my frame. It was attached to a gravel car, sent up to supply the workmen. I was busied with household cares, but I paused and walked straight to the depot, as if I had never heard a whistle nor seen an engine in my life. I felt that a new era was opening for Toronto, and was only too glad to join a party to mount those same gravel cars, and ride out twelve or thirteen miles to try the road. As it progressed, I tried it often, always with the same cultivated and gentle friends, from the city of Philadelphia, who were to accompany me now. Nothing can be more beautiful than Lake Simcoe itself, especially that portion of it called the Narrows, where the wooded shores contract, forming a picturesque gorge, through which you approach the town of Orillia. It is studded with beautiful islands, on some of which the Indians still live. I sailed down the Lake, one day, with a party of chiefs, who had been to Michilimackinaw to make some arrangements with the government about the annual distribution of presents, and were returning in no very good humor. We sent them ashore in a boat, when half way down the Lake, when just as one of the women was getting over the side, a sailor mischievously lowered the ropes, throwing her suddenly forward. The danger to her and the boat was very great. In the effort to save her, the chief who had charge of it, lost one of his beautiful oars. He seemed to care little for the loss, he was so overpowered with astonishment at the man's recklessness, and standing on the end of the retreating boat, he poured out upon the sailor's head, a noble, dignified philippic, that I shall never forget. Along the northern shore, are many rectangular clearings still unoccupied. They were granted to retired army officers, about twenty years ago, just as Lieutenant Moodie was leading his heroic young wife into a similar wilderness near Rice Lake. But no homesteads were to rise on this desolate shore. When the circumstances were so discouraging it was easy for the demon of intemperance to work his utmost will.

I had seen many a lovely sunrise and sunset on this charming lake.

I had seen it when the spring blossoms perfumed all the air, when the arches of Nature's grand Cathedral were set with the stained glories of October, and veiled by the golden mist of the Indian summer. It was on Friday, the 8th of September, that we took Barrie on our way to the Saulte. A more gorgeous sunrise never ushered in an Autumn day, but before we reached the cars the glory had departed, while the clouds which had reflected and made it visible refused to show themselves as kind. In the cars we found the sheriff of a neighboring county, whose brother was the first white child born at Penetanguishine. Hardly a middle-aged man now, he had walked through unbroken woods from Penetanguishine to Toronto, when he was twelve years old. He followed the marks the Indians had left upon the trees, and was a week in travelling this seventy-five miles. Just before we reached the thriving town of Newmarket, we came to an opening well settled by Quakers from Pennsylvania. The sheriff told us that the French always settled in the forest, where they thought the soil would be rich, but the Quakers sought out a spot *pleasant to the eyes*. Barrie is situated at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay. Its streets run along the shore of the bay and the side of the hill, like terraces, the main street being, of course, nearest the water. There could not be a prettier spot than this, seen from the opposite shore, and the bay itself looked very lovely as we drove along, through fringes and veils of summer green. And here, we found to our surprise, that there was no such thing as a covered coach. We mounted an open van, with straight board seats, and a kind of rack letting down behind for the baggage. Very glad was I, that all mine could be carried in my hand, and as it looked portentously cloudy, I began to wonder in silence what my delicate self was to do, if the rains descended and the floods came. The van was too *long* to upset, that was the only comfort. We drove along the shore a little way, then turning a right angle up a steep hill, plunged into the woods. We went through unbroken, primeval forest, over a narrow road, alternately plank and corduroy. Geographically speaking we passed through the counties of Ting, Tay, and Flos, which had been condescendingly named after the three lap-dogs of one of our Lady Governors, Lady Metcalf, if I remember right. A vehicle could hardly have passed us; once in about seven miles, there was a cluster of houses, at one of which we watered our horses. The grass was sprinkled with small purple and yellow asters, not named for John Jacob, reader, though they were "pure golden," but because they were——

"stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

The woody funguses, bright crimson, yellow, and maroon color, astonished us, with their beauty. Scroll above scroll, they rose from the charred stumps, or fallen trunks of the tree. They had a peculiar interest for me, because it was by painting on their velvety surface, that Mrs. Moodie procured bread for her children during the terrible winter of 1837.

The clouds grew heavier and heavier. We were not prepared for an open vehicle, and were soon compelled to put up our umbrella, and cover ourselves with shawls and cloaks. A well-disposed rustic who sat behind me kept the buffalo over me, at great inconvenience to himself I am sure. On the same seat with him, was a girl shivering with fever and ague, unprovided with cloak or umbrella, from whence arose an interesting practical query, Was it my duty to give her mine?

Eighteen miles from Barrie, we reached the Half-Way House, kept by an old pensioner of the 79th, named Hamilton. Here we were to dine. It was a long, low cottage, built of squared logs, neatly fitted. The wooden floors, walls and ceiling, were beautifully clean. At one end of the house was a tidy little bar-room; then a passage leading back to a kitchen, built out from the house. Beyond this were two chambers and a dining room. In the latter a cloth was soon laid for dinner, and an old-fashioned fire of logs kindled in the ample chimney. The mantel was ornamented with original attempts at imitation china, ingeniously made of small medicine vials, decked with chintz-patterns and filled in with fine salt. I was interested in this family, so quiet, so respectable, so thoroughly English, living in this unreclaimed bush, and occupying their spare moments with delicate crotchet work, like any fashionable lady in her drawing-room. We wandered out to the kitchen stove, and were amused by the orderly arrangement of the household utensils on the walls, and the long festoons of physic bottles which served instead of drapery. We had the usual dinner, fried eggs, and *salt*, not smoked bacon, fine potatoes, butter and cheese, but poor bread; the last, the consequence I think of the very

fresh flour used every where in the rural districts. I fared very well, on potatoes just bursting from their jackets, and some eggs I was wise enough to ask to have boiled. It rained very heavily when we started again, and at my request, the driver drove nails through the stiff offensive buffalo that covered our other wrappings, into the back of the seat. In spite of this, I found myself every now and then, so kindly shaken up by my friend behind, that I reached my destination in some doubt as to whether I might not be the amiable Mr. Smallweed himself.

Rain, rain, mire, mire, and through it all, we, who had been trained up to railroad speed, proceeded at the orthodox rate of four miles an hour! At last "Penetanguishine" was shouted, a proof that its light glimmered in the distance. Penetanguishine is an Indian word, which means, "banks of rolling sand." It was easy under the morrow's sun, to find these banks at the entrance of the harbor, and to "guess" that the town took its name from the bay, but to-night we only thought it Indian for quagmire. The little inn is kept by ignorant, and strange to say, *dirty* French Canadians, so my friend B—— pressed on to a private log house. It was owned by a Capt. Gunner, an Englishman from Brighton, who went first to Niagara, and came round here, to build the government barracks, in his own schooner, some twenty-one years ago. Kindly enough, they consented to receive us. At first, things looked discouraging indeed. They had been preserving fruit all day in maple sugar. Pots, pens, kettles, stoves, chairs and door-handles bore witness to the tenacious wealth of the woods, and they were just on the point of going tired to bed. My friends who drank tea, were refreshed by the cup that kind Mrs. Gunner was able to set before them, but there was no milk, and I was compelled to rely on a glass of warmish water, drawn from a distant spring that morning! and a few of the lately preserved crabs and pears. Neither bread nor butter tempted me, and as I partook of this frugal fare, in the draught from a door that was "waiting to be put on its hinges," I soon felt a chilly consciousness that the droppings from the umbrella had been pouring in a steady stream down over my shoulders for hours. So warned, in spite of sundry hints from my more experienced female companion, I thought it prudent to penetrate as soon as possible to the quarters that were evidently preparing for us above stairs; especially, as during the meal, our hostess had said in a summary fashion that admitted of no debate—"You'll all have to sleep in one room!" and I heard mysterious whispers in the entry, as one after the other the sons of the family entered, which appeared to change their quarters for the night. When I went into the sitting room, in search of my valise, I found these same sons, snugly wrapt in comforters, sound asleep on the floor, and turned toward my chamber, in consequence, with a feeling something like compunction. A young girl was spreading a couple of narrow single beds that looked delightfully clean, in a small attic, provided with two door-ways instead of doors, across which she had spread protecting sheets. I looked about me, in some consternation, until I discovered a convenient chimney in the middle of the room, when I inquired if there were any spare quilts in the house? "Oh yes! but did I want any quilts?" I *rather* thought I did, and when they were brought, I seized a hammer and nails, and partitioned off quite a tidy little dressing-room, for my friend B—— and his wife. I never inquired what they thought of its dimensions, its privacy I felt quite sure would please them! I sank into a feather bed that night, without a single murmur, and with various rheumatic memorials of our lumbering van, that I was thankful to lose in its warm embrace before daybreak.

I meant to have risen without disturbing my friends in the dressing-room the next morning, but to my great surprise B—— evinced an unwonted disposition to go skylarking, and opened his eyes in the very grey of the morning. He would not get up, however, but sent forth from behind his quilt, a scientific discourse upon the merits of the Western mounds, frequently built, as he said, in the form of a turtle, a serpent or a man, and upon the La Platte mounds, between Galena and Mineral Point, in particular, which he declared to be natural. When at last he disappeared, somewhat quicker than he meant to, if certain sounds upon the ladder-like stairway were but interpreted rightly, our turn came to rise.

When we went below, we found, beside very gloomy weather, the intelligence that the Kaloolah, the little steamer that plies along the Northern shore to the Saulte, had taken fire on her last trip, and was now lying up for repairs. She was expected every moment, but no one could tell how long we might have to wait. As illustrative of the manners and customs of this part of the world, I ought perhaps to add, that the young lady who had been so surprised at my demand for quilts on the previous evening, was lounging outside the door, apparently for the purpose of sweeping the steps with her ample skirt. It was made of cheap calico, of a bright green color, and in what one might call the very extreme of the mode, since it lay for two or three inches on the ground. Miss Gunner was altogether too distinguished a personage to hold up her skirts, so it happened that the "banks of rolling sand" which were no longer "Indian," but rather "*plain English*" for quagmire, had left a broad yellow border round the bottom. It may have been decorative; we will leave that to the Broadway ladies to decide; but in a place where the only "public" appeared to be a stray squaw or two, and some half dozen loiterers, it struck us, at least, as rather ludicrous. There is an old proverb about motes and beams, too Scriptural to be quoted in these popular pages. It might, however, naturally enough suggest itself to foreign inventors of a ball-room costume, which our ladies have adopted for the pavè, if they saw the latter smiling at poor Miss Gunner! Soft! then, and under the rose.

After breakfast, I amused myself by looking at some fruit which our hostess was going to preserve. She called them ground-plums, and I afterwards heard them called the Indian fig. They grew on low plants, like potatoes, and wore a green night-cap with a puckered border, like the unripe hazel nut. When prepared for cooking, they look like large green cranberries, have a sticky feel, and when preserved, are as lucious as the proper fig. I cut some specimens of the plant, but as it was too late for the flowers, have not been able to find out what it is. Don't laugh now, gentle Western reader, are you sure that you know yourself? The Indian fig? Yes, but what is the Indian fig? I want an answer in precise satisfactory Latin. Botanical descriptions of the Opuntia do not answer to it at all. As it grew, it reminded me strongly of the Datura. Our sitting-room was spread with Indian mats as fine in quality as the ordinary Canton matting. The ground was white, wrought into lozenges with red and black.

The clouds were having a wonderful race through the firmament, and every now and then, the sun peeped out, fiery hot. The town, like most of these government stations, had nothing in especial to recommend it. Beautifully situated it will look better some centuries hence; when edifices of brick and stone have filled in its vacant squares. We went out to amuse ourselves by buying tiny little baskets of birch bark filled with soft maple sugar, by the "nichin-awbah," as they call themselves, who loiter round the shops. Many of these Indians had painted their faces, in frightful streaks of lampblack and vermilion. As one of the results of their semi-civilization, we observed that they could not tell the meaning of this decoration. Beyond the Rocky Mountains, it would have been equivalent to a declaration of war. Our friend, the sheriff, anxious to prepossess us in behalf of this remote town, brought us a plate of fruit, from a neighboring garden. For the encouragement of future emigrants let me record that it contained the red Canada plum, the damson, the egg-plum, and small round sugar plum. Also pears and russet apples, among which were

twining a few bunches of the wild chicken grape. He had decorated them tastefully with wild roses and the marvel of Peru, and garlanded them with a long braid of sweet scented Indian grass. C. H. D.

[To be continued.]

ANGELS IN THE MARKET!

Suppose that the *guardian angels* who accompany each of us, and who thoroughly know our thoughts and actions, should receive from God orders to speak aloud the full truth in every affair of commerce, to give the lie to every deceiver, whether seller or buyer; the present methods of deception would then become impossible, our commercial mechanism would be altered — reduced to a direct exchange. Let us see. A certain merchant says to the purchaser: "Here is a fine and good blue cloth — you shall have it, as a friend, at five dollars a yard; I make nothing by it, on my honor! I lose money, but it is to oblige you." Immediately the invisible angel would say: "Thou wouldst cheat this man. The cloth is of a false dye,— you bought it as such, at three dollars a yard, and you want to gain more than fifty per cent., saying that it is a good dye, and that you lose money by it." Whereupon the buyer says: "Ah ha! You would mystify me with your fine words; good morning, my dear friend of commerce. Thanks, Signor angel. Ah! how amiable the guardian angels are; they tell the truth!" Then the merchant, forsaken and furious, would cry: "Citizen angel, if you do not hold your tongue, it will be impossible to make a trade; you ruin us, you make all our sales miscarry." "Yes," replies the angel; "thou shalt be confounded as often as thou liest; I will not let the smallest falsehood pass."

And thus the wine merchant who should say to the purchaser: "Here is true Madeira — delicious — which I will let you have at a dollar. I have but little left; only for a few friends. I have kept a basket for you, because you are a friend of the house; I sell it to others at $1.50, but I don't want to make anything out of you,— it is all in friendship." Then the guardian angel will say, in a loud voice: "Thou hast lied! Thou hast made this wine two days ago with alcohol, alum, and other drugs; it does not contain a drop of Madeira, and does not cost you twenty cents. You want to gain 500 per cent., under pretence of friendship." The puchaser retires exclaiming, "Long live the guardian angels! We shall no longer be the victims of merchants." And the wine merchant, left in the lurch cries: "Will you be quiet, scamp of a guardian angel? Cursed dog! enemy of the trade!"

Thereupon the merchants in chorus would say: "We can no longer live if justice does not hang these rascally angels. But how proceed? We can't see them; we can't catch them. Alas! the trade is ruined! The angels assassinate us! We can no longer sell our merchandise at friendly prices. These monsters tell all the secrets of the trade; it is death on commerce!" Ah, cursed truth! Cursed angels! People would know by the angels the real value and defects of every article exposed for sale. Only the real price would be granted -- the price of their intrinsic value, at an equitable and admitted profit, plus the expenses of transportation. And in this state of things all commerce would be transformed into great exchanges, at whose depots of storage each article would be subjected to scrutiny, and its true price affixed to it by the officers of the depot, who have no interest to favor or to fleece either the consigner or purchaser in the agency which they conduct, since their fixed salaries will not depend on any *pro rata* commissions on the goods which pass through their hands. Deception and bargaining would then be out of the question, the rows of shopkeepers who garnish our streets would be useless, and must return to productive labor; sales being prompt and easy, orders would be sent from a distance, saving the purchaser the expense and time of a journey. Besides, the great depots would expedite to every part of the world, whatever should be assured of consumption there. This method would restore millions of producers to agriculture, and effect a prodigious celerity in transactions which would be at the same time multiplied in number, since many a purchase and many an enterprise are now prevented by the risk of frauds.

Let us establish, in every commercial relation, methods conferring the same guaranty of truth as the intervention of guardian angels; the present commercial mechanism would then be dissolved, and depots for mutual exchange instituted in its stead. It is actually a scaffolding of falsehoods, a complication of the most ruinous character by obstructing exchanges, falsifying values and tending to explode in bankruptcies. Between Russia and China, commerce was at one time completely suspended by mutual efforts to ensnare. The Russians brought false peltries and the Chinese false tea. Nearly all the articles in our wine shops and second-rate groceries are spurious, or of bad quality. In Paris, whole tons of putrid meat and cheese are cast by the sanitary police into sinks, and fished up thence again by night, to be restoredto consumption. The city of New York, as well as those of Europe, eats beef and drinks milk from sick and rotten stall and swill-fed cattle. Thus the Mercantile Spider stings and poisons its prey before devouring it. And yet this insect and its social institutions are approved and set up as a pattern of virtues by our moralists, who pretend to seek the august truth. Judge by this of their competence in questions of virtue and truth. In the mechanism of True Commerce by *unitary depots* and *continuous exchanges* between the producers, mercantile agents would *never* be *owners* of the goods which they receive, appraise and distribute, but merely the *factors* of the producing mass. CHARLES FOURIER.

Our Book-Table.

GETTING ALONG A BOOK OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The above-named book, with its curious, quaint title, was issued a few months since from the publishing house of James C. Derby. "There is," it is said, "a physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

It would be a skilful observer, indeed, who would hit rightly in giving the character of this book. Its external appearance, its printing, binding, and simple ornamenting, are faultless in taste, and would naturally lead to the expectation of finding it harmonious, and, as the title indicates, a work of progress. We will see if it be so.

It is presented anonymously, but while reading it there was a constant shadowy presence of its parentage; thoughts, sentiments, words, and principles, with tone and coloring, are all familiar, and yet not quite dressed as we would have expected, if they had leaped into the outer life fresh from the brain of the originator. The book bears the impress of two not fully harmonized. It is as though the philosophy that pervades the work was the contribution of the master spirit, perhaps, in conversation with one whose mind did not fully grasp the idea, but was equal to polishing and beautifying it, and giving graphic sketches of character, fine descriptions, and had the putting together of a rich variety of material. It has literary merit sufficient to lead the reader pleasantly through the two volumes; many portions are exceedingly graceful and easy, while again there is abruptness and want of finish that sets the nerves in commotion.

It lacks the sequence in narrative which would make it in the least degree artistic, but to the thinker it is richly suggestive. The author or authors are as recklessly prodigal of characters as though they never designed writing another book, and might want some of the superfluous material to fill other scenes. People in all the various walks of life, in all phases and states of mind, have evidently been a study; and there is an attempt to present them partially masked or veiled. All

are mystical, shadowy. There are none so sustained through the work that they are recognizable as acquaintances. They are introduced, coolly dissected, then dismissed; they may or may not appear again; few of them are natural normal characters.

The reasoning is strong, clear, and logical. If we admit the premises, the conclusions are irresistible; but there is such an utter disregard of primary principles, that we are forced to reject the philosophy deduced, or abandon our most cherished theories, and accept a theology of predestination, foreordination, and election.

Conditions and relations are entirely set aside. By chance or a strange fatality, the purest and noblest children are born of the worst parentage, the lowest form of legal union.

There is not one pure, high, holy marriage in the book. The sanctity of love is nowhere vindicated. Marriage, as it exists and has existed, with all its inequalities, its strifes and discontents, is presented, and the theory of making the best of an inevitable evil, seems to be about the acme of the author's desire.

The ideal union of equals, of spiritual harmony, of that perfect love that casts out all fear, distrust, jealousy, pride, all evil passions, forming of the unity a trinity, by accepting and making this love subordinate to that of the Infinite, is no where recognized.

Silsey, a man of lofty intellect, of great acquirements and mature years, marries a child, beautiful and worshipful, but incapable of sharing with him his largest life. The incongruity is seen and commented upon. Violet looks on his friendship for a rarely endowed woman with distrust; the demon of jealousy enters her heart, and in her lonely, darkened chamber, she soliloquizes and complains to her baby. It is the same half-querulous, half-grieved tone of all jealous women, only that Violet is less proud than some, and recognizes the fact that she is his inferior; her instincts teach her that a man cannot give his full heart's wealth to one incapable of appreciating him. There is a love that goes down to its object, careful, kind, and compassionate, — a love for infancy, helplessness, or misfortune, — and such a love was Silsey's for Violet. He could fondle and caress her, say a few loving words to her in his moments of relaxation, and this he knew was enough for her. When his mind sought sympathy in its largest life, he turned to Miss Watson, who could comprehend him. Such a love as Silsey gave Violet might be given to a basket of kittens, a dog, or a horse, for they each render a return of affection; but the only *love* we can accept as the truly conjugal is that which runs upon a level with the head and heart. Man cannot stoop to bestow in this relation without diminishing his own life. He puts a miserable cheat upon himself when he exchanges a large, generous, appreciating love, for a blind worship, a poor idolatry. It may gratify his vanity to receive adulation even from the weak, but it can answer no higher demand of his nature. He learns invariably that he suffers infinite loss in the want of adequate worthiness in the object chosen. He may seek to disguise the unpalatable truth, but the falseness of his position will weaken and degrade him in his own opinion. The blind worship of a weak woman is no more to him than the fickle huzzaing of the mob, before which he momentarily bows, while perfectly conscious that it cannot be trusted.

After Violet had wept and complained to her baby of all her grievances, Silsey, having heard a portion of it, and feeling compunction for his absorption, enters, and sitting down by her, reassures her of his love, talks to her as a man might talk to any little girl, dries her tears on his bosom, and promises to be good.

Violet was temporarily cured of her jealousy; but an idolatrous worship never comprehends any diffusiveness of the feelings or affections. It is pre-eminently faithless, is wholly bereft of that generosity which seeks first the nature and happiness of its object in preference to self.

Soon after this very natural and exceedingly common scene among unequal parties, Miss Watson makes her appearance, and proposes to Silsey to take *both his children* to her cottage for the summer. She knew perfectly what she asked; she saw that Violet was the recipient of a tender, pitying, protecting affection, that would permit his life to flow tolerably smooth, provided the child could be kept gentle and trusting, and the husband occupied. Hence Miss Watson is never found seeking to waken Violet, but lets her amuse herself with birds, and flowers, and her baby, and gather bloom on her cheeks playing in the open air.

It is not surprising, that, with such a philosophy of love, the book should be full of unnatural creations. Mr. and Mrs. Tree, from his own statement, appear to have lived from the very commencement of their marriage in a state of perpetual discord, strife, and antagonism. Mrs. Tree is represented as utterly selfish, weak, and sensual, but she is the mother of two wonderful creations in their way. Lucy is full of genius, cordial and sunny as a summer's day, capable of entire self-abnegation and of almost incredible activity; and Willie is as gentle and affectionate as a girl, and has a child-like innocence combined with his practical common sense, quite refreshing. Where was the law that governed such births? We can readily believe that children with many very good elements of character, may descend from a bad stock, provided there is a strong love relation between the parents; but where that is wanting, there must be the best of blood to overcome the falseness thereby engendered, and produce harmonious organizations.

Stella Cammon, a bright, beautiful seeker after truth, weds the philanthropist Falkner, that together they may the more effectually labor for humanity. We have seen many such marriages, and know perfectly what the enthusiasm is that leads to them, and how needful to keep the conscience ever alive to a *sense of duty*, in order to maintain the outward relation respectably. The mistake is made, and each must bear it as they best can; but alas that ever the word duty should be used in that relation. The position is a false one, that makes any service, however arduous, a duty; only attractions can bind soul to soul. No external bonds can fetter the spirit; it will rove if unsatisfied in its life, and then weep and pray over its sins, to arise and do the same again. The law of life must come from within, not from without.

We have omitted till a late period to even name the heroine, Susan Dillon, for the reason that she interested us much less than some other characters. She is introduced at the age of twelve, with the grave wisdom of a woman of thirty, and an old or wise child is monstrous any where. Let children in books be gay and frolicsome; they will learn care soon enough as life progresses. "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of the child," says the wise man, and we would ask for ours no premature wisdom, no unnatural power of self-control, or concealment. If children have griefs, and their lives are saddened by them, let them bear them like children.

Leighton, the recluse philosopher, is introduced, holding conversations with Susan, or rather talking to the sick child in the gravest manner, setting her to thinking and wearying her young brain in the most unphilosophical manner, and her astute comprehension of his problems is absolutely painful, as all unnaturalness is, wherever found.

David Baldwin, the hero, a young man *blazé*, is presented in the early pages of the work. He goes out with Susan to the sea shore, and incites her dog, the only pet, playfellow, and friend she has, to take a desperate leap over the rock into the ocean. He is lost, and Susan, instead of a burst of tears or a fit of indignation, says very quietly, "Do n't speak of it," and immediately falls to loving this delectable youth, who in mere wantonness killed her friend.

We have scarcely begun a glance at the characters that figure in the book, having little influence on the destiny of each other, but are there just as they stand in groups at the cor-

ners, or walk up and down in the drawing room. There the philosopher and the philanthropist, the professor and the rich speculator, the gentle idiot boy redeemed by his love for Susan, the belle and the captain, the coquette and the victim, the novice and the nun, the diplomatist and the devotee,—all play their little part, and pass away.

The book is worth the reading, not so much for what it is, as for what it is not. No one will lay it down, and stand just where he did before; he will either think better or worse; and so we commend the book, with its hints at light and truth.

FLOWER FABLES.

By Louisa May Alcott. George W. Briggs & Co., Boston.

This truly beautiful little book, the first gift of a very young lady to the public, found its way to our table from the sympathizing mother of the young authoress, and most cordially do we thank her for the pleasure it has afforded us. Do not look grave, wise utilitarian reader, and wonder what business people of mature years have with fairy tales and fables. We like them; they make us better; they serve to keep the by-paths back to sweet childhood open; and not for all the wisdom of the world would we forget the feelings that come with budding life. If we live to reach the iron age, we would somewhere keep tender memories of the sunny golden hours of youth as richest treasures, and every now and then brighten them by reading a story book, or by a hearty, cheerful play with fresh, natural children.

These fables of flowers are most charmingly written, are full of sweet, gentle fancies, and through all the silvery tissue of the stories so ingenuously woven, there runs a beautiful golden thread of pure morality. Had the book been written by an older person, we should say it was full of a deep philosophy; as it is, we find it rich in wisdom, and remember that "these things are hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes." It teaches, in the simplest form, that highest truth of Love overcoming all evil.

In one story, the work of the fairies is to nurse tenderly the flowers and insects that have been rudely injured by wanton hands. A bee is found in honey-suckle flowers, in a cool, still place, where the summer wind blew in and green leaves rustled, but the poor bee, like very active, busy people, murmured in his pain: "Why must I lie here, while my kindred are out in the pleasant fields, enjoying the sunlight and the fresh air, and cruel hands have doomed me to this dark place and bitter pain when I have done no wrong? Uncared for and forgotten, I must stay here among these poor things who think only of themselves. Come here, Rose-Leaf, and bind up my wounds, for I am far more useful than idle bird or fly."

Then said the Fairy, while she bathed the broken wing, "Love-Blossom, you should not murmur. We may find happiness in seeking to be patient, even while we suffer. You are not forgotten or uncared for, but others need our care more than you; and to those who take cheerfully the pain and sorrow sent, do we most gladly give our help. You need not be idle, though lying here in darkness and sorrow. You can be taking from your heart all sad and discontented feelings; and if love and patience blossom there, you will be better for the lonely hours spent here. Look on the bed beside you: this little dove has suffered far greater pain than you, and all our care can never ease it; yet through the long days he hath lain here, not an unkind word or repining sigh hath he uttered. Ah, Love-Blossom, the gentle bird can teach a lesson you will be wiser and better for."

Then a faint voice whispered, "Little Rose-Leaf, come quickly, or I cannot thank you as I ought for all your loving care of me."

So they passed to the bed beside the discontented bee, and here upon the softest down lay the dove, whose gentle eyes looked gratefully upon the Fairy, as she knelt beside the little couch, smoothed the soft, white bosom, folded her arms about it, and wept sorrowing tears, while the bird still whispered its gratitude and love.

"Dear Fairy, the fairest flowers have cheered me with their sweet breath, fresh dew and fragrant leaves have ever been ready for me, gentle hands to tend, kindly hearts to love; and for this I can only thank you, and say farewell."

Then the quivering wings were still, and the patient little dove was dead; but the bee murmured no longer, and the dew from the flowers fell like tears around the quiet bed.

Sadly Rose-Leaf led Eva away, saying, "Lily-Bosom shall have a grave to-night beneath our fairest blossoms, and you shall see that gentleness and love are prized far above gold or beauty, here in Fairy-Land."

There is a very sweet little fable, showing how a band of exiled Eleves, under the guidance of good Little-Bud, regained the shining robes and crowns, and brought back the power to their wands, which entitled them to return to their happy homes.

"Day after day toiled Little-Bud, cheering the Fairies, who, angry and disappointed, would not listen to her gentle words, but turned away and sat alone weeping; patiently she bore with them, and when they told her they never could perform so hard a task, and must forever dwell in the dark forest, she answered gently, that the snow-white lily must be planted, and watered with repentant tears, before the robe of innocence could be won; that the sun of love must shine in their hearts before the light could return to their dim crowns, and deeds of kindness must be performed ere the power would come again to their now useless wands."

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for June is on our table, filled with its usual amount of good reading. It opens with an admirable historical article on Isabella of Castile. It presents Isabella's position, reconciling her conjugal and regal duties, compromising neither, but ruling everywhere, where it was her right, and gracefully yielding where it was not, in a most admirable manner. The contrast is marked between her and Mary II. of England, who, similarly situated, preserved peace by complete submission and repudiation of divided interest. Goldsmith's Deserted Village is also beautifully illustrated with wood engravings copied from Etchings, published by the Etching Club, London, the plates of which were early destroyed, and only a few copies of the book, in a most expensive form, is preserved. Abel Stevens, editor, 200 Mulbury street, New York.

Putnam, Godey, and Harper have not reached us for some months.

WESTWARD HO! A new work by Charles Kingsley, author of Hypatia and Alton Locke. Ticknor & Fields.

THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS. By Charles Linton. Published by the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, New York.

KENNETH, OR THE REAR GUARD OF THE GRAND ARMY. By the author of the Heir of Redcliffe. D. Appleton & Co.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND. Blanchard & Lea, Philadelphia.

Notices of the above-named books have been sent us, but not having seen the works, we can venture on doing nothing more than naming them. P. W. D.

A meeting of the friends of Woman's Rights was held in the city of Boston, on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 30th, at the house of Harriet K. Hunt, physician.

The meeting having been called to order by Mrs. Davis, of Providence, Miss Hunt was requested to take the chair, and Mrs. Dall to act as secretary. Mrs. Davis then addressed the meeting.

She stated that a week or two since an effort had been made to call a Convention of Women during the present week. It was deferred because the women most interested in the matter, considered it premature. In every National Convention, they had felt the want of previous conference, of proper business arrangements. The result had been seen, in a great deal of eloquent talking, and a very little definite action. She thought that if a meeting of the New England women could be held previous to the assembling of the National Convention in Ohio, in October next, delegates might be appointed to that Convention, and the recurrence of a similar state of things prevented. One object of holding such a meeting should be to inquire into the laws of each of the New England States, affecting women. The laws in each State are different, and no petitions ought to be circulated until they are understood, for all petitions to the legislature are urged in reference to existing laws. Little effective speaking could be had on the subject, without more knowledge. A lecturer in Providence, recently, spoke for more than an hour, without hitting a single law of the State.

Mrs. Dall said that she had made express efforts to get information on such points, but could not succeed without sacrificing to it, more important personal duties. She considered the matter a pressing necessity.

Mrs. Davis suggested that it must be done separately for each State.

A friend present objected to the amount of labor involved.

Mrs. Davis said, If we are in earnest we must not shrink from that.

Mrs. Rose added, that we could only succeed by working ourselves. She had found lawyers quite as often mistaken as women. She found it best to take an Index, and search the Statute Book for herself.

Mrs. Dall thought legal experience quite as necessary as an index, in the matter of amendments, repeals, and the like, which complicated the whole matter.

A friend suggested that to uplift the social condition was more important than to repeal laws at present.

Mrs. Rose asked, How we could separate the legal and social condition?

Mrs. Dall said, The law is the exponent of the social condition. Those who cannot understand the facts, would comprehend the exponent.—would be shocked at it indeed. It is an important part of our duty to set it before them.

Mrs. Davis then moved, seconded by Mrs. Severance, that a meeting of the friends of Woman's Rights, to be called the New England Meeting, be appointed to meet in Boston, the third week in September, time and place to be hereafter made known. Carried.

Mrs. Davis mentioned that she had been informed, on good authority, that Ralph Waldo Emerson would if requested address such a meeting.

It was then moved by Mrs. Dall, seconded by Miss Ellen Tarr, that Mrs. Davis be appointed a Committee to make the above request. Carried.

Moved by the same, seconded by the same, that Mrs. Davis be appointed a committee to prepare a call for the above mentioned Convention, to be inserted in the July number of the Una. Carried.

Mrs. Davis moved, seconded by Mrs. Dall, that Miss Ellen Tarr be appointed a Committee to obtain all possible information with reference to the laws of New Hampshire.

Miss Thayer moved, seconded by Miss Tarr, that Mrs. Dall be appointed a Committee to inquire into the progress made by a certain legal friend of the cause in Massachusetts, supposed to have been some time interested in investigating such of her laws as relate to women.

Mrs. Dall, seconded by Mrs. Hewitt, moved that Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Whitman be appointed a Committee to inquire into the laws of Rhode Island, and prepare a report thereon. All carried.

The Secretary gave notice that she should give the most modest expression to their resolution in her written report, as she did not like undertaking rashly what it might be extremely difficult to carry out.

It was then moved and seconded that Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Severance be a Committee to confer as to the inviting of friends from the South and West. Also that the publisher of the Una be requested to secure a Hall, and provide tickets for the expected New England Meeting in September, at the rate of 25 cts. for season tickets, and 10 cts. for single admission. All of which having been carried, the meeting was unanimously adjourned to the third week in September.

HARRIET K. HUNT, *Chairman.*
CAROLINE H. DALL, *Secretary.*

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose lectured in Boston, Sunday afternoon and evening, May 27th, and at West Newton on the 28th. She manifested great vigor and sharpness of thought, as well as earnestness in forwarding the cause of Woman.

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APPEAL

TO THE READERS OF THE UNA.

In offering in this month's Una, the beginning of my translation of Spiridion, I wish to address to my distant readers a few words.

The principal reason for inserting it in the Una, is the fact, that it is a work upon a profound subject, ably written, by a woman's hand. But this, it may be objected, is no reason for publishing it, if the woman herself be one who dishonors her sex, who holds no common faith nor hope with us. In the distant parts of the West, where the name of George Sand is little known, I fear that this objection may be urged. From all who urge it, I ask a little patience. The character of its author is not one to be judged in a corner here or there by a knot of village gossips. A *jury of her peers* could hardly be found in the civilized world to try it, certainly not in America. Whatever else she is, she is a devoted seeker after truth, and whoever reads Spiridion to the end, will find it a work worthy of a noble woman and an upright soul.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

W. Newton, Mass., July, 1855.

SPIRIDION.

BY GEORGE SAND.

TRANSLATED BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

Brussels, 1839.

To M. Pierre Leroux.

Friend and brother in years,—father and master in virtue and knowledge, accept this tale, not as a work worthy of being dedicated to you, but as a token of my friendship and my veneration. GEORGE SAND.

SPIRIDION.

When I entered upon my novitiate at the Franciscan convent, I was hardly sixteen years of age. My character, gentle and retiring, seemed to inspire at first only confidence and affection, but I soon saw the good-will of the brothers grow cold, and the old treasurer, who alone felt a little interest in me, took me often aside to tell me in a low voice, that if I was not careful, I should fall into disgrace with my superior.

I begged him in vain to explain himself. He put his finger on his lips, and going away with a mysterious air, replied only, "You know very well, my dear son, what I mean."

I sought in vain to ascertain my crime. It was impossible for me, after the most scrupulous examination, to discover in myself, errors grave enough to merit a rebuke. Weeks, months passed by, and the sort of tacit reprobation which weighed upon me, never relaxed. In vain I redoubled my earnestness and zeal; in vain I watched all my words, all my thoughts; in vain I was most attentive to public worship, most eager to labor. I saw every day that solitude enlarged the circle drawn about me. All my friends had quitted me. No one spoke to me. The least experienced and least deserving of the novices seemed to arrogate to himself the right to despise me. Some even when they passed near me, drew the folds of their robe about them, as if they dreaded the touch of a leper.

However faultless my recitations, however wonderful my progress in chanting, the most profound silence reigned in the study, when my timid voice ceased to resound beneath its vaulted roof. Professors and teachers had never a glance of encouragement for me, while the most indolent and stupid pupils were overwhelmed with praise; and if I passed before the Abbot, he turned his head, as if he shrank from my very salutation.

I questioned every throb of my heart, and I asked myself repeatedly whether wounded pride had not a great share in my suffering. I could at least assure myself of one fact, that I had spared nothing to check the insubordination of vanity; and I felt, too, that my heart was choked by bitter sadness, on account of the isolation into which they thrust me; for want of tenderness, and not for want of flattery or diversion.

I resolved to appeal to the only man who could not escape from my confidences, my confessor. I threw myself at his feet. I exposed to him my grief, my struggles, my endeavors to merit a less rigorous destiny, and my conflict with that bitterness of spirit which I began to feel rising within me. But what was my consternation, when he replied to me, in icy tones;—"So long as you refuse to open your heart to me, with entire sincerity and perfect submission, I can do nothing for you!"

"O father Hegesippus!" I replied to him, "You may read the truth in the bottom of my heart, for I have concealed nothing from you."

Then he rose and said to me in a terrible tone, "Miserable sinner! degraded and perverse soul! you know well that you keep from me a formidable secret, and that your soul is an abyss of iniquity. But you cannot deceive the eye of God, you will never escape his justice. Go, withdraw from me, I will not listen to hypocritical complaints. Until the tears of a deeper penitence have washed away the stains upon your soul, I forbid you to approach the confessional."

"O my father! my father!" I cried out, "do not repulse me thus, do not reduce me to despair, nor cause me to doubt the goodness of God, as well as the wisdom of your decisions. I am innocent before God; have pity on my sufferings."

"Audacious reptile!" he responded in a voice of thunder, "take pride in your perjury, invoke the Almighty to sustain your false vows, but leave me, get out of my sight, for your hardness of heart fills me with horror."

So speaking, he would have withdrawn his robe, which I had caught in my supplicating hands. I clung to it in a kind of delirium, he repulsed me violently, and I fell with my face to the earth. He went away, slamming behind him the door of the sacristy, where all this had passed. I remained in darkness. I know not whether it was from the violence of my fall, or the excess of my grief, but a vein opened in my throat—I had a hemorrhage. I had no strength to lift myself. I felt myself failing rapidly, and soon I was extended without consciousness upon the pavement, bathed with my blood.

I know not how long a time I remained thus. When I began to return to myself, I felt an agreeable freshness. A pleasant breeze seemed to float around me, to dry the sweat on my forehead and play with my hair, then died away, in inarticulate murmurs, in the corners of the hall, and returned again as if to renew my strength, and assist me to rise. But I could not decide upon it at once; I experienced a well-being hitherto undreamed of, and I listened in a kind of gentle abstraction to the murmurs of this summer breath, that glided furtively through the Persian blind. Then I seemed to hear a voice proceeding from the depths of the sacristy, which spoke so low that I could not distinguish its words. I remained immoveable, and gave it my whole attention. It seemed to utter one of those broken prayers that we call ejaculatory. Finally I caught these words: "Spirit of Truth, uplift the victims of ignorance and imposture."

"Father Hegesippus!" said I in a feeble voice, "is it you who have come back?" But no one replied to me. I raised myself upon my hands and knees, I listened again, I heard nothing more; I raised myself entirely, and looked around. I had fallen so near to the only door of this little hall, that no person could have entered after the departure of my confessor, without walking directly over me; besides, this door opened only from within by a strong latch of antique fashion. I touched it and satisfied myself that it was closed. I was seized with terror, and remained for some moments without daring to take a step. Supported against the door, I sought to pierce with my eye the obscurity which veiled the corners of the hall. A dim light falling from a dormer window with broad oaken shutters, trembled toward the middle of this space. A gentle air lifting the shutter, alternately increased or diminished the crevice which admitted it. All the objects within this half lighted region, the prie-dieu, surmounted by a Death's head, some books scattered upon the floor, an alb which hung suspended from the wall, seemed to move with the shadows of the leaves, that the breeze lifted behind the window. When I felt sure that I was alone, I was ashamed of my timidity; I crossed myself, and hastened to open the shutter, but a profound sigh, which seemed to come up from the prie-dieu, arrested me. Yet I saw the prie-dieu plainly enough to be sure that there was no one in it. A thought that might have occurred to me before, now came to reassure me. Some one without, leaning against that window, might be praying without thinking of me. Yet who could be so bold as to offer prayers, and pronounce words like those which I had just heard?

Curiosity, the only passion, the only distraction permitted in the cloister, shook me from head to foot. I moved toward the window, but hardly had I taken a step, when a black shadow, detaching itself, as it seemed to me, from the prie-dieu, crossed the hall, in the direction of the window, and vanished like a flash. The movement was so rapid, that I had no time to avoid what I took for a body, and my fright was so great that I did not faint a second time. I heard nothing, and as if I had been traversed by this shade, I saw it disappear on my left. I sprang to the window, and hastily throwing open the shutter, looked once more into the sacristy. I was absolutely alone. I turned to the garden; it was deserted, and the South wind bowed the flowers. I took courage, I explored every corner of the hall, I looked behind the prie-dieu, which was very large, I lifted the priestly garments suspended on the walls; I found all things in their usual condition, there was nothing to explain to me what had happened. The sight of all the blood that I had lost, made me believe that my brain, exhausted by this hemorrhage, had yielded to a delusion. I withdrew to my cell, and remained there exhausted until the following day. I passed this day and night in tears. Inanition, the loss of blood, the vain terrors of the sacristy had broken all my being.

No one came to aid or comfort me. No one inquired what had become of me. I saw from my window the troop of novices scatter through the garden. The great watch-dogs went gayly to meet them, and received a thousand caresses. My heart was choked and broken at the sight of these animals, better treated a thousand times, and a thousand times happier than I.

I had too much faith in my vocation to conceive any idea of revolt or flight. I accepted all these humiliations, these wrongs, and this exhaustion, as trials sent from Heaven, and as opportunities of devotion. I prayed, I mortified myself, I struck my breast, I recommended my cause to the justice of God, to the protection of all the saints, and finally, towards morning, I sank into a sweet repose. I was waked from it suddenly, by a dream. Father Alexis had appeared to me, and shaking me rudely, had repeated to me nearer, the words that a mysterious being had spoken to me in the sacristy. "Save thyself, victim of ignorance and of imposture."

What connexion could father Alexis have with this reminiscence? I could not guess, except that the vision in the sacristy had engrossed my thoughts at the moment of my falling asleep, and at the same moment I had seen as I lay, father Alexis re-enter the convent garden, toward the setting of the moon, about an hour before day.

This morning walk of father Alexis had not, however, struck me as an uncommon thing. He was the wisest of our monks, he was a great astronomer, and he had the care of the philosophical and mathematical instruments with which the conventual observatory had been well supplied. He passed a part of every night in making observations and contemplating the stars; he went and came at all hours, without being careful what they were, and he was excused from attendance on the morning prayers.

But my dream brought him back to my mind, and I began to think who this singular man could be, always preoccupied, often unintelligible, wandering ceaselessly through the convent like a soul in purgatory; whether, in one word, it could possibly be he, who, leaning against the window of the sacristy, had murmured his invocation, while his shadow crossed the wall, without suspecting my terrors.

I resolved to ask him; and as I reflected upon the manner in which he would probably receive my question, I was glad to seize this pretext to get acquainted with him. I remembered that this old man was the only one from whom I had received no insult, uttered or unuttered; that he at least had never turned from me with horror, but appeared an entire stranger to the feelings which prevailed in our community. It is true that he had never said one friendly word to me, that his eye had never met mine. Yet, if he did not even remember my name, he paid no greater attention to the other novices. He lived in a world apart, absorbed in his scientific speculations.

No one knew whether he was pious or indifferent; he spoke only of the visible and exterior world, he appeared to care for no other. No one said any ill of him, no one

said any good; and when the novices permitted some remark or question concerning him to escape them, the monks imposed silence upon them in a severe tone. Perhaps, I thought, if I were to confide to him my torments, he would give me good counsel; perhaps he who passes his whole life alone and in sorrow, will be touched, when for the first time a novice comes to him and demands his aid. The unhappy seek and comprehend each other. Perhaps he is unhappy; he also, perhaps, will sympathize with my grief. I got up, and before seeking him, I passed through the refectory. A lay brother was cutting some bread. I asked for a piece, and he tossed me a morsel as he might have thrown it to a hungry dog. I should have preferred starvation to this silent and brutal charity. They considered me unworthy to hear the sound of a human voice, and they threw my food upon the ground, as if in my abject condition I ought to be compelled to cringe like a beast. When I had eaten this bitter bread, steeped in my tears, I went to the cell of father Alexis. It was situated far from all the rest, in the highest part of the building, near the cabinet of Natural Philosophy; you reached it by a narrow balcony attached to the exterior of the dome.

I knocked, but no one answered. I entered and found father Alexis asleep upon his chair, with a book in his hand. His countenance, grave and thoughtful even in his sleep, failed to take away my resolution. He was an old man of middle size, robust, broad-shouldered and bent by study more than years. His bald head was still covered behind with curls of crispy black, his strong lineaments were not wanting in finesse. There was upon this withered face, an indescribable mingling of decrepitude and manly strength. I passed behind his chair without making any noise, in the fear of irritating him by waking him suddenly; but notwithstanding my extreme precaution, he perceived my presence, and without lifting his heavy head, without opening his sunken eyes, without showing either irritation or surprise, he said to me,

"I hear thee."

"Father Alexis,"—I began in a timid tone.

"Why callest thou me, father?" he resumed, without changing either his tone or his attitude; "thou art not accustomed to address me so; I am not thy father, but rather thy son, although I am withered by age; whilst thou,—thou remainest eternally young, eternally beautiful!" This strange discourse filled me with confusion. I kept silence. The monk resumed:

"Ah well! speak; I listen to thee. Thou knowest that I love thee like the child of my heart, like the father who gave me being, like the sun which warms me, like the air I breathe; more than all this even!"

"O father Alexis!" I cried, astonished and softened to find these gentle words proceeding from those rigid lips," it is not to me, an unhappy child, that you are addressing words so tender; I am not worthy to inspire such an affection, nor have I the happiness to inspire it in any one; but since I surprise you in the midst of a happy dream, let the memory of a friend soften your heart, good father Alexis; let your waking be favorable to my wishes; let your eye fall gently upon me; let your hand rest upon my humiliated head, covered with the ashes of grief and expiation."

Speaking thus, I bent my knees before him, and waited till his glance should fall upon me. But hardly had he seen me, than he raised himself, as if seized with mingled fear and fury; the flash of anger shone in his eye, and a cold sweat trickled down his shrunken temples. "Who are you?" he cried, "What do you want with me? What are you doing here? I know you not."

I tried in vain to reassure him by my humble posture, by my supplicating eyes. "You are a novice," he exclaimed. "I have nothing to do with novices. I am neither a director of consciences, nor a dispenser of favors and rewards. Why come you to watch me during my sleep? You shall not surprise the secret of my thoughts. Return to those who sent you; tell them that I have but a little time to live, and that I insist on being left in peace. Go away, go away! I must work; how have you dared to violate the order, which forbids any approach to my laboratory? You expose your life and mine; begone!" I obeyed sadly. I retraced with slow steps, discouraged and broken by grief, the long exterior gallery by which I had come. He followed me, even to the open air, as if to assure himself that I went away. When I had reached the staircase, I turned and saw him standing, his eyes inflamed with anger, his lips contracted with distrust.

With an imperious gesture, he ordered me to go. I tried to obey. I had no longer strength to stand, hardly to live; I lost my equilibrium, rolled down some steps, and came near being dragged in my fall beneath the guard, and crushed on the pavement below. Father Alexis threw himself toward me with the strength and agility of a cat; he raised me, and supporting me by his arms—"What ails you?" he said, in a rough tone, yet filled with solicitude. "Are you sick?" "Are you desperate? Are you mad?" I stammered some words, and hiding my head on his shoulder, burst into tears.

He lifted me then, as if I had been a baby in the cradle, and re-entering his cell, placed me in his easy chair, bathed my temples with spirit, moistened with it my parched nostrils and cold lips, then seeing that I regained my spirits, he questioned me gently. Then I opened to him my whole soul; I described the anguish to which I had been abandoned, until they refused me even the benefit of confession. I protested my innocence, my good intentions, my patience, and I complained bitterly of not having a single friend to console and strengthen me in this depressing trial. He listened at first with a remnant of fear and distrust, then his austere front kindled little by little, and as I finished the recital of my suffering I saw large tears trickle down his wrinkled cheeks. "Poor child!" said he to me, "behold, also, what they have made me suffer! victim, victim of ignorance and imposture!"

In these words I thought I recognized the voice that I had heard in the sacristy, and ceasing to be disturbed about it, I thought no longer of asking any explanation of that adventure, only I was struck by the meaning of the exclamation; and seeing that he remained as if sunk in thought, I supplicated him to let me hear again his friendly voice, so sweet to my ear, so dear to my heart, in the midst of my distress.

"Young man," said he to me, "did you understand what you were about when you entered a cloister? Did you know that it was to shut your youth into the darkness of the tomb, and did you resolve to live in the arms of death?"

"Oh my father!" I replied, "I comprehended it, I resolved upon it, I wished it, and I wish it yet; but it was to the life of the age, the life of the world, to the life of the flesh, that I consented to die."

"And thou hast thought, baby, that they would leave thee the life of the soul. Thou hast given thyself up to monks—and yet, thou couldst believe it!"

"I wished to give life to my soul, to elevate and purify my spirit, that I might live with God, and in his spirit; but behold, instead of cherishing and aiding me, they tear me violently from the bosom of my Father, and deliver me to the darkness of doubt and despair."

"Gustans, gustavi paululum mellis, et ecce morior,"

said the monk sadly seating himself upon his pallet; and crossing his meagre arms upon his breast, he fell into meditation.

Then rising, he walked rapidly up and down his cell. "What do they call you?" he asked. "Brother Angel, to serve God, and honor you," I replied; but he listened not, and after a moment's silence, he resumed.

"You are deceived; if you wish to be a monk, if you wish to dwell in a cloister, it will be necessary to change all your thoughts; *otherwise you will die.*"

"Must I then die, because I have tasted the

honey of grace, for having believed, for having hoped, for having cried, 'Lord, love me?'"

"Yes, for *that* thou shalt die!" replied he in a loud tone, and sending out ferocious glances; then he fell back into reverie, and paid no more attention to me. I began to feel myself ill at ease near him; his broken talk, his rough and sorrowful aspect, his flashes of sensibility, followed immediately by a profound indifference, all gave to him the aspect of one bewildered. All at once he renewed his question, and said to me in a tone almost imperious, "Thy name?"

"Angel," I replied gently.

"Angel!" he cried, looking at me with the air of one inspired. "It has been said to me, Toward the end of thy life, an angel shall be sent to thee, and thou shalt know it by the arrow which has pierced its very heart. It will seek thee, saying, Draw forth this arrow which will be my death. And if thou canst draw out the shaft, then that which has pierced thee shall fall, thy wound will heal, and thou shalt live."

"My father," I said, "I know not this saying, I do not comprehend it."

"Thou knowest little," he answered gently, placing his hand upon my head; "thou dost not know him who shall heal thy wound. As for me, I understand the saying of the Spirit, and I know thee. Thou art he who was to come to me. I know thee at this moment, with thy locks all golden, like those of Him who sent thee. My son, be happy; let the will of the Spirit be accomplished in thee. Thou art my well-beloved son, and upon thee will I lavish all my affection."

He pressed me to his bosom, and raising his eyes to heaven, he seemed to me inspired.

His face wore an expression that I had seen only in the faces of saints and apostles, master-pieces of painting, which ornamented our convent chapel. That which I had taken for delirium bore now the aspect of inspiration. I thought I beheld an archangel, and, kneeling, I prostrated myself before him.

He laid his hands upon me, saying, "Cease to suffer. May the arrow sharpened by grief, cease to irritate thy bosom! May the dart poisoned by injustice and persecution, cease to pierce thy breast! May thy heart's blood cease to water the unconscious stone. Be comforted, be healed, be strong, be blessed! Rise!"

I rose, and felt my whole being penetrated with consolation, my soul kindled by a living hope, and I cried, "Yes, a miracle is wrought within me. I know thee, thou art a saint of God!"

"Speak not thus, my child, of a man weak and miserable," he said to me with sadness; "I am a being ignorant and limited, on whom the Spirit has taken pity sometimes. Let us thank him, at this hour, that I have had strength to heal thee. Go in peace; be prudent, speak to me before no one, and see me only in secret."

"Send me not away so soon, my father," I entreated, "for who knows when I may return? There are penalties so heavy for all those who approach your laboratory, that I may be long withheld from tasting this joy anew."

"It is needful that I quit thee, and that I deliberate," responded father Alexis. "It is possible that they persecute thee, for the tenderness thou art about to show me; but the Spirit will give thee strength to conquer all obstacles, for he has prophesied to me thy coming, and that which must be accomplished *is said*."

He seated himself in his chair, and fell into a profound sleep. I gazed a long time at his head, impressed with a serenity and supernatural beauty, very different at this moment from that in which I had first perceived him; then kissing with love the hem of his grey robe, I noiselessly withdrew.

When I was no longer enchanted by his presence, that which had passed between us seemed to me like a dream. By what words had I been fascinated,—I, so faithful and so orthodox, both in my studies and my intentions, whom a single word of heresy thrilled with horror and fear? By what formula had I joined my own, to this unknown destiny? Alexis had fanned the flame of revolt against my superiors, against those men whom I ought to believe, and whom I always had believed infallible. He had spoken of them to me, with a profound scorn, with a concentrated hatred, and I had allowed myself to be surprised by the figures and the obscurity of his language. Now, my memory recalled all that had made me suspect his faith, and I remembered with terror, how often I had heard him invoke the Spirit, without adding to it the consecrated epithet by which we designate the third person of the Trinity. It was perhaps in the name of an evil spirit, that he had placed his hands upon me. Perhaps I allied myself to spirits of darkness, when I received the caresses and consolations of this suspected monk. I was troubled, agitated. I did not close my eyes that night. As before, I was forgotten, abandoned. As on the preceding evening, I slept into the day, and awoke late. Ashamed at having failed, during so many hours, in my religious exercises, I went to the chapel, and prayed earnestly to the Holy Spirit to save me from the snares of the tempter.

I felt so weak and sad on going out of the church, that I thought myself on the way to perdition, and determined to go to confession. I wrote a word to father Hegesippus, supplicating him to hear me, but he sent to me, verbally, through one of the coarsest of the lay brothers, a scornful reply, and a positive refusal. At the same time, this brother gave me, on the part of the superior, an order to go out of the church, and never to set my foot in it till the close of the evening services. Nay, if a devotee prolonged his prayer in the choir, or entered it to perform any act of private devotion, I must instantly free the house of God from my impure breath, and yield my place to his true servant.

This wicked ban wounded me so that I became mad with anger. I rushed out of the church, striking my fists against the walls, like a crazy man. The lay brother drove me out, treating me like an impious blasphemer.

At the moment in which I opened the door, at the end of the choir, which looked upon the garden, grief and indignation came near depriving me once more of my senses. I trembled; a cloud passed before my eyes, but pride conquered the sickness, and I sprang toward the garden, throwing myself a little to one side to give place to one whom I saw upon the threshold, face to face with me. He was a young man of surprising beauty, wearing a foreign dress. Although he wore a black gown, like that of the superiors of our order, he had under it a short jacket of fine cloth, fastened by a leather belt, and a buckle of silver, such as was worn by the old German students. Like them he wore, instead of the sandals of our monks, high buskins, and over the collar of his shirt, smooth and white as the snow, fell in golden waves the most beautiful light hair that I had ever seen in my life. He was tall, and his elegant attitude seemed to show the habit of command. Impressed with respect, yet full of uncertainty, I half saluted him. He did not return my salute, but he smiled upon me with so benevolent an air, and at the same time his beautiful eyes, of an austere blue, softened in regarding me, with so tender a compassion, that his features have never faded from my memory. I paused, hoping that he would speak to me, and persuading myself, from the majesty of his appearance, that he had the power to protect me. But the lay brother who walked behind me, and who seemed to pay no attention to him, forced him brutally to retreat to the wall, while he pushed me nearly to falling. Not wishing to engage in a debasing struggle with this vile man, I hastened away; but three paces on, I turned and saw the unknown standing in the same place, while his eyes followed me with affectionate solicitude. The sun shone full upon him and radiated from his hair. He sighed, and raising his beautiful eyes toward heaven, as if to appeal for me to the aid of Eternal Justice, and take it to witness my misfortune, he turned slowly toward the

sanctuary, entered the choir, and was lost in the shadow, for the brilliant light of day made the interior of the church seem gloomy. I longed to retrace my steps, in spite of the servant, to follow this noble stranger and tell him my sufferings; but what was he, that he should receive them, or put an end to my grief? Besides, if he attracted towards him all the sympathies of my soul, he inspired in me also a sort of fear, for there was in his countenance quite as much austerity as sweetness.

[To be continued.]

MAN AND WOMAN.

MARRIAGE.

Society is carried forward by its thinkers and lovers. The peculiarity of our time is the extension of thought and aspiration to the masses of mankind. Now a profound inquiry, an insatiable longing, is swelling in the bosom and stirring the heart of Society, to ascertain the essential laws of relation between Man and Man, between Man and God, which have their highest expression in the central communion of human life, embracing Man, Woman and God,—the trinity of true Marriage.

The deepest experiences of life bring Society to-day to the question between Manhood and Womanhood,—what is the meaning of this dual division of Humanity,—to what do its parts correspond in the life of God, and what is involved in their Union? The necessity, the yearning for truth, for a true life here, is so profound that the silence can no longer be kept. Man and Woman seek true communion with each other and with God, by the leading of Providence, by the promptings of God's inspiration, as the centre of their Hope, as the end of their Love. This is the inner temple of Society, its source and spring. It must be approached reverently, but unfalteringly, with a pure Love which always carries with it the consciousness of God's presence.

The present condition of Woman, her disqualifications, the exclusion of her influence from human history, the utter perversion of Love, the almost universal abuses of Marriage, fully justify to the reason the movement which is stirring the heart of Society everywhere, and which must find a voice. All social reform finds the relation of Love between Man and Woman at its centre. It is the point of communion, the source of life, the fountain of ever new inspiration. If you touch the outward condition of Woman you come at once to the central spring of her life, which is Love, and which is meant to be the sanctifying principle of Society. Mankind will not hold its peace longer. We live an arbitrary life framed by the Thought of Man. Society is perishing for the Love of Woman, humanizing and blessing it,—prescribing its own forms.

As a first truth we must discard wholly the idea that the distinction of Love is confined to physical organization, and as a consequence that Marriage has no meaning but physical union. How can any man or any woman, who has ever loved truly, help knowing that the form of life in the other sex is related to the deepest want in his or her own soul? that men and women are to each other *mediums of life from God* in special forms, which each perishes without, unless it flows through its appointed channel? Man and woman have an infinite need of each other, for the end of God's manifesting himself in a complete Humanity, which is a true Marriage.

Let us ask for a moment what are the special forms of Life represented by the two parts of Humanity, Man and Woman. The deepest intuition teaches us that in the infinite attributes of God, his Thought and Love,—married together,—went forth as Life into Creation. Life, Creation, was *love taking form*. "So God created Man in his own image; male and female created he them." The infinite Thought and Love mirrored itself, imaged itself in Humanity. But that each finite soul might learn that it was not complete in itself, was not sufficient to itself, might learn the central law of the Universe, which is Communion, God's Love and God's Thought blended in his offspring in different proportions, in the form and type of manhood and womanhood,—one representing God's predominant Thought, the other God's predominant Love. Humanity is completed only in the Union of the two. This is God's perfected image on earth in which his presence is most manifest, and which he transfigures with the highest communion which ever enters into human experience. Every true love which involves the Manhood and Womanhood of the spirit as well as of the outward life, is such a communion with God, and nothing less. Marriage is no less a sacrament than this. It has no less sanction, and it overrides in human history and in the human conscience every perversion of this ideal, and every limitation to its scope and power, which is not imposed upon it by the Providence of the time,—God prescribing to each human Society, its best possible form of life.

It is customary to speak of Man and Woman as types or forms of God's life. But this cold idealism does not satisfy the heart of nature. We have to learn that we are all, in so far as we are living creatures, *channels* through which God's inflowing Spirit of Life is poured, as the principle and means of our own activity. The most consummate instrument of harmony which man has constructed, the Organ, gives to us an illustration of this. Its pipes and stops and all its framework which give tone, modulation, capacity, are as the qualities, the characteristics, the endowments of each human being which constitute his special form of life. But the organ pipes and the forms or channels of life in the individual are dead in themselves. When the thought and will and spirit of harmony combine and sweep over the keys, then the symphony awakens, but it is the breath of God filling those channels, swelling into the human life of his creatures and into human history. It is not the instrument which utters its own voice. Nothing can give a higher thought of human responsibility than the consciousness that it is God's life which we call into action in the exercise of our own powers. We bring discord into the universe when we abuse God's trust of Life by opening inharmonious channels in this instrument of Humanity which we are.

And now the chief function of Man and Woman is to be mediums to each other of special forms of Life from God, which are essential to each to complete its Humanity, and which only the other can supply. Each *Human* life needs the element of manhood, needs the element of womanhood,—and in the communion and perfect adaptation of both, God's life flows in with a fulness, with a capacity of embracing his children in his infinite benediction, which belongs to the consciousness of Love, but which never comes to Man or Woman alone. This is the meaning, the office of Man and Woman, the divine symbol and reality of Marriage.

Whoever would make Man, Woman, Marriage, mean less than this, would despoil life of its wealth and dignity, blot out its poetry, romance, generous emotion, inspired love. To woman, man is a revelation of God's formative wisdom and power. To man, woman is the embodiment of God's Love, and he worships her, not for herself but for her Womanhood. Woman is the avenue by which the divine is to enter the world in its consummate form of Love. The world has hitherto been man's world of arbitrary thought and force. We need a world now, mankind yearns for it, tempered by woman's mediation and love.

Connected with every true love, with every love which is not a low prompting of the senses, of earth divorced from heaven, is the consciousness of an infinite truth and power. The word "forever" comes like a strain of music from the distance through the heart, and the profoundest gratitude and peace, the sunlight of God's presence, bathes the spirit. Every Marriage which is perfect, therefore, endures. Much human love will be misinterpreted, much human love will fail, but the law of permanence, of the infinite depth, and perpetual growth of perfect Love remains.

We have now considered the essential Law of Marriage. In another paper we shall consider the existing *laws* of Marriage and the present relations of Love, judged by this standard.

LEOLINE.

CHAPTER III.

When Leoline came down to breakfast the next morning, the most casual observer could see a great and singular change had been wrought in her since the last evening's supper, when she had bade good-night to her school friends, gay and buoyant. Now she was pallid as marble, her lips compressed, her brow contracted — a dark circle under her eyes. She ate nothing, she spoke no word of greeting — she was mute, her usually free wild glance was down-bent and sombre. Many were the kind inquiries from the girls. "Leoline, are you ill?" "Leoline, my darling, you *must* be very ill?" "Let us send for the doctor." "No! first tell Mother Lucy," were the queries and observations that assailed her. A smile of inexpressible bitterness passed over Leoline's lips, as she pushed from her their caressing arms and fled to the solitude of her chamber. Intolerable thoughts came thronging to her mind. "If they knew me — if they knew what I am"— said she, locking the chamber door, "if they knew my origin — the taint of blood that is in my veins, they would spurn me as a menial — would scorn to touch me with their uncontaminated fingers. The poorest, the meanest and humblest would look down on the child of a slave,— down on *me* whom they now think, not their equal, but superior. They shall never know! never! never! If there be art or power in me, Arthur Beaumonaire shall not wait his uncle's consent. Let me once be his lawful wife—*once* in the eyes of the whole world, and I will defy that old man — that unnatural father — defy him, and laugh him to scorn. O wretched fate! And *this* is the father I have so longed to see! *This* the mother on whose breast I have so yearned to rest my weary head! Miserable and accursed fate! Would I had died before this hour! Why upon me of all others on earth should this black fate have fallen? Had they proved the poorest people in the land, I could have borne it better — anything but the negro taint! Had I not enough to bear? A lonely and desolate childhood, without one to love me as other children are loved — without one to speak to me sweet and tender words — and now *this* falls on me."

Sobs burst from her heart, tears fell through the fingers that covered her face. It was not long, however, that she thus abandoned herself to grief. She felt the necessity for immediate action. She mastered her emotions, and matured her plans. The first thing she did was to write a note to her lover, a note the tenor of which evinced her keen and instinctive insight into his character. She said,—

"On mature reflection, she thought it best to release him from his engagement to her. From what she had heard of his uncle's tenacious family pride, she had no idea — no hope that he would consent to his nephew's union with an unknown and penniless girl; and although that girl *was* unknown and penniless,— although she looked back on no line of ancestry —looked to no past as a source of pride — yet the feeling was as deep in her heart, it filled as large a part of her soul, as though she was descended from a race of kings; and this feeling would not permit her thus to wait as a menial to know whether she could enter the Beaumonaire house or not. It was true she had loved him (Arthur) as perhaps few are capable of loving, she yet loved him, and probably should while life lasted, but it was best they should be severed at once. She could bear it, though it tore her heart from her breast. She could not in justice to herself continue the betrothed of a man who depended on another's dictum as to whether that betrothal should be consummated or not — it was placing herself in a false and humiliating position. Therefore she returned him his ring and his promise.

LEOLINE."

She despatched this to her lover and waited with feverish impatience for the result. The sun was setting before she heard from him, and he was distant only five miles! A hundred fears tortured the poor girl. Now she concluded he had accepted her rejection and would see her no more, now she fancied he had heard of her birth and avoided her with contempt. She remained alone the whole day, complained of headache, and wanted repose. At last, as day was departing, his note was brought to her. It was but a line, yet it filled her with triumphant satisfaction.

"Leoline, I *must* see you. Meet me at the oak on the lake in front of *your* window. Leoline, *do* not fail. I am waiting — come.

ARTHUR."

She wrapped her mantle about her and went to him. Her manner was shy, cold and sad. He turned her face to the moonlight and saw on it the traces of tears, and in her eyes a strange gloom; he attributed these tokens of grief to the thoughts of leaving him. She withdrew from his eager embrace and leaned against the tree silently listening to his vows of undying love. He besought her to wait only a few days longer; he certainly would in that time hear from his uncle.

"Yes," she coldly answered, "you will hear from him, and he will forbid you to think of me. It were well to begin that task without delay."

"He cannot — cannot forbid it; and if he does — by Heaven I shall not obey him."

"Yes, you will obey him."

"Leoline, why talk thus? Have you no faith in my love?"

"Faith in your love! Yes, to the extent it deserves it. Do you love me as women love? as you do your life — your soul? No! you would give me up for your uncle's land and slaves."

"It is false! false! You know how I love you — more than aught that lives! Leoline, your injustice stings me to say rude things. Leoline, believe me — trust me."

"Did you not say to me — *you*, a free man, that *if* your uncle's consent was gained we should be united. Of course I understood from that, that if he would not consent we must separate. It is most true, Arthur Beaumonaire, I am but a poor girl, without even influential friends or relatives, but I feel that in me which is capable of reaching a lofty position in life — *you* well know it is no idle boast when I say I *can* reach it even without the aid of marriage. Were it merely your wealth or station that attracts me to you, it would not be so hard to give you up — for you must know, that *I*, Leoline, (and her tone was proudly confident and expressed a haughty sense of her power,) were I to choose to sell myself for wealth and station, would be at no loss to find purchasers among the highest in the land. Few, very few in this country attach so much importance to family descent as your uncle; few would consider it a misalliance to unite with *me*, even though I am poor and friendless. I do not choose to wait for your uncle's dictum — for his refusal. When a misery is coming upon me, I go to meet it— I shrink not from it; I face it; I bear it with what fortitude my pride dictates."

It was this indomitable pride of her nature that made her chief charm in Beaumonaire's eyes. He could *not* give her up; he pictured to himself the queenly grace with which she would do the honors of his ancestral house. In his view no living woman could equal her. He came to the conclusion to wed her at once, and trust to her beauty and naturally aristocratic air to win his uncle's consent and approbation. When they parted that night they were a second time plighted, and were to be united in indissoluble bonds in three days from that time. When she returned to her chamber she found *her mother* in it. How she shrunk from the mother's touch! A repugnant shiver ran through her veins as the *mother's* lips imprinted a kiss on her cheek, cold, colorless, and wet with night-dews. The woman was hurt. She said softly and mournfully,

"Will you never love your *mother*, my child?"

"Mother!" cried the girl, turning on her almost fiercely, "It is false! I know it is false! Woman, confess it a deception — a cheat— a lie — confess it, and I will bless you forever! I beg you here on my knees — I who never before knelt to mortal — O! have

pity on a wretched girl, and take back your wretched forgery."

"There is neither cheat, nor lie, nor forgery in what I have told you. There is no need to take it so hard — you can beat your father at his own game and return to his house its lawful mistress. Where is the use of worrying about it?"

Leoline turned away sick at heart. This woman, this mother had no sense of appreciation for the keenness of her grief — for the tortures her pride endured. She had been born and bred a slave. How could she understand the feelings of a woman, on first learning *such* a fact regarding her origin, a woman who had ever considered herself of a stainless if not of proud descent?

SINGULAR STORY.

The following is from a late number of the Cincinnati Times. It is curious and improbable, but we give it for what it is worth.

Singular Dream—Most Remarkable Realization. A young married lady, the wife of a Main street merchant, residing on Race street, in the vicinity of Third, had a most singular dream on the night of Wednesday, Dec. 9, which has since been realized in a remarkable manner. The name of the lady we withhold at her own request. On the night spoken of, she retired to bed in a pleasant frame, not, however, particularly elated. The first of the night she was visited by a deep sleep, which as the dawn appeared, gave way to a slumber of a broken character. Suddenly she dreamed—and dreaming, saw her brother, the same that two years ago left his orphan home to brave the hardships of California life, that he might secure to himself and sister a competence. She saw him rise from a bed in a small hut-like tenement, and running his hand under his pillow, draw from thence a revolver and a huge bowie-knife, both of which he placed in a belt that he wore around his body. It seemed that it was not far from midnight, for the embers were yet smoking on the rude hearth, and as they cast their lurid glare over his countenance, she thought that perhaps it was all a dream, but then she concluded that no dream could be real, and became convinced that all was actual.

While she gazed upon his countenance, the expression suddenly changed—it betrayed intense watchfulness; every pulse seemed suspended, and every heart-throb muffled, while the eye stood fixed on a particular spot near the head of the bed, where through a small aperture not noticed before, was a *human hand* grasping a short, keen instrument, looking terribly like a dagger. It apparently sought the head of the bed, for, as it touched the pillow, it passed itself slowly down to about the supposed region of the heart, and poised itself for a second, as if to make sure of its aim. That second was sufficient for the brother to rise noiselessly from his seat, and draw his bowie-knife from his belt, and advance a single step towards the bed. Just as the dagger descended into the blankets, the knife of the brother came down like a meat-axe, close to the aperture, completely severing the hand of the would-be assassin above the wrist, and causing the dagger and the limb to fall on the bed, trophies of his victory. A deep prolonged yell sounded from without, and on rushing to the aperture and convincing himself that there was but one, the brother unbolted the door and stepped out. The moon was shining, and by its light was discovered a man writhing as if in the last agonies.

The miner drew the body near the door, and turning his face to the fire, beheld the visage of a Mexican, who, for some fancied injury, had sworn never to rest content until he had taken his (the brother's) life. On examining the man closely, he was discovered to have a wound in the vicinity of the heart, which a long, sharp, two-edged blade in his hand, abundantly accounted for. Failing in the attempt to assassinate his victim, he had with his own hand driven another knife to his own heart. The lady awoke, vividly impressed with the dream, and related it as here recorded to her husband. Judge then of her and his surprise, when they received a letter from California, per the North Star, from the brother, relating an adventure *on the night of Dec. 9th*, precisely identical with that seen by the lady in her dream. Verily there are strange things in heaven and earth. Was the dream merely an accidental coincidence, or was the spirit of the dreamer actually present in the lodge of her brother? These and other inquiries involuntarily rise to the lips, and seek a solution not yet granted to mortals to solve.

WOMAN'S CO-OPERATION.

No man could have written such a work as Mrs. Stowe's. England's palaces would never have opened to any man as they did to her; and why not? Because there was a demand for the co-operation of woman in the great work of emancipation. Every department of earthly labor is a standing testimony against man's doing the work of the world well when he does it alone. Until woman's reason and sympathy are aroused to co-work with her brother in every effort for the well-being of the race, never will the relation of brotherhood prevail, nor that of master and servant cease.—*Rev. Antoinette Brown.*

The Presbyterian has discovered that "the woman's rights movement, which seemed at first but a harmless sort of crotchet, with some show of right, is now in its chief feature but a railing at the word of God."

NIGHT.

I.

O calmly, lovingly, Night vast and deep,
Bend round the breathing world! Thou cool-browed wife
Of fiery Day—he, stirrer of old strife—
Thou, soother, mother, in whose heart we keep
A hiding-place to dream, to hope, to weep!—
Who still exhalest in the purple sky
The old star-bloom of Immortality,—
Wreathing our momentariness and sleep
With dignity so sweet and sovereign!
Happy the Earth to kiss thy broidered hem!
Her weak and flagging aspirations take
New pinions in thy shadows; thou dost make
Love deeper bliss, and even care and pain
Are great and worthy since thou touchest them.

II.

Thou seem'st to solve the Eternal Unity
That holds us all. How far, and dim, and deep,
Bathed in the separate sanctity of sleep—
Lost in thy wide forgetting, do we lie!
Oh lest that dim abyss, where Memory
Beats her disabled wing and hope is not,
Point to yet wilder deeps, unearth our thought
In thy far glances! Through the serene sky,
When day from the impurpled hills furls up,
And heaven's white limits fail, the Infinite,
Long crushed within, breathes forth its mystic pain:
From vast of height, and depth, and silence, stoop,
And lift with mystic faith its brow again,—
Call unto Peace the eternal child, dear Night!

III.

Darkness surrounds me with its phantom hosts,
Till silence is enchanted speech. I feel
Those half-spent airs that through the laurel reel,
And Night's loud heart-beats in the tropic coasts,—
And, soaring amid everlasting frosts,
To super-sensual rest, as it might outweigh
A whole world's strife, o'er me gaunt Himalch
Droops his broad wing of calm.—Those peaks, like ghosts
Outstaring Time, through darkness glimmering!
No rush of pinion there—nor bubbling low—
But death and silence, past imagining,—
Only day in and out, with endless swing
Their aged shadows move, and picture slow
One on another's unrelenting snow.

IV.

Oh high-born souls, such as God sends to mould
His ages in—and you too, who have known
The pang of strife, and are at last at one
With Nature so—yea, all who have made bold
Our timid dreams, and proffered to the hold
A certain joy—come mingle in life's cope
Star-fields of verity and stable hope
With these swift meteors and illusions old.
I sent this summons through the deeps of June,
When Life surged up so warm and affluent,
It wrapt the very whiteness of the moon;—
No wonder many came—they came and went—
And thou, who sleep'st half sad and wak'st with pain,
Thou camest too, and dost alone remain.

V.

So reed-like fragile, in the world's whirl nought,
Beggared in earthly hope, alone and bare,—
Heart pierced, wings clipped, feet bound, but grandly there,
Ay, and with odds 'gainst Fate, thou standest, fraught
With courage to know all!—Thus is thy lot
Worlds deep beneath thee,—Lov'st thou that keen air?
Thou ask'st not hope, nor may the falsely fair
Approach thy clear integrity of thought.
Such power, what shall we call it? For this time
Not love, nor yet faith—but eternity
Dilating the mean day. The spirit, free
And self-reliant, from its purer clime,
O'erruling earth, by spirit-law sublime—
God cleaving *for* thee, the remorseless sea. A. W.

The Una.

BOSTON, JULY, 1855.

EDITORS,
MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
MRS. CAROLINE HEALY DALL.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTE NICOL, OR CURRER BELL.

"I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs,
By the known rules of ancient liberty."—*Milton.*

Charlotte Brontè, whose name will always hold a prominent place in the history of English Literature, was the author of three remarkable books, and the last of a family of six who have died of consumption. Three sisters and one brother were living with their father, an old clergyman, at Haworth, in Yorkshire, when as Ellis, Acton, and Currer Bell, the former first, they attracted public attention. The novels of Ellis and Acton have never received the attention they deserved. The pictures they contained were revolting, and the public refused to believe they were the result of actual experience. It could not comprehend the intense conscientiousness with which the two girls wrote, and life itself was not so clear to the young authors, that a heavenly radiance could penetrate the clouds that hung about "Wuthering Heights." It was otherwise with Charlotte. The deep clear well of truth, within her own soul, could not long be ruffled by the breath of social evil. Therefore, her three books, Jane Eyre, Shirley and Villette, took a deep hold of the whole world, not excepting those who professed to think them immoral and repulsive. In the course of her authorship, her brother and two remaining sisters died. She was not long left to think how lonely she should be, when her dear father died. She married a Mr. Nicol, and the world is permitted to make the most of that fact. By the universal silence in regard to him, we on this side of the water are led to imagine, that the match was neither a *brilliant* nor a happy one. *Brilliant* no match could be for her; but had he made her happy, Charlotte Brontè's husband might have prolonged her life, and so have been entitled to the lasting gratitude of the world.

Several things with regard to her will surprise no intelligent reader of her works—First, that warm and ancient Irish blood flowed in her veins; that her books were written out of her normal experience; that the school at Lo-wood was no fiction, but proved fatal to nearly all her family; and that her own character was one of the noblest ever set before the world. It seems to us, that no other woman ever entered the literary field so nobly, so calmly, with so little self-deception. She knew what she was worth, and neither the praise nor the blame of men, could alter her estimate of herself. She was puzzled rather than pained, by unjust criticism;—needed severity she could accept with a humility that was full of dignity, and meaningless flattery, she could reject with a quizzical grace that became her well.

She had the intuitions of a gifted woman, the strength of a man, the patience of a hero, and the conscientiousness of a saint.

It was this conscientiousness that made her works so remarkable, and that induced her to reply, when asked why she did not publish oftener, "I have not accumulated since I published 'Shirley,' what makes it needful for me to speak again; and till I do, may God give me grace to be dumb!"

When after the publication of "Jane Eyre," she awoke one morning, and found herself famous; she carried to her father, in one hand, a copy of her first book, in the other an adverse review, to save his simple and unworldly mind from expectations of a fame and fortune, which she had determined never to realize.

Dear Charlotte Brontè, when we go to England, our first pilgrimage shall be to your grave, and no kindred eye will ever shed over it more heartfelt, loving tears than ours. We needed no one to tell us, that she was the smallest of women, short-sighted, clad in a mourning dress, neat as a Quaker's; that she encountered fearful domestic griefs with a bright eye and serene composure; that her beautiful hair was smooth and brown; that her fine eyes blazed with meaning, and her lips showed quiet self-control. We knew all this in our heart of hearts; was she not as *eerie* a thing as her own Jane Eyre, or Lucy Snowe? We are glad to hear, also, that she knew how to use her needle as well as her pen, and that her household appreciated the excellence of her cookery, before it had ever heard of her books.

In conclusion, let us say, that the very article in the London Morning News, which contains the tribute to her memory to which we are most indebted, and which confesses that her death will be felt with a pang throughout the length and breadth of the land, also shows, conclusively, how unfit England still is to appreciate her.

We quote the following from its columns:

"Though passion occupies too prominent a place in her pictures of life, though women have to complain that she represents love as the whole and sole concern of their lives—and though governesses do remonstrate that their share of human conflict is laid open somewhat rudely to human observation; it is a great blessing that we have had a writer of such practical force. Her heroines love too readily, too vehemently, and sometimes after a fashion that her female readers may resent, but they do their duty through everything."

Women of the broad earth — whether English or American, French or German, it was for you that Charlotte Brontè wrote; for no conventional puppets, no dolls of fashion! Answer the questions so seriously put to you, from her inmost heart. What place does passion occupy in human life, openly or secretly? What does determine the whole course of women's lives, if not a wise or a misplaced love—marriage or dreams of marriage?

We ask you to answer truly—for the sake of the best and noblest monitor you ever had; one who turned from pure ideal pictures, which she was only too capable of creating, to show you life as she found it, in her heart and yours. Her books are too full of meaning to be put aside when you have read them once; read them again and again, and take home the lessons they impart. Then you will be willing to give to passion, its proper place, and to woman a higher destiny. Why should governesses remonstrate, that she, who was herself one of that suffering class, laid open the unventilated abuses of their condition, and called upon God and man to give them better cheer?

"Her heroines love too readily, and after a fashion that her female readers may resent." Is it her *heroines* alone, or all of us, weak women that we are, who love and suffer with a divine patience at least, if not a heavenly wisdom—for those who neither heed our suffering nor value our love? It is not in her books, but in our own hearts, that we first find the need of some powerful spiritual alkali, to keep the "milk of human kindness," from turning to vinegar on our hands!

Let us be honest, like her. We have lost one whom we never needed more than now. If we can have no new books from her pen, let us read the three noble ones she has left us, till we are sure that we understand them. Whoever has left one of them unread, has still a privilege to be thankful for. "Jane Eyre" was a fearfully honest book. That was why it startled the echoes of all the corners of the earth, and gathered them into one hoarse cry of opprobrium. Indignation deceives no one. Live down the characters she portrayed, if you would have us believe they are not human.

With the works of Ellis and Acton Bell,

the public has still something to do; they have never been fairly judged.

Charlotte Brontè,—we must know whether her husband was worthy of her, before we give her his name,—Charlotte Brontè stands secure upon her pedestal. No female writer is left whom we could miss so much, if we except Mrs. Gaskell. No *woman* is left, whom we could love as dearly. Her works have made an era in the self-consciousness of the race, and the time may yet come, when the maidens and matrons of England, shall unite to raise a monument to her memory—binding it with glowing chaplets of their own life-blooms.

C. H. D.

West Newton, April, 1855.

WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

It was our intention to offer to our readers, this month, some thoughts upon this remarkable book; but the unwonted room demanded by our own editorial elbows, will compel us to be very brief. It is perhaps as well, for there is a little arrogance, even in speaking highly of Margaret Fuller. Whether we knew her well enough to be privileged to praise her, almost any one of us may doubt. She will not reject, however, the ovation of our womanly love, which we would offer her on all occasions, public and private. In America, Margaret Fuller has never yet had a rival, and we doubt very much whether she has ever had one in the Old World. As the deepest thought and clearest utterance of our noblest woman, this book offers itself to every female reader.

It has been objected to it, that it points out numerous evils, for which it offers no obvious remedy. We do not think the charge a true one; but if it were, let us clearly recall to ourselves the experience of every physician—namely, that the first step towards a remedy is to ascertain the evil—the second, to ascertain its cause. Both these steps, it seems to us that Margaret has taken, and if she has not indicated the third, let us take her book, and ponder its contents faithfully. The reform towards which it points, is no matter of a moment—nor of a lifetime; it may involve the growth of more than one generation, for it is neither more nor less than a *change in character*. It offers to women greater freedom, it is true; also, higher objects in living. It demands of them that they shall think,—quite as much, that they think well. It requires of them that they be no longer slaves—no longer pets and playthings as well. It may be long before we grow hardy enough to reject the pleasant phases of our life for the sake of the profitable—to put aside a tenderness that cherishes, because we know it debilitates us. Happy those who do it of their own free choice—not waiting till urged on by the shocks of relentless fate.

With these few words, we must leave our subject for the present, but we promise ourselves the pleasure of frequent returns to it when editorial matter encroaches less.

It is generally understood that "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" is the republication of an old work. The Essay so denominated fills less than half of the volume now before us; the remaining articles are new, and of such a character as to vividly recall their author to her personal friends. Every woman who can think, ought to read carefully the conversation between Aglauron and Lawrie.

C. H. D.

W. Newton, Mass.

A JOURNEY THROUGH CANADA

TO THE SAULTE SAINT MARIE.

[Continued.]

BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

When we had discussed our dinner, the only noteworthy portion of which consisted of the potatoes which were so large and fine that only four would stay on one dish, I suggested that if we drove over to the military station, we might, perhaps, "bring" the missing boat. No sooner said than done. Our unlucky van had been obliged to wait all this time for its return freight. The driver, lying on the grass, and trying to smoke away the time, was easily persuaded to enter into our plan, and mounting our lofty coach and four, away we went. I shall never forget that ride. The military station was three miles off; the road lay along one of the benches of the lake, winding through a continual succession of log huts on either side, whose startled inhabitants, with elfish locks, came out to gaze at us as we whirled along. From this elevated plateau, we looked down through richest slopes and surging forests to the placid lovely bay. The whole scenery gave me an impression of vastness, that I never had before. How the mighty trees swung their heavy branches into our very eyes, garlanded with massive vines; how we hid our faces in our laps again and again, to escape their angry rebuffs, wondering now at the broad glory of the green earth, spread everywhere about us, now at the special beauty of this little road, embowered like an English lane. It was very exciting, and we were not a little disappointed when just beyond the English church, we caught a glimpse of the recreant Kaloolah through the trees. I am no coward, but I plead guilty to getting down from my perch, while our monstrous vehicle wheeled suddenly round. It was a sort of carriage that I did not understand, and I felt safer on firm ground. Our boat, named after an Indian princess, had a Parisian lady of fashion presiding over her stern. She was, like the boat which Dickens found upon Lake George, so many feet short, and so many feet narrow, the very funniest little duck that ever hid paddle-wheels under her. It had cleared off magnificently, and as we sped from the wharf we passed the military station which we had not had time to visit. Here, good Mrs. Gunner told us, an English chaplain dwelt, with five marriageable daughters, predoomed, as she seemed to think, to celibacy, as there "was not their likes in all the country round!" How shall I give any idea of the beauty of this Georgian bay, with its aqueous dependencies, its deep waters of an inky blue, its rounded knolls, projecting into the bay and flattened at the tops as if for use, foliaged with almost tropical luxuriance? As we ran down to Sturgeon bay, to take the passengers from Coldwater, we passed the "banks of rolling sand." Two or three times, as I sat in the clear air, filled with the intense, unutterable joy that such a scene inspires, I thought I heard notes of liquid music. At last, curiosity conquered the poetic sense, and I went below, where I found an Iroquois chief, with his wife and sister, seated in royal daintiness, upon some finely woven mats. They were very young, and shy and sensitive as fawns. They wore semi-civilized dresses of broadcloth, trimmed with deep points of alternated velvet and bright colored skin. Their leggins and moccasins were beautifully embroidered. After a little coaxing in French, they read some Iroquois prayers to us, and sang some sweet chants to the Virgin. Royal though their pedigree might be, they did not refuse a few pieces of silver from my friend B—— when we turned away.

We sat down to tea this night, and began quite calmly, some twenty or thirty of us, to munch our bread and butter, when suddenly, from the farther end of the boat, came rushing somebody in a black coat, with white bands about his neck, and, as if our salvation depended upon his absurd precipitation, began to say grace over our well-filled mouths and the back of his own chair. This, we were given to understand, was a reverend Doctor, who had lately translated the Bible into the Ojibbewa tongue. He was now on his way to England, to return thanks to several learned universities for degrees recently conferred. He did not trouble us with his devotion after grace was safely said, but talked chiefly of dogs and horses. He was evidently no favorite in that neighborhood.

After tea, I went out upon deck. I never saw any thing so intense and magnificent as the hues of the sunset. Upon a sea of creamy gold, lay a huge bank of castellated cloud, whose distant towers gave back the ruddy light. Above them the golden waves deepened into yellow, thrown out more vividly by a few

smoky flecks, and this to a faint clear green, which merged again in a rose amethyst. The proprietor of the Kaloolah was on the deck. He told me that on its last trip, the boat brought down a piece of virgin silver, from a new island mine, weighing one hundred and forty pounds. He showed me a small piece of the ore, which he had chipped off. It was extremely beautiful, the particles being set, like tiny glittering gems. It much resembled the frost-work we sometimes see upon exquisitely finished plate. Our proprietor lives upon the English side of the Saulte, and deserves much credit for perseveringly plying this little boat, the only one that passes through the North channel, in spite of frequent and heavy losses. He told me that the government surveyor landed upon *twenty-three thousand* islands in this Georgian bay. Just at twilight, I saw a single Indian in a lovely birch canoe, entirely fresh, and beautifully ornamented with quills. Foreshortened by the distance, it looked like a graceful little nautilus shell.

We lay all night at Sturgeon bay, to clear out our boilers and the like. Hotels cannot be very abundant or very good in this region, for in the course of the night several half drunken men applied for a lodging on board the boat, and were ushered into the saloon, so that with animated society both within and without our berths, the time passed away slowly enough.

The Sabbath morning broke extremely cold and clear. The most intense solitude reigned over this dark little bay, where we seemed to be wholly isolated from our kind. For the sake of a little warmth, B——— and myself climbed the hill which led towards Coldwater. A little way up, an Irishman, who seemed to spring into existence like the genii in Arabian Nights, overtook us, saying, "If ye be going to the village, I'd like to go along wid ye." Not particularly liking his appearance, we declined the walk, but observed that when we turned back, he did so too. Before we reached the steamer, another son of Erin sprang out of a hole in the side of the hill, which appeared to serve the purpose of a hut, exclaiming, "It is not safe for you to walk; wait a little and the team will take you over the hill. It is but a day or two since a man was torn in pieces by the bears a mile up." "Nonsense!" said I, stopping short; but by this time our first friend had overtaken us, and said bravely, as if his only anxiety had been upon our account, "I was thinking that they might be going to the village, and offered meself to them for company, that was all!"

It was quite late before we put back to Penetanguishine, it being necessary to take in a great deal of freight, Sunday morning though it was. Then we went out among the Christian Islands, where the scenery became bold and fine, rather than beautiful. It suggested the idea of vast natural resources, and finally overpowered me with it. Upon one of these islands is an old Jesuit fort, proved by documents, still existing in France, to be two hundred and seventy-five years old. We entered Matchadash bay, and crossed the Nottawasaga. It was just sunset when we entered Owen sound, after a Sabbath not uneventful in spiritual life, to such as were willing to walk with "God upon the waters." The sky was even more beautiful than on the preceding night. It was a clear golden yellow, hung with rosy fleeces and smoky cloudlets, that seemed by contrast to be entirely black. Near the horizon, they were delicately braided together, as if to form a baudeau for the brow of Night. A jewel was set in it when the evening star came up. Owen sound is a most excellent harbor, very tempting in its placid beauty, to both sailor and fisherman. The winters are very mild here. Sydenham, the principal settlement on the sound, has eleven hundred inhabitants. Opposite to it is a lovely Indian village, called Neewash. It has comfortable lodges, and a pretty church and parsonage. During this night, which we spent on sofas in the ladies' cabin, the wind rose very high. Off Lonely island, where we sent a boat ashore, to get fish, I rose and looked out. The white caps were running high, and I was almost instantly dizzy. In the morning, I could not dress without lying down many times, and made, of course, a very tipsy toilet. When I went on deck, we were passing between Squaw island and Cape Smith, and the sun was lighting up a mackerel sky in a most resplendent manner. Cape Smith, a rocky cliff of very bold outline, forms the Eastern end of the great Manitoulin. Of course, as soon as we rounded the island, and sailed into the North channel, we came directly under the Cloche mountains. They are two thousand feet high, and rising abruptly from the North shore, extend for more than six hundred miles. Our captain declared that they were a granite ledge, but that one of them contained a fine grey marble quarry. A narrow slip of arable land intervenes between the foot of these mountains and the lake. It is well wooded, and the background of lofty cliffs only added to its enchanting beauty, as we passed behind a narrow rocky ledge, into a channel three hundred feet wide, and made up to the Indian fishing village of Shebawnahwahning, that is, the mouth or hole of the snake, a name given, I think, to designate the shape of the channel. A fairy-like little shelter it seemed. The Indians were all Chippewas, half European in dress, but all wearing white blankets with blue borders. The fish that they catch are chiefly white fish and salmon trout. They not only pickle, but *spice* them, and they are highly esteemed by epicures. There are no resident whites here. We entered a log house, neatly thatched with birch bark. It was spread with beautiful mats, and quite clean. The squaw, who talked a little French, was quite amused to think that we had come to see this "grand ville!" Their babies all had fine eyes, and clear, Spanish looking skin, but were too fat to be pretty. We saw lodges of the most primitive sort, covered with mats and bark, and containing nothing but a fire and a kettle, on the little bits of rock that jutted up from the water here and there. Nothing could exceed the beauty of their highly ornamented canoes, many of which were turned up, that the seams might grow hard in the sun. One, which was only seamed in two places, might have held a dozen men. The strait that separated the settlement from the rocky ledge, was so extremely narrow, that not even our little duck of a steamer could turn in it; so we passed through it winding in and out, among the trees, in a manner altogether charming, and not a little astonished to see the white sails of a fishing schooner gleaming out, as it seemed, from the very depths of a wood. Pretty little vistas, fringed with delicate foliage, opened out on every side. This little schooner was the only vessel that we saw in a journey of three days and nights, with the exception of an occasional canoe. This loneliness deepened every impression made upon us by those vast tracts of land and water.

As we crossed over to Manitouwahning bay, the mouth or hole of the Manitou, another allusion I suppose to the shape of the harbor, we passed directly under the lofty conical peak called the Cloche or Bell mountain, which gives its name to the range. It is a solid mass of granite, so thoroughly vitrified, that when struck with a hammer, the clear reverberation may be heard for more than three miles.

We felt the sea from Georgian bay in crossing, and the motion became for a short time almost unendurable. We beat up the bay, very slowly, between abrupt, well-wooded banks. When we reached the town of Manitouwahning, we found it like Penetanguishine and all other government stations, seated on the benches of the lake, which have been burnt bare of forest and underbrush to receive it. It had a church and between sixty and seventy houses. We landed some cattle and provisions, and took in a very reluctant young horse which the Indians pelted on board with small pebbles. There was no wharf here, only a beautiful pebbly beach, which permitted us to approach within twenty feet of the shore. The Indians were loitering about the beach, in company with a few white men. They had more character in their faces than any I had seen, but looked on with the innocent joy of children when a flock of wild ducks swam right under our bow. We now returned to the North channel, passing between thousands

of delicate, fairy-like islands, as far as Little Current. This part of our journey may be easily appreciated by every one who has passed through the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. More exquisitely beautiful they could not be, nor more varied, and they thronged upon the sight so rapidly, that I would fain have closed my eyes and shut out this exhibition of the boundless resources of the Infinite Creator. Little Current is so called, because as at Shebawnahwahning, the water flows between a rocky ledge and the shore, in a narrow, shallow stream. It looked like any bleak hill from which the trees have been burned off, and commanded all the lovely islands and placid water between, with the Cloche mountains in the distance. There is a village of Indian wood cutters, Chippewas, here. We went into the lodge of the chief, and found it very neatly arranged and spread with exquisitely beautiful mats. I was surprised to see his wife,—a most intelligent white woman, with a beautiful child. Her cooking apparatus stood without, under a wooden canopy, open to the weather. There were about fifteen families here, and ten more were expected. The Indian women were squatted about everywhere, under their dirty blankets, and many a mother covered her child also, poised on her shoulders. I saw one pappoose here, laced to a board, with a hoop over its forehead. The clouds had been gathering all day, but it had cleared repeatedly, until I began to hope that we should have no rain; but as we left Little Current they closed round us, and it began to fall very fast. I am no judge of bad weather myself, having never known what it is to be seasick; but this night, the oldest sailors said that it blew very hard, especially when we were crossing the straits of Missisauga, and felt the wind the whole length of the lake. I thought the sea upon Lake Huron quite peculiar. It was not short and "choppy," like that of Erie and Ontario, but broad and billowy, like that of the open Atlantic. I rose several times in the night, and when I found the sea rising to the guards, I was charmed with the steadiness of our Lady Kaloolah, and quite inclined to believe that she presided over the waves, rather in right of her Indian blood, than her Parisian costume.

[To be concluded in our next.]

The initiated will see with pleasure in this month's paper five sonnets by the gifted author of the Hymn to the Sea. No one who read that with appreciation, can have forgotten it. It may be found in the volume called Thalatta. C. H. D.

All things have being for the sake of the life and the joy that shall come of them.

A FEMALE PRIME MINISTER.

(From the *Honolulu Court Circular.*)

The diplomatic corps, the commanders of the foreign ships of war, and the foreign consuls, were then presented by the Minister of Foreign Relations, to her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria Kamamalu, the new Kuhina Nui (Prime Minister), appointed by the King.

The cabinet is thus constructed:—Her Royal Highness, the Princess Victoria Kamamalu, to be Kuhina Nui (the Prime Minister); William L. Lee, to be Chancellor of the Kingdom; Keoni Anr (John Young), Minister of the Interior; Robert Crichton Wyllie, Minister of Foreign Relations; Elisha H. Allen, Minister of Finance; Richard Armstrong, Minister of Public Instruction.

(From the *New York Daily Times.*)

There appears no earthly reason why the fair Victoria Kamamalu should not become an admirable administratrix of the affairs of the Sandwich Islands. There might be some little difficulty if she had been appointed commander-in-chief of the army, inasmuch as it might be awkward for a generalissimo to lead a charge on a side-saddle. But "his Royal Highness Prince Kamehameha has been appointed commander-in-chief," so that the lady-premier need not personally face the foe. Even if she had to do so, ten to one that a young woman's generalship would be more successful and honorable, than that of the aged female, commonly called "F. M. Lord Raglan," in the Crimea. In very truth and sober earnestness, the Princess-Premier must manage matters very indifferently, if the result is not better than what has arisen from the attempts at government in other countries, by the Forcible Feebles of diplomacy and legislation, who so often are entrusted with the mismanagement of a nation's affairs. Without noticing what has taken place not a thousand miles from home, who will pretend, that a young lady, possessing health, energy, and intellect, would not have managed matters better in England, during the last two years, than that effete dowager, the Earl of Aberdeen? The mere difference of garments is only nominal. A ministerial costume, suitable to either sex, could readily be invented—and indeed Bloomerism has already founded it, in anticipation of the "good time coming," when females may be Cabinet Ministers, and even aspire—as the Princess Victoria Kamamalu has successfully done—to the superior office of Kuhina Nui. We shall earnestly watch the working of the experiment, as to petticoat government, which has just been commenced by Kamehameha IV, in the mighty empire of the Sandwich Islands. In the meanwhile, it would not surprise us to find Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, and other "Women's Rights" apostles, incontinently emigrating to Hawaii, to form a volunteer council of advice for the Princess-Premier.

We find the above notice of Victoria Kamamalu's appointment to the office of Prime Minister, with the facetious remarks of the N. Y. Times, copied into an English paper without comment. We may be over fastidious, but it strike us, that while our own government is so weakly, and falsely administered, that even a partial knowledge of its bloodguiltiness crimsons the cheek with shame, and weighs like an incubus upon the heart of the just and true, it exhibits exceedingly bad taste in our contemporary, to jest over the weakness of others, or sneer at the idea of female generalship and government.

With few exceptions, and those very honorable ones, all governments, from time immemorial, have been in the hands of men exclusively, and have been pretty generally, from Solomon's time to the present, failures. Rising with the brightest expectations, culminating in a few circles, precisely on the level with those which have preceded them; it would scarcely be becoming in us, to be severe in our comments, or minute in stating facts. The story of the race generally shows, that where the crown has rested on the head of woman (by divine right), that the administrations of such governments have not been weak or treacherous. Whatever may be said of Elizabeth's cruelty, diplomacy, and coquetry, she was never weak; and so far as Victoria has acted freely, she has shown no want of directness or right instincts. Women who in the enthusiastic love of country, have broken through that most crushing of all tyrannies, viz. the domestic—and have gone forth to do battle, for right against might—and have led their armies to victory; the records of which will stand through all time, and grow brighter, while the pomp and pageantry of war is delighted in, as it now is, among the most highly civilized, as well as the most barbarous nations of earth.

That Lord Raglan has been weak in his generalship, none will dispute, but there is yet to be exhibited the first act of womanliness on his part. Had the nature attributed to our sex, predominated, or even had its due share in him, his troops would not have been left to suffer such horrors as they have, and die by thousands from starvation, while food and clothing might have been reached. Had he been double-sexed, there would have been no need of Florence Nightingale going out to take care of his troops. No train of nurses were necessary to follow Joan D'Arc. With her own hands she bound up the wounds of the soldiers, and her pitying tears nerved them to resist all weakness; her lofty enthusiasm gave them victory where victory seemed an impossibility.

Old saws are sometimes the very wisest things which can be said, and we will just remind our contemporary of the Times, that "Those who live in glass houses, should not throw stones."

Those who do not receive their papers regularly, *should notify the publisher*, and not trouble the editors. The Publisher.

ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

To the Editress of the Una: — A few days ago Mr. Liddell, one of the two representatives of Liverpool in the British House of Commons, was elevated to the peerage, by the death of his father, Lord Ravensworth, and another election to supply the vacancy took place. As the mode of proceeding in English elections may be interesting to many of your readers, I would ask for some portion of your space to record them.

On the retiring member intimating to the Speaker of the House of Commons, that he is called to the House of Lords, a member of the House moves for the issuing of a writ for a new member in his place; on this motion being agreed to by the House, the Speaker despatches his writ to the Mayor or returning officer of the borough, to proceed to an election within a prescribed number of days. On receipt of the writ, the Mayor makes public declaration of the time and manner in which votes will be received.

On the day of nomination the Mayor presides in temporary hustings prepared for the occasion, and is sworn to impartiality; each candidate is then proposed and seconded by an elector, and is subjected to a cross examination, generally of a searching and boisterous character. After this ordeal, the Mayor calls for a show of hands, and the party in the majority is declared elected unless the minority demand a poll, which the Mayor is bound to grant, on each party entering into engagements to pay the legal expenses of erecting polling places; these being constructed of wood, in various parts of the town for the convenience of the electors, and so arranged that not more than three hundred persons can poll at one compartment during the day. The election is open, and not by ballot, and is concluded in one day, commencing at eight in the morning and closing precisely at four in the afternoon. In each compartment is a representative of the Mayor, and a poll clerk to enter on lists the names of the voters and for whom they poll; and each candidate, as a check upon the proceedings, is entitled also to have a representative and check clerk, with admission for messengers; and these are the only parties who are permitted in the polling places. The voters are provided by the committee of the candidates with cards showing their names and numbers on the register and the place where their votes will be received. On presenting himself at the polling place, the voter states for whom he votes; if his identity is disputed, the law only permits two questions to be put to him: Are you the party whose name appears on this register? Have you voted before this election? If these questions are answered falsely, the Mayor's representative has power to place him in custody, and proceed against him for perjury. At the close of the poll the representatives and poll clerks take to the Mayor the lists of electors polled, which are added up and scrutinized if necessary; and on the following day at noon the Mayor makes public declaration of the numbers polled for each candidate, and who is the member elected. The successful candidate is then entitled to have the letters M. P. attached to his name—proceeds to London, and, on the introduction of two friends, takes his seat in the House, on the right of the Speaker if he be a ministerialist, on the left, if he be in opposition.

Elections in England were formerly characterized by bribery, drunkenness, fighting, and all kinds of profligacy; but recent acts of Parliament have done away with this to a great extent—and treating, bribery, ribbons, processions, and intimidation, so far as it can be reached, are now prohibited under severe penalties. To secure the liberty of the subject, the military are not permitted to take any part in elections, and they are generally removed from a borough at the time of election. Persons in the permanent employ of government are not allowed to vote, but this does not apply to workmen and others under weekly wages.

I would now explain the party movements of an election.

The candidate being selected, an election committee is appointed of a large number of his friends and supporters. A selection is made from these for active duty, consisting of a council of elders and a finance committee to raise the necessary funds; a public meeting committee, to arrange for the meetings and speakers necessary; a canvass committee, to organize the different districts, so that those voters requiring personal solicitation may be waited on; a car committee, to provide conveyances for voters, and for messengers to the polling places, and district committees from the central committee; an office committee, to superintend the preparation and delivery of cards, addresses, votes, street lists, &c.; a hustings committee, to arrange the proceedings at the nomination, and a representative and check clerk committee, to appoint and superintend the persons engaged in these departments on the day of election; a chairman, poll manager, and secretary are also appointed. When the whole of these committees, with the district committees and canvassers, are in full operation in a large constituency like Liverpool, with 19,000 names on the register, it forms an intricate and very fanciful piece of machinery, which a stranger would find a difficulty in comprehending.

The most important points on the day of election, are, to ascertain and collect rapidly and correctly, the state of the poll every half hour from the various polling districts, and to communicate as rapidly to the district committees, the names of the parties who have already voted, and the general state of the poll. These objects are attained by appointing an efficient check clerk, in each polling compartment, with poll sheets properly prepared, a Captain over each polling place or cluster of compartments, and trusty messengers, in swift cabs, one of whom is the communicant between each polling place and the poll room at the central committee; he conveys every half hour, the poll sheets, with the names of the electors who have voted—these names, by means of slips despatched from the central committee, which it would be tedious to explain, are then transmitted by another set of messengers to the district committees, who thus know the parties to be sought after unpolled.

At the recent election of Mr. Ewart, in Liverpool, he was returned by a majority of 1456 votes, over Sir S. G. Bonham, his opponent. In the interest of Mr. Ewart, about six hundred persons were actively employed on the day of election, one hundred and seventy cars and cabs; there were sixty-six polling compartments; fifty-two messengers arrived, and the same number left the central committee room every hour during the day. The state of the poll for the whole town, was declared each half hour, and the final poll was made known, within a quarter of an hour after its close. The cost of this election was about £1300.

Having given these particulars of the Liverpool election, I would add, that the proportion of electors to the population of the borough is as 1 to 25; that 1-8 of the electors are freemen, or men who possess a right to vote from ancient usage, without reference to any householding qualification; the remaining 7-8 are qualified from being householders. The number of householders on the parish books in Liverpool, is 60,000; of these about 1-10 are females—who have the same responsibilities, and are subject to rates and taxes, the same as the other sex. Unless it be a fallacy that taxation and representation should be coextensive, there is great injustice done here, and the time is no doubt advancing when it will be remedied.

In conclusion, I find on the authority of the London Daily News, that of the six hundred and fifty-eight members composing the present House of Commons, two hundred and twenty, or 1-3, are related to members of the House of Lords; and represent counties or small boroughs under family influence. We see the effects of this in the Crimea; in our colonies; in the established church; and

in our national expenditure. A new Reform Bill, an extended suffrage, and vote by ballot, would go far to correct it.

Liverpool, April 7, 1855.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

ADVENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

In a late oration before the Vermont University, the speaker, in describing the Advent of Christianity, holds the following language. "It was prophesied by Daniel, as well as David, by those who refused to do kings' biddings, as well as by kings. Its heralding came not from royal proclamation, but from a voice in the wilderness, — not from a king, but from one whom a king beheaded. It was born in a manger, and came into the world with a tyrant's price on its head. Its disciples were taken from the people; its message was preached to the people; its miracles were wrought for the people; and the first proof of its moral force, was that the people heard it gladly. Its first beatitude was for the poor in spirit; its first promise, a kingdom — a kingdom within you; and its first denunciations, against guilty scribes in authority. It revealed, at once, the universal equality and brotherhood of the human race; and never failed to carry home to man the conviction, that he had his own personal faculties to exercise, his own personal responsibilities to meet, and his own personal life to live. It put itself directly and altogether upon the truth, and never refers to the past but to illustrate or confirm the truth. It had its conservatism, but no conservatism of error. Its teaching was, Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. It consecrated the principle of free inquiry at the outset. It talked with men in the market-places, in the highways, and on the hill-sides; asked questions and answered questions; denounced the blind that led the blind; uttered its heaviest wo against those who took away the key of knowledge; set at naught the early traditions of the elders, and made no account of form and formulas, which exalted the means above the end; proclaimed that it came not to bring peace upon the earth, but division; took no note of majorities; loaded with reproaches spiritual wickedness in high places; and at no time, in no place, and for no reason, made terms with iniquity. It regarded man as man, and gave no countenance to the sham respectabilities of life. It took meat with publicans and sinners; its severest language was for the washed and washing Pharisees, and not for the "unwashed democracy." It treated with respect the instincts of the masses, — their restless longings, their disposition to learn the truth, and their ability to understand it From the start to the end, it fared better with the masses than with the learned and the high in authority. It drew multitudes after it, from the beginning, who heard it gladly, and were astonished at its doctrine; while the Scribes and Pharisees laid in wait for it, and sought to catch something out of its mouth. The first plot against it was by the chief priests, and for the reason that the people were very attentive to hear it. Its only hosannas came from the people; and the first attempts against it were baffled by the people. It was the chief priests and elders who persuaded the people against it; they who paid the money for its betrayal; they who sent the mob to arrest it; they who "persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas and destroy Jesus;"— *they* chiefly derided him on the cross; and they were plotting for a violation of the sepulchre, at the very hour when the people, "beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts."

PHOSPHORUS. It is now just two hundred years since phosphorus was first obtained by Brand, of Hamburg. So wonderful was the discovery then considered, that Kraft, an eminent philosopher of the day, gave Brand three hundred dollars for the secret of its preparation. Kraft then travelled, and visited nearly all the courts of Europe, exhibiting phosphorus to kings and nobles. In appearance phosphorus resembles bees-wax; but it is more transparent, approaching to the color of amber. Its name, which is derived from the Greek, signifies "light-bearer," and is indicative of its most distinguishing quality, being self-luminous. Phosphorus, when exposed to the air, shines like a star, giving out a beautiful lambent greenish light. Phosphorus dissolves in warm sweet oil. If this phosphorized oil be rubbed over the face in the dark, the features assume a ghastly appearance, and the experimentalist looks like a veritable living Will-o'-the-Wisp. The origin of phosphorus is the most remarkable thing concerning it. Every other substance with which we are acquainted can be traced either to the earth or air; but phosphorus seems to be of animal origin. Of all animals, man contains the most; and of the various parts of the body, the brain yields by analysis more phosphorus than any other. This fact is of no little moment. Every thought has perhaps a phosphoric source. It is certain that the most intellectual beings contain the most phosphorus. It generally happens that when a singular discovery is made, many years elapse before any application of it is made to the welfare and happiness of man. This remark applies to phosphorus. It is only the other day that it was sold at five shillings an ounce; now it is so cheap that the penniless portion of our population hawk it about in the form of matches. But what a noble, life, light, and fire-giving office does it fill! For commercial purposes—match-making—phosphorus is extracted from burnt bones. The demand for it is now so great that many tons are annually prepared. When Kraft travelled, he had not more than half an ounce "to set before the king!"

For the Una.

HELOISE TO A PORTRAIT OF ABELARD,

AFTER THEIR FIRST SEPARATION.

Why gaze so long upon those loving eyes,—
Those eyes that answer not, though mine despair?
Have mine no power to move those placid lips?
Must they be silent, though I sink with care?

Why were we parted, when no lot but grief
Remained for me, upon the barren earth?
Such throes of agony,—can they betoken
The spirit's second and diviner birth?

It is not so. No heights of highest blessing
Are reached by feet that falter as they go,
And the hot tumults deep within me thronging,
Offer deliverance—only to my wo!

Why canst thou not, like men of ancient story,
Spring from the canvas at my cry of pain?
Or, in the golden sun's meridian glory,
Let thy lips answer to my own again?

Can it be only, that I am not worthy?
Thy worth exceeding, meets the want in me;
Might I not crave one joy amid my sorrows?—
With that, alas! scarce could one sorrow be.

Was there no pity in the Heavens that day,
I left a kiss upon thy gloved right hand?
Saw they not how in peace my soul had rested,
Might it but keep the cheer of thy command?

The hour comes on, that brought thy nightly presence
Day after day, till months had made up years.
Oh could this longing speed those truant footsteps,
Or waft thee to me on a sea of tears!

Not good enough to claim thee! oh, that worth
Were measured by the love we bear our kind;
The God of Justice then had granted to me,
The treasure in such bitterness resigned!

Death hath no terror in this lonely distance,
Nor joy one other lure to tempt me on;
"A rage for happiness" my soul devours,
When will the doubt that tortures me be gone?

Alas, I know not! May thy soul be blest,
Whatever painful way mine own may tread:
Thou dost not need me in thy tranquil living;
Link thee to gladder souls, thou should'st, instead.

Scarce couldst thou bear the tumult of these tears,
Wringing thy soul to sympathetic pain;
Well, I remember, when thou shrankest from them;
No chance, alas! for that sharp pang again!

If thou didst ever love me, canst thou keep
A solitary state, now I am gone?
Do not thine arms stretch round the world to find me?
Is not night wearisful, and daylight wan?

Alas! why should I muse, how dear thou art?
Eyes without change, and ears that cannot hear,
Thy steady being holds no throbbing heart,
Bootless to thee, Life's agonies appear.

THE AMAZONS OF AFRICA.

In Dahomey, a considerable portion of the national troops consist of armed disciplined females. They are known as being royal women, strictly and watchfully kept from any communication with men, and seem to have been trained, through discipline and the force of co-operation, to the accomplishment of enterprises from which the tumultuous warriors of a native army would shrink.

A late English author (Duncan) says, "I have seen them all well armed, and generally fine, strong, healthy women, and doubtless capable of enduring great fatigue. They seem to use the Danish musket with as much ease as one of our grenadiers doth his firelock, but not, of course, with the same quickness, as they are not trained to any particular exercise; but, on receiving the word, make an attack like a pack of hounds, with great swiftness. Of course, they would be useless against disciplined troops, if at all approaching to the same number. Still, their appearance is more military than the generality of the men, and, if undertaking a campaign, I should prefer the female to the male soldiers of this country."

The same author thus describes a field review of these Amazons, which he witnessed: "I was conducted to a large space of broken ground, where fourteen days had been occupied in erecting three immense prickly piles of green brush. These three clumps of piles, of a sort of strong brier or thorn, armed with the most dangerous pricks, were placed in line, occupying about four hundred yards, leaving only a narrow passage between them, sufficient merely to distinguish each clump appointed to each regiment. These piles were about seventy feet wide, and eight feet high. Upon examining them I could not persuade myself that any human being, without boots or shoes, would, under any circumstances, attempt to pass over so dangerous a collection of the most efficiently armed plants I had ever seen.

The Amazons wear a blue striped cotton surtout, manufactured by the natives, and a pair of trousers falling just below the knees. The cartridge box is girded around the loins.

The drums and trumpets soon announced the approach of three or four thousand Amazons. The Apadomey soldiers (female) made their appearance at or about two hundred yards from or in front of the first pile, where they halted with shouldered arms. In a few seconds the word for attack was given, and a rush was made towards the pile beyond conception, and in less than one minute the whole body had passed over this immense pile, and taken the supposed town. Each of the other piles was passed with the same rapidity, at intervals of twenty minutes. When a person is killed in battle, the skin is taken from the head, and kept as a trophy of valor. I counted seven hundred scalps pass in this manner.—The captains of each corps, (female,) in passing, again presented themselves before his majesty, and received the king's approval of their conduct."

APPOINTMENT. We are informed that Miss Harriet S. Russell has received the appointment of Postmaster at Great Falls, N. H., in place of Hon. Richard Russell, deceased. Miss Russell has had the charge of the office during the time her father held the appointment, and has proved herself a faithful and efficient public servant.

TO JEANNIE.

With a copy of the Poems of Thomas Hood.

"There 's rosemary; that 's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember! And there 's pansies; that 's for thoughts. There 's fennel for you—there 's rue for you, and here 's some for me!"—SHAKSPEARE.

"Sweets to the sweet!"—thus ere his crowned repose,
Sang the great Master of the English lyre:
And so, to you, from whom I most require
A sister's love,—to you, whose days inclose
The sweetness of an oriental rose,

I give these sweets, once charmed by sacred fire
And tears immortal, from the deep desire
For social Freedom that the Poet knows!
Here 's rosemary for remembrance: oh, remember,

The kindly flame that warmed your Woman's Cause
In England, when it froze at many an ember!
Pansies for thoughts; and fennel such as draws
Hope's strength and light from Heaven—but rue for laws
Cold, hard, and savage as the bleak December!

W. D. O'C.

WOMAN'S RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

A Convention will be held at Saratoga Springs, the 15th and 16th of August next, to discuss woman's right of suffrage. In the progress of human events, woman now demands the recognition of her civil existence, her legal rights, her social equality with man. How her claims can be the most easily and speedily established, on a firm, enduring basis, will be the subject of deliberation at the coming convention. The friends of the movement, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to attend.—Most of the eminent advocates of the cause are expected to be in attendance.

Elizabeth C. Stanton, Ernestine L. Rose,
William Hay, Samuel J. May,
Antoinette L. Brown, Lydia Mott,
Susan B. Anthony,
N. Y. State Woman's Rights Committee.

THE CRITIC,

A new weekly, by Cleveland and McElrath, a successor to the Leader, takes its place as one of our most delightful exchanges.

It is grave, gay, humorous and earnest, very handsome and very piquant, a perfect medley to suit all the varied tastes of the many thousands we hope may have the goodness to send their two dollars to the Editors, whose names are sufficient guaranty for its life, health, and future good character. ***

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

In accordance with a vote of the National Woman's Rights Convention, at Philadelphia, in Oct. last, the next Convention will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 17th and 18th of Oct. next.

In behalf of the Central Committee
PAULINE W. DAVIS, *Pres*
LUCY STONE BLACKWELL, *Sec.*

Papers friendly, please copy.

NEW ENGLAND WOMANS RIGHTS MEETING.

The proceedings of the meeting held at Doctor H. K. Hunt's, 32 Green st., on Wednesday, May 31, has already announced the design of the friends of the Woman's Rights movement, to hold a meeting in Boston on the 19th of September, 1855, for the purpose of taking into consideration the means of more efficient action. Subjects of unusual interest will be presented, and it is earnestly hoped that all the friends will be present to aid and encourage in the work. In our next, the names of some of the expected speakers will be given. The meeting is designed to be, in a measure, preparatory to the annual Convention to be held in Cincinnati in October. Papers friendly will please copy.

In behalf of the Committee,
P. W. DAVIS.

Dr. H. K. Hunt, Mrs. C. H. Dall,
Mrs. C. M. Severance, and others.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

1. It is a simple matter of fact, that out of the whole list of subscribers to the UNA, as it stood when the paper passed into the hands of the present publisher, *not one quarter have yet paid*, and the *half* year is more than gone.

2. It is also a fact, that bills were sent, a short time since, to all indebted for this journal; but few, however, responded to this very just and reasonable call.

3. A third fact is, that *every dollar* due for the UNA *is actually needed now.*

THE PUBLISHER.

The Publisher of the UNA is desired to say, (which he very cheerfully does), that neither of the Editors knew anything of the notice of the meeting at 365 Washington st., this city, which occurred under the editorial head in the June number of this journal. But the Publisher himself wishes to say, that the notice referred to, was put where it was, *by mistake*—thereby making *Mrs. Davis* responsible for what *she* did not write. It should have been placed among the notices at the *close* of the number, and credited to the

PUBLISHER.

MORE AGENTS WANTED.

A large number of agents have lately been commissioned for receiving and transmitting subscriptions to the UNA; but many more are still needed. If the friends of this paper will send us the names of such as will act in that capacity, after having consulted them, we will send on the documents.

☞ Subscribers wishing the direction of their papers changed, should always be careful to state *where they have heretofore been sent*, else we are unable to make the transfer properly.

☞ Persons writing to us on business not properly our own, and requiring an answer, will remember to enclose a stamp for the prepayment of postage on the reply.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 172. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1855. VOL. VII. No. 16.

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Translated for this Journal.

The Life of Music.

From A. B. MARX's "Music of the Nineteenth Century."

If we follow step by step the course of Nature, we find that everywhere man first commences with his senses;—and so too in his music. *I hear!* that is the first germ of music; even the cry, which joy or sorrow rends involuntarily from the breast, first becomes aught to me, when I hear it. I hear—that is as much as to say: I become conscious of hearing, I become aware of that which lets itself be heard. Whether it rest there with the mere fact that I have perceived something, or whether that something becomes beneficial, pleasant or injurious to me, already it has knit relations between me and the outer world; it can awaken desire in my breast, even were it only the desire to perceive a sound again, and consequently to produce the sound myself, in order that I may perceive it.

Here Music, on the lowest step of course, commences its existence. I produce, myself, I render audible the sound for which I craved; I craved simply to hear in general,—or to hear this given sound,—or it may be shifting sounds. In all this there is scarcely anything but sensual appetite; the understanding steps in only with the repetition of the one, or with the alternation of the several sounds, so as to establish a rhythmical observance of time and accent, and make the whole intelligible through some sort of order in the single moments of sound.

Thus far the whole essence of the matter is a purely outward play with sensible objects, (sounds), the individual purport and significance of which for the time being remains wholly unregarded. But the play-ground is a wide one and continually expanding; and the result, the product of the play is a more enlarged possession, a more enlarged power and dominion of Art. I hear, have a pleasure therein and a wish to hear again; produce something hearable by my own act, enjoy at once the sensible phenomenon and my own energy, which approves itself therein. In this mere impulse to excite the sense variously, to avoid wearisome monotony, to enlarge the sonorous arena, sounds of the most different quality were brought together; our varieties of instruments, from drums and tympani, cymbals and triangles, through the wind instruments and harps and viols, are thousands of years old;—the timbrels of Israel, the sistra of ancient Egypt, the flutes and salpinxes and lyres of India and Greece prove this. In obedience to the same impulse to open the widest path to the rhythmical play and alternation of sounds, has the tone-system kept progressively extending; thus the Greeks of old invented ever fuller and more extensive systems, and in our own days our pianos and our orchestras are continually stretching upward and downward into new octaves.

One may naturally ask, in the full feeling of what our Art of Music has become, whether what prevails upon that lowest step is already Art? For our raised apprehension it is not. And yet some important men have been unwilling to recognize in our Art anything but a play of the senses (KANT), or a play of forms (HERBART); LEIBNITZ has resolved it into latent, unconscious calculation; the treatises upon Acoustics (CHLADNI, BINDSEIL) have ascribed its interest to the greater or less simplicity of the tone proportions, just as man delights in the contemplation of regular figures, such as triangles, quadrangles, but "not in sept-angles" (KEPLER.) And how many musicians, from their words and works, may properly be called professors of the same creed, scoffers and deniers of everything deeper!—Rather let us own, that there, already there reigns Art—only not our perfected Art. Is the germ, the seed-vessel, out of which the future tree or living being will have been developed, yet a tree, an animal, a man?—yet these contain already the still veiled, unshaped future.

Yes, the progressive influence of these accredited impulses and strivings must everywhere be recognized, and cannot be ignored.

They have shown their efficacy not only in the region of sounds and in the tone-systems; they have created and disseminated Harmony. If already in the East and with the Greeks harmonic secondary tones occasionally chimed in with the principal tones; if in the Organon of the middle ages the melody was accompanied by a constant succession of Fourths, Fifths, and Octaves, thus laying the foundation of our Harmony; the only appreciable impulse to all that was the pleasure found in an increased sonority, in a tonally organized fulness of sound—I might say, breadth of sound, which at all events was more procurable through these rude harmonies, than through the union of ever so many voices in mere unison or octaves. It is the same thought which has introduced the Mixtures in our organs, and which keeps them there as indispensable. The entire old doctrine of Harmony rests, as its fundamental contrast of consonance and dissonance, as every one of its rules shows, throughout upon the purely sensuous perception and intellectual elaboration of the contrast between "the agreeable and the repulsive." The human mind had there gradually created a world of harmonies, in which their own attractions and tendencies (for instance, the resolutions of the so-called dissonances and dissonant accords) came forward and imperiously asserted their validity, by no means always in harmony with what would fain have shaped itself out of the heart and brain of the artist. To a higher standpoint, to minds "who could do what they would," was reserved the harmony of the artist's spirit with the independent spirit of the tones; while at the same time the shifting play with harmonies, unconcerned about their spiritual design and meaning, went on as before; so it was with the chromatic writers at the turning point of the middle ages; so it has been with thousands up to our very newest romanticists, who—with the any thing but romantic SPOHR at their head—riot in keys and harmonies, like swimmers in the waves, one signifying just as much as the other.

The same play has begotten Counterpoint,—and first through that effected the development of Harmony (as I have before suggested.) If in the Discant of the middle ages the voices strayed away from union with one another into a Second, a Third, a Fourth, and again ran together into unison;—if afterwards the Flemish contrapuntists (and after them the German, English and Italian) placed a melodic motive of three or four tones now in this and now in that voice-part, now held it stationary upon one degree or transplanted it to others, and now inverted it: what governed here was nothing deeper than the need of a tone-play, of change, so as not to become wearied out too soon, and of holding fast, so as not to fall into confusion and distraction. This character predominated in the whole middle age church music down to PALESTRINA—and beyond him. That no deeper meaning lies in all that melodic, polyphonic web of tones, the unbiassed student, in spite of the halo which THIBAULT and other fanciful dilettanti throw around the later comers in this direction, must recognize, if he remarks

that the same forms and formulas are expended upon the most opposite sentiments and words, and that any intelligent accenting of the word, any significant resounding of the mood or sentiment only appears in brief exceptions, accidentally—that is to say without any motive. And must we not confess the same thing even to-day of all the French popular melodies, of a great part of the German, of the greatest part of all Italian and French opera music, of the instrumental music, of the saloon music for "society" devoid of all deep and abiding interest, and grown *blasé*, tame and shallow?

And yet, in spite of all, this harmless play with tone-forms is a fountain head,—and one that never can be dried up—for our Art and for the well-being of humanity in general. From within outward stirs this play, and its attractive charm, in the very process of our life. The breath draws the vital air into the lungs; the air exhausted of its vitality oppresses, stifles us, and must be discharged to make room for the renovating inspiration. Expiration is deliverance, it is renewal of life's hope; its energy is a becoming aloud, is voice,—all higher life has voice;—voice is the blossoming of the breath, of the inwardly nourished flame of life. In the voice the two poles of life, joy and sorrow, are energetically revealed. In the richness of the voice the rich activity of the internal life process announces itself. In the voice my life announces itself in its many-sidedness and fulness, I feel it and others understand it;—and that is a feeling of self, a satisfaction even in the bitterest shriek of pain. That too is consolation; only hopelessness and absolute despair are dumb like corporeal death; for they are spiritual death. And in the same sense song, or rather "singing," that richest, freest, and most self-determining and limitless play among the sounds of my inner life, may be called the blossoming of the voice. So the tree rears its blossoms to the sunlight, and so shining insects and silken butterflies, belonging to this tree, like detached blossoms flit about those fastened ones, which have for their object to become fruit; just as the breath of life sends forth the voice, which becomes glorified in song. And this "from within outward" is met by the sympathetic sensual charm from without inward.

That is the fountain head of the tone-life in man. It must be inexhaustible, since it is born anew in each new man; it is as old as the human race, and it is eternally new. It, with all the joy that cleaves to it, is immortal as long as there are men, as long as man lives. Hence the suckling sings already in his way, and to his last days the old man; hence one sings (or whistles) when in danger or anxiety; hence the East had its mourning women, and we ourselves have our dirges at the grave.

But herein is the progress to a higher step already indicated and conditioned.

[To be continued.]

Verdi's New Opera.

[Concluded from last week.]

Act third commences in the cabinet of Guy de Montfort, at Palermo. He is informed that Henri, having refused his invitation, has been brought in as a prisoner; and the prisoner is led before him. In a duet of considerable merit, the Governor informs Henri that he is his father, and a phrase in the words

"Pour moi, quelle ivresse, inconnue,
De contempler ses traits chéris!"

which was well delivered by BONNEHEE, was much applauded. Henri trembles at seeing before him his enemy, his father and the seducer of his mother united. He rushes from the stage and flies to seek Procida and Hélène, his lover and his friend.

The scene now changes to the palace of Palermo, where the ballet of *Les Quatre Saisons* is represented before the assembled court. Hélène, Henri, and Procida arrive masked; Hélène determined to carry out her scheme of slaying the Governor; Henri, who has not yet informed Hélène of the secret of his birth, resolved to save his father. She raises her arm to strike, but, at the moment the blow is about to fall, she finds her lover's breast between her dagger and the hated tyrant. Henri thence becomes an object of detestation and scorn to the conspirators, whose plans he has frustrated, and to Hélène, whose vengeance he has baulked. She repulses him, declaring that he has lost her love for ever. Henri rushes from group to group, protesting and vowing, but his words are thrown to the winds, for the conspirators, in a chorus written in unison, and sung at the very top of their voices, refuse his explanation, disbelieve his vows, and the curtain falls on Act 3; the *finale* to which forms a most striking contrast to that which preceded it, being an ill-arranged combination of sounds emitted from many voices and many instruments—noise, *et preterea nihil*. Act 3 indeed is a failure. The trio of conspirators; the son trembling for his father's life, and divided between love and duty; the fair Sicilian bent on avenging her brother's death; and the stern patriot resolved on his country's liberation, can find no better means of expressing their feelings than the *air de ballet*, to which the dancers are pirouetting on their arrival. Were it not that Signor VERDI had on previous occasions treated us to similar eccentricities, it would be incredible that the second act, so impassioned, dramatic, and replete with beauties, could have proceded from the same composer as this common-place, trite, vapid, and trashy third act.

In the fourth act, Montfort has arrested Hélène and Procida, and Henri comes to visit them in prison. He declaims an air intended to be grand, but utterly wanting in idea or inspiration. Hélène issues from the depth of the dungeon, and loads with reproaches the traitor who should have avenged her brother, but who has saved his murderer. Then follows a duet, wherein Henri confides to her the secret of his birth, and Hélène forgives him. This duet, "*Ami, le cœur d'Hélène pardonne au répentir*," is a charming composition, and sung *sotto voce* by Mlle. CRUVELLI and M. GUEYMARD—it was encored with enthusiasm. The tyrant descends into the dungeon, and orders the immediate execution of the conspirators, who take leave of the world in an ensemble: "*Adieu, mon pays, je succombe.*" A "*De profundis*," chaunted in a neighboring chapel, comes like the "*miserere*" of the *Trovatore*, to throw its gloomy pall over the situation. The condemned await their death with resignation, when Henri demands their pardon of the Governor. Montfort replies that if Henri will publicly acknowledge him as his father, his request will be granted; but this Hélène positively forbids, preferring to suffer death rather than that the hated tyrant should hear the word "Father" proceed from the lips of the son. She therefore marches resolutely to the scaffold; but the moment the axe is about to fall, Henri cries out "Father, father!" the headsman's hand is stayed, and the pardon is granted.

But Montfort is not content with the pardoning only, and exclaims—

"Pour réconcilier la Sicile et la France,
D'Hélène et de mon fils j'ordonne l'alliance."

The duchess refuses; she will never wed the Governor's son. Procida whispers in her ear, recommending compliance. "Never, never!" replies she. "Silence! it is a *ruse*," says Procida, and she gives a feigned consent. The whole of this scene is weak in conception, and puerile in execution, whether as regards the *libretto* or the music. The one is worthy of the other, and both are childish in the extreme.

The fifth act developes the idea that had suggested itself to the Procidan mind, and proves him to be wanting in invention, and commonplace in idea. There is no wedding without bells, thought he, and a bell shall be the signal for the massacre of the hated French. The chapel is prepared, and a chorus of young girls heralds the bride's approach. She arrives, and thanks them in a bolero, "*Merci, mes jeunes amies*," which, owing to the charming execution of Mlle. CRUVELLI, was enthusiastically encored. Henri arrives accompanied by Procida, who then details his plan to Hélène. At the moment the bells announce that Hélène has wedded Henri, the massacre will commence, which is to strike without mercy every Frenchman in Sicily. She refuses to countenance the scheme, and rather than be a party to it, renounces the hand of the man she loves. Her reasoning seems to be—no marriage, no bells: no bells, no vespers; no vespers, no massacre. Henri approaches to lead her to the altar, and is surprised, as well he may be, by her informing him that

"Cet hymen ne s'accomplira pas."

The lover and conspirator are alike in despair at this determination, which thwarts the love of the one, the revenge of the other. A trio ensues, in which the tenor supplicates, for, says he,

"Tu veux me ravir mon amour"—

And the bass adjures, for, says he,

"Tu veux me ravir ma vengeance"—

Hélène is divided between love for her betrothed and devotion to her country; she stands irresolute and perplexed, when Procida gives the fatal signal; the bells toll, a group of men, sword in hand, throw themselves on Montfort and his friends, and the curtain falls as the massacre begins.

In this act the music is altogether foreign to the purpose, and utterly unsuited to the scene. Hélène sings a *bolero*, a *polonaise* profusely adorned with ornament and *fioriture;* she seems to have forgotten her murdered brother, her bleeding country, her feigned marriage, and her unslaked vengeance. Henri too has ceased to remember his mother seduced, his country enslaved, and busies himself with festival and gaiety alone. Who would think, when listening to the sound of these mandolines and castagnets, that a nation is about to assert its nationality, and to take the most fell revenge on its oppressors and its foes? But thus has it pleased M. Scribe and Signor Verdi, and the epithets I have bestowed on the fourth act are equally, or in a stronger degree, applicable to the fifth.

Of the execution, I can speak in terms of unqualified praise. Though the opera was not concluded until one o'clock in the morning, the *artistes* never tired in their zealous efforts to do their utmost for the composer and his music. Mlle. Cruvelli was indefatigable; Signor Verdi owes much to her untiring exertions, and to the wonderful display of genius, talent and art which she combined in her representation of the Duchess Hélène. She sang and acted with passion, soul and energy, and roused the audience to unwonted enthusiasm. Three times was she encored, and over and over again re-called before the curtain. She gave her first *cavatina* with great fire and vigor, murmured the romance *à demi-voix* with exquisite simplicity and grace, and vocalized the *Bolero* in the most brilliant style. Her carriage and deportment as she walked to the scaffold were noble and resigned; the accents of her voice in the scenes with her lover touching and tender beyond description. Her triumph was complete.

M. Gueymard also did his best, and, though always inelegant and ungraceful in his bearing, he subdued his voice and moderated his ardor, so as to escape the extravagance of gesture and singing to which he is too apt to yield. In the duet with his father and that with Hélène, he fairly won and merited the applause he received.

M. Bonnehée has a fine barytone voice, an ex-

cellent method, and a good style. He made the most of his part, though the idea of a father constantly repulsed is by no means a pleasant one to depict in action. M. OBIN was superb in the part of Procida, and looked a chief conspirator to the life.

[From Punch.]

The Musical Apologist.

We have numerous collections of music in the shape of "Treasuries," "Bouquets," and other forms in which "Music for the Million" is administered; but considering that some of our celebrated vocalists are in the habit of not singing when advertised, almost as often as they do sing when announced to appear, we think that there is room for a new musical publication, to be called the "Musical Apologist." It is all very well to furnish a series of the popular airs of some celebrated tenor, but his unpopular airs are almost as familiar to the public ear, and would form a very voluminous series if they were to be put together in the way we have suggested.

We should be glad to see a work on the pathology of the operatic artist, with an exposition of the diseases to which great singers are subjected. We think it would be discovered that the maladies to which they are liable vary according to the season, and that the *Bronchitis Derbyitis* or the *Influenza Ascotica* will be found at about this time of the year, extremely prevalent. We have known also some very severe cases of a sort of theatrical syncope, attended with pressure on the chest, and a sense of emptiness, which has been observed to come over a singer or actress going up a flight of stairs to the door of the treasury. These and other maladies would fill a volume, if the subject were to be taken up by a professional man of adequate knowledge and experience.

Our object, however, in commencing this article, was to furnish a few musical apologies to be used at Operas and Concerts in the absence of any celebrated artist attacked with sudden indisposition. In order to give a medical certificate a character of fitness to the occasion required, it would be advisable that it should be adapted to the air advertised to have been sung by the absentee, and it should then be confided for execution to some substitute for the missing vocalist. Supposing, for instance, that a *prima donna* were announced to sing *Una voce* at a Concert, and in consequence of the money not being forthcoming, or from some other cause, she were suddenly to be seized with a severe hoarseness, the following air might be given with great effect by the *seconda donna*, who may have taken the place of the indisposed *artiste*.

RECITATIVE.

You know what we artists are,
When on payment we rely:
Disappointment brings catarrh,
Or may to the ankle fly.

AIR.

I'm grieved exceedingly to come before you
For indulgenza—I must implore you.
La prima donna—can't get her salary,
And sprained her ankle—in crossing a gallery.
If they don't pay her—why should they use her?
She's indisposed and—she hopes you'll excuse her.

The following specimen would furnish a good musical apology for an operatic tenor—absent we will say from a promised performance of some Italian opera, and having an excuse sung for him to a well-known air in *Fra Diavolo*:—

Upon his couch reclining,
Our tenor you might now behold
With a slight attack of cold—
'Tis his complaint of old.
Last night he went out dining,
And feeling just a cup too low,
Whene'er the bottle round did go,
The wine was let to flow.
Tumblers! While the brown meats they're eating,
Hock and champagne repeating,
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

Although he should be playing
To-night—he doesn't feel inclined
And trusts—he shall the public find
As they are always—kind.
No more I need be saying,
For you the old excuses know,
How a tenor's voice can go,
When he has been so-so!
Trembling caused by the last night's meeting,
His burning head is beating,
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Music the Exponent of Emotion.

"Every one, as a child, has experienced a pleasure in studying the changeable forms of the Kaleidoscope. Such a Kaleidoscope is Music, although of an incommensurably higher grade. It brings before us, in a constant series of new developments, beautiful forms and colors, now softly blending and now harshly contrasting, yet always full and symmetrical. The difference between the two consists in this, that whereas the tone-kaleidoscope is the immediate emanation of an Art-working mind, the other visible one is but an ingenious mechanical toy. Would we elevate the operation of colors to a level with Music, and try to illustrate that operation by begging of the latter art, we should necessarily fall upon the device of the color-piano or the eye-organ, the invention of which evinces that, as far as relates to form, the two phenomena rest upon a common basis.

"It is an extremely difficult task to describe this independent beauty, or that which is specifically musical in the Art of Tone. Since music is the representative of nothing pre-existing in Nature, and has no tangible contents, any description of it must consist either in dry, technical terms, or poetical imaginings. Her province, in fact, 'is not of this world.' All the fantastic descriptions, characteristics and outward views of a Tone-work are figurative or erroneous. Where another art admits of description, it is here only metaphor. It is time that Music should be imbibed, *as* Music, since its proper comprehension, as well as its true enjoyment, must proceed from itself."—*Dr. E. Hanslick, vom Musikalisch Schönen.*

The author from whom we extract the above remarks, in a treatise on the "Musically Beautiful," comes forward into the arena of musical æsthetics with the assumption that music, although it be the exponent of feeling, cannot justly lay claim to all that has been attributed to it in that department. We think that, in coming into conflict with those old and established claims, he has advanced some new ideas, and that he will find a school of thought ready to give him a hearing, and follow in his footsteps. The necessity we always feel of connecting thoughts of an orchestral nature with outward forms, leads to the constant alliance between musical imagery and some counterpart sought for in nature.

We profess to describe feeling by the thousand combinations of tones, that constitute the works of musical invention, but we have never, as yet, produced tangible names for these tone-emotions. If we adopt the analogy of colors, we can make some nearer approach to a representation or detail of feeling; yet, even with this aid, we can fall upon no effective language.

If each distinct musical idea, as we are wont to term it, were a language, it should be adapted to but one set of emotions, and should belong to them alone. It would not dare to depart over into any other province of emotion, but would represent a word-language in a musical sense, by remaining the exponent of emotion in one sphere only, and extending to no other. Such are the usages of written language, every grade of thought having its distinctive phraseology and forms of expression, so that no intellectual idea can spring up, without having its special representation in written speech. The pretensions of Music, on this score, are vague, doubtful and assuming.

Where the same forms of melody are adapted to similar or congenial emotions, we have no reason to doubt the claims of the Tone-Art; but where we find the same forms of composition, or what is usually termed musical ideas, used to express opposite subjects or contrasting feelings, we may reasonably conclude that Music appears before us with entirely false pretensions. The poet is able, through his ornamental structure of word-forms, to give us a subjective picture of Niagara Falls; but when OLE BULL attempted the same thing before a credulous amateur audience, he could do no more than work their imaginations up into a false belief of what they could not actually realize. His gentle chromatic rising and falling of stringed sounds, expressive of a rising and descent of emotion, the sudden burst of bass notes and chords, intimating, perhaps, an entrance into the sublime, may do, no doubt, for the occasion represented; yet the identical combinations of tone, grouped in almost the same position, have been used to describe scenes at total variance with Niagara Falls, and acting with opposite influences to those of this great natural wonder. The noted "Crambambuli," the drinking-song and jovial accompaniment of the German students' carousals, is adapted to sacred melody by our American psalmodists, a circumstance that would tend to show, if music were a language in the common acceptation, that there is but a shade of difference between the incitements of piety and those of the bacchanalian bowl.

This we may say in regard to the identity of tone-language to express opposite emotions; but the more difficult problem is involved in the question of the manner in which an outward scene can become the subject of a tone-composition. We are willing to admit that an outward action of Nature can give rise to a successful imitation of sounds, and thus produce an entertaining piece, the harmonious combination of the master improving upon the monotonous operations of external nature; but when instrumental music attempts to exhibit the subjective workings of the same scene, it departs, invariably, into the province of vague theory.

Before Music can become a language of emotion, in a strictly analogous sense, she must, necessarily, adapt all her tone-structures to specific purposes, allowing no one to act in the place of the other, but each to preserve its appropriate and definite class of emotional thoughts. What the exact state of the soul may be, while dwelling with mysterious and delighted gaze upon some great natural wonder, neither poet nor tone-painter has ever succeeded in revealing, let his work have been ever so loftily conceived, or his combinations ever so grandly brought together. Yet the right to that bold task can more justly be claimed by the musical composer than by any other, since the most highly wrought species of mental inspiration proceeds from the influence of modulated sounds, and the state into which they elevate the imagination is, necessarily, akin to that produced by Nature's expressive silence.

We can, however, give another construction to the term language, which would not altogether exclude it from the domain of Music, and that is when it addresses the mind by association.

When the *Ranz des Vaches* is heard in distant

lands by the Swiss mountaineer, it recalls the memories of the past. It does ineffably more than this, by raising up before the mind's eye the whole picture of native scenery, outwardly grand and beautiful, renewing the forgotten tales of life, and recounting long-buried emotions. In effecting all this, Music is a language, addressing not only the sense, by the pictures of tangible Nature, but appealing to the soul by a power of tone-thought which nothing else could supply. In so far it is language, but becomes so only by association.

To describe a scene never beheld by the auditor of the piece, through intricate tone-combinations, is one of those erroneous assumptions alluded to by the philosophical writer, from whom we have made the foregoing extracts. Music can describe only that which the hearer has seen, and in doing this, association furnishes the key to the comprehension of the object of description. But even here it is indispensable that the hearer should have wandered amid the scenes and localities described by the tone-master, and enjoyed there with him each specific feeling. He must needs have seen the outward object as he felt the inward movement, which was intended to be fitted to that peculiar situation. This is all that descriptive music, subjectively designed, is able to perform. To attempt local description, therefore, except by the powers of association, to lead the imagination into an evening study, a woody shade, a twilight musing, is a fiction, and should be expelled from the theory of musical invention and romance. If we view it in the degree or intensity of feeling it shows forth, the analogy to language becomes more striking. Here, although the precise situation of the soul is not exhibited, yet the degree of its elevation is so nearly reached, as to become description, in a musical sense, and for which we have no expressions in a written terminology. To display this elevation, as well as a corresponding depression, is the aim and destiny of the Tone-Art. These antipodes of human emotion have no adequate psychometer in any form of practical word-language, and it has never belonged to the attributes of Music to record the intensity of feeling by the instrumentality of a harmonious mechanism; the interpreter, if not the language, of the soul's experience.

If we inquire into the reason why the musical composer selects a visible picture in order to give a name to his composition, we can find no other explanation than in the fact that the soul's perceptions have no nomenclature. By referring the imagination of the hearer to a visible scene, a common emotion is at once called into activity; hence musings by twilight are, in some measure, identical; and if a certain theme becomes associated with this occasion, it exercises the part of language. All word description must, necessarily, be confined within the limits of sense, expressing that which is tangible and felt, only in as far as it is seen.

Upon this ground also we find the mere popularity of music to rest, in the same manner that a popular literature proceeds from the actual events of life, the descriptions of noted scenes and *genre* details.

The pictorial art places before us all the outward scenes of life and nature, but how deeply the soul felt in the study of those scenes it has never yet revealed. This attribute belongs to the Art of Tone, and in denying its claims to do all it pretends to, we refer more to the phraseology of description than the intensity of effect which lies in music.

What it describes it does musically, and its nature can be comprehended only musically, and by those initiated into the whole sphere of musical thought, as we are obliged to term it. When the pictorial art resigns this species of internal description to the Tone Art, the latter may be said to begin where the former leaves off, but that both can move within the same sphere, is impossible.

To the painter emotion is a sustenance which is visible in the emanations of his pencil and breathes throughout his works. Yet the emotions conceived by him and giving character to his finest touches of lines and colors, lights and shades and proportions are described in the language of the pictorial art, which approaches the nearer to a language the more visible it becomes. The tone artist, treading upon ground which the painter cannot reach, or where he forbears to step, we think is somewhat justified in laying claims to a higher destiny than the other arts are admitted to. In the history of emotion itself we might find a clue to enable us to decide upon this disputed problem. Every one's own experience tells him the relative degrees of emotion proceeding from the study of the fraternal arts, and this degree of emotion is the true criterion by which to weigh the real worth and moral influence of Art. In judging of his own favorite branch of art each one decides according to the intensity of his feelings in its pursuit, and hence we should judge its whole value depended upon the sustenance derived from emotional influences.

It is a remarkable truth that the world of sense often leads us into the world of Tone. The most romantic localities are full of musical inspiration, and where the soul cannot discharge itself by the language of the pencil it resorts to music to express its joy. This fact has doubtless given rise to many pleasant fictions in the shape of outward scenes claimed to be represented by musical compositions. The music might have been written *at* the place attempted to be described, but it could not have been written *of* it. It exemplifies, however, very forcibly the necessity of the cultivation of the Euterpean art, leading us a step higher than the platform of Nature into the etherial region which we term harmony of tone.

If, as we have already assumed, the composer begins where the artist ceases, if the limits of imitative art form the starting point of musical feeling, we can perceive the wide range left for its enjoyment. This lies extended over the whole world of abstraction, and the inventions of a musical fancy having no counterpart in Nature, no reality of substance to copy, but proceeding from the combinations of pure thought itself, always destroying its own harmonies in order to be able to reproduce them, and soaring far beyond the world of sense, its illimitable nature can, in some measure, be appreciated.

As this branch of human development extends we shall always be adding to our fund of musical thought, for which we have as yet but feeble expressions, and these derived from the analogies of a language which are but an indifferent substitute for that which we really need. Our nomenclature of musical thought must become more exclusively musical, before it can lay open its real meaning and designs to the mind and imagination. Every combination of tones, every group of symphonious representations, all the swells and cadences of rhythmical compositions, all those dashes of discord, which in BEETHOVEN, precede the beautiful ascents into harmony, and to which we could give no better name than the Beethovenism of tone-thought; all these and a thousand other forms should have a ready vocabulary, to render the science we are but entering upon, complete and open to the understandings of all.

J. H.

[From the Una.]

NIGHT.

I.

O calmly, lovingly, Night vast and deep,
Bend round the breathing world! Thou cool-browed wife
Of fiery Day—he, stirrer of old strife—
Thou, soother, mother, in whose heart we keep
A hiding-place to dream, to hope, to weep!—
Who still exhalest in the purple sky
The old star-bloom of Immortality,—
Wreathing our momentariness and sleep
With dignity so sweet and sovereign!
Happy the Earth to kiss thy broidered hem!
Her weak and flagging aspirations take
New pinions in thy shadows; thou dost make
Love deeper bliss, and even care and pain
Are great and worthy since thou touchest them.

II.

Thou seem'st to solve the Eternal Unity
That holds us all. How far, and dim, and deep,
Bathed in the separate sanctity of sleep—
Lost in thy wide forgetting, do we lie!
Oh lest that dim abyss, where Memory
Beats her disabled wing and Hope is not,
Point to yet wilder deeps, unearth our thought
In thy far glances! Through the serene sky,
When day from the impurpled hills furls up,
And heaven's white limits fail, the Infinite,
Long crushed within, breathes forth its mystic pain:
From vast of height, and depth, and silence, stoop,
And lift with mystic faith its brow again,—
Call unto Peace the eternal child, dear Night!

III.

Darkness surrounds me with its phantom hosts,
Till silence is enchanted speech. I feel
Those half-spent airs that through the laurel reel,
And Night's loud heart-beats in the tropic coasts,—
And, soaring amid everlasting frosts,
To super-sensual rest, as it might outweigh
A whole world's strife, o'er me gaunt Himaleh
Droops his broad wing of calm.—Those peaks, like ghosts
Outstaring Time, through darkness glimmering!
No rush of pinion there—nor bubbling low—
But death and silence, past imagining,—
Only day in and out, with endless swing
Their aged shadows move, and picture slow
One on another's unrelenting snow.

IV.

Oh high-born souls, such as God sends to mould
His ages in—and you too, who have known
The pang of strife, and are at last at one
With Nature so—yea, all who have made bold
Our timid dreams, and proffered to the hold
A certain joy—come mingle in life's cope
Star-fields of verity and stable hope
With these swift meteors and illusions old.
I sent this summons through the deeps of June,
When Life surged up so warm and affluent,
It wrapt the very whiteness of the moon;—
No wonder many came—they came and went—
And thou, who sleep'st half sad and wak'st with pain,
Thou camest too, and dost alone remain.

V.

So reed-like fragile, in the world's whirl nought,
Beggared in earthly hope, alone and bare,—
Heart pierced, wings clipped, feet bound, but grandly there,
Ay, and with odds 'gainst Fate, thou standest, fraught
With courage to know all!—Thus is thy lot
Worlds deep beneath thee.—Lov'st thou that keen air?
Thou ask'st not hope, nor may the falsely fair
Approach thy clear integrity of thought.
Such power, what shall we call it? For this time
Not love, nor yet faith—but eternity
Dilating the mean day. The spirit, free
And self-reliant, from its purer clime,
O'erruling earth, by spirit-law sublime—
God cleaving *for* thee, the remorseless sea.

A. W.

Improved Piano-Fortes.

DRIGGS'S CONCERT.—A crowded and pleasant Concert was given last evening at Dodworth's Rooms to introduce to the public an improved Piano of singularly sweet and mellow intonation. To those who prefer softness of sound to power this new piano will be most welcome. Some of the tones stole as softly and subduingly over the sense as the melting melody of Mario, but it would be heard with far more advantage in the private room than in a large concert room. Our countrymen, who have carried invention into almost all other regions, have yet penetrated little into the world of sound. We welcome therefore these improvements in an instrument which exercises so sweet an influence in the household, and is now so charming a necessity to refined social life.

The improvements, which we understand are the invention of Messrs. Driggs and Schunmaker, citizens of one of our Western States, consist of a "Linguine" or "Sweet-Voiced Attachment," to which we were indebted for such soft, subduing sound. It is quite simple—being merely a series of metallic tongues firmly fastened to a metallic plate attached to the sounding-board, from which they draw tone. They cannot get out of tune—no mean consideration in the country—and are in fact a tuning-fork for each string. The touch and style are precisely that of the piano.

To this are added a new mode of tuning the piano with a horizontal screw and a new scale called the octave scale, which are claimed as important improvements, but which are more interesting to the few professional pianists than to the multitude who love delicious harmony without inquiring how or whence it comes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HUGHES AND DENMAN'S PATENT PIANO-FORTE.—This newly-invented instrument was exhibited on Saturday evening at the Polytechnic Institution by Mr. Reynolds, the organist of St. Bride's, who explained its nature and performed several pieces upon it. The novelty consists in the arrangement of the keys, which certainly affords the player some remarkable advantages, by facilitating the execution of difficult passages, and enabling him to produce effects otherwise quite impracticable. It would require the aid of a diagram of the key-board, and of musical notes, to make this invention clearly intelligible. The natural scale, arranged on the common pianoforte in one row of white keys, is here arranged in two rows; the first row being in thirds—c, e, g, b, &c., while the row behind it contains the intermediate notes, likewise in thirds—d, f, a, c, &c.; and there is a third row of black keys as on the ordinary instrument. Consequently the key-board is only one-half the ordinary length, and twice the number of notes are brought under the same stretch of the hand, without any diminution of the width of the keys. It is evident that this arrangement must have many advantages, particularly in the execution of arpeggio passages, and in the production of much fuller and more extended harmony than is practicable on the common pianoforte. But there are also disadvantages, and the greatest is the entire change in the method of fingering, to which performers taught in the ordinary method will be unwilling to submit. Scale passages, easily played on one row of keys, must necessarily be increased in difficulty by being played on two rows; and other objections of a similar kind may perhaps be made. But at the same time we must observe that Mr. Reynolds seemed to have conquered any difficulties which the new mode of fingering may present; for he played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, a fantasia "The Standard Bearer," and the Overture to *Zampa* with apparent facility, producing very striking and remarkable effects.—*London News.*

Musical Chit-Chat.

RICHARD WAGNER has got through with the Philharmonic Concerts at London, and left there on the 28th of June for Switzerland. The *Musical World* gives him a parting kick, for which it seems to have summoned up all its energy. Its editorial is in the main a vigorous one, and contains more real reasoning than some of its former ones of which we have given specimens; but its temper is savage to the last degree; it frets and scolds itself away at last in sentences like these: "The musicians of young Germany are maggots, that quicken from corruption." "There is as much difference between *Guillaume Tell* and *Lohengrin* as between the Sun and *ashes*." We read all sides and wait. Meanwhile the opinions of *all* London are not represented by the said *World*, the *Athenæum* and the *Times*; the critic of the *News*, whose judgment is perhaps worth as much as that of any of them, writes thus of the last concert:

"The two great symphonies of Spohr and Beethoven, which formed the principal features of the concert, were played in a style which reflected the highest honor, both on the conductor and the orchestra. The time of every movement was taken with perfect judgment; where it differed—as in the introductory adagio, and in the finale of Beethoven's symphony—from the mode to which we have been accustomed at these concerts, the difference was justified by the excellence of the effect.....At the end of the concert, Herr Wagner was greeted, before leaving the orchestra, with loud and general applause, which was most justly his due. Whatever differences of opinion may exist among our critics, as to the peculiarities of his style as a composer, there can be no question as to his genius and attainments, or as to his high position among the musicians of the age."

Speaking of Wagner, we fear the extracts we have been making from his book: 'Opera and Drama,' have been found rather hard reading. We are somewhat puzzled as to the policy of continuing them. We had hoped, by a judicious series of extracts, to give in moderate space, and by little and little, a tolerably fair outline of the whole unfolding of Wagner's thought. But the work spreads before us too long and in too close connection. Moreover the style, involved and difficult enough in itself, seems to have become even more so in the translation from which we have been borrowing. The London translator (*Musical World*) seems to have chosen to preserve the baldest and harshest literalness, and in the rendering of certain words to have laid down a uniform rule for himself which does not always work well. Thus how absurd to settle the ambiguity of the word *Erscheinung*, which may mean appearance, phenomenon, manifestation, vision, apparition. &c., &c., by Englishing it always "*apparition*," and instead of saying: "Every manifestation, or appearance in the world of Art," to say "every *apparition*"! Yet there are too many rich things in the book to forego entirely, and we have concluded to copy striking passages from time to time, without regard to the unity of the whole.

We forgot last week to make one or two corrections in our account of the musical instruction at the Institution for the Blind. In one sentence we may have given the impression that the list of pieces from which we heard the pupils sing had been entirely learned during the year past; whereas most of the pieces had been practised by many of the scholars during several years, and under the former teacher; yet they were of this year's acquirement with the younger portion. Again, we stated the ages of the pupils too low; instead of from six to sixteen, we should have said they ranged from eight or nine to from sixteen (the limit by the rules) to twenty, of which age there were three or four remaining in the school.....By the way we learn that Mr. GEORGE F. ROOT, the accomplished teacher for some time of the Institution for the Blind in New York, organist and director at the Mercer St. Church, and principal of the Normal Musical Institute for teachers, has been obliged to give up his professional engagements in New York, so numerous are the calls made upon his services in conducting musical Conventions and gatherings throughout the country.

A wonderful ophicleide virtuoso has made his appearance in Paris, by the name of Signor COLOSANTI:—any relation to the "Colossus of Rhodes"? Speaking of this colossal instrument we are reminded of a band of sisters, Amazon players of brass instruments, who are giving concerts in Ohio, under the title of the THAYER FAMILY.....Promenaders on the Common these warm evenings must have been highly edified by strains proceeding from the Public Garden, where an Anaconda and we know not what other monsters are exhibited:—a solitary, forlorn, but noisy enough brass instrument of the valve genus, tooting an air with variations to the droning accompaniment of a single hoarse bass, like a serpent,—perhaps his very Snake-ship who is under exhibition.

Pleasant accounts are those which our "Diarist" and German correspondent (whom we welcome back to our columns after an interval made necessary by over-work and illness,) writes of the progress and truly high artistic tone of our young American musical students at Leipzig. GEORGE W. PRATT, whose fine singing of the songs of SCHUBERT, &c., has produced so good an impression, is a Boston boy, the son of Col. Jabez Pratt. He is a graduate of Brown University, and has been a teacher of music in our public schools. We find a notice of him in the Leipzig *Signale's* account of the annual examination of the Conservatory, on the 7th of June, in the hall of the Gewandhaus, as follows: "Air from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, sung by Herr George Pratt of Boston. The enormous heat of the room must have been somewhat unfavorable to the fine baritone voice of Herr Pratt; for the rest he delivered the Aria in an intelligent and praiseworthy manner." A Gewandhaus audience is a severe ordeal to pass. Mr. Pratt has since gone to London, where he will remain sometime with GARCIA, the teacher of JENNY LIND.....Mrs. EASTCOTT, the American prima donna from Italy, is singing in opera at Drury Lane, London.....Mr. HENRY SQUIRES, the tenor, is still studying at Naples, where he has made a successful appearance in *Il Trovatore*, and has refused tempting offers, it is said, from London. "L'Aboyeur," the correspondent of the *Evening Gazette*, has heard him frequently and writes in exalted terms of the beauty of his voice and singing.

The newly started rumor, which re-appears annually, of LISZT'S intended visit to this country, is now contradicted by authority in the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*.....A German letter-writer, speaking of AUBER'S "Jenny Bell," says much of its success is due to SCRIBE, who still remains "the first librettist of our time; he knows his AUBER, his MEYERBEER, his HALEVY, his ADAM by heart, and in his store-house each of these composers has his several alcove."..... THALBERG'S new opera, *Christina di Svezia*, has met with a complete *fiasco* in Vienna. It is the third new opera which has met the same fate in that capital this season; VERDI'S *La Traviata*, and somebody's *Marco di Visconti* being the other two.

Where did we read—or can it be that we dreamed it?—that at the late meeting of the *Societé des Musiciens*, in Paris, a memorial was addressed to the Institute, or to the Academy, upon the serious mischief done to music by the prolific inventions of M. SAX, his horns and tubas, of all shapes and sizes, having driven out nearly all the gentler instruments from the orchestra? If any friend can send us a copy of said memorial, we shall be infinitely obliged. —And this brings us back to our bands. That we have material enough for the largest and best sort of band in Boston, on the old plan, is evident from the

skilful playing which we hear from so many of our brass bands. On the Common, recently, we have listened more or less to the "Boston Brass Band," "Bond's Cornet Band," the "Brigade," and the "Germania Serenade Band," and all played in good tune, with good blending and shading of the harmony, and often in pieces which displayed great skill and delicacy of execution. The fault, as we have said, is not in the musicians, but in the fashion. It is a musical *fall*, in which we have "sin-ned all," and which we must trace back, we suppose, to the ingenious inventions of the arch-tempter, Sax.

Miss HENSLER has had a successful concert in Springfield, Mass., her old home before she came to Boston. We quote from the *Republican:*

"It was a triumph. Miss Hensler, though affected to agitation by the circumstances of her appearance, fulfilled to the utmost the reputation she brings home with her. She sang with marvellous richness and power, and added to genius the rare accompaniment of persevering cultivation. The first greeting of the audience was almost wild in enthusiasm. Applause followed applause, and it fairly rained flowers. At every appearance, a like warmth of feeling manifested itself, encouraged, as it was, by the distinguished merit of her performances. The stage and the retiring room fairly blossomed with flowers. The younger Hensler, Miss Louise, received only less warm greetings, and won largely upon the respect and affection of her hearers, as well by her charming appearance as by the purity, simplicity, sweetness and richness of her vocalization. She has a hardly less distinguished future than that now opening upon her sister."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1855.

Music at Harvard College.

So our venerable Alma Mater at Cambridge has at length taken a first step in the direction we have so long urged, of recognizing and installing Music in her circle of the arts and sciences! The office of musical instructor and organist to the University has been created, and our young townsman, Mr. L. P. HOMER, who has spent many years of earnest study with the best musical masters in Germany, and who is one of our most thoroughly taught musicians, as well as a man of general intelligence and a gentleman, has been appointed to the place. We doubt not his good influence will soon be felt among the students, and that ere long a high authority in favor of Music will go forth with a power of example from Old Harvard. It is but a small beginning, it is true. The office, as we understand it, is pretty much limited to the conducting of the Chapel music upon Sundays, and the training of the choir therefor. It is very far short of anything in the nature of a musical professorship. But it is a beginning; it is the entering wedge, and we may well rejoice in it.

The next step will be for Alma Mater to institute some official, tasteful oversight over the music of her Academic festivals, her exhibitions, class days and Commencements. Something a little more classical than has been customary there on such occasions, would sound more in harmony with academic shades, calm intellectual studies, black gowns, and slow, pensive steps. Verily the obstreperous, echoing din of M. Sax's brazen family is enough to put to flight all the Muses. The Brigade Band played very well on Wednesday at Commencement, as do many of our brass bands always. But such "harmony music," as the French technically term that of the modern bands, sounds strangely *un*harmonious in a church; and as the loud martial strains rang out across the plain, during the dinner procession, one who heard it in the distance must have had difficulty in conceiving of a train of meek and gowned professors keeping step behind such whooping and defiant blasts. (If they were Luthers, going before Emperor and Council, at the risk of burning, it might do; and in that case the tunes might be selected from *Il Trovatore.*)

When the University shall be prepared to take this one step further, when Music as an Art, vocal and instrumental, shall be formally encouraged, taught, provided for among the students,—giving simple, elementary instruction as far as may be to all, and offering furthermore to those who have a talent and a calling for it, to conduct them just as deeply into the Cecilian mysteries as they will go,—then it will not be impracticable to add to college festivals the inspiring element of truly refined and classical music furnished wholly or in part by the students themselves. Or even in the want of such resources, the leader or leaders of that branch of culture in the College, would see to it that the music procured from without for such occasions should be something characteristic and distinct from that which is associated with all military musters, firemen's parades, circuses, and what not; would exercise invention in the matter, and be responsible for something really good and fitting;—not leaving it as an indifferent affair to the city fashions, as we leave the cut of our garments to our tailors, whose motive is not taste or beauty.

It was well in the University to begin with its religious music. There is where the true tone can be best set; there, where the occasion excludes triviality, and where *attention* to whatever may be worthy is secured, as it is nowhere else. With a good teacher and presiding mind in that department, it can but naturally follow that some inspiring musical influence shall flow down through all the other musical channels of college life. And then the good of it will be so felt, that one day we may hope to see, not merely practical class teachers of music, but a musical professor, in the University, who shall lecture on the history and literature of Music, the principles of taste, the philosophy and progress of the Art, its various schools, and so forth; a chair, from which, filled by a live man, shall emanate new light and impulse to the cause of musical high Art throughout our land. Then will be realized the wish long cherished by the more music-loving sons of Harvard; the end for which, however far it might seem in the future, the "Harvard Musical Association" was organized, and has already formed by slow accumulations during its twenty years' existence, the modest nucleus of a fund for this very purpose, hoping, as such an object becomes more appreciated, to inspire others to do more. In taking leave of the subject for the present, let us lay before our readers the following suggestion of the New York *Musical Review* for last week:

Dwight's *Journal of Music*, in noticing the degree of "Doctor of Music," recently conferred upon Mr. LOWELL MASON, improves the opportunity to urge the establishment of musical professorships in our Universities. We agree heartily with the editor in his recommendations upon this head, and offer a suggestion. We propose that the three flourishing societies of Boston unite in calling together a Grand Musical Festival for the coming autumn, to which leading musicians shall be invited from all parts of the country, and at which some of the master-works shall be performed. Let the proceeds make a nucleus for a musical professorship at time-honored Harvard; the sum thus collected, however sma'l, would, we doubt not, be sufficiently swelled by the "solid men of Boston," and the example set would find imitators in behalf of other institutions.

SONNETS TO NIGHT.—Have there been any finer sonnets written in this country than the five which we have copied, on another page, from the last number of *The Una*, the paper so ably and gracefully devoted to "the elevation of Woman?" Read them slowly—you must, for their movement is slow; and ponder well each line and phrase, for they will bear it; in each the image is precise, original, complete. The whole five sonnets are marked by weight, nobility and grandeur of thought, and depth of feeling, and the poetry sustains itself at the height of its great theme, with which the whole tone of expression is in harmony. The only point in which they seem not "equal to themselves" is in the want of a more sonorous rhythm. How such thoughts would have sounded in a Milton's diction! Yet they are not less rhythmical than Wordsworth often is, and the third sonnet even in this respect leaves little to be wished. We understand that they were written by a Massachusetts lady, whose "Hymn to the Sea," as published in "Thalatta", has been much admired.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

JULY 14.—I have been reading in your Journal of to-day the account given by your "Diarist" (whom, by the way, I am glad to welcome back to your columns after so long a pause) of *Don Giovanni*, as performed in Berlin. "I, too, was in Arcadia"—I too have "sunny memories" of the exquisite *mise-en-scene* of this opera on the Berlin and Dresden stages, but also in strong contrast with these, a more recent one of a representation thereof in our own city. I cannot refrain from sending you some comments upon it, which you should have had sooner but for my absence from town in the interval.

The opera was given by the LAGRANGE troupe, and well enough performed too not to spoil one's pleasure in the music. I shall not, of course, at this late day, criticize the vocal and dramatic rendering, (though I must say that MORELLI sang the *Fin ch'an del vino* as only an Italian can, and better than I have ever heard it sung)—my object is merely to show how miserably scenic effects are still managed here, even at the Academy of Music.

In the first place an absurd and tasteless ballet was inserted in the finale of the first act, interrupting the action, breaking the harmonic connection of the music, and wearying all who come to *hear* as well as see. This over, the orchestra took up Mozart again where they had left him, and to the triple dance movement which followed, a few couples from the chorus danced—a quadrille! I must mention *en passant* that of the three masks only one, Don Ottavio, made his appearance in black—the ladies were concealed respectively beneath a sky-blue and a bright domino,—which of course divested the thrilling scene in which they appear, of all solemnity. The statue was dust-color, with flesh-hued face, and, if I remember rightly, smaller than the Don. And in the banquet scene the musicians made their appearance only when the orchestra was already half through the music intended to be played by them.

Thus far my deep enjoyment of the music had prevented my being much disturbed by these outward deficiencies, but the last scene was tame enough to cool down the most enthusiastic listener. After pronouncing the the dread sentence, the Commander vanished beneath the stage, upon which a few flashes of pink light issued from beneath the side scenes, Don Juan staggered about the stage for a while, and then walked off as coolly as possible, as

if he were making his exit from a drawing room. And all this while those mighty final chords were sounding an accompaniment, to nothing but the rising and withdrawing of the audience. I cannot describe the effect produced upon me by this quiet manner of proceeding. I care as little as any one for éclat and tumult upon the stage, but in a case like this, where the music and the scenic effect are so indissolubly connected, where they complete each other, such a milk and watery arrangement is unpardonable. Even the chorus of demons was omitted, and the music thus being rendered incomplete, no one, who did not know the plot, could dream that or how the *dissoluto* was *punito*.

I have since found, in the *Monatsheft* for July, a notice which may account for the altered finale of *Don Juan*, and clothe it in English dress for your readers.

"An Irish traveller, who has just returned from Spain, relates the following interesting fact: 'In the Caridad, (a church in Sevilla) lie the remains of Don Juan, widely celebrated through Mozart's opera of the same name. He is not only no mythical personage, but performed, in reality, more wild feats than could be gathered into an opera. He died a repentant sinner, and, in his will, requested to be buried on the road leading to the church, so that all the pious souls who visited the sanctuary, might tread upon his grave. In consideration, however, of this pious wish, and his final penitence, the monks have received him into the interior of the church and permitted him to be buried there.'" X.

From LEIPZIG.

JUNE 21.—In my letter yesterday I spoke of the general artistic influences brought to bear upon the musical student in the Conservatory here. It would be natural enough to suppose that mere execution would be forgotten in the striving after the higher qualities. This is not at all the case; a large proportion of the young men already distinguished owe their dexterity to the excellent instruction here. MENDELSSOHN himself employed the highest *virtuosity* only as a means—but much of his music demands that means. His principles still rule in Leipzig.

While sitting around a little table, with a glass of beer before us, in German style, Professor PLAIDY told us a story of pianoforte execution: When AUGUST GOCKEL, (who I believe is somewhere in America "at this present,") was a pupil in the Conservatorium, he was a great favorite of Mendelssohn's, who appointed him on a certain occasion to play the pianoforte part of the Fantasia for piano and orchestra. The piece which preceded this on the programme was played, and all was ready for the fantasia, when Mendelssohn who was conducting, looked round, but no Gockel. "Where's Gockel? Where's Gockel?" said he to Plaidy.

"I don't know; he was here just now." Professor P. hurried out of the room and found his man in the passage below, walking up and down, whether overcome with the heat, or bashful, or frightened, deponent knoweth not.

"Why, Gockel, they are all waiting for you!" The young pianist rushed up stairs, down through the orchestra, popped into his seat as if shot, and began the fantasia without a look or word to anybody. He took it up at lightning speed, and Mendelssohn's hair, said he, stood right up!

Luckily the piano begins some sixteen bars before the orchestra, so that there was time for some preparation on their part. Gockel went through it just at that lightning speed, to Mendelsohn's utter astonishment, nor did he drop a note.

One forenoon we spent at an organ "Prufung" or examination. I have mislaid my list of the pieces, and only remember that some nine or ten young men played in the presence of the professors and such of the pupils as chose to go to the cold church. Among the pieces were an organ sonata by Mendelssohn, a composition by RICHTER (I think); something by SCHUMANN, and of course fugues by BACH. WILSON, of Springfield, played one of these very creditably.

My last day in Leipzig was perhaps the pleasantest. It was ascension day, and at the Catholic church an *Ave Maria*, by LISZT, some ten minutes long, was sung, he being there in person to direct. The piece was generally liked, but was not thought to betray any remarkable creative power on the part of the composer. It was interesting however and amusing to see that tall, straight, world-renowned character, with monstrous long hands in white gloves, protruded "about a feet" beyond his coat sleeves, waving out the time and expression of his music to his choir of Conservatory singers. The usual portraits give a good idea of his face, though his thick hair begins to shew the effects of time in whiteliness here and there, and his features have acquired a sort of hardness, if one may so speak.

After the *Ave Maria* the "American colony," with one or two visitors like myself, and two or three Germans, all adjourned to KELLY'S room. Who is that handsome little fellow, with light hair? That is HENSEL, from Chemnitz, of whom we have told you so much. He left the Conservatory not long ago; and left it because the professors could find nothing to give him to study. One of the best things Plaidy gave him was a set of *Etudes* by THALBERG, of immense difficulty, and he was to bring one of them at the next lesson. He brought them all, perfect! He had the most astonishing memory, I don't know anything he can't play by rote. Once get him at it, he will play all day, he likes it so.

We had not been long in K.'s room before Hensel was with one accord called to the grand piano, and after some discussion it was agreed that he should play BEETHOVEN'S *Sonata Appassionata*.

"Do you want the music?"

"No! I can play better without."

So, twisting his cigar in the corner of his mouth, he began the *Appassionata*. It does me good now to think of it. Then the majority called for a piece to show his execution, and as a recent number of *Dwight* had had an account of some one's playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March, as translated by Liszt, this was decided upon. With lightning speed he gave it us, with not a note before him, and without losing a note. Third, a *Triller*, by SCHULHOFF, in which the fellows said he rivalled that famous player on his own domain. Fourth, *Träumeswirrung*, by SCHUMANN. Fifth, *Etude Symphonique*, Schumann. Sixth, at my request for something graver, CHOPIN'S *Marcia Funebre*, most splendidly executed. Seventh, for the sake of comparison, the March from Beethoven's Sonata, op. 25, (this played from notes.)—Eighth, *Polonaise*, Chopin. Ninth, Sonata by himself, in A minor, ending in A major, unanimously liked. Tenth, a very beautiful and of course immensely difficult *Etude* by RUBENSTEIN. Eleventh, Mazurka, *Souvenir de Varsovie*, Schulhoff. Twelfth, Mazurka, by KUEHE. Thirteenth, *Etude*, Chopin. Fourteenth, *Lied ohne worte, (Spinnerlied)* Mendelssohn. Fifteenth, another *Lied*, No. 1, Heft VI. Sixteenth, the accompaniment (by note) to Schubert's *Wanderer*, which PRATT sang gloriously. And, finally, Seventeenth, the first movement of that great E minor Sonata of Beethoven, op. 111.

For two and a half hours Hensel played to us, only twice referring to the music, in one of these pieces only because he was playing an accompaniment, and then left us, as it was time for him to keep an engagment.

The next day I was again at Berlin, almost envying those who can pursue such studies under such auspices. A. W. T.

EDWARD L. BALCH, MUSIC AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 21 SCHOOL STREET.

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SPIRIDION.

BY GEORGE SAND.

TRANSLATED BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

[Continued.]

I climbed once more to father Alexis, and related to him the new cruelties exercised towards me. "Why have you doubted, oh man of little faith?" he said to me, with a sorrowful air. "You call yourself an Angel, and instead of recognizing the living spirit which trembles within you, you have been ready to throw yourself at the feet of an ignorant man and beg for the life of a corpse. This illiterate director humiliates and repulses you. You are punished when you sin, and your suffering has in it nothing noble, your martyrdom is not even useful to yourself, because you sacrifice the strength of your understanding to false or narrow ideas. As to the rest, I have foreseen what would happen. You fear me. You know not whether I am commissioned by the angels, or the slave of demons. You passed the last night in dwelling on my words, and you had determined this morning to sell me to my enemies for an absolution."

"Oh! believe it not," I cried; "I would have confessed all that was personal to myself without pronouncing your name, without repeating a single one of your words. Alas! then, will you, you also, be unjust towards me? Shall I be repulsed everywhere? The house of God is closed against me,—must your heart be so too? Father Hegesippus accuses me of impiety, and you, my father, you accuse me of being a traitor."

"It is because you have been so," replied Alexis; "the power of the monks intimidates you, their hatred frightens you. You envy the approbation, and the flatteries that they lavish upon the pupils of their choice. You know not how to live alone,—to suffer, to love alone."

"Ah well! my father, it is true, I know not how to dispense with affection; I have this weakness, this cowardice, if you will. I may be foolish, but I feel within me a tender soul, and I have need of a friend. God is so great that I am terrified in his presence. My spirit is so timid that it shrinks from embracing the Omnipotent God, and tearing from his terrible hand the gifts of grace. There is need of an intercessor between Heaven and me. Support, counsel, mediators are necessary to me. Some one must love me, must labor for me and with me, to attain salvation. Some one must pray with me, must tell me to hope, must promise me the eternal recompense; otherwise, I shall doubt, not the goodness of God, but the purity of my own intentions. I fear God because I fear myself. I grow cold, I am discouraged, I feel myself faint. My brain is disturbed, and I distinguish no longer between the voices of heaven and hell. I seek a support; were it a pitiless master who chastised me without ceasing, I should prefer him to an indulgent father who would forget me."

"Poor Angel bewildered upon earth!" said father Alexis with emotion; "spark of heavenly love, fallen from the aureola of the Master, and condemned to hide beneath the ashes of this miserable life! I recognize in thy torments the divine nature that animated me in my youth, before they had bound over my eyes the bandages of custom; before they had frozen under a hair shirt the throbbings of this burning heart; before they had rendered my intercourse with the Spirit, painful, rare, depressing, and forever unsatisfactory. They will do with thee what they have done with me. They will fill thy soul with piercing doubts, with weak remorse, imbecile terrors. They will make thee sick, old before thy time, infirm in spirit, and when thou shalt have bent beneath the yoke of ignorance and imposture, when thou art wise enough to break away from the net, thou wilt no longer have the strength. Thy muscle will be relaxed, thy sight disturbed, thy hand weak, thy brain indolent and exhausted; thou wilt wish to lift thine eyes to the stars, but thy heavy head will fall stupidly upon thy breast; thou wilt desire to read, but phantoms will dance before thine eyes; thou wilt desire to recollect, and a thousand uncertain lights will play through thy exhausted memory; thou wilt desire to meditate, and thou wilt sleep upon thy chair. And during thy sleep should the Spirit speak to thee, it will be in terms so obscure, that thou wilt not be able to explain them on thy waking. Ah! victim! victim! I pity thee, but cannot save thee."

Speaking thus he shivered like a man seized with fever; his burning breath seemed to warm the air of his cell, and one would have said, from the languor of his whole being, that there remained but a few minutes for him to live.

"Good father Alexis," said I to him, "is your affection for me already exhausted? I have been weak and fearful, it is true, but you seemed to me so strong, so living, that I relied upon finding in you, warmth enough to pardon my fault, to blot it out, and strengthen me anew. My soul faints and dies with yours; can you not, as yesterday, work a miracle, and reanimate us both?"

"The Spirit is not with me to-day," he said. "I am sad, I doubt everybody, even thee. Return to-morrow, I may then be inspired."

"And what will become of me until then?"

"The Spirit is strong, the Spirit is good; perhaps he will aid thee directly. Waiting, let these words soften the bitterness of thy sorrow. I know why the monks have adopted towards thee this system of inflexible cruelty. They act thus towards all those whose sense of justice and natural uprightness they fear. They see in thee a man of feeling, sensitive to outrage, compassionate to suffering, opposed to brutal and licentious passions. They know that in such a man they will not find an accomplice, but a judge, and they wish to do with thee as with all those whose virtue frightens them, or whose candor constrains them. They desire to imbrute thee, to choke by persecution every idea of justice or injustice, to enervate by useless sufferings every generous energy. They desire, by mysterious and debasing schemes, by enigmas without solution, and chastisements without an object, to accustom thee to live brutally in the love and esteem of thyself alone, to cut thee off from sympathy, to kill thy trust.

"They wish to make thee despair of the goodness of God, to disgust thee with prayer, to force thee to lie or to betray thy brothers at the confessional, to render thee envious, sullen, slanderous, and a spy. They desire to make thee perverse, stupid, infamous. They will teach thee that the first of blessings is intemperance and idleness; that to deliver thyself up to these peacefully, it is necessary to disparage all things, to sacrifice all things, to despoil the past of its nobleness, thy future of its hope. They wish to teach thee hypocritical hatred, slow revenge, cowardice and cruelty; they wish that thy soul should die because it has tasted honey, because it has loved gentleness and purity; they wish, in a word, to make of thee a monk. See what they desire, my son, see what they have undertaken, see what they pursue by common agreement, some from policy, others from instinct, the best from weakness, submission and fear."

"What do I hear?" I cried. "What a world of iniquity do you open to my trembling soul! Father Alexis! father Alexis! into what an abyss should I have fallen, were it indeed so! Oh God! are you not deceived? Are you not blinded by the memory of some personal injury? Is this monastery inhabited only by prevaricating friars? Must I seek among purer beings, the faith and charity that some devil seems to have driven from these cursed walls?"

"Thou wouldst seek in vain for a convent less impure, and better monks. All are thus; faith is dead upon the earth, and vice thrives. Accept labor and sorrow; for to live, *that* is to labor and sorrow."

"I am willing, I am willing! but I wish to reap as I sow. Let me labor in faith and hope; let me suffer in love. Let me fly from this abominable retreat of crime. Let me tear off this white robe, delusive emblem of a life of purity. Let me go back to the life of the world, let me withdraw into profound solitude to weep over the sins of my race, to save myself from the contagion."

"This is well," said father Alexis, seizing in his the hands that I wrung in despair. "I like this burst of indignation, this flash of courage; I have known this anguish, I have formed these resolutions. So I once wished to fly; so I once wished to live among men of the world, or shut myself into inaccessible caverns; but listen to the counsels that the Spirit gave me in the time of my trouble, and engrave them upon thy memory."

"Say not, I will live among men, and I will be the best among them, for all flesh is feeble, and thy soul will be suffocated like theirs, beneath the weight of the body.

"Say not farther, I will withdraw into solitude, and live there the life of the spirit, for the soul of man leans toward pride, and pride corrupts the soul.

"Live with the men who are around thee. Free thyself from their malice. Seek thy solitude in the midst of them. Turn thine eyes away from their sin, look into thy soul, and guard thyself against hating, as well as imitating them. Do them good now by shutting against them neither thine heart nor thine hands. Do them good hereafter, by opening thine own soul to the light of the Spirit.

"The life of the world debilitates, the life of the desert irritates. When a harp hangs in the damp air, its strings slacken; but if it is shut into a box, they break.

"If thou listenest to the babble of the world, thou wilt forget the Spirit, and thou wilt no longer comprehend it. But if thou silencest the human voice, thou wilt forget men, and be no longer able to teach them."

In reciting these verses from an unknown gospel, father Alexis held open the book which I had already seen in his hands, and he turned over its pages as if he would aid his memory by some written words; yet the pages of this were white, and appeared never to have borne a printed character.

This strange fact aroused my anxiety, and I began to observe him with curiosity. Nothing in his manner at this moment, announced either delirium or exaltation. He gently closed his book and went on calmly:—

"Keep thyself, then," he said, as if commenting upon his text, "from returning to the world, for thou art a feeble child, and if the breath of passion were to scorch thee, it would put out the light of thy soul. Lust and vanity might find thee weak enough to yield to their goadings. As to me, I fled from the world because I was strong, and the passions might have changed my strength to fury. I should have overcome presumption and mastered luxury. I should have sunk beneath the temptations to ambition and hatred; I should have been hard, intolerant, vindictive, proud: in one word, an egotist. We are both made for the cloister. When a man has heard the Spirit call him, were it only once and feebly, he must quit all to follow it, and remain where it leads him, let him suffer what he will. To look back is not in his power; and whoever has once trampled on the flesh for the sake of the spirit, must never return to the pleasures of the flesh, for the insulted flesh will avenge itself, and master the spirit in its turn. Then the heart of man is the scene of a terrible struggle in which the soul and body devour each other; the man sinks and dies, without having once lived. The life of the soul is a sublime life, but it is hard and sorrowful. That is no vain precaution, which places stone walls and brazen grates between us and the life of the century and the flesh. To crush the desire for vain things, it is not too much to lie down alive in the closed coffin. It is good to see around one other men devoted to the culture of the soul, were it only in appearance. Instituting religious communities was a work of wisdom. Where is the time in which men cherished each other like brothers and labored in concert, aiding each other lovingly to implore, to pursue the Spirit, to conquer the gross promptings of the flesh. All wisdom, all progress, all greatness, have come forth from the cloister; but all wisdom, all progress, all greatness must perish in it, if some among us do not continue the frightful struggle to which ignorance and imposture have delivered up the truth. Let us sustain the combat with fury, let us pursue our undertaking, though we have against us the whole army of hell. If they cut off our hands, let us seize the ship with our teeth, for the Spirit is with us. It is here that he dwells; wo to those who profane his sanctuary! Let us remain faithful to him, and if we are profitless martyrs, we are at least no cowardly deserters."

"You are right, my father," I replied, struck by the words he uttered, "your teachings are those of wisdom. I desire to be your pupil, and to guide myself by your counsel. Tell me what I must do to preserve my strength, and pursue courageously the work of salvation in the midst of the persecutions to which I am subjected."

"Bear them all with indifference," he replied. "It will be an easy task, if thou considerest how little the esteem of these men is worth, and how impotent are all their expe-

dients against us. It is fit that at the sight of a victim innocent as thyself, and like thyself abused, thy heart should throb with indignation, but thy duty, so far as regards all that is personal to thyself, is to smile; this, also, is the only revenge that is permitted thee. Thine indifference will be the death-blow to their animosity. What they desire is to make thee insensible by force of grief; be so by force of courage and intellect. They are stupid, they will be deceived by it. Dry thy tears, wear a countenance void of expression, feign sound sleep and a good appetite, ask no more for confession, go no longer to church, or going, pretend to be morose and cold. When they see thee thus, they will no longer fear thee, and ceasing to play their obscene comedy, they will be indulgent with regard to thee, as is an idle master toward a lazy pupil. Do what I tell thee, and I promise thee, that before three days have expired, the prior will call thee to his presence, to make his peace with thee."

Before quitting father Alexis, I spoke to him of the person whom I had met in going forth from the choir, and asked him who it could be. At first he listened absently, shaking his head, as if to say, that he neither knew nor cared to know, any dignitary of the order; but in proportion as I detailed the dress and features of the unknown, his eye brightened, and he overwhelmed me with hurried questions. The minute care with which I replied, tended to engrave upon my memory the portrait of him whom I think I see still, but I shall never see again. At last father Alexis, seizing my hands with a great outburst of tenderness and joy, cried many times:—"Is it possible? is it possible? Hast thou seen him? He is then returned? He has known thee? he has called thee? He will draw thee anon out of thy soul. It is thou, truly thou, then, my child, who hast seen him!"

"Who is he then, my father? who is this unknown friend towards whom my whole soul turns? Let me know him, carry me to him, tell him to love me, as I love you, and as you seem to love me. With what joy should I not embrace him whose coming fills your soul with such an exaltation."

"It is not in my power to go to him," replied Alexis. "He must seek me, and it is my duty to await him. Doubtless I shall see him today, and I will tell thee what I am permitted; until then, ask no questions, for I am forbidden to speak of him, and tell no one what thou hast told me."

I objected that the stranger had not seemed to act in a mysterious manner, and that the lay brother must have seen him. The father bent his head, smiling. "Men of flesh know him not," he said.

Spurred by curiosity, I climbed the same evening to the cell of father Alexis, but he refused to open his door to me. "Let me alone," he said, "I am sad, I cannot console thee."

"And your friend?" I questioned timidly.

"Be silent," he answered in an authoritative tone; "he has not come, he has departed without seeing me. Perhaps he will return. Do not be troubled. He likes not to be talked about. Go to rest, and to-morrow do as I have bid thee."

As I was going, he called me back to say: "Angel, has it been sunny to-day?"

"Yes, my father, a bright sun, a brilliant dawn."

"And when he met thee, did the sun shine?"

"Yes, my father."

"Well, well," he replied, "to-morrow."

I followed the counsel of father Alexis and remained in bed all the next day. In the evening I went down to the refectory, at the hour in which the chapter were assembled, and, seizing upon a dish of smoking food, I devoured it greedily; then, resting my elbows on the table, instead of paying attention to the Lives of the Saints, which were read in a loud voice, and which I always listened to, I pretended to fall into a stupid sleep. Then the other novices, who had turned away their heads with horror when they saw me sad and contrite, began to laugh at my brutishness, and I heard the superiors encourage this dull gayety by theirs. I kept this up for three days, and then, as father Alexis had predicted, I was sent for to the chamber of the prior. I stood before him, cringing and timid, with awkward manners, stupid air, a heavy soul. I did this, not to reconcile myself to those whom I despised, but to test the truth of father Alexis' observation. I was soon able to convince myself of it in listening to the prior, who assured me that it had finally become known, that I had been unjustly accused of an error that a novice had now confessed. The prior owed it, he said, to the contrition of the guilty person, and to the spirit of charity, to be silent as to his name, and the nature of his fault, but he exhorted me to resume my place at church, and my studies in the novitiate, without bearing either pique or grudge against any body. He added, gazing at me attentively; "You have, however, a right, either to a public reparation or some agreeable compensation for the wrong that you have suffered. Choose: either receive in the presence of the whole community the apologies of those officious pupils who have led us into error, or rest excused for one month from the offices of the night."

Anxious to pursue my experiment, I chose the last, and I detected an immediate and favorable change in the prior's manner.

He embraced me, and the father treasurer entering at the moment, he said, "All is settled. As a compensation for the grief that we have caused him, this child asks nothing but a little repose for a month, his health having suffered under his trial. As to the rest, he accepts humbly the tacit excuses of his accusers, and he decides upon all these things with great sweetness and proper indifference."

"All in good time," said the treasurer, with a coarse laugh, and slapping my cheek playfully, "it is this that we desire. Good peaceable people are what we want."

Father Alexis gave me one other piece of advice. It was to ask permission to devote myself to science, to become his pupil and prepare his experiments in philosophy and chemistry.

"They will see thee with pleasure accept this employment," he said, "because what they dread here, is religious fervor and asceticism. Everything that will divert the mind from its proper objects, and turn it to material things, is encouraged by the prior. He has proposed to me a hundred times to take a pupil, but fearing to find a spy and a traitor in those that they would offer me, I have always refused under different pretexts. They once wished to constrain me, but I declared that I would abandon science and the observatory, if they did not leave me to work alone, and in my own way. They yielded, because on the one side, there was nobody to replace me, and all monks take great pride in being esteemed savans and promenading travellers through their cabinets and libraries; and because on the other, they knew that I was not wanting in energy, and they preferred this energy should expend itself in scientific speculations of which none of them were jealous, to engaging in a struggle where my soul would never have bent. Go, then, say that thou hast obtained from me authority to make this request. If they hesitate as if in displeasure, assume a sombre air during some days, remain prostrate in the church, fast, sigh, show thyself austere and fervent, and for fear that thou shouldst become a saint, they will consent to thy becoming a savant."

[To be continued.]

LESSONS ON GOD'S PROVIDENCE,

AS IT MAY BE TRACED IN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY.

NO. IV.

The fact that the History of the Hebrews is a revelation of God's Providence is so universally accepted, has internal evidence so obvious, that all other *historical* manifestations of the Divine Intelligence have been neglected in its favor. Nevertheless nothing can be more vague than the idea of this revelation as

it lies in the minds of people. The single facts of Hebrew History are indeed made symbolical of the stages of spiritual decline and progress in the individual soul, by many Christian preachers; but when Coleridge says, that "the Bible is the best manual for a Statesman of all times," even the Christian politician starts with surprise, and thinks he was extravagantly taking counsel of his religious heart, rather than of severe Reason. But that cultivated, almost perfected reason, never was at fault in this way, as examination of the subject will prove.

The lessons illustrated may be stated thus:

1st. The Life principle of the founder of a colony, or progenitor of a tribe, and the institutions which he makes to perpetuate this idea, determine the destiny of the nation: in other words, the life of the nation is but the life of the individuals who take the lead of it, and God cannot govern in it outside of the spirits of its men; for men are the highest instruments or media of spiritual action. It was no less philosophical, than it was individually unconscious; in short, it was divine inspiration in Moses, to begin his narrative with the traditions that have internal evidence of having been *written*, and were doubtless regarded as HOLY SCRIPTURES by the Israelites. He calls them *Genesis*, or *the Origin*. They were the record of the *generating causes* of what came after in the history of the Hebrews.

Abraham's memoirs illustrate the fact that men may be in immediate intercourse with a world cognate to their spiritual, rather than their material nature, and that the stretching of the soul into *that*, after its God, pronounces the individuality, secures freedom from the domination of other men, and establishes as a first principle, a self-respecting independence. The removal of Terah from the overshadowing Pagan Despotism (suggested by the very name of Ur, of *the Chaldees*) and the call of Abraham, suggest the important method of political progress to be EMIGRATION. Let a man who believes that he holds an idea of a higher character than that which is the principle of his own nationality, leave "the dead to bury their dead," and himself take up his staff and set up his Ebenezer in another land, where he shall have free scope to develop the truth he sees, by peaceful construction of new social forms. If he has mistaken, and is merely following a conceit of his own, lower than the life-idea of the nationality he leaves, his scheme must speedily perish, and will do so there with the least harm to others. If he is really led by the Eternal Spirit of God, he will become the Patriarch of a new nation, an advance on its mother country, as did those emigrants from Asia who peopled Europe in ages long gone by; and the Pilgrim Fathers of America in a later day. That South America exhibits no nationality, and that North America exhibits only *one*, and that *one* the offspring of the Religious Emigration of the seventeenth century, is a modern illustration of the same fact to which we have just called attention; and of the first principle illustrated in the Hebrew History. The rites of worship instituted by Abraham directed the mind to spiritual objectivity. He set up an altar and "called on the name of the Lord." The word *name* expresses the spirituality of the God he worshipped, and is opposed to *idols* throughout the Old Testament. The *hallowing* of the name from common use by Moses, was a farther attempt to lift the mind into Spirituality of idea. When the Hebrew omitted the word *Jehovah* in his reading of the Scriptures, and *bowed* in silence for a moment, or substituted Adonai (the Lord) for the hallowed name, he intimated to others, and renewed in himself the impression of the ineffable Being, uncontainable alike by the Heavens and Earth, and that conscious spirit of man, which is measurable by Language, the most nearly spiritual of all sensible natures. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, was a LIVING GOD; and when Jesus, in ages after, addressed the nation of the Jews, his method was to refer it back again to that height of idea from which it had fallen, in order to prepare it for communion with himself. "Before Abraham was, I AM." Every prophet between Abraham and Jesus had made it his supreme object to vindicate and keep alive in the mind of the people the spiritual objectivity of God acknowledged by Abraham. Jesus was the first, who, being above Abraham spiritually, could call his brethren to EMIGRATE, as it were, from the Hebrew nationality, and he proposes nothing less than the *Kingdom of Heaven* whose chosen Ruler should make every man's soul His temple, organizing the race into a mighty Republic of the "just made perfect."

To compare the Hebrew constitutions therefore with the Christian, which was intended to supersede them, is no fair way of estimating them. They should be compared with those of the nations actually contemporary; and it is striking to observe, when we come to compare the chronology, that the whole career of this nation, with its decline and fall on its own locality, preceded the development of the Grecian and Roman democracies.

The Hebrew was the only nation of its own times, whose public worship was planned to preserve the idea of a spiritual objectivity, that was to be discriminated from the material objectivity which all other nations worshipped. And whereas all other nations became despotically ruled by sacerdotal kings or hierarchies, it is obvious that the Hebrew was a free government. What individuality is observable in the whole history of the Patriarchs themselves! Compare those living, breathing men and women, expressing their lively passions and individualities, with the bloodless shadows of the Bhagvat Geeta, *simulaera hominum*, and you see the different effect upon literature, of having a spiritual religion rather than a formal and speculative one. The character of Joseph, inimitable, and yet so natural and conceivable, is "the bright consummate flower" of the Patriarchal ages, and exhibits the possible influence of the Religion on an individuality. Compare, again, the ages of the Hebrew Republic, from Joshua to Saul, when every tribe was a sovereign state, governed by its own elders, federated under a Religious Priesthood who were not autocratic, but bound to govern by the Laws and Constitution; and dependent on tithes for support, which tithes they had only moral means of enforcing.—Compare these with the contemporary kingdom of Egypt, for instance, beginning with Rameses II, as its character is exhibited upon the monuments of Egypt, priest-ridden and subjected, and the influence of the Religion on political forms will be obvious. Finally, compare the Hebrew monarchy, whether united under the three first kings, or divided between the kings of Judah and Israel, with any contemporary Asiatic or African kings, of which there is tradition or monument extant, and how obvious to all this survey is the fact, that the Spiritual objectivity of the Hebrew Religion involved by necessity the freedom of individuals, and of the social and political state, not the lawlessness, but the freedom to obey law instead of the arbitrary will of autocrats, or the tyranny of consecrated castes. The Hebrew kings were at first elected by acclamation; and the spirit of election presided always; and the war-cry was ever raised, when there was a tyrant,—"To thy tents, O Israel!"

Secondly. But another principle of progress was established by Abraham, like unto the spiritual objectivity of his God, and that was, that *human life* was not to be *sacrificed*, but *consecrated* as the essence of the form of the tultus or worship.

Abraham was not the only instance of a worshipper of spiritual objectivity in his day and generation, (witness Melchisedek,) but he alone founded a nationality that preserved his principle; and this was because the religious rights he established did not sacrifice humanity itself, but recognized that although man was made for worship of spiritual objectivity, yet religious rites were made for man, not man *for them*.

Human sacrifice is in some degree and form, the characteristic of all *false* religions; the bloody sacrifice of the body was a form of all the Pagan worships, more or less. This arose from the common weakness of humanity, that leads men to regard each other and even themselves as material, rather than spiritual beings.

Abraham was not always exempt from this weakness, and his impulse to sacrifice Isaac is expressly declared to have been a "temptation." The impulse was in good faith. It appeared to himself as God's command, for it arose from the excess of his gratitude and joy in the possession of his son. But he was saved alike from his own exaggeration of devotion and from the common mistake of his age by his real faith in spiritual objectivity. So that the voice which said, "Abraham, Abraham, *wilt thou slay thy son?*" found him open to all the argument implied in the words. His religion was thus proved to be not a remorseless fanaticism, but a humble waiting on the Lord, who thus, without violating his free will, was able to lift him above the error of his day and generation. "Abraham's eyes were opened" and he saw that his infinite gratitude and devotion might be symbolized, without encroaching upon the sacred rights of human life. Men in all ages need, and if teachable, *have* this interposition of absolute aid from God's spirit.

The Revelation of the Old Testament is not a speculative dictation of principles, but a historic embodiment of them. What Abraham religiously *did*, became the great law of his posterity. Hence we have the subjective history of the origin of what he did, that we may see what actions were really led by the Spirit of God, *those only being laws.*

Thus the Hebrew religion became what it was, not only spiritual in its object, but humane in its worship, and repudiated *human sacrifice.* Only once in the history of this people do we hear of their sacrifice of a human being as a religious rite; and that involved so severe a retribution to the one guilty of its conception, that it became the cause of an annual mourning celebration, which doubtless secured its not being repeated. This is the sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter. The subjective difference of the two men explains the difference of the providential action in the two cases. Abraham's error was the action of good faith, of "belief crying out for help of its unbelief." Jephtha's error proved unfaithfulness to revelation already made and embodied in the national rite; an unfaithfulness which was betrayed in the excitement of the passions of war. Had another man's daughter come to meet him, he would not have discovered the iniquity and impiety of his vow.

In the humanity of the rites of worship, which manifested the spiritual character of the God of Abraham, we have a foreshadowing of the Christian doctrine, that the commandment of loving the neighbor as one's self, is the moral corollary of loving God with all our heart and mind and will, which is spiritual salvation; that is, the complete development and glorification of humanity. "We have as much piety as charity, *and no more.*" The instant the manifestation of religion contradicts humanity, it becomes its own opposite, and an Infinite Devil usurps the Throne of God in the human mind, which is the sanctuary of the Nation's life.

ERRATA OF No. III.

P. S. In two places, Pyrra (Deucalion's wife) is called Tyrra; and once, Sharma is called Tharma, which deprives my story of some of its coincidence with Noah's. E. P. P.

LEOLINE.

CHAPTER IV.

Nothing of importance passed on the two days following. Leoline quietly made a few preparations for her marriage, and on the third eventful day everything was complete; her trunk was packed, her bridal robe finished.—Their plan was to be married at 10 P. M. and leave immediately for New Orleans; after a brief stay in that city, they were to visit the uncle at his plantation. A priest could not easily be procured; a magistrate was first to tie the knot, which was to be retied with all the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic church when they reached the city. They were both Catholics, and regarded a magisterial or Protestant ceremony as amounting to nothing; they only availed themselves of it to enable them to travel together to the city without scandal. I was the sole confident of her plans; I lent her my assistance so far as I could. This was the last evening of the school examination, and on this we were to make a brilliant display in the musical department. Leoline was a proficient in this art, and had a good deal annoyed the teachers by declaring herself too unwell to take any part in the exhibition; she resolved to sit with the audience, and requested me, when mother Lucy called her name out, to make an apology for her. I really thought her ill, her manner was so foreign to her usual self. She was nervous and anxious, pale and watchful. She started at the slightest sound, she trembled if suddenly spoken to, and once when a quick loud knock was heard at the front door, she started, pale, eager, wild, like some criminal expecting an arrest. I did not *then* know the one fear that gnawed at her vitals. It was years after that I learned the cause of her strange conduct. Who can tell what dark forebodings filled her heart? At eight, I assisted to enrobe her in her bridal dress of purest white; it fitted well, and never had I seen a more beautiful being. We started arm in arm to the large room on the first floor in which the school performances were going on. The house was full. We were to sit with the audience a while, and then steal out, get into a carriage with Arthur, and proceed to the magistrate's office. We were to return immediately after the ceremony, and Leoline was to make public the change in her condition. Just as we reached the door and paused to look over the assembly for a vacant seat, a note was thrust into her hands; she read it and gave it to me, very much agitated. I glanced at it; it was from her lover:

"Leoline, my beautiful:—I must speak to you *one* word before the 'event.' Hasten to me; I am at the oak you know of—come quickly. ARTHUR."

While I was reading this, she slipped from my side and was gone. I afterwards learned the particulars of the interview. Beaumonaire's uncle, fearing his first letter might not reach his nephew, had despatched a second with the same startling contents. For a short while Arthur was nearly stunned. A little reflection soon reconciled him to the new state of the affair. He congratulated himself on his lucky escape. His pride was as haughty as his passions were violent; and utterly destitute of any true moral principle, he at once and forever gave up the idea of marriage, *but not of possession.* He could not conceive the possibility of a union so disgraceful—so contaminating to his pure and noble blood; but for a mistress—ah! *that* was a very different thing. What right had a slave to expect marriage? She should think it honor enough to win his notice on any terms. It was to explain this change he now met Leoline. His greeting of her was indicative of his new intentions. The old deference and respect were gone; it was eager, passionate, *masterly*, as though she had already ceded to him entire right over her person. Leoline felt this change—a dread foreboding filled her. She repulsed his caresses with impatient pride and demanded an explanation; "what had he to communicate?"

He told her in plain terms, and in conclusion said "You see, Leoline, I cannot *now* marry you, but my love is yours the same as ever. We will fly afar off and find us a sweet home where none will molest or question us. You shall share my wealth just as if you were my wife, and your freedom shall be secured to you."

This offer of freedom, this too evident desire to look on her as a slave, aroused the wrath of her nature. A storm of indignant refusal burst from her lips. She spurned the idea of sharing his riches on the terms proposed; she laughed to scorn the *freedom* he promised to secure her; she wanted no security from him. She asked him defiantly if he thought that man lived who would *dare* take from her, her freedom? Her taunts stirred him to angry replies. He resented what she said as the insolence of a slave, not as the righteous indignation of an equal being. He called on her to remember who she was and to whom she belonged; he asked her if she was aware that *he* was John Beaumonaire's heir-at-law and adopted son, and that as *his* agent, he had the legal right to put manacles on her wrists and take her to his

uncle's plantation, there to be dealt with as should seem fit? It would be well for her to keep in view this fact, and to conduct herself accordingly, with a more becoming modesty and obedience.

She would not—she *could* not hear him out. She felt it would drive her mad, *such* language addressed to her. The iron entered her soul; it drove thence every particle of the love, of the tenderness she had nurtured for her lover, and in its stead sprung up the bitterest and deadliest hatred.

During this time I was in the public room, I saw Beaumonaire enter about an hour after Leoline had left me to meet him. I saw from his clouded and anxious face that something had disturbed him. He eagerly watched the door. I thought to see her come in. I was just thinking of stepping out to hunt her, when mother Lucy called her name, as the next on the list, to go on the platform and exhibit her musical proficiency. I rose to make the apology for her non-appearance, when, to my great surprise, before I opened my lips, she glided in from the side door, guitar in hand, and took her place on the platform.

I observed her attentively. There was a strangeness in her aspect and manner that struck every beholder; it interested, yet chilled. She was white, entirely colorless, very calm and still, but the heaviest gloom seemed brooding over her; she did not once raise her eyes, but appeared preoccupied and absent, utterly unconscious of the publicity of her position, or the many admiring eyes fixed on her statue-like beauty. Her fingers for a brief instant wandered over the strings, and then from the portals of her pale lips went forth, not a song simply, but the saddest, wildest wail, that ever burst from despairing soul. The words I had often heard, but never knew their power, their deep and solemn mournfulness, until I heard them breathed out on the stream of that wild and mournful air. They are these; the author we never knew.

I.

When the night wind bewaileth the fall of the year,
And sweeps through the forest the leaves that are sear,
I wake from my slumbers, and list to the roar,
And it sayeth to my heart, No more, never more,
Never more! never more! never more!

II.

From memory's chambers the forms of the past,
The joys of my childhood, rush by with the blast,
And the lost one whose beauty I used to adore,
To my heart seems to murmur, No more, never more,
Never more! never more! never more!

III.

The trees of the forest shall blossom again,
The song bird shall warble its soul-thrilling strain,
But the heart Fate hath wasted, no spring can restore,
And its song shall be joyful, no more, never more,
Never more! never more! never more!

For one moment there was profound stillness over the house. The audience and teachers alike were spell-bound by the strangeness of the scene, the singular selection of song, and the powerfully effective manner of singing it. Leoline rose to leave, and now she was greeted with a thunderous sound of applause. Her attitude, as she stood for a moment before the spectators, was in keeping with the sadness of the song—her eyes still down-bent, her arms drooping. She appeared about to make an acknowledgment of the compliment paid her, but failed; her step was unsteady; she swayed, as though she would fall; there was a rush of girls to her assistance, they supported her from the room. One of the teachers came forward and regretted that the sudden illness of Miss Duland would cut short the exercises of the evening. As she spoke, some one touched my arm. It was Beaumonaire. He was evidently much and painfully excited; he said hurriedly in a whisper, "For God's sake go to her—she is angry with me—beg her to forgive me; tell her I love her more than my life—go and come quickly—I will await you by the door—go."

I obeyed him. I found her lying on the bed, listening to the half whispered words of a woman—a stranger to me. I afterward knew her to be Leoline's mother. I delivered her lover's message. She half rose up, and leaning on her elbow looked at me with eyes beaming, glowing with intense feeling, and said, "Go to him and tell him he may come and claim my body when it is lifeless—he may claim it by his legal right and take it to his slave plantation—*but not till then.* Tell him while there is one drop of warm blood in my veins, one pulsation in my heart, I defy him and dare him to touch me with his authority. Tell him I shall die as I have lived, *free*, FREE! and I ask no boon from him!" Much astonished, but not thinking it my business to inquire for explanations, I went down stairs and repeated word for word this vehement and indignant reply. It did not tend to calm his excitement. He implored for an interview with her—just *one* moment—he could steal softly up stairs, he said, and all could be arranged in a few moments. I refused absolutely thus to violate the proprieties of the school—I would not be accessory to such a proceeding. I advised him to wait patiently until morning, and either to see her or write to her. He was compelled to submit to my advice. I returned to Leoline's chamber; the woman met me at the door with her finger on her lips. She said my friend was trying to sleep, and did not wish to be disturbed; that she herself intended to remain with her during the night. When I turned from the door I little thought how long a parting it was destined to be, for when the morning came, the two were gone—the strange woman, whom none in the house knew, and Leoline, were flown, none knew whither. Search was made in every direction, but in vain. Beaumonaire was nearly frenzied with disappointment, grief and dismay. He gave no hint of the probable causes of her conduct, which to the school and neighborhood appeared unaccountable and most mysterious. That school and neighborhood never again heard of Leoline.

For the Una.

ARE MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD COMPARABLE?

The whole world, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, for once on the popular side of a question, insist that masculinity and femininity, or manhood and womanhood, may be properly compared with each other. The great public has declared that the mentality of manhood, is, essentially and inalienably, greater, braver, stronger, coarser, more logical, and more reflective than the mentality of womanhood. This is the masculine nature, its birthright, its peculiar legacy from the *Father.* It has affirmed, moreover, that the mentality of womanhood is finer, softer, smaller, more intuitive, and more susceptible than the mentality of manhood. This is the feminine nature, its birthright, its peculiar legacy from the same Father.

Now I protest unqualifiedly against all such comparisons; and insist that the mental characteristics of the two sexes cannot be compared in any such sense, or in any proper sense whatever. I can compare pale plue and dark blue; but I have no rhetoric which will enable me properly to compare blue and pink. I can compare a black object with one that is still blacker, and both again with a third which is the blackest of the three; but I cannot compare a black object with a white one, in respect to color. I can describe them both, and contrast them with each other; but I cannot say that one is white and the other whiter, or one black and the other blacker, simply because one is white and the other black, and that is the end of the matter.

When the public asserts that man is mentally greater than woman, I ask, Is the difference then wholly in the quantity, and if woman had more mind added to her, would it then be precisely identical with man's? The answer is, No; her mind is of a finer texture than his: the difference is in quality also; and a long list of specific differences is given as inherent in each, constituting the one masculine and the other feminine. Then I say, if they are unlike essentially, as you admit, what right have you to insist that man, to use a current phrase, "is the smartest?" Yet it is conceded almost universally that the aggregate of man's abilities is vastly superior to woman's. But if the difference is in quality, how can

you continually make it seem to exist in quantity? It would be stupid in making an estimate of the relative value of a piece of iron and a piece of gold, to be continually insisting that the iron was the largest and hardest; and then to so magnify and exalt those particular qualities of size and density, as to make them seem to absorb all others, leaving the impression in the mind that the piece of iron was infinitely more valuable than the gold.

Yet this is precisely the way in which the world has been taught to estimate the relative value of man and woman. One would suppose, since they are the two halves of a great whole, that if the Creator has not made poor humanity a most one-sided affair, the two sexes must be about equals in the aggregate of desirable qualities; equals they may be, and yet not identicals. Identicals they are not, as the great public admits; then in so far as they are unlike, they cannot be compared.

In the language of another, "You might as well discuss the question, Which is the largest, a steamboat or a railroad? Which is the longest, a day in June or a boa-constrictor? Which is the strongest, sugar or salt? Which is the sweetest, a fresh-blown rose or 'Bonnie Doon?'" This is the quotation to which my friend Mrs. Stanton has taken exception. When she can tell me which is the greatest, the Poet or the Logician? or which has the rarest genius, the Philosopher or the Musician? then will I attempt to tell her, *a la the great Public*, which is the wisest, greatest, best, etc., to the end of the chapter—man or woman?

Perhaps I should then be driven into the acceptance of the old fossil creed so carefully preserved in our midst, viz., that man is a whole head higher than woman in all the desirable classifications of mental wealth, and ought, therefore, to be reverently left pre-eminent in rights and position. Possibly, one might be flattered into adopting the more soothing hypothesis of the sexes accepted by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith and others, viz., that woman, through the superiority of sentiment, refinement, and moral principle, is highly superior to man—a kind of connecting link between men and angels; and yet destined to enter rejoicingly into her waiting heritage. At present, I hate all comparisons which can make either inferior or either superior. Till it is decided which can best be dispensed with in the world, it is safe to let that matter rest, and to allow them to stand together as equals, entitled to equal rights, equal freedom, equal good in all directions.

The poet and the logician are equals, and there is no conflict between the two because they are not also alike identicals. Society would lose much if the peculiar talents of either were to be suppressed. It would suffer infinitely more if it committed the injustice of taking any rights or privileges from the *poet* simply because he is a *poet* and not a *logician*. What can his peculiar characteristics have to do with the great inalienable natural rights which have their basis in his humanity, a humanity which he holds in common with all his fellows?

Precisely so it is with woman. Humanity is a most valuable heir-loom which she has inherited jointly with her brother. She is an equal partner with him, and has conferred upon her thereby, *all* the same rights, privileges, and prerogatives whatsoever. In this I agree most fully with Mrs. Stanton, and it would be impossible for her to go beyond me in the legitimate application of this admission. But I contend that the species, masculinity and femininity, are just as compatible with the genus humanity, as are the varieties, poet, philosopher, musician, logician, &c., yet that these two species are not sufficiently alike to be compared as to excellence or superiority.

Mrs. S. affirms that mind has no species, masculine or feminine—that these distinctions are wholly physical, or educational; yet she insists that the minds of the sexes, though exactly alike, may be compared. It must then be a most unique, *Stantian* mode of comparison, like the comparing of two peas or two white beans—both pairs being of precisely the same size, shape, color, taste, and substance. Her theory may be favorable to the comparing of individuals, but not of classes.

The question, at this stage of inquiry, cannot properly be, What *is* the difference between the two sexes? but, Is there any essential difference? There are many reasons, to be stated on a fitting occasion, in favor of such difference. There can be indeed no objection against giving a hypothesis of specific differences, provided it is regarded as merely hypothesis; since nature, at the present day, has no men and no women as standards, who have not been remoulded, almost recreated by custom.

But *why* does Mrs. Stanton deny all natural mental differences? Will she tell us? It is conceded that "man eats and drinks and sleeps, and so does woman." Her analogy of the sexes is admitted throughout, even to the affirmation that in her school-girl days "there was no feminine way of extracting the cube root of x, y and z, and no masculine way of going through with all the moods and tenses of the verbs Amo and Tupto." But will Mrs. Stanton say that in those days the girls were just as willing to fail in extracting the cube root of x, y and z, when reciting with a class of boys, as when in a class with girls alone? Does she affirm that the boys then found it easy to commit by *heart, all* the moods and tenses of the verb Amo, in their associations with boys alone? If so, I can only say that the girls and boys of Eastern N Y. must have been of a different *variety* at least, from those of Western N. Y.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN.

New York, May 24th, 1855.

[From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.]

MY NAME.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

"After you have taken your new name among the Angels."

In the land where I am going
When my earthly life is o'er—
Where the tired hands cease their striving,
And the tried heart aches no more—
In that land of light and beauty,
Where no shadow ever came
To o'ercloud the perfect glory—
What shall be my Angel name?

When the spirits who await me,
Meet me at my entering in,
With what name of love and music
Will their welcoming begin?
Not the one so dimmed with earth-stains,
Linked with thoughts of grief and blame—
No—the name which mortals give me
Will not be my Angel name!

I have heard it all too often,
Uttered by unloving lips;
Earthly care, and sin, and sorrow,
Dim it with their deep eclipse.
I shall change it, like a garment,
When I leave this mortal frame,
And at life's immortal baptism
I shall have another name.

For the Angels will not call me
By the name I bear on earth;
They will speak a holier language,
Where I have my holier birth,
Syllabled in heavenly music—
Sweeter far than earth may claim—
Very gentle, pure and tender—
Such will be my Angel name!

It has thrilled my spirit often,
In the holiest of my dreams;
But its beauty lingers with me,
Only like the morning beams.
Weary of the jarring discord
Which the lips of mortals frame,
When shall I with joy and rapture
Answer to my Angel name?

[Here is a copy of some beautiful poetry that I came across. I do not know who is the author, but I think it very appropriate for "The Una," and should be glad if each and every reader of it would consider it addressed to herself.—M. S. B.]

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold,—
'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty; not when all unrolled,
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfume throughout the amblent air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake, ere earth-born charms unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed:
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined;
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

The Una.

BOSTON, AUGUST 15, 1855.

EDITORS,
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WEST POINT AND NORMAL SCHOOLS.

'T was a woman at first,
(Indeed she was cursed,)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree,
That Laws should decree
To the first possessors the right.

Then bravely fair dame,
Resume your old claim
Which to your whole sex does belong,
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

POPE.

While listening last year to a discussion in the House of Representatives on the appropriation of twenty thousand dollars for a "cavalry exercise hall" at West Point Military Academy, we were forcibly reminded of Madame Campan's question put to Napoleon. "Sire, what does France need to make her great?" "A nation of mothers, madame," was the inspired reply. The terse sentence contains all the philosophy of reform. Make a nation of noble mothers, and you will have wise men.

But from the urgency with which this additional supply to that institution was pressed, we could not but think that were a like question put to our grave law-makers and rulers, the answer would be very different, and that they would say, to make our nation truly great, we must have soldiers and officers educated in the highest manner.

Mr. Benton opposed the appropriation, arguing that such exercises should be taken in the open air; that neither cold nor heat, wind nor storm may be heeded when called to actual service, and therefore while acquiring their education they should be also inuring themselves to the life they have chosen.

The bill, however, passed, and the hall is, we presume, ere this completed.

We were unable to learn what was the exact sum first appropriated by Government to establish this institution, but suppose it to have been liberal, from the continued bounties to it. The financial reports furnish a continuous history of the amounts given to sustain it, a few of which we give for a special purpose.

From Jan. 1st to Sept. 30th, 1822,	$9,853.83
" " " 1824,	11,187.62
Second appropriation of same year,	9,892.31
1825,	15,438.39
" " "	9,066.40
1826,	15,763.56
Again in "	9,853.83

These sums are gradually increased year by year, till in 1837, we find a list of items specified, viz.: Pay to officers and cadets; to musicians; for subsistence of officers and cadets; forage for officers' horses; clothing for officers' servants, &c., making a long list, amounting in the aggregate to $102,253.11.

In 1839, the amount is			$100,471.00
1840,	"	"	118,416 39
1841,	"	"	98,779.34

The cadets receive now about $33 per month during the four years of their study; formerly it was $25 per month. They receive 20 cents mileage if they leave by request of parents on furlough, or when they return home at the close of their studies. They are also furnished with their uniform, all books, drawing materials, philosophical apparatus, &c. Having no expenses and good pay, they may leave the academy with a little fortune if they choose. They must on entering the institution be able to read and write, to understand the four ground rules of arithmetic, and even go as far as decimal fractions; must be afflicted with no disease or physical infirmity. They are not allowed to smoke, drink wine or distilled liquor, play cards, cook or give entertainments in their rooms. The classes are divided and subdivided, and over each is placed a superintendent who is always on duty to prevent any outbreak of nature.

The discipline may be considered as severe, but the physical and mental training are unexceptionable, and the system pursued to secure good morals is in exact accordance with the doctrines and practices of church and State. If there is no provision for the cadets to have opinions of their own, exercise of their own taste, judgment, or discretion, it is not surprising. Nor is it in the least reprehensible, for they are in that plane of life where they must be governed, not self-governed.

Taking into consideration the excellent training, the care of morals, and the bonus from government for the education given, it is not wonderful, anti-republic as the institution is, that parents should wish to enter their sons there; being only bound to the army for a limited time, and if disposed to leave it, most thoroughly qualified for other professions, such as engineering, surveying, &c.; having open before them a field for all their activities, a profession in which their highest ambition may find gratification, a certainty of emolument, something more than a mere living, it is not surprising that young men should submit to be governed, and even have a love for this academy.

They know that the officer who does his duty, who is even measurably successful, may aspire, and with reasonable expectation, to the reward of the highest civil office of his country.

While war is a common event, a sort of pastime for rulers, a depleting system when they imagine there is danger of plethora, it is just and right, as well as politic, to educate men scientifically, artistically to do the wholesale work of homicide. Cadets should never appear on parade except in white gloves, and with the requisite number of buttons; and no one can fail, we think, to admire the generous appropriations of government to accomplish the officers of the army.

It is not only generous but sagacious in its system of rewards to graduates. There is a bold stroke of worldly wisdom in the building up in the heart of a republic an aristocracy to control at every point. And women are not slow to follow in the wake, to award to the incipient officers all honor, to smile upon the new fledglings, and flatter them with the title of protectors. The feeling seems almost a native instinct, so closely is it interwoven with their sense of graceful, helpless dependence; they promise their smile to the victors, and the name of the warrior and conqueror is more frequently on their lips than that of Jesus of Nazereth. The same spirit which led the scribes in the iron age to suppress the words "Jesus wept," still reigns, and that divine compassion which called forth those tears, is still unappreciated; war is still the field of glory; were it not, we might hope that they would be roused to protest and petition against the taxes wormed out of them for the support of this institution.

If the tax gatherer's call were regularly made at our doors, and a demand ever so small, for a direct tax for West Point Military Academy, there is no doubt that many would protest against the unjustice, not only of our own sex, but of the opposite also. Still the tax is not the less certainly paid, that it is done by duties imposed upon our table luxuries, furniture, carriage-trimmings, railroad iron, our little mits, pretty gloves, and French slippers,—(and what lady can do without them?)—laces, shawls, veils, feathers, flowers, bonnets, caps, floor-mattings, carpets, blankets, spices of all kinds, indigo, pins, needles, buttons, &c., &c. Were it only our silks, tea and coffee, the harbors of our cities might again be filled with goods on which there was a tax without representation; but alas! the evil things, like the frogs of Egypt, are in our bed-chambers, our

larders and wardrobes, our galleries of art, our laboratories, libraries and studios, mechanics' shops and gardens.

There is open to women two courses: one, to adopt the broad principle of free trade, and as far as that is concerned, work with those who have become sufficiently enlightened to accept this as the ultimate of higher civilization; or they must at once demand representation, for not one, however humble, escapes taxation. The woman who goes out to her day's work of washing, and carries home her slender purchases, has contributed her mite to the revenue.

It is often said that one half the world do not know how the other half live; and in some instances there are very good reasons for the ignorance. It is so in relation to West Point. Only men, political men, are fully aware of the enormous expense it is to the government, and very little is known as to its internal management, for all "publications relative to the Military Academy, or to the transactions at the Military Academy, are strictly prohibited," and this on pain of being dismissed the United States service. We quote from the book of rules, but as we have no place in particular, and cannot of course be harmed, we may tell all we can learn by studying musty old reports, and putting together items scattered through years, for we have a motive in so doing.

In the United States there are about one hundred and twenty literary colleges, forty-two theological schools, forty-seven law schools and nearly fifty medical colleges. Of these two hundred and fifty institutions of learning in its higher grades, supported both by private munificence and State governments, for education is a public duty, not above half a dozen admit women.

In all America there are nine normal schools. In the United States seven, in Canada two. In these schools, designed exclusively for teachers, women have equal rights, and one or two of them are for young ladies only.

The applicant to enter these schools must be sixteen years of age; must make an explicit declaration that it is her purpose to become a teacher. She must produce a certificate of "GOOD PHYSICAL, INTELLECTUAL and MORAL CHARACTER." She must pass an examination in the same branches as the student at West Point; must pledge herself to remain four consecutive terms, one year, while he has four years. The report says, "The State Normal schools of Massachusetts, of which there are three, are designed for those *only* who purpose to teach, and the course of instruction is adapted to that object.

After fifteen years of constant appeals to the people and legislature, Mr. James G. Carter, who originated the movement, had the satisfaction of seeing his wish realized. Private munificence had placed at his disposal ten thousand dollars, on condition that the legislature would place in the hands of the Board of Education an equal sum. By two brief resolves this was done, and with this magnificent sum the trustees resolved to establish three schools to fit teachers for their work. In this arrangement nothing was done for the composite woman who might wish to pursue a profession other than teaching, while she should also marry, guide the house, and take care of children. Such a one is just where she was before, she must get her education at a heavy expense at private boarding schools.

The Normal School located at Lexington, 1839, soon outgrew its accommodations. This school is for young ladies exclusively. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, then purchased and presented to it a building, formerly used as a private academy in West Newton. Here it grew and flourished, limited as were its means, meagre as was its library; its philosophical apparatus, so incomplete that not one full experiment could be made; wholly destitute of a chemical laboratory, or an astronomical apparatus of any worth. Such was the desire for education that it was always crowded till it again had to go forth a positive beggar, asking through the State where they would give the most to have it located. Framingham, an obscure town, offered the best accommodations, and there for the present it is.

Connecticut has a normal school at New Britain. "The sum appropriated for this school is derived, not from the income of the school fund or any of the ordinary resources of the treasury, but from a bonus of ten thousand dollars, paid by the State Bank at Hartford, and of one thousand, paid by the Deep River Bank, for their respective charters."

It was located in New Britain in consideration of that town offering the immense sum of sixteen thousand dollars worth of property in buildings, apparatus, library, &c., two-thirds as much as the young gentlemen's "cavalry exercise hall" at West Point cost.

During the last session of the Legislature in Massachusetts a small sum was appropriated to the normal school at Framingham, available to pupils living in the immediate vicinity of the school. They also granted a small sum, amounting to about forty dollars, to each medical student in the school located in Boston.

One of our exchanges says that "It costs more to educate girls than boys, and that they are better educated, that there is more general intelligence among them." The object of this statement was evidently to mislead, unless the author will admit that women have a superior order of intellect which seizes upon and appropriates knowledge with a readiness that man never can. For the favored few who can go to fashionable boarding schools money enough is expended from the purse of fathers or brothers, but these form no part of the general rule—and so we dismiss them without examination of the merits of the schools or the attainments made in them.

If madness is a fixed idea, there is no wonder that statistics show so large a proportion of the inmates of insane asylums to be women. The unrestful, unoccupied powers concentrate themselves upon one given course of action, and monomania follows. All the incapacity ever manifested by women is chargeable to the monstrous wrongs that have warped them into weakness of feeling, undirected and unguarded by mental discipline. A proper distribution of sensibility and of action is the necessity for health of body and mind; harmony and balance are the conditions of beauty, truth and energy; and it is simply *selfish savageism* that withholds these conditions, and compels one half the human family to feed intellectually on the crumbs thrown from the over-full master's hand; and we will not cease our demand for the largest educational provisions, even though we should be called a monomaniac for our persistence. We will be heard, for our importunity, if not for the justice of our cause.

Do n't get irate, says our better genius, alone in the sanctity of the sanctum. Not at all; we know how to take care of the proprieties; should we dip our pen in gall and wormwood, we will keep the heart full of the milk of human kindness. In girlhood there were wild storms that shook the soul when told that studies we desired to pursue were not proper or needful to us on account of our sex; then the teachings of Him who was meek and lowly, who took upon himself a human form, "and is touched with all the feelings of our infirmities," came to the struggling soul with a healing balm, subduing the pride and ambition of the natural heart and winning its love; for then we learned that the gentle woman nature of Jesus was in sympathy with oppressed womanhood, and that under his mild reign she should work out her redemption, fulfilling the object of her creation. Let us hope and work in faith, for the day dawneth.

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From a French paper we translate the following: "At Balaklava every day the bands of the garrison give concerts in the square. The birds, who know very well the hour when these musical soirees in the open air commence, assemble in innumerable multitudes upon the trees and roofs of houses. The first piece is heard in profound silence; but the moment the second piece begins, the winged songsters join in and make such a hubbub, that a flute or oboe solo can scarcely be heard twenty feet off."

PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

The Woman's Rights Convention, held at Worcester in October, 1850, resolved "that the laws of property, as affecting married parties, demand a thorough revisal, so that all rights may be equal between them; — that the wife may have, during life, an equal control over the property gained by their mutual toils and sacrifices, be heir to her husband precisely to the extent that he is heir to her, and entitled at her death, to dispose by will of the same share of the joint property as he is."

The convention held the next year at the same place, demanded for married women, "That since the economy of the household is generally as much the source of family wealth as the labor and enterprise of man, therefore, the wife should, during life, have the same control over the joint earnings as her husband, and the right to dispose at her death of the same proportion of it as he."

I do not know that the doctrine of the party concerning married women's rights in, and control of, their property held in their separate right, or acquired by joint industry with their husbands, is anywhere formally and authoritatively stated — that is, I am not aware that the required laws have been digested and codified, but I infer from the general drift and tenor of the movement that a property partnership, such as equity establishes between strangers in the ordinary pursuits of business, is intended. The advocates of reform usually charge injustice and oppression against the common law, doctrine, and prevalent usages, of the English and American States in this matter; and the tendency of legislation in several of the States of this Union indicates the same sentiment and purpose. The new statutes generally reform the old law so far as to relieve the real estate of the wife, held in her own right, from the husband's tenancy, by the courtesy, as it is technically described, that is, his life estate in it. And her personal property is absolutely exempted from his claims, and from his debts; and she is empowered to devise whatsoever she thus holds as freely as if she were unmarried. I know of no attempt to give her legal control of a moiety, or any other proportion, of the joint gains of their mutual industry, or to sever the special products of her own industry during marriage from the common stock, and invest her with the absolute control of such acquisitions.

I would be glad to see the policy proposed, drawn out in detail, and the method of realizing and enforcing it distinctly exhibited, and I think that the advocates of such a change ought to codify their doctrine, that it might be seen and judged in its entireness, and its practicability be thus exposed to examination. Criticism of a new system of civil or social law is not fairly possible till it is fully displayed in the forms through which it must become operative, and there is hardly any criticism so good as such development of the scheme would of itself furnish.

The thing intended, or something like it, is not new in history. In other countries and in other times nuptial partnerships in property have existed, and still exist; but this is not sufficient for our purposes; it does not teach us how it may be incorporated into *our* system of life, or assure us concerning its necessary results as a substitute for our own established customs.

The Roman law, under Justinian (A. D., 527 to 565) went something farther than has been attempted elsewhere. The wife could bind herself by her contracts without charging her husband; she could sue and be sued without him. They could sue each other, and in respect to property, were considered as distinct persons. All the wife's property was secured to her and protected against the debts of her husband.

In Holland the goods of both parties are brought into community at marriage; all property subsequently acquired, is held in the same way, and is liable for the debts of both parties. At the death of either party, one-half goes to the survivor and the other half to the representatives of the deceased.

In Spain, community, or partnership, in the gains arising during coverture, exists; and Louisiana derived her law from that of Spain, of which she was a province at the time of settlement. All the property left at the death of either party is presumed to constitute the community of gains, and this presumption stands good until it is overturned by proof to the contrary. But the parties may modify or limit this partnership, or agree that it shall not exist. They may regulate their matrimonial agreements as they please, provided the regulations be not contrary to certain necessary limitations. Here there is partnership with absolute liberty as to its forms and conditions.

The "Code Napoleon," of France, is substantially the same.

I cannot now definitely and comprehensively show all the effective features of these several systems, which I designate as nuptial partnerships, for the reason that they necessarily give rise to endless complications. So extensive is this branch of the Roman law, that Dr. Taylor devotes one-sixth part of his "Elements of the Civil Law" to the article, marriage. The same article occupies six volumes of the thirty-one which Pothier devotes to the municipal law of France. I mention this to hint the involvements which the system occasions wherever it is introduced. Whether the resulting effects upon the characters and conditions of the women of Rome, France, Spain, Holland, and Louisiana, as compared with those whose property rights are regulated by the common law of England and the United States, will sustain the hopes entertained from the establishment of partnership in business and pecuniary independence of married women, I do not undertake to decide. Nor would I infer anything against the system, even if the women of Old and New England appeared ever so much in advance of their freer sisters in France and Spain. For there may be less proper force in pecuniary conditions to determine the character and destiny of women than the argument usually supposes, and neither the one system nor the other may be responsible for the results which we witness.

The *legal* effects of marriage in England and the United States, are deducible from the principle of the common law, by which the husband and wife are regarded as one person, and her legal existence is in a degree lost or suspended, during the continuance of the matrimonial union. With respect to her property, the general rule is that the husband becomes entitled, upon marriage, to all the goods and chattels of the wife, and to the rents and profits of her lands; and another and consistent consequence of the legal unity is, that he becomes liable to pay her debts, and perform her contracts.

This is very different in principle and in operation from the absolute severance of nuptial interests under the Roman law, and the partnership system of France, Spain, Holland and Louisiana. (The marriage laws of Spain and Louisiana, indeed, resemble those of Rome, in the fact that they secure to the wife all her property, while in the matter of partnership in acquisitions made after marriage, they more nearly correspond to the system of France.)

The common complaint against the system which declares "husband and wife one person, and that one the husband," is not difficult to make, or to justify, both as to its actual abuses and its liability to such abuses. Yet there seems to be a truth at the bottom of the main principle, out of which the system arises. Husband and wife are one, if they are in any proper sense of the words husband and wife; and to this fountain truth all the incidents of the relation should conform.

Is it capable of adjustment to the wants and destiny of the dual unit? Or, must it be utterly forgone, abandoned, denied and denounced, to make room for that other fundamental principle — the absolutely distinct individualism of the parties to the contract, on which alone partnership in business can be logically built?

A month or a year might be occupied with the display of the evils inflicted upon the wife, under cover of the common law. Enormities which make the blood run cold at the recital,

are justly laid at the door of the system. The civilized world groans with the afflictions of the sex which this law is powerless to redress — nay, which it sanctions by refusing to redress, and even sometimes directly, and by its own act, inflicts.

But still the question recurs, Must its fundamental principle — that greatest of truths and most noble of facts, give place to its antagonist principle, which cannot also be truth to any intent or issue?

The distinct and independent individualism of the parties assumed by the doctrine of partnership, to say nothing of the trade hostility involved in the marriage relation of the Roman law, is a monstrous falsehood, when carried back into the transcendental philosophy of the subject; and it is not therefore certain that it belongs to the harmony of things, or can lead to results corrective of the abuses and evils of the system which it is designed to replace. Two things very unlike each other, and very much opposed to each other — may both be false and mischievous. In fundamental principle the common law is a God's truth, and the partnership principle is a devil's lie. The man and the woman are one person, or they are not married. Their union is brutal, not human or divine, if their interests are not one and the same.

Now, can the common law principle be brought out symmetrically in accordance with its own primary truth? Let us see what the reasoning of that same common law is. I quote the language of the books, which is both so old and so common, that its author cannot be found — so general, that, like the maxims of common life, it cannot be traced to any first announcement, or appropriated to any authority: —

"If an estate in land be given to husband and wife, or a joint purchase be made by them during coverture, they are not properly joint tenants, nor tenants in common, for they are but one person in law, and cannot take by moieties. They are *both* seized of the entirety, and neither can sell without the consent of the other; and the survivor takes *the whole*." There, I take it, is the solution of the whole difficulty worked out to our hands, ready for use, and of authority well established in the usages of the Anglo-American people. *Most* of the States in the Union have, by statute, abolished joint tenancies as they exist between strangers, but this touches not that peculiar identity of tenancy which arises out of the great truth at the bottom of the common law doctrine of the nuptial relations.

This species of tenancy has applied hitherto only to real estate, but it is as easily applicable to personal property; and then what have we? why, instead of a miserable partnership in proportion to capital invested, and a divorce of the capital itself on the termination of the nuptial union by death, we have the survivor taking the whole. This is the equality of a true unity. The other plan is a contract for a term of years, with a difference as wide as the great gulf between the parties.

The whole complaint then against the grand principle of the common law is, that it is the divine notion of the subject, and only mischievous in its operation, because of the incapacity of the subjects — one or both.

Divorce is a remedy for the evils of an ill-assorted marriage — separation, and a separate maintenance for irreconcilable discords, just as death cures a cancer, or brandy relieves the tooth-ache. These are allowable where and when nothing else will answer, and the divorce of pecuniary interests proposed may serve in this character; but let it not indecently offer itself as a logical incident of marriage. Administer the drug, and apply the knife to the sick and the mortifying members, but in the name of grace and beauty, talk not of it as a philosophy of life, or as a natural and wholesome truth.

To my apprehension, the policy of separate property and independent pecuniary interests is a counter-march, I was going to say, into barbarism, but I am not sure that the absolute chattel slavery of women in the savage ages would be justly treated by the allusion. The Turk can, with some sort of face say, "my wife," though it does mean principal servant, but he is not obliged to say "my *opposite* neighbor, engaged in the same business with me"; and I will not settle the difference, because I do not know which way it falls.

But I will admit, that an accursed marriage may bear this sort of tinkering; and a miserable, imbecile woman, who married on speculation, or for a home, or a master, may sue for her wages, and if she is *that* sort of a wife, she ought to have them. And, as wives are, I would in the legislature, if I were a member, very earnestly vote for such a law, just for the use of those wretches who need it, in the certainty that no decently married pair would be injured by it; but, to avoid the charge of profanity, I would record my protest against the principle as applied to human beings of the full stature of man and woman.

If you know any gentleman who wishes to make the law of any State in this Union conform to the principle of his marriage, tell him to take his title deeds to himself and *his wife*, and their heirs, to subscribe for stocks in their joint names, and draw up a statement, that all the personal property in his possession, of every kind, was purchased with their joint funds, and belongs to them jointly, and the survivor will take the whole; unless, indeed, the wife has property in her own right, and then he and she must either sell and convert it into other property taken jointly; or if it be real estate, let them convey it in a perpetual ground rent, reserving the rent to themselves and their heirs for ever, and the matter is settled. I mention this plan only to show that the unity and identity which the common law builds itself upon, is really respected to its ultimate issues by that same common law, and that, in its proper entireness, it is the truth, and that the partnership plan or the independent severance policy is — a rag that will do to patch a sore with.

A. MANN.

The Last Incarnation.

FIFTH LEGEND.

THE CHILDREN OF SOLOMON.

After that, the Christ took the dress and the figure of a workman, and, carrying his tools on his back and a long cane in his hand, he journeyed.

Now, two workmen, of those who are called Companions of the Devoir,* were travelling in the same direction. They came near him, and made to him the signs of fraternity, to which Jesus replied only by the sign of the cross. The companions began to laugh and to mock at him; they even prepared to maltreat him, and they asked him in a threatening tone, what he meant by what he had just done.

Jesus answered them: "You made to me the sign of the children of Solomon, and I reply to you by the sign of Him who was greater than Solomon. The cross is the square, multiplied and rendered universal. It is the symbol of equality before God, and of the fraternity of all. Solomon built only a temple of stone, and the Christ constructed universal society, that living temple which cements fraternity.

"Why do you ask me to what devoir (duty) I belong? There is but one duty for all the children of the Father: it is to assist each other mutually, and to love each other, as the Father who is in heaven watches over them all and loves them."

The workmen replied: "We do not like the sign of the cross, and no longer believe in the virtue which was formerly attributed to it; for bad priests have made of it their sign, and have abused it, while they taught superstition and falsehood."

Jesus said to them: "If brigands, while endeavoring to kill you, should pronounce the name of your mother, would that be a reason for no longer loving your mother? The priests and the pharisees used the cross to put the Christ to death, and their successors have wished still to use it for the execution of the people whom the Christ came to save. But the Christ, in triumphing over the world by

*For an explanation of this Legend, see "The Journeyman Joiner."

the cross, made the very instrument of his execution a sign of deliverance and salvation; and that sign should cause bad priests and bad kings to tremble; for it is the sign of rallying for those whom the glorious death of the Christ, their brother, has rendered free.

Brothers, do not renounce the cross; for it is by it that you will be strong, and that you will conquer."

"Do you then despise the square of Solomon?" asked the companions of the devoir.

"The square of Solomon is the symbol of a relative equality, and its branches embrace only one side of the humanitary edifice; unite two squares together, so that one may open its branches to the side of the east and the other to the side of the west, and you will therewith form a cross."

The two companions who were men of sense, admired Jesus in their hearts, saying to him: "We like to hear you. You are wiser than we, and you must teach us."

Jesus asked them: "What is your religion?"

"My parents were protestants," said the first.

"Mine were catholics," said the other; but I never go to church."

"Do you know what the words, Catholic Church, mean?" asked the Christ. And as they were embarrassed for an answer, he added: "They mean universal association. This is what the Christ intended to introduce upon the earth, and the hierarchical society of the priests was only an imperfect model of the true universal Church. The error of the priests has been in wishing to render immutable and eternal that which was only transitory. They have built for themselves alone, a house according to the plans of the Christian architecture, and they have not reflected that the Church should be the house of the whole of humanity. This is why their house will be left to them, and they will die in it alone and deserted, while humanity will construct the great universal temple, of which Solomon's was formerly the first figure.

"The priests, in the primitive Church, were only the wise men and the elders to whom the people confided the presidency of their assemblages. Are there no wise men among you? and is there any necessity for you to seek the fathers of the people out of the ranks of the people?

"Reflect that the ministry of mediation between God and man is the work of the most perfect devotedness. If there be among you a man who loves truth more than life, and his brothers more than himself, that man is worthy to preside over you; and it is he who should explain to you the things that are of God.

"For he knows enough about religion, who knows how to love good and truth above all things, and his neighbor more than himself. Religion was not given for the priests, but for the people; and the people are not the servants of the priests, but, on the contrary, it is the priests who should be the servants of the people."

Then the companions replied to Jesus: "Your words please us, however new and singular they may be; but we no longer wish to have priests among us: for their very name excites in us abhorrence and disgust."

Jesus said to them: "Those whom you hate on account of their name call themselves priests and are so no longer, for they have been punished wherein they have sinned. They wished to conceal the spirit of wisdom contained in the symbols of the doctrine, and the spirit of wisdom has departed from them. They wished to keep the people in ignorance and superstition, and now they are themselves more ignorant and more superstitious than the lowest among the people. They have renounced loving and being loved in order to make themselves feared, and now they are no longer feared and they are not loved.

"Remember what the Christ said when speaking of the doctors of the ancient synagogue: 'The pharisees sit in Moses' seat, do therefore what they teach you, but do not imitate their works; for they say and do not.'"

One of the workmen then said: "Why need we go and hear hypocrites and liars? we much prefer to be taught by those who believe what they say, and who practise what they teach."

Then Jesus: "That is a good thought, but know that the first Christians continued to respect the old temple, even while working for the construction of the new Church. This is why I say to you: do not hate the pharisees and the doctors of the catholic church; leave them to their impotence; they can no longer do you either good or harm, because they have no longer either intelligence or love.

"This is why I say to you still further: build up the new society, the great universal association, the communion of all with all, and of all with each. Let those among you who have intelligence and devotedness be the fathers and the elders, to teach, to direct, and to console; and you will thus institute a new priesthood.

"It is not years which make a man old in wisdom, it is thoughts and works. And he who has thought most wisely and acted most justly, he has lived the longest. Be therefore young men when action is required, and old men when advice is needed."

After these words, Jesus said no more and continued walking with them. Now, the two companions also kept a profound silence and asked themselves: "Whence has this man so much knowledge and wisdom? For he speaks to us with authority, and seems so certain of what he says that we are compelled to believe him."

Then two other journeymen belonging to another profession, came by the same road and were about to pass the three travellers. Those who walked with Jesus said to him: "We shall be obliged to fight; they are but two and we are three, but you were not with us and you can stand aside."

Jesus said to them: "Why should you fight? Are those men enemies or malefactors? It seems to me that they are honest workmen like yourselves. What! because they are of one trade and you of another, must you rend each other like furious beasts!

"If the carpenter exterminates the stone cutter, how can he himself live? Does not the carpenter's work support and strengthen the stones of a building? If he who makes garments triumphs over him who makes shoes, how shall he be shod? and if it is the shoemaker who kills the tailor, how shall he be clothed?

"You have all need, each of the other; and you hate each other only because you are members of separate societies; unite your societies into a single one, instead of fighting, and cause universal union to take the place of separate associations."

As Jesus was still speaking, the two new comers drew near, but they were not willing to listen any longer, and raised their sticks to commence the attack. Then the two companions of the Christ stood on their defence, but Jesus, placing himself between them, stretched out his arms and said to them; "You shall not fight, or you must strike me: for you are brothers; and if I cannot prevent you from doing harm, I prefer to be your victim rather than your accomplice."

"Stand aside! stand aside!" cried the four journeymen, brandishing their canes; and as he did not stand aside, they struck, and the blood flowed down the face of the Christ.

At this sight a sudden stupor paralyzed the arms of the combatants; the head of the wounded man seemed to be surrounded by a glory, he cast upon them a sad glance which penetrated to their very heart, and said, as he took his blood in his hands and showed it to them: "How many times then shall I be obliged to die for you?"

Then under the fresh blood which they had caused to flow, the journeymen recognized the ancient cicatrices, and the Christ, being transfigured before their eyes, appeared to them under the lamentable form of the Ecce Homo.

They fell upon their knees; and the Christ, raising his eyes towards Heaven, repeated once again his sublime prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Then he took their hands and joined them together, saying to them : "Instead of being two on one side and two on the other, be four together: you will be four times as strong! Meditate well upon this saying, and if you are intelligent, understand it." Then, having blessed them, he disappeared from their eyes.

Then the four journeymen swore not to separate before they had laid the foundations of universal union. And they promised to help each other until death, consecrating their entire life to form a union between the children of Solomon, of Hiram and of the other ancient architects of the temple, in order to induce them to work all together for universal association, and for the ultimate formation of the great family of the children of the Christ.

GLEANINGS.

The musician, ever shrouded in himself, must cultivate his inmost being, so that he may turn it outward. The sense of the eye he may not flatter. The eye easily corrupts the judgment of the ear, and allures the spirit from the inward to the outward. Plastic artists should dwell like kings and gods; how else are they to build and decorate for kings and gods? They must at last so raise themselves above the common, that the whole mass of a people may feel itself ennobled in and by their works. GOETHE.

"Not merely to know, but to act according to thy knowledge, is thy destination." So says the voice which cries to me aloud from my innermost soul, so soon as I collect and give heed to myself for a moment. Not idly to inspect and contemplate thyself, nor brood devout sensations. No! thou existest to act. Thine act, and only thine, determines thy worth.

All death in Nature is birth; and precisely in dying, the sublimation of life appears most conspicuous. There is no death-bringing principle in Nature, for Nature is only life throughout. Not death kills, but only the more living life which is hidden behind the old, begins and unfolds itself. Death and birth are only the struggle of life with itself, to manifest itself in ever more transfigured form more like itself. FICHTE.

One need not become an obscene drunkard in order to make manifest his baptism into evil.

Professor Agassiz is about to publish the results of his investigations in the natural history of this country. He has been many years engaged in its preparations. It will be issued in ten large volumes, at a cost of twelve dollars per volume. Each volume is complete in itself.

WOMAN IN EUROPE. — A Missouri lady, travelling in Europe, thus writes concerning the condition of women of the poorer classes in the country: — "In France, Switzerland, and Austria, I have seen the fields covered with women plowing, getting out or spreading manure, digging or ditching, working on railroads, and carrying loads of dirt or manure on their heads in bags or baskets. They are so sun-burnt as often to be blacker than many colored persons, wrinkled and sad-looking, as if they had grown old before their time, and had never a happy feeling. The miserable hovels are usually surrounded with mud and filth, with a gig or a cow before the door, the barn and dwelling-house are mostly together, scarcely a slight partition dividing them. — When the poor women have finished their hard day's work (and this I observed was prolonged till dark) they pick up their children and go to their comfortless homes. These people do not own the land they work upon, and may be turned away when a new master comes In witnessing the poverty and wretchedness of these lands, I think of our own country, and the many comforts enjoyed by all. Even the poorest are not as miserable as they might be. — *Virginia Advocate.*

All but the slaves are less miserable than they might be; our Virginia friend did not think of them, nor did the writer consider that families there were not sold apart.—[ED. UNA.

SEWING.

Most of the finger-works, whereby the female quicksilver is made stationary, bring with them their mischief — the mind remaining idle, either grows rusty with dulness or is given over to the circling maze of fancy, where wave succeeds wave. Sewing and knitting-needles for instance, keep open the wounds of disappointed love longer than all the romances in the world; they are thorns which prick through the drooping roses. But give the young girl an occupation, as young men generally have, that which shall require a new thought every minute, and the old one cannot be continually raying up and glaring before her. Especially, change of employment contributes to heal woman's heart; constant progress in some one thing, man's.

RICHTER.

Miranda Root has been appointed Deputy Collector and Inspector at Schlosser, N. Y., with a salary of $540. Mrs. or Miss?

The Collector in Chief, no doubt, has a salary of $2000, or perhaps $3000. Hope Miss Root will refuse to do more than her third of the actual labor.

How should it be otherwise? I can bear a melancholy man, but never a melancholy child. Into whatever quagmire the former sinks, he may raise his eyes, either to the realm of reason, or to that of hope; but the little child sinks and perishes in the single black poison-drop of the present time. Only imagine a child conducted to the scaffold. — Cupid in a German coffin. Or fancy a butterfly crawling like a catterpillar, with his four wings pulled off, and you will feel what I mean. RICHTER.

The slightest discord, provoked by one spirit, is a source of pain for all.

Happiness is the harmony of spiritual existences.

Pain is discord.

Evil is ignorance, producing discord.

Good is knowledge, ensuring harmony.

The ascent from ignorance to knowledge, is the external progress of spirits.

Thus perfect knowledge, producing perfect happiness, is infinitessimally approached, but can never be attained absolutely, because the infinite is in its nature an inexhaustible study. Thus all spirits are eternal students of an infinite science. NORTH.

WHO WROTE IT?

ELEGIAC SONNET

On the death at Paris, France, March 6, 1845, of a young and gifted Artist from Boston, MISS JANE M. CLARK, *a native of Concord, N. H.*

Lovely and lov'd! could aught of human clay
Be sacred from the cruel spoiler's power,
By virtue of the richest, rarest dower
Of graces, in their loveliest array—
With purity translucent as the day,
To thee had never come the fatal hour
Of death's eclipse. From beauty's fairest bower
A seraph had, *translated,* passed away!

But thou art gone!—how sad on many a heart
Strikes the deep blow, that tells of genius fled,
And youth and beauty summon'd to the skies;
"'Tis the survivors die when such friends part."—
They and not *thou* abide the truly dead,
Till quicken'd by the Power that bade them rise.

G. K.

BANGOR, ME., *March* 31, 1855.

OUR SCRAP BAG.

"RATHER SPICY.—A lady of San Francisco, being invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, furnished this. It is spicy enough to flavor half a dozen anniversary dinners:—'The pilgrim fathers, forsooth! What had they to endure in comparison with the pilgrim mothers? It is true they had hunger and cold, and sickness and danger—foes without and within. But the unfortunate pilgrim mothers, they had not only these to endure, but they had the pilgrim fathers also, and yet their names are never mentioned. Who ever heard of the pilgrim mothers? Who ever gave a dinner in honor of them? Who ever writes songs, drinks toasts, and makes speeches in recollection of them? This self-sufficiency on the part of the men is beyond endurance. One would actually suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided by especial act of Providence! Only Mrs. Hemans has vulunteered to insinuate that there ever was a woman in the case; that the Mayflower ever brought anything but men across the Atlantic. I assure you, my dear friends, that I am perfectly disgusted with the self-conceit of the men. They appropriate everything to themselves, even the settlement of a colony, and the peopling of a whole continent. I did

hope there was one prerogative they would leave to women. We have submitted quietly to their inventions in superseding us in many things—we will not tamely submit to be deprived of this one privilege: we will not ourselves be deluded into the belief that New England was settled and peopled entirely by pilgrim fathers. How could they have been fathers, if there had been no mothers? And I hope, dear captain, that I have succeeded in convincing you that you will be lending yourself to an act of injustice towards us if you do not propose for your toast — The Pilgrim Mothers.'"—*Home Journal.*

O you poor women! O you poor secret martyrs and victims, whose life is torture, who are stretched on racks in your bedrooms, and who lay your heads down on the block daily at the drawing-room table; every man who watches your pains or peers into those dark places where the torture is administered to you, must pity you and—and thank God he has a beard.—*Vanity Fair.*

What do men know about woman's martyrdoms? We should go mad had we to endure the hundredth part of those daily pains which are meekly borne by women. Ceaseless slavery meeting with no reward; constant gentleness and kindness met by cruelty as constant; love, labor, patience, watchfulness, without even the acknowledgment of a good word,—all this how many of them have to bear in quiet, and appear abroad with cheerful faces as if they felt nothing. Tender slaves that they are, they must needs be hypocrites and weak.—*Thackeray.*

Miss Catherine Beecher has a new book in press, entitled "Letters to the People on Health and Happiness." It is highly spoken of by those who have been favored with the reading of the proof sheets.

The last number of Blackwood declares Jane Eyre to be the first outbreak of Woman's Right *herself to do the love-making;* and, says the writer, "The most alarming revolution of modern times has followed this innovation of Jane Eyre."

The Pope yearly blesses a golden rose which is presented to some female sovereign; this year it is to be given to the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

Two ladies of elegant and quiet deportment are attending the surgical operations in London, preparatory to going to the Crimea to assist Miss Nightingale, who has been attacked with fever.

[FOREIGN.]—LADY FRANKLIN has at last resigned herself to the belief that her brave husband is no more, and, at her request, the Expedition which has just left this port to seek to rescue Lieutenant Kane, took out a tablet, which Henry Grinnell, Esq., caused to be prepared in this city, to be erected to the memory of Sir John and his devoted companions of the Erebus and Terror. In conformity with her directions, the stone bears this inscription:

To the memory of
FRANKLIN,
CROZIER, FITZJAMES,
and
all their gallant brother officers and faithful
companions who have suffered and perished in the cause of science
and the service
of their
country,
THIS TABLET
is
erected,
near the spot where
they passed their first Arctic winter, and whence they issued
forth to conquer difficulties or to die.
It commemorates the grief
of their admiring countrymen and friends, and the
anguish, subdued by faith, of her who has
lost in the heroic leader of the
expedition the most devoted and affectionate
of husbands.
And so HE *bringeth them into the haven where they would be.*

This stone has been intrusted to be affixed in its place by the officers and crew of the American Expedition, commanded by Lieut. H. J. Hartstein, in search of Dr. Kane and his companions.

The tablet is of white marble, two feet three inches by five feet. It is to be erected on the White Cliff at Beechy Island, by the side of that commemorating the fate of Lieutenant Bellod, of the Belcher expedition.

Why should I live? Do I not know
The life of woman is full of wo?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which *this* world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one qui e happy, no not one!

LONGFELLOW.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It is with gratitude we subjoin the following letter from Mr. Emerson, announcing his willingness to aid in the work of elevating womanhood, by presenting his thought in the meeting to be held September 19th, in Boston.

Other friends have also responded favorably, and we may hope for a large gathering. If deemed needful, the meeting will continue two days.

CONCORD, MASS., June 13, 1855.

DEAR MADAM:—I think I may venture to promise you what aid I can, at your meeting in September. So many fine days as should by good rights occur between now and then, must suggest something good, we may hope, to the dullest soul. At all events, if I understand you, the meeting is to be holden, and others are to take their part whether I do or not. So I think I will keep it before me, and will bring you what I find.

With great respect,
R. W. EMERSON.

Mrs. P. W. Davis.

RECEIPTS.

We send, in this number, receipts for all moneys coming to hand up to August 11th, inclusive.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

In accordance with a vote of the National Woman's Rights Convention, at Philadelphia, in Oct. last, the next Convention will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 17th and 18th of Oct. next.

In behalf of the Central Committee
PAULINA W. DAVIS, *Pres.*
LUCY STONE BLACKWELL, *Sec.*

Papers friendly, please copy.

NEW ENGLAND WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEETING.

The proceedings of the meeting held at Doctor H. K. Hunt's, 32 Green st., on Wednesday, May 31, has already announced the design of the friends of the Woman's Rights movement, to hold a meeting in Boston on the 19th of September, 1855, for the purpose of taking into consideration the means of more efficient action. Subjects of unusual interest will be presented, and it is earnestly hoped that all the friends will be present to aid and encourage in the work. In our next, the names of some of the expected speakers will be given. The meeting is designed to be, in a measure, preparatory to the annual Convention to be held in Cincinnati in October. Papers friendly will please copy.

In behalf of the Committee,
P. W. DAVIS.

Dr. H. K. Hunt, Mrs. C. H. Dall,
Mrs. C. M. Severance, and others.

The Hall where the Convention will meet will be named in our next—also in other papers.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

1. It is a simple matter of fact, that out of the whole list of subscribers to the UNA, as it stood when the paper passed into the hands of the present publisher, *not one quarter have yet paid,* and the *half* year is more than gone.

2. It is also a fact, that bills were sent, a short time since, to all indebted for this journal; but few, however, responded to this very just and reasonable call.

3. A third fact is, that *every dollar* due for the UNA *is actually needed now.*

THE PUBLISHER.

MORE AGENTS WANTED.

A large number of agents have lately been commissioned for receiving and transmitting subscriptions to the UNA; but many more are still needed. If the friends of this paper will send us the names of such as will act in that capacity, after having consulted them, we will send on the documents.

☞ Subscribers wishing the direction of their papers changed, should always be careful to state *where they have heretofore been sent,* else we are unable to make the transfer properly.

☞ Persons writing to us on business not properly our own, and requiring an answer, will remember to enclose a stamp for the prepayment of postage on the reply.

SPIRIDION.

Agents and others will bear in mind that the July number, *commencing*, as it does, *with Spiridion*, and with the *second half* of the year, forms a very favorable opportunity for extending the UNA'S list. SPECIMENS will be sent whenever desired.

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[Phila. News.

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[Albany Express.

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[Ladies' Rep.

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[Harp Mag.

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The leading ideas to which THE TRIBUNE is devoted, may be briefly set forth as follows: 1. FREEDOM, to do whatever is essentially right—not alone for white Americans, or Anglo Saxons, or Caucasians even—not for one Race to determine whether they will or will not hold another Race in abject bondage—but for every Race and Nation, and every adult rational human being. This Freedom is rightfully absolute in the broad domain of Opinion and involves the equal and imperative right to Political Franchises; 2. ORDER, or the necessary right of the legally indicated majority to interdict in the sphere of Action all practices which it deems demoralizing, therefore prejudicial to the common weal; 3. BENEFICENCE, or the wisdom and policy of employing the resources and credit of the community to accomplish works of general and unquestioned utility to which individual means are inadequate, or which, though eminently conducive to the public good, do not promise to reimburse by their direct income the outlay required for their construction; 4. INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT, as the corner stone of a true and benignant National Policy, counting the naturalization of a new and valuable art or product of the soil as more important than the acquisition of a fresh province or island, and equally within the legitimate sphere of National concern and National effort; 5. PEACE, as a vital condition of true Progress, to be cherished by the most anxious, assiduous study to proffer as readily as we are prone to require redress for every wrong, and never to be surrendered except at the call of endangered Liberty. Such are the chief landmarks by which THE TRIBUNE directs its course.

But a small portion of THE TRIBUNE is allotted to what is currently distinguished as light reading; but Reviews of New Books of decided interest, with choice extracts illustrating their quality, are freely given, while the great body of our paper is devoted to a lucid and careful digest of the News of the Day, with Editorial comments thereon. We have reliable correspondents in each quarter of the globe, and in nearly all the principal cities of Europe and America, and their letters will aid our readers to a clearer understanding of the causes which are now gradually converting the Old World into one gigantic arena for the death-struggle of rival interests, passions and ambitions.

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SPIRIDION.

BY GEORGE SAND.

TRANSLATED BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

[Continued.]

I found the prior better inclined to my request than father Alexis had led me to hope. There was something in the penetrating look which he fastened upon me, as he received my thanks, both acrid and satirical, equivalent to a gleeful rubbing of his hands. There was in his soul a thought that neither father Alexis nor myself had suspected.

I was immediately excused from a large portion of my religious exercises, that I might consecrate my time to study; and they placed my bed in a small cell near that of Alexis, that I might rise with him at night to contemplate the stars.

From this hour I felt a tender friendship for Alexis. Daily insight into the inexhaustible treasures of his soul increased it. There never existed upon earth a heart more tender, solicitude more paternal, patience more angelic. He began to instruct me with a zeal and perseverance beyond all gratitude. With what anxiety I saw his health fail from day to day. With what love I watched him, night and day, seeking to read his lightest wish in his languid eye. My presence seemed to have restored life to his heart, so long time empty of all human affection, and as he would say, famishing for love It had excited to emulation an intellect weary of solitude, and tired of ceaselessly stimulating itself. But, in proportion as his soul gained vigor and activity, his body grew weaker day by day. He seldom slept, his stomach would digest only liquids, and his limbs were paralyzed by turns, for days together. He saw his last hour approach with serenity, without terror, and without impatience. As for me, I saw him perishing in despair, for he had opened to me an unknown world; my heart, greedy for love, floated at ease in the life of sentiment, effusion and faith which he had just revealed to me.

Every thought that had occurred to me at first, concerning the possibility of his delirium, had vanished. It seemed to me now that his mysterious exaltation was only a flight of genius; his obscure language became daily more intelligible; and when I did not comprehend him, I attributed it to my own ignorance. I only lived by hoping that I might yet understand him fully.

This felicity, however, was not without its checks. A worm gnawed perpetually at the heart of my timorous conscience. Father Alexis did not seem to me to believe in God, according to the laws of the Christian church. It seemed to me, at times, as if he did not serve the same God as myself. We were never at open issue on any point, because he avoided carefully any connection between our scientific studies and the teaching of dogmas. But it seemed as if we had mutually pledged ourselves—he never to attack, I never to defend them. If, by chance, I submitted to him any case of conscience or theological difficulty, he refused to expound it, saying, "This is not my affair; you have doctors skilled in these matters—go and consult them; as for me, I do not embarrass myself in scholastic labyrinths; I serve my Master as I understand him, and ask no 'director' what I shall receive or reject; my conscience is at peace with itself, and I am too old to go to school again." His favorite theme was the conflict between the flesh and the spirit; and if he never showed himself at issue with the creed, he treated these matters rather as a philosophical metaphysician than as a zealous servitor of the Roman Catholic church.

I observed one thing which gave me much food for thought. He often had an absent air during the hours of instruction; and then he would make me attempt experiments whose worthlessness I perceived myself, thanks to the instruction he had already given me; but soon he would interrupt me in the midst of my manipulations, and send me to look in some unknown books for elucidations which he called precious. I read aloud, as he selected, during entire hours, while he walked back and forth, raising his eyes to heaven with enthusiasm, or slowly passing his hand across his forehead, crying out, from time to time, "Good! good!" As for me, I soon perceived that these were not articles of dry technicality, but pages filled with audacious philosophy and unknown morality. I read on for a long time, hoping that he would check me; but, seeing that he allowed me to go on, I began to fear for my faith, and shutting the book, I said to him, "My father, are not these heresies that we are reading? Are not these pages only too attractive, opposed to our holy faith?" Hearing these words, he paused suddenly in his walk, with a discouraged air, took the book from my hands, and threw it upon the table, saying, "I know not! I know not! my child; I am a creature weak and short-sighted; I cannot judge of these things; I read them, but without calling them either good or bad. I know not! I know not! let us work."

And we both resumed our work; I, without daring to fathom my own thoughts; he, without daring to communicate his.

That which vexed me most was to hear him ceaselessly invoke an all-powerful Spirit that he never clearly designated. He gave the widest extension to this name Spirit. Sometimes he made use of it to indicate God as the Creator and Inspirer of all things; and sometimes he reduced the proportions of this universal essence to personify a kind of familiar, with which he might have had, like Socrates, mysterious communion. In these moments I was seized with such a fright that I dared not sleep. I committed myself to my guardian angel, and I murmured forms of exorcism every time that my heavy eyes saw the forms of dreamland. My soul sank so that I was tempted to go again and confess to Father Hegesippus. If I did not do it, it was because my affection for Alexis remained unchanged, and I feared to ruin him by my avowal, however great the reserve or the prudence I exercised. However, the two things which gave me the most disquiet no longer occurred. When my master slept with a book in his hand, his head bent in the attitude of a man who read, at his waking he no longer seemed persuaded that he had read, and he repeated to me no longer the imaginary sentences that he pretended were written in this book. Still further, I no longer saw the blank book appear in which he read fluently, affecting to look back and turn over the leaves as if it had been, in truth, a book. I attributed these strange habits to a passing weakness of his mental faculties, a sad phase of his illness, from which he had recovered, and of which he had no longer any consciousness. So I avoided any allusion to it, lest I should grieve him. If his physical being sank, at least his mental seemed restored—he thought and he dreamed no more. As he took no care of his health, he would not follow any system. I had no longer any hope of seeing him get well. He repelled all my cares, saying that the fiat was not to be evaded, and speaking with a Christian resignation of fatality, of which he seemed to think like a mussulman. Finally, one day, having thrown myself at his feet, and having supplicated him, with tears, to consult a famous physician who was then in the neighborhood, I saw him yield to my wishes with melancholy pleasure. "Thou wilt have it so!" he said; "and to what end? What can one man do for another? Stimulate some little his material forces, and detain his animal breath yet a few days. Spirit obeys only the will of the Spirit, and the Spirit which dwells in me will not yield to the word of a physician—of a man of flesh and bone. When the long-wished-for hour shall come, the flame of my being must be re-absorbed into its parent flame. What wouldst thou do with an old dotard—a body without a soul!"

He consented, nevertheless, to receive the visit of the physician. The latter was astonished when he came, to see a man still so young, (Father Alexis was not more than sixty,) and of a constitution so robust, in a condition of such exhaustion. He thought that the labor of the intellect had exhausted the frame; and I remember that he quoted a proverb, which then fell upon my ear for the first time: "My father, the blade has worn out the scabbard." "The scabbard is a miserable affair at best," replied my master; "but is not the blade everlasting?" "Yes," replied the doctor; "but it may rust when the accustomed sheath no longer protects it." "What matters it, if a broken blade should rust?" resumed Father Alexis; "it is already thrown aside. The metal must be re-cast before it can work anew."

The physician, seeing that I was the only one who felt a sincere interest in Father Alexis, took me aside and questioned me minutely as to his mode of life. When he knew to what excessive labor my master abandoned himself, and the exaltation of the brain to which he was subject, he said, as if talking to himself, "It is evident the fire has burned too fiercely. There are few resources, but we must try to moderate it a little." He wrote a prescription and made me promise to attend to it faithfully; after which he asked permission to embrace his patient, the few moments he had passed with him having quite won his heart. This mark of sympathy touched and grieved me profoundly; this kiss seemed like an eternal adieu. The physician intended to return to our neighborhood at the close of the coming season.

The remedies that he prescribed had at first a wonderful effect. My dear master regained the use of his limbs; his stomach became stronger and he had many nights of excellent sleep. But I was not permitted to rejoice long, for in proportion as his body grew stronger, his spirit became depressed. Melancholy was followed by sadness, sadness by stupor, and stupor by delirium. Sometimes all these phases alternated in one day, and all his faculties lost their equilibrium. That somnolent condition in which he brooded painfully over vain chimeras now returned. Again appeared that cursed blank book which had so annoyed me. Not only did he read in it, but he wrote in it every day imaginary characters, with a pen that he never dreamed of dipping into ink. A profound weariness and secret anxiety seemed to undermine the springs of his being. He continued to show me the same tenderness, he tried even to continue my lessons, but he fell asleep in a moment, and waking suddenly seized me by the arm, saying, "Thou hast seen him, hast thou not? Hast thou seen him only once?"

"Oh my dear master," I exclaimed, "why can I not bring back to you this friend who is so dear! His presence would soothe your sufferings, would strengthen your soul." But then he waked entirely, and said to me, "Be silent, reckless one, be silent. Of what speakest thou, miserable being! Dost thou wish that he should never return, that I should die and never see him again?"

I dared not add a word; curiosity died within me. I could only grieve, and an indefinable fear mingled with my sorrow. One night, when exhausted by fatigue, I fell asleep sooner and sounder than usual, I dreamed. I fancied that I saw the beautiful unknown, whose absence so deeply grieved my master. He approached my bed, and leaning towards me, spoke in my ear.

"Say not that I am here," he whispered, "for this obstinate old man would be furious to see me, and I desire to visit him only in the hour of his death." I begged him to go to my master, telling him that he sighed for his coming, and that the sorrows of such a soul were worthy of pity. I awoke then, and sat up in bed, for my mind was struck with this dream, and I needed to open my eyes and stretch out my arms, to convince myself that it was one. Three times this young man appeared to me, in all his sweetness and beauty. His voice lingered on my ear like the distant sound of a lyre, and his presence shed a perfume like that breathed forth by the lily at the dawning of the day. Three times I entreated him to go to my master, and three times I awoke and convinced myself that it was a dream; but the third, I heard the voice of Father Alexis from the neighboring cell calling upon me vehemently. I ran to him, and by the light of a taper that burned upon the table, I saw him seated on his bed, his eyes shining, his head bristling as if he were distracted. "You have seen him!" he said in a sharp, rude tone, entirely wanting in natural sweetness. "You have seen him, and you have not called me. He has spoken to you, and you did not wake me. He has quitted you, and you did not send him to me. Miserable being! Viper which I have warmed in my bosom! *you* have taken away my friend, my guest has become yours! Viper! *you* have betrayed me, *you* have despoiled me! *you* condemn me to death!"

He threw himself back upon his pallet, and remained unconscious for some minutes. I thought he had expired. I rubbed his icy temples with the spirit he was accustomed to use when he felt himself fainting. I warmed his feet with my garments, his hands with my breath. I could no longer perceive his breathing, and his fingers were

stiffened with a mortal cold. I began to despair, when he returned to himself, and lifting himself gently, supported his head upon my shoulder:—"Angel, what dost thou near me at this hour?" said he to me with ineffable sweetness. "Am I then unusually ill? My poor child! I cause thee only suffering and anxiety." I was not willing to tell him what had happened, still less to ask him to explain the extraordinary relation of his vision to mine; I was afraid of rousing his delirium. He seemed not to have the slightest recollection of it, and commanded me to return to bed. I obeyed, watching his every movement. Soon he seemed to sleep, but his respiration was oppressed. His breathing rose and fell like the voice of the sea. Finally, he became quiet, and I sank to sleep, but at the end of a few moments I was waked by a powerful voice which was not like his own. "No, thou hast never known me, never comprehended me," said this severe voice. "I have come toward thee a hundred times, and thou hast not dared to claim me one only. But what can be expected from a monk, beside uncertainty, cowardice and sophistry?"

"But I love thee," replied the plaintive and exhausted voice of Alexis; "thou knowest it. I have implored thee; I have pursued thee; I have employed all the powers of my being to penetrate the sense of thy words; I have invoked thee on my knees; I have forsaken the faith of the Hebrews; I left the God of the Jews and the Gentiles to struggle painfully upon his bloody cross, without granting him a tear, without offering him a prayer."

"And who has desired thee to do so?" resumed the voice. "Ignorant monk, pitiless philosopher, faithless martyr! have I ever told thee to despise the Nazarene?"

"No; thou hast never deigned to speak clearly—thou hast not been willing to enlighten him who would have walked through a fiery furnace for thee. Thou knowest it! thou knowest it! Hadst thou but asked it, I would have torn off my frock, and bound on the sword. I would have made my voice heard, and preached thy gospel in the four quarters of the globe; I would have carried it through sword and flame; I would have overthrown the governments of the world, and planted thy standard everywhere, from the north to the south, from dawn to twilight. I had the will, I had the power; thou hadst only to say 'Go!' to put the torch in my hand, and precede me like a star. In thy name, I should have bridled the ocean! in thy name, I should have removed mountains! Why hast thou not wished it? Thou shouldst have had altars, and I should have lived; thou hadst been a God, and I would have been thy prophet!"

"Yes, yes," said the Unknown, "thou hadst thy share of pride and ambition. Had I encouraged thee, perhaps thou hadst consented to be God thyself!"

"O master! despise me not, deride me not. I had instincts, but I have crushed them. Thou didst blame my rash wishes, my insensate audacity, and I have sacrificed to thee all my dreams. Thou hast told me that violence could not master centuries, that the Spirit dwelt not amid the smoke of the battle-field, in the tumult of armies. Thou hast told me that it was necessary to seek it in the shade, in solitude, in self-control. Thou hast told me that it was to be found in study, in renunciation, in an humble, modest life, in watchings, in meditations, in the incessant aspiration of the soul. Thou hast taught me to seek it in the bowels of the earth, in the dust of libraries, in the worms of the sepulchre; and I have sought in all these places, but I have not found it, and I am going to die in the agony of doubt, in the fear of annihilation!"

"Be silent, cowardly blasphemer!" resumed that thrilling voice; "it is thy thirst for glory which causes thy regrets; it is thy pride which urges thee to despair. Proud worm! who wilt not creep into thy tomb till thou hast penetrated the secrets of the All Powerful! But what matters it to the inexorable Past, or to the innumerable beings of the future, whether one monk, more or less, shall have lived in imposture, and died in ignorance? Will the universal intelligence perish because a Franciscan cavils at it? Will the Infinite Power be dethroned because the star-gazer from the cloister cannot measure it with his compasses, or detect it with his telescopes?"

A pitiless laugh resounded through the cell, and my master answered it by a bitter sigh. I had listened to this dialogue with terrible anguish. Standing near the half-open door, my naked feet upon the pavement, holding my breath, I tried to see the unknown guest of this sad hour; but the light was extinguished, and my eyes, disturbed by fear, could not pierce the darkness. The agony of my master restored my courage. I entered his cell. I lighted his lamp with some phosphorus, and drew near the bed. There was no one but ourselves in the apartment; no noise, no disorder betrayed the precipitate departure of a guest. I mastered my fright to attend to Alexis, whose despair went to my soul. Seated upon his bolster, his body bent together, as if a heavy blow had broken his loins, he hid his face in his trembling knees; his teeth chattered, and torrents of tears rolled down his grey beard. I threw myself upon my knees near him; I mingled my tears with his; I lavished upon him filial caresses. He abandoned himself for some moments to this sympathetic effusion, and cried out many times, throwing himself upon my bosom: "To die, to die despairing! to die without having lived, and without knowing whether I shall live again!"

"My father! my well beloved teacher!" I responded; "I know not what desolating visions trouble your sleep and mine. I know not what phantom has been here to-night, to tempt and threaten us; but, whether it was a minister of the living God who came to inspire a salutary terror, or an angel of darkness who came to condemn us after causing us to doubt the goodness of God, let us put an end to these terrors by taking shelter once more in the bosom of the church. Exorcise the demons who beset you, or conciliate the angels who protect, by receiving the sacraments, and permitting me to say for you the prayers of our holy liturgy."

"Leave me, leave me, my dear Angel," he said, gently repulsing me; "do not bewilder me by foolish talk. Leave me alone; disturb neither thy sleep nor mine by foolish panic. This is all a dream, and I am now entirely well; tears have relieved me; tears are a comforting rain after such a storm. Let nothing that I may say in my sleep astonish thee. At the approaches of death, the soul, in its effort to break the chains of the flesh, falls into strange distresses; but the Spirit sustains and comforts it, they say, at the last moment."

In the morning I received an order to appear before the prior. I went down to his room, but was told that he was busy, and I must wait in the hall of the chapter, which adjoined it. I entered this hall, and walked round it. It was but the second time, I think that I had been there, and I had never had leisure to observe the architecture, which was grand and pure. As to that, I could give it, at this moment, but half my thoughts; I was overcome by the excitements of the night, troubled in my conscience, and, above all, afflicted by the physical and mental sufferings of my dear master. Beside that, the interview with the prior disturbed me a little, for I had strangely neglected my religious duties since I had become the disciple of Alexis, and I reproached myself seriously for it. In turning my melancholy eyes around, to divert myself from my distress, and to strengthen myself against my apprehensions, I was struck with the fine disposition of this ancient hall, arched with a strength and boldness unknown to modern architects. Pendants attached to the walls sustained stone traceries, which crossed each other in vaulted arches, and beneath each of these pendants was suspended the portrait of a dignitary, or some illustrious member of the order. These were fine pictures, richly framed, and this long gallery of grave personages clothed in black had an aspect both imposing and funereal. The last fine days of Autumn were at hand: the sun, entering the high casements, threw a flood of paly gold over

the austere features of these ancient persons, and gave a kind of splendor to the massive gilding of the frames, already tarnished by weather. A profound silence reigned in the courts and gardens without, and the vaulted arches sent back to me the echo of my steps. All at once I seemed to hear some one behind me, and his step was so firm and solemn that I thought it was the prior. I turned to salute him, but saw no one, and thought myself deceived. I began again to walk, and I heard these steps a second time, and a third, when I was absolutely alone in the hall. Then the terrors which had before assailed me began again. I thought of flying, but, obliged to await the prior, I tried to overcome my weakness, and attribute the delusion to the exhausted state of my body and soul. To escape from it I seated myself upon a bench, face to face with the central portrait. It was that of our patron, St. Francis, of Assisi. He was painted at the moment in which an angel appeared to him, and impressed upon his feet and hands the glorious signs of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. I hoped that the contemplation of this beautiful picture would drive away the visions by which I was beset, when I seemed to recognize, in the pale head and sad ecstasy of the saint, the features of the unknown being whom I had met one morning on the threshold of the church. I got up, I sat down again; I went up to it and withdrew, and the more I looked at it the more I felt convinced that the features and expression were the same, only the hair of the saint floated in disorder on the air, as if bristling with a sacred awe at the approach of the angel. The dress consisted of a black robe, which left the feet bare. The discovery of this resemblance caused me a transport of joy. I had a moment's pride in thinking that our patron saint had appeared to me, and that his spirit watched over me. At the same time, I thought that Father Alexis was in the narrow path, and that he was all-but a saint himself, since the blessed were in communion with him, and aided him, sometimes with salutary reproaches, yet often, doubtless, by tender encouragement. I went forward to kneel before this sacred image, but some one followed me, step by step. I turned, but saw no one. At the same moment my eye rested upon the picture which hung opposite to that of St. Francis; and what was my surprise to find the same features, with a sweet and grave expression, and the beautiful floating hair that had appeared to me. He wore exactly the same dress, the mantle, the belt, and the bootees. His large blue eyes, a little sunk under the regular arch of his eyebrows, were gently lowered, with a thoughtful and piercing look. The painting was so beautiful that, it seemed to me, it must have been executed by the same pencil as that of Father Francis, and the person was so beautiful himself that all my distrust gave place to the great joy of seeing him again, whomsoever he might be. He was represented with a book in his hand, and many books were scattered at his feet. He seemed to tread upon the latter with indifference and scorn, while he lifted the other in his hand, and seemed to *say*, what was written on the corner of this book: "*Hic est veritas.*"

As I gazed upon him with delight, saying to myself that he must be a venerable person, since his portrait decorated this hall, and since he must be by descent a relative of the saint whom he so much resembled, the door opened, and the father treasurer, who was a little of a gossip, came to talk with me, while I waited for the prior.

"You appear charmed at the sight of these pictures," said he; "our Saint Francis is a superb piece, let me assure you. Some amateurs have called it a Van Dyk, but Van Dyk was dead when that canvas was painted. It is the work of one of his pupils who admirably preserved his manner. We cannot be deceived about the dates, for when Peter Hebronius came here, towards the year 1690, Van Dyk was no more, and as you must have remarked, it was the head of Peter Hebronius, then about thirty years old, which has served the painter as a model for the saint."

"And who, pray, was Peter Hebronius?" demanded I.

"Ah!" replied the monk, pointing to the portrait of my unknown friend. "It was he whom we know here under the name of the Abbot Spiridion, the venerable founder of our community. He was, as you see, one of the finest men of his time, and the painter could not find a more noble head for his saint."

"And he is dead?" I cried, without thinking of what I said.

"Towards the year 1698," resumed the treasurer, "more than a century since. You see that the painter has represented him, holding in one hand a book, and crushing a pile of them beneath his feet. That which he holds is the fourth tract of Bossuet, against the Protestants; the others are the execrable books of Luther and his pupils. This alludes to the conversion of Peter Hebronius, and commemorates his adoption of the true faith which he served with reputation afterwards, embracing a religious life and dedicating his estates to the building of this holy house."

"I have heard it said," I resumed, "that the holy founder was a man of great merit, who lived and died in the odor of sanctity!"

The treasurer smiled a little as he gently inclined his head. "It is easy to live well," said he, "more easy than to die well. It is not good to pursue science too far in a cloister. The soul is exalted—pride makes the best heads swim; and ennui makes us weary of believing always in the same truths. We wish to discover new ones, and are misled. The devil profits by all that, and offers us, under the form of a beautiful philosophy or a celestial inspiration, monstrous errors, very difficult to abjure when the hour of final account arrives. I have heard it whispered by well informed people, that the Abbot Spiridion, towards the end of his days, although leading an austere and holy life, having read many bad books, under the pretext of refuting them at his leisure, had allowed himself to be infected, little by little, and in spite of himself, by the poison of error. He preserved always the exterior of a good monk, but it appeared that secretly he had fallen into more monstrous heresies than those of his youth. The abominable books of Spinoza, and the infernal doctrines of the philosophers of his school, had rendered him a pantheist, that is, an atheist. My dear son! may the love of science, which is at best but a vain curiosity, never drag you over such a precipice. It is said that in his last years Hebronius wrote abominations without number. Happily, he repented on his death-bed, and burned them with his own hand, that they might not infect other faithful souls. He died in peace with God to all appearance, but those who had known only his exterior life, and who looked upon him as a saint, were astonished that no miracles were worked at his tomb. Those upright souls, who knew him better, have not dared to whisper what might be his lot in the other world. Some even thought that he had given himself up to magic, and that the devil stood near him when he expired. But these are things that we can never know, and of which it is imprudent, dangerous, perhaps, to speak. Peace then to his memory! His portrait has remained here to indicate that God may easily have pardoned him all, on account of his great charities and his having founded this monastery."

We were interrupted by the arrival of the prior. The treasurer bent himself to the earth, crossed his arms upon his breast and left us together.

Then the prior, measuring me from head to foot, and speaking drily, asked an account of the long watches of Father Alexis, and of the noise of voices that was heard every night from his cell. I tried to explain these facts by the state of his health; but the prior told me, that a person worthy of credit, going before day to wind up the church clock, had heard in our cells a great noise, threats, cries, and imprecations.

"I hope," added the prior, "that you will reply to me with simple sincerity. There is

pardon for all sins, when the guilty one confesses and repents; but if you do not clear up my doubts in a satisfactory manner, the severest punishments shall compel you."

"My reverend father," I replied, "I know not what suspicions may rest upon me, under such circumstances. It is true that Father Alexis has talked aloud all night and with a good deal of vehemence, for he was delirious. As for me, I wept, so much did his suffering distress me; and whenever he returned to himself, he murmured fervent prayers to God. I united my voice and my heart to his."

"This explanation is not wanting in ability," said the prior in a scornful tone, "but how will you explain the great light which suddenly flashed through your cells and the entire dome, which rose in flame from the summit, and spread itself through the air, diffusing a horrible odor of sulphur?"

"I did not know, most reverend father," I returned, "that there was any harm in making use of phosphorus and sulphur to light a lamp, any more than in watching with a sick man through the night, and praying beside his bed. It is possible that I may have used this composition imprudently, or that in my haste I may have left open the flask, from which a disagreeable odor may have spread through the house; but I dare to affirm that this odor is not injurious, and that in no case could the phosphorus have caused a fire. I supplicate your reverence to pardon me if I have been guilty of an error, and to impute the fault to me alone."

The prior fixed upon me a searching look, as if he wished to see how far my impudence would go, then raising his eyes to heaven in a transport of indignation, he went out without uttering a word.

Alone, and overcome with fear, not for myself, but because I saw the tempest gathering about the head of Alexis, I looked involuntarily toward the portrait of Hebronius, and I joined my hands carried away by an irresistible impulse of trusting hope. The sun struck at this moment upon the face of our founder—and I seemed to see his head and hands detach themselves, finally his whole body lift itself out of the canvas and bend forward. The movement made his hair wave;—his eyes kindled, and fastened upon me an animated glance. Then I was seized with a violent palpitation, my blood tingled in my ears, my sight swam, my courage failed, and I turned hastily away.

I withdrew, sad and anxious. Whether hatred and calumny had exaggerated the incidents which were still problematical to me, whether I as well as Alexis was subjected to the visits of malign spirits, or whether there had passed before the eyes of an honest witness, anything of which I was not conscious, I was certain that my unfortunate master was about to be overwhelmed with persecution, and that his last moments, already so disturbed, would be shortened by agitation. I should have desired to conceal from him what had passed, but the only chance of avoiding the bitter cup that they were preparing, was to induce him to reconcile himself once more to the Spirit of the Church.

He listened to my recital and supplications with indifference, and when I had finished he said, "Rest in peace, the Spirit is with us, and the flesh cannot harm us. The Spirit is harsh, severe, irritated, but he is on our side. Even if we should be delivered up to punishment, if they should plunge thy delicate form, and my shattered, agonized frame, into the humid darkness of their prisons, the Spirit would find us in the bowels of the earth, as it now descends upon us in the golden rays of the sun. Fear not, my son; where the Spirit is, there is light and warmth and life."

I wished to speak to him again. He gently signed to me not to trouble him, and seating himself in his arm chair, fell into meditation, during which his bald forehead and his downcast eyes offered an image of the most august serenity. There dwelt in him an unknown virtue, which overcame all my repugnance, and conquered all my fears. I loved him better than ever son has loved his father. His miseries were mine. Had he been condemned, notwithstanding my desire to please God, I would willingly have shared his damnation. Until then, I had been devoured by scruples; but now the consciousness of his danger gave so much depth to my tenderness, that I no longer felt any uncertainty. My choice was made between the voice of conscience and the cry of his anguish; my anxiety took a form entirely human, I admit:—"If he cannot be saved in the next life," I said to myself, "let him peaceably enjoy this, and if I must be punished for desiring it, the will of God be done."

(To be continued.)

NATURE AT PRAYER.

Nothing seems to us, within the whole range of human language, to go beyond the following personification of Nature, by CURRER BELL. It is from the second volume of "Shirley:"

"The gray church, and grayer tombs, look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs in moors, and unfledged birds in woods. . . . . I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan; her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon: through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture—they are clear, they are deep as lakes, they are lifted and full of worship, they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stilbro' Moor, her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So, kneeling, face to face she speaks with God."

CORRECTION.

In the article on Marriage in the July number of the Una, at the top of the second column, instead of "distinction of *Love*" please make the sentence read as follows: "As a first truth we must discard wholly the idea that the distinction of *Sex* is confined to physical organization," &c.

For the Una.

MAN AND WOMAN.

MARRIAGE.

In a previous article we have spoken of Man and Woman as mediums to each other of related life from God, and of Marriage as the completion of Humanity, made in God's image of Thought and Love, into which he can enter as into a temple and fill with his conscious communion and joy. Every true love has its "Thus saith the Lord," and the consciousness of inspiration and power which crowns it in the heart of the humblest, as well as the proudest, is one of the chief sources of new and higher life in Society. Here is the sanction, in God's own benediction, of true marriage—the union of the man and woman, who by essential relation are fitted to form together a type of Humanity, and who are united to each other by the absolute authority of a divine Love.

But this spiritual consecration of Marriage does not complete the whole of human relation. Human nature rises from the physical to the spiritual in plane above plane of blossoming life. On all these slopes and terraces the flowers of Love are to be found. Man exists in the spiritual, and finds there the foundation and law of communion, the spring from which life flows down through all inferior planes, giving them their form, and binding them together in a perfect system of correspondence. He dwells also in his brain and body,—in the plane of human organization, of finite intellect and morals, of social relations, of Providence — God's life animating human

Society, determining its best laws of relation for to-day, leading it on to seek continually higher forms for the morrow, and at length to realize in outward conditions the absolute ideal of the spirit. He stands finally on the Earth, in the physical plane of outward communion, of contact with Nature. Human life is cast in this triple mould, and every full experience vibrates harmoniously in these three planes, spiritual, social, physical.

Human Marriage, into which God enters, and which he makes sacred, not only by his communion of peace and joy, but by his mediation in the parentage of the future race,—Human Marriage only becomes beautiful and true when it finds a full harmony in all these planes, and when the supremacy of the higher and the proportion of all is duly preserved. The full and true Marriage thus receives its inspiration and sanction in the spiritual, flows down through the most exquisite forms and methods of Society and Providence, and passes into the communion and embrace of the outward life, making the Earth a garden of flowers, wakening the whole symphony of the being.

Any derangement, any incompleteness in this series tends always to wreck life on its lowest plane. Even the spiritual love, unnaturalized in the Social, Providential plane, sometimes runs wild into insanity, sometimes falls sheer, without the guide of form and method, into simple physical instinct and relation. Here is the best apology which can be found for the contempt with which the words "spiritual love," are treated by the supporters of marriage institutions which are themselves devoid of spiritual sanction. Spiritual love however sometimes lives a suppressed life, is never born into time, but treasures up its divine spark for the future. But here it does not seek to pass into Human Marriage. It is love postponed, the evasion, not the solution of the imperative problem of human society to-day, which is the determination of the highest Life of Love for Man. The formal marriage, the prescribed Love of the social plane, without the spiritual foundation, proves to be the merest mechanism, or mockery of life, which gravitates unerringly to the physical, and there finds only the untransfigured outward relation. Still lower down the physical love, uninspired by the Spiritual and Providential, is only animal, not human.

How, then, stands Love in Society to-day? What is its actual law, what its providential law of the present and near future?

The essential characteristic of the marriage institution in our existing civilization, is *the prescription of a permanent Form, maintained by Force without reference to the existence or continuance of Love.* The spirit is delivered over, with its wings tied, into the keeping of the conventional and physical. Whatever ideal of perpetual love may have presided over the origin of this institution, the present form of Marriage is the permanent, enforced, outward union of man and woman, without reference to Love. Happy is it, and one of God's not unfrequent miracles, when the conventional and physical in this outward union, harmonize with the perennial Love of the spirit, and a true marriage grows up in accord with social life around. But our society ensures, by its other conditions, that parties entering upon marriage shall be, for the most part, essentially ignorant of each other, and often even of the nature of true love, and that they shall unite on the chance either of absolute adaptation to each other, or else of the compulsory association of unlike elements, the mingling for a lifetime of what cannot blend purely together.

Marriage, as the Episcopal service has it, is an "honorable estate," and multitudes, entering it without the highest love, sink down contentedly under this sanction of Society into the only accord which is possible, that of the physical life. This is the essential gravitation of the arbitrary social marriage, unchastened by inward truth. But life does not always thus subside without struggle to its lowest level. In multitudes of marriages, spiritually unconsecrated, one of the parties at length attains to some higher perception of the truth of relation, and refuses to give manhood or womanhood for aught but Love. Society recognizes no such law of limitation in its outward marriage, and crushes back the struggling life of the spirit. Nor does it stop here. Society gives legal rights, and the woman, who would be pure, has no refuge until death for the sanctity of her self-hood. Again, love is God's gift. An ignorant or mistaken marriage is often the means of a deeper experience, and the tragedy comes of the conscious life and summons of the spirit arrayed in opposition to the prescription of Society.

What are the necessary issues of such a form of marriage? The throbbing heart of unrest in man and woman underneath our society to-day, threatening to overthrow all its institutions,—the anguish of true love,—the despair and fall of the noble and pure,—the terrible reactions against the stereotyped form of Love,—falseness, license, betrayal,—and not least among evils, the children of society, not born of love, not beautifully organized, but the chance and unwelcome issue of indifference or animal relation.

What does our Civilization answer to this impeachment of its Marriage institution? It tells us first, perhaps, in the interest of Commerce, that Marriage is a social contract, and therefore obligatory. It tells us, next, in the interest of Providence, that mankind are or have been fitted for no higher form of relation; that it is the right and duty of society to protect woman from force and fraud, to be the guardian of childhood, and to suppress lawlessness in love: and that this can only be effected by the arbitrary forms it employs; also that these forms in the past received the providential sanction of Christ. It tells us finally, that its universal principle of organization is the balancing of selfish interests against each other, and the establishment of order by force,—that love made subject to an external law of force is a necessary part of its system.

The principle of selfish accumulation or Commerce, is the presiding element of our civilization, and its highest sanction is a bargain. Hence the "marriage contract," the promise of immortal spirits to love and give themselves in love, without regard to God's inspiration in the future, or their own unfolding destinies, is sometimes made the basis of this relation: — Love cannot be given for gold out of marriage without shame, but men and women sell themselves daily by contract of marriage without reproach. Society even goes beyond its own traditions here. There is a law of insolvency for all other contracts, but the bankrupt in love must continue body and soul in his prison till death.

Society is the natural guardian of its children. How does it fulfil its trust now in supplying the conditions for their harmonious organization, and the love which should surround their early years? The foundling hospitals of Europe show finer organizations than the average of those born in loveless marriage under far better external conditions, and without the ban of Society. Can any form of marriage mock childhood more utterly with the name of social providence than that which exists in loveless, isolated homes? Woman needs protection from force and fraud. Does she find it when duped into an indissoluble, outward union, and held there by force hopelessly, her love ruthlessly subjected to another in the name of Christianity and Civilization, or when a victim to the reactions from marriage which destroy the peace of life in society everywhere?

But the Providence of the past has ordained arbitrary institutions of Love. How is this related to the Providence of the present? Polygamy was at one time providential, the best possible form of the relation, if society accepts the truth of the Jewish dispensation. And so the limitation of divorce to a single cause gives the sanction of Christ to a form of Marriage in his day not less arbitrary than that existing in our own time. But almost all Christian communities, in proportion to their enlightenment, have considered this precept of Christ as transient in its application; and the extension of the grounds of divorce in marriages, proved to be false and injurious, is one

of the most marked of the humane tendencies of our time, expressed in the legislation of Christendom. The fluency of Providential forms in accordance with the progress of the race, is thus the lesson taught by the past history of Marriage.

But Society says that its present marriage relation is an essential part of its system of organized selfishness, controlled by force. Here is the real complication of the subject. The characteristic of the present social system is *selfish force*, and while this continues, woman must always be the victim. Man, the ruder nature, must prescribe the forms of life, and woman's inspiration and purity will have little scope, even in her own central relation of love. Arbitrary, unloving forms, not free from injustice to woman, must govern Marriage.

But, on the other hand, the power of Love woman's central power, is the only agent in Society capable of overcoming its organized selfishness and force. It is through the relations of Love that an inspiration comes to Society, that a chord is touched, strong enough to antagonize the sordid interests which bind men to existing arbitrary institutions. True relations between Man and Woman, a true recognition of Marriage, is the first step in the Woman's Movement, for her position is determined by the form of acceptance of Love by society, and this issue becomes also the lever of social reform. It is where the institutions of *force* are applied to the relations of *Love*, that the irreconcilable social conflict begins, and also that woman's place in human history is lost. Here is the starting point of social regeneration. The inspiration of Love is ever active, and Providence pleads with mankind to-day to be true to this relation and to give to woman's voice and woman's Life a place in the world.

We have thus endeavored to open the problem of Marriage. We will endeavor now in a few words to trace the ideal of the true relations of Love, which Providence inspires in our own time. True Marriage should be recognized by society as proceeding from a higher source than itself, and be reverenced accordingly. It should be held too sacred to be lightly entered into, and greater security than exists against false relations should be obtained by social means. In its forms, Society should take cognizance of Marriage, without the coarseness of our present publication and outward celebration. The termination of Marriage by its inward failure should always be the occasion of social regret. But no love found to be false, proved conclusively to be unsanctioned in the highest, should be allowed by society, from reverence to its own ideal, to retain the forms of Marriage. The parties so separated should be recognized as equally, perhaps more open, to God's inspiration of Love than before, and as equally capable of aspiring to a true Marriage.

The relation of parentage should never be allowed, as now, to falsify its divine origin of Love, to reverse the laws of pure association, and deny the authoritative summons of the spirit. To embody such an ideal would require the social conditions of pecuniary independence for woman, of a true social guardianship over childhood, supplying the atmosphere of love, where parentage fails in its first sanction, and where the home of a false Marriage becomes only a mockery to both parent and child,—conditions too of knowledge and friendly intercourse before marriage, which should prevent the catastrophe of discovered falsehood after lives had mingled; and, finally, of a beautiful sphere of friendship, surrounding true marriage, and supplying its complement of sympathy in the universal plane. We are thus brought again to the connection of Marriage with Social Reform.

We have spoken incidentally of Woman's interest in Marriage. We may perhaps hereafter consider the relation of this question to the Woman's Movement.

THE EARTH'S RING.

The Boston Correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, states that the Rev. George Jones, chaplain in the expedition to Japan, formerly a clergyman in Annapolis, Md., by a series of observations carefully made morning and evening for two or three years in all the latitudes traversed by him, has come to the conclusion, supported by a chain of apparently irresistible reasoning, that the zodiacal light is a ring around the earth inside the moon's orbit, and probably in the same plane with it. It is believed to be similar to the ring or series of rings about Saturn, though not so dense as that. Respecting this point, however, and also its breadth and thickness and exact distance from the earth, it is stated that it is not possible at present to form a reliable opinion.

FEMALE LAWYERS.—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith says:

"Emma C. Coe, I am told, has already entered into practice at Philadelphia, Pa., Elizabeth Young is doing the same at Lowell, Mass., and now I have a letter before me from a young lady at Mansfield, Mass., who has chosen a like career. This young girl—grave, self-poised, handsome, and intelligent—cannot fail to move in a sphere honorable alike to herself and useful to others."

. . . . . The poor fellow "who couldn't hold his own," has got himself into a worse difficulty by trying to hold another's.

NIGHT.

VI.

Within my life another life runs deep,
To which at blessed seasons, open wide,
Silent, mysterious portals. There reside
These shapes, that cautiously about me creep,
This iron mask of life, and death, and sleep,—
Familiar as the day and open-eyed,
And there broods endless calm. And though it glide
Oftimes beyond my sight, and though I keep
Its voice no more, I know the current flows
Pulsing to far-off harmonies, and light
With most unearthly heavens: the world but throws
A seeming spell thereon, as Winter, bright,
Pale feudatory of the Arctic Night,
Swathes with white silence all these murmurous boughs.

VII.

Yet are there sunbeams though the kingly sun
Reveal not his full eye: yet flowers, to bear
Mute witness of the Heart that keeps the year
Through all its wintry chill. And I have won,
Where was no face nor voice, a glance, a tone,—
A spirit, call it, that all shapes doth wear,
And brings me knowledge which I scarcely dare
Call mine. Now, out of grief, it sings; anon,
It calls me in another's deed or word.
Capricious is the sprite,—and now will herd
With common things—now wing me wind-warm cheer
From far-off times and climates happier:
And when from distant fields I call the bird,
A quiet chirp proclaims it nested here.

VIII.

I know this spirit bridges unknown space
And half-forgotten centuries, that I
May know I am of royal family,
And live to my high birth. The marble face
Of Destiny grows fluent, as I trace
These arteries of broad being. I can wait
More years than earth allots me, for my state
Is not of Time. Nor binds me any place,
Since on and on the mazy current tends,
That takes my little thread, a breath might sever,
To mingle it with universal ends;—
And though I fall and fall, yet am I still
Most strong, for every high though balked endeavor,
God intertwines with his Eternal Will.

IX.

Alas! and yesternight I woke in terror,
Crying, Great God, what awful shadows press
Around us from this dreary nothingness
Of Death, and Life's old caverned glooms of error!
Are we immortal, Father? are we dearer
To thee than common dust? "Thou art but one,
Of this dense throng, through time still hast'ning on;
Thy blood with theirs is warm," my good familiar
Said softly unto me, "how canst thou slake
Thy thirst, when their lips parch, or rightly see
With twilight misting round thee? Dearest, wake!
Thy brethren are not saved except in thee;
Nor thou, save in their health, their joy, their sight,
Hast any lasting peace or heavenly light."

X.

O mankind's God! most silent and most lowly,
Is wisdom's entrance to our hearts;—with less
Of conscious power than self-forgetfulness
And an enduring patience! Though most slowly
Thou win'st us by such lovely paths to know thee,
And the immortal life that from thee flows.
But if thy mild lure fail, come untold woes,
Doubt, pain, and learning's poor, convicted folly,
To make self bitter, and compel us forth.
We *live* not in a part: our prophecies
Are infant wailings, wailing of the earth!
Only the ocean matches the broad skies!—
Only the infinite of love and ruth
Receives the living infinite of truth.

A. W.

The Una.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 15, 1855.

EDITORS,
MRS. PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS,
MRS. CAROLINE HEALY DALL.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS,
MRS. E. OAKES SMITH,
" F. D. GAGE,
" E. CHENEY,
" PETER,
" ELIZABETH C. STANTON,
MISS ELIZABETH P. PEABODY,
LIZZIE LINN.

CRAWFORD NOTCH, Aug. 16th.

With one half that make up our world, we, too, are abroad—seeking strength and vigor from the mountain air; but, dear friends, we have no intention of detailing the unimportant events of our journey hitherward, nor shall we attempt to describe these majestic mountains, the narrow passes, the frowning masses of rocks, the deep ravines and gorges, the fantastic cascades, and the mocking echoes, that fill the soul with silent awe, with reverence, and lofty aspiration. They must be seen to be comprehended. Our poor powers of description would utterly fail of conveying any just idea either of our feelings or of the mighty grandeur of the handiwork of the Infinite Creator.

Amid such scenes as these it seemed that creeds and dogmas should be swept away, and that the truth of the soul should assert itself as above all; in delusion this conviction, we might have gone hence believing that it was only amid the strife and din of crowded city life that it became false to its higher instincts, if the bright fire in the drawing-room had not tempted us to sit for an hour and listen to the conversation of the ladies assembled there. Some of them were embroidering, as they said, to kill time; others held their hands in listless idleness; here and there one read in an old newspaper. Stories were told of frightful accidents, narrow escapes, early deaths, &c., &c., until one more alive read a brief notice of the commutation of Mrs. Robinson, who but a month previous had been sentenced "to be hung by the neck till dead," a sentence cruel enough to chill the soul with horror when pronounced on any human being, but which, in this instance, has stirred to action thousands, and compelled them to feel the barbarism of the age in which they live as they had never done previously. But what said these women?

One voice:—"O! I am glad, so glad."

"Why? I am not; the sentence was just; she was clearly proved to be a murderess, and ought to be hung."

"So I think," said a third.

First speaker:—"Oh! but to think of a woman's being hung; it 's terrible, and I do not believe it 's right to hang any one."

"The Bible teaches that whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; and, for my part, I do not wish to set that aside."

"Well," replied the first speaker, "if that doctrine is carried out, I do not see but murder will have to go on through all time, for the hangman is a murderer."

"I am astonished to hear any one talk in that way of an officer of justice; the hangman is but the instrument of the law," replied the second.

"Yes, but an instrument, in all countries, that is hated and despised," we replied; "and can you, my dear madam, reconcile it to your conscience to have a human being placed in a position from which all that is high and pure in the soul revolts? The last command of our blessed Lord was, 'Love ye one another.' Is there any love in a justice untempered with mercy? Was there any justice in the terrible sentence that ordered that slender neck to be twisted with a coarse cord and by rough hands?"

"Perhaps it was not a very merciful sentence, but there was evidence enough of her guilt, and there was, therefore, no injustice in it."

"It is true there was evidence of guilt, but, to me, this does not prove it just. She was not tried by her peers. Her jailer was a man; her counsel a man; she was guarded to the court-room by men; tried and convicted by them, under laws made solely by them, in which no woman's voice was ever heard, and which no true womanly heart can ever accept. For these reasons the sentence was unjust, cruel, and oppressive to all womanhood."

"I had not thought of it in that light at all," replied the lady; "still I do n't think she should go at large; she should be punished. Society must be protected."

"Society is ready to punish its criminals. It goads them to violations of its laws, and then punishes them remorselessly. It compels woman to a false life, and then tramples upon her, crushes out all hope, all aspiration, all faith in God and humanity."

"But these laws protect us who abide by them."

"I think there you mistake; they simply mock us. We want no laws to keep us in remembrance of what is written in words of living light on our inner being, and passes to the outward, preserving us more pure and spotless than all walls, all bayonets, all guards with which we can be surrounded."

The conversation ceased, one by one the opposers dropped away to chat of other things, and we went to our room to gaze again upon the eternal hills, whose tops were bathed in a flood of golden sunlight, while the valleys and deep ravines still lay in twilight gloom, fit emblem of the human family; here and there one lifts up his head towards the Infinite, and receives from him glorious truths, while the rest of earth's sons are in their swaddling clothes.

The conversation recorded brought to remembrance a scene in New York, two years ago, when Rev. Antoinette Brown attempted to speak in the World's Temperance Convention, and crowds cried out, "Shame! shame!" on the woman for her indelicacy. Would these priests and people cry "Shame! shame!" at the exposure of this poor woman, or would they all say, "It is good enough for her?" It also recalled to memory the words of the Declaration of Independence, (we do not say ours, for we are not considered in it,) where it asserts, "That when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, their duty to throw off such government, and provide new guards for their future security." This language, forcible to our fathers, has a meaning also for us; not one that incites to rebellion, to force, to violence, even of language; but when a fallen sister is to be dragged before the public, exposed upon the frightful executioner's platform, and her person rudely handled, it becomes time for us to ask how we are protected? how we are benefited by your laws, your armies and police that have been established without our consent? We have been taxed, and have borne our part in silence till patience has ceased to be a virtue; till, moved with a deep compassion for the helpless, the dumb, we demand to be represented in the government that now takes from us our rights, treats us as petted children at one time, and at another meets us with stern justice, punishing us for crimes with a severity equal to that meted out to men who drafted the law. Until we are a part of the people everywhere represented, we have a right to claim for the humblest of our sex that chivalry, that protection, that gallantry with which it is your boast to surround us. That representation "is a right inestimable to us, and formidable to tyrants only," is also the language of that same venerated instrument, and a language we now appropriate to ourselves, and pray you, men and brethren, to heed, and not compel us, whose interests are bound up with yours, long to use the hated word tyrants toward you who withhold a right as sacred to us as to yourselves. ***

. . . . . THE CONSCIENCE.—The conscience is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill—to-morrow it hides a mountain!

. . . . . The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

MRS. MOODIE.

It may not be well known to American readers, that Mrs. Moodie, the author of "Roughing it in the Bush," a work which had an English circulation quite as large as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was one of those first interested in British Emancipation. She was the true author of "Mary Prince." Mr. Pringle having had the audacity to print this book as his own, was carried before the House of Commons, to give an account of an alteration that he had made in the manuscript, upon the charge of libel. It is our intention at some future time to draw public attention more directly to Mrs. Moodie's public services in this cause. We allude to them at present, only to introduce the following verses, hitherto unpublished, from her pen. She is well known to be a sister of Agnes Strickland. We mention this as a fact; not because we feel that her admirable talents and noble character need any support from Miss Strickland's literary reputation.

A REPLY TO THE ARGUMENT ADVANCED in the House of Commons in 1831, by Distinguished Members, that the White Slaves of Britain should be emancipated before the Negro. By Susanna Moodie.

What! suffer the negro in bondage to groan,
Because you confess you have slaves of your own?
You say that the peasant is ground to the earth,
His toils unrewarded, neglected his worth;
You feelingly talk of the wrongs of the poor,
Who droop in your service and starve at your door,
While you tell us that Slavery *may be* a sin,
But that charity *first* with our own should begin.
Then let it begin—why in God's name defer
A blessing you boast you 've the power to confer?
Can the tears of the African lighten the chain
Of which you rich lords of the manor complain?
Can the wrongs you inflict, or the wealth you abuse,
In the sight of your God form sufficient excuse
For upholding a cause to which tyrants have given
All the sanctions of earth, in defiance of Heaven?

Ye heartless enslavers! whom freedom would spurn,
With just indignation our free bosoms burn,
When you dare to defend the fell demons who bind,
In one soul-crushing bondage, the body and mind
Of suffering thousands whom God has endowed
With senses as keen as on you he bestowed;
When you talk of the worth of the trader in blood,
And justify evil by calling it good—
Oh! think not such sophistry freemen can blind,
'T is the *feeling in common*, which makes *you so kind!*

It does not seem impertinent to publish the above lines at a time when ignorant women in America are seriously recommending the most enlightened philanthropists of the age to look after the peasant poor, before they interest themselves in the cause of the American slave. There is not a week when we do not have to blush for some woman who confounds the two Duchesses of Sutherland, or who attacks a measure of public beneficence as if it were an act of outrageous tyranny.

W. Newton, Feb., 1855. C. H. D.

A JOURNEY THROUGH CANADA
TO THE SAULTE SAINT MARIE.

BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

(Concluded.)

On Tuesday morning, again we had a magnificent sunrise, piles on piles of mackerel sky, variously tinted with crimson and gold. The sun did not come forth from these glorious gates, however, till very late in the day. Soon after I rose, we reached Bruce's Mine. In the gray of the morning, the cluster of about one hundred smoky looking miners' houses, perched on bare rock, with strange looking windlasses, cables and chains all aloft, presented rather an uninteresting appearance. I went up the hill alone, and got some good specimens of the ore, which is only sulphuret. Saw the shafts and a very excellent natural crack or lode, stretching entirely across the peninsula, and very easy to work. It was almost as good as going down into a mine, to watch the men at work here. A handsome lad said to my friend, Mrs. B.—"Here un good specimen, but you can't gett'n out." "Ah!" said she, smiling, "*you* were born in Cornwall!" He blushed, and answered "Yes." Almost everybody picked up the gay bits of sulphuret, colored like peacock coal, without seeming to understand that the heavy dull gray ores were far more valuable. We stopped to look at the furnaces which were not in operation. Near the smelting room was a great pile of pulverized "crust," said to be very rich. It looked like the dingy dust of a coal-yard.

Just as the boat started the sun made its appearance, which was very desirable, as we were still passing through an Archipelago of great beauty. The fairy-like islands, barren rocks, and colored changing sky, constantly altered their relations to each other, and formed new pictures for our fascinated eyes. Several times during the day, canoes put off to us with passengers, but we did not stop till we reached Garden River, near the mouth of the St. Mary's. We found here, as everywhere along the North shore, the lazy-looking Chippewas. They are, I think, the very ugliest Indians this side the Rocky Mountains; and if the prophecy, that no "unclean thing shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven," were to be literally interpreted, the poor Chippewas must be forever excl ded from that blissful region; and it would be economical to send our Missionaries in some other direction. Two hundred and fifty pairs of blankets were given to this settlement at the late distribution of presents. One of the most brutish looking women we saw here, surrounded by a throng of naked children, had been brought up in a respectable white family, and spoke English perfectly. These Indians are chiefly Protestants, and under the charge of an excellent man, the Rev. Mr. McDougal, of the Canada Methodist Connexion, have made very good progress in Agriculture. And here I ought to speak of the wonderful fertility of the soil at all the settlements we visited on the North Channel. At Little Current, the Captain brought me a single potato, which just crowned a quart bowl, and here I saw a stalk of rye-straw nine feet long. Here also, we took in tow, a United States boat, of the Coast Survey, and added its Captain and crew to our party. I was captivated with St. Mary's River; the banks are low, but the soil is very rich, and parts of the shore are densely wooded. Here and there, among the trees, Autumn had hung out a single red flag. I fancied that if I had lost my compass and my eyesight for a time, I could have told, upon recovering the latter, on which side the River the American settlements were. I should have recognized them by an attractive air of thrift, in which they excel their neighbors. Do n't feel too comfortable in consequence of this suggestion, reader. We have something ambitious and pretending in our national character, which ought to ensure us one pleasant result now and then, since it so often involves those that are anything but agreeable.

When we passed St. Joseph's Island, the Captain told me that it abounded in fine agate pudding stone, like the Potomac marble of which the pillars in the National Senate Chamber are made. We were now nearing the Saulte. It broke upon us very gently, making its own impression of boundless space and water-power far beyond. The River seemed about a mile and a half wide; the rapids—peaceful looking rapids enough, rising as they neared the distant horizon, like those at Niagara; not dashing or plunging in the same way, however, but continuously marked by ripples of foam, like the whitening waves upon a beach, until the eye caught the level water of Lake Superior itself, half-way to heaven, as it seemed.

On the English side of the River they seemed to lead a very quiet life, the only pleasant house being our proprietor's own; but on the American shore, a bustling tidy little town has sprung up. We accepted Captain Scammon's invitation, and rowed across to Fort Brady in the United States boat. A crowd of Indians and half-breeds were loitering about, and here, as everywhere, some negro fugitives; for wherever the flag of our country floats, the evening breeze brings full into view its fatal stripes. We walked rapidly through the town, in order to make sure of Lake Superior. A sort of railroad track upon an inclined plane, has been constructed to bring down the copper and iron ore from the boats upon Lake Superior to those upon the River; and we followed it most of the way. It led us to two noble steamers, the Milwaukie and the Sam Ward, which were discharging native copper.

We looked forth upon the tossed greenish waters, and I really felt as if I were far higher up in the firmament here than on the deck of the Kaloolah. The air was peculiarly cool and bracing. Between decks, we found magnificent masses of ore; I got an admirable specimen of virgin silver and copper from a mass weighing four thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds. It was so extremely malleable, that it was almost impossible to get a specimen off. My friend B— was obliged to call in the services of one of the workmen; and I was sorry to see that, fine intelligent fellow as he was, he only looked upon his fee as a little drink-money. Upon the wharf we found some fine specimens of iron. As we returned towards the River, we carefully examined the Canal, and its enormous locks. I was sorry that I had never seen the admirable works of the British Government at St. Catherine's on the Welland Canal, for I would willingly have compared the two. As I gazed upon the great undertaking of the American people here, and remembered how young they were, and how inexperienced, my bosom glowed with honest pride, and I felt that no foreign conquests, nor reckless annexations, could fulfil our "manifest destiny;" only noble works of International Improvement, for which whole generations shall rise up to call us blessed.

The Canal is cut through red and green shale. Sometimes large masses of each are found by themselves, but the greater part is mixed, the green lying in the red like plums in a pudding. Of the hardest of this shale, thrust in edgewise, they are building the rubble walls, which form the sides of the Canal. The Superintendent of this noble work, is called at the West, the Napoleon of railroads, and must be a very admirable leader. It requires no small amount of genius to keep sixteen hundred men employed on a space less than a mile long, so that no one shall be in another's way. It was pleasant to my order-loving eye, to see the workmen filing away, with their "dead-horses," along the narrow planks which led up the sides. There was no confusion, no hesitation anywhere. The locks of this Canal are said to be the largest in the world. They are three hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred feet wide at the top, and seventy-six at the bottom. There are but two locks, and the fall is twelve and a half feet in each. The gates and wickets, not yet finished, will be very magnificent; and it is said, the Canal is deep enough for the largest ship of war. The stone of which the locks are built, comes from Drummond Island, and is like the Bath stone. The walls are immensely thick. The Company bought an American Island called Lime Island, hoping to use the stone, but it came out in too thin slabs.

We found the Steamer Illinois, for Detroit, lying in the St. Mary's, and my friend B—' who likes his own comfort, when it does not interfere with any other person's, gave a pleased glance at the airy state rooms and fine saloon, and immediately engaged our passage in it. He took the ferry boat and went back to the Kaloolah, to relieve our good Captain of the charge of our baggage; while his wife and myself, giving a rueful thought or two to the virgin silver and agate pudding stone that we had meant to accumulate on board the Kaloolah, tried to take some tea at a Hotel which shall be nameless—nameless, because, although the drawing-rooms were furnished with elegant carpets, and hung with French enamel pictures, yet, there was not one article upon the showy table which was good of its kind; and parlor and passages were crowded with vulgar specimens of Western girls, dressed as if for a drive along the Boulevards, or a parade in Regent's Park. I cordially hoped that no European had ever seen what I saw, and it took me some time to recover my equanimity. The next morning we wound our way out of the River. I had seen the sun set and rise again in unequalled glory over the Saulte, and felt that I ought to be satisfied. I was at least, profoundly moved by the beauty and prophetic significance of the place. I sat in the stern, looking back almost regretfully, and chatting with a stranger who was mining a few miles north of the Iron City. He had been at work for six months, employed sixteen men, and thus far, had paid one hundred dollars, for every dollar's worth of ore he had taken out. If his perseverance does not tell you whose countryman he was, you will ask me no questions, gentle reader, when I add that he had conferred upon his shaft the modest title of "the Empire!" He was so kind as to show me some beautiful specimens of agate and silver, and some geological charts of the whole mining district, very interesting, but already become very rare. He told me that Ida Pfeiffer had been in his neighborhood, making a most diligent search in the woods, for mosquitoes with bills eighteen inches long, towards which some fun-loving Yankee had contrived to direct her near-sighted gaze!

We passed out of St. Mary's River, as we entered it, save that we took the southern side of St. Joseph's and Drummond's Island instead of the Northern. The channel was in several places very narrow, and carefully staked out. I was sorry we could not stop at Presque Isle, of whose exceeding beauty I had heard, and over whose limpid waters men stoop to pick up a sixpence which lies twenty feet below. It had been a very cold night, and the wind was so high that almost every body was too sick to enjoy it, when the whole expanse of Lake Huron burst upon us. Towards evening the wind went down and the beautiful lake gleamed in the light of a soft aurora. Our passengers were not a pleasant set, miners and farmers for the most part, with their wives and an undisciplined little troop of children, that would have answered, impudence, good-nature and all, to Mrs. Trollope's idea of Young America. There was a contrast too, between the table on board this boat and the little Kaloolah we had left, by no means flattering to the Yankee nation. On board the Kaloolah, there were good bread and butter, meat and potatoes well served, but never any attempt at the impossible elegance of a dessert. I respected this reserve on the part of our little princess, and wished that I might never fare any worse than I did under her housekeeping. The State of Illinois offered us a long table laid with a magnificent looking dessert, and fans of white linen waving in every glass. There was no bill of fare, and our meats were inaccessible on a side-table. The grapes were sour, the apples green and the peaches bitter, when we came to taste them; but what did all this matter if we only made a show? It was true, that we had to sit a great while to get a very indifferent meal, so, perhaps, it might have been, after all, only a charitable expedient to cure us of the bad American habit of spending only ten minutes at table. We passed Thunder Bay, and entered the St. Clair, before dinner, but the boat had an old engine and made tedious work of it. A military officer on board and my friend B —— had made this journey twenty years ago, and it was pleasant to have them point out the many changes on the banks of the river, as we went along. The water reminded me of the Niagara. I never saw any other stream that did. It is in fact the same river broadened into Lake Erie on its way. Lake St. Clair is thirty-six miles long. It is more like a submerged tarn than a lake. In its very centre, where the channel was narrowest, a schooner was aground. Right in our very path! and nobody could guess how many ages it would take to tug her off, while there was friend B —— all in a fidget to reach Toronto by the next night! A propeller with four cables was hard at work upon it. In the attempt to pass, *we* grounded, and when after a dubious half hour, the propeller succeeded in tugging *us* off, the stern of the schooner carried off two of our buckets. But all this was better than was to be expected.

The Detroit River, in spite of falling rain, looked very charming to me and revived many historical reminiscences. As we approached the city, I went out upon the bow of the boat. There stood a burly German farmer, with leather boots up to his thighs, mystifying himself, as well as a score of friends,

in a metaphysical discussion of predestination and the perfectibility of human nature! They had been employed in the same way through the whole morning. The occasion was too tempting to my wicked wit, so I gave him a good thrashing, metaphysically speaking, with his own stick, and when I had humbled him as much as I wished, I showed him how very easy it would have been for him to serve me in the same way. It did not speak very well for the perfectibility of human nature, that his companions were so highly delighted at his defeat. For himself, he was thoroughly crest-fallen, and I should have regretted my own tilt in the tourney, had he not previously shown himself that dogmatic, disputatious sort of bully that one does human nature a service by putting into his right place. I assured him in consolation, that I considered it much more profitable to chop wood than to chop logic, and parted from his little company at the wharf with real interest. The fact that so many persons could amuse themselves in this manner for a whole day, made me think of what Mrs. Stowe has lately written concerning the influence of metaphysical controversial preaching upon the mental characteristics of both Scotland and New England.

Detroit reminded me of Toronto, it was so very flat: but its wharves were filled with fine brick warehouses and other signs of growth. My friend B—— went to the hotel here, and I should have had some difficulty in finding the friends I was in search of, but for the kind offices of a lady who had been passing the summer in the mining districts, and came down with me on the boat. She had interested me in many ways, by her graceful, modest, womanly bearing, by her Christian courtesy, by the fact that she was born among New Hampshire hills, and the pleasant deference shown her by the officers of the boat.

This deference was afterwards explained by the wealth and social position of her husband, an honored citizen of Detroit. He is still a young man, and when only twelve years of age, landed in Detroit without a relative, a friend or a copper in the world. All these his energy soon procured for him, and universal respect beside. Such a fact enabled me to bear more patiently the patriotic mortification I had felt at the Saulte.

After tea, I went in a heavy rain to visit my friends at the hotel. I saw upon the mantel there a beautiful statuette of Thorwaldson's "Christ blessing little children." I speak of it because I believe America has a mission to perform in developing and educating the human sense of beauty. At the Saulte I could not help contrasting the French enamel pictures with the two-penny daubs of red and yellow that I knew I should find hanging on the walls of the inn across the river, though there, perhaps, I might *also* have found better bread and butter. Was it not cheering to see on the mantel of this large hotel, which opened and closed continually, like a great heart, on the struggling current of western life, this noble subject, so nobly treated? Could it fail to educate in some sort every man who looked upon it? Yes, as a nation we have the French sensitiveness to harmony of colors, the Italian's perception of beauty of form, the Oriental love of luxury, and it is this which leads us into so much extravagance in dress so much folly in household decoration. We do not always know the tinsel from the gold. Our sense of beauty needs a *moral* sense, but having gained that, we shall, through its manifold delights, approach still more nearly to the phases of Infinite Life.

I passed the evening in a quiet, little pastoral home, talking of Margaret Fuller, and in the morning, I left America once more for Canada, taking the Great Western road to Hamilton. We crossed the river in a convenient ferry-boat, but were obliged to wait at the depot a good while for the train from Chicago. When it arrived, several hundred persons poured by me as I sat looking out of the window. Entirely against my will, for I was meditating on another subject, I found myself disagreeably impressed by the uniformly unhealthy aspect of this crowd.

For a long way we caught glimpses of the shallow waters of the St. Clair, with the unlucky schooner still aground. We passed many fugitives' houses, built in wretched situations for the land for sixty or seventy miles, was low and marshy. To this, however the beautiful elms, trees which I had hardly seen since I left New England, partly reconciled me. The landscape improved towards London, where the beautiful bridge and shade trees, elm, walnut and hickory, made upon me the pleasantest impression.

From thence, onward from Dundas to Hamilton, we wound through a country to whose great beauty I can hardly do justice. It stirred my whole soul with pleasant memories; I felt that this was a spot to make patriots, where Canadians might yet be born. The road sunk and rose and swelled through the loveliest landscape. Forests of elm and ash gave way to knolls covered with hickory, walnut, oak and beech, which the coming Autumn had hardly touched with its ruddy hues. At one spot above Dundas, hidden in a noble nest of hills, we looked over that beautiful town, catching on the far horizon a glimpse of the gleaming waters of Burlington Bay, with Hamilton seated on them, a lovely rolling valley, between, still green as earlies June. Then we swept along the very edge of that bay itself, a silvery crescent, with wooded heights rising on every side, and the town of Hamilton quite hidden under the hill. From this lovely harbor, we passed out through a canal in a little steamer bound to Toronto. The canal is made necessary by the rapidity with which the channel fills up.

Coasting along the northern shore of Lake Ontario, we completed the last stage of our journey. We had been absent about eight days, had travelled more than a thousand miles, and looked upon the extremes of civilized and savage life, in perfect good humor with each other and the world. We touched at Oakville, Bronte and Port Credit, pleasant, romantic looking little towns that looked as though neither wars nor rumors of wars would ever disturb them.

The sunset was clear and glowing, and I sat in the cool air looking at the burning belt in the West, until the noble dome of the hospital and the graceful turrents of Trinity College stood out against it.

Then I knew that I was once more *at home*. If you have tried to follow me as I went, gentle reader, you have grumbled more than once at your map, I feel sure. But that is not my fault, and it is one that you can mend. Demand of your atlas mongers forthwith, such charts as will do justice to your mighty neighbor. For the want of them, full many a dollar is dropped daily between the two shores of your and their beautiful lakes.

FINIS.

HOW TO MAKE WOMAN INDEPENDENT!

"A right over my *subsistence*, is a power over all my thoughts and actions." Dependence is always galling to the noblest and proudest natures, and a dependent, woman must ever be, until she holds a purse of her own. I would therefore have every girl of sixteen begin this day some profitable business to herself. Whoever by word or deed, helps to change public sentiment on this point, does a great work for the future. It is not enough, fathers, that you provide for your daughters comfortable homes to-day. The question is, if you should die suddenly, is your wealth sufficient to support them in the ease and luxury they now enjoy? Have they been so educated that there is some stimulating object, some end and aim to their existence? What, say you, can a woman want more, than enough to eat, to drink and to wear? Here are her greenhouse, library, pictures, statuary, carriage and horses that she may drive and ride at pleasure. She can walk, visit, read, think, write, dance, sing and play. Here are her house to keep in order, her grounds to decorate, her

children to direct and cultivate, parties, balls and operas for the winter season, Niagara, Newport, Nahant and Saratoga for the summer. What more does a woman want? Ask the merchant who has retired from business on his hundreds of thousands and is now leading a life of elegant leisure. His wife's duties and pleasures are now all open to him. Why is he restless and unhappy? Because there is no stimulating object in his life. To concentrate all our thoughts on home, but calls out our selfishness; to give them all to vain pleasures, but gratifies our love of approbation.

> "Pleasure never comes sincere to man,
> But lent by Heaven on hard usury."

We all know our fashionable women are not happy. Oh! many a broken heart there is amid all the pomp and glitter of life. The bright canary sings gayly as he skips from perch to perch. But when he sings, his thoughts are far beyond that gilded cage; he is in fancy basking in the liquid sunshine of his own native isles. And so with woman. When she sings, it is of love, of friendship, of noble deeds of daring and generosity, of the humble cot, of simple religious life. She must go out of her every-day, artificial existence, before she can tune her soul to music.

Pleasure, in its best, its truest sense, is a harmonious development of all our faculties. Those situations in life therefore are the most desirable, where most of our faculties are called into daily exercise. There is a science in pleasure, as well as in profit. Here is the reason we demand for woman a larger sphere of action. All women are not satisfied with the present round of duties and responsibilities. Every father has it in his power to educate his daughter easily and pleasantly in his own trade or profession, and it is his imperative duty to do it. The study of divinity is peculiarly adapted to woman. That profession does not lead one often into public or disagreeable scenes. It is a life of thought, sympathy and retirement. After going through a course of study and discipline under the care and direction of a judicious father, a naturally eloquent and religious minded woman might stand unrivalled as a preacher of excellence and power. Do you say that woman cannot preach the glad tidings of the gospel of Christ? Ask the prisoners of Newgate who listened to the eloquence of Elizabeth Fry. Ask the keepers who witnessed the effect of her ministrations. Look at the labors of our own Miss Dix; she has brought hope and peace to the prisoner's heart in many a solitary cell. Ask those who have listened to the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown.

Many of our merchants have daughters who are actually suffering for something to do, some work that will interest the mind as well as occupy the hands; yet these fathers hire clerks to do the very work for which their daughters could be easily trained. What girl of eighteen, perfectly educated, could not keep all the books in any mercantile establishment, or go with her father to purchase goods, learn their prices, and all the laws and skill of barter, and thus become interested in the business, and in time be able to carry it on alone, in case the father should die or choose to retire? If you leave your child a good trade or profession, it is far better than to leave her an unhappy dependant, or a fortune without the knowledge to take care of it.

There is the profession of law, too. What possible objection is there in educating your daughters for that profession? If woman has the gift of eloquence, could man plead as well as she all those cases in which the interests and disappointments of her sex are so deeply involved? How can man weigh all the nice causes by which she is outraged and undone? Your daughters of ordinary capacity could attend to your office and financial business, and they would feel a far deeper interest in all your affairs than any mere stranger possibly could. Would it not be a better discipline for them too, than the ordinary life most girls lead? Would not the reading of Blackstone and Kent's commentaries enlarge their minds quite as much as the yellow covered literature of the day? Would not daily talks with sensible men, with bankers, farmers and merchants, on statute law, land titles, bonds and mortgages, for which they might receive a fee of $5 or $10, be quite as profitable as a three hour's chat with a dandy, on high life, its fashions and follies? Do you complain of the publicity of these positions? Is a lawyer's office with a dozen clients, all sober men, engaged in the practical business of life, where your daughter may sit plainly and completely dressed, pen or book in hand, as public as a full room where assembled hundreds may look at her as she moves about half naked, now in the mazy dance, taking anybody by the hand, and now whirling in the giddy waltz in the arms of some licentious debauchee? Your daughter could attend to all a lawyer's business without taking the hand or inhaling the breath of a client. But there is no place where she is subject to more intimate approaches than in fashionable life, and no place where one meets a lower type of manhood. It is the custom, at most of our balls and parties, to have a little sanctum sanctorum, where ever and anon the gentlemen retreat to seek fresh inspiration and enthusiasm for the occasion; after repeated visits to that fount of joy, those ladies who have with me witnessed the effect, can best testify how easily and readily the man, made in the image of God, can be transformed into a disgusting fool, an idiot or a beast. You women, who with bare arms and neck join in midnight revels with men whose tongues and brains are thick with wine and excess, talk not of the want of delicacy in those who assemble in women's conventions to talk with sober men, to talk on great questions of Human Rights. It does not take so long to get ready for a convention, as it does for a ball; and our work for the day is done at the usual hour when sensible people go to rest.

Any thinking mind must appreciate how entirly a woman's virtue in all situations in life is involved in her pecuniary independence. Encourage our young girls, therefore, to enter into all honest and profitable employments, and you will have struck a blow at vice and licentiousness, stronger and more effectual than any that has yet been dealt.

E. C. S.

LEOLINE.

CHAPTER V.

We pass over five years.

It was night in New Orleans, night in the month of January, but it was not winter. In that warm clime there are no wintry blasts. It was a cloudless, starlighted night, the air was soft and balmy as the breath of spring. There was considerable excitement in that gay and pleasure-loving city, caused by the arrival of a new star in the theatrical world. Mademoiselle Isola's fame had preceded her coming, and had raised expectation to the highest pitch. On this auspicious evening she was to make her first appearance. The theatre was crowded from pit to gallery; and when the young actress appeared before them she was greeted with thunderous applause. Her singular and splendid beauty took captive the warm and chivalrous southern heart of that gay assembly. She bowed her thanks with queenly grace, yet with somewhat of an indifferent air, as though the homage paid was an every-day occurrence.—Her form was full, lithe, and its every movement grace; her brow high and smooth as marble; her eyes black as night, could flash with scorn or melt with love; her crimson lips were well cut and flexible; her voice was music.—Notwithstanding her strange beauty and its powerful fascination for every beholder, there passed over her face and form, at times, an expression of cold disdainful pride that was actually repelling. Her acting was exquisite; she lived the creation of the poet.

Among the audience, alone in a box, was a gentleman about forty years of age. The attitude was lounging; the whole appearance betokened listlissness and indolence—a sort of exhaustion of energy. He was eminently handsome in a certain style. His features regular and delicately cut, his complexion,

whatever it might have been originally, was now swart and dark as a Spaniard's, though his eyes were blue, his hair brown, the latter slightly grey at the temples. His slender and elegant form was well dressed in the latest modes, yet with apparent carelessness. In the carriage of his head, in the expression of his mouth shaded with a brown moustache, was an ill-concealed, yet lazy haughtiness, not obtrusive, but repelling to sensitive natures. In his eyes slumbered the fiery passions of a tropical clime. Those passions had slumbered for years, had burnt themselves to ashes; they had raged fiercely enough in the spring of life, then followed a long exhaustion. Their owner gave himself up for a worn-out man; he thought the ashes could never be lighted again.

When the last scene was over and the curtain fell, when the crowd had stamped and shouted for the beautiful actress until she came forward and bowed thrice and retired again amid deafening plaudits, then this gentleman, with a slow, undecided manner, withdrew from the crowd and made his way to the green room. Isola was waiting, ready mantled, for the carriage to convey her to her hotel, when the manager came up and begged permission to present to Mademoiselle a friend—a patron of the art, Mr. Beaumonaire. Why started she at that name? Why rushed the blood over cheek and brow and then left them deadly pale? Beaumonaire observed something of this agitation, and attributed it to girlish diffidence—though diffidence *was* rather odd in an actress. For a minute, while her embarrassment lasted, he was scanning her face with the eyes of a connoisseur; suddenly she threw off the feeling that oppressed her, raised her eyes and calmly scrutinized the whole person of her visitor. He, man of the world that he was, rather winced under this steady and cool examination; he felt she was taking his measure morally and mentally.

A little annoyed he said, "Mademoiselle is studying a page—what does she read in it?"

"Much that she would wish unread," was her grave reply.

"Whatever is there that should not be," he answered with a slight sneer, "surely at *this* moment naught can be read but an adoring admiration of beauty and genius."

"Monsieur must have learnt the art of flattery from the French people—always more polite than sincere," said she, a smile of scorn on her red lip.

"Mademoiselle is too wise to think I have spoken flattery to *her*—Mademoiselle knows too well—"

"Ah! yes: that is it. She knows it all too well. Has she not heard it a thousand times? you see, Monsieur, one gets tired of the same old song from every lip, in every place. Beauty, genius! Ah—bah! how I long to hear some thing new." The carriage was ready. He took her hand to lead her to it and said, "If Mademoiselle will have the goodness to permit me sometimes to call on her, I will promise to offend no more—*if I can help it.*" She bowed consent as he closed the carriage door. And this was the first meeting, after so long a parting, between father and daughter.

It was four weeks afterward, as Isola alighted from her carriage after the performance, she was conscious of being followed. She went up the stairway, along the corridor, still pursued by the tread of booted feet. She stood before her own door and put the key in the lock; the feet stopped behind her; she turned and saw a man in a cloak and cap.

"What do you want, sir? she asked sternly.

"To speak a few words to Mademoiselle."

"I will see you in the morning, sir."

"I beg a thousand pardons, but I cannot wait; I am very urgent."

Isola opened the door, and not even glancing on her determined visitor, took a stand by the table beneath the gas lamp, and coldly said, "I am waiting, sir." But the man seemed in no hurry to speak; his eyes were spell-bound by the magnificence of the beauty before him. She was slowly pulling to pieces the petals of a white japonica she had taken from a vase on the table. At length he spoke.

"Yes: you are more beautiful than ever, *Leoline.*"

A quick, terrified glance she gave him, and then said with proud coldness, with haughty indifference, "I do not understand you, sir; pray explain."

"Do you not know me, *Leoline?*"

He threw off his cloak and cap. The actress stood firm, but her face was pale as marble.—She again spoke with the same composure, the same self-reliant pride.

"I know not, sir, how a gentleman can justify himself in thus intruding—*forcibly* intruding on a woman's privacy."

"Leoline, is it thus we meet after so long a parting? Leoline, can you have forgotten—can your heart have forgotten its early love? Leoline—"

"This is lunacy! I know not what you mean. I would be alone. Be so good as to leave this chamber, sir."

"Leoline, I beg—"

"Go, sir."

"Leoline, do not try me too far: think before it is too late; only hear me."

"I will hear nothing! Go at once—you have no right thus to force yourself upon me."

"*No right!*" repeated he significantly. "Leoline, do not drive me to name any *other right* than that of the love which yet lives in my heart for you—yet lives and burns as strong and bright as ever, notwithstanding so long—so long an absence."

There was a pause of several minutes. She replied not. He continued, "Leoline, *can* it be you forget so easily? or is it only the same demon pride in your heart? Leoline, you know not—you never will know what frantic grief—what mad despair, filled my soul when you fle on that fatal night." Another pause, yet she spoke not. "Leoline, you *will* not leave me again? Adored and beautiful one, say you will never, never leave me again? Leoline, speak to me.

She impatiently shook off his caressing arm; she looked on him coldly, and said, "You ask me not to leave you—well: what is it you propose in regard to me? What am I to be—wife or mistress? Let us understand each other—what is it you propose?"

"Leoline, I implore you, talk not in this hard manner. I would ever wish to speak to you only of love. Marriage in this Protestant land is merely a legal arrangement; according to our faith it is worthless; any priest will tell you it is more sinful to be married after Protestant fashion, than to have no marriage whatever.—Besides, Leoline, I would have married you but for—"

"Enough sir—enough! Leave me, I command."

"Shall I see you again? I will not go unless you promise."

"I promise—go!"

He left her a prey to the gloomiest reflection. She read rightly the character of Arthur Beaumonaire. He would scruple at nothing to gain a purpose—to gratify a passion. The threats he had once made still rang in her ear—still rankled in her heart. She knew she was in a country which recognized the master's right to property in a slave—in all born of slave mothers. Yet she had no fears of being reduced to bondage—she did not believe her father would wish it, or consent to it. But in this southern country, to be tainted in even the smallest degree with the negro blood is certain loss of caste, of all hope to attain a respectable social position. It would be Arthur's revenge to make public her origin. Beaumonaire, it is true, had a faint idea that he possessed such a thing as a conscience, but he left it in the keeping of his priest, for he was a true Catholic.—Went to mass now and then, crossed himself devoutly, paid liberally and was censured slightly. Father P. shook his head and said he would yet make a good son of the church of young Beaumonaire.

These reflections filled her with sadness.—She rang a small silver bell that stood on the table; Maria, her mother, answered its call.—These two women had lived together for five years. Much affection had grown up between them, but even yet the pride of the daughter studiously concealed from the world their relationship to each other. "O! *maman,*" cried

the girl," what evil fate brought us to this city?"

"Not an evil, but a good fate, I trust, my child. Your father seems devoted to you—it will be the happiest day of my life when he acknowledges your claims on him, and gives you your rightful position in his house. Your poor mother will be contented to see your grandeur from afar off."

"Nay, but you shall never leave me, my mother; *your* love has been to me more than that of all the world: whatever my fate, you shall be with me."

"Bless you, my daughter."

"But this nephew of my father's, *maman*, has found me—has recognized me—has renewed his insulting offers. He thinks I yet love him. O! did he know the hate I bear him! Does he think I shall ever forget his insolent threats? Does he think I can ever forget that he spoke to *me* of manacles? In that moment I could have killed him. Fool! fool that he is! As well talk of enslaving the fierce wind—as well talk of binding with manacles the ocean's stormy wave.

"This father of mine—"

"He will never enslave *you*."

"It is not of that I think. I have acted by your advice, *maman*. I have won him to love me—but I am afraid—"

"Of what? speak out."

"There are times when I shudder in his presence; when the glance of his eye fills me with unutterable repugnance. Like a child in the dark I tremble, I am afraid. Then when he leaves me the darkest forebodings lay on my heart. O Life! what a struggle and heaviness thou art: at times I so long to end it—end it—end it."

Maria was silent. Experience had taught her she was powerless to console her child in her darker moods. Leoline was walking the floor as she spoke, her hand clasped upon her forehead.

"And this life, that I would so willingly cast off as a worn-out garment, once looked so fair, this earth so beautiful, this air so bright—now it is night—dark night to my soul—there will never be dawn again. My heart is become old and desolate. There has lived in it no love to keep it fresh and green. In the whole world there is not one to love me—to love me with a true and noble love. Men come around me; they flatter and sue—they woo me with burning words and passionate glances—they dare to call what they feel by the name of love.—Oh! their words make me sick—sick—sick. I turn away with merry scorn on my lips, but a deep loathing in my heart. For too well I know it was *such* love with which my father wooed my mother. It was *such* love that gave me my miserable life. *She* was sold to a trader, and I cast on the stormy world without one thought for my future fate. Never can I yield to such love as this."

SARATOGA WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

A large audience assembled, on the morning of Aug. 15, at St. Nicholas Hall.

Martha C. Wright, of Auburn, was appointed *President*.

Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse; Lydia Mott, Albany; Ernestine L. Rose, New York; Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, New York; Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Augusta P. Wiggins, Saratoga Springs, *Vice Presidents*.

Secretaries—Emily Jaques, Nassau; Aaron M. Powell, Ghent; Mary L. Booth, Williamsburgh.

Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, Marietta Richmond, Phebe Jones.

Business Committee—Antoinette L. Brown, Ernestine L. Rose, T. W. Higginson, Lucy Stone Blackwell, C. F. Hovey, of Boston, Phebe Merritt, of Michigan, Hon. William Hay, Saratoga Springs.

During the absence of the Committee, Mrs. Rose briefly reviewed the rise and progress of the Woman's Rights movement.

Miss Brown, chairman of Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

Whereas, The spirit of Truth, Justice and Love has gone forth among the nations of the earth, arresting the thoughts of the heedless, appalling the oppressor, inspiring the oppressed, and baptizing the nations with a higher and holier humanity: *And whereas*, The civilized mind of the world has, within the last half century, mocked all previous time by the originality of its conception, and the grandeur of their achievements, and is destined to still farther progress: *And whereas*, This nation has recognized the principle of the natural equality of all human beings, and must not shrink from the consistent application of that principle—

1. *Resolved*, That it is high time to inaugurate a new era in civil and political government, to re-survey the rights, and re-construct the duties and privileges of man; to recur to first principles, and hold fast to the natural and inalienable rights of our race,—as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

2. *Resolved*, That civil government ought to be the just partnership of a nation of freemen, wherein the highest good of all is the good of any one, and the highest good of any one the good of all.

3. *Resolved*, That every popular government is based upon certain simple principles: as that the consent of the governed is always essential; that there should be no taxation without representation; that no one's rights can be safely left to the sole keeping of another.

4. *Resolved*, That we cordially rejoice to know that these principles are more and more consistently applied to the male citizens of New York State; and we only demand that they should be as consistently extended to females also.

5. *Resolved*, That for this reason we claim for women the right of suffrage, fully, freely, universally.

6. *Resolved*, That woman's right of suffrage necessarily carries with it another franchise, namely, eligibility to all offices of trust, honor or emolument.

7. *Resolved*, That the laborer must have the stimulus of wages to work with cheerfulness and industry—the student must have the hope of fame and influence to encourage him through days and years of solitude and toil—therefore,

Resolved, That it is in vain that we give to woman equal educational advantages with man, while we withhold from her equal motives for attainment.

8. *Resolved*, That we will labor on, labor earnestly, labor ever, hoping aid from the thoughtful and noble of both sexes, to harmonize the theory and practice of the American Governments, and make suffrage truly universal.

Miss Brown then addressed the Convention on the subject of the Resolutions.

Mr. Higginson followed in a most happy effort. Many of the fashionables, whom idle curiosity had led to the hall, must have felt like the woman at the well, when she reported that she had seen a man who told her all the things that ever she did, so nearly did Mr. H. picture to them their thoughts and feelings.

Miss Anthony then announced that Woman's Rights tracts were for sale, and called upon such as became interested in the subject to purchase copies, not only for themselves, but also for circulation among their neighbors and friends.

She then advertised "The Una," and told the people that if they would be informed of the real claims of the Woman's Rights movement, they must take a Woman's Rights paper. Said she, "No temperance man would rely upon Bennett's 'Herald' for truthful statements relative to the temperance movement; no abolitionist would take the New York 'Observer,' or 'Christian Advocate,' for anti-slavery facts; so no person can get the truth, as to the claims and progress of Woman's Rights, except from a paper devoted to that reform."

She then spoke of the "Woman's Advocate," published at Philadelphia; though it advocated only Woman's Right to *work*,—to equal pay for equal services rendered, (she was sorry that it did not see that the right of suffrage underlies all others.)—nevertheless, the existence of that paper, edited, published and printed by women, was a living Woman's Rights fact; but as Miss Fagan, a reporter for the Advocate, was present, she hoped that lady, who better understood the aims and objects of the paper, would herself speak of its merits.

She then gave a brief history of the work that had been done in the State during the past two years. The success of the past inspired hope for the future. The work of peti-

tioning the Legislature would be continued. The form of petition for the present year would be presented to the Convention before its close.

The evening session was devoted to addresses. Mrs. May made a short speech. Mrs. Rose was, however, the speaker of the evening; her subject, the Industrial and Educational Rights of Woman.

Miss Brown being called, came forward and simply announced that Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell had arrived, and she hoped would now address the audience.

Mrs. B. was greeted with long and repeated cheers, and after stating that she had just come from the cars, made a few remarks on the hopeful signs of the times, and then announced that she would speak on the morrow.

The morning and evening sessions of the second day were mostly occupied with addresses from Mrs. Blackwell, Miss Brown, Mrs. Rose, Messrs. Higginson and May, all of whom did themselves justice and the cause good service.

The following Petition, from the Committee, was presented by S. B. Anthony, and adopted by the Convention:

WOMAN'S RIGHTS PETITION.

To the Honorable the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York.

Whereas the Women of the State of New York are recognized as citizens by the Constitution, and yet are disfranchised on account of sex only,—we do respectfully demand for them the RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE;—a right which involves all other rights of citizenship, and one which cannot justly be withheld.

It is evident that it cannot be justly withheld, when we consider the admitted principles of popular Government; among which are the following:

(1st) That all men are born free and equal.

(2d) That all Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.

(3d) That taxation and representation should go together.

(4th) That those held amenable to a system of laws, should have a share in framing those laws.

We do therefore petition that you will at once take the necessary steps, so to revise the Constitution of our State, that all her citizens may enjoy equal political privileges.

Mr. May introduced a resolution for the appointment of a Committee of five, to engage lecturing agents, and raise funds for their compensation.

The Committee consists of Susan B. Anthony, Ernestine L. Rose, Antoinette L. Brown, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Martha C. Wright, Lydia Mott.

On the last evening, after addresses by Miss Brown, Mrs. Rose and Mrs. Blackwell, Mr. May read the Resolutions, and moved their adoption.

The vote in the affirmative was most hearty, without a single nay.

The President thanked the Convention for the respect and attention which had been manifested throughout its several sessions, after which the meeting adjourned.

EMILY JAQUES,
A. M POWELL, } *Secretaries.*
MARY L. BOOTH,

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

We have received two numbers of the above named paper, published in London, Liverpool and Manchester, England, by an Association of Ladies. It is the first enterprise of the kind ever attempted there, and will, we trust, succeed fully, and grow into a publishing establishment, supplying work to the large numbers who need it. It is very ably edited and conducted on a plan to do much good. Advertisements by women are published *free of charge*, while the ladies of the Association propose to use their personal influence to secure them situations. Employers pay for theirs at a rate scarcely sufficient to remunerate them for the many gratuitous ones we find on the first page. We commend the plan as most admirable; for we have often seen the last dollar paid for a single insertion of a few lines, that failed to bring the desired home or work; and not unfrequently does despair seize the wretched one and she sells her "birthright for a mess of pottage."

We observe, also, they have a plan on foot for a female college, but the projector, Mr. F. D. Maurice, ignores the idea of following our example, by having ladies graduate as physicians. He fancies that by developing them, and by clearly defining the specific work of women, they will be preserved from such absurd cravings and maintained in their proper sphere. Englishmen, he says, would not have women surgeons and physicians, but they *must have them nurses.* Very likely they would not, nor would American men, in a vast majority of cases; but there will always be a supply for every demand, and American women, as they become refined and purified by the advancing light of truth, demand women to attend them in their hours of peril and deepest need, and no man who honestly and fairly meets the question will feel that he is, or can be, as well fitted to be the physician of women, as woman herself.

The paper is a quarto of eight pages, with a handsome heading, and has a very business-like air about it, and we find that there is abundant fearlessness in rebuking wrong-doing, especially at a distance.

The leading article is upon war and the United States, and is a severe and not unmerited castigation upon us for our non-sympathy with the Allies in the present war. But we think the picture rather overdrawn; we do not believe that there is anything like the "insane joy" manifest in the protracted war which they imagine. The *Herald*, and the opinions of political demagogues, are not the public sentiment of the North in every sense, nor are we without our own struggle for freedom and right. ***

"THE REFORMER'S COMPANION."

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is about to become editor of the above monthly, which is to "represent the age in which we live, and the Rights of Mankind." Prof. D. Lyman, Jr., is also to be connected with the editorial department. Each number is to contain thirty-six royal octavo pages of solid reading matter, and a likeness (on steel) of some prominent Reformer. The work will commence when one thousand names are pledged, and the pay is expected on the receipt of the first number. Success to it. TERMS: $2.00 per annum. Address, L. E. Barnard, Cleveland, Ohio.

REPORT OF THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.

A full and thorough report of the doings of the above Convention was to have been given our readers by Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, but she was taken suddenly ill, and was thereby prevented from doing that work. In its absence, however, we give a brief sketch of that meeting from another source.

We owe an apology to several correspondents for the absence of their articles in this number,—particularly that of Miss Peabody, in continuation of her historical papers. The press of matter has been so great lately, and the size of the UNA, in comparison therewith, is so small that it has been found impossible to always present the favors of writers as early as desirable.

THE CONVENTION

Will convene at 10 o'clock A. M., Wednesday 19th, at Meionaon Hall.

RECEIPTS FOR THE UNA.*

[*From August 11, to September 7*]

M. L. Buckley, 1,—7†—; S. P. Tyler 1,—2—; Sarah G. Dyer, 1,—7—; H. Leavenworth, 1.12½, —7—; E. T. Clapp, 1,—2—; W. P. Barnard, 1, —2—; Mrs. Wm. Pope, jr., 1,—2—; J. A. Davis, 1,—2—; Miss Wilby, 1,—2—; H. L. Brown, 1,—2—; J. L. Baldwin, 1,—9—; M. E. Henderson, 1,—9—; M. F. Munson, 1,—9—; D. Avery, 1,—7—; L. Danforth, 1,—7—; H. Smith, 1—7—; C. H. Lawrence, 1,—7—; D. Harris, 1,—7—; R. E. Rice, 1,—7—; M. Chambers, 1,—7—; T. McElrath, 1,—7—; M. L. Booth, 1,—7—; E. C. Gilchrist, 1—7—; H. Littlefield, 1,—7—; E C. Hall, M. D., 50 cts.,—7—; A. P. Wiggins, 1,—7—; L. S. Lewis, 1,—7—; A. S. Rice, 1,—7—; F. Lyons, 1,—7—; S. W. Treat, 1,—7—; C. R. Barker, 1,—7—; C. T. Beach, 1,—7—; A. Waldo, 1,—7—; E. B. Lothrop, 1,—7—; John G Saxe, 1,—7—; C. Hood, 1,—7—; M. Y. Cobb, 1,—7—; L. P. Ford, 1,—7—; T. W. Van Hock, 1,—7—; L. C. Welch, 1,—7—; H. S. Brigham, 1.—8—; C. A. Kenny, 1,—2—; S. Tyndale, 1,—7—; E. P. Mitchell, 1—1—; H. Tyndale, 1,—1—; A E. Lewis, 1,—7—; S. Green, 1,—7—; G. W Ellinwood, 1,—7—; D. B. Allen, 1,—7—; A Sanders, 1,—9—; S. W. Gleason, 1.—7—; J. K Reynolds, 1,—7—; H. A Lessions, 1,—7—; C. M. Waldo, 1,—7—; R. G. Gardner, 1,—7—.

* Not otherwise receipted for.
† The figures between the dashes (— —) designate the number of the current Volume at which the subscription commenced.

THE UNA

A Paper Devoted to the Elevation of Woman.

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

VOL. III. BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 15, 1855. NO. 10.

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MRS. PAULINA W. DAVIS, Providence, R. I.

DAMRELL & MOORE, Printers, 16 Devonshire Street, Boston.

THE CONVENTION.

A Woman's Rights Convention was held in Boston on the 19th and 20th of September. It was fully attended through six sessions, and gave great satisfaction to all engaged in it. Since its close, its officers have received such expressions of interest from persons not previously enlisted in the cause, as to convince them that a lasting impression was made.

Mrs. Davis was in the chair. The attendance was the best that Boston could furnish, intelligent, respectful, and to a greater degree than usual, clerical.

The present number of the Una, has been, from the absence of Mrs. Davis, entirely entrusted to Mrs. Dall. She expects to receive the individual disapprobation of each one of her readers, but she demurs that thus far she has done the best she could.

Upon examining the phonographic report, it was found that the reporter had given the speakers credit for MS. in several instances where it did not exist. This inadvertent compliment to the fluency of the Convention is extremely inconvenient, inasmuch as it will compel much unexpected labor.

It has been thought best, therefore, to print in this number the very valuable legal matter, the MS. of which is ready, and which we are anxious to put up in pamphlets for distribution as soon as possible.

This is not the first of our shortcomings, but it is one impossible to foresee. We have a right, therefore, to the patience of our readers.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

W. Newton, Oct. 5, 1855.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION IN BOSTON,

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1853.

The Meionaon was well filled this morning at 10 o'clock, when Harriet K. Hunt took the platform and delivered an address.

The following persons were then chosen as Officers of the Convention:

President—Mrs. Paulina W. Davis, of Providence.

Vice Presidents—Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, Caroline H. Dall, of West Newton, Susan Harris, Harriette M. Carlton, of Dorchester, Caroline M. Severance, of Roxbury, Mrs. Jackson, of Plymouth, Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester.

Secretaries—Miss Carlton and Wm. Fish, of Hopedale.

Business Committee—Dr. Wm. F. Channing, Mrs. Severance, Mrs. Dall, Miss Young, Wendell Phillips, Miss Eliza Thayer, and Mrs. Mazjoram.

Mrs. Davis assumed the Chair, with an address on the hopes and purposes of the Woman's Movement. She advised incidentally the presentation of memorials to every Legislature in every State, asking for women the right of citizenship. Petitions must be circulated for signatures in every school district. Women need to carry their zeal to the point of living for their cause; a task more difficult than dying for it.

[As this Address will be published in full in the next Una, we shall not dwell further upon it here.]

Mrs. Caroline H. Dall then read the following Report. It was succeeded at various periods of the Convention by others, upon the laws of Rhode Island, Vermont and New Hampshire; and, for the sake of unity, these papers will follow each other here, and be merely adverted to in the order in which they were actually read.

REPORT

CONCERNING SOME OF THE LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS IN RELATION TO WOMEN.

W. NEWTON, July 2, 1855.

Mrs. President:

At a meeting held at the house of Harriet K. Hunt, on the 30th of May last, I was appointed a committee to make some inquiries of Mr. John W. Browne, concerning a report, which it was supposed he had undertaken, relating to those Laws of the State of Massachusetts which concern women.

On the 5th day of June, I had an interview with Mr. Browne, and discovered that the report which he had undertaken to make was a far more elaborate one,—it being rather "A Report upon the General Law of husband and wife, or a digest of the laws of the several states of the United States, which concern woman."

This work was undertaken by Mr. Browne, some years ago, and after devoting his leisure to it for many weeks, he laid it aside because it seemed to him, from its nature, to demand years for its fulfilment. His report would have been after all only a law-book, curious rather than useful. It would not meet the wants of women, nor greatly aid them to secure what are called their *Rights*. He was of opinion, that this question, like that of African slavery, must be treated on great general principles, rather than on particular enactments or abuses.

This statement is undoubtedly true, unless the *general* bearing of special enactments or abuses can be fully comprehended. Yet I did not feel at liberty to leave the matter here. I knew that those who empowered me as a

committee, would expect me to make some statements in regard to the Massachusetts Law to this meeting; and although I had felt from the beginning that anything thorough and satisfactory was, from the nature of the case, impossible, yet a general outline was both desirable and necessary.

The protest signed by Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell on the occasion of their marriage, seemed to relate to whatever was most objectionable in all law, every where. I take it, therefore, section by section, as the foundation of whatever remarks I may wish to make, and the expression of such opinions as this meeting may naturally be supposed to hold.

In the first place, I would remark, that I do not know of *any* laws here, or elsewhere, that oppressively affect single women; nor do I know of any which positively deny their civil rights, or refuse to them the very highest educational privileges.

When such things occur, it is as the consequence of misrepresentation, *male* interpretation, as some of our friends say;—of the union of large bodies of men, manufacturers and the like,—or by force of *custom*;—perhaps, in addressing women, I should say *fashion*, which we all know to be more tyrannical than law.

In the second place, and in the words of our protest, all persons interested in securing the rights of women, are prepared to object to such laws of any State, as give to the husband,

1. *The custody of the wife's person.*

In Massachusetts the husband has this custody by the common law, and I know of no special enactment to the contrary. Probably no right with which he is invested occasions more suffering than this, yet it is necessarily of a kind to be passed over in silence, and which,—speak of it impersonally as we will,—it seems unfit to press publicly upon the attention of an audience. But, if the results of this right are sustained by the laws of the land; should they be such as we must blush to speak of; if women die under its inflictions,—are they never to find those of their own sex strong enough to show the reasons why, and pure enough to remain unsuspected in doing so? To what extent this right may be sustained, those interested may see by referring to Bishop, on Marriage and Divorce, Section 489, where a case recently decided in Connecticut, is detailed. Here a wife was driven in her extremity to appeal for a divorce. The Court found all the facts as she stated them, but refused to grant her prayer, because the husband had no means of ascertaining that her health was injured, except, — *her own assertion!* Will it be believed that the Court neither required the husband to find such evidence for the future, nor instructed the injured wife as to some legal way of resisting such demands? And yet women know that the coarsest woman must have suffered in no ordinary degree, before she could have been driven into a public statement of such grievances? In relation to such a right, it may be said, that every thing will depend upon the character of the husband, and that no good man would feel himself justified by it. Precisely for *this reason* ought the law to be altered. Only the conduct of a violent, abusive man, regardless of all holy obligations, is likely to come before a Court under it? and such men ought not to be sustained by the law; nor would they be, if those sitting on the bench felt themselves free enough from reproach in kindred matters, to be competent to decide according to the absolute standard. Have the law and the Courts so little interest in the welfare of the State that the personal degradation of the wife, which this law involves, is nothing to them? Can ignoble mothers bring forth noble sons? What would you name the woman who should voluntarily give her person into another's custody? and what effect do you think it would have upon the world, if all the unmarried comprehended the extent of the power here given to the husband, a power of life and death—no less! Here is a case where the great Goethe might have said, as he said of lesser matters,

—"a synod of good *women* should decide."

Thirdly, we object to investing the husband with the

2. *Exclusive control and guardianship of his children.*

In Massachusetts I am told the law amounts to this. In general, the father is entitled to the exclusive control and guardianship of the children. Yet this right is not absolute. Massachusetts does not forget that she stands in the sacred relation of mother to all her children, and that their good is the predominant consideration. While the children remained dependent on a mother's nurture, her right would be regarded, and if the father were manifestly unfit, the Courts would not give them into his custody. This is a case, as you will see, in which the practice of the State has always been better than her principle; yet where it was possible for many cruel decisions to be made under cover of the faulty principle. A favorable change has however taken place in this respect, since the last session of the Legislature. By referring to the statutes of the session of 1855, Chap. 137, Sect. 7, it will be seen that in all "cases in which the Supreme Judicial Court, or any justice thereof, shall be required to adjudicate, relative to the custody of children, pending any controversy between the parents thereof, or in regard to the final possession by the parents respectively, the happiness and welfare of such children shall determine the custody or possession into which they shall be placed, and the respective rights of the parents in the absence of misconduct shall be held to be equal." Here the letter of the law comes up to the practice, and both are sustained by the abstract principle.

In the fourth place we protest against such laws as give to a husband the

3. *Sole ownership of a wife's personal, and use of her real estate,*

unless previously settled upon her, or placed in the hands of trustees, as in the case of minors, lunatics and idiots. The law of Massachusetts *was* as oppressive as that of any State. Painful instances of its operation will readily occur to all who listen to me; but by referring to the 304th Chapter of the Statutes for 1855, it will be seen,

Section First.—"That henceforth, property, both real and personal, which any woman may own at the time of her marriage, and all proceeds thereof, any real or personal property which shall come to her by descent or as a gift, from some person other than her husband, shall remain her sole property, not subject to his disposal nor liable to his debts."

Section Second.—"That her husband shall not be liable for any action against her, which began before her marriage, but she shall be liable as if she were sole, and her property in the same manner."

Section Third.—"She may after and during her marriage, sell or convey her property as if she were single, but no conveyance of any real property; and no conveyance of any shares in any corporation shall be valid without the assent, in writing, of her husband, except with the consent of one of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, to be given on account of the sickness, insanity, or absence of her husband, or other good cause. Such consent to be obtained in vacation as well as in term time."

Section Sixth.—"That the real estate or shares standing in the name of any married woman, which were her property at the time of her marriage, or which have since become so, shall not be liable to be taken on any execution against him for debt or any cause of action hereafter arising."

I have thrown off the absurd and cumbersome technicality of these sections, and retain only their common sense. By the Second Section it will be seen, that whenever the wife becomes a person capable of holding property, she becomes also responsible for her own debts. I allude to this, because there are women who seem to think that *rights* are only *liberties*, and not in any degree, *responsibilities*, and because there are men who think that if the law grant us all we seek, it will put us beyond the pale of its restraints.

Nay, sisters, freedom is a sacred, self-re-

straining thing, and let no one ask for it who is not willing to *suffer* under it.

The Third Section provides for the husband's assent in writing to the wife's transfer of real estate or shares in any corporation. Let no one consider this an injustice, for when the husband wishes to dispose of his real estate, he cannot do it, unless his wife consents to bar her own right of dower. When the law first treats woman as a person, equal in its sight to man, such special enactments will cease to be necessary, for the two will then come in precisely the same way, under all its provisions.

In the fifth place, we protest against those laws which give to the husband

4. *The absolute right to the products of his wife's industry.*

In Massachusetts the husband *had* this absolute right, and a case which arose under it in the person of an Irish washerwoman, in whom I was interested, when I was only fifteen, was the first to call my attention to the subject of such unequal legislation. The wife could then give a receipt to her employer, which legally discharged *him*, but it did not make *her* the owner of her receipts, against the claim of an idle and dissolute husband. The statutes of of 1855 have changed all that. By referring to the 7th Section of the 304th chap. it will be seen, "that any married woman may carry on any trade or business, perform any service on her own account, and her earnings shall be her *sole* property, to be used and invested by her, and for which she may sue or be sued, and upon which executions may be levied against her." This *last* to be prized as a right, as well as the others.

In the sixth place, we protest against those laws which give to the widower, a

5. *Larger and more permanent interest in the property of a deceased wife,*

than they give to the widow in that of her deceased husband. In Massachusetts, after a wife dies, a husband is entitled to all the wife's personal estate, after the payment of her debts, as her administrator, and the income of the whole of her real estate during his life, provided a child was born of the marriage. Should the husband die, the wife has only *one-third* of the personal property remaining after his debts are paid, and her dower in one-third of his real estate during her life. If there were no children, she would be entitled to the whole of his personal estate, provided it did not exceed $5000, and one-half his real estate during her life. It is a little comical to see how carefully the State protects us here against the "deceitfulness of riches," and a little natural curiosity cannot but be felt to know who are the heirs whom she proposes to benefit by the surplus of his personal, and the half of his real estate! In England they have a crown, which conveniently confiscates troublesome property of this sort. Here, it is easy to conceive of cases under such a law, conferring a premium upon knavery, and offering temptations to still deeper crime.

Finally, we protest against the whole system by which

6. *The legal existence of a woman is suspended during marriage,*

so that in many States, she neither has a legal part in the choice of her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue nor be sued in her own name, nor *inherit property.*

Upon some of the points, touched by this protest, we have already given nearly all the information that is required.

In spite of the enactment of some special statutes to the contrary, the spirit of the Massachusetts law still "considers the husband and wife as one person. There is allowed to be but one will between them, and that is placed in the husband." This is the general principle of the law, as decided by her Supreme Court, but special statutes long since empowered her to make a will, with the consent of her husband endorsed upon it, and to sue and be sued, in regard to the property secured to her sole use, by an ante nuptial settlement. If personal property descended to her, it was her husband's; if real, the income and use of it were his. Those sections of the 304th chap. of the Statutes of 1855, which I have just read, show you what later change has been made, and I need only quote here the

Fifth Section, which says: "That any woman hereafter married, may while married make a will, but such will shall not deprive her husband of his rights, as tenant by the courtesy, and she shall not bequeathe away from him more than one-half her personal property, without his consent in writing, and any woman now married may make a will of her real estate, which however shall not deprive her husband of his rights as tenant by courtesy."

When we regard the careful wording of this statute, by which the Courts secure to woman what it has been customary to assert that she has always had, namely, *her will*, we are led to inquire who this husband is, who is so carefully protected; whether he is so *cruel* that he is in danger of losing his right as tenant by courtesy, or so *weak* that he cannot subsist without one-half of his wife's personal property? We wonder why he cannot be left to secure all these things by his good behavior, and whether the wife is as carefully secured against injustice on her husband's part.

7. One further question may be asked of Massachusetts. If a husband dies without a will, who appoints the guardians of his children? If the children are under 14, the Judge of Probate nominates the guardian; if over, the minor. In practice, the Judge would always appoint the mother to the guardianship, if she petitioned for it, and were not incapable. In case the mother remains unmarried and is competent to transact her own business, she is by our law entitled to the custody of the person of the minor, and the care of his education, notwithstanding another is the guardian, he being appointed by the Judge solely to look after the minor's estate.

The *Seventh* Section of the 137th chap. of the Statutes of 1855, which I read under my third protest, though intended to apply in cases of divorce, is broad enough, I am assured, to cover all cases of custody, and is praiseworthy because it is just. My interest in this matter has led me also to consider the "General law of Husband and Wife." I cannot express the horror with which I turned from my investigations into English law, binding upon so large a portion of the civilized world. To say that it is more oppressive than I have ever known that of Massachusetts to be, is to say too little.

Macqueen says in 1847, that only three cases of divorce obtained by women, are on the records of the nation, it having been the settled policy of Parliament to discourage applications from that quarter. A divorce is granted to man, only that legitimacy of descent may be secured; his happiness, as an individual, — the sacredness of living is of no account in the eye of Parliament. Woman, they think, has nothing to fear on this head, so they permit her to suffer under a thousand disabilities, whenever she attempts to free herself from a brute or a destroyer. In Massachusetts, I believe a woman labors under no special disability in seeking a divorce. If she have no property, her husband is obliged to support her while the suit is pending, and is held liable for her costs. In a proper state of society, in which women would be self-supporting, the husband might rebel against this law, as oppressive. As it is, it shows a great advance upon the civilization of the old world. I have no time, even were it pertinent, to go into the details of the English law.

Macqueen himself calls many of them inexplicable and unsatisfactory. As I read them, I felt thankful to God that so few men had the curiosity to turn over pages whereon it is recorded that they may sell the wearing apparel of a wife, to fill their cigar cases, and that when they die, her chattels personal may go to their heirs, but can never revert to her;— where the various enactments seemed to point out with burning distinctness, a thousand new ways in which a wicked man might persecute a woman. I thanked God that the law in the heart is, for most men, far easier to read than the law of the Courts!

In the institutes of Mena, it is said, "Immemorial custom is transcendent law." "The

roots of the law are the whole Veda — the ordinances and moral practices of such as perfectly understand it, the immemorial customs of good men and self satisfaction." "Immemorial custom is a tradition among the four pure classes, in a country frequented by the gods, and at length, is not to be distinguished from revelation."

My friends, having told you thus much concerning Massachusetts law, you will not need to ask me whether this country is still frequented by the gods. If not, it is the four pure classes who are to win them back to it, and of these the class of *high-minded women* stands forever first. You will have no need to assume the responsibility of immemorial custom. It has always belonged to you—you, who have always controlled, in a great measure, the ordinances and moral practices of men. Make *yourselves* better, then, if you would have the *laws* so. Deserve more, if you would have more.

You will have seen that I am indebted to Mr. Browne's "certainties" for my confidence in my legal points. I would not do otherwise than acknowledge this, because I trust the day is soon coming when men will, with the same candor, acknowledge their obligations to women.

Here I technically close my report, yet as it is the first time that I have presented this subject in person, I shall beg permission to speak in more general terms of the field into which we have entered. This reform is far more important than all others, inasmuch as it underlies all others. We ought to call it a movement in behalf of *Human* Rights, not *Woman's*, for the most important of *man's* rights is what we seek to secure, namely, the finding of woman in her *right place*, where she may help, not hinder, and set free instead of fettering.

Young men, drawn hither, perhaps, by curiosity, yet not ashamed to dream in your hearts of a wife and a home, would you have a doll to decorate, a toy to play with? If not, you are bound to lend yourselves to our effort to secure a better education for women. Was there ever *one* among you who found a wife *too* capable or *too* well instructed? If not, let none of you fear it. If reformers are found incompetent to household cares or maternal duties, it is not because they are *women*, but because they are imperfect. *Some*, nay *many* of the most distinguished men in the world, would present no better appearance on paper than Mrs. Jellaby,—the great historian Niebuhr, for example. It is the *want* of something, not the *surplus* of any thing, that makes a woman a slattern. Many are the injuries to our cause from those who thoughtlessly advocate it, oblivious, meanwhile, of the small sweet charities of home. I need not tell you what I think of such women. *You* know my opinion; but here in the city, where I was born, where I have grown up, and my word ought to be worth something, I assert, on behalf of the great women, prominent in this cause, that there never was a body of reformers more free from reproach. Go to their homes, and you will find that they did not become reformers, until they had shown themselves good housekeepers and good wives, above all, perhaps, good mothers. They know, most of them, that he who ruleth his own soul is greater than he who taketh a city, and it is because they have made themselves helps *meet* for man, at his fireside, that they have a claim to your confidence assembled here, or in the wide valleys of the West. No occasional exceptions can invalidate this rule. I would not stand here, if I believed that any of us came, to the neglect of higher duties. I do not believe that man is a Christian, who feeds some distant, starving Ireland, before he has provided for the hunger of his own household. As I encounter often my conservative friends, they ask me, How do you grow, and what does your cause gain? It seems as if their world waited, expecting some sudden and striking result. Let us tell them here, once for all, that *we* have never been deluded into looking for any such thing. From its nature this will be the slowest movement ever undertaken by man. We shall gain surely, but imperceptibly. I am frightened when obvious results crowd upon us, because I feel that they are not granted wisely, nor with a full knowledge of all that they involve. All noble souls must help us, whether they will or not, yet I would have men realize beforehand, so far as they can, the full consequences of every step we take. Every well-educated woman who leads an independent life, refusing to marry for bread, or managing her family interests as a widow, from wise and noble motives, helps us more than all speech-making. Speech-making is in fact the *lowest* duty in our temple service,—a duty, yet the lowest. It is needed now, it may be forever, but in itself it proves nothing.

A woman like Harriet K. Hunt, who established herself as a physician in this city in spite of bigoted resistance, and now protests against the taxes she is compelled to pay on property which she may neither protect nor represent,—a woman, who like yourself, Mrs. President, entered the field as a lecturer, to teach mothers the meaning of scrofula and the value of health,—a woman who adds, like Elizabeth Browning, the sound learning of a man to the tender feeling of the woman;—one who like Margaret Fuller, unites a blameless private life to the most thorough scholarship, and the inspiration of a seer, is indeed a noble advocate of woman's true position, whether she ever make a speech or not.

Life is what we want. Responsible, earnest life, such as Hatty Hosmer's, when she crossed the Alleghanies to get the freedom of the dissecting-room—when she stood by the rough marble block, and with her own energetic hand, broke away the stone, till those who loved her looked upon the dawning of her Hesper. *Life*, such as Florence Nightingale's, when she sailed for the Crimea, and exchanged the saloons of St. James for the hospitals of a badly managed war;—when she seized the supplies, refused to her by craven officers, and saved Her Majesty's dying soldiers in spite of Her Majesty's transport service. *Life*, such as the primary school teacher leads, when day after day she goes up to her pupils, and by patient well-doing, earns her own, perhaps her children's bread. *Life*, such as the faithful servant leads, who, with a tender respect towards those who employ her, keeps also a noble self-respect. Our temple is the temple of humanity, all her servants are our priests.

Let no one, then, misunderstand us. And while I speak for myself, I may speak also for all my friends upon this platform. It is no unworthy thing we contend for. We ask no irreligious souls to join us. We want tender, faithful, and earnest women, steadfast to keep this matter in the public sight. We want redress in matters of education and before the law. We want the inalienable rights of human beings, reserving it for our own souls to decide whether we will use all the liberties that depend from those rights or not. But above all, we do not so much need, on this platform, eloquent speakers, as we do eloquent livers, by every hearth-stone in this nation; livers, who feeling the high responsibility imposed upon them by God in our emergency, will resolutely do what is demanded of them, without regard to what is sweetest and dearest in life, yet laboring always in a spirit so sweet and dear as ultimately to win the world to themselves.

Do I seem to have too little faith in conventions? If I did not believe that they are for the present necessary, I would not lend myself to them. It seems to me desirable that we should meet, and express ourselves publicly to each other, that we should understand ourselves and all our wants and possibilities. Hitherto we have lived in so narrow a sphere, that like children, we may be surprised, trying to grasp the moon with our hands. Let us come together, then, till we learn so, how broad God's own horizon really is!

Yet in the main, conventions seem to me a masculine implement. And what have men accomplished by them, in politics or reform? Changed the "vox populi" into the "vox diaboli," mayhap, but never into the "vox Dei." Our work must be done better, and

by better tools. "We know not yet, but we shall know hereafter."

And *the Life* of which I spoke!—Women of New England, I demand this life of you. Wrecks of noblest humanity are continually floating by you. A George Sand, breaking loose from the ties which bind her to society, only in later years to recognize with profoundest sincerity the strength of those which link her to her God. A Fredrika Bremer, a Charlotte Bronte, full of restless longings, of unsatisfied aspirations, show you the path before you. Why is it that a low wail runs through all the literature that women have given to the world, and that the voice which man uplifts, is often, though far less eloquent, more cheerful and strong? It is because women feel a helplessness that they think without remedy. Show them that it is not so. Show them, each one of you, by living that life, you dare to wish.

"Be sea-captains, if you will,"—but never be profane, drunken, incapable sea-captains. Show yourselves in whatever posts you claim, gentle, steadfast, and modest. These are the virtues of men as well. Do not, as women, discard them. Be efficient, brave, and helpful. Seek duty always, perhaps it were better to say, and more modest; be ready for it when it comes, for notoriety never. One lost sister in our ranks would be an argument against us, stronger than any which legions of lawyers could furnish. While we demand of *men*, lives pure as a virgin thought, let us require of ourselves always and everywhere no less. While we interfere with no other's right of private judgment, let us recognize as publicly as possible, the supremacy of God's love and power, and the relations between Him and man. Let us *find* His presence in the worlds of Nature and Art, and demand it in those of Custom and Law. Only so, may we truly serve our sex, our nation, our age. Only so, can we lay our foundations beyond the power of rains that fall, or waves that beat! Only so, shall we be able to confer on humanity, a single privilege worthy of immortal beings! CAROLINE H. DALL.

West Newton, Mass., July 5, 1855.

The following brief digest of the laws of Rhode Island was presented to the convention by P. W. Davis, on the afternoon of Wednesday the 19th:

Your Committee, in examining the laws of Rhode Island, and preparing their abstract, find that many objectionable features of the old English common law in relation to married women, which, derivatively, have been in force in this country, are passing away, and more equitable statutes succeeding.

The spirit of progress has rendered obsolete the right of a man to whip his wife — the absolute custody of her person is questioned; but the rule which merges the civil and political existence of the wife in that of the husband still obtains in this State, which was the first to recognize the need of woman to protection in her property rights.

In 1844, a bill was introduced into the Legislature of this State, by Hon. Wilkins Updike, securing to married women their property, under certain regulations. The step was a progressive one, and hailed, at that time, as a bright omen for the future. Nor have we been disappointed in its effects. Other States have followed the example, and the right of woman to some control of her property has been recognized by several States.

In 1847, Vermont passed similar enactments. In 1848–49 Connecticut, New York and Texas followed; in 1850, Alabama; in ——, Maine; in 1853, New Hampshire; Indiana, Wisconsin and Iowa have followed.

These acts were an advance upon the past; a new recognition of the existence of women, for which they were deeply grateful, and still continue to hold a higher idea of their value than we believe them deserving of, if they are to be judged by the acknowledged principles of justice and humanity, instead of our gratitude to the chivalric desire to protect womanhood, which prompted their introduction.

If, in 1855, from their practical workings, we find ourselves compelled to pronounce them despotic in spirit, degrading and tyrannical in effect, we do not the less give honor to the man who was so far in advance of his age as to conceive the idea of raising woman a little higher in the scale of being than infants and idiots. The stronger must lift up the weaker, and every *real* advance of man in civilization and refinement, elevates all his dependencies: a failure of this indicates that the progress is but seeming, not real; and that a recession will invariably follow.

Remarks on the Laws relative to Women.

Without dwelling upon the fact that the constitution of Rhode Island *politically* disfranchises *all* women, whether married or single, (they being neither eligible to office nor entitled to vote), we call attention to the general scope and practical working of these statutes on the civil and social condition of our sex.

Single women, and women, too, who are married, provided the latter have lived in the State a specified time without their husbands, are regarded by the law, so far as the transaction of business and the management of property are concerned, on the same footing as the men. A woman in Rhode Island, who has attained her majority, and has not, either in legal theory or point of fact, a husband, may engage in any business she chooses; may acquire, manage and dispose of property in any or all the various ways and means lawfully employed by the other sex. An unmarried woman is protected in her right to buy and sell on her own responsibility. She can make purchases of goods and merchandise, and real estate, and hold all and dispose of all in her own name. So long as she remains single, she may engage in domestic trade or foreign commerce, build and charter ships, buy and sell for cash or on credit, sign promissory notes, speculate in stocks of chartered companies, sue and be sued at the law, and make such disposition, by last will and testament, of her personal property and her real estate, as may best suit her feelings, interest and convenience. But the very day she marries, she becomes legally disqualified for the further transaction of business on her own individual responsibility. From that hour her personality ceases. She can do nothing, legally, without her husband. No matter how well established may be her reputation for commercial ability; no matter how excellent her character as a woman, or how unquestionable her credit as a merchant, she is but the legal appendage, the subordinate in business affairs to the man she has married. She is no longer at the head of her own affairs — no longer the responsible manager. Her position in the concern is now one of inferiority. Although the credit of the house and all its merchandise may be exclusively hers, she cannot *legally* claim even the right of being considered an equal partner in the establishment. The law regards the husband as "master and owner," and the wife, whatever *he* may please to consider her.

Although it is true that the letter of the law regards the property of which the woman was possessed before marriage as still her own, yet all her cash, all her merchandise, all her mortgages, her stocks — the whole, indeed, of her personal property as well as her real estate, is no longer under her entire control. If now, as a wife, she makes a sale of merchandise, the purchaser becomes a debtor, not to her, but to her husband *and* herself. If she makes a purchase of goods, and gives her note on demand, or on time, the note is legally good for nothing, unless the husband's signature is affixed to it. Should she desire to sell some portion of her own real estate, the deed of conveyance must also be signed by him, in order that the purchaser may possess a legal and valid title to the property which he buys. And although the husband cannot dispose of the wife's real estate without her consent, yet over her *personal* property his control is made so legally potent, that he can sell, if so disposed, in his own name, the *whole* of such property, even to the last farthing, and pocket the proceeds. He can collect all the rents, incomes, and other moneys which may be due to her, without her knowledge or consent, and appropriate the whole to his own

individual use. True, in anticipation of this robbery on the part of the husband, the law, ludicrously enough, proposes to prevent its perpetration by pronouncing the act illegal, *provided* the persons to whom the husband may have sold the articles, or from whom he may have received rents or other moneys belonging to his wife, had been, previously to the transaction, separately notified by her, *in writing*, that the articles which they were about to buy, or the moneys they were about to pay, belonged exclusively to herself. The exceeding difficulty, if not impossibility, of the wife anticipating in this way the procedure of the husband, is at once perceived. And when he has accomplished the act, the statute does not even attempt to provide a remedy, doubtless considering the transaction as a case of justifiable fraud or larceny. And whatever may be said of other enactments for the security of the property of married women, it is obvious that *this* provision affords hardly the shadow of protection. Quite recently, in one of the manufacturing towns of Rhode Island, a woman, whose husband was living in another State, was taken sick. She had for some time previous, supported herself by dressmaking. She had opened and furnished a room for the accommodation of her customers, and as a work shop, provided with the fixtures and the materials necessary to the prosecution of that branch of business. When the husband heard that his wife was kept from her place of business by sickness, he came to Rhode Island, took possession of the shop, and sold everything it contained, even his wife's wearing apparel, and then returned composedly to his business, saying to an expostulating friend, that "all his proceedings in the case had been strictly legal." So, in fact, they were, and would have been had the property amounted to tens of thousands, instead of a score or two, of dollars. Had this woman been unmarried, she would have had redress at law for this outrage upon her property; indeed, it could not have been perpetrated. Her husband being her legal master, was acting in accordance with the statute "in such case made and provided."

It will be seen, then, that the enactments for the protection of the *personal* property of married women, amount to just this, "and nothing more," viz.: the personal goods and chattels, rents, dues and profits, jewels, furniture and wearing apparel of which she may be possessed in her own right, really and legally belong to her: and the husband is forbidden to dispose of them, or use them for his own advantage, or for the benefit of his creditors, unless he does so by one or the other of those ways which the law leaves open and ready for his use. Such is the security which the legislation of Rhode Island extends to *married* women in regard to their rights of personal property.

Although the control of a married woman's *real estate* is divided by law between herself and husband, yet *this* description of her property is compartively secure. The husband can not, as in the case of *personal* property, sell her houses and lands as his own. The deeds of conveyance would be good for nothing unless jointly signed by husband and wife. And, on the other hand, *she* herself is not allowed to sell or convey any portion of her own estate, without his consent to the transaction, and his signature to the deeds. It is in the enactments concerning the *real estate* of a married woman that we are presented more prominently with the arbitrary character of the rules which govern some portions of modern legislation. On what principle of justice, for example, is a married woman forbidden to dispose of her real estate, or any portion of it, by last will and testament? What valid reason can be given by our wisest legislators for compelling a woman to die intestate, so far as this description of property is concerned? No sound and satisfactory reason, founded in the nature of the case, can possibly be stated in justification of this peremptory prohibition; and furthermore, what *consistency* is there in the legislation which, while unqualifiedly forbidding her to thus devise, by will, her houses and lands, authorizes her to bequeathe, in this very way, any or all of her personal chattels? Thus, while it is unlawful for her to devise a single acre of land, it is at the same time perfectly legal for her to devise any amount of bank stock, merchandise, or other personal property.

What there is in the nature of these two acts when performed by a married woman, so essentially different as to require the law to make a broad discrimination between the two, positively prohibiting the one and clearly authorizing the other, is very difficult to perceive. Common sense declares at once, that, if woman, whether married or single, is competent to say how her personal property shall be divided after her decease, she is likewise competent to determine what shall be done with her *real estate* after the same event. But in spite of common sense, and in opposition to common justice, Rhode Island law says that no woman in the state, if she be married, shall have any voice in the final disposition of any portion of her real estate, but that it shall be left and administered upon by her husband.

Without enlarging upon the arbitrary character of these enactments, their ridiculous distinctions, their tyrannical spirit, or their degrading practical operation, we insist upon an entire new basis of legislation in regard to women. We demand that our equality with the other sex be first recognized, and then we shall no longer be treated as infants or vassals, nor subjected to laws founded only in caprice or antiquated ideas of woman's capacities and natural rights. What we claim, so far as government and legislation have to do with the matter, is simply equality, politically, civilly, socially. Let legislation show no favors on account of sex, any more than on account of feature or complexion. At present the constitution of Rhode Island utterly ignores woman's *political* rights. Some of our *civil* rights are partially and grudgingly acknowledged, as we have seen by the quotations from the statutes, but acknowledged in a sufficiently explicit manner to establish by their own concessions, the justice of all we now demand. Is it not just and reasonable in us to claim, as married women, the same control over the property of our husbands which the law entitles *them* to exercise over ours? If the marriage relation confers any new rights upon the man, it ought also to confer the same upon the woman. And if the widow is entitled to the right of dower in her husband's estate, why should the widower be excluded from the same right in the estate of his wife? If the husband becomes endowed with certain rights in virtue of his wife's property, why should the wife not be endowed with the same rights in virtue of the husband's property? If, for instance, the penniless John Doe marries a woman who possesses in her own right, sundry houses, lands and hereditaments, and the estate is from that time called by, and taxed as, the "estate of John Doe and wife," and he is forthwith made by his wife's property what he was not before—a voter, we submit if it be anything more than even-handed justice, or plain republican equality, when poor Rachel Roe marries some wealthy gentleman, to print in the tax-book, and record in the registry of deeds,—"The estate of Rachel Roe and husband;" and confer upon *her* the same legal rights and privileges which fell to the lot of John Doe as necessary consequences of *his* marriage? Is it not manifest, that what is just and right in the first case is also just and right in the latter? Surely no person of intelligence and candor can justly censure us because we claim that the legal rights and disabilities consequent on marriage, should be equally divided between husband and wife. Is it not clear that, if by marrying, it is proper that a portion of the woman's individuality and freedom be absorbed by the husband, it is *as* proper that an equal portion of his should be absorbed by the wife?

From the examination of these laws, the most liberal in New England, and which have been from time to time revised, amended, and re-enacted, there is still cause for dissatisfaction. If up to this period man's wisdom has failed to find the true equipoise, does it not point to another and higher truth, viz., that of the necessity of women in the halls of Legisla-

ture? It is plainly manifest that man's wisdom is insufficient for the highest good of all —he has failed to comprehend the simple principle of justice—a principle inherent in woman's nature; therefore do we present the following petition for our RIGHT to the elective franchise,—a right sacred to all, and dangerous to tyrants alone.

PETITION

TO THE LEGISLATURE IN RHODE ISLAND.

We, the undersigned, residents of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, feeling aggrieved by the abuses and usurpations of your legislation, which degrades one half of the residents of your State to the position of infants and idiots, defrauding them of the sacred right to self-government, and of all rights and functions as citizens, by withholding from them the elective franchise,—do hereby earnestly pray your honorable body to take such steps as are needful for the recognition of the existence of woman as a citizen of these United States.

LEGAL RIGHTS AND DISABILITIES

OF MARRIED WOMEN IN RHODE ISLAND.

"*An act to secure the fulfilment of certain contracts, and for the relief of married women in certain cases.*"—*Vol.* 1, *page* 265.

SECTION 1.—When any married woman shall reside in, or shall have come from any other state or country into this state, without her husband, he never having lived with her in this state, and she shall continue or shall have continued to reside in this state, without her said husband for the space of two years continuously, she may afterwards, during her separate residence therein, transact business, make contracts, prosecute and defend suits in her own name, and dispose of such of her property as she may acquire by her own industry or otherwise; and may have the exclusive care, custody and guardianship of her minor children, if any living with her, in like manner and in all respects as if she were unmarried; and she shall be liable to be sued as if she were unmarried, upon all contracts, and for all other acts made or done by her after the expiration of said term of two years; and she may make and execute any deeds and other instruments in her own name, and do all other lawful acts that may be necessary or proper to carry into effect the power so granted to her.

SECTION 2.—If the husband of any such woman shall afterwards come into this state and claim his marital rights, his arrival here shall have the same effect in regard to any suit then pending in which she is a party, except to abate the same, and to any contract or business transacted by her under the power granted in the foregoing section, as if they had been first married at the time of his arrival here, and shall have no other effect.

SECTION 3.—If during her separate residence such married woman shall have obtained a decree of divorce against her said husband, under the laws of this state, or if her said husband previous to his coming into this state shall have caused the marriage contract to be dissolved by an act or decree of divorce obtained against her in any state or country, in any suit or proceeding to which she is not a voluntary party nor present thereat, so as to have like opportunity of defence as she would have if such suit were brought against her in this state, she shall not thereafter be liable, in this state, provided that she shall have resided therein for the space of six months, to be deprived by her late husband of her separate earnings therein, nor of any property not derived from him which she may lawfully have acquired or possess, nor of the custody of any infant child; unless, upon petition of her said late husband to the Supreme Court, in the county where she resides, served upon her by copy, thirty days at least before the sitting of the court, and setting forth substantially the whole subject matter of complaint against her, it shall be made to appear by evidence that she is not a a person of good moral character, suitable to have charge of her children, or unless the court thereupon in its discretion, having due regard to the well-being of the infant, order its custody to be changed.

SECTION 4.—The Supreme Court, upon any application of such woman, either before or after said divorce, on her giving satisfactory evidence of her having resided two years in this state, next before said application, separate from her husband, and without being supported by him, may appoint a guardian of the person and estate of said child, in the same manner that courts of probate are now authorized to appoint guardians of minors.

"*Act regulating conveyances af real estate.*" *Page* 257.

SECTION 9. Nothing in this act shall be construed to bar any widow of any grant or of any lands, tenements or other real estate of her dower therein; but a married woman may bar her right of dower in any estate conveyed by her husband, by joining with him in the deed conveying the same, and therein releasing her claim to dower, or by releasing the same by subsequent deed, jointly with her husband, or by joining in a deed given by a guardian of her husband: she may also bar her right of dower in any estate in which the interest of her husband has been formally conveyed by a deed thereof, executed by her, in the presence of two witnesses, and acknowledged by her, after a separate examination and an explanation of the deed to her, in the same manner as is required by law for a conveyance of real estate owned by her in her own right.

SECTION 10. Where the husband and wife, being of lawful age, are seized of any lands, tenements or other real estate in the right of the wife, they shall be authorized to convey the same by deed or other instrument in writing, signed, sealed and delivered by them respectively; but in every such case, the wife acknowledging such deed or instrument shall be examined privily and apart from her husband; and shall declare to the officer taking such acknowledgment, that the deed or instrument shown and explained to her by such magistrate is her voluntary act, and that she doth not wish to retract the same: and if the wife on such privy examination shall refuse to make such acknowledgment, the deed or other instrument executed by the husband and the wife as aforesaid, shall not operate to convey to the grantee named in such deed or instrument, any other or greater estate in the premises described in such deed than what belongs to the husband; and if such deed be executed by attorney of the wife, or any deed affecting her right of dower in any estate of her husband during his life, the letter of attorney shall be executed and acknowledged with like formalities as are required in the execution and acknowledgment of a deed by a husband and wife of an estate held in the right of the wife.

"*Intestate estates and the settlement thereof.*" *Page* 238.

SECTION 3. Whenever the personal estate of any deceased person shall be insufficient to pay the debts and funeral charges of the deceased, the widow shall nevertheless be entitled to her apparel, and such bedding and other household goods as the court of probate shall determine necessary, according to her situation and the circumstances of the estate; and such part of the personal estate as the court of probate may allow the widow, shall not be assets in the hands of the executor or administrator.

SECTION 18. When a man and his wife shall be seized of any real estate in her right, in fee, and issue shall be born alive of the body of such wife, that may inherit the same, and such wife shall die, the husband shall have and hold such estate during his natural life as tenant by the courtesy.

SECTION 24. The husband shall, except as provided in the act entitled "an act concerning the property of married women," be entitled to the administration of his wife's personal estate; and shall not be compelled to distribute the same amongst her rest of kin, but shall have and retain the surplus thereof, after payment of her debts, for his own use: anything in this act to the contrary notwithstanding.

"*Act concerning the property of married women.*" *Page* 270.

SECTION 1.—The real estate, chattels real, household furniture, plate, jewels, stock or shares in the capital stock of any incorporated company of this state, or debts secured by mortgage on property within this state, which are the property of any woman before marriage, or which may become the property of any woman after marriage, shall be, and are hereby so far secured to her sole and separate use, that the same, and the rents, profits and income thereof, shall not be liable to be attached, or in any way taken for the debts of the husband, either before or after his death; and upon the death of the husband in the life-time of the wife, shall be and remain her sole and separate property. In case of the sale of any such property, the proceeds of such sale, or any part of the same, may be invested in the name of the wife in any of the kinds of the property aforesaid, and to be secured to and holden by the wife, in the same manner and with the same rights and effect as the property sold. The receipt or discharge of the husband for the rents and profits of such property, shall be a sufficient receipt and discharge therefor, unless previous notice, in writing, shall be given by the wife to the lessee, debtor or incorporated company, from whom such rents or profits are payable; in which case the sole and separate receipt or discharge of the wife shall alone be a sufficient receipt and discharge therefor.

SECTION 2.—The chattels real, household furniture, plate, jewels, stock or shares in the capital stock of any incorporated company in this state, or debts secured by mortgage on property within this state, which are the property of any woman before marriage, or which may become the property of any woman after marriage, shall not be sold, leased or conveyed by the husband, unless by deed, in which the wife shall join as grantor; which deed shall be acknowledged in the manner by law provided in case of the real estate of married women; *provided, however*, that whenever the household furniture, plate or jewels belonging to any married woman shall be sold by her husband as his property, to one who shall purchase the same bona fide, and without notice, active or constructive, of the right of the wife thereto, such sale shall vest in such purchaser a good and valid title thereto.

SECTION 3.—Any married woman, being upwards of eighteen years of age, may dispose of her personal estate secured to her by this act, or any portion of the same, by last will and testament, executed in the manner in which other wills are by law required to be executed.

SECTION 4.—Nothing in this act contained shall be construed to impair the rights of the husband upon the death of the wife as tenant by the courtesy; or, in case of no last will and testament, as herein before provided, to deprive the husband of his right to administer upon the estate of his wife, with the same effect as by law provided; or to authorize any husband to give unto or settle upon his wife any of his property, in any other manner or with any other effect than if this act had not been passed.

SECTION 5.—The property secured to any married woman by this act shall be liable to attachment or levy for her debts, contracted before marriage, under the same circumstances, and with the same effect, as if she had continued sole and unmarried; and nothing in this act contained shall be construed to impair any lien or right of lien thereon, or any remedy by law provided for the enforcement thereof.

SECTION 6.—In all actions relating to the property of any married woman secured to her by this act, the husband and wife shall jointly sue and be sued, except in case a trustee of the same be appointed as hereinafter provided; and in case of recovery, by any husband and wife in any such action, the amount by them recovered may be invested in the name of the wife, in any of the kinds of property hereinbefore described, with the same rights and effect as if the same had remained in the possession of the wife, whether the right of action accrued before or after marriage; and all such actions and rights of action shall survive the death of either husband or wife.

SECTION 7.—The Supreme Court may, upon petition in equity to them by any married woman, filed by her through her next friend, appoint a trustee or trustees of her property, secured to her by this act, who shall be empowered, in his or their own name or names, as trustee or trustees, to sue for, recover and hold such property, to the uses by law provided; said trust to continue during the coverture of such married woman, unless by order of said court sooner determined. And said court shall have full power to remove such trustee or trustees, and to appoint others in their stead, as in case of other trusts.

Act in relation to wills of real and personal estate. *Page* 230.

SECTION 1.—Every person being upwards of twenty-one years of age, and of sane mind, not being a *married woman*, and being lawfully seized of any lands, tenements or hereditaments, in his own right, in fee simple, fee tail, or for the life of any other person, or for any other term of time than his own life, shall have a right to give, devise and dispose of the same, by last will or testament, in writing, to and among his children, or others, as he shall think fit; and he may also devise any lands, tenements or heriditaments, acquired subsequently to the execution of his will, provided his intention to devise the same appears by the express terms of his will: provided that no person seized in fee simple shall have a right to devise any estate in fee tail for a longer time than to the children of the first devisee; and a devise for life to any person, and to the children or issue generally of such devisee, in fee simple, shall not vest a fee tail estate in the first devisee, but an estate for life only; and the remainder shall, on his decease, vest in his children or issue generally, agreeably to the direction in such will.

SECTION 4.—Every person being upwards of eighteen years of age, and of sane mind, shall have a right to give and dispose of all his goods, chattels and other *personal* estate, of every kind, by last will and testament, in writing, in the same manner as he is authorized by this act, if upwards of twenty-one years of age, to dispose of *real estate: provided, however*, that no *married woman* shall make any last will and testament, except of that or some portion of the personal estate secured to her by the act concerning the property of married woman; and no will or testament of any goods or chattels or other personal estate shall be valid and effectual to convey the same, unless such will or testament shall be in writing, and signed and executed in the manner prescribed in this act for the execution of wills of real estate. * * * * * *

SECTION 5.—The widow of any testator in whose will provision is made for said widow in lieu of her dower, shall, in case of her non-acceptance of that provision, signify the same, in writing, to the Court of Probate, within one year from the probate of the will.

SECTION 7.—All such estate, real or personal, as is not devised or bequeathed in the last will and testament of any person, hereafter to be proved, shall be distributed in the same manner as if it were an intestate estate.

SECTION 20.—When any *unmarried woman* shall jointly with one or more persons be appointed executrix or administratrix, and after such appointment shall marry, during the life of the other executor or administrator; such marriage shall not make the husband an executor or administrator in her right, but shall operate as an extinguishment or determination of such woman's power and authority; and the other executor or executors, administrator or administrators, may proceed in discharging the trust reposed in them in the same way and manner as if such woman were dead.

SECTION 21.—When any *unmarried woman*, executrix or administratrix shall marry, such marriage shall not make her husband an executor or administrator in her right, but shall operate as an extinguishment of such woman's power; and the Court of Probate shall thereupon grant administration upon the unadministered part of the estate, to such

husband or to any other suitable person; who may prosecute or defend any suit which may have been commenced by or against the first executrix or administratrix, in the same manner and to the same purpose and effect as *she* might have prosecuted or defended the same if her trust had continued.

Act relating to dower and the assignment thereof. Page 188.

SECTION 1.—The widow of any person dying intestate, or otherwise, shall be endowed of one full and equal third part of all the lands, tenements and hereditaments, whereof her husband, or any other to his use, was seized of an estate of inheritance, at any time during the intermarriage, to which she shall not have relinquished her right of dower by deed, except in the cases provided for in the thirteenth section of this act.

SECTION 4.—Until such dower be assigned, and until she elect to receive her jointure in lieu of dower, according to the thirteenth section of this act, it shall be lawful for any widow to remain and continue in the mansion house, and the message thereto belonging, without being chargeable to pay the heir any rent for the same; *provided* she bring her writ of dower within twelve months after the probate of the will or the granting of letters of administration on her husband's estate.

SECTION 13.—If any estate, real or personal, be conveyed by deed, or the same be devised or bequeathed for the jointure of the wife in lieu of her dower, to take effect in her own possession immediately on the death of her husband and to continue during her life, or in fee, determinable by such acts only as would forfeit her dower at the common law, such conveyance shall bar her dower of the residue of the lands, tenements and hereditaments which her said husband at any time possessed; but if the said conveyance was before marriage and during the infancy of the woman, or after marriage, in either case the widow may, at her election, waive such jointure and demand her dower; *provided* the same be done in writing within twelve months after the probate of the will, if there be one, and if not, then within twelve months after the granting of letters of administration on her deceased husband's estate.

SECTION 15.—If any widow be lawfully expelled or evicted from her jointure, or any part thereof, without any fraud or covin, by lawful entry or action, she shall be endowed of so much of the residue of her husband's lands, tenements and hereditaments, whereof she was dowable, as the same lands, tenements or hereditaments wherefrom she was so evicted and expelled, shall amount and extend to.

SECTION 16.—Widows may bequeathe the crops as well of their dower as of their other lands and tenements. * * * *

Act enabling married women to effect life insurance.—Vol. 2, *page* 715.

Any policy of insurance, made by any insurance company, on the life of any person expressed to be for the benefit of a married woman, whether the same be effected by herself or by her husband, or by any other person on her behalf, shall enure to her separate use and benefit and that of her children, if any, independently of her husband and of his creditors and representatives, and also independently of any other person effecting the same on her behalf, his creditors and representatives; a trustee or trustees may be appointed by any court authorized to appoint trustees, to hold and manage the interest of any married woman in any such policy or the proceeds thereof: *provided, however*, that the provisions of this act shall not apply to any policy upon which the amount of annual premium shall exceed the sum of three hundred dollars.

Providence, R. I. P. W. D.

REPORT

FOR THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY ELLEN M. TARR.

The laws of the State of New Hampshire which especially bear upon women are, first, provisions of the common law, which have equal force in other States, and second, the accompanying statutes, taken from the compiled Statutes of New Hampshire, of 1853.

The common law has been so often quoted in the "Una," and is now so well known, that it would be a waste of time and patience to give it in full here. It may, in some of its particulars, however, be briefly summed up thus:

The husband and wife are considered as one person, and her legal existence lost or suspended during the union.

The husband becomes entitled, upon marriage, to all the goods and chattels of the wife, to the rents and profits of her land, becomes liable to pay her debts and perform her contracts.

"If an estate in land be given to the husband and wife, or a joint purchase be made, they are *not joint* tenants, nor tenants in common; for they are but *one* person in law."

The husband, upon marriage, becomes possessed of the chattels of the wife, and the law gives him power, without her, to sell, assign, mortgage, or otherwise dispose of the same as he pleases.

Among the duties which he assumes are these:

He is answerable for the wife's debts before marriage. He is bound to provide her with necessaries suitable to her situation, and to pay debts contracted for necessaries.

She has no legal power to contract.

Thus we see, that while, in law, the "husband and wife are considered as *one person*," that one is *the husband*—the wife is legally a *nonentity*.

COMPILED STATUTES

OF THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE FOR 1853.

SECTION 1. *Wife deserted may hold property.*

When any husband shall have deserted his wife, and remained absent for the space of three months, without making suitable provision for her support, and the maintenance and education of their minor children; or when any cause is in existence which is, or which, if it continue to exist for a longer period, may be a cause of divorce, and the wife is the injured party, she shall be entitled to hold in her own right, and to her separate use, any property acquired by her by descent, legacy or otherwise, and to the earnings of her minor children, until said parties shall afterwards cohabit, and may dispose of the same without the interference of her said husband, or of any person claiming under him.

SEC. 2. *Property of husband, when sold for support of wife and children.*

In any such case, if the husband leave property within this State, the judge of probate for the county in which the wife resides, on petition by her and such notice to the husband, personal or otherwise, as the judge shall order, may authorize such portion of said property as may be necessary for the maintenance of herself and children, to be sold at public auction, and cause the proceeds of such sale to be appropriated and expended for that purpose, in such manner as he may direct, and require bonds for the faithful application of such proceeds according to the order of said court.

SEC. 3. *Married women may make contracts if deserted.*

Whenever any married woman shall be entiled to hold property in her own right and to her separate use, she may make contracts, may sue and be sued in her own name, and may dispose of said property by will, or otherwise, as if she were sole and unmarried; and if she shall decease intestate, her husband shall be excluded from any share in her said estate, and such estate shall be administered and inherited in the same manner as if she were sole and unmarried.

SEC. 4. *Rights of wife of alien living separate.*

If any woman, being the wife of an alien or of a citizen of any other State, shall have resided in this State for the term of six months successively, separate from her husband, she shall be capable of making contracts, may sue

and be sued in her own name for any cause of action that may accrue during such separate residence, may acquire and hold property in her own right, and may have the exclusive care, custody and guardianship of her minor children living with her in this State; and the earnings of such children shall be expended in the same manner as if her husband had deceased; but such woman shall not contract another marriage, nor sue nor be sued for a breach of such contract.

SEC. 5. *Rights of husband becoming a resident.*

If the husband of such woman shall become a citizen of this State, and they shall cohabit together, the fact of his becoming such citizen and such cohabitation shall have the same effect upon any contract or business of the wife, or upon any suit by or against her, as if the marriage between them had been first solemnized at the time of his thus becoming a citizen of this State.

SEC. 6. *Rights of wife after divorce.*

If the husband of such woman shall obtain a divorce from his said wife, in any court or tribunal of any other State or country; or if a divorce shall be decreed upon application of the wife during such separate residence, she shall be entitled to retain to her own use, any property, real or personal, which may have been acquired by, or given or descended to her during such separate residence, and to retain the exclusive custody and guardianship, and to receive the earnings of her minor children born in this country and living with her, unless upon a hearing of the parties before the Superior Court of Judicature, it shall be made to appear by other evidence than such decree of divorce, that she has been guilty of adultery, or other criminal breach of the marriage covenant.

SEC. 7. *Forcible removal forbidden.*

If any such married woman shall reside in this State, separate from her husband, it shall be unlawful for the husband of such woman, he being an alien, or being about to leave the United States to go to any foreign country, to take from the custody of such woman any minor child of the marriage, born in this country, with intent to remove said child to any foreign country against the consent of the mother.

SEC. 8. *Guardians—how appointed.*

Upon her application a guardian may be appointed for such child, and the Superior Court of Judicature, or either of the justices thereof, is authorized to issue an injunction restraining the father and all other persons from removing said child from this State against the consent of the mother, and to make such further orders and decrees as shall secure to her or to said guardian the custody of such children.

SEC. 9. *Conveyances by and to wife, how made if husband under guardianship.*

The wife of any man who is under guardianship may join with the guardian in the conveyance of her interest in her real estate, or in the real estate of such ward, or in making partition of her own real estate held in joint tenancy or in common, and may make or receive any release or other conveyance necessary or proper for that purpose, in like manner as she might have done with her husband if he had been under no disability.

SEC. 10. *Wife may join in conveyances of husband, when.*

Any married woman of full age may join with her husband in any conveyance of real estate, and any married woman may join with her husband in release of dower, although she is not of full age.

SEC. 11. *Wife may devise her real estate.*

Any married woman of the age of twenty-one years or upwards, and of sane mind, who may be seized in her own right of any real estate in this State, shall have power to give, devise and dispose of the same by will in writing, which will, when signed and sealed by the devisor, and duly attested and subscribed by three credible witnesses thereto in her presence, and executed with the formalities now required by law in other cases, shall be proved and allowed by the courts of probate in this State, and shall be effectual in distributing the estate devised, according to the intention of the devisor; *provided, however*, that any such will shall in no case affect injuriously the rights acquired by the husband in any estate so devised, by virtue of the marriage contract. (*Laws of* 1845, *chap.* 236.)

SEC. 12. *Contracts before marriage.*

At any time before a marriage the parties may enter into a contract in writing, declaring their consent that after the marriage shall have been solemnized, the wife shall continue to hold either the whole or any designated part of any interest in the real or personal estate, or rights of action of which she may be seized or possessed at the time of her marriage, to her sole and separate use, free from the control and interference of her husband, and the said wife shall hold, possess and enjoy the same accordingly. (*Laws of* 1846, *chap.* 327, *sec.* 1.)

SEC. 13. *Conveyances and bequests to married women.*

Any devise, conveyance or bequest of property, real, personal or mixed, may be made to any married woman, to be held by her without the intervention of a trustee, to her sole and separate use, free from the interference or control of her husband; and she shall hold, possess and enjoy the estate so given, devised, conveyed or bequeathed accordingly; and shall, in like manner, hold any property which she may receive under the provisions of any deed of trust, made either before or after her marriage. (*Laws of* 1846, *chap.* 327, *sec.* 2.)

SEC. 14. *Contracts to be recorded.*

The contract or conveyance aforesaid, whenever the same shall relate to land or real estate, shall be recorded in the registry of deeds, in the county where said land or real estate is situated, as is required in relation to deeds of real estate in other cases. (*Laws of* 1846, *chap.* 327, *sec.* 3.)

SEC. 15. *Married women to sue and be sued.*

Married women, in the cases aforesaid shall, in respect to all such property, have the same rights, and possess and be entitled to the same remedies, in her own name at law and in equity, and be liable to be sued at law and in equity upon any contract by them made, or any wrong by them done in respect to such property. And also upon any contract by them made, or wrongs by them done, before their marriage, in the same manner and with the same effect as if they were unmarried. (*Laws of* 1846, *chap.* 327, *sec.* 4.)

SEC. 16. *Husband not to convey property to wife.*

Nothing herein contained shall be construed to empower any husband to convey any of his property to his wife in any other manner or with any other effect than if the same had not passed. (*Laws of* 1846, *chap.* 327, *sec.* 5.)

SEC. 17. *Married women dying intestate.*

If any married woman, holding property to her separate use by virtue of this act, (sections 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18, of this chapter), shall die intestate, all her right and interest in the personal property thus held shall vest in her husband, unless other provision is made in relation thereto by the terms of the contracts or conveyances hereinbefore mentioned; and he shall be entitled to his estate by the courtesy, in all lands and tenements held by his wife, as if this act had not been passed; *provided, however*, that in every such case it shall be necessary for the husband to take administration on the estate of the deceased wife; and he shall hold such personal property, and all the interest of the wife in any real estate, saving his estate by the courtesy, subject to the payment of all debts incurred by her either before or after the marriage. (*Laws of* 1846, *chap.* 327, *sec.* 7.)

SEC. 18. *Superior Court may appoint trustee.*

Upon the petition of any married woman holding property to her sole use, the superior court of judicature may appoint a trustee or trustees to hold the same in trust for her; and such petitioner may thereupon convey to such trustee or trustees all property so held by her

upon such trust, or to such uses as she may declare, and thereafter such trustee or trustees may, in his or their own name or names, prosecute all actions commenced in relation to such property, and defend all actions brought against such woman, founded on any cause of action accordingly on such conveyance. And all such property so assigned shall be liable, in the hands of such trustee or trustees, to be attached or taken on execution in any such action. And after such assignment to a trustee or trustees, the rights and powers conferred upon such married woman by this act (this and the six preceding sections), shall cease, and her rights, interest and power shall depend upon the trusts and uses declared in the instrument of conveyance to the trustee or trustees, or in any other lawful declaration of trust. (*Laws of* 1846, *chap.* 327, *sec.* 8.)

SEC. 19. *Marriage not to be contested after decease, in what cases.*

Any persons cohabiting and acknowledging each other as husband and wife, and generally reputed to be such, for the period of three years, and until the decease of one of them, shall be deemed, after such decease, to have been legally married. (*R. S., chap.* 149, *sec.* 11.)

ELLEN M. TARR.

Boston, Sept., 1855.

[Law Reports to be continued in next number.]

SPIRIDION.

BY GEORGE SAND.

TRANSLATED BY CAROLINE H. DALL.

[Continued.]

That evening, as he gently slept, and I prayed beside his bed, the door opened suddenly, and a fearful form came and stood in front of me. I was so terrified, that I could neither utter a sound nor make a movement. My hair stood erect upon my head, and my eyes remained fastened to this terrible apparition, like those of a bird fascinated by a serpent. My master did not awake, and the odious *thing* was immovable upon the foot of his bed. I closed my eyes, to shut out the sight, and to seek for strength and peace within myself. I opened my eyes, it was still there. Then I made a great effort to cry out. A dull rattling proceeded from my chest, and my master awoke. He saw *that* before him, and instead of shrinking with horror and fear, said only in the tone of one a little astonished, "Ah! Ah!" "Behold me, for I come in answer to thy call," said the phantom. My master shrugged his shoulders, and turning towards me:—"Thou art afraid?" said he; "thou takest *that* for a spirit, for a devil, dost thou not? No, no, spirits are not clothed with such a form, and if they were so ugly, they would not have the power to show themselves to men. Human reason is under the care of the spirit of wisdom. This is not a vision," added he, rising, and approaching the phantom, "but a man of flesh and blood. Come, let us tear away this mask," said he, seizing the spectre by the throat, "think not that this drunken frolic will frighten me." Then, shaking him with a hand of iron, he made him fall upon his knees, and Alexis tearing off his disguise, I recognized the lay brother who had driven me from the church, and who was called Dominick. "Take the lamp," said Alexis to me, in a loud voice, his eyes sparkling with malicious pleasure; "go before me, for I will know the cause of this abomination. Go, hasten, obey; hast thou less of strength and courage than a hare?"

I was still so overcome, that my hand trembled, and could not hold the lamp. "Open the door," said my master, in an imperious tone. I obeyed, but as I saw him drag the miserable Dominick, like a bundle over the pavement, I was seized with horror, for Alexis had, in his indignation, moments of unbridled rage, and I feared lest he should hurl the pretended demon from the stairway of the dome. "Mercy, mercy, my father," I cried, throwing myself before him, "stain not your hands with blood." Alexis shrugged his shoulders. "Fool!" said he, "since thou wilt not lead the way, follow," and dragging Dominick, who was a robust man, but who seemed crushed by some superhuman force, he rapidly descended the stairway. Then I took courage, and followed him. At the noise we made, many persons, who were doubtless waiting at the foot of the staircase for the confessions the demon was to draw from my master, came forward: but, on encountering something so different from what they expected, they covered themselves with their cowls and fled into darkness. We had only time to perceive, by their dresses, that they were lay brethren and pupils. None of the fathers were parties to this sacrilegious farce, undertaken, as we afterwards ascertained, by order of their superiors. Alexis walked rapidly, dragging his prisoner. From time to time, the latter made efforts to free himself from his formidable hand; but the father, pausing, gave him one hearty grip, which made him reel upon the steps. The nails of Alexis were stained with blood, and the eyes of Dominick stood out of his head. I followed both, and so we arrived at the foot of the grand staircase, which led to the cloister. There was suspended the large bell, which it was the custom to toll during the last agony of the Monks, and which they called the "articulo mortis." Holding still, with one hand, his crushed demon, he began to ring the bell with the other so vigorously, that the whole monastery shook. Soon the doors of the cells opened hastily, and all the passages were filled with murmurs. Monks, novices, servants — the whole household ran, and soon the cloister was filled with people. All these wild, disordered figures, lighted only by the glimmer of my lamp, looked like dwellers in the valley of Jehoshaphat, waking from the sleep of death, at the sound of the last trump. My master still rung. In vain they overwhelmed him with questions; in vain they strove to tear from his hands the unhappy Dominick. He was animated by supernatural strength; he faced the crowd — he mastered it by the noise of his tocsin and the thunder of his voice. "I am waiting for some one," he said; "when he comes, I shall speak — I shall submit myself, but I will never cease to ring till he has come down like the rest." Finally, the prior came like the rest, and Father Alexis stopped. He was so strong and so beautiful at this moment, standing, his eyes sparkling, his air victorious, and holding under his feet this monstrous figure, that you might have taken him for the Archangel Michael. Everybody gazed at him, holding their breath. Then the old man, raising his voice in the midst of this funereal silence, addressed himself to the prior.

"My father, see what has happened! While I lie suffering on my bed, men of this holy house, who call themselves my brothers, come to besiege my last breath with their cowardly curiosity, and by an infamous fraud, they send into my cell this man, this Dominick!" and, so speaking, he lifted the head of the man so high, that every monk present could recognize him. "They send him wrapped in a hideous disguise, to stand by my pallet, and cry in my ears with a furious voice, to wake me suddenly from my sleep, from my last sleep perhaps. What! did they hope to frighten me? to freeze, by a terrible apparition, my exhausted soul, and tear from my delirium impious words and horrible secrets? What means this new and incredible persecution, my father, and how long is it since a sinner might not pass in silence and peace his last hour? If they had had to do with a weak soul, and had killed me by their infernal vision, without leaving me time to recognize or invoke my God, upon whom, tell me, would have fallen the weight of damnation? Oh, all of you, men of right minds who may be assembled here, it is not for myself I speak, for myself, about to die; it is for you who survive; it is that you may drink tranquilly the cup of death, that I urge you to ask with me, justice of our spiritual father who is before us; if need be — of that Other who is above us. Justice, then! my father — I wait. Let us have justice!" And the rightminded who were present, cried together with one voice, "Justice! justice!" and the startled echoes of the cloister repeated "Justice!"

The prior listened to all this with a rigid countenance. He seemed only a little paler than ordinary. He remained some moments without speaking, slightly frowning. Then he raised his voice and said: —

"My son Alexis, pardon this man."

"Yes, I will pardon him, on condition that you punish him," said Alexis.

"My son Alexis," resumed the prior, "are these the words of a man who calls himself ready to appear before the tribunal of God? I pray you to pardon this man, and to take your hand off him."

Alexis hesitated a moment; but he reflected, that if he did not repress his anger, his enemies would triumph. He took two steps forward, and urging his prey to the very feet of the prior, without loosing his grasp, "My reverend father!" he said, "I pardon because I ought, and because you wish it; but as it is not I, as it is Heaven that he has offended, as it is your virtue, your wisdom, and your authority which have been outraged, I bring the guilty man to your knees, and prostrating myself there with him, I supplicate your reverence to pardon him, and to pray that the Eternal Justice may pardon him also."

The enemies of my master had hoped that by his pride and obstinacy he would ruin his cause, but this act of submission baffled all their malicious designs, and those who were on his side, gave such decided signs of approbation, that the prior was forced to take his part at least in appearance. "My son Alexis," said he, raising and embracing him, "I am touched by your humility and your mercy, but I cannot pardon this man as you do. It was your duty to intercede for him, it is mine to punish him severely. It shall be done, as heavenly justice and the statutes of our order require."

At this severe sentence, a cold shudder ran from one to another, for the penalties against sacrilege were the severest of all, and no one knew the extent of them until he had suffered. He was forbidden to reveal them under penalty of being subjected to them a second time. The condemned came out of prison in a state of fearful suffering, and many had died soon after they were pardoned. I do not think my master was duped by the severity of the prior, for I saw a strange smile wander over his lips; nevertheless, his pride was satisfied, and now only he released his prey. His hand had so bent and stiffened to the neck of his enemy, that he was obliged to employ his other hand to disengage it. Dominick fell fainting at the feet of the prior, who made a sign, and immediately four of the lay brothers bore him out of the terrified assembly. He never appeared again in the convent. We were forbidden to pronounce his name, or any syllable relating to his strange crime. The offices for the dead were chanted for him, without our being permitted to inquire what had become of him; but subsequently I found him living, fat and merry, and smiling with a sullen air when he was reminded of this adventure.

My master, resting upon me, trembled and grew pale. Losing suddenly the adventitious strength which had sustained him until then, he was hardly able to drag himself to his bed. I made him swallow some drops of cordial; and saying to me, "Angel, I really think I should have killed him, if the prior had taken his part," he fell asleep, without another word.

The next day Father Alexis slept late: he was composed, but very weak; he had to lean upon me, to reach his arm-chair, and he fell into it, rather than seated himself there, with a deep sigh. I could hardly conceive that this feeble frame had on the previous evening been capable of such powerful effort.

"My father," said I, looking at him anxiously, "are you more ill — do you suffer more?"

"No," he replied, "I am very well."

"But you seem abstracted?"

"I have been reflecting."

"You have heen reflecting upon what has happened, my father. There is room for meditation; but you ought, it seems to me, to be more serene, for there is also room for rejoicing. We have ended by seeing to the bottom of the abyss, and we know now that you are really not besieged by evil spirits." Alexis smiled with a gentle irony, as he shook his head.

"Thou believest then in evil spirits, my poor Angel?" said he. "Thinkest thou, like the physicians of antiquity, that nature has a horror of a vacuum? There are no more evil spirits than there is a vacuum. What would become of man, intelligent being that he is, child of the Spirit, if bad passions, vile instincts of the flesh, might come beneath a hideous or grotesque form, to assail his watches, or disturb his sleep. No, all demons, all infernal creations of which vain impostors talk, are vain phantoms, raised by the imagination of some, to disturb that of others. The strong man feels his own dignity, and smiles within himself at the pitiful inventions with which they test his courage, and, sure of their weakness, sleeps without anxiety, and wakes without fear."

"Still," said I, somewhat astonished, "some things have happened here, to convince me of the contrary: the other night, you know, I heard you converse with some one, whose voice was stronger than your own, and who seemed to reprimand you severely. You appeared to answer him with fear and grief; and frightened at that, I came into your room to aid you, and I found you alone, exhausted and weeping bitterly. Who was that?"

"It was he."

"He! who is he?"

"Thou knowest well, for he was with thee, and called thee three times, as the Spirit of the Lord called during the night the sleeping Samuel in the temple."

"How do you know that, my father?"

Alexis did not seem to hear my question. He remained for some time absorbed, his head sunk upon his breast; then he resumed the conversation, without changing his position, nor making any movement. "Tell me, Angel, was it daylight when thou sawest him?"

"Yes, my father, it was noonday. You have already asked this question."

"And the sun shone?"

"It shone upon his face."

"Hast thou seen him only that once?"

I hesitated; I feared that I might be the dupe of an illusion, and might, through my own wanderings, give consistency to those of Alexis. "Thou hast seen him again!" cried he, "and yet thou hast never told me!"

"My good master, what importance could you attach to appearances which may be the result of fortuitous resemblances, or even simple plays of light?"

"Angel, what mean you? What you conceal from me, is revealed by your very reserve. Speak! It is necessary to the peace of my last moments." Overcome by this persistency, I told him, to satisfy him, of the fright which I had in the sacristy, after my fainting fit, when I heard the murmur of a voice, and saw a shadow pass, without being able to explain either of these things to myself in a natural manner.

"And what said the voice?" inquired Alexis.

"It appealed to God in behalf of the victims of ignorance and imposture."

"How did he call Him whom he invoked? Did he call it Spirit or Jehovah?"

"He said: 'O Spirit of Wisdom!'"

"And how was the shadow made?"

"I do not know. It came out of darkness, and was lost in the sunlight which fell from the window, before I had time or courage to examine it. But listen, my good master, I have always thought that it was you, who, supported against the window and talking to yourself, ——"

An incredulous gesture expressed what Alexis thought.

"Can you remember certainly, wandering as you always were in the garden, absent and lost in thought as you always are?"

"But thou hast seen him at other times," interpreted Alexis, with a kind of violence. "Thou art not willing to tell me all. Thou wilt permit me to die without imparting my secret to a friend. Reply to this question at least. When thou walked alone, in fine weather, in the alleys of the garden, when, a prey to saddening thoughts, thou invoked a Provi-

dence friendly to man, hast thou not heard behind thine own steps, others which crushed the sand?"

I trembled, and told him that this noise of steps had pursued me in the hall of the chapter the previous evening.

"And did nothing appear to thee?"

I acknowledged the prodigious effect of the sun upon the portrait of the founder. He clapped his hands together joyfully, repeating constantly "It was he! It was he! He has chosen thee. He has sent thee. He wishes that I should speak to thee. Ah well! I am going to tell thee. Collect thy thoughts, let no vain curiosity agitate thy soul. Receive the confidence that I am about to repose in thee, calmly, as the morning flowers drink in the delicious dews of Heaven. Hast thou heard any one speak of *Samuel Hebronius?*"

"Yes, my father, he is in truth the same as the Abbot Spiridion." And I told him what the treasurer had related to me. Father Alexis shrugged his shoulders scornfully, and proceeded thus.

"There are other inheritances besides those of the family, which we bequeathe according to the flesh, material riches. More noble relations lead often to more sacred legacies. When a man has passed his life in seeking the truth, by every means and with all his strength; and when, by dint of care and study, he has arrived at some discovery in the world of mind,—anxious to save the treasure which he has found, from being buried again in the earth,—to save some glimmering ray from being swallowed up again in night; when he feels his end approaching, he hastens to choose among younger men, a spirit sympathizing with his own, to which he may confide, before dying, his thoughts and his discoveries, that the sacred work, uninterrupted by the death of the first workman, may go on, and be perpetuated from generation to generation by such successions, until it shall come to a perfect fulfilment. And reflect, my son, how necessary it is to undertake and continue such labors, to make and accept such legacies, with a generous intelligence and strong devotion, when one knows beforehand that he shall never solve the great enigma to which he has devoted his life. Pardon me this pride, my son; it may be the only recompense that I shall receive for a life of labor; perhaps this may be the only ear of corn that I shall reap from the furrow, where I have toiled with the sweat upon my brow. I am the spiritual heir of Father Fulgence, as thou, Angel, wilt be mine. Father Fulgence was a monk of this convent; he had in his youth known the founder, our venerated master Hebronius, or, as they call him here, the Abbot Spiridion. He was to him, what thou art to me, my son; he was young and good, inexperienced and timid as thou art; his master loved him as I love thee, and he told him, with a part of his secrets, the history of his life. It is then as the heir of Spiridion himself that I hold what I am about to relate to thee. Peter Hebronius was not so called at first. His real name was Samuel. He was a Jew, and born in a small village in the neighborhood of Inspruck. His family, possessed of a sufficiently large fortune, left him, in his first youth, completely free to follow his inclinations. From infancy, he showed himself seriously disposed. He loved to live in solitude, and passed his days, sometimes his nights, in traversing the mountain peaks and the narrow valleys of his native land. He often seated himself by the waterfalls and lake-sides, and remained to listen to the murmur of the waters, seeking to unravel the meaning which Nature hid in these noises. As he grew older, he became more inquiring and more serious. It became necessary to give him solid instruction. His parents sent him to study at the German universities. It was hardly a century after the death of Luther, and his presence and his inspiration still survived in the enthusiasm of his followers. The new faith was nursing the conquests it had made, and seemed to blossom in its triumph. There was among the reformers, the ardor of the early days, but it was more enlightened and more moderate. Proselytism dwelt among them in all its fervor, and made daily new converts. In hearing morality preached, and in listening to the explanations of the dogmas, which Catholicism had shared with the new faith, Samuel was penetrated with admiration. As his was a bold and sincere spirit, he compared the dogmas so preached, with those of Judaism, and felt their superiority. He said to himself that a religion fitted only for a single people, to the exclusion of all others, which gave to the soul neither satisfaction in the present, nor certainty in the future, which despised the noble needs of love which are in the heart of man, and offered for the regulation of human conduct, only a barbaric justice,—he said to himself that this religion could never be that of great souls and noble minds, and that He was not the God of Truth, who dictated his changing will only by the noise of thunder, and called to the execution of his narrow thoughts only the slaves of a rude terror. Always consistent with himself, Samuel, who spoke according to his thoughts, now acted according to his speech, and a year after his arrival in Germany, he solemnly abjured Judaism to enter into the bosom of the reformed church. As he never did things by halves, he wished, so far as he could, to put aside the old man, and begin a new life, so he changed his name from Samuel to Peter. Some time passed, during which he instructed himself farther in the new faith. Soon he became established and desired objections to overthrow and adversaries to combat. As he was audacious and enterprising, he addressed himself, first of all, to the bitterest. Bossuet was the first Catholic author that he attempted to read. He began his book with a kind of disdain; believing that the pure truth dwelt in the faith that he had just embraced, he despised all the attacks that could be made upon it, and smiled a little beforehand at the irresistible arguments of the eagle of Meaux. But his working irony soon gave place to astonishment, and astonishment to admiration. When he saw with what powerful logic and poetic force the French prelate defended the Church of Rome, he said to himself that the cause pleaded by such an advocate must be at least respectable; and, by a natural transition, he came to think that great spirits could only devote themselves to great things. Then he studied Catholicism with the same ardor and the same impartiality that he had formerly devoted to Lutheranism, placing himself face to face with it, not as sectaries usually do, at the point of separation and controversy, but from that of research and comparison. He went into France to study Catholicism, near its doctors, as he had studied the reformed faith in Germany. He saw the great Arnold, the second Gregory of Nazianzen, Fenelon, and even Bossuet himself. Taught by such masters, whose excellences made him love learning, he soon reached the bottom of the mysteries of Catholicism. He found in it all that he had thought great and beautiful in Protestanism,—the dogma of the unity of God, which both religions had borrowed from Judaism, and those which seemed to flow naturally from it, yet which the Jews had never recognized; the immortality of the soul; free will in this life and in the other; reward for the good, and punishment for the wicked. He found there, purer and more elevated still, that sublime doctrine of equality among men, fraternity, love, charity, devotion to others, and self renunciation. Catholicism seemed to him to have, beside, the advantage of a vaster formula, and a more vigorous unity. Lutheranism had, it is true, regained freedom of inquiry, which is a need of human natnre, and proclaimed the authority of the individual reason; but it had, on that very account, renounced the principle of infallibility, which is a necessary foundation and vital condition of all revealed religion; for a thing can only live by virtue of the laws which have presided over its birth, and one revelation, consequently, can only be sustained and confirmed by another.

Now, infallibility is only revelation sustained by God himself, or the Word in the person of his vicars. Lutheranism, which pretended to share the origin of Catholicism, and sustain itself by the same revelation, had, in breaking the traditional chain which connected

all modern Christianity with this revelation, sapped with its own hand its foundation wall. In delivering the support of revealed religion into the hands of 'free discussion,' it had unconsciously attributed its existence to the same cause, and itself attainted the sacredness of the origin which it shared with the rival sect. As the being of Hebronius found itself, at this time, more strongly impelled to faith than criticism, as he felt less need of discussion than conviction, he was naturally led to prefer the certainty and authority of Catholicism to the freedom and uncertainty of the reformed faith. This preference grew stronger when he regarded the mother faith in that sacred aspect of antiquity which time had impressed upon her. Then the pomp and splendor with which the Roman worship is surrounded seemed, to this poetic spirit, the harmonious and necessary expression of a religion revealed by the Omnipotent Lord of Glory. Finally, after mature reflection, he believed himself sincerely and entirely convinced, and received baptism anew from the hands of Bossuet. At the font, he added the name of Spiridion to that of Peter, to commemorate his having been twice enlightened by the Spirit. Resolved then, to consecrate his entire life to the new God, who had called him to Himself, and to the fullest possession of this doctrine, he came into Italy, and caused to be built, with a large property, left him by a Catholic uncle, the convent in which we are. Faithful to the spirit of the church, which had created religious communities, he assembled about him, monks the best known for intelligence and virtue, to deliver himself up with them, to the search after all truths, and labor for the increase and confirmation of faith by knowledge. His undertaking appeared at first to succeed. Stimulated by his examples his companions devoted themselves for some years to study, meditation, and prayer. They had been placed under the protection of Saint Francis, and had adopted the rules of his order. When the moment came to elect a spiritual head, they unanimously chose Hebronius, and their election was ratified by the Pope. The new superior, happy for the moment in the confidence of the brothers who had chosen him, devoted himself to study with more ardor and hope than ever. But his illusion was not of long duration. He was not long in ascertaining that he had cruelly deceived himself in regard to those whom he had called to share his enterprise. As he had selected them from among the poorest in Italy, he had no difficulty in securing zeal and care for a few years. Accustomed as they were to a hard and active life, they had easily fallen into the mode of existence, that he prescribed, and had readily complied with his desires. But in proportion as they were accustomed to opulence, they became less laborious, and allowed themselves to fall, little by little, into the faults and vices which they had seen formerly among their richer brothers, and of which the germ existed within themselves. Frugality gave place to intemperance, activity to idleness, charity to egotism; no more prayers by day, no more watches at night; backbiting and gormandizing reigned in the convent like two impure queens; ignorance and rudeness followed in their train, and made the temple, designed for austere virtue and noble labor, only a receptacle of shameful pleasure and treacherous indolence. Hebronius, deceived by his confidence in them, and absorbed in profound speculations, did not perceive the ravages made around him by the miserable instincts of the flesh. When he opened his eyes, it was too late. Not having seen the transition by which all these vulgar souls had gone from good to evil,—the greatness of his nature removing him so far from them that he could not comprehend their weaknesses, he conceived for them a profound disdain, and instead of bending toward the sinners with indulgence, and seeking to lead them back to virtue, he turned from them with disgust, and raised toward Heaven his now solitary head. But like the wounded eagle who soars toward the sun with the venom of a reptile in his wing, he could not free himself, in the height of his isolation, from the revolting images which had taken him by surprise. The idea of moral corruption and vileness mingled with all his theological meditations, and attached itself like a hideous leper to the idea of religion. Notwithstanding his powers of abstraction, he could not easily separate the Catholic from Catholicism. This led him, without his perceiving it, to consider on its weakest sides, what he had formerly considered only on its strongest, and to seek in spite of himself for bad possibilities. With the genius for investigation, and the powerful analytical faculty with which he was endowed, he was not long in finding them; but, like those rash magicians who invoke spectres, and tremble at their appearance he was frightened at his own discoveries. He had no longer that eagerness of youth, which urges on, and on, and he said to himself that if this third and last faith were once uprooted, he should have nothing under which he might shelter himself. He tried then to strengthen the faith which had begun to totter, and began to read again the finest writings of the cotemporary defenders of the church. He returned naturally to Bossuet, but he was already at another point of sight, and that which had formerly appeared to him conclusive and without reply, now seemed to him debatable or capable of contradiction in many respects. The arguments of the learned Catholic recalled to him the objections of the Protestants, and the right of private interpretation, which he had formerly disdained, vigorously reasserted itself to his mind. Obliged to struggle alone against the doctrine of infallibility, he ceased to deny the authority of private judgment. Soon, even, he made a more audacious use of it than any one who had asserted it. He had hesitated in the beginning, but, his direction once taken, he paused no longer. He went from deduction to deduction, until he reached Revelation herself, attacked her with the same logic as the rest, and forced to descend to the earth this religion which wished to hide its head in the heavens.

When he had fought against the faith this decisive battle, he continued his march almost against his will, and pursued his victory,—a frightful victory, which cost him many tears and many sleepless nights. Having despoiled the father of Christianity of his divinity, he did not fear to demand from him and his successors an account of the human work that they had accomplished. This account was severe. Hebronius went to the bottom of everything. He found much evil mingled with much good, and great errors with great truths. The great Catholic field had borne tares, perhaps, as freely as wheat. To a mind like that of Hebronius, the idea of a God of pure spirit, drawing out of himself a material world, and absorbing it again, by an act of annihilation equal to that of the creation, seemed the result of a diseased imagination, urged to produce some sort of a theology; and he said to himself often:

"'Organized as man is, and capable of thinking and deciding only according to his own perceptions, how can he conceive a Being who makes nothing, something, and something, nothing? and, upon such a basis, what can he construct? What has man to do in the material world, which this Pure Essence has developed from himself? He has been formed from matter, and placed there by a God who knows the future, to be subjected to trials, which He sends at his pleasure, and whose result he knows beforehand; to struggle, in a word, against a difficulty to which he must necessarily yield, and finally, to expiate a sin which he could not prevent himself from committing.'

"This thought, of men called without their own consent to a life of perils and anguish, followed, for the most part, by eternal and inevitable suffering, devoured the just soul of Hebronius with grief and indignation: 'Yes,' he cried, 'yes, Christians, you are truly the descendants of the implacable Jews, who, in conquered towns, massacred not only the children in their mothers' arms, but the very lambs of the fold, and your God is the true son of that ferocious Jehovah, who never spoke to his adorers save in anger and retribution.'

"He renounced, then, Christianity; but as he had no longer any religion to embrace, and as he had become more prudent and more calm,

he did not wish to be accused uselessly of inconstancy and apostasy, so he observed all the external forms of this faith that he had internally abjured. But it was not enough to have quitted error—he still wished to find the truth. He in vain cast his eyes about him; he saw nothing which resembled it. Then began a succession of unheard of and terrible sufferings. Face to face with skepticism, this sincere and religious spirit grew afraid of its isolation, and was ready to sweat water and blood, like Christ upon the mountain, in his hour of agony. And as he had no other object than the truth, as nothing beside it interested him here below, he remained absorbed in these sad contemplations; his eyes wandered ceaselessly through the void which surrounded him like a limitless ocean, and he saw the horizon forever recede in proportion as he pressed forward to seize it. Lost in uncertainty, he felt himself seized with vertigo. Then, fatigued by vain researches and hopeless attempts, he fell back dejected, sullen and disturbed, living only in the dull grief that he felt without comprehending. Still he preserved strength enough not to betray the misery of his soul. Those who detected the paleness of his countenance, his slow and weary step, the furtive tears that rolled over his hollow cheeks, knew that his spirit was bitterly tried, yet knew not wherefore. The mantle of his sadness concealed from all eyes the secret of his wound.—As he trusted no person with the cause of his suffering, no one could say whether it proceeded from a desperate skepticism or a too lively faith, which nothing on earth could satisfy. Doubt, in this respect, was hardly possible. The Abbot Spiridion performed with so irreproachable promptness all the external requisitions of worship, and all the visible duties of a perfect Catholic, that he left no pretext to his enemies, and no ground for any plausible accusation. All the monks whose vices his rigid virtue restrained, and whose treacherous idleness his austere labors condemned, wounded at once in their egotism and their vanity, nursed against him an implacable hatred, and sought greedily the means of his destruction; but not finding in his conduct the shadow of a fault, they were forced to bite their bridle in silence, and content themselves with the sight only of his suffering. Hebronius fathomed their thoughts, and while he scorned their weakness, was roused to indignation by their malice. So, when, for moments, he came out from his abstraction and threw a glance into real life, he made them feel severely the weight of their sin. He was as severe toward the erring as he was gentle to the good. If all weaknesses found him compassionate, and all sufferings sympathetic, all vices found him severe, and all impostures pitiless. He seemed, too, to find some relief from his own sufferings, in this exercise of perfect justice. His great soul restrained itself still with the idea of doing good. He had no longer any certain rule or absolute law without him; but a kind of instinctive reason, that nothing could annihilate or turn aside, guided him in all his actions, and led him to what was just. It was, probably, through this, that he clung to life; while he felt generous sentiments rouse themselves, he thought that the sacred spark had not ceased to burn within him, only to *shine*,—and that the Divine Being still watched over his heart, although He might be concealed by impenetrable veils. Whether it was this thought, or some other, that sustained him, his friends saw that his countenance cleared up, and his eyes, softened by tears, resumed their old lustre.—He devoted himself with more zeal than ever to the labors that he had abandoned, and began to lead a more retired life. His enemies rejoiced at first, thinking it was disease that confined him to his room; but their error was not of long duration. The abbot, instead of growing weaker, gained daily new strength, and plunged deeper and deeper into labor.—The light shone from his window throughout the night, and the curious, who stole to his door, to try to find out how he employed his time, heard only the rustling of leaves, the scratching of a pen upon paper, or measured and tranquil steps, like those of a man deep sunk in thought. Sometimes, even unintelligible words reached the ears of the spies, and confused cries, filled with anger or enthusiasm, nailed them to their places with astonishment, or drove them frightened away. The monks, who had never comprehended his depression, could not comprehend his exaltation. They began to seek for the cause of this well-being, the end of his labors, and their foolish brains could think of nothing but magic. Magic! as if great men could bend their immortal powers to the craft of a sorcerer, and consecrate their whole lives to blowing furnaces, to show to frightened children, devils with dogs' tails and cloven feet!

"But ignorant matter cannot comprehend the march of mind, and owls know not the way by which the eagle seeks the sun. The petty monk dared not utter his suspicions, and the calumny wandered reproachfully in the shadow round the master, without daring to meet him face to face. He found, in the fear of these imaginary plots, which his foolish enemies inspired, a security which he could not have found in the veneration due to his genius and virtue. From the mystery that surrounded him they expected to see some terrible prodigy break forth, as the lightnings of heaven spring from the dark cloud. Thus it was permitted to Hebronius to reach his last hour in tranquillity. When he saw it approach, he called for Fulgence, for whom he cherished a paternal affection. He told him that he had distinguished him above his companions, on account of the sincerity of his heart, and his ardent love for the beautiful and true, that he had a long time since chosen him to be his spiritual heir, and that the time had come to reveal to him his thoughts.

"Then he related to him the private history of his life. Having arrived at the last part of it, he paused a moment, as if to meditate, before pronouncing the last definitive words: then he resumed in this manner:

"'My dear child, I have initiated thee into all the struggles, all the doubts, all the creeds of my life. I have told thee all that I have found of both good and evil, of true and false, in the many forms of worship that I have adopted. I leave thee to judge of them, and entrust to thy conscience the care of deciding upon them. If thou thinkest I am wrong, and that the Catholic faith, in which thou hast lived from infancy, will satisfy at once thy heart and soul, do not allow thyself to be influenced by my example, and preserve thy faith. We ought to remain where we are well off. To go from one faith to another, it is necessary to cross an abyss, and I know too well how painful the road is, to urge thee to it in spite of thyself.—Almighty wisdom adapts the soil and the wind to the plants they nurture. For the rose we have the plain and the breeze—for the cedar, the mountain and the hurricane. There are bold and inquiring spirits, that seek the truth above all; there are others, more timid and shrinking, that ask only for repose. If thou wert like me, the first need of thy nature would be to know, and I should open to thee, without hesitation, my whole soul. I would force thee to drink the cup of truth, which I have filled with my tears, at the risk of intoxicating thee. But, alas! it is not so. Thou art made to love rather than to know, and thy heart is stronger than thy spirit. Thou art attached to Catholicism — at least, I think so — by ties of affection, that thou couldst not break without grief; and if thou shouldst, this truth, for which thou wouldst have immolated all thy sympathies, would not repay thee for thy sacrifices. Instead of sustaining, it might overwhelm thee. It is nourishment too strong for delicate stomachs, which suffocates when it does not restore. I will not, then, reveal to thee the doctrine which is the joy of my life, and the consolation of my last hour, because it might be to thee only a grief and a despair.—Who understands the soul of man? Yet, because the Divine love dwells in thee, thy search for the beautiful may lead thee to the true, and the hour may come, in which thy sincere soul will hunger and thirst for the Absolute.—Then, I would not have thee cry to Heaven in vain, or shed over unsatisfied yearnings unavailing tears. I leave behind me the best por-

tion of myself, a part of my soul, a few pages, the fruit of a whole life of meditation and labor. Of all the works that my midnight studies have given birth to, it is the only one that I have not devoted to the flames, for it is the only complete one. In that I have uttered my whole soul — in that is the entire truth.— Now the wise man tells us not to bury our treasures in the bowels of the earth. It is necessary, however, that these pages should escape the brutal stupidity of these monks. And as they should pass only into hands worthy of touching them, and before eyes capable of understanding, I will attach a condition to the possession of them, which will be a sufficient test of both. I will carry the manuscript with me to the tomb, so that whoever desires to read it, shall prove himself superior to vain terrors by taking it from the dust of the sepulchre. So, listen to my last wish. As soon as I have closed my eyes, lay the manuscript upon my breast. I have myself enclosed it in a parchment sheath, which a peculiar preparation will secure against corruption for many centuries. Allow no person to touch my body. It is a sad care, which will hardly be contested, and which they will willingly leave to thee. Roll the linen about my extended limbs thyself, and watch over my treasure with a jealous eye, until I have descended with it into the bosom of the earth, for the time has not come in which thou couldst thyself profit by it. The spirit of it would recommend itself only according to thy faith in me, and this faith would not suffice during the daily conflict with Catholicism that must ensue. Like every generation of humanity, every man has his intellectual needs, whose limit marks that of his investigations and acquisitions. To read with profit the lines that I am about to confide to the silence of the tomb, it would be necessary that thy spirit should have come, like mine, to the necessity of a complete transformation. At that moment thou wilt " put off the old Adam" without fear and without regret; and thou wilt clothe thyself anew with the assurance of a clear conscience. When this day dawns for thee, break freely through stone and iron, open my coffin, and plunge into my wasted bosom a firm and pious hand. Ah! when this hour shall come, it seems to me that my throbless heart will tremble, like the frozen grass at the return of spring; and that from the midst of infinite transformations, my soul will enter into immediate communion with thine: for the spirit lives forever: it is the eternal product and the eternal food of spirit; it sustains what it creates; and, as every kind of decay nourishes some new birth of the material order, so each breath of spirit sustains, through invisible communion, the spirit introduced by it, into a new order of intelligence.' "

(To be continued.)

NIGHT.

XI.

I dreamed an angel, Angel twice, through death,
Wrought us another Night.—A stately dream,
Where reconciling Infinites did seem
To fold round life's perplexities, and wreathe
Its ancient glooms with stars:—a marble breath
From Art's serene, fresh, everlasting morn,
Where the dull worm of earthly pain is born
To winged life thenceforth, and busieth
With golden messages its mortal hours.
O, the Divine earth would have wronged and slain!
Its pangs are rays above her falling towers
Of lovelier truth—breaths of a sweet disdain,
Shedding strange nothingness on meaner pain—
Drops of the bleeding god that turn to flowers.

XII.

Largess from seven-fold heavens, I pray, descend
On all who toil for Beauty! Never feet
Grow weary that have done her bidding sweet
About the careless world! For she is friend
And darling of the universe;—and day by day
She comes and goes, but never dies,
So precious is she in the eternal eyes.
O dost thou scorn her, seeing what fine way
She doth avenge?—For heaven, because of her,
Shall one day find thee fitter. How old hours
Of star-rapt Night about thy heart had curled!
And thou hadst felt the morning's golden stir,
And the appealing loveliness of flowers—
Yea, all the saving Beauty of the world!

XIII.

O fair mistrust of earth's more solid shows!
And mute appeal from its inhuman ways,
Its iron judgments and its misspent praise,
To the appreciation sweet that glows
In heaven's old smiling eye! O slowly grows
Our human thought!—and freedom long delays,
Love in the shade fulfilling weary days,
Ere her great child is born!—No wasting throes
Foretell thy being to the universe!
It is as thou didst lurk on half-poised wings
Below our life, blessing, and care, and curse,
Even at the very root and core of things;
And couldst not keep from start, and chirp, and flight,
And warbled hint of something back of sight.

XIV.

No slight caprice rules thee.—Who sounds one note
In God's high Order, finds thee at his side.
Thou art twin-born with joy, and dost abide
With conscience old, and blood-deep art inwrought
With love's sweet mystery. No wanton thought
Shall wrong the world that holds thee, or the wide
Deep Ordering, whereof thou art the bride.
For neither hate, nor custom's stress, nor aught
Of evil can thee harm, divinest thing!—
And through these folds of sense, thou openest
Blue rifts to Freedom and unfathomed rest.
Flower of a hidden life, sweet mystic spring,
What joy must tune thy flow, and calm divine!
What soundness at the heart from east to west!

XV.

And for that thou art Beauty, and thy name
Transcends all praise of thee, and doth but leave
Thyself for thy true rendering, I grieve
O'er idle words. O never dost thou blame,
But seekest to inspire us all the same
With thine immortal freshness! Through the night
The moon comes large and slow, winging with light
The joyous sea. While sunset's last red flame,
Baring the heavens for glories to succeed,
Goes softly out, with endless farewell gleams
Ebbing along the yellow marge of day;
Glides slow, with backward gaze, sadly indeed,
And slow, as from the heart which new love claims
An older memory doth steal away.

ERRATUM.

In Mrs. Davis's letter, published in No. 9, and dated " Crawford Notch, Aug. 16, the following language occurs near the beginning of the 2d paragraph—" in delusion this conviction." It should have read—" in this delusion."

BILLS SENT.

Bills are sent in this number to all who are indebted for the *Una* to this date. We send to some who have ordered a *discontinuance*, but only to those of this class who *did not order a discontinuance in season*. We always stop the papers of subscribers when desired, *if all arrears are paid*. If they neglect thus to order till three or four months elapse *after* the subscription is due, they are then holden, in common custom and in justice, (to say nothing of the special law on the subject,) to pay the current subscription. The matter is so simple, that every one can see the propriety and equity of it at a glance.

Will all indebted make IMMEDIATE returns? The money, in most cases, has been due now *ten months*, and we think we have been quite patient in view of our *real needs*. Remember, the sum is *small* to each one, and can be spared as well as not; but to us the many small sums make a *large one*, and CANNOT BE SPARED. Printers want their pay, and must have it. Paper-makers want theirs, and will have it. There are not a few *et ceteras*, also, just as clamorous for satisfaction, and WILL NOT BE PUT OFF. As for the publisher, he has already learned *to live on air*, and as a matter of course, *he* don't need anything!

THE PUBLISHER.

THIS NUMBER LATE.

We trust the readers of the Una will excuse the little delay in the issue of this No. A variety of circumstances, we have no room here to mention, have contributed to prevent its issue for a few days. No. 11 will be issued in better season.

THE PUBLISHER.

C. H. D.