

# The Woman's Journal.

VOL. I.

BOSTON AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1870.

NO. 10.

## The Woman's Journal,

A Weekly Newspaper, published every Saturday, in Boston and Chicago, devoted to the interests of Woman, to her educational, industrial, legal and political Equality, and especially to her right of Suffrage.

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TERMS—\$3.00 a year, invariably in advance. Single copy, 8 cts.  
CLUB RATES:—Any person sending six subscribers will receive a seventh copy free. Ten copies will be forwarded on receipt of \$25.00.

For sale and subscriptions received by THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS CO., 41 COURT STREET, BOSTON, and THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., 119 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

RATES OF ADVERTISING—One square of eight lines, first insertion, \$1.00; subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Business notices, 25 cents per line. The price for advertising is uniform and inflexible.

BOSTON OFFICE—3 Tremont Place, rear of Tremont House, and second door from Beacon street.  
CHICAGO OFFICE—32 Washington street, Office of Legal News.

All communications for the WOMAN'S JOURNAL, and all letters relating to its editorial management, must be addressed to MARY A. LIVERMORE, Editor.

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## Poetry.

### THE FUTURE.

What may we take into the vast forever?  
That marble door  
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,  
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,  
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?  
No gold, no gains  
Of all our toiling; in the life immortal  
No hoarded wealth remains,  
Nor glids, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us  
We entered here;  
No word came with our coming, to remind us  
What wondrous world was near.  
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us,  
Naked we glide;  
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,  
No comrade at our side,  
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight black and hollow  
Our footsteps fare;  
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—  
His love alone is there,  
No curse, no care.

—Boston Advertiser.

### "HONOR THY FATHER AND THY BROTHER."

I think it high time we had a correct translation of the fifth commandment. I am not learned in Hebrew, but have no doubt the translators made an error in inserting the word "mother," in the place of "brother." Above, you have unquestionably the true rendering, namely, "Honor thy father and thy brother." As some may think I am taking great liberties with this important command, I will give my reasons for making the change.

I think it is pretty generally admitted that if the Bible be the word of God, it must be in harmony with the laws of nature, which are also his word. Now, has it not been shown by learned men that to put women in places of honor and trust would be a "reformat against nature"? This being the case, God could not have commanded us to honor our mothers. They are only fit for the company of idiots. They should be degraded and insulted. That this is the order of nature is proved by the fact that men so naturally take to the business of ridiculing their mothers and sisters. Look into the public journals and see the contemptuous flings at "the weaker sex." That our mothers should desire places of honor, and the means of protection, is really laughable. Women are nothing. It is *Mistress Partington* who says the silly things. *Mister Partington* never utters a foolish word. Some persons are trying to honor their mothers by a sacrilegious attempt to place in their hands that emblem of sovereignty, the ballot, and through that to exalt them to places of profit and dignity. But nature revolts at it. They are instinctively ridiculed, and made the butts of jeers and sarcasm! Honor thy mother! What a preposterous idea! And how unfortunate that the translators of the Bible allowed such an error to creep into the ten commandments!

At another time I will consider the promise of reward made to those who honor their fathers and brothers, and honor and ridicule their mothers and sisters.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS. SETH HUNT.

The colored United States Senator from Mississippi, Revels, was entertained at dinner, on the 1st inst., by George T. Downing, the colored restaurateur of that city, at which forty persons sat down at table, among them Senator Wilson, Representative William D. Kelley, Mr. Bowen, and several of the elite of the colored social circle. The new Senator is to have the honor.

## MASS CONVENTION

—OF THE—

### AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION. NEW YORK, MAY 11 AND 12.

A MASS CONVENTION for the advocacy of WOMAN SUFFRAGE, under the auspices of the AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION organized in Cleveland, Nov. 24, 1869, will be held in the City of New York during anniversary week, in STEINWAY HALL, commencing May 11, 1870, at 10 A.M., and continuing morning, afternoon, and evening, May 11th and 12th. To be followed by a meeting of the Brooklyn Equal Rights Association at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn on the 13th inst., morning, afternoon and evening.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as President of the AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION, will deliver the opening address.

The following eminent advocates of the movement have already engaged to address the convention:—Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis, Julia Ward Howe, William Lloyd Garrison, Mary A. Livermore, Robert Collyer, Lucy Stone, Henry B. Blackwell, Mary Grew, James B. Bradwell, Celia Burleigh, Rowland Connor, Mary F. Davis, Stephen S. Foster, Miriam M. Cole, James Freeman Clarke, Rebecca V. Longley, John Whitehead, Hannah M. Tracy Cutler, Oscar Clute, Ada C. Bowles, Giles B. Stebbins, Elizabeth K. Churchill, Gilbert Haven. Other distinguished speakers are expected and will be announced hereafter.

The friends of the cause in every State and territory are respectfully invited to attend.

By order of the Executive Committee, Dec. 23, 1869.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, President.  
MYRA BRADWELL, Corresponding Secretary.

### OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

We are in the midst of the dust and discomfort of March—that sour and shrewish interloper in the family of spring months. Its biting winds give an added impetus to the hurry of New York life; an increased sharpness to tempers already too sharp; a profounder melancholy to those despondent souls to whom the world habitually presents itself as "a vale of tears." In these bitter gusts many a frail life-bark goes down; many a flickering taper carefully watched through the winter is extinguished; many a fair flower is stricken with death just as it was putting forth buds of hope in anticipation of the balmy spring days that seemed so near. Thus, ever through the grand orchestra of life and experience wails the plaintive minor of human sorrow. "Everything of value here is gained through suffering; will the same necessity be laid upon us hereafter?" The lesson, even for this life, is a hard one to learn, and some, I believe, are incapable of mastering it. I remember a brilliant but skeptical literary woman calling on me one morning when the mercury stood a little above zero. Throwing herself into a chair, she exclaimed, with an air that was almost desperate, "I have no respect for God!" "What do you mean?" I inquired. "I mean that, coming here this morning, I saw a woman of eighty begging, a young girl in the hands of a police officer for the commission of a crime, and a little child of five or six years old in the street without shoes or stockings. If God has the power to prevent such things and does not, he is unfeeling; if he lacks the power to prevent them, the universe might do as well without him. In either case, he does not command my respect." Another not less startling utterance was from a tender, loving soul, keenly alive to beauty, and painfully sensitive to every form of suffering. Touching upon this dark problem of human woe, so variously manifested in our great cities, she said, "I pity God, for he must see all this misery, and yet cannot help it without violating the laws of his divine order. How dreadful that humanity grows so slowly—that it must suffer so much from ignorance and undevelopment." The two utterances seemed to me eminently characteristic, not only of the two individuals, but of the two classes which they represent. But, spite of the bleak winds, the spring is coming. The organ-grinders proclaim it, the kites signal it, the boys playing marbles incontrovertibly prove it. "Lent is in full sigh;" the church, instead of the opera, is the fashionable place of resort, but between morning and evening prayers is time for attending the opening of the milliners, to consult the fashion magazines, and confer with the dressmaker. Dress, dress, always dress! Where is the prophet among women who will emancipate us from the tyranny of clothes? Is she yet born? If so, would that we knew the Bethlehem of her nativity, that our wise women might hasten to bow down before her and bless her coming. Not till our dress is more simple, healthful and comfortable will it be possible for women to compete with men in the world of work, and yet we cannot afford to sacrifice the element of beauty. Where is the genius who will combine what is needed, and give us a dress that will express and not imprison us; of which we shall be as unconscious as our souls are of our bodies. A dress free from impertinence, that will not thrust itself between us and the woman we seek, but take its proper place as a secondary and altogether subordinate fact. I know of nothing more truly representative of the worst aspects of woman's character and condition at the present day than her dress. It is "a thing of shreds and patches," full of pretense and unreality. It is often composed of the flimsiest materials, it consists of bits, it is fastened with pins, and a woman

once taken to pieces the work of reconstruction is truly for midable; from first to last her dress is without unity harmony or completeness.

"Why does it take you longer to dress than it does me," said an impatient husband, whose morning paper lacked its appropriate adjunct—the cup of coffee—waiting the wife's appearance at the breakfast table. "For several very good reasons," said the wife. "In the first place, I have three times as many things to put on as you. I know, for I counted them. You have ten pieces, I have thirty; yours fasten with buttons, mine with pins; yours might be called self-adjusting, while mine need an endless amount of fixing, and then think of the difference in our hair." Here, surely, is food for thought. How to simplify dress, how to lessen the cost of living, how to make our home-life more enjoyable, and social intercourse more rational and satisfactory are important questions; questions that are pressing upon us for immediate solution. The shifting character of a large proportion of the homes in our great cities has in it something pathetic. Many families move as regularly as the year comes round, some alternate between boarding and housekeeping, while not a few are mere birds of passage. What can children, reared under such circumstances, know of the sweet and tender associations that make the home a Mecca in after years.

Strolling up Broadway a few days ago I dropped into Marley's—now Sypher's. Do any of your readers know Marley's? It is a place filled with the debris of homes that have gone to pieces. Not poor people's homes, not the homes of the middle classes, but homes abounding in carved wood, satin and velvet upholstery, bronzes and old china, cut glass and silver. Luxurious homes, where costly entertainments were given, where beauty lingered well pleased before her mirror, committing to memory every detail of the charming face and figure which by and by she would bestow upon the gay company assembled to do her honor. Homes brilliantly lighted; festive with music, fragrant with flowers. Who has dreamed, and anticipated, and planned, in these luxurious easy-chairs? What guests have gathered about this quaintly carved table, and sipped fragrant Mocha from these Sevres cups? What *bon mots* have been uttered, what bright eyes have sparkled with the champagne which has filled these dainty beakers of Bohemian glass?

Here is a great heap of curtains—satin, damask and lace; some old and discolored, others nearly new. Where are the fair hands that were wont to put them aside, and the faces that used to look out from behind them? Here is a rosewood crib, with lace curtains, and a satin quilt lined with swan's down. Where is the young bird for whom so soft a nest was provided? What untoward wind loosed it from its resting-place and drifted it here? Beside it is an expensive work-table, carved and inlaid with mother of pearl. It has drawers within drawers, nooks and compartments almost innumerable, and scattered about in them are various implements of feminine industry. Ivory spools containing some faded embroidery silk, a tating-shuttle, netting and crochet needles, all elaborately carved. But the one thing that makes all the rest pathetic is a bit of unfinished embroidery,—apparently the crown of an infant's cap—lying yellow and discolored in one of the drawers, with a needle rusted in the last stitch. When and by whom was that last stitch taken? Were the crib and the work-table related? Did they form part of the furniture of some young wife's room, of whose dearest hopes that hand-breadth of needlework was the visible token? "All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses," says the poet, but for me a still deeper human interest attaches to the manifold belongings by means of which houses are converted into homes.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1870.

CELIA BURLEIGH.

### WOMANLY BRAINS.

It is one of the most appropriate literary facts of the age, that the ablest work on "Intuitive Morals,"—the best counter-statement to the utilitarian theory now so prevalent,—should have been written by a woman, Frances Power Cobbe. It is also an admirable coincidence, that the strongest personal influence exercised over the leading advocate of the other school, Stuart Mill, should have been that of a woman, also. So strong is the intuitional element in most women, that they make poor disciples for any but intuitive philosophy and disinterested ethics. One must needs wonder if Mr. Mill ever convinced his wife that an enlightened selfishness is at the basis of our moral actions, or that we only believe that two and two make four because we have repeatedly noticed that the sum came out that way.

A work on "Intuitive Intellect," to take rank with Miss Cobbe's, is properly due from a feminine pen. In the meantime, it is pleasant to think that the nearest approach to it has been made by a writer who is commonly claimed on the other side of the house, and held as a devotee of the mere understanding. Nothing in Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization" seems to me so admirable as his address on "the influence of women on the progress of knowledge," included in the small volume of his "Essays." (New York: Appleton, 1864.) In this essay he points out that the greatest modern discoveries in science have proceeded from what he calls the "deductive," or womanly quality of intellect, as opposed to what he calls the "inductive," or manly quality of intellect. He instances the discovery of Goethe in morphology

(the analogies and transformation of the different parts of the plant and of the vertebrate animal) as instances in point; and also those of Newton and Hairy. In each case it was not a slow, logical process, but a sudden flash, akin to the quick intuition of a woman, that revolutionized science. Devotee of the hardest and driest forms of science as Buckle himself is, he yet declares that we need poetry as much as logic, and must feel as much as we argue, and that "the imaginative and emotional minds of one sex will continue to accelerate the great progress, by acting upon and improving the colder and harder minds of the other." And he might have added, though he does not, that the highest quality of genius in either sex partakes of the attributes of the other.

Surely, we shall not always rest in the comfortable Swedenborgian theory that man represents intellect, and woman represents love only. As there is a manly and a womanly love, so there is a manly and a womanly intellect. Those who wish to see how narrow a thing is an exclusively masculine type of intellect, should read Mr. J. S. Patterson's essay on "Woman and Science," in the last *Radical*, after reading Buckle's essay. All that the Englishman recognizes the American ignores; he arraigns woman at the bar of the understanding, and dismisses her as Sir Isaac Newton is said (fabulously) to have dismissed "Paradise Lost," because she *proves* nothing. With obvious sincerity, and with a blunt contempt more palatable than flattery, Mr. Patterson constructs a temple of intellect in which Tennyson, and Browning, and Hawthorne, can have no possible shrines, and then writes above the door, "Let no woman enter here." Well, why should any woman wish to enter? Where Dr. Draper and Herbert Spencer are the only divinities, she may well be left outside with poet and artist and seer. It is those inside who are really the excluded.

The advocates of Woman Suffrage have almost uniformly maintained that woman's true development was to be found not in being like man, but in exercising her proper powers with the same freedom that man possesses for his. Suppose a country where men habitually eat meat and women do not,—is it ignoring the eternal distinction of sex for the woman to ask for a bit of the more nourishing food? May she not say, as the impassioned shipwrecked lovers in "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative" say, "Beloved of my soul, let us cook a beefsteak for our breakfast." We do not yet quite know what intellectual food is best for man, and still less for woman; but, in the meantime, O! beloved of my soul, let us try a little geometry and Latin. Give a fair chance, and the intellect of woman will select its own bill of fare, at least as judiciously as man has done,—though that is not saying a great deal.

In one thing, at least, these philosophers who adopt for their idols the Eternal Masculine (as Goethe's Faust enthroned "the Eternal Feminine," *die ewige Weibliche*), show themselves poor observers. Seeing that a woman's mind commonly moves too quick for logic,—usually in advance of it, though sometimes off the track,—they jump at the conclusion that women are wanting in persistency and in method. They are "infirm of purpose," laments Mr. Patterson. "The woman who retains sufficient control of herself to maintain conscious and consistent government in her family, cannot be regarded as the type of her sex." Infirmity of purpose? Read Thackeray. Women "have no adequate conception of the conditions of successful execution, and it cannot be imparted to them." Did Mr. Patterson ever attend a ladies' fair, on a large scale, or go to a great ball at the house of some "queen of society"?

For my part, I think women are natural organizers. Nothing amazes me more, in the best feminine temperaments, than the combination of this quick, penetrating, airy nature with a purpose so resolute, and such a methodical way of doing things. How is it that these seemingly impetuous and dependent creatures yet contrive to keep all their real affairs in as good order as their wardrobes? Who does not know some delicate woman who is the mainspring of a great household? When she is at her post, everything moves like clock-work; when she breaks down but for a day, every wheel becomes entangled or grows silent. The rougher activity of her husband, if it enters that sphere at all, comes in only to embarrass,—he knows it, for men, also, have their perceptions, and he leaves her supreme in her domain. Never early, never late, and never hurried,—never strong, and yet of inexhaustible endurance,—supposed, perhaps, by her genteel acquaintances, to concentrate her whole soul on her dainty wardrobe,—she yet puts forth daily an amount of administrative ability such as might have commanded the army of the Potomac. Who does not know such women, whether in some log-cabin of the West, or among the luxuries of a city-home? Alas! for that man who does not know such, or, knowing them, looks elsewhere for "the type of their sex."

And if any of us are asked, as Tennyson's "Princess" asks, "What woman taught you this?" we can answer as is there written:—

"Alone," I said, "from earlier than I know,  
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,  
I loved the woman . . . one  
Not learned, save in gracious household ways;  
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;  
Who looked all native to her place, and yet  
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere  
Too gross to tread; and all made minds perforce  
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,  
And girdled her with music. Happy he  
With such a mother! Faith in womankind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high  
Comes easy to him."

T. W. H.