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THE TIMES.

BENJAMIN F. ODEY,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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Ironton, January 12th, 1853. 2tf.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Young mother! what can feeble friendship say:
To soothe the anguish of this mournful day?
They, they alone, whose hearts like them have bled,
Know how the living sorrow for the dead;
Each tutor'd voice, that seeks such grief to clear,
Strikes cold upon the weeping parents ear;
I've felt it all—alas! too well I know
How vain all earthly power to hush thy wo!
God cheer thee, childless mother! tis not given
For man to ward the blow that fall from heaven.

I've felt it all—as thou art feeling now;
Like thee, with stricken heart and aching brow;
I've sat and watch'd by dying beauty's bed,
And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed;
I've gazed upon the sweet, but pallid face,
And vainly tried some comfort there to trace;
I've listened to the shout and struggling breath;
I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death;
Like thee, I've veil'd my head in speechless gloom,
And laid my first-born in the silent tomb.

From the New York Tribune

A WORD TO A YOUNG WOMAN.

LECTURE BY HON. HORACE MANN.

The Tabernacle was densely filled last night to hear the "People's Lecture", on the above subject, by Hon. Horace Mann. We have room only to notice some of the chief points of his remarks. After a brief view of the condition of woman, he said he was not one who would flatter her, he would summon her at once to the highest duties and responsibilities. He said that in this day, a new theory of equality of the sexes—or woman's rights—had spread abroad. The leader of this sect in Europe is Helen Maria Weber, of Hamburgh, who dresses and behaves like a man, and claims an equality with the sterner sex. But the design and the very works of God have forbidden this commingling. To efface or modify the great distinguishing feature which separate the sexes would be to defy the Maker himself. The human soul and the human feeling, was created male and female, as much so as their bodies were. The Hon. gentleman went on to speak with considerable sarcasm of the various similarities and dissimilarities which exist between the sexes. As a general law, man is superior in strength and reason; but woman is superior in beauty, faith, love, and purity. This parallel was pursued with many eloquent and quaint illustrations. As a specimen of woman's moral power, he cited the labors of the philanthropic Miss Dix, who has won more Legislatures than ever Napoleon did kingdoms. The lecturer next drew a vivid picture of the affections of woman as a mother, marking the most notable instances on record. Woman has less of animal passion, and more of religious devotion and faith than man. The capacities of woman for virtue unsurpassed or for vice unimaginable were the same. Do not all these facts, said he, prove that there is no equality between the sexes? Knives and forks and hooks and eyes might as well quarrel about equality as man and woman. Equality in numbers is the point where the sexes are nearest alike, and almost the only point. But what have been the rank and influence of woman for 6,000 years? She might have conquered more nations for virtue than man has for aggrandizement; but man has immensely degraded her; she has been little more than the mother of the race, and such a race that it may be doubted if its increase will be a benefit to the world. If all things are to go on as they have done, it may be questioned if hydropathy be not the only cure for the maladies of such a planet. If woman had played the part for which she was designed, the earth would have been relieved from most of its bestialities and Satanisms. For 4,000 years, the Jewish women did nothing but give birth to a race of unmerciful, stiff-necked men. The speaker noted the extreme rarity of worthy and notable women in the history of the Jewish people. So bad indeed were they, that the wife of the one righteous man of Sodom, could only be preserved by being turned into salt. Where are the Grecian women of renown? Why was there but one Aspasia for oratory, but one Sappho for song—and these of a moral character that we hesitate to mention. In Rome there was no one worthily notable women for each hundred years of its history. He proceeded to depict the degraded condition of woman during the Dark Ages. It was a wonder that the last spark of virtue was not crushed out of the female race during that long night of oppression, when she was indeed the serf of serfs. But this dreadful age passed away; Protestantism and Civil Liberty rose in strength, and man and woman began to assume better and more appropriate stations. He referred at considerable length to the long continued oppressions which woman has endured, as in some degree an excuse for any rebellion or any absurd assertion of woman's rights. Mr. M. then proceeded to speak of the condition of women who labor for a livelihood in cities, at home and abroad, and of the degrading pursuits of women in our out-door work in Europe. The universal control by man of woman's property, and even her earnings, was alluded to; and then the inequalities and inadequacies of wages paid to females—the starvation prices which result in the moral and physical destruction of woman. The inadequate provision for female education was next discussed, and the speaker expressed the opinion that any given amount of care bestowed upon a female mind would produce a richer harvest that in the instance of a male pupil. We have no free academies for woman, and when we come to colleges, we may as well conclude that woman is no portion of Creation. Mr. M. instanced Mrs. Somerville in Astronomy, and Mrs. Putnam in Modern History, as showing the capacities of the female mind. Mrs. M. was glad to except Oberlin Institute from the Colleges which have never opened their doors to woman. At all other doors, the Gog and Magog of monopoly, in the forms of custom and prejudice, stand at the threshold and forbid her to enter. The lecturer argued in the most formidable manner the necessity for placing woman in the most advantageous position for education, as a matter of the utmost importance to the world. Her position at the cradle is one more noble and more fruitful of important consequences than any that man can ever attain. How important, then, that she should have the most enlarged and practical knowledge, the most varied and minute acquirements, the most pure and elevated moral character, to guide to the right path the helpless beings who are to be the future "lords of creation."

He said that he had endeavored to establish the fact, that God had created the two sexes on the principle of the division of labor; there is no woman's sphere or man's sphere, but each had a hemisphere and it took both to complete the circle. He had also shown that woman had never been treated as she should have been; that she ought to have had an education equal to the best that man had guaranteed to himself. As mortals are created male and female, so labors and pursuits partake of a character quite similar. He would point out some of the callings in which woman was particularly fitted to excel. First, in the arts of design. Is it not ridiculous that man should originate the designs which decorate a woman's dress, or boudoir, or parterre? Let woman have the whole control of ornamental design, and we shall soon see a vast improvement in arts. He said that copying, (penmanship,) proof-reading, and such sorts of labor were peculiarly adapted to females. But one calling, he was sorry to say, women were rather disposed to abandon—that is, the art of housekeeping. It should be the greatest pride of woman to be a scientific and practical cook. In the great variety of combinations in the cuisine, she has a perfect laboratory, and one worthy of a chemist's improvement. Mr. M. dilated upon the importance of the larder, and its effect upon the health and happiness of a family. And then he proceeded to examine, in an amusing manner, the superintendence of the wardrobe. But her highest duty is the education of children—this is a calling more important, more noble than any to which man can ever aspire. Here woman has the very existence of morality, of religion, of society in her hands. Upon this, his favorite topic, Mr. Mann dwelt at considerable length, and with most convincing argument and illustration. Let woman, then, be educated to the highest point, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of the world, of humanity. But there are pursuits for which woman is not fitted; as war, which in every case must be wrong on one side, and in nine cases out of ten is wrong on both. The speaker indulged in a vigorous comparison of the different views of crime in peace and in war, how white and black were one or the other as circumstances dictate. It may be said that if women were legislators, war would die out. He thought not; the opportunity to gratify a passion would fire that very spirit into action. Of law, he thought it not suited to woman. She lacked the hard, dry, calculating, passionless spirit which was primarily necessary—she lacked the unflinching nerve demanded in a Judge—the endurance required of a Jury. He saw but one reason why she should not preach the Gospel, and that was, she looks vastly better in living the Gospel than in preaching it to the public. But to come to medicine, he deemed this branch of labor in an especial degree adapted to woman. In the sick chamber woman was always at home; in many branches of medical practice it is barbarism to have any other than a woman. In botany, in pharmacy, in nursing, woman is unequaled. Yet a senseless custom forbids her to practice as a physician. But politics, politics—that any person could ever wish to see woman embarked upon this Stygian lake is incomprehensible. Mr. M. proceeded to draw a life-like picture of political and legislative bear-gardens, closing with a humorous view of the prospective quarrels which would ensue among husbands and wives of varying politics. But the nature of employments, as well as their nature, express their propriety for either sex. Woman should pursue the more quiet and retired professions and trades—man, those of noisy struggle and violent exertion. He proceeded to review the sanitary condition and physiological education of woman, which was most unfortunately far from what it should be. He depicted the degenerating influences of luxury, riches, high life, upon the human race, and attributed the support of every vigorous community to the hardy offspring of the poor, the hard-working Arakims of their age. These were the men who rose suddenly into power, and seized from the enervated offspring of luxury the scepter of the world. He proceeded to point out the causes of physical degeneration. If there were, for three or four generations only, a strict obedience to natural laws, then indeed would the earth be glorified by a new and noble race. So degenerate were what we call women now, that a man would have to marry at least a dozen before incurring the charge of bigamy. A truer education of women would reform our libraries. Now philosophy and science have no charms, because they are quite unintelligible to the novel readers of the day. All the evils which he had thus far alluded to are traceable to the want of a proper education. The theory he had advanced assigned to woman the empire of home, the arts of design, the practice of medicine, the noble arena of education. He proceeded to dispose of the great prodigies—the Admirable Crichtons—of the female sex. For such he would say there is a realm of glory, where each of them may be crowned—it was the sphere of practical benevolence. This was a field wide enough, deep enough to satisfy the most aspiring ambition. Universal purity and virtue is the sphere which yields the most ample and appropriate reward for woman. This sphere was wide enough and noble enough for God himself; is it not good enough for his last and best work? The happiness of the human race through purity and virtue is a result that should not only satisfy but attract the persistent effort of woman. Work is worship; Divinity is revealed through duty done. Man has done injustice to himself; woman comes on the stage 6,000 years later, to profit by the lessons of his practice and heal the wounds of his misdeeds. Not the Venus of beauty but of benevolence stands forever in the celestial galleries to be adorned by angels. Wide as the field now open to woman is, it begins at home. Make home what it should be, and then extend the work to other homes. Why should cities be great centers of suffering? Profusion wastes itself within hearing of the cry of famine; men and children freeze in sight of mountains of fuel, and wardrobes sacred to moths and decay. Does woman pant for glory? Point here—here.—There is more true glory in conquering one street to virtue than in all the Thermopylæs and Waterloos imaginable. The genius of woman can invent a thousand things to make the world happy. Beauty, peace, love are the angels that shall crown the work. Mr. M. made a rapid survey of the great field where woman was expected to enter and cultivate—the field of moral improvement in all the dark ways of wretchedness and crime, of ignorance and despair. Let woman take the prize of victory in this field, and she will be a queen greater than ever sat upon the throne of the Tudors or the Plantagenets. Greater than Victoria, the queen, are the daughters of benevolence, who have gone forth to redeem a world. They teach the religion of health, love, mercy, beauty, refinement, intelligence, temperance, virtue, salvation; the angels call them sisters: they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

The lecturer was listened to with unusual attention, and was greeted with very general applause. Among the audience we noticed a Bloomer in full rig, looking as calm as if the honorable gentleman had not poured his vials of wrath upon her devoted head in his first discourse.

MEMORY.

As the unremitting, and, apparently accelerated rapidly of revolving years reminds us of our proximity to the close of life's weary pilgrimage, how busy are the mysterious faculties of memory! Prospective bliss, resting on the seductive promises of hope, is so often strangled by the tears of misery, occasioned by disappointment, that we loose confidence in her flattering assurances, and refusing to follow her along the hidden paths dark recesses of the future, in pursuit of prospective happiness, we revert to the past, and accompany memory in her magical retrospective excursion!

She is our faithful pilot. Under her guidance we re-visit long absent friends, re-travel long journeys. And re-explore the distant trackless wilderness. She is a faithful copyist, delineating, with scrupulous accuracy, the original picture. She makes no allowance for the ravages of time on the face of youth and beauty, or the destruction of the woodman's axe in the beautiful grove.

It may be worthy of remark that nearly every reflecting person, how diversified soever the scenes through which he may have passed, cherishes, in declining life, a paramount regard for some particular spot, on which memory delights to dwell and to which she fondly clings—golden hours endeared by kindred ties and joys in early life, which, though changed by time, she faithfully portrays in all their primative freshness and beauty; and though servered by death, she would gladly recall.

GOD'S ACRE.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The buriel-ground God's-Acre: It is just;
It concentrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the springing dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their harvest of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall all rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangels blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never fade on earth

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

LONGFELLOW.

The Democracy of Christianity.

In a civil and political sense, we cannot discover that the Church regards Christianity in any other light than that of a curb, a bit, a restraint, a means by which the people may be kept in order and in submission to their masters. The clergy, under this point of view, are a sort of constabulary force at the service of the police, and meeting-houses a substitute for police offices, houses of correction, and penitentiaries. Far be it from us to deny the great worth of Christianity in this respect.

We acknowledge the virtues of the Church, as an agent of the police; but we hope we may be allowed to believe that Christianity requires the Church to possess other and far higher virtues. It should not merely keep the people in subjection to an order of things which is, but fire them with the spirit and the energy to create a social order, to which it shall need no constabulary force, lay or clerical, to make the millions submissive.

But if the Church, both here and in Europe, does not desert the cause of Absolutism, and make common cause with the people its doom is sealed. Its union with the cause of Liberty is the only thing which can save it. The party of the people, the democracy throughout the civilized world, is every day increasing in numbers and in power. It is already too strong to be defeated. Popes may issue their bulls against it; bishops may denounce it; priests may slander its apostles, and appeal to the superstition of the multitude; kings and nobilities may collect their forces and bribe or dragoon; but in vain; IT IS TOO LATE. Democracy has become a power, and sweeps on resistless as one of the great agents of Nature. Absolute monarchs must be swept away before it. They will fail in their mad attempt to arrest the progress of the people, and to roll back the tide of civilization. They will be prostrated in the dust, and rise no more for ever. Whoever or whatever leagues with them must take their fate. If the Altar be supported on the Throne, and the Church joined to the Palace, both must fall together. Would the Church could see this in time to avert the sad catastrophe! It is a melancholy thing to reflect on the ruin of that majestic temple which has stood so long, over which so many ages have passed, on which so many storms have beaten, and in which so many human hearts have found shelter, solace and heaven. It is melancholy to reflect on the condition of the people deprived of all forms of worship, and with no altar on which to offer the heart's incense to God the Father. Yet assuredly characters, altarless, with no form or shadow of worship will the people be, if the Church continues its league with absolutism. The people have sworn deep in their hearts, that they will be free. They pursue freedom as a Divinity, and freedom they will have—with the Church if it may be, without the Church if it must be. God grant that they who profess to be his especial servants may be cured of their madness in season to save the Altar!

The people almost universally identify Christianity with the Church. They canot reject the Church without seeming to themselves to be rejecting Christianity, and therefore not without regarding themselves as infidels, Will the clergy consent to drive the people into infidelity? Can they not discern the signs of the times? Will they persist in maintaining social doctrines more abhorrent to the awakening instincts of the people than atheism itself? A people, regarding itself as infidel, is in the worst plight possible to pursue the work of social regeneration. It is then deprived of the hallowed and hallowing influence and guidance of the religious sentiment; and it can hardly fail to become disorderly in the pursuit of order, and to find license instead of liberty, and anarchy instead of a popular government. For its own sake, then, and for the sake of liberty also, the Church should break its league with the despots and join with the people, and give them its purifying and ennobling influence.

The Church must do this or die. Already it is losing its hold on the hearts of the people. Every where is there complaint of men's want of interest in religion; everywhere is there need of most extraordinary efforts, and various and powerful machinery, to bring people into the Church, and few are brought in, save women and children. The pulpit has ceased to be a power. it no longer charms or kindles. It finds no echo in the universal heart. Sermons are thought to be dull and vapid, and when they call forth applause, it is the preacher that wins it, not the cause he pleads. Are we at any loss to account for this? The old doctrines, the old maxims, the old exhortations, the old topics of discussion, which the clergy judge it their duty to reproduce, are not those which now most interest the people. The dominant sentiment of the people is not what it was. Once it was thought that the earth was smitten with a curse from God, and happiness was no more to be looked for *on* it and *from* it. Then all thoughts turned to another world, and the chief enquiry was, how to secure it. To save the soul from hell hereafter was the one thing needful; and the preacher, who could show how that was to be done and heaven secured, was sure to be listened to. It is different now. Men think less of escaping hell, have less fear of the Devil, more faith in the possibility of improving their earthly condition, and are more earnest to extinguish the fires of that hell which has been burning here ever since the fall. The Church must conform to the new state of things. She cannot bring back the past. Yesterday never returns. If she would have her voice responded to, she must speak tones that shall harmonize with the sentiment of the age. *She must preach democracy*, and then will she echo in every heart, and call forth a response from the depths of the universal soul of Humanity. She can speak with power only when she speaks to the dominant sentiment, and command love and obedience only when she commands that which the people feel, for the time at least, to be the one thing needful.

In calling upon the Church, by which term we mean especially the clergy of all communions, to associate with the democracy, and to labor for the realization of that equality toward is which the people everywhere are tending, we seem to ourselves to be merely recalling the Church to Christianity. We freely acknowledge the past services of the Church. She has done much and done nobly. She has protected the friendless, fed the orphan raised up the bowed down, and delivered him who was ready to perish. She has tamed the ruthless barbarian, infused into his heart the sentiment of chaste love, and warmed him with admiration for the generous and humane; she has made kings and potentates, who trample on their bretheren without remorse, and lord it without scruple over God's heritage, feel that there is a power above them, and that throne and diadem, scepter and dominion, shall avail them naught in the presence of the King of kings, before whom they must one day stand and be judged as well as the meanest of their slaves; she has done a thousand times over more good for the human race than we have space or ability to relate, and blessings on her memory! eternal gratitude to God for that august assembly of saints martyrs, and heroes, which she has nourished in her bosom, and sent forth to teach the world, by their lives, the divinity there is in man, one day to be awakened and called forth in its infinite beauty and omnipotent energy!

But while we say this, we feel that the Church now, in both its Catholic and Protestant divisions, is unconscious of its mission, and has become false to its great Founder. Jesus was under a political and social aspect, *the prophet of the democracy.* He came to the poor and afflicted, to the wronged and the outraged, to the masses, the down-trodden millions; and he spoke to them as a brother, in the tones of an infinite love and infinite compassion, while he thundered the rebukes of Heaven against their oppressors. "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers," says he to the people's masters, "how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" His word was with power. Aye, was it, because he spoke to the common soul, because he spoke out for outraged Humanity, and because he did not fear to speak to the great, the renowned, the rich, the boastingly religious, in terms of terrible plainness and severity. Before his piercing glance earth-born distinctions vanish, and kings and princes, scribes and Pharisees, chief priests and elders, sink down below the meanest fisherman, or the vilest slave, and become less worthy to enter the kingdom of heaven than publicans and harlots. Their robes and widened phylacteries, their loud pretensions, their wealth, rank, refinement, influence, do not deceive him. He sees the hollow heart within them, the whited sepulchures they are, full of dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness, vessels merely washed on the outside, all filthy within, and he denounces them in terms too terrible to be repeated. Here was the secret of his power. The great, the honored, the respectable, the aristocracy, social or religious, beheld in him a fearful denouncer of their oppressions, a ruthless unveiler of their hidden deformity; while the poor, the "common people," saw in him an advocate, a protector ay, an avenger.

Jesus declared that the spirit of the Lord was upon him, because he was anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor; and he gave, when asked by the disciples of John, the fact, that the Gospel was preached to the poor, as one of the principal proofs of his Messiahship. He chose his disciples from the lowest ranks of his countrymen; and they were the common people who heard him gladly. Was he not a prophet from God to the masses? Was he a prophet to them merely because he prepared the way for their salvation hereafter? Say it not. The earth he came to bless; on the earth he came to establish a kingdom; and it was said of him that he should not fail nor be discouraged till he had set judgment—justice—in the earth and the isles waited for his law. He was to bring forth victory unto truth. In his days the earth was to be blest; under his reign all the nations were to be at peace; the sword was to be beaten into the ploughshare and the spear in to the pruning hook; and war was to be no more. The wolf and the lamb were to lie down together, and they were not to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of the Lord. The wilderness was to rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the solitary place was to be glad. Every man was to sit under his *own* vine and fig tree, with none to molest him or make him afraid. On the earth was he to found a new order of things, to bring round the blissful ages, and to give to rennovated man a foretaste of heaven. It was here, then, the millions were to be blessed with a heaven, as well as hereafter.—*N. E. Review.*

FRANCE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BEFORE AND AFTER DEC. 2d.—The observing Paris correspondent of The Leader writes: "Since his installation at the Tuileries, Bonaparte has become, so far as the interior of the palace is concerned, invisible, inaccessible, unapproachable. At the reception on the evening of the 2d. Dec. the officers of the army were not even admitted, as in the time of Louis Philippe. Even field officers were ousted; nothing under a General or a Colonel could be admitted. Another fact was remarked. Before the 2d. Dec. Bonaparte was very prodigal of shaking hands—he shook hands with everybody. On that evening his Majesty no longer deigned to grant any one this favor. This gave great offense to many of the new 'subjects' who found themselves taken in. We do not like to be played with in France. The sudden affectation of dignity grievously offended the company present. The reception was very cold, and the [illegible] not of the most exhilirating [illegible]. The Grand Master of the ceremonies opened the doors of every [illegible] stop, and showed [illegible]