

The Alleghenian.

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I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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THE WOMANLY WOMAN.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ALATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY OF JACKSONVILLE ACADEMY, INDIANA COUNTY, PA., OCT. 7, 1864.
BY REV. J. S. LEMMON.

[Correspondence.]
JACKSONVILLE, November 18, 1864.
REV. J. S. LEMMON—Dear Sir: We, members of the Alathean Literary Society, and also the citizens of Jacksonville request a copy of the Address delivered by you at the Exhibition of the A. L. Society, October 7th, 1864, for publication. If it meet your approval, we shall feel gratified.
Our best wishes for your welfare.
Respectfully yours,
LID. J. NEELE, R. E. FERGUSON,
FANNIE F. MOORE, M. A. LAFFERTY,
M. J. FERGUSON, EATTIE A. NEELE,
MAGGIE A. GIBSON, SUE E. SMITH.

EBENSBURG, PA., Nov. 30, 1864.
Respected Friends: I herewith send you a copy of my Address to the Alathean Literary Society, which you are at liberty to have published. With the best wishes for your welfare, I am Very respectfully yours,
J. S. LEMMON.

Young Ladies of the Alathean Literary Society: In obedience to your call, I stand before you to-night to address you. I appreciate your consideration and the honor you do me by summoning me here on such a mission as this, and yet I need scarcely tell you that it is not without deep solicitude I respond to your kind invitation. In casting about me for a subject appropriate for the occasion, I have selected—"The Womanly Woman." And while I would prepare my canvas, brush and easel to sketch the portraiture, I am not insensible of the difficulty of the task. I am not blind to the fact that it is a delicate thing for a speaker to attempt the discussion of such a theme before such an audience, and I know I will be held to a strict account for what I say.

Woman is a sacred name, around which cluster the fondest memories of home. At its enunciation, we involuntarily wander back, in imagination, to the "fair bounds" of Paradise, when man perambulated its bowers wrapt in his own solitude. He felt an "aching void" within for some noble object of companionship than anything by which he was surrounded. Then it was said by Him who is the author of his being, "It is not good that man should be alone," and by the fiat of His power He ushered into existence a congenial spirit, well calculated to complete the happiness of him for whose society she was created. Of this tragic event, it has been sung:

"Eden was a waste, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sighed till woman smiled."
Here, then, we have a perfect woman, a paragon of excellence, blushing from the creative energy of the Almighty. But, amid the wrecks of our degenerate race we look not for a faultless model. Woman stands not forth in the moral perfection and loveliness of Eden, for the crown has fallen from her head. But we would take her as we find her, and enrobe her in the investiture of all those noble qualities which may be acquired by our

"Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-retouring race."
We would fix our eyes upon humanity clothed with Divinity, and in the walks of the "Higher Life" would we seek the model of a Womanly Woman.
We would distinguish such an one from the mere woman of accident, who is governed by the circumstances by which she is surrounded, who is just such a woman as she happens to be, who is the creature of the whims and prejudices of her "High Lord," who dozes away her life with the reflection, if she reflects at all, "I am only a woman; what can I do?" The Womanly Woman, on the contrary, is conscious of her individuality. She appreciates her God-given faculties, and is alive to her destiny. Not willing to be satisfied with a passive character, she has an aim and a principle; she thinks for herself, acts for herself, and, under God, is the fabricator of her own destiny.
Very much has been said in these modern times about "woman's rights," and "woman's sphere," and the opinions of different individuals have been as antipodal as the poles. We are not ambitious to be classified among the pseudo modern agitators and reformers, who would drag woman from her instinctive privacy, and crown her a Joan of Arc. We would not ask for her a place at the ballot box, the hustings, the bar, or the halls of legislation. It may not be her province to pour forth eloquence in senates, or "wade through fields of slaughter to a throne." We would not have her go where her modesty would be outraged, or her feminine graces destroyed. We would not have her be an Amazon, boasting a masculine character, but we would have her be a woman, possessing a woman's soul, and clothed with womanly virtues. In short, we would not deny her

a "right" the God of Nature intended she should enjoy, and would have her "sphere" extend everywhere she can "do good and love mercy."

The womanly woman possesses a positive character, vindicates the claims of her sex, and has a consciousness of her moral power. The estimation in which woman has been held by man has undergone material changes in different periods of the world's history. In the first ages of the Roman Empire, her condition was little better than a slave, whose very life was at the mercy of her lord. Thus Rome, in all her "wolf-nursed greatness," despised the power of woman. In Greece, where the beauties of her external form were arrested in the marble by the artist's chisel, the value of her noble nature was disregarded. Their most accomplished historian said it was sufficient for her "to sit at home and spin wool;" and Thucydides, breathing the spirit of the nation, declared, "The best woman is she of whom the least can be said, either in the way of good or harm,"—thus reducing her to a cipher. Even in our day there are self-important ninnies enough, who would fain establish their own superiority upon the assumption of woman's superiority. With lordly dignity and pompous air, they strut the world boasting of the greatness of the "lords of creation," and with a significant nod of the head they essay to bow the "softer sex" into reverence for their co-existence! They have strangely enough concluded that woman only "lives, moves, and has her being" under the aegis of their presiding genius; that she "survives or perishes" through their smiles or frowns; that she has no protection outside of the shadows of their umbrellas, and that her only sure defence is a tight gripe upon their arms akimbo! But our pattern of a true woman, although she gratefully acknowledges the protection afforded by the guardian of her virtues, yet seems to be accounted a "Flora M'Flimsy," to flutter in the sunshine of such false gallantry as this.

The Womanly Woman is not ashamed of domestic employment. Home is the centre of attraction, around which the tendrils of her heart are closely entwined; it is the sanctum sanctorum where her affections are enshrined. A knowledge of domestic duties is to her beyond all price, and no one of good sense will think lightly of them. It is a growing conviction of the most cultivated minds, male and female, that the dignity of woman requires reformation at precisely this point. In many circles, it is thought not to be genteel to come down from flights of fancy, piece-dilly work, and parlor philosophy, to the common-place, carking, care-wearied drudgery of the household! Too often has the ban of disgrace been attached to domestic labor, while this so-called drudgery is committed to servants alone, and refined, self-styled ladies disdain to touch such menial service with so much as one of their lily fingers!

Health, if nothing more, demands active employment in life. If the position assumed by Dr. Spruzheim be correct, that "the physical education of woman is of more importance to the welfare of the world than man," then, certainly there is a demand for a reform in the enervating effect refinement and affluence have produced. The prayer of the classic poet for the "mens sana in corpore sano," proves that even Pagan wisdom knew a sound mind could only dwell in a sound body. Take that wasp-waisted, soft-lounging, uovel-reading, good-for-nothing "belle," pampered by smiles and flattery, who scarcely ever reposes herself in the refreshing breeze or gushing sunlight, lest her "radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty" might be spoiled—who sits like a white statue lest it might be thought indecise to move—who thinks it vulgar for a lady to walk, except upon Broadway or some other fashionable promenade, and who never touches domestic employment—no, not she!—lest it might soil her delicate white hands. I ask you how long it would take our race to die out represented by such a toy as this?

Let us turn from such a sickly picture to one of different finish, and behold your winsome damsel, so "buxom, blithe and debonaire," whose artless life and active exercise "bush and beautify the cheek," while through her flowing ringlets play the dallying wind, and along her veins dances the joyous life-blood quickened by honest industry. Her eyes sparkle with intelligence, and her hands are ever ready to administer to the wants of the needy.
"She looks as whole as some serene Creation, minted in the golden mood
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch
But purges lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snow-drops' inner leaves."
"Look first on this picture, and then on that," and it will not take you long to determine which is worthy of the title of the Womanly Woman.

"There are in the United States thousands of young ladies," says the Western Monthly Review, "as Sir Ralph Abercrombie said of those of Scotland, 'the prettiest lasses in a' world,' who are yet clothed like the lilies of the valley." Are we not degenerating as a nation in this particular, and does not God by His providence design to teach us a lesson of simplicity and domesticity? In ancient times, queens and princesses considered the use of the distaff honorable; now, "none so poor as to do it reverence." The great spinning-wheel has been quaintly called "Hygea's harp," and truly it discourses sweet music when played by nimble fingers, and at the same time proves itself the goddess of health. The opinion is too prevalent that a lady may embroider, but not make a dress; she may manufacture flowers, but not darn stockings; she may make music, but not coffee! Oh, dear me, no!—that must be all left to the Bridgets and Katrias imported from Europe. In the roll of those who were not ashamed of domestic employment are numbered some of the most illustrious women of the earth. Madame Roland could prepare her husband's dinner with her own hands in the daytime, and in the evening attract the admiration of the greatest minds of France. It was laboring with her own hands in the garden that the mother of Washington was found by the youthful Marquis de Lafayette.—The immortal Milton was a great advocate that women should study "Household good." And Dr. Franklin, perhaps with his eyes fixed on some archetype of the olden time, said, "I would rather see a spinning-wheel than a piano—a shuttle than a parasol—a knitting-needle than a visiting-card." Then, we would say, let "Domestic Economy" form a branch of the "course of study" in the catalogue of every institution of learning for young ladies, and let the kitchen become as respectable as the drawing-room.

Although we would have our model woman acquainted with household affairs, yet think not we would have her reduced to the condition of a slave. To shut her up forever at home, is barbarous. There are men enough who seem to think her only office is to be their scullion, who have no higher notion of woman's mission than to scrub and scour, to wash and mend!—Thus, year after year, jaded, care-worn, pale and broken-hearted, she drags her weary life along till death relieves her from her burden. It is not in Turkey alone women are prisoners, for what else than abject slavery is it for that tyrant, bearing the semblance of a man, to impose such hard labor on his wife or daughter as to allow them no time for recreation or personal improvement? It is like the incessant tread of the Chinaman upon the wheel, or the toil of the galley-slave at the oar. Who would be content with a harp with one chord, or a world with one color? Who would consent to the monotony of the glum bass with no soprano or alto? Yet even this would be more tolerable than the treadmill life some women are compelled to endure, through the niggardly spirit of their self-constituted masters. Throw open their prison doors and let them walk abroad upon this beautiful earth, to see its towering mountains, and Eden vales, and give them liberty in the vast field of thought.

Cultivation of the intellect enters largely into the composition of the qualities of the Womanly Woman. We know full well there are some would-be Solomons, who set themselves up against experience, as well as common sense, and declaim loudly against female education. They seem to think what they call "book larnin'" may do for boys who intend to be ministers, doctors, or lawyers, but for girls, never—aside from a mere smattering of education to enable them to read so as not to spell more than half the words, to write their own names, and cipher as far as division! They have been so long impressed with the inferiority of the sex, that they have worked themselves into the belief there has been an unequal distribution of brains, and that their daughters, like themselves, have inherited a very small moiety! Such stolid reasoning might do for the dark ages, but it won't do now. It is too late in the day to deny woman has a capacity for mental cultivation. Thousands of illustrious witnesses rise up as bright lights in the literary world. I need only point to the names of More, Barbauld, Chapine, Aiken, Hamilton, Seward, De Stael, Landon, Porter, Hemans, Edgeworth, Martineau, Howitt, and Browning in foreign countries, and Sigourney, Hale, Leslie, Sedgwick, Stephens, Hentz, Gould, Ellet, Scott, Wood, Edgerton, Stowe, and Child in our own land, to bear testimony to the capabilities of the female mind.

It is not for us to decide the controverted question, whether the faculties of the minds of the sexes are equal or not. This

we know: when woman has had an opportunity, she has fairly contested for the prize in every department of learning.—There is no science but that she is capable of mastering. It matters not whether it be biography, history, poetry, criticism, philosophy, natural science, mathematics, or the classics, she may acquire them all. Still there are certain croakers to be found who will persist that woman already possesses the "gift of tongues" in such a high degree that there is no need for her to study the languages! The most famous bard of England allowed his prejudices to overrule his judgment, and when twitted on his neglect to teach his daughters the languages, he facetiously answered, "One tongue is enough for a woman!" And Lord Byron provokingly said, "A Bible and a cook-book is all a woman needs for a library." The reason that, hitherto, she may not have pursued the abstruse in learning, is not because she is not able to "drink deep of the Pierian spring," but because her jealous rival has thrust her away from the fountain, when she came to slake her thirst. He has snatched from her hand the pencil, the graver, and the lyre, and banished her to the loom, the nursery and the fireside. In fact there are men so puffed up with pedantry as to try and make the world stare and applaud at the expense of woman's ignorance, and who would think themselves everlastingly disgraced if they thought their wives or daughters knew as much as they did!

It is in the province of woman, marked out by the Creator, to be the "help meet" of man, and why not in intellectual pursuits as well as elsewhere? Congeniality here will often have a tendency to sweeten the cup of life. It was the want of kindredship of spirit that embittered the conjugal life of Milton, and drove the gifted Addison from home to seek companionship abroad. It is said that the wife of Addison was jealous of his excessive attachment to his books, and one day, in a fit of desperation, she wished herself a book, that she might be thought worthy of some attention from her husband. He consented, perhaps the first time they ever agreed in their lives, and flippantly replied:

"Only be an *almamoo*, my dear,
That I may change you once a year."
In order to the full development of all the faculties of the mind of the model woman, we would most earnestly advocate her education in the same school with the other sex. We know the over-sensitive are fairly shocked at such a proposition, and yet, under healthful discipline, we believe this is the only true system of education. We frequently see parents sending their sons and daughters to opposite points of the compass to different institutions of learning, just because they have foolishly imbibed the notion they ought not to be educated together. As well might it be said they shall eat at different tables, live in separate houses, or dwell on distinct planets! They are reared in the same families, admitted to the same church, and are traveling to the same eternal destiny, and why not educate them in the same schools?

It is a feature of Popery thus to coop up the sexes in cloisters and convents, and transform them into cowed monks and veiled nuns, with distorted views of each other's character. Let them be admitted to the same institutions; let them pursue the same studies; let them recite in the same recitation rooms, and let them compete for the same prize of excellence, and our word for it, we will hear less about the inequality of the minds of the sexes. It is true, we are ready to admit, there is a natural disposition in woman to cultivate a taste for the beautiful and ornamental, for the polite arts and literature, for painting, poetry, and music, and we are glad it is so. We would have her an adept in all these accomplishments, in all that can adorn and elevate, so that she may exert a refining influence upon the "sterner sex," and round off the jagged corners of their coarser natures.

"Rough hew them as they will."
The Womanly Woman is different from the Artificial Woman. Again, we say, we are not opposed to the elegant and polite in her attainments. On the contrary, we would have her possess every embellishment of which her nature is susceptible, and "parts that polish life." But, let her not adopt the fatal conclusion that the superficial is what constitutes the woman, and that beauty consists alone in outside form and portrait. Fashion is a "fickle dame," who chameleon-like changes her colors every day in the year. And they who follow in her footsteps will soon find themselves lost in bewilderment, in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus*, which vanishes in thin air when just within their grasp.—To illustrate: A gentleman, who had been requested to purchase a new bonnet of "the very latest style," at a milliner's shop, was hastening home with breathless

speed, when he was invited by a friend to make a call, but he replied "he had not time, for he must hurry along, as he was afraid the fashion might change before he got home!"

Personal beauty may be an advantage to its possessor, and yet beauty of face and form alone is not to be compared with a cultivated mind. Nectar and ambrosia vanish with the brief goddess-ship of beauty, whose empire seldom lasts more than ten or fifteen years, but knowledge, virtue, and truth are immortal. After all, we repeat it, there is nothing beautiful but *mind*, and if "it is the mind that makes the man," it is the mind that makes the woman, too!

How often is female education construed to make us believe life was one great holiday, to attract admiration, to allure, and to shine—a grand display of "graces and furbelows, draperies and effeminacies." Too often do the devotees at fashion's shrine become so intoxicated in the giddy round of pleasure as to forget the design of their existence. When one of these senseless triflers was asked what was the object of her life, her reply was elegantly lisped in the following shameful language, "I don't know—only just to breathe!"—These are the painted butterflies fit only for the may-day of prosperity:

"Bred only and completed to the taste
Of fretful appetite—to sing—to dance—
To dress—to troll the tongue, and troll the eye,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honor and chief grace."
Sound education can never be made a primrose path of dalliance, and let no true woman feel she has only to seek adornment, or to sip from the honey-cups of life. It is not merely a creature who can paint and play and sing and draw and dance; who, like an actress, is in the morning all rehearsal, and in the evening all performance, who is thoroughly educated. Of what advantage to a young lady will be the power to twang the guitar, to drum the piano, and glide gracefully thro' the mazes of the waltz, if there be nothing else to win our esteem? She may be the belle of the ball-room, the fascination of the soiree, the "admired of all admirers," at Newport and Saratoga, and yet be only a fashionable plaything, if her mind be not stored with useful knowledge.

But the highest excellence of the womanly woman is allegiance to her God.—Piety, alone, can give true equilibrium of character. You may discipline her in every other way possible, but she will present an unbalanced mind unless she possesses this crowning attribute of the human soul. "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace," was spoken by a higher authority than man. To trust in the world for the "highest good" is to pluck the fruit that grows on "Jolly's topmost twig," which, like the apples of the Dead Sea, will turn to ashes on the lips. In woman's heart has ever been found a lodgment for the religion of the Crucified. Woman, "last at the cross and earliest at the grave," has always taken the greatest delight in sitting with Mary of Bethany at the Master's feet,—purified by the blood of Calvary, and absorbed in the contemplation of the moral splendors of the God-head. In brief, the true woman is a Christian, a consecrated, living, abiding Christian. Here, then, we have a Woman, a woman among women, a womanly woman, "a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor."

We would not think our prototype complete without including in the necklace of womanly virtues that of Patriotism, as a golden clasp to link them all together. In these "times that try men's souls," very much depends on the influence of our loyal maids, heroic wives, and patriotic mothers who, in this life and death grapple, may be, under God, worth more than armies and navies. Heretofore, we have loved our women for their beauty, gentleness and virtue, but now let them win a deeper love by their unyielding devotion to their country. Let them lead their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons to the sacred altar, and have them swear eternal fealty to the God who made them and the flag that protects them. Let them imitate the self-sacrificing spirit of the heroines of other days. Mary, the mother, and Martha, the wife of Washington, both contributed to achieve the Revolution. Just after Hull's defeat in 1812, when the mothers of the North-west were bewailing their lost sons, and "would not be comforted," there was one noble, patriotic woman stood up in their midst, and exclaimed, "Why are you here weeping?—Everything is at stake. Bring forth the rest of your sons. If they fall, we will fight ourselves. We must never give up the conflict." There spoke a true, heroic woman. Where is the womanly woman who is not willing to make the same sacrifice for her country?
[Concluded on next page.]