

rior, or Joan of Arc, the English legions. And may God hasten the time when the women of the land shall awaken to the consciousness that they are the Hercules who is to slay this hydra-headed monster.

A mob, not long since, broke into a jail and brought out a man and a woman who were imprisoned for murder. The man was immediately hung, and, although the woman confessed that she was the instigator, principle perpetrator and cause of the crime, no man could be found who would put the noose over a woman's head and she was spared, simply and solely because she was a woman and possessed that powerful and mysterious power which belongs to even the person of women. A somewhat similar example occurred in our own state. A woman charged with murder in the first degree, and confronted by testimony that would have hung any man in the state, was finally, after a tedious trial, on the plea of her being a woman, sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the finest edifice the State affords. As the grave judges of Athens were, and the American jurymen are, diverted from pronouncing the just judgment of the law against enormous crimes, by the artful display of the beauty of the criminal, so from what lofty purposes, from deeds of virtue, from services of philanthropy, from rites of religion, from crowns of glory have men been, and are being, turned by the sinister charms of women.

Not long since, I noticed in a professedly religious journal, the sneering remark that "most of the Catholic converts in England were women," and the editor thought it argued very little good for the Catholic church. I think no person will agree with him who considers that the women of the present generation are the mothers of the future nations and that the mothers, more than all other influences combined, shape the minds of those incipient men,—boys—direct their course of thought and establish religious principles. Napoleon said, "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother." The reason for this is, that we are the creatures of education and are instructed by our mothers in youth, that important period of our lives, when our minds and characters are easily moulded, and the lessons we learn are never erased. Our subsequent life in the world acts only as a potter's kiln to render harder the first impressions. Then the associations of home cling to us through all our after life, and woman is the complementary feature, the organic element of the home, which, besides reaching out over land and sea and ever exerting its influence over man, constitutes the corner stone of the social edifice, upholding its order and beauty. As anterior to the church and state, it is more sacred than either—more necessary than both. Let the temples of religion and science and the academies of art decay, let the hall of justice and legislation crumble to the dust, constitutions be subverted and anarchy be proclaimed, and beneath the shadows of an unstained domestic altar, where women officiate as priestesses, law and order, religion and happiness, would again arise and flourish.

Sheridan wrote, "Women govern us, let us try to render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, the more so we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women depends the wisdom of men." The reason for this is that men are governed by the beautiful. And as woman is the embodiment of so many beauties she

possesses the power of them all. Prof. Swing tells the story, that in ancient times a king offered a reward for any one who should tell him what was the most powerful thing on earth. Upon the day appointed a number of competitors assembled, and the first one said, "Oh! great king, since the ruler of all things must be the most powerful of all things, then, great king, the kings of this earth are the most powerful things on earth." And the courtiers all nodded their heads in approbation and in recognition of the compliment paid their king. Then the second one stepped forward and said, "Oh! great king, wine is the most powerful thing on earth." And again the courtiers nodded their heads, for they had all seen even the king overpowered by wine. Then the next one stepped forward and said, "Oh! great king, women are the most powerful things on earth." And again the courtiers nodded their heads, for they had all, no doubt, felt the power of women. But the fourth one stepped forward and said, "Oh! great king, all things beautiful are the most powerful things on earth." And to him was awarded the prize. So only when contrasted with "all things beautiful" does woman become a second-rate power.

It is related of a Persian ambassador to the Spanish court, that once, in conversation with a Spanish princess, who very ably set forth the many objections to polygamy, he very gallantly answered, "Ah, Signora, in my country we are allowed to search in a number of women for those virtues which are here found in one." And the saying "there is many a true word spoken in jest" was never better exemplified; for in the women of the Christianized world are found those many virtues which fit them for the high position for which they were created. Holland catches this idea when he says in his opening of "Kathrina":

"More human, more divine, than we,
In truth, half human, half divine.
Is lovely woman, when good stars agree
To temper, with their beams benign,
The hour of her nativity."

We read in that grand allegory of the creation of the world given us in Genesis that the woman was made from that part of the man's anatomy that lies nearest and furnishes the most protection to the heart thus typifying that she should be nearest and dearest to man's earthly affections as his Creator should be to his spiritual. And through the many succeeding generations the daughters of Eve have been the most potent influences which have moved men to good and formed like the moss on the coast of Ireland, a strong bulwark to withstand and check the great waves of temptation and sin that dash against the heart's shore, and threaten to submerge its beautiful but often low plains of morality in its blackish waters destroying the fruits of virtue, and converting its obelisks of resolutions, its grand undertakings, and statuesque purposes into slum-covered ruins, and piling high the black drifts of wicked deeds, thoughts and actions.

C. M.

All Things.

"Could a man be secure
That his days might endure,
As of old, for a thousand long years,
What things might he know!
What deeds might he do!
And all without hurry and care."

That our intellect has limits, that we can not fathom or encircle every thing, is not to be refuted. Man's life is too short to know everything. Yet many, without the

least discrimination, continually gorge everything that comes within their reach. This gorging or cramming is not digesting. It is like pouring water into a strainer; you may keep it full but the water that was first poured in has disappeared.

We each have a lifework to perform. To fit us for this work we must master its prerequisites, or otherwise we will be jack-at-all-trades a master of none.

To acquire the prerequisite, we must be thorough in the elements—the lower foundation of life's career. Many who sneer at the common branches cannot write pure English themselves. Their education is like a bottomless well—deep but dry. But listen to what Edward Everett says of the common branches.

"To read the English language well, to write with despatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with them, all your flashy attainments—a little geology, and all other ologies and ophies are ostentatious rubbish."

The American is noted abroad for his promiscuous smattering of knowledge. Is he conversant with geology? Oh! yes he has gone through that subject in Wilson's fifth and sixth readers, or he has mastered a few technical terms in some brief text book. Does he know any thing of architecture? Of course; for he once superintended the building of a house. Is he versed in Greek and Latin? Indeed he is for while at college he turned hundreds of leaves in Homer, Thucydides and Horace. In short, he knows everything and nothing of any thing. He forgets the old Latin adage—*Non omnia possumus omnes*.

How is it with the so called classical scholar? As his head is crammed with that which does not pertain to the affairs, of life, it is nothing but reasonable that he should show a deplorable ignorance in the common every day things. That he cannot even express himself in his own language but prates that of some old forgotten sage. Says Butler:

"For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And for the industry he has spent upon't,
Must fall some other way discount."

The Hebrew, Chaldic and the Syric
Do like their letters, set mens reason back
And turn their wits that strive to understand
it
(like those that write the characters) left handed

He that is but able to express
no sense at all in several languages—
Will pass for learned than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own."

Should this learned scholar fall into the mill-pond with out his life-preserver on, he would be drowned. Should he be pursued on foot by a murderous savage, though he might have five miles the start, the savage would overtake him with the greatest of ease. If he should leave his watch at home he could no more tell the hour from Nature's timepiece, the sun, than he could from the moon. Nay, he probably has not looked at the sun overhead since his boyhood days. Should he get lost in the woods without his compass, he could not find his way out. Should he be cast on a desolate island, though there were plenty of game,

and a savage or illiterate person would live in plenty, he, being ignorant of the chase, would die of starvation in less than a fortnight. Now this ignorance in common things is not altogether discreditable, provided he is thorough in something else. If he is proficient in the languages, it is not to be inferred that he has learned the dexterous arts of the savage, or that he is master of the natural sciences, mechanical branches or architecture.

It is plain that no one can do or learn all things. If our exertions and interests are divided and applied to several things, our proper calling will never reach honor or perfection. It is not the calling that contains the honor, but the proficiency and the amount of labor bestowed upon it for the benefit of humanity. Is not the mechanic, who has spent his whole life inventing a labor-saving machine, worthy of more honor than the essayist, professor, or clergyman, who has dreamed away half of his life among his musty books, and is not a step forward of his predecessor. Says Lord Derby, "Whether I am happy or unhappy, is not my chief affair; what most and first concerns me is to find my work in life, to recognize it, and to do it." It is not to be understood that we should give no attention to that which pertains not to our calling, but that we should subordinate all others.

ANON.

Lost! Lost!!

LIBERAL REWARD OFFERED.

On Friday evening, May 18, the local of the HESPERIAN disappeared under the most suspicious circumstances. For some time his friends have been endeavoring to discover a plot, which they believed was being formed against him. All his movements have been "shadowed" so as to protect him against any evil that might threaten him. The exertions of his friends preserved him until the evening of the 18th, when his enemies, grown desperate by continual failure, determined to risk all upon one last effort. His guardians, becoming apprised of his danger, redoubled their efforts, and had the satisfaction of seeing him stop his labors and start homeward about eleven o' clock. Not coming home as soon as was expected, fears were entertained that he had been waylaid, and a search was immediately instituted but all in vain. A Senior remarks having seen him about four o' clock in the morning, but as he approached him he skulked away in the shadows—disappeared—and left no trace; but this is not generally credited. We wish to say that we have no malice against those who led him astray, but we seriously need his help, and if they will return him unharmed we will forgive them all—let them go Scott free.—[ED.]

—ERRATA: We are not inclined to excuse ourselves for any direction of duty, but typographical errors appear in this number of too gross a nature to be excused simply on the plea of being overlooked. We refer to notes on "Our Exchanger." The proof-sheets were read and properly corrected, but by some unaccountable accident the typos overlooked them. The remarks upon the *Recorder* and *Tablet* are absolutely unintelligible. If there was only a reasonable number of mistakes, we would correct them here, but as they are as "the sands upon the seashore," we shall be obliged to "pass."—[ED.]

—Send in your subscriptions.