

Julia Ward Howe, Editorial. "Salutatory," *Woman's Journal*, January 8, 1870.

SALUTATORY

The New Year has just stepped across its threshold, and after it, clinging closely to its skirts, comes our new enterprise. We begin the year's work with the year, hoping that both may prosper. We have begun many new years with this same vision of work and of usefulness, never quite realized. But the progress of time makes our tasks clearer to us, and we may say that never was work more joyous to us than that which at present stands ready to our hand.

The cultivation of wide and tender relations with the beings nearest to us in nature and sympathy, the removal of a thousand barriers of passion and prejudice, the leaping out of the whole heart of womanhood towards a new future, a future of freedom and of fullness—our prospectus shows us such things as these. To see them even in a dream is blessed, but these are of the prophetic dreams that enjoin their own fulfillment.

We who stand beside the cradle of this enterprise are not young in years. Our children are speedily preparing to take our place in the ranks of society. Some of us have been looking thoughtfully towards the final summons, not because of ill health or infirmity, but because, after the establishment of our families, no great object intervened between ourselves and that last consummation. But these young undertakings detain us in life. While they need so much of care and of counsel, we cannot consent to death. And this first year, at least, of our journal, we are determined to live through.

The classic "*plaudite omnes*" was looked for at the end of the drama. Our "*adjuvate omnes*" comes more properly at the beginning. "Call no man happy till he is dead," said Solon, very wisely. But beginnings of life and works are greeted with congratulation because they open up new hopes and new chances. So we say to you, friends, that you may not indeed dare to call us entirely fortunate until our work shall have done its work. But fortunate we are in being able make a beginning, and in this good fortune we ask you to rejoice with us. Be friendly to our babe. Inquire for it often, and when you have good things to share, send us some of them. A newspaper, you know is not clever for nothing. It eats up silver, and gold, and brains. It is tended by tutelary devils, who also must eat. Be mindful of this. The need and the hands willing to supply it being met and announced, do not suffer the want of material support to hinder the two of us from a helpful yoking together. So, help us, friends of men and women! Help us, you who from your larger or lesser means reserve always a certain proportion for the needs of humankind.

We must not promise too much, but we may promise that the trust confided to us in the *Woman's Journal* shall be administered by us in the interests of humanity, according to our best understanding of them. As we claim admission

to life in its largeness and universality, it will not become us to raise side issues and personal griefs. Too much labor lies before us to allow us time for complaints and criminations, were such utterances congenial to us. Our endeavor, which is to bring the feminine mind to bear upon all that concerns the welfare of mankind, commands us to let the dead past bury its dead. The wail of impotence becomes us no longer. We must work as those who have power, for we have faith, and faith is power. We implore our sisters, of whatever kind or degree, to make common cause with us, to lay down all partisan warfare and organize a peaceful Grand Army of the Republic of Women. But we do not ask them to organize as against men, but as against all that is pernicious to men and to women. Against superstition, whether social or priestly, against idleness, whether aesthetic or vicious, against oppression, whether of manly will or feminine caprice. Ours is but a new manoeuvre, a fresh phalanx in the good fight of faith. In this contest, the armor of Paul will become us, the shield and breastplate of strong and shining virtue. And with one Scripture precept we will close our salutation. With sisterly zeal and motherly vigilance, "Let brotherly love continue."