THE AUTUMN OF THE HEART.

The corn bows in sorrow to the sickle,
The nightingale's summer is gone;
Rain tears from the artists' trickle,
Beach fruits in the forest lie cruelly;
We have sunlight, but die before finding;
We are wounded and sick from the fight;
Blue shadows spread on descending
Breathe kisses of night.

We have journeyed, not heeding our danger,
Cried in wild hypochondriac glee;
We have dived till darkness lost their anger,
We have sung—forgot with laughter
Are gone slipping which wrinkled us,
We are starving with the true Eden fever;
Dead love in compassion bequeathed us
Its relic of tears.

Ah, me! but the summer was pleasant!
Shall we die and be dreaming again?
Would we yield the dull days of the present
For an hour of the past and its pain?
Do we hunger for kisses that stung us?
Do long for the lips that have died?
Must we stoop for the gauntlet they've flung us?
Weep? creep to their side?

We cringe to these sowers of sorrow:
We cry for a blighted caress;
We fetter for a night on the morrow
We gather the tares of distress.
We bow in contrite grief and penance
We pay for the pleasures that clog:
Our work is in conflict and chance
They love to destroy.

Oh! women with hearts brimming over
With sweetness we never can feel,
The world is too weak to discover
The mystical power in you!
Our sorrow, not ours the reproving:
Your triumph, and ours the defeat:
Ye live in sweet bitter from loving.
Why you are so sweet.

—*St. Louis's Magazine.*

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

George Francis Train's Great Speech at Leavenworth—Woman the True Reformer.

(From the Leavenworth Commercial.)

Our town has been so silent up for a generation as it has been by George Francis Train in his recent visit to Leavenworth. He talked at least twelve columns of our journal, but we have only space for some of the sticking points of the speech. He swung all around the circle of knowledge and trod on every body's toes with impunity. Yet all applauded and cheered sentiments which would have sent another speaker off the stage.

MR. TRAIN'S SPEECH.

The *Bulletin* announces me as having lectured four thousand miles in two weeks. That's so. [Applause.] Two weeks Saturday night I was in Omaha; jumped a thousand miles and rides to Chicago; the half-way station to the Rocky Mountains. [Applause.] Jumped another day to Omaha, the half-way station between the Atlantic and Pacific, and gave one hundred and fifty-five editors a lesson in geography. [Laughter.] Some Buffalo hunting and showed them how to lay four miles of Pacific Railroad in ten hours. [Applause.] Feted them in Columbus, at Omaha, at Chicago, and the morning of last Saturday night; ran down to St. Louis to see John D. Perry, who gave you the Pacific Railway of Kansas [applause], after Colonel Stone had set the ball a moving, and here I am to stump it to keep my appointment with the fair women of Kansas. [Applause.]

Independent of party, of politicians, of cliques, paying my own bills, seeking no public office or private favor, I have a right to express my opinions [applause], and ask attention to my argument. The ladies of St. Louis asked me to stump Kansas for woman suffrage. My word was my bond. They made the arrangements with your committee, all of whom are strangers to me, hence you see I have no axes to grind, and nothing to do with your local squabbles. [Applause.] Woman suffrage is right, and must and shall succeed. [Applause.] When Muscle and Color and Ignorance are to have votes, I think it is time that Beauty, Virtue and Intelligence should be equally respected. [Applause.] That was my despatch to Miss Anthony and Mrs. Cady Stanton.

When men made women the junior partner of the distinguished sex, voting concern of lunatics, idiots, paupers and minors, it seemed proper for justice to demand their rights. [Applause.] Remember that Judas Iscariot was not a woman [loud applause], and it was not a man that was first at the Saviour's sepulchre. [Applause.] Women have some sufficient to rule monarchies, but our people seem to think they have not sufficient sense to vote in republics. [Applause.]

Before speaking to-night I called upon your editors, wishing to get posted. Mr. Pinckney, of the *Bulletin*, is for woman suffrage and negro suffrage; but he wishes to make sure of the latter first. There is where we disagree. Woman first and negro afterward. [Applause.] Colonel Vaughan, of the *Times*, comes out square. This is what he said:

He who has the heart of a man knows that woman has not her place, and will work to give her that which is the opportunities of life—in wages—in whatever may stimulate energy or arouse to action, she has not fair play. Man has the "inside track." We are for giving woman those opportunities—this equality. A father with right instincts, a husband with true views, a brother with aught of generous feeling, can come to no other conclusion.

Colonel Hoyt, of the *Conservative*, wants negro suffrage, but no woman suffrage, on principle. I asked him if he liked to hear woman swear. "No." Nor do I like to hear men swear. [Applause.] Do you like to see women drink whisky and get drunk? "No." Neither do I like to see men drink whisky and get drunk [applause], I replied.

How is it that man can break all social laws and remain respected—while if woman commits the slightest fault she is damned, driven from town and from society? Because man can vote and woman can't. Give her a vote and she will protect herself. We shall then have fewer drunkards and better men. [Applause.] One argument is that women would get polluted in going to the polls. Nonsense! Why go to the polls? Let the ladies of each ward inclose their ballot in an envelope to be opened by a committee appointed to see fairly that is arranged. All rush to hear Jenny Lind in the concert-room, and Rizzio on the stage [applause], and Anna Dickinson always fills the house with men. Why not then make them citizens by giving them votes? [Applause.]

Maria Theresa reared her large family of children, yet was Empress of Austria, managing her immense empire and the war against Frederick all herself. Look at Catharine of Russia, Louisa of Prussia, the French Bourbons, the Spanish Isabella, Queen Anne and Mary of England, or, in our time, Queen Victoria. [Applause.] Woman rule these empires, yet are ignored in our republic. [Shame.] The Maid of Saragossa and the Maid of Orleans in this country would have been set to rocking the cradle. [Laughter.] To get this law well through, the ladies will have to go through the surgical operation. [Laughter.] Let me put the question to the women in favor of putting the women up to the level of negroes [Laughter] and negroes down to the level of women [Laughter.] That is twist the blunder into a compliment.

Colonel Vaughan, of Texas, in favor of giving the women below the negro politicians, said Mr. Hoyt, of the *Conservative*, was "not for negroes." I have got you on the "twist." Number Two. A voice from our Texas [Applause.] As Miss Anthony says, in the olden time we were taught that two wrongs made a right. But here in Kansas the Republicans are trying to make two Rights a Wrong. [Laughter.]

Those who said no; when I put the vote I am sure dare not say their soul is their own; in their own house. [Laughter.] But so long as I have the Fenians on my side, I will beat any combination in the country [Loud cheers.]

WOMAN THE TRUE REFORMER.

Marital means womankind also. The mothers of France make the men, said Bonaparte. Why should not the mothers, the wives and daughters of America help make her statesmen? [Applause.] Virtue and vice are stereotyped during the tender days of youth. Place a straw across the rivulet, and how crooked becomes the river. Seed and sapling, and you grant the oak. When women vote, their children will be more patriotism and their country's laws. [Applause.] How often men take credit for that which belongs to women. Look at the men, who manage their own households so well, aside in saving the nation? [Cries of, "Yes," and applause.]

Instinctively—intuitively—women arrive at conclusions which man gains by reflection and reason. One of the absurdities of our political age is likening woman to man. A woman is not a man, in a drawing-room would create a sensation! [Applause.] No woman is a complete man. Eve came out of Venus. Venus was the Goddess of Love, not of Virtue. [Applause.]

Men are not refined. Let woman fulfill her godlike mission. She is nobler, purer, better than man. That's so. Society is unjustly organized. Man escapes censure and punishment for acts that would damn the woman. Is this right? [No.] Let her vote and the reformation begins. I told the Senators on Pike Knob that women would carry the polls. They would vote down the houses of bad repute, would vote down the grog shops and the groggeries, shut up the runshops and close the gin-palaces. [Applause.] "What, Mr. Train," said a Fifth avenue lady to me, "would you drag our fair women down to the Howery to be polluted by contact with the drunken orgies of a contested election?" "Most certainly not! I would have the Howery throw away the vile and whisky-bottle, and dress itself in its Sunday clothes and vote in the lady's parlor. [Cheers.] Often the unchaste lady is more feminanly in a lady's presence than the so-called gentleman. Man has become so debased in the society of men, become elevated in the society of women. ["That's so," and applause.]

Sacre bu! Train made a splendid eulogy of the working-man, and assured him he was an enthusiastic cheerer. He made them say are to woman suffrage, and said one million of girls would be added to the million of Irish girls, making two millions of solid Irish votes for their candidates for the Congress. [Loud cheers, and cries of "Train." * *

We have deprived women of her embroidery, her tapestry, and her needle—she will lose her sewing machine. [Loud laughter.] What else has she to occupy her time? Novels, gossip, and the caring of children. Give her a vote to protect her property, and ambition is aroused, and woman will take her place as the true reformer. [Applause.]

As my word is my bond, I said yes to the St. Louis ladies, and yes when asking me to stump Kansas. Let our election cry in this noble cause be:

"Women—they should be united—to a man!" [Loud cheers.]

The Mystery Solved—Number—A Swedenborgian and a Jew.

The San Francisco correspondent of the Rochester *Union and Advertiser* has something to say upon a curious subject:

I know nothing of the mysticism of numbers, although I have lived where I might have studied it in the learned institutions of the whose are *learnedest*—Ben. Wood and John Morrissey. But I could never be convinced that it was good policy. "Three is a lucky policy." "Hence 3, 11, 4, 7, and all other mysteries of numbers, are Sanscrit to me. I select a number to which I could give allegiance I think it would be number One. It is nice to come out always A 1.

Death of a Notable Woman in Spain

The London *Telegraph* says: "Thirty-four years since Madrid witnessed a remarkable trial, which excited interest and provoked comment. A young Spanish nun, Sister Patrocinio, had asserted that the marks of the nails, commonly called the *stigmata* of our Lord, had appeared miraculously in her hands and feet, that the wounds refused to heal and that blood had continued for months to flow from them. It was suspected that either in a frenzy of religious enthusiasm and with a view to imposture, Patrocinio had inflicted these wounds upon herself, and had purposely kept them open, persistently encouraging the blood to flow. She was secretly watched, and the opinion prevailed that it was desirable to make an example of her, and thus to discourage the superstitious credulity which nestles in the heart of every Spanish peasant. She was brought publicly to trial, was found guilty of fraudulently imposing upon her country, and was sentenced to be punishment. How far she was herself consciously swayed by religious fervor, or consciously trading on the superstition by which she was surrounded, is one of those vexed and still open questions which have puzzled many a jury. Her death which thirty-four years had failed to which thirty-four years had failed to which the sincerity of her faith and the sincerity of her faith and the sincerity of her faith and